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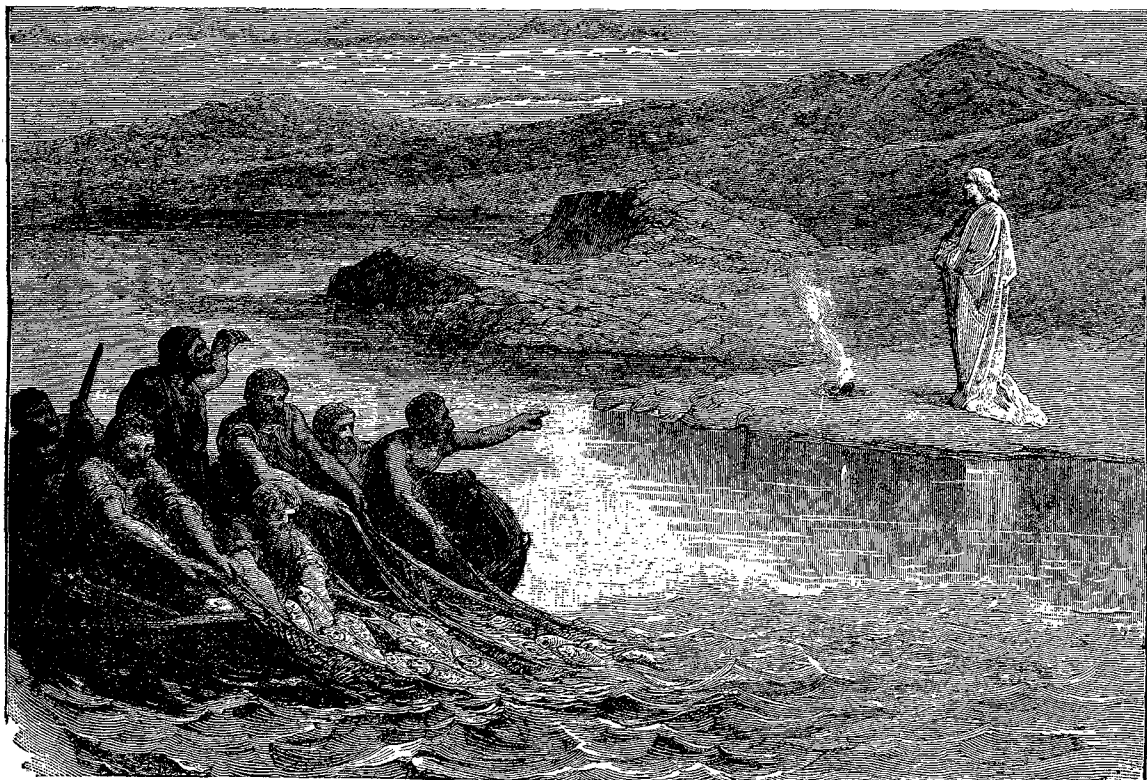
ONE PENNY

FOR CHRIST OR SELF—WHICH?

After a long night, spent in fruitless toil fishing on the Lake of Galilee, the disciples drew near to the shore. "I go a fishing," said Peter,

but now in a moment of despondency they plan again to take up their former business. But this was not God's plan, and it only proved a fruitless task.

The dim light of early dawn revealed an un-



"It is the Lord."

when talking with the disciples on the previous evening. "We will go with thee," was the reply; but the venture proved a failure, and now, disheartened and discouraged they return to the shore to spread out their nets.

Three and a half years before Christ had called them from their nets to become "fishers of men,"

known form upon the shore, and as they drew nearer a voice called, "Have ye any meat?" The disciples were living among a people who were hostile to the Nazarine, and to all connected with His work. Possibly they feared that the gospel work to which Christ had called them would not supply their needs, and so they went to

seek for food, but they returned both weary and hungry from their vain search.

Christ, ever the same loving Friend, pitied their waywardness and their condition. He told them to cast the net on the right side, and in that obedience their need was supplied. They secured a multitude of fishes, and thus the night of failure was succeeded by the morning of success.

The child of God may enter upon a course of action that the Lord does not sanction. He may "go a fishing" for fish when the Lord would have him go fishing for men, but he need not expect to find success in that rebellion.

The most important service for any man to-day is true service for the Master. Fishers for fish there are many; the world has a great army of millions to carry on its enterprises. If God has called you to fish for men, better heed His message, and do the work that He assigns. Fear not either want or failure, the promise is, "My God shall supply all your need."

RESIGNATION.

SINCE a Father's arm sustains thee, peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee, it is He.
Know His love in full completeness,
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining in His hand
Leave whatever things thou canst not understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth;
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Trust Him still.

To His own the Saviour giveth daily strength,
To each troubled soul that liveth peace at length;
Weakest lambs have largest share,
Of the tender Shepherd's care.
Ask Him not the "when" or "how,"
Only bow.

—Selected.

OUR DUTY TO THIS WORLD.

BY MRS. E. G. WHITE.

While God in His providence has laden the earth with His bounties, and filled its storehouses with the comforts of life, want and misery are on every hand. A liberal Providence has placed in the hands of His human agents an abundance to supply the necessities of all; but the stewards of God are unfaithful. In the professed Christian world there is enough expended in extravagant display to supply the wants of all the hungry and to clothe the naked. Many who have taken upon themselves the name of Christ are spending His money for selfish pleasure, for the gratification of appetite, for strong drink and rich dainties, for extravagant houses and furniture and dress, while to suffering human beings they give scarcely a look of pity or a word of sympathy.

What misery exists in the very heart of our so-called Christian countries! Think of the condition of the poor in our large cities. In these cities there are multitudes of human beings who

do not receive as much care and consideration as are given to the brutes. There are thousands of wretched children, ragged and half starved, with vice and depravity written on their faces. Families are herded together in miserable tenements, many of them dark cellars reeking with dampness and filth.

By our churches there is a work to be done of which many have little idea, a work as yet almost untouched. "I was an hungered," Christ says, "and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." Matt. 25:35, 36. Some think that if they give money to this work, it is all they are required to do, but this is an error. Donations of money cannot take the place of personal ministry. It is right to give our means, and many more should do this; but according to their strength and opportunities, personal service is required of all.

The work of gathering in the needy, the oppressed, the suffering, the destitute, is the very work which every church that believes the truth for this time should long since have been doing. We are to show the tender sympathy of the Samaritan in supplying physical necessities, feeding the hungry, bringing the poor that are cast out to our homes, gathering from God every day grace and strength that will enable us to reach to the very depths of human misery, and help those who cannot possibly help themselves. In doing this work we have a favourable opportunity to set forth Christ the crucified One.

Every church-member should feel it his special duty to labour for those living in his neighbourhood. Study how you can best help those who take no interest in religious things. As you visit your friends and neighbours, show an interest in their spiritual as well as in their temporal welfare. Present Christ as a sin-pardoning Saviour. Invite your neighbours to your home, and read with them from the precious Bible and from books that explain its truths. This, united with simple songs and fervent prayers, will touch their hearts. Let church-members educate themselves to do this work. This is just as essential as to save the benighted souls in foreign countries. While some feel the burden of souls afar off, let the many who are at home feel the burden of precious souls around them, and work just as diligently for their salvation.

The hours so often spent in amusement that refreshes neither body nor soul, should be spent in visiting the poor, the sick, and the suffering, or in seeking to help some one who is in need.

In trying to help the poor, the despised, the forsaken, do not work for them mounted on the stilts of your dignity and superiority, for in this way you will accomplish nothing. Become truly converted, and learn of Him who is meek and lowly in heart. We must set the Lord always before us. As servants of Christ, keep saying, lest you forget it, "I am bought with a price."

God calls not only for your benevolence, but for your cheerful countenance, your hopeful words, the grasp of your hand. As you visit the Lord's

afflicted ones, you will find some from whom hope has departed; bring back the sunshine to them. There are those who need the bread of life; read to them from the word of God. Upon others there is a soul-sickness that no earthly balm can reach or physician heal; pray for these, and bring them to Jesus.

A SONG OF HOPE.

BACK of the gloom—
The bloom!
Back of the strife—
Sweet life,
And flowering meadows that glow and gleam
Where the winds sing joy and the daisies dream,
And the sunbeams colour the quickening clod,
And faith in the future and trust in God.
Back of the gloom—
The bloom!
Fronting the night—
The light!
Under the snows—
The rose!
And the valleys sing joy to the misty hills,
And the wild winds ripple it down the rills;
And the far stars answer the song that swells
With all the music of all the bells.
Fronting the night—
The light!

—Frank L. Stanton.

WILL HE COME AGAIN?

BY C. P. MICHAELS.

The second coming of Christ in glory has been so long expected by the Christian church, and has been apparently so long delayed that many professed Christians have begun to doubt the literal meaning of the statements concerning His return. In this we are simply repeating the experiences of the professed people of God prior to the first advent. Just before the birth of the Saviour there was a great awakening in the then literary world much the same as there has been in the scientific world to-day.

Several hundred years before the Christian era the Scriptures were translated into the popular tongue—the Greek—then widely spoken throughout the world, and copies of them multiplied as fast as the ready scribes of those days could produce them. Consequently men knew of the statements pertaining to the birth of the Saviour, and sat longingly looking for the coming of the Just One.

As time passed, however, and no Messiah appeared, men began to doubt the literal meaning of the Scriptures, so that when in the fulness of time Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea, men were not prepared to receive Him as the long looked for Messiah. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. The manner of His coming was not in accordance with their expectations. Yet the statements regarding His first advent were numerous and exceedingly plain, so much so that if men had accepted them as literal they might have known definitely when to look for the Messiah.

Now, as we approach the time of the second advent, we have but to accept the word of God in its literal sense to be convinced that it is almost time for Jesus to personally return to this earth again.

That He will come is certain. What clearer statement could be given than the promise, "I will come again."—A promise always associated in the minds of Christians with the words of the angels who stood beside the disciples on the Mount of Olives as the Saviour ascended from their midst. "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." Acts 1:11. It was to be "this same Jesus"—the Friend they had associated with for over three years that was to return—return in such a manner that they would immediately recognise Him as their beloved Master. And now He is coming, their Friend and ours—according to His promise—and this thought should fill our hearts with joy.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

The promise is made to all true Christians that they shall see His face, for He is coming "In like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven in a personal, literal manner, with His hands outstretched in blessing, and He is coming again in like manner. Not invisibly at the death bed of some departing friend, nor in a judgment such as befell the city of Jerusalem a few years after His ascension, but visibly—"In like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven will He return."

All through the dark night of sin the second coming of Christ has been set before the children of God as a cheering hope. It is spoken of in the Scriptures as a fact established upon the word which never fails. In almost every book of the Bible reference is made to that return, and some statements given concerning its literal character. The apostle Paul, writing to the Thessalonians says, "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God." 1 Thess. 4:16. The Lord Himself is coming. This same Jesus returning, not as a man of sorrows, but with the shout of triumph. In one of the oldest books of the Bible—the book of Job—the same great truth is stated—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." Job. 19:25-27.

Job expected to witness that return—to see for himself the glory attending the second advent. And what a scene that will be! For when He comes He will not come alone. He comes in His own glory, and in His Father's, and of the holy angels. Matt. 10:26. Our Saviour comes clad with the glory which He had with the Father before the world began, attended by the brightness of the Father's presence, and surrounded by

myriads of angels in their unveiled glory. No wonder the unprepared inhabitants of this world will seek to hide themselves from the brightness of that scene.

Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Rev. 1:7.

And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand? Rev. 6:15-17.

Jesus rides forth as a mighty conqueror, and the armies in heaven follow Him. With anthems of celestial melody the holy angels, a vast, unnumbered throng, attend Him on His way; the firmament seems filled with radiant forms, ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands. No human pen can portray the scene, or mortal mind is adequate to conceive its splendour. "His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise, and His brightness was as the light." Hab. 3:3, 4. And He hath on His vesture a name written, "King of kings, and Lord of lords." Rev. 19:16.

Such is the language that inspiration uses to describe the second coming of Christ. Utterances so plain that no one but the great deceiver could mislead people as to their meaning. And Satan's object is to darken and mystify the minds of men so that they will not comprehend the plain teachings of the word of God.

None, however, need be deceived, for God has promised His Spirit to all who ask for it. And the promise is made that He will guide you into all truth. John 16:13. All who are willing to walk in the light that shines upon their pathway will receive more and more light until they reach the perfect day. God does not wish anyone to remain in darkness regarding the events of the future. In the word of God the curtain that separates the visible from the invisible world is lifted, and we behold the conflict of the opposing forces of good and evil from the first entrance of sin to the final triumph of righteousness and truth. But we must study the Bible with humility of heart, never losing sight of our dependence upon God. And while we must constantly guard against the devices of Satan, we should pray in faith continually, "Lead us not into temptation," and for deliverance from the mystifying power of the enemy.

COST OF CIRCULATING THE BIBLE.

Some interesting facts came out at a recent meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Society costs £644 a day and distributes over 5,000,000 copies of the Scriptures in a year; and since its foundation in 1804 over 165 million copies, in 373 different languages, have been distributed. One of the speakers mentioned a fact that is not generally known—viz., that as early as the seventh century sixty Syrian missionaries

were preaching Christianity in the neighbourhood of Tsingan-fu, and were welcomed by the Emperor of that time. Mr. Sankey, who lately completed a tour in Scotland and Ireland, said that whenever the late Mr. Moody passed the Bible House in Queen Victoria Street he always took off his hat.—*Australian Christian World*.

I WAIT FOR HIM.

BY R. HARE.

Patience, sad heart;
The dawning day may overcast with gold
The shade which haunts thy sight,
And in the glory of its light
That dreaded spectre-form may fold
Its wings, and hasten to depart.

Patience, sad heart;
Be still, and thou shalt know a hand Divine
Enfolds thy weakness now—
The weakness that has made thee bow.
God hastens not, then be it thine
To wait on Him; so wait, my heart.

Patience, sad heart;
Though tired now with struggling long, and sad
With disappointed hopes,
While faith within the darkness gropes.
The morning cometh when the glad,
Sweet song of praise shall be thy part.

ANARCHY AND GREED.

BY W. A. COLCORD.

The whole civilised world was shocked a few days ago at the sad news of the assassination and death of President M'Kinley. But anarchy has not done her worst work yet. The misdeeds, wars and conflicts which now disturb the world are but precursors of what is coming. These things are only "the beginning of sorrows." A more woeful day is yet before us. The fearful things which the future has in store for this generation few realise.

Few, if any, of the assassinations of rulers in modern times have been due to personal spite or animosity towards the rulers themselves. Back of these there is an evil which a certain class seek to right in this way. Behind law and government greed has entrenched itself, and in order to smite the monster, anarchy, thinking this the most summary and effectual way, strikes at the head of the government. Others deprecating such measures, seek to combat the evil by other means.

But that a real evil exists there is no gain-saying. The grievance is thus stated by a socialist in the "Sydney Telegraph" of Sept. 17, 1901:—

We socialists deprecate assassinations, because we do not aim at removing the figure-heads of the capitalist system. That is foolishness itself. New figure-heads will appear immediately the old ones go. We aim at abolishing the capitalist system, which rests almost absolutely upon the killing of men and women and children, by a system of organised warfare for profits, or by an industrial system that sacrifices thousands of lives to make profits for the capitalist class.

While not presenting the true remedy, this does reveal the real evil. This statement is in exact

harmony with that scripture which says of the rich, who, in the last days, have heaped together treasures through keeping back by fraud the hire of those who have laboured for them: "Ye have condemned and killed the just; and he doth not resist you." James 5:1-6. There are others engaged in the "killing" business, therefore, besides Anarchists. While anarchy smites a great one here and there, greed and covetousness are slaying their thousands and tens of thousands.

"He doth not resist you." This is true of the great masses of the labouring classes to-day. They quietly submit to the systems of fraud and oppression by which they are deprived of their just dues. They quietly endure deprivations, hardships, sickness, starvation and death, without rising up against those who are their real oppressors.

But everywhere labour is organising for a more determined fight against capital and greed. Within the past eighteen months no less than thirty-six labour and trades organisations have been formed in New South Wales alone. As these organisations fail in securing their desired object, they will naturally degenerate into socialism. And the next step beyond that is anarchy and assassination.

The second chapter of Habakkuk reveals what is yet before the rich. Verses 6 and 7 bring to view the work of Anarchists against this class:—

Shall not all these take up a parable against him, and a taunting proverb against him, and say, Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his! how long? and to him that ladeth himself with thick clay! Shall they not rise up suddenly that shall bite thee, and awake that shall vex thee, and thou shalt be for booties unto them?

When this time comes, and the day is not very far off, Anarchists will begin to strike not simply at the rulers, but at the rich, who, through their covetousness and greed, have brought poverty and ruin to the world.

While we deplore anarchy and the work of Anarchists, we should not forget that there is a cause for this state of things in the world. Anarchy is lawlessness, but lawlessness is practised wholesale by thousands who in name are not called Anarchists. Greed is covetousness, and covetousness is a violation of a plain written law of God—"Thou shalt not covet." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY G. HUBBARD.

In ancient times it was the custom to build walls about the city, thus guarding it from the attack of the enemy. Upon those walls were placed watchmen who would scan the horizon to detect any approaching danger, and at different times the watchmen would be asked from those in the city, "Watchman, what of the night," and then would be given the answer of safety, and upon this the citizens could rest.

So likewise the church of God is spoken of as Zion, a city upon whose walls Jehovah has placed

watchmen. These watchmen must be faithful in warning the dwellers therein of coming events. The call is continually from those anxious to know the true position of affairs, "Watchman, what of the night?" The answer should sound out clear and distinct, "The morning cometh."

Oh, joyful words that tell us of the dawning of the morning, which will bring everlasting joy that shall not fade away. But the Lord, speaking in the prophecy of Joel says, "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, sound an alarm." Why is it necessary that an alarm should be sounded?—It is because that when the inhabitants of Zion should be awake and looking for the approaching day, many are asleep, and so Paul says in Rom. 13:11, "That, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep." The night is far spent, the day is at hand." What day?—The day of the Lord!

But do "we" know the time? Are "we" awake to the fact that the day of the Lord is near? We are children of the day, therefore let us not sleep as do others, but take heed, as the alarm is sounding, to warn the church of God that she may be ready for the coming day. God has given us the privilege through His word of knowing the times, and as we consider the signs of the times, we see that the Son of man is near, even at the door. Let us therefore warn others, for the Lord has said, "Ye are my witnesses." Isa. 43:10.

In the walled city there was safety for the inhabitants while they kept within its gates, but there was danger without. Even so while the church of God is walled about with His word there is safety behind it, but for those who have lost faith and venture beyond its walls, there is danger. There are ravening wolves ready to destroy the wandering ones. Let us therefore stand by the word of God, and not on the traditions of men, for never in the world's history was there a time when the word was needed for safety as it is now. Take courage, then, and stand by the simple, "Thus saith the Lord."

The watchman of God cries, "The morning cometh, also the night." Morning!—yes, to all those who are looking for the dawning the Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing in His wings. He will give healing to these mortal bodies, and the bloom of immortality, and thus enable us to stand before Him, and with our eyes behold Him whom we have loved and trusted.

Hail, glorious morn, we welcome thy dawn, for we have been waiting for thine appearing.

But the watchman says, "Also the night." Paul tells us we are not of the night, but of the day. To whom therefore does the night come?—To those who sleep on, while the heralds of mercy have been sounding the warning to which they took no heed. Therefore as the morning comes with joy to the expectant watcher for the coming day, so, too, the night of darkness, despair, and destruction comes to the careless soul who sought not safety behind the word of God. Let us therefore listen to the voice of the Master as He speaks, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, WATCH."



Children's Department



IT IS TIME.

It is time to be brave. It is time to be true.
It is time to be finding the thing you can do.
It is time to put by the dream and the sigh,
And work for the cause that is holy and high.

It is time to be kind. It is time to be sweet,
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet.
It is time to be sowing. It is time to be growing.
It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.

It is time to be lowly and humble of heart.
It is time for the lilies of meekness to start;
For the heart to be white, and the steps to be right,
And the hands to be weaving a garment of light.

—Selected.

WATER.

BY J. H. KELLOGG, M.D.

Water is the only thing that will satisfy thirst. All drinks which quench thirst contain water.

We drink to make good the water which we lose from our bodies. In going through our bodies, water washes out many impurities. We also need water to soften our food.

The purest water is the best. Bad water often makes people very sick.

Good water has no colour, taste, or odour.

Tea and coffee are not good drinks. They are very injurious to children, and often do older persons much harm.

Alcohol is made by fermentation.

Pure alcohol and strong liquors are made by distillation.

Alcohol is not a food, it is a poison. It kills plants and animals, and is very injurious to human beings.

Even a little use of alcoholic drinks produces disease and shortens life.—

A LITTLE HERO.

I am going to tell you a story of my school-days—long, long ago now; but the remembrance of it still fills my heart with sorrow and shame.

In my class there was a boy called Harry Forbes, very delicate and a cripple. He had a lovely face, almost like a girl's, that flushed and glowed at any rudeness or unkindness. We all loved him—how could we help it?—but, alas! we were boys in rude health and great animal spirits, and sometimes—cowards that we were—

used to call him "Miss Henrietta." Oh, how it vexed and wounded him; but Harry was no coward, he was a hero!

It was on writing-lesson day, and the master's temper had been long tried by the boys' spilling ink over their desks and copy books, so the rule had been passed that the next offender was to have six cuts of the strap on his hand. Harry and I were, as usual, sitting together, when over went the ink, splashing and ruining his copy. It was all my fault, and I knew it.

Up came the angry master. "Forbes, stand up." Oh, the coward I was that I could look upon his shrinking form, and see his delicate hand held out in silence to bear the punishment for me! One, two, three. He trembled, and I could hear his breath coming thick and fast, and the tears of pain were in his eyes as he sat down. Oh, how I hated my own conduct and admired his; but I was too cowardly to own it!

Harry Forbes was absent the next day, much to my relief. I felt I could not face him. Three days after I got a message from his mother that he wished to see me. I could not refuse. His mother met me in the hall, and told me without a tear, but with her sweet face, just like his, very, very sorrowful, that Harry was dying, and he wanted to bid me good-by. I felt as if I were turned to a stone, but he held out his weak arms towards me, and, taking my hand in both his, said, "Bob, it's all right; it was my fault, too, and I loved you so much I was glad to bear it for you."

Loved me, a miserable liar and coward! Ah! but he did; and, alas! the agony had, I fear, hastened his early death. I hope the bitter, bitter lesson has not been lost to me; I hope I am better for it.—Selected.

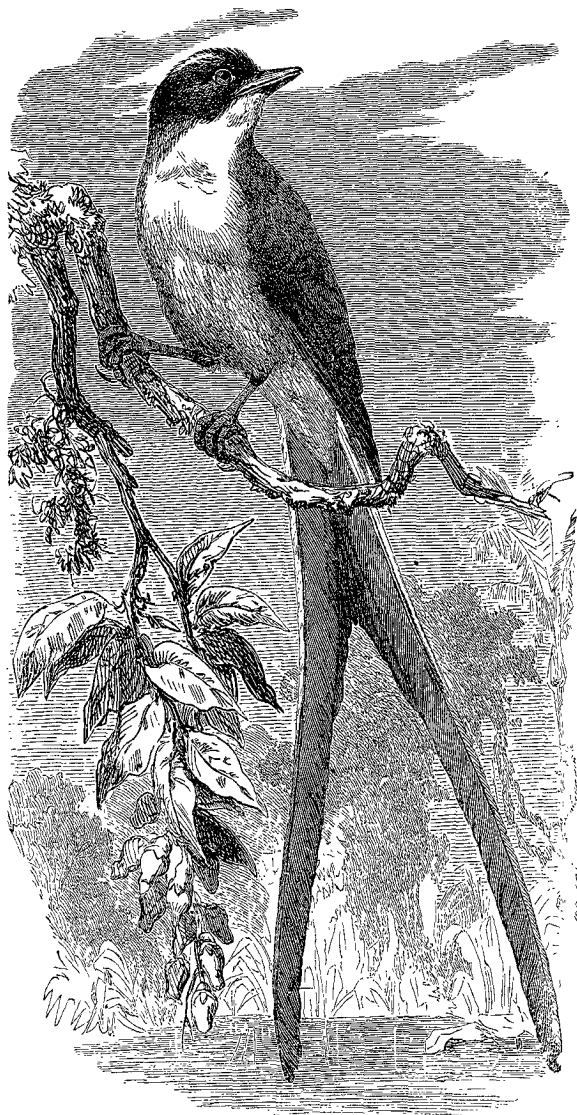
BIRDS AND BIRD LIFE.

When making the world the Creator planned to have everything made that would add to its beauty. The grass, the trees, and the flowers were made partly for the purpose of adornment, and partly to teach man the power and wisdom of the great Creator. The birds, with all other living things, were made to add variety and perfection to God's work.

The bird family is quite a large one. Hundreds and thousands of them are to be found in this great wide earth of ours. Some of these fly in the air, some walk the earth, some swim on the ocean, and others live on the rivers and in the

marshes. Some of the birds are very beautiful in appearance, while others appear very rough and strange. No one has ever been able to count the number of the birds, but Christ tells us that God knows them all so well that He notices even the sparrow that falls to the ground, for all are under His care. Matt. 10:29.

Some of the birds are very small, like the Humming-bird, so small that they are only a little larger than the humble-bee, and yet they



The Scissor-tail Bird.

are perfect in form, and beautiful to look at. Others, again, are so large that they stand higher than a man. There used to be a great bird in New Zealand called the "Moa;" some of these giant birds stood from eleven to thirteen feet high.

The person who makes a study of birds and bird-life is called an ornithologist. This name is a compound of two Greek words, ornithos bird, and logos discourse, so it means a person who understands or discourses about birds. We are told by men of this class that there are more than 5,000 different kinds of birds to be found in the

world. These all vary in colour and form, and in their habits of life. Each distinct division or genus has its own special characteristics.

If you could read the history of all these different birds it would be very interesting indeed. Some of them build nests and bring up their own little ones; others eat the eggs that they find in the nest of some other bird, and then lay their own eggs in the nest, so that the little ones may be brought up by a stranger. Others, again, lay their eggs in the sand, and the warm sun serves the purpose of a mother in hatching the eggs. Most or all of the birds make some kind of sound, but some of their notes are very strange. Many of them, however, sing very sweetly, and make the woods and fields glad with their happy songs.

This great bird-family has no storehouse or barn, where they may get food, yet God provides for all their needs. He feeds the beasts of the forest, and the young ravens when they cry. He who cares for the birds will surely care for you.—*The Children's Friend*.

"IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER!"

"If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was the cry repeated, "If I could only see my mother!"

The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, splashed against the side of the ship. A young sailor lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glaring, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship, but he seemed not to mind the pain. His eyes tried to look far away, and often broke forth that pitiful cry, "If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by with a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had wilfully left.

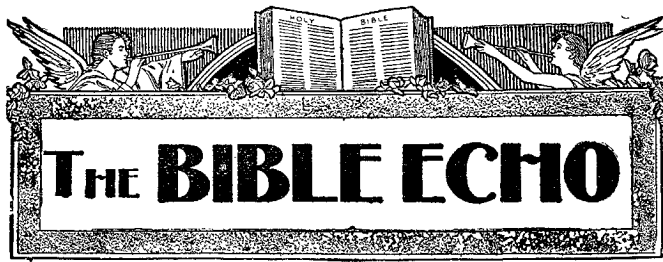
"Oh, that's the reason!" he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said to me: 'My son, when you come to die you will remember this.' Oh, if I could see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the sorrow upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

Boys, be good to your mother.—*Selected*.

There are about twenty different kinds of penguins, and all are inhabitants of the Southern Hemisphere, amidst the ice of the Antarctic, in South Africa, South America, Australia, and New Zealand, whilst they vary in size from the large Emperor penguin, which measures 3ft. 6in. in height, and weighs about eighty pounds, to the little blue penguin, which stands only about 16in. in height. All, however, are very similar, both in appearance and in habits.—*Royal Magazine*.

Enforced Sabbath keeping is only hypocrisy under another name. God cannot accept it.



ROBERT HARE : : : : : EDITOR

"THE GIFT OF GOD."

God gave His Son for man—gave Him absolutely and forever. And that was the most precious gift that earth or Heaven could supply. Among men, the son—an only begotten son—is the embodiment of all his father's hopes, ambitions, and future plans. The continuation of the ancestral name depends upon him, and the family inheritance links with his life. Think of the boy, "our boy"—but all comparisons here are weak. Would you measure the "gift of God?"—It is as wide as eternity, and reaches from "everlasting to everlasting."

Christ gladly accepted the plan whereby infinite Love determined to demonstrate God's good will to man. He gave "Himself." In this gift He stepped down from the glory which He had with the Father before the world was (John 17:5), down, down till His feet trod the rough ways of earth,—a stranger without a home.

The gift made by Jesus Christ was just as complete and lasting as the "gift of God." He did not "loan" Himself to humanity, He "gave" Himself, and that, too, for both time and eternity. The only conditions upon which that gift could be truly made was, first, the giving up of all He possessed; second, the stepping down to the level of "sinful flesh," and third, His union with human nature—a union that could never be dissolved. Christ still wears human flesh.

Christ understood these conditions, and agreed to fill them all. So we read, "Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might become rich." 2 Cor. 8:9. He was made in the likeness of "sinful flesh." Rom. 8:3; Gal. 4:4. He united with humanity, and we are members of His body, of "His flesh, and of His bones." Eph. 5:30.

The "price that He paid" was not for a day, or an hour, or a year,—it was forever. "All things were created by Him, and for Him" (Col. 1:16), but He did not esteem that position a thing to be grasped after, when the character of God and a lost world were in the question.

Do you believe that Christ gave up all His inheritance in heaven, and in all the worlds of a universe—gave it up absolutely for your sake? Do you believe that He renounced the name that linked Him to His inheritance—the mysterious

"Elohim" under which He joined with God in creating the world—and "made Himself of no reputation" for your salvation? Oh! do you believe that He took human flesh as a garment that He must wear while the ceaseless cycles of eternity roll—for redemption's story will never end—so that the human might again touch the Divine? This is the gospel of Jesus Christ! Do you believe it?

He did give up all,—all that heaven could bestow,—and came to earth a shelterless stranger. When He died, He died destitute and disowned—so destitute that He had to be buried in a borrowed grave. The plaintive cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me," was not a make-believe. He was forsaken, and hung there as the sinner must finally stand—without a Saviour. It may be that in the darkness flung over Calvary the Father came down and kissed His Son, but the cold lips felt not the touch of the Divine, for He died as the sinner must die. He took the sinner's place!

Though He had by "inheritance obtained a more excellent name" than the angels, He renounced it and walked the earth as Emmanuel—"with us God," and "Jesus," the Saviour from sin. From being the Son of God He stepped down to be the "Son of man."

Add to all this the fact that for more than 4,000 years He walked under the shadow of Bethlehem and Calvary. It was not a matter of a day or a year, it counted ages, and when He came at last to earth—to His own, "His own received Him not." The cheek of love was greeted with a blow from the hand of the smiter; the brow of peace was encircled with a crown of thorns; they pierced His hands and His feet, and then called upon Him to "save Himself."

Oh, the price He paid! The tongue of angels cannot tell its sum. Earth has no measuring-line long enough to span its width, or sounding-line deep enough to tell its depth. And yet by its unmeasured dimensions, God would have man read the Divine estimate of the human soul. All this was done in Love's supreme effort to "seek and to save that which was lost."

Think again: When Christ went into the grave He went as a sinner, yet He was Himself the sinless One. For this reason God raised Him from the dead. Acts 3:15. Death has no right to hold any man that has not sinned. Christ went into the grave destitute, but in His life work He had accomplished the Divine commission faithfully, and so God could justly call Him forth in spite of death, and all the power of Satan, for neither had any claim upon Him. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name." Phil. 2:9. All that Christ now possesses has been "given" to Him by the Father this side of the grave. All that Christ had on the other side was given up—yes, given up "forever," that man might regain what he had otherwise lost forever.

God's gift was a reality—the most tremendous reality in all the universe of God. Christ's gift was a reality—a reality that touches every world in the kingdom of God. His sacrifice burns as ceaseless incense on the altars of every holy shrine in the dominion of God. God risked His ownership of all worlds on the faithfulness of His Son, and if Christ had failed all would have been lost. But the price has been paid—the price that only Heaven knows—and when redemption is completed sin will disappear, but the price paid will still be registered in the Father's house, and on the hands and brow of the Son who stepped down to walk with men. The memory of this gift can never die while God and His kingdom endure.

On earth Christ was sold for thirty pieces of silver—the price of a slave—but that is the devil's estimate of the “gift of God.” What is your estimate? Words cannot truly express the value you place upon this gift. The life-work alone can demonstrate the heart's estimate of the Divine favour. “Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.” 1 Pet. 2:7. Just as far, then, as we narrow down the value of God's gift we are looking through Satan's glasses at the “unspeakable gift,”—the gift that words cannot measure. And just as far as we live unlike Him do we depreciate the effort that God has made and still makes to convince humanity of His love.

There was at the late Paris Exhibition a cluster of pearls valued at £90,000, but there is a pearl—“the pearl of great price,”—that cost more than this. God gave His Son for it, and Christ gave Himself and all that He had. What value will you place upon it?

WHY DON'T YOU SING?

Vocal minstrelsy takes its place among the very best of mental and physical tonics. Disease and despair both lose hold upon the heart that can constantly affirm, “I will sing and give praise.” Instrumental music exercises a wonderful influence over the soul of man. Inspired by its strains the soldier rushes to the battle, and the weary marcher forgets his weariness, but vocal music has a still more salutary effect.

While singing, a greater portion of air is inhaled than in ordinary breathing. This occasions a quickened circulation, and provides better purified blood for the system. Then, too, the mental sky always brightens under the inspiration of holy song, and the haunting apparitions of evil fall back into their midnight of darkness.

Solomon tells us that a “merry heart doeth good like a medicine.” Every fibre of the body shares in the exhilaration occasioned by a hearty laugh, so that the happy heart has a continual feast. With some this pleasant disposition is natural, but those with whom it is not natural

can obtain much of its benediction by cultivating a habit for singing.

Holy song is a lubricant that oils the wheels of life; it is a panacea that will cure many and ease almost all diseases. It bestows both mental and physical inspiration, and makes life's sky, from every standpoint, look brighter. Paul and Silas sang in the prison dungeon at Philippi. Christ joined in singing a hymn with His disciples just before entering Gethsemane. How much darker these scenes might have been without the inspiration of holy song we cannot tell.

God has placed music in His creation. The birds sing; the trees clap their hands; the floods lift up their voice on high. Surely, then, the heart of man, the being for whom God has done so much, should be glad. Fungi and disease grow in the damp and darkness; roses grow and blossom in the sunlight. Soul-sunlight is just as necessary to the development of spiritual life as the natural sunlight is to the development of physical life.

Singing should not be regarded so much as a pastime. It should be adopted both as a physical and a spiritual exercise. Paul speaks about “singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.” Try his method, and you will find God's blessings great enough to fill all the years of life with the divinity of holy song.

There is no place where singing is more appropriate, or where its blessings are more beneficial than in the home. Passion, anger, moodiness of mind, and crossness of temper give way before it as the mists pass away before the rising sun. There is something more than mere romance in a mother singing her child to sleep. Other things being equal that is the most potent sedative that she could employ.

Yes, sing your children to sleep, and sing them up again in the morning. Sing them through their labours in the day and thus make life bright and holy. Satan cannot endure the triumphant strains of Christian song. So, though you may not always feel like it, sing—sing always, and if your own life is not brightened thereby, the cheering strains may chase some of the shadows from another life. Try it and see! The dark spirit of madness left the mind of Saul when David tuned his harp to the sweet songs of Israel.

The great Siberian railway, now nearing completion, will be 5,542 miles long. By it the traveller will be able to travel from Paris to Peking in about ten days, a journey that at the present time occupies six weeks. This great military and commercial highway crosses over thirty miles of bridges. The journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific by this route will cost about £20. At present, by the sea journey the cost is near £90. By the construction of this great line of railroad which passes through Siberia, that land of the Russian exiles will be brought into closer touch with the world. Siberia has 9,000,000 of a population. Many of these were exiled to that foreign land, some for political offences, and others because of their religious belief and practice.



Home and Health

THE POWER OF A MOTHER'S VOICE.

A MOTHER sang to her child one day
A song of the beautiful home above,
Sang it as only a woman sings
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the years that came,
He heard the sound of that low, sweet song;
It took him back to his childhood days;
It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day
In an angry voice that made him start
As if an arrow had sped that way
And pierced his loving and tender heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,
And was tempted and tried, as all men are,
He fell; for that mother's angry words
Had left on his heart a lasting scar.

—Charles S. Carter.

HOW DRUG HABITS ARE CONTRACTED.

BY DAVID PAULSON, M.D.

The modern invalid possesses but little ability or willingness to endure pain, no matter how legitimately he has sown for the same. The average sufferer has discovered that every physician has in his medicine case something that will apparently juggle away pain. If he tries to explain that nature will exact its penalty by leaving the nervous system a little more sensitive to pain after each hypodermic injection, in the majority of instances he will speedily be dismissed. The invalid has no patience to listen to anyone who suggests the necessity of a radical change in his habits of life, or who proposes to relieve the pain by some slower but surer method which involves the use of natural and physiological remedies.

In addition to the thousands who constantly resort to these drugs to secure relief from pain there is a vast army who are using these curse producing drugs for no other object than to smother and quiet the reproaches of an outraged conscience.

Opium in its various forms is the Samson of *Materia Medica*. It has the power of quieting the cries of a nerve, no matter how irritated or abused it may be. Cocaine on the other hand produces temporarily such a feeling of exaltation as is scarcely possible to secure in any other way except by actually earning it. Chloral and a long line of sleep producing drugs are beginning to be used in enormous doses by tens of thousands of sleepless victims to whom the knowledge of "nature's sweet restorer" has long since become

ancient history. That wretched condition which they now call sleep is in reality a condition of insensibility produced by the action of a poisonous drug upon the nerve centres, and such a condition is scarcely more natural than is chloroform anaesthesia.

The same person is frequently afflicted with both the cocaine and morphine habit, and in fact the one logically creates a necessity for the other. The cocaine serves to counteract, to a certain extent, the almost unbearable stupidity and languor produced by the morphine.

There is scarcely an organ of the body which does not suffer, in an appreciable manner, from the vicious effects of these drugs. The skin becomes dry and tawny. The weight of the patient gradually diminishes, owing to the disordered and diminished tissue changes. All the digestive organs become sluggish and inactive. The terrible effect upon the nervous system can best be appreciated when an attempt is made to withdraw the drug. The patient gradually settles into a condition of general weakness and emaciation, which makes him a bright and shining target for any disease to which he happens to be exposed, and a speedy death ordinarily terminates his unhappy existence.

It is, however, mentally and morally that the saddest and most pathetic results of this curse become manifest. Thousands of these unhappy victims have their faces set and their feet directed toward the insane asylum. A condition of untruthfulness and unreliability is speedily developed in nearly all these cases, which leads the morphine fiend to tell a falsehood when the truth would serve him far better. In fact those who have had the most experience in the management of these cases are compelled to entertain serious doubts as to whether it is any longer possible for some of these poor mortals to really discriminate between truth and falsehood. The finer sensibilities of the soul become blunted and the baser elements of character rapidly gain the ascendancy, and there is a painful display of an almost entire loss of self-control. When under the bewitching influence of the morphine, he vows with the most sacred and solemn oaths that he will never under any condition or circumstances be led to indulge again in the least particle of the death-dealing drug. An hour or two later, the earnest admonition of his physician, the persuasive pleadings of a loving wife, the sobs of broken-hearted children, are not sufficient to influence him to dis-

pense with the drug for even half an hour beyond the usual time for taking the next dose.

It is absolutely essential for a permanent cure to secure deliverance from all drug habits at the same time. The drug fiend who imagines that he can secure permanent emancipation from morphine or cocaine while he persists in the use of tobacco and alcohol will soon discover that he is doomed to a bitter disappointment. The woman who is dependent upon tea and coffee for the artificial and unearned felicity which they produce will, if she has once been a victim of the morphine habit, eventually drift back again into its sin-cursed embrace.

It is important that the poor slave that has been compelled to yield homage to the absolute mastership of a drug should be led to secure the blessed experience of recognising the Divine mastership, the service of which, instead of crippling and debasing a man, ennobles, elevates and increases the capacity of all the attributes of the mind, and also serves as a tonic for the functions of the physical man.

WHAT AILED MOTHER?

Last summer a famous specialist in nervous diseases visited a little village on Cape Cod. One day a tall, awkward young man called on him. He had a weak face which bore signs of dissipation; he wore cheap clothes cut in the latest fashion; there were rings on his fingers, and a gold chain swung ostentatiously over a gay waistcoat. He came to consult the doctor about his mother, who had some obscure and, as he feared, mortal ailment. He spoke with much feeling, but did not fail to adjust his chain, and to twirl his moustache as he talked.

"She has been a very active woman," he said. "Had tremendous energy all of her life, but now she seems to have gone all to pieces. She has no pain, no disease; but she can't eat nor sleep much, and she is so weak she can hardly walk. She cries if you look at her. What is the matter? Can you help her?"

"What work did she do?" asked the doctor.

"She was a tailoress, and she worked harder than was necessary," said the young man, reluctantly. "She used to sew until two or three o'clock in the morning."

"What is your trade—your business?" demanded the doctor.

"Well—I—I'm not in business at present. It's pretty difficult to make a start, you know. I've considered several different occupations, but I have not found anything suited to my peculiar bent as yet. But I came to consult you about mother. What do you think is the matter with her?"

"You!" said the doctor. "Nothing else. She has sapped her life for you; and now, when you should be supporting her and bringing comfort and honour to her old age, you are a dead-weight and a disgrace. If she dies, you, and you only, are to blame."

When he was gone, the doctor said, "It is a common enough case. A woman is unselfish and energetic. She gives her life to serve a husband or a son. Her devotion only encourages them in idleness and selfishness. At middle age her vitality is exhausted. Her nerves give way under the long strain, and tonics are of no more use than putting wood on a fire that has gone out."

Poor, unhappy husband or son whose eyes open too late to the fact that "mother" is sinking under some mysterious disease, and who must hear from the doctor the frank verdict, "It is you, and nothing else!"—*Youth's Companion*.

MARRIED LIFE.

Giving yourself away in true love is the beginning of true humility and usefulness. The man or maiden who opens that golden gate lives henceforth in a sweeter and better atmosphere.

All married men and women pass through a transition after they come to know each other thoroughly, and ever after they love each other more or less. If they are patient with each other's faults, and try to make the best of all things, they will find a new bond of union in this mutual helpfulness, which is the truest office of love. But if, when they find out that they are each not angels, not altogether perfect, they become indifferent and neglectful, then alas for both! Beware of this.

The sum of human happiness is made up of numberless little things. It is not great presents, great occasions, nor great demonstrations of any kind, which will make you happy; but the many nameless courtesies and surprises of affection, the sweet looks and kind words and gentle ways and profound respect of true love,—it is these little things, which, falling drop by drop like spring showers upon the frozen earth, melt away all that is cold and hard in our natures, and make them bud and bloom with full luxuriance.—*Rev. N. A. Staples*.

STAND UP!

Erectness of bearing has a moral and a mental, as well as a physical effect. When the mind is alert, the head goes up and the shoulders are squared; so also when the spirits are high, and the heart is full of pure aspirations. Physical well-being absolutely demands that we should not stoop. If we lean forward, we contract the chest, and the lungs have not wholesome full play. When we start out to do anything that is brave and noble, we do not slouch; when we are brave we look danger straight in the face, and go at it with the head high and the shoulders back. That is the way soldiers march; that is the way the bridegroom leaves the church when the solemn words have been said, and he goes out into the world to meet the sweet responsibilities of life. Erectness of bearing is the sign of courage, the evidence of hope; slouchiness indicates decadence, and is evidence of incapacity.—*Outlook*.

THE OUTLOOK

THE COST OF WAR.

Many are familiar with what is sometimes termed "the glories of war," but there are few who take the trouble to measure the other side of this sad question. The financial cost of war is very great. Nearly all the national debts that burden the nations to-day have been incurred through war. But while the money value is great, the cost in flesh and blood is also great.

The last returns from South Africa give the British Army losses from the field as 75,562 men. A London cable of October 6 states :—

The War Office has published a complete list of the British casualties from the beginning of the war, two years ago, up to 1st October. The list shows that the total casualties from all causes—killed, wounded, missing, sick, or accidentally injured—were 75,562, of whom 57,470 were invalided home. The majority of these recovered, and rejoined the army.

The deaths from all causes in South Africa totalled 17,472. Of these, 10,550 were due to disease, and the balance, 6,922, to wounds and accidents.

In addition to all this loss of life, think of the hearts and homes made desolate by this work of destruction. It will, indeed, be a glad day when the time comes that men shall "learn war no more." But that time cannot come till Christ takes the kingdom.

IS IT GOOD DOCTRINE?

After a lecture recently delivered in Melbourne by Canon Potter of the Church of England on the subject of "Romanising Tendencies," an opportunity was given for asking questions. Quite an animated discussion was started which lasted over an hour. Some warm questions were asked, and several warm answers were given. We clip the following paragraph from the "Age" report :—

Where do you find that you should make the sign of the cross?

Canon Potter: If it be idolatry to make the sign of the cross, I am an idolater; but let me remind you that the rubric says it is left to the devotion of the worshipper.

A Young Lady: Do you give absolution?

Canon Potter: I cannot state what passes between me and a penitent. I consider that every clergyman who hears confession ought to absolve, unless there is something disclosed he feels he cannot forgive, but must reserve for a higher authority. But I am bound under seal not to say what passes between me and penitents.

The Young Lady: You said "feels he cannot forgive." Then the clergyman does forgive?

Canon Potter: Unless he has to reserve something for a higher authority.

The Young Lady (astonished): What! Give absolution!

Canon Potter: Yes, I am empowered by God's church to give absolution. It is good Church of England doctrine.

A few years ago this would not have been considered "good Church of England doctrine." But things are rapidly changing in this respect. Our Protestant forefathers believed that God alone could forgive sin; that Christ was the only mediator between God and man, and that human absolution was but a mockery and a denial of the faith.

It is quite true that man has the privilege of forgiving the brother that may trespass against him personally, yes, even until seventy times seven, but for a man to undertake the work of a mediator between God and man in the pretended forgiveness of sins is surely to follow the power that sits in the temple of God "showing himself that he is God." 2 Thess. 2:3, 4.

This Roman theory of absolution may be good doctrine from a human standpoint, but with God it is nothing short of sacrilegious presumption. It requires creative power to forgive sin, for with that forgiveness a new heart must be given to the sinner.

David prayed, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. . . . Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Ps. 51:2, 9, 10. When Christ said to the leper, "I will, be thou clean," it required creative power to accomplish that work of physical cleansing, and when God says to the sinner, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," creative power must in like manner accomplish the spiritual cleansing.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

The idea of writing at the rate of 40,000 words per hour seems to be more like the dream of some visionary enthusiast than the reality of sober fact. Such, however, is the case, as the following extract will show :—

One of the most remarkable things exhibited at the Paris Exhibition last year was, writes a correspondent of the "Age," a telegraph apparatus invented by two Hungarian scientists, Messrs. Pollak and Virag. The most extraordinary things were promised of it, and the French Government invited the inventors to make trials over the lines from Paris to Lyons. The experiments were subsequently abandoned, mainly on account of the expense of transport. The inventors have, however, installed their system upon a wire from Budapest to Fiume, a distance of 375 miles, and actual practical working is taking place at the speed of 40,000 words per hour. The messages are written in Roman characters, and require no transcription. Negotiations are in progress for establishing the system in

France and Germany, and the latter Government has consented to a practical trial between Berlin and Cologne. The latter installation will be complete and working within a very short time. The system is an ingenious combination of telegraph, telephone and photography, the messages being written on sensitised paper by a ray of light, and then developed and fixed by an automatic process. The speed of this apparatus will be better appreciated when one takes into consideration that it is three times faster than the fastest Morse apparatus, and in addition requires no skilled transcription. Its adoption would considerably cheapen the cost of telegraphing.

The prophet Daniel describes the last days as a time when "knowledge shall be increased." Dan. 12:4. This is surely so to-day, and with each increase of power in this direction, the prophetic picture of the last days becomes more perfectly developed. Centuries ago Solomon wrote that "of making books there was no end." But what would he say if he saw the slow calligraphy of his day superseded by a mechanism capable of registering 40,000 words in an hour?

RESTING AWHILE.

When Adam worshipped he bowed amid the flower beds and fragrant groves of Paradise. No temple walls were needed to indicate the place of the Mysterious Presence, for God was seen and known.

After a time God directed Moses to build a tabernacle that there might be a known dwelling place for Jehovah. This tabernacle was constructed from costly material, offered willingly by the consecrated hearts and hands of that wilderness congregation. When completed, the Divine Presence overshadowed the sanctuary and made the place of His feet glorious. Later still God gave directions to David and Solomon concerning the erection of a temple. Willing workers went to the mountains and prepared timber, and to the quarries and prepared stone for this sacred edifice. These things were brought to the place, and the temple walls rose silently without the sound of either hammer or chisel. On that building, reared at the cost of over a million pounds, 183,000 workmen were employed.

In addition to the facilities thus afforded for Israel to worship, that people went out once every year to spend a number of days in worship under the leafy shade of their forest tabernacles. There they rejoiced before God while the "boughs of goodly trees" served as their only covering from the warm sunlight of the day and the star-glories of the night.

During the Dark Ages, when the red hand of persecution reached out after the people of God, the Christians were often forced to meet in caves and dens of the earth for worship. There, hidden

away from the gaze and power of their persecutors, and folded in by the darkness, they worshipped the God of light.

In the days of John Wesley and his associate Reformers, the city parks, streets, and fields were often selected as places for holding meetings. God was in the Reformers' message, and thousands who never attended the churches heard the truth of God at some of these way-side gatherings.

In still later years other methods have been tried. The camp-meeting plan has been largely adopted both in England and America. Dating back over 100 years to August 1799, the first camp-meeting was held by two Presbyterian evangelists—the McGee brothers—at a place known as the "Muddy River," near Russellville,



Worshipping in Tabernacles.

in the State of Kentucky, U.S.A.

This meeting was the outcome of a revival that brought the people in such numbers that the building could not contain them, so the plan of camping out and holding protracted meetings was devised.

In the course of a century this plan has proved one of the most successful methods for evangelistic work, and it is now largely employed by many religious denominations. Large canvas tents capable of seating several thousands are used for meeting purposes, while smaller tents afford accommodation for the families who may desire to attend during all the time of the meeting. At one such meeting, recently held at Owasso, U.S.A., there were 300 family tents engaged, and over 3,500 of a daily attendance.

Several meetings of this character have recently been held in the colonies by the Seventh-day Adventists, and cheering success has attended the efforts made in this way. We give in the accompanying cut a photo taken from a camp ground where a meeting was held in one of the

suburbs of Melbourne. Over 2,000 people frequently gathered in the large calico tabernacle at the time of meeting.

Arrangements have been made by the Victorian Conference to hold a camp-meeting at Brunswick, Victoria, commencing October 24, and continuing till November 4. This will no doubt prove a blessed time to those who take the opportunity of stepping aside to rest awhile. At these gatherings the time is largely spent in public service, Bible study and private devotion. Meetings begin at 6 o'clock in the morning and close at 8.30 at night. Christ led His disciples apart into a desert place to "rest awhile." It would be well if God's people could step aside from the consuming worries of life to rest awhile in His presence.

WHAT A CRIME!

Why do not the police repress 'crime?' is a question made familiar by repetition. A clue may be found in one of our news items to-day:—

At the Prahran Court yesterday, Constable Perkins deposed that at twenty minutes past eight P.M., on a date named he saw some Chinese folding and ironing shirts.

The worthy constable immediately pounced upon the offenders. Probably he spent much time and labour before he brought off his triumphal coup. To achieve successes of this kind men must concentrate their attention, and so we have scores of constables engaged about Melbourne in watching law-made offenders. In the pantomime of the past there was a venerable joke that the thieves scattered and escaped while the stage policeman ran in a little boy. The modern presentment must be of criminals, footpads, and tram-car robbers avoiding detection while some villain is brought into court charged with selling a box of vests after 6 o'clock. Evidently what we will soon need is one set of guardians to enforce the old criminal law, and another set to carry out the modern act of Parliament.—*Argus*, Sept. 27.

SUBMARINE WARFARE.

Not satisfied with the destructive possibilities of the war ships that sail the seas, the nations are frantically grasping after some form of destroyer that will operate in the waters under the sea. It will be seen from the following notice, which we reprint from the Melbourne "Argus," that the prospects in this direction promise ultimate success:—

The next great naval war, when it arrives, will certainly be the most wonderful on record. It will not merely be fought by iron-clad monsters of 20,000 or 30,000 tons burthen—mere floating islands of steel—but by turbine-driven destroyers like the ill-fated "Viper," mere hollow steel needles, driven at the rate perhaps of fifty or sixty miles per hour.

But the fighting on the sea-surface will be perhaps less amazing than the fighting beneath its surface. All the great naval powers are energetically building submarine fleets; and the human imagination grows uncomfortable at the thought of

these dynamite-charged squadrons grappling with each other in the sea-depths. France has built—or is building—some eighty of these submarine terrors, and proudly claims that they will give her, in the next naval war, an empire below the sea-surface much more effective and startling than any empire on the floor of the sea itself which Great Britain has ever enjoyed!

The British Admiralty has just completed a tiny squadron of five submarines of a remarkable type. It is claimed that they are capable of doing all that the French submarines can accomplish, and a great deal more. They will be capable, it is semi-officially declared, of "behaving much in the same way as a porpoise!" They will disappear, and emerge again, as suddenly and as silently as so many "divers." What may be the experiences of the crew of one of these steel porpoises can hardly be imagined. But a ship which can traverse the sea-depths like a porpoise, and discharge a procession of torpedoes at the hull of an unsuspecting inonclad, clearly opens up a new vista of naval possibilities.

A slight idea of the peculiar way that crime and women are looked upon in India, may be gained from a recent occurrence. An eleven years old boy living with his widowed mother, ordered her to cook something for his breakfast as he wanted to go away to work. She told him to get his wife to do it. He was angry and threw an arass "lota" or drinking vessel at her head. This was done with such force that it broke her skull and instantly killed her. Of course the boy did not intend to kill his mother, but he doubtless meant to hurt her. He was brought to court and fined five rupees, or a month's imprisonment! Surely a widow's life is worth little here, even in the courts.—*Vanguard*.

Personals.

Pastors G. A. Irwin and E. H. Gates attended the camp-meeting recently held in Brisbane, Queensland.

Pastor A. W. Hennig is busy directing preparations for the camp-meeting to be held at Brunswick, Victoria, Oct. 24 to Nov. 4.

A book of Bible studies, in the Fijian language, has been published by the Avondale Press. God is reaching out after the "isles that wait for His law."

The special class on "Health," conducted by Mrs. Dr. Kress at the Avondale Health Retreat for some weeks past, has now closed. Good progress is reported.

It is understood that Pastor G. A. Irwin, President of the Union Conference, will attend the camp-meeting to be held at Brunswick. It is also expected that Dr. Kress will be present.

An allotment of land has been secured by the church in Adelaide for the purpose of erecting a church building. This has long been a necessity, and the work will now be pushed rapidly forward.

Our article on "Birds and Bird Life" found in the Children's department is copied from a paper called the *Children's Friend*. This is one of the best papers for the home that can be found. It is published weekly by the Echo Company, and costs 3/- per year.

Pastor A. T. Robinson, who for the past two years has served as Bible teacher at the Avondale Bible School in N. S. Wales, has now removed with his family to New Zealand, and has taken up work at Dunedin. He reports a very stormy passage across from Sydney to Wellington.

About one hundred needy children of the North Fitzroy district were entertained by the Christian Help Band at the Seventh-day Adventist church, North Fitzroy, on the afternoon and evening of Oct. 9. The little folks seemed to thoroughly enjoy the good things provided, and they also appreciated the meeting that was held afterward.

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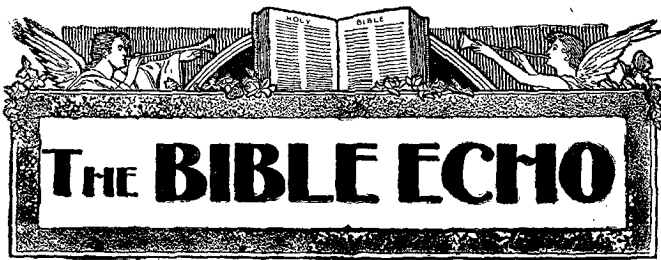
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Word from Madras, India, tells of a Hindoo father who has lately been sentenced to death for sacrificing his own son to an idol.

During the year ending March 31, 1901, letters to the number of 11,551,300 were sent through the British Post Offices to the soldiers in South Africa. In return 9,250,000 were received from them.

Great practical sympathy for Miss Stone, the American lady missionary who is in the hands of a band of brigands in the mountains of Macedonia, is manifested in Massachusetts. In Boston alone 30,000 dol. (£6,000) has been subscribed towards the ransom of £27,000 which Miss Stone's captors demand, and which the American consul at Sofia has promised to find for them.

In the Federal Tariff, lately proposed by the Government the sum of £4,100,000 is set down as duty expected to be received from stimulants and narcotics. How many millions would be required to undo the work of the poison thus introduced?

The Anarchist Leon Czolgosz, the assassin of President M'Kinley, who on Thursday, Sept. 26, was sentenced to death, was removed from Buffalo to the prison at Auburn, one of the largest in the State of New York, where he will be electrocuted on October 28.

The recent disastrous strike in America has set men thinking the old problem over again. A Labour war in which the wage earners have lost £5,000,000, and the employers £30,000 a day, is big enough to make any community ponder on the little wisdom that governs the world.

It was stated at the late Anglican Church Assembly in Melbourne that there are now 901 private schools in Victoria, and that 52,318 children attend these schools. It was further stated that 221 of these schools, with an attendance of 24,004 scholars, belonged to the Catholic church.

The War Office, stimulated into activity by the repeated and urgent demands of the press that a resolute effort shall be made to end the dragging on war in South Africa, announces that arrangements have been made for the early departure for the Cape of nine transports with reinforcements.

Having carefully weighed the views of expert advisers, and considered the needs of the Commonwealth army from a national point of view, Sir J. Forrest, Minister of Defence, has decided to secure from England 20,000 of the most modern magazine rifles. These will cost between £40,000 and £50,000, and will be distributed according to the needs of the States' military districts, replacing defective and obsolete weapons.

The next novelty, according to New York telegrams, is to be a honeymoon trip across the Atlantic in an open boat. The bridegroom will be Captain W. A. Andrew, who has made similar voyages before, but alone. He advertised the other day for a lady who would be willing to share his adventure, and out of "many applicants" chose Miss Mary Southern, a New Jersey girl. They are now arranging the trip together, and will be married just before they start.

A counterblast to the French enthusiasm over the Czar's recent visit to France has been caused by Count Leo Tolstoi, the famous Russian social philanthropist and novelist. Count Tolstoi boldly denounces the Franco-Russian alliance, which the Czar at Compiegne declared to be a great factor of peace, and asserts that the "masses," as distinguished from the "classes" in Russia, are not even aware that the alliance exists. The people of Russia do not in the least, Count Tolstoi says, share the popular French enthusiasm on the subject.

A cable from Launceston recently reported that Dr. Hogg is treating a man from the Lebrina district, where anthrax amongst cattle was recently reported, for that terrible disease. The patient has been in the habit of handling a large number of animal carcasses and removing skins in the course of his business, and recently a malignant pustule appeared on his neck. Although the case is not free from danger, the doctor states that the patient is progressing favourably. This is believed to be the first case of anthrax developed on a human being in Tasmania.

Half a million a century (says the Melbourne Age) is the cost of Lord Nelson to posterity, unless some grateful peer, or some daring Parliament should bring the pension to an end. The Wellington balance sheet, as things stand now, is heavier; but the present Duke of Wellington is the last of his line who will grow rich on the pluck of the Iron Duke. England has already paid, either to the first Duke or his descendants, over £750,000. The Duke was granted two annuities of £2,000 for himself and his next two heirs, and the pension will run until the death of the present Duke. The first grant was for Talavera, a battle which has thus cost something like £180,000, and the second grant, which came only two years later, has brought the annual payments up to now to about £360,000.