

Signs of the Times

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ONE PENNY

THE descriptive note accompanying this picture reads as follows:—

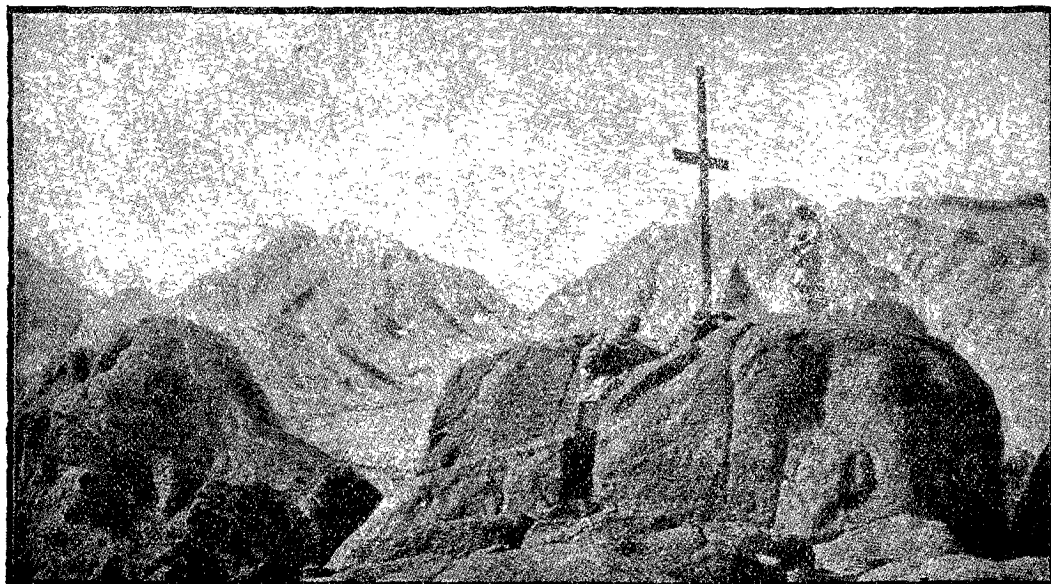
“‘And Moses called all Israel, and said unto them, Hear, O Israel, the statutes and judgments which I speak in your ears this day, that ye may learn them, and keep, and do them.’ Deut. 5 : 1.

“Mount Sinai, Asia Minor. The photograph tells more graphically than words, the very dismalness of Ras Es Safsaf, where the cross, the symbol of Christianity, is planted on the very spot where Moses, that great leader of the Jews, stood and gave to them the laws by which they have religiously abided to this very day. Unpeopled and deserted, its very lonesomeness fills us with awe, and ‘the silence of the tomb’ is no more impressive and inspiring than the ‘veil of silence’ that has been thrown over Ras Es Safsaf and its surroundings.

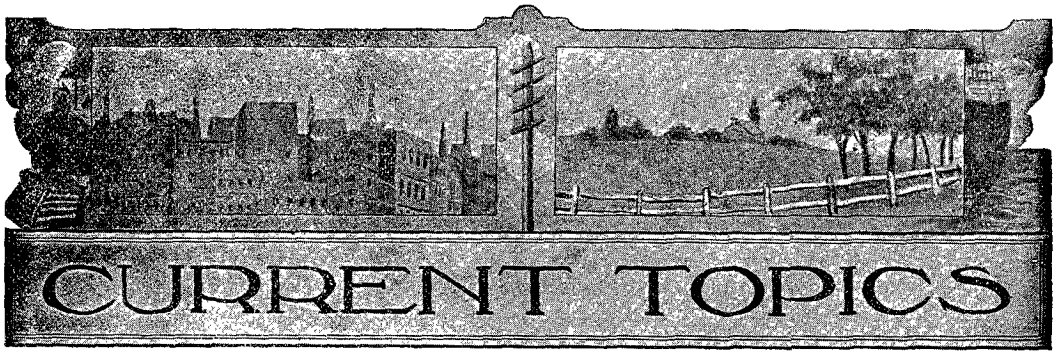
“Thirty-five hundred years ago there were gathered, at the command of Moses, on the Plain of Assemblage in the Mount Sinai Valley, all of the children of Israel, to listen to the reading of the laws that were revealed to Moses during the ‘forty days and forty nights’ he spent in the midst of a cloud communing with the God of the chosen people.

“Civilisation to-day is founded on the Ten Commandments that were read by Moses from the stone on which they were writ. Onward, ever onward, has modernization spread since those days in the long, long ago, when the worship of the golden calf was forsaken, and man turned his face toward the ‘God who created him in His own image.’

“Here alone, in the Mount Sinai valley, where the nation that gave us the Saviour first sprang into prominence, Progress has stood still. Surrounded by the peaks of the mountains of the ‘Forty Martyrs,’ all is hushed and still on the plain where once the hum of thousands of voices was heard, and where the valley rang with the resounding march of the children of Israel.”



SUPPOSED SPOT ON WHICH MOSES READ THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.



The Fenced Walls of To-day; What of Them?

ISAIAH says that the day of the Lord shall be upon all the high towers and upon all the fenced walls. During the last twenty-five years the architecture of the cities of the earth has undergone a change, upwards and skywards is the idea which has been carried out. While the ships of a world's Tarshish are noted for their tonnage and their strength, when the pride of a nation is exhibited in its army and its navy, the cities of the earth have vied with one another in the erection of high buildings. The diminutive building which was considered a structure of importance half a century ago, is now entirely out of place at the side of the skyscraper. This building now, even with its Corinthian pillars or its Roman façade, looks like a memory of the past. Far up above it, an immense mass of bricks and mortar, towers the latest production of man in the building world around us. A century ago men could not have anticipated the present. Buildings fifteen stories high and even higher are to be seen in many of the great cities. The corners of the principal streets in any great thoroughfare are rounded off by modern buildings of the latest design. The cities of Melbourne and Sydney, both young cities, and located in this part of the world, have completely altered in appearance during the last twenty years. New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco have all undergone a change. Men are proud of their cities. These are monuments of

what men consider up to date architecture, and are in full accordance with the progression which has been made in every other direction.

One cannot say, however, that our cities are in any way symmetrical in the lines which they present; every man, without special regard to his neighbour, has erected a building according to his own design. The sky line, therefore, presents a very irregular front. The buildings are high, but here and there some aspirant in the building art has topped his building with a tower, a high one, one which pierces the clouds. Isaiah, the Hebrew prophet, in his day was accustomed to the flat-roofed houses of Palestine. These houses as far as architecture was concerned, were humble abodes when compared with the city buildings of to-day. Peter went up in his time on to the flat roof to pray, a very good and a quiet place for that purpose. Very few, however, ascend to the top of a skyscraper with Peter's intentions to-day. This is not a praying world. The buildings to-day are a much nearer approach to the tower of Babel than this world in its history has ever seen before. When the world considers its cities, when the nations admire them, each, like Nebuchadnezzar, can exclaim: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" Isaiah, however, was carried away in vision past the flat-roofed cities of Palestine, past Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethany; he overlooked Damascus; his vision car-

ried him past Egypt, Rome, Corinth, Athens, Pompeii,—all escaped him. The mediæval age was passed—Florence, Prague, Munich, were left behind; on, onward, he came in vision, and his prophetic regards were allocated and centred upon the cities of to-day.

The world has nothing to compare in architecture with the high and massive structures of the present. Rome could not compare with New York; and Athens, in all its ancient glory, could not be compared with the cyclopean cities of our era. The vision of Isaiah rested upon the cities and the high towers of to-day, the cities which are in close proximity to the day of the Lord. Prophecy informs us unmistakably where the world is to-day. The Dreadnoughts are upon the ocean, and the high towers are upon the land. The pleasant pictures, the pictures of desire, are here also; so, too, are the motor cars, the chariots spoken of by Nahum. These specialties are all here, here upon the ocean and on the earth; here located by the prophets in the day when the world is finishing up its history. Isaiah the prophet said that the day of the Lord would also be upon "all the fenced walls." Fenced walls are one of the structural peculiarities of the present; scarcely any modern city is now without them. When San Francisco was overthrown by the earthquake, the old city fell, and was almost demolished as a result of the earthquake and the fire. The new city went up in great iron structures, the frame-work of the buildings was erected, great iron frames went up from the earth, reaching in height unto the region of the clouds. The iron frames formed receptive areas or complete fences for the composite materials which composed the walls. The walls of the buildings of the great cities of to-day are fenced with iron. These are the fenced walls, no doubt, referred to by the prophet. New York, San Francisco, Boston, and other cities, have buildings with their frame works, or fences of iron. San Francisco, overthrown once, now thinks that she has made provision against an earthquake for the future. The great iron frames of which the buildings are constructed are supposed, in the minds of men, to be able to withstand the earthquake shock. The architect, the

scientist, and the builder, have combined their intellects and resources for the construction of a building which is supposed to withstand the earthquake. These great iron structures are expected by men to resist fire, to stand the convulsions of nature, and to perhaps even resist the determined purposes of God. What can the earthquake and fire do now? Has not science, wealth, and enterprise succeeded in resisting the fiery element and the subterranean foe? These are the questions which arise to the natural mind. Isaiah says that the day of the Lord shall be upon every high tower, and upon every fenced city.

The architects of the earth during the last twenty years have erected the buildings which meet the peculiarities of the prophecy. The day of the Lord is at hand; the high towers, and the fenced wall, known as the skyscraper, are here. When the men of Babel built their tower, it was their united intention to provide for the emergencies of a second flood. They defied God. They insured themselves and their prospects in the supposed substantiality of their high tower. What could a flood do to them? They would run into their tower and be safe, safe from a flood and from Him who could send the waters. Their assurance company was to be a success. It was a question of outwitting God, and an intention to surpass Him with the scientific results of their own reasoning. What was the result?—A few flashes of lightning directed at their building by an offended and an indignant God struck the top off their high and elevated tower. God had other means of destruction at His disposal to use instead of a second flood. Men are insuring themselves against anticipated circumstances to-day, but while they reckon in one direction, they forget their calculations in another. The buildings are fire-proof, they will stand the earthquake; their foundations are well set, the composite material is well placed in the iron fences; they will stand not only for time, but for eternity. Science, men think, is outwitting Providence. Isaiah, however, says that the day of the Lord will be upon "all the fenced walls." This is the epoch of the fenced walls. The iron frameworks of the great cities prove it. The words of

the prophet Isaiah will stand much firmer than the foundations of the cities. God has spoken through His ancient prophet. The grand metropolis will be in great danger in the day of the Lord. Fire-proof buildings will go up in flames.



Modern Skyscrapers, New York

Earthquake-proof ones will be overthrown. The Lord alone and His Word shall be exalted in that day. The only safe insurance company now, the one which will stand, is that of God and heaven. It is full time now for men

everywhere to insure their lives and their future with Jesus. Take out a policy, through faith, upon heaven. Christ is a high and a strong tower. The righteous will run into that tower and be safe. Trust, therefore, in Jesus; let no man deceive you through philosophy and vain deceit. Make a covenant, a final, an efficient, and a complete one with Christ. He can save to the uttermost all those who come unto Him for salvation.

JUAN.

Has Rome Persecuted?

IT will doubtless astound many people to hear that the Roman Catholic Church avows that she never persecuted, that in fact she cannot persecute; but with the facts of history standing out so glaringly to the contrary, it is difficult to accept such avowals, and unless the Church of Rome can make black white, it must stand recorded against her that she *has* persecuted, and has persecuted to an extreme degree. But as illustrative of the assertions that Rome sometimes makes to-day, a Catholic writer recently stated in the *Tribune*, a Roman Catholic paper of Melbourne:—

It is true that Catholic rulers and kings have sometimes persecuted, as in the case of Louis XIV, who was no good Catholic, and Ferdinand of Spain, who had political motives. But the Catholic Church cannot persecute, because her doctrines teach that persecution is sinful. I should like my Protestant friends to remark what the great Spanish theologian, Balmes, has to say on this head—"We find in all parts of Europe scaffolds prepared to furnish crimes against religion; scenes which sadden the soul were everywhere witnessed. Rome is one exception to the rule—Rome which it has been attempted to represent a monster of intolerance and cruelty. It is true that the popes have not preached, like the Protestants, universal toleration; but the facts show the difference between the Protestants and the popes. The popes, armed with a tribunal of intolerance, have scarce spilled a drop of blood. Protestants and philosophers have shed it in torrents."

But when we read this statement we cannot help thinking of the Roman Catholic crusades against the Albigenses and the Waldenses, of the fury manifested against even the exhumed dust of Wycliffe, of the burning of Huss and Jerome, of the monstrous atrocities of the Inquisition, of the iniquitous Dragonnades of France, of the Massacre of St. Bartholo-

mew, of the millions of "heretics" whose voices were silenced by the scaffold and the stake. It is futile for Rome to urge that some of these persecutions were accomplished by Catholic rulers and kings. Who influenced and incited these rulers and kings to these wicked deeds? Was not the civil power used merely as the instrument of the ecclesiastical?

Letter of Pope Boniface VIII to Philip the Handsome

Indeed not only does the Catholic Church teach that she may punish heretics, but that both the spiritual and the civic sword are given to her, and that the State may use the latter only as the church permits. This is clearly taught in the letter of Pope Boniface VIII, the head of the Catholic Church at the time, to Philip the Handsome of France. The Pope said:—

Do not, my son, imagine that you have no superior, or that you are not subject to the hierarchy of the church. Whoever may say so is an infidel. The apostles said: "Here are two swords;" and the Lord did not answer, "There are too many," but "It is enough." He who denies that the civil sword is in the hands of Peter, disregards the words of the Lord, "Put away thy sword." Both swords are given to the church, the spiritual and the civic. One is drawn for the church, the other by the church. The one is in the hands of the priests, the other in the hands of the kings and warriors; but the latter may use it only according as the will of the priests permit it.—*Quoted from Literary Digest, May 26, 1894.*

Here, it will be noticed, Philip is plainly told that he is "subject to the hierarchy of the church;" that the civic sword is to be drawn for the church, and that rulers may use it only as the will of the priests permits. It is clearly, therefore, a perversion of the truth for Catholic writers to pretend that the church was not responsible for the persecution of heretics by Catholic rulers.

Rome's Coercion of the Secular Power

In handing over their victim to the secular authorities, the Inquisition adjured them at the same time to treat him mercifully, to spare his life, and not spill his blood. But how hypocritical all this was may be readily seen when, as Henry Charles Lea says ("History of the Inquisition," Vol. I, chap. 5), the *inquisitors* were enforcing "as a legal rule that the mere belief that persecution for con-

science' sake was sinful, was in itself a heresy, to be visited with the full penalties of that unpardonable crime."

Speaking of decrees of popes and councils in regard to heresy, such, for instance, as the decree of the second Lateran Council (1139) ordering rulers to coerce heretics into obedience, and that of Pope Lucius III (1184) commanding all potentates to take an oath to administer the ecclesiastical laws against heresy faithfully and well, under penalty of excommunication, deprivation of rank, etc., Lea says: "The church thus undertook to coerce the sovereign to persecution. It would not listen to mercy, it would not hear of expediency. The monarch held his crown by the tenure of extirpating heresy, of seeing that the laws were sharp and were pitilessly enforced. Any hesitation was visited with excommunication, and if this proved inefficacious, his dominions were thrown open to the first hardy adventurer whom the church would supply with an army for his overthrow."

Lea continues: "The hegemony of Europe was vested in the Holy Roman Empire, and its coronation was a strangely solemn religious ceremony in which the emperor was admitted to the lower orders of the priesthood, and was made to anathematise all heresy raising itself against the holy Catholic Church. In handing him the ring, the pope told him that it was a symbol that he was to destroy heresy; and in girding him with the sword, that with it he was to strike down the enemies of the church. Frederick II declared that he had received the imperial dignity for the maintenance and propagation of the faith. In the bull of Clement VI recognising Charles IV, the first-named of the imperial duties enumerated are the extension of the faith and the extirpation of heretics; and the neglect of the Emperor Wenceslas to suppress Wycliffitism was regarded as a satisfactory reason for his deposition."

"A Modern Perversion of History"

In speaking of the free admission Rome has made that the "moral responsibility" for the burning of heretics rested upon her, Lea says:—

"In view of this earnestness to embody in the statute-books the sharpest laws

for the extermination of heretics and to oblige the secular officials to execute those laws, under the alternative of being themselves condemned and punished as heretics, the adjuration for mercy with which the inquisitors handed over their victims to be burned was evidently, as we shall see hereafter, a mere technical formula to avoid the 'irregularity' of being concerned in judgments of blood. In process of time the moral responsibility was freely admitted, as when in February, 1418, the Council of Constance decreed that all who should defend Hussitism, or regard Huss or Jerome of Prague as holy men, should be treated as relapsed heretics and be punished with fire—'*puniantur ad ignem.*' It is altogether a modern perversion of history to assume, as apologists do, that the request for mercy was sincere, and that the secular magistrate and not the Inquisition was responsible for the death of the heretic. We can imagine the smile of amused surprise with which Gregory IX or Gregory XI would have listened to the dialectics with which the Comte Joseph de Maistre proves that it is an error to suppose, and much more to assert, that Catholic priests can in any manner be instrumental in compassing the death of a fellow-creature."

Roman Catholic Admissions

We have at hand several admissions by Roman Catholic writers that their church has persecuted. From these we select one or two. An editorial in the *Western Watchman*, one of the leading Roman Catholic papers of the United States, made this statement on December 24, 1908:—

THE CHURCH HAS PERSECUTED. ONLY A TYRO IN CHURCH HISTORY WILL DENY THAT. . . . We have always defended the persecution of the Huguenots and the Spanish Inquisition. . . . WHEN SHE THINKS IT GOOD TO USE PHYSICAL FORCE, SHE WILL USE IT. . . . But will the Catholic Church give bond that she will not persecute at all? Will she guarantee absolute freedom and equality of all churches and all faiths? The Catholic Church gives no bonds for her good behaviour. (Caps. ours.)

The same paper stated on November 21, 1912, in regard to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris in 1572:—

Catholics say only 30,000 were slain; Protestants put the number at 70,000. WE PREFER THE

LATTER FIGURE. . . . If there were 70,000 Huguenots in Paris the night of the massacre, so much the more justification for the slaughter. . . . We have heard ring out many a time the very bells that called the Catholics together on that fatal night. THEY ALWAYS SOUNDED SWEETLY IN OUR EARS. (Caps. ours.)

All of which can leave no one in the slightest doubt that the Church of Rome has persecuted; and gives us good reason for believing that did occasion serve her, she would persecute again.

We shall consider other phases of this persecution question, and the lessons they teach for present-day application, in our issue of next week. A.H.

"WITS' END CORNER"

ARE you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Christian, with troubled brow?

Are you thinking of what is before you,

And all you are bearing now?

Does all the world seem against you,

And you in the battle alone?

Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"

Is just where God's power is shown.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Blinded with wearing pain,

Feeling you cannot endure it,

You cannot bear the strain,

Bruised through the constant suffering,

Dizzy, and dazed, and numb?

Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"

Is where Jesus loves to come.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Your work before you spread,

All lying begun, unfinished,

And pressing on heart and head,

Longing for strength to do it,

Stretching out trembling hands?

Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"

The Burden-bearer stands.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Yearning for those you love,

Longing and praying and watching,

Pleading their cause above,

Trying to lead them to Jesus,

Wond'ring if you've been true?

He whispers, at "Wits' End Corner,"

"I'll win them, as I won you."

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner?"

Then you're just in the *very spot*

To learn the wondrous resources

Of Him who faileth not.

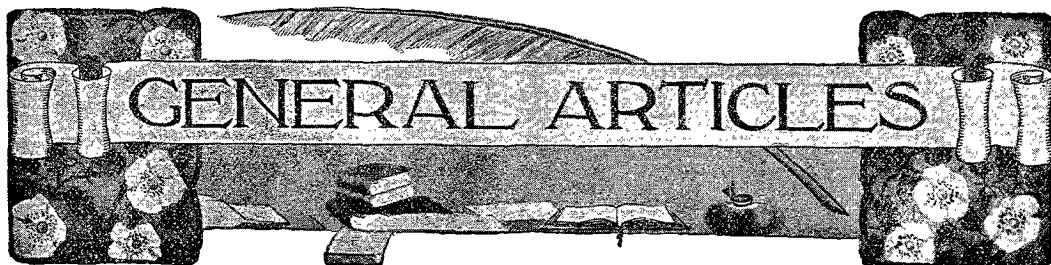
No doubt to a brighter pathway,

Your footsteps will soon be moved,

But only at "Wits' End Corner"

Is "the God who is able" proved.

—Antoinette Wilson.



DO NOT MURMUR

J. R. Wilbur

Do not murmur, dear soul, at the sorrow
That God in His wisdom has sent.
Do not think that your life is a failure,
But, trusting in Him, be content.

You say that your troubles are many,
And more than you feel you can bear;
This is part of the plan of the Master,
He has promised your troubles to share.

Each sorrow He sends and each burden
But leads to the mansions above.
So murmur no more at His leading,
But trust in His infinite love.

Why Did Israel Fight?

R. Hare

WITH the world facing its Armageddon, and the hand of almost every man filled with some weapon to destroy, the excusing question is often asked, "Then why did Israel fight?"

Two reasons may be given in answer to this important inquiry. Notice, first, Israel was the ancient and representative people of Jehovah. In order to prepare them for a government in the promised land, the Lord permitted 430 years of sojourn, toil, and subjection to overtake them. But that 430 years, given to Israel as an education, were given to the Amorites as a time of probation; and when that period had ended, the day of mercy for that rebellious people had closed forever. Their cup was full! Gen. 15:16.

Then it was that the Lord put His sword into the hand of Israel, and sent them to destroy the people whom He had already judged unworthy of life. Just as surely as the waters of the deluge visited His wrath upon the antediluvian world, and just as certainly as the fires of Sodom poured out His judgments

upon the cities of the plain, so surely did Israel wield the sword of the Lord in meeting out destruction upon the people of Canaan.

"Thou art my battle-axe and weapons of war," said the Lord in speaking of Israel. Jer. 51:20. Had that people proved loyal and obedient, they would have so remained, for the Lord had planned great things through their instrumentality. Deut. 7:5, 23. But in their wilfulness the battle-axe lost its edge, and then the Lord had to use other nations to chastise Israel.

True, Israel fought many battles the Lord never planned, and for which He can in no way be held responsible. Some of these were wilful battles, some, struggles for place and power that the Lord did not design for His people. Others, again, were for mere self aggrandisement. But the battles commanded by Jehovah were not of like character with these. They were deluge-struggles, judgment out-pourings in which Israel was but the instrument of divine visitation. God chose to take that way of punishing a rebellious and unrepenting people, and Israel was the instrument just as logically as the deluge or the fires of Sodom.

Notice, again, God was the King of Israel. The throne of their kingdom was the throne of the Lord, for "Solomon sat upon the throne of the Lord." 1 Chron. 29:23. As Jehovah was their real, though invisible, ruler, they were only acting a subordinate part in carrying out His dictates.

But this was a privilege that no other earthly kingdom ever enjoyed. "The divine right of kings" has been but a dream of royal heads since God took away the sceptre from Israel. Jehovah has never sat as the ruler upon any other

earthly throne. So, then, the wars carried out by the nations have not always been divine wars. In fact very few, if any of them, have ever met with His sanction. Neither has humanity been greatly blessed thereby. God has kindly put His hand over the troubled stream of human affairs so that He might keep His people and His work from being swallowed up. He has overruled in empire struggles by "setting the

the unseen Ruler who spoke from above the mercy seat.

Sometimes God told Israel to stand still, and His thunderbolts did the work of destruction. At other times the destroying angel passed by, and whole armies lay dead upon the field that they planned for battle. He might have destroyed all the nations then as He could destroy them now, by the word of His power, but He chose to let Israel

see the judgment on sin and rebellion, that they might learn to hate the evil that dishonoured their King.

So, then, it was not to cultivate the spirit of war, nor yet to indulge the love for spoil or self aggrandisement that the Lord commanded Israel to fight. The wars of the Lord were wars of judgment. He alone could determine when the day of mercy had passed for any



"The wars of the Lord were wars of judgment."

mighty down from their seat;" but He has not visibly controlled the nations under the form of a theocracy or of a theocratic government since the time of Israel. Nor will He do so "till He come whose right it is "to rule in the kingdom." Eze. 21: 26, 27; Luke 1: 32, 33.

God is not responsible for the bloodshed and slaughter of earthly strife. Its armies have not marched at His dictation, nor do they do so to-day. Selfishness in some form stands behind most of the slaughter that has reddened earth with the blood of its children. The Lord never sent Israel to fight until some nation had passed over the boundary of its probation, and then their sword was the sword of judgment directed by

nation or people, and only then did He pronounce their doom.

As the Believer Appears in the Sight of God

"IN Christ's name His followers are to stand before God. Through the value of the sacrifice made for them, they are of value in the Lord's sight. Because of the imputed righteousness of Christ they are accounted precious. For Christ's sake the Lord pardons those that fear Him. He does not see in them the vileness of the sinner. He recognises in them the likeness of His Son, in whom they believe."



(Continued)

Admissions of the Papacy

"THE deed is done, the Sabbath has been professedly changed, and the Christian world bows down—ignorantly, largely—in obedience to that change as made by the Papacy. She admits, not only her supposed right to change the law, but says she did change it in respect to the Sabbath. Thus we read: "*Q.* Have you any other way of proving that the church has power to institute festivals of precept? *A.* Had she not such power, she could not have done that in which all modern religionists agree with her;—she could not have substituted the observance of Sunday the first day of the week, for the observance of Saturday the seventh day of the week, a change for which there is no Scriptural authority." (*"Doctrinal Catechism,"* p. 174.) "Protestants have no Scripture for the measure of their day of rest,—that they abolish the observance of Saturday without warrant of Scripture; that they substitute Sunday in its place without Scriptural authority,—consequently, that for all this they have only *traditional authority*."—*Id.*, p. 354.

Protestant Claims

Protestant historians agree that the change took place some hundreds of years this side of Christ's death.

There is no evidence that in the earlier years of Christianity there was any formal observance of Sunday as a day of rest, or any general cessation of labour."—*"Encyclopædia Britannica,"* Art "*Sabbath*."

The first law, either civil or ecclesiastical, that was made respecting the observance of Sunday as a Christian day of worship, was made by Constantine, emperor of Rome, in A.D. 321.—*Id.*, "*Sabbath and Sunday*."

To sum up, then, we find four potent facts. First, an attempt has been made

to change the Sabbath; second, the prophecy of Daniel 7 declares the "little horn"—the Papacy—would do it; third, the Papacy claims she has done it, and fourth, Protestants agree that the Bible does not authorise the change, and admit it is the work of the church on its own authority. What further evidence do we need? Can truth be more plain? Reader, let us take heed to what we are building upon. Is your worship founded on the shifting sands of the commandments and traditions of men? "They that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Only he who has built on the rock of truth will be able to pass the demands of the judgment.

Present-Day Agitation Regarding the Sabbath

As in all past ages, when a great reform was at hand, the church and the world were agitated and stirred regarding the needed reform, so to-day all classes are agitated respecting "Sabbath observance." Preparatory to the great reformation occasioned by the first coming of Christ, there was world-wide distrust of the established religions. The historian says:—

The enfeebled world was tottering on its foundations when Christianity appeared. The national religions which had satisfied the parents, no longer proved sufficient for their children. The new generation could not repose contented within the ancient forms. . . . A great void was occasioned in the religion of the world. . . . In Europe, Asia, and Africa, there was but one vast empire, and the human race began to feel its universality and unity.—*D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation,"* book I, page 33.

Then, when men were ready to listen to the new teaching, the Word was made

flesh, and dwelt among us. In a few short years, His teaching had made many converts among all nations of the earth. Even China heard the sound of that message.

Again, in the midnight hour of the Dark Ages, when all Europe bowed in humble submission before the Church of Rome, when the surface of society appeared tranquil, when men were seemingly contented to believe and worship as they were commanded—even then the fire of human liberty was at a white heat, and it needed but the touch of Luther's teaching to set it ablaze; and soon the Reformation had enveloped all Europe, yes, all the world. On God's timepiece, the hour had arrived to break the shackles of error and superstition; and preparatory to that work, many agitations had prepared the minds of men to receive the message of Luther. D'Aubigné² says:—

Thus everywhere, from high to low, was heard a hollow murmur, forerunner of the thunderbolt that was soon to fall. Germany appeared ripe for the appointed task of the sixteenth century. Providence, in its slow progress, had prepared everything; and even the passions which God condemns were directed by His almighty hand to the accomplishment of His designs.—*Id.*, page 83.

Another Reformation at Hand

We have arrived at another epoch-making period in the history of the world. The surface of society appears placid to the casual observer, but a closer inspection reveals the great agitation underneath. To come to the point at once, we believe that a great conflict awaits the world, and the point of test in that conflict will be the authority of God *versus* human traditions in religious teaching. We will go farther, and say that God's test of authority in ages past—the seventh-day Sabbath—will be the test of loyalty to His authority again. As it was in the days of Elijah, when Israel was called upon to take their stand for God or for Baal, so again not alone one nation but the whole world will be brought to a place where a decision must be made for or against God. In vision, the prophet Isaiah saw the work of God coming to a close in the world. He saw a message—one message—going to all nations, and around that ensign all "Israel" would take their stand. The

world surely needs now such a message, an "ensign" to lead the "hosts of the Lord" through the labyrinth of errors in the world to-day. See Isa. II:11-16.

In evidence that we are in the midst of conditions that are rapidly placing the church and the world in a position where they must listen to some voice of authority, we call attention to the "lukewarm" church. On every hand is seen and felt the lack of spiritual zeal. The prayer-meeting is poorly attended. The regular church service is but little better, and the spirit of pleasure and amusement has invaded the sacred place of the sanctuary.

Wherein lies the cause of this present lack of interest in spiritual things? The authority of the Scriptures, as a full and sufficient guide for faith and practice, is not being taught as it once was. The infirmity of the church is the result of the weak, sickly teaching we hear from the pulpit and the religious press, and that from men in high authority. As an example, notice the following:—

Where does the Bible come from?—From the same source whence all other worth-while books come—out of the soul of humanity in humanity's struggle to give expression to its divine ideals. . . . The question of inspiration confronts us when we think of the source from which the Bible came. Now, there are some things I do not know. One of them is what inspiration is. Neither does any one else know what it is. Anyway, men are inspired, and not the writings, not black marks upon a page. And so far as I can determine, all the term can reasonably suggest is that men write at times from a highly vitalised inward impulse.—*Prof. T. E. Rankin, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, in the "Homiletic Review," August 1912, pp. 91, 92.*

Men high in church circles no longer believe the plain declaration of the Scriptures regarding creation. Note this sample utterance:—

Take the incomparable stories of the temptation and fall at the beginning of Genesis, with their speaking serpent, their miraculous trees, their God who walks about His garden in the cool of the day and speaks face to face to Adam as to His friend. Are we to take all this literally as an historical account of the introduction of sin into our human world? And if so, what guarantee can we possibly have that these things actually happened as they are related? For manifestly the experiences of the first human beings lie far beyond the reach of human memory or tradition. . . . Is it not equally competent, and far more consonant with all we know of literature and history, to regard these narratives as embodying very ancient mythical material?—"Homiletic Review" for December, 1912, p. 443, by Prof. John E. McFadden, Glasgow.

How can the church expect to have "the power of God unto salvation" as found in the gospel, when it will not and does not accept the Book that contains the gospel? What folly to say that the Bible is the best book in the world, but is not inspired, while it claims to be a direct revelation from God! The Bible writers were either what they claimed to be, or they were the greatest liars the world ever contained; for in nearly every case they claim that God spoke by and through them. But if they are false witnesses, how could they write the most spiritual, most sublime book man ever read?

(To be Continued.)

Counting the Cost

Hiram Morrell

WHILE it is true that our blessed Saviour with His own precious blood paid the price that our sins might be cancelled and God still be just, it will cost us suffering in the flesh to perfect character so we shall be fitted to live in a sinless world. I wonder if we count the cost enough, or are we in danger of taking it for granted that because we know the truth we shall be all right, somehow? I believe it is high time to wake up to our real condition and count the cost as we never have before, for surely it will be "through much tribulation" that we shall enter into the kingdom. We must be willing to suffer in the flesh and to deny self daily in order to overcome every wrong word and act, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. And let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from evil. It will be a battle and a march, and a battle and a march; and we need to remember that it will not be all marching, for we are exhorted not to think it strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try us, as though some strange thing had happened unto us, but rejoice, inasmuch as we are partakers of Christ's sufferings. 1 Peter 4: 12, 13.

Is it all suffering, all struggling, all fighting, with nothing else to look ahead to while in this world?—Ah, no. We are to count it all joy to suffer with our blessed Saviour; for it bringeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and we

are filled with much love, joy, and peace: that love that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, envieth not, seeketh not her own, is not provoked, and is longsuffering and kind; that joy that comes through suffering for the right and in unselfish service for others; that peace one has whose mind is stayed on Christ, and no amount of praise can elate or puff up, or no amount of censure or abuse can discourage or cast down. "We must have a faith that will endure hardship, hunger, delay, if need be." I believe many of us need to examine ourselves as we never have before, and see if we are really in the faith and are really getting the victory every day over our besetting sins. Our names may soon be brought up before the great tribunal, the investigative judgment now going on in heaven; and surely "it is high time to awake out of sleep," "for now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Solemn are the times in which we live, and we are soon to meet a just and holy God, and we must be holy to meet Him in peace. Do we realise these things as we should?

We must make a real business of living a Christian life day by day, and really overcoming all sin in our lives. If we do our part, Jesus will give us all the help we need as the days come and go, and we shall grow in grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and our path will be a shining light that groweth more and more unto the perfect day.

Time Enough for Every Duty

NO man has any more duties to do than he has time to do well. God assigns all duties, and all time, and all strength for the doing of duties; God expects good work from all His children; and God never expects more than is reasonable. Therefore when we think that we have not time enough to do all our duties as well as we ought, we are either wasting our time, or borrowing trouble, or trying to do what we ought to let alone. The honey-bee has a heavy burden of work to do, and only limited time to do it in; but he gets it done, and well done; and he gives no evidence of worrying over it. We ought to do at least as well.—*Selected.*



RETROSPECTIVE

R. Hare

COULD we but live the past scenes o'er again,
Live them as we had hoped
And dreamed in days gone by,
With all their bright prospectives
And the clearer sky,
Without the darkness and the pain,
How much of life would count as gain?

Could we recall the hasty words that fell
In thoughtless bitterness
From careless lips and heart,
To wound some tender soul
As with a poisoned dart
Through all the years, whose broken spell
Is still unbound, it would be well.

But faded blossoms have no second spring,
No anxious prayer calls back
The words of yesterday.
No coming morn reveals
The dreams now passed away.
The heart forgiven may learn to sing,
But still life's saddened echoes ring.

The memory-pictured scenes that of recal
Whether in day or darkness,
Read the painful past;
Oh, that oblivion's veil
Might hide, and hiding, cast
Its sweet forgiveness over all,
Till love could answer Heaven's call.

Lieutenant Bowers, the Antarctic Hero

His Religious Life

BRITISH girls and boys all the world over, says the *Christian*, will long remember Captain Scott's last noble message: "We are weak—writing is difficult—but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last."

Captain Scott's brave friend and com-

rade, Lieutenant Bowers, even as a little chap, was an enthusiastic naturalist—so much so that he infected his schoolfellows with the same craze.

Many a dark evening the lads spent, armed with lanterns, treacle, nets, etc., scouring lonely woods and commons in search of moths and other treasures. But his eagerness in pursuing his hobbies did not mean that his lessons were neglected, for in that first school's annals it is recorded of him: "Whatever he undertakes to do, he will do well."

Later on he joined the *Worcester*, on which vessel Commander Evans had also received his training. Commander Wilson-Barker, who knew him there, reports that he was "noted by his superiors as a young sailor who would 'make his mark and go far'"—a prediction gloriously, if tragically, fulfilled.

As a cadet he was a quiet, keen worker, who steadily made his way into the higher classes. After two years he entered the Mercantile Marine, where he did well, and rose to the position of chief officer. He was appointed midshipman of the Naval Reserve, and, in 1905, an officer in the Royal Indian Marine. Reports received of him were always satisfactory. In 1910 he applied for a post in the Antarctic Expedition, and was appointed.

But what about his inner life? That is a subject almost too sacred for print, but a few facts may be mentioned for God's glory.

Trained in a godly home, he grew up with a knowledge of the Bible and a steadfast purpose to "do the right." When quite a small boy he was very interested in a children's service which he attended regularly. Here he carefully learned Scripture, verse by verse, especially Isaiah 53, a chapter which he always

loved and never forgot. Years after, when as a young officer he was keeping a lonely watch, he felt there came to him a moment when he definitely decided to follow Christ, and in the hope of His great salvation he died as he had lived. The day before they set out on the final journey to the Pole, he wrote: "We go South in a strength higher than our own."

His was a happy, eager life, full of health and spirits; and, during his brief holidays, he was the life of his home, ready for any bit of fun which might turn up, yet always putting work and duty first. Captain Scott wrote of him: "He is just splendid! He has such a happy knack of coming through difficulties with a smiling face." And he added: "I have learned to place the greatest reliance on all that he does, and as a consequence my own work has been made a great deal easier and lighter." And a member of the expedition, who was considered a special "chum" of Lieutenant Bowers, also says: "He was one of the most unselfish men I have ever met."—*Southern Cross*.

Unconscious Influence

THE American *Youth's Companion* relates an interesting incident. A minister conducted an interment in a country cemetery on a peculiarly dreary day. His service was gratuitous, and he received no thanks. No one had shown either grief for the dead or gratitude for the living. Six years later, he received a letter from a college student who, as a boy, had been present on that doleful occasion, and who wrote to say that the memory of the minister standing bare-headed, praying in the rain, without fee or reward, "seemed to point to something higher" than the things of earth, and he "began reading the New Testament to find the next step;" ultimately he joined a local church and decided to study for the ministry. His letter concluded: "I've written this to tell you where the good impulse started—a place where you might think there was the last chance of exerting any influence at all."

How God Guides Us

A FEW seasons ago, a little yacht was cruising among the western isles of Scotland, and one sullen evening a gale set in from the broad Atlantic. It came moaning over the long, rolling swell, and caught the frail craft off a perilous lee-shore. There was no shelter at hand, but the old skipper had known that treacherous coast from boyhood, and he said that there was a harbour some distance away, and he thought he could make it. And so, through the darkness, lit only by the gleam of phosphorescence in her wake, the little ship went plunging on her course, amid the wild welter of wind and wave. At length she swung into smooth water, and they let go the anchor, and, turning into their berths, went peacefully to sleep.

In the morning the master came on deck and surveyed the scene—a little lock, girt about by dark, purple mountains. It was a quiet haven; but, looking toward the entrance, he beheld a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, and all awash with boiling surf. To think of passing that way! The least swerving of the tiller, and those jagged teeth would catch the frail timbers and grind them to splinters, and every life would perish. He gazed a while, then he shuddered, and, turning to the old skipper, he exclaimed: "Did we—did we pass there in the darkness?"

And this is a parable of life. We know something of the goodness and mercy which have followed us all our days, but there is more, immeasurably more, than we have ever noticed; and we shall never realise what a debt we owe to the unseen love which has attended us until we get home to the city of God, and from its shining battlements survey the long road which we have travelled over the wide wilderness. We shall then perceive, in the clear light of eternity, what perils we have escaped—the hidden snares, the lurking foes, the rushing torrents, the dizzy precipices which we have passed securely in the darkness, because an unseen Hand was holding us and guiding our blind steps. Then we shall realise what we owe to the love of God.—*Selected*.



MOTHER'S APRON-STRINGS

WHEN I was but a verdant youth,
I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth,
To man's mature estate.
And none my soul so sadly tried,
Or spoke such bitter things,
As he who said that I was tied
To mother's apron-strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed
That I must break away,
And find the broader world I dreamed
Beyond her presence lay.
But I have sighed and I have cried
O'er all the cruel stings
I would have missed had I been tied
To mother's apron-strings.

O happy, trustful girls and boys!
The mother's way is best.
She leads you mid the fairest joys,
Through paths of peace and rest.
If you would have the safest guide,
And drink from sweetest springs,
O, keep your hearts forever tied
To mother's apron-strings.
—Nixon Waterman, in "A Book of Verse."

"I've Not Forgot"

"THEY pulled off my shoes and stockings and jacket and trousers and little shirt, and bundled me into my night dress and rolled me under the blanket and tucked me in, and kissed me good-night. When my mother's lips touched my cheek I awoke. 'Is it you mamma?' I asked.

"'Aye,' said she; 'tis your mother, lad.' Her hand went swiftly to my brow and smoothed back the tousled wet hair.

"'Is you kissed me yet?'

"'O, aye,' said she.

"'Kiss me again, please, mum,' said I; 'for I wants t' make sure you done it.'"

Time came when that mother was so ill that they must send for the mailboat doctor. She always said she was better—much better—but love always tries to

ward off the worry of those who are concerned. For a long time before she went away into the shadows she went about the house smiling, but there was a difference somehow. Now let the lad tell what happened one day:—

"She was now more discreet with her moods; not once did I catch her brooding alone, though more than once I lay in dark corners or peered through the crack in the door; and she went smiling about the house of old—but yet not as of old—and I puzzled over the difference, but could not discover it. More often, now at twilight, she lured me into her lap, where I was never loth to go, great lad of nine years though I was; and she sat silent with me rocking, rocking while the deeper night came down—and she kissed me so often that I wondered she did not tire of it—and she stroked my brow and cheeks and touched my eyes and ran her finger tips over my eyebrows and nose and lips, aye, and softly played, with my lips—at times she strained me so hard to her breast that I near complained of the embrace—and I was no more driven off to bed when my eyes grew heavy, but let lie in her arms, while we sat silent, rocking, rocking until long, long after I had fallen asleep. And once, at the end of a sweet, strange hour, making believe to play, she gently pried my eyes wide open, and looked far into their depths—so deep, so long, so searching, so strangely that I waxed uneasy under the glance. 'Wh-wh-what-what you——' I began, inarticulately.

"'What am I looking for?' she interrupted, speaking quickly.

"'Aye,' I whimpered, for I was deeply agitated, 'what you lookin' for?'

"'For your heart,' said she. I did not know what she meant, and I wondered concerning the fancy she had, but did

not ask, for there was that in her voice and eyes that made me very solemn.

"'Tis but a child's heart,' she sighed, turning away. "'Tis but like the hearts,' she whispered, 'of all children. I cannot tell—I cannot tell,' she sobbed, 'and I want—O, I want so much—to know.'

"Don't cry,' I pleaded, thrown into an agony by her tears, in the way of all children. She sat me back in her lap. 'Look in your mother's eyes lad,' she said, 'and say after me this:—

"My mother.'

"My mother,' I repeated, very soberly.

"Looked upon my heart.'

"Looked upon my heart,' said I.

"And found it brave.'

"An' found it brave.'

"And sweet.'

"An' sweet.'

"Willing for the day's work,' she said.

"Willin' for the day's work,' I repeated.

"And harbouring no shameful hope.'

"An' harbouring no shameful hope.'"

Again and again she had me say it until I knew it every word by heart.

"Ah,' she said at last, 'but you'll forget.'

"No, no,' I cried; 'I'll not forget. My mother looked upon my heart,' I rattled, 'an' found it brave and sweet, willing for the day's work an' harbouring no shameful hope. I've not forgot—I've not forgot.'

"He'll forget,' she whispered, but not to me, 'like all children.'

"But I have not forgotten. I have never forgotten that when I was a child my mother looked upon my heart and found it brave and sweet, willing for the day's work and harbouring no shameful hope."—*Norman Duncan, in "Doctor Luke."*

The Cure

SHE was not an attractive girl in any way, and she knew it. She was restless and cross and unhappy, and growing more unattractive in looks and manners as she became older. Then an aunt, visiting at her home after a long residence in a distant city, sized up the situation, and out of pity for both the girl and everybody with whom she came in

contact, undertook to prescribe the sure cure.

"Madeline, do you want to be a torment to yourself and everybody about you all your life?" was the blunt and astounding question she put to her niece one day.

"No, of course not," was the prompt and half-frightened reply from the astonished girl.

"You'd rather be sweet and lovely and happy?" came the next question; and it brought a sincere affirmative this time. The aunt handed her a folded paper, and smiled as she said, very kindly now: "Follow this magic prescription, and you will be what you want to be"—and she was gone.

Madeline read: "Every time you want to frown, smile. Every time a cross thought comes, think a pleasant one. Every time something nice is done for you, do something nicer for someone else."

For a few minutes she was crosser than ever. Then commonsense saved the day. She tried the cure—honestly, sincerely, prayerfully; and to her own lifelong joy—to say nothing of everybody else—there was soon no happier, more attractive, more lovable girl in the place than she.—*Exchange.*

"I DIDN'T THINK"

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in ten began
From want of willing heart.
But there's a sly, woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away—
The elf "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite,
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
And wants to make things right.
But wishes do not heal a wound
Nor weld a broken link;
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
All through "I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting-place.
If from that great unselfish stream,
The golden rule, we drink,
We'll keep God's laws and have no cause
To say "I didn't think."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*



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West Australian Tract Society, 103 William Street, Perth.
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ESTIMATE is made that on a peace footing the German army numbers about 125,000 serviceable horses, and that half a million more could be quickly obtained.

SECURING for a penny at a sale an old oil-painting thickly coated with dust, Mr. Huntly, a Deal antique furniture dealer, subsequently sold it to a London colleague, who has since had the picture valued at £400.

A SILVER inkstand owned by Torquemada, the originator of the Spanish Inquisition, which by a strange irony of fate formed part of the collection of a wealthy Protestant family at Louvain, Belgium, was sold recently for £160. The proceeds will be devoted towards the erection of a Calvinist school.

AT Bournemouth a prehistoric workshop, containing about 7,000 tools and flakes, some of the flint knives being useable to-day as razors, has been explored, and near by was found an egg-shaped altar-stone, seven ivory beads, and a stone incense-cup belonging to the Druid period.

A FLASH of lightning, attracted by the steel framework of an umbrella, ignited the hair of a school girl who was walking on the highway at St. Gall, Switzerland, then, passing down her limbs, tore off one of her shoes, but otherwise left her uninjured.

THE Royal crown of Roumania is made of bronze, the metal once having done service in

shape of cannons. Specimens of metal from sixty-two different guns, each captured from some enemy, are included in the make-up of this oddly-constructed Imperial insignia.

THE application of lime to the soil is one of the oldest methods of treatment known in agriculture. It was apparently employed by the Romans 2,000 years ago. In various European countries it has been practised for many years past. In fact, in all countries where the principles of agriculture are scientifically pursued, it is recognised that the use of lime in various forms may be of immense benefit to the soil.

THE Rockefeller Institute is said to have discovered a serum to cure pneumonia, which has been used with success during the past winter in the hospital attached to the institute—Professor Behring described at Wiesbaden an antidote to diphtheria, consisting of a harmless mixture of diphtheria toxin and anti-toxin by which, he claimed, it will be possible to secure many people from contagion in times of diphtheria epidemic.

THE mercury-vapour lamp is claimed by Herr Otto Haase to be as effective as a steriliser of under-clothing as in treating water. The ultra-violet rays produce ozone, and this destroys all disease germs without injuriously affecting the textile materials in any way. In the experiments made not fewer than thirteen of the most virulent disease bacilli were present, all of them being totally destroyed by exposure to the light rays for periods ranging from five to sixty seconds.

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