

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

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ONE PENNY

What Next?

THE terrible earthquake in Southern Italy and Sicily has sent a thrill of horror through the whole civilised world. Cities which flourished and which have stood for centuries have been overthrown and demolished in an hour. A supernatural visitation, an unforeseen disaster, has deprived them of life, of progress, and of existence. Cities which teemed with human beings have been shaken into dust, a heap of ruins, by an abrupt visitation of force. It came as unexpected as the midnight intruder. No mortal

a city has already become an accustomed occurrence. Mankind is startled certainly. It lifts its head from the routine of life; its ears are quickened, and its nerves are electrified for a moment; a thrill of horror sends the life-blood back in electrified shocks to their natural centres; faces blanch for a moment, then all is dismissed from the public mind with the non-chalance of a patient who has had a tooth drawn, and who has quickly recovered from the shock.

Less than three years ago San Francisco, the American emporium of the Pacific, toppled over. Valparaiso followed in its wake. The world spared a



Messina.

hand could stop the terrible messenger sent from some internal cavern, from the earth's centre, laden with its commission to overturn and destroy.

Has the earth, this old earth of ours, become enraged at the peoples which inhabit its surface, and who have built cities thereon, that suddenly and without warning it should send bolts of anger reverberating with the intensity of thunder to some city of the earth to overthrow it, engulf it, or turn it like a pack of cards upside down? Yet these visitations do come, there is no denying that fact. This generation, quickened as its impulses are by the unprecedented progress of modern times in almost every direction, is no stranger to these visitations. The overturn of

few moments from its usual vocations to hear the news; then the city of Kingston turned over on its back like a turtle, the sea rushing in on its debris. Martinique, the city of French extraction, the town where Napoleon's lady, the Empress Josephine, was born, also disappeared beneath the earthquake shock and the excited vagaries of a burning mountain. The fall of Martinique electrified the world. It provided the newspapers with copy. Sensational headings in the newspapers proclaimed the disaster. These are forgotten. Affairs in Calabria and Southern Italy went astray; thousands perished; the Italian found the earth trembling under his feet; Vesuvius belched forth lava and smoke; crucifixes were clutched;

saints were implored, and Madonnas were carried and appealed to; a repetition of the days of ancient Pompeii were re-enacted by Italy, and were impressed vividly upon the national mind. Naples was afraid. Calabria, however, is forgotten; the musical Italian turned again to his mandoline, his dance, his vineyard, and his wine bottle. His siesta must not be broken. He has still his saint, his Santa Maria, and his Pope. Of course, too, there have been earthquakes in India, very violent ones indeed. Thousands of India's dark skinned and dusky creatures were hurled into yawning gulfs by these phenomenal visitations. The busy world lifted its head just a moment from its usual occupation and muttered, "Ah, India!" The visitation of calamity to that people affected humanity little. It caused merely a passing shadow, less perhaps than if a cloud had passed for a moment over the face of the sun. The deaths of a hundred thousand Indian coolies are a mere bagatelle to Europe and our civilised world. As the dusky Indian went to the shades provided him by Buddha, the world merely said, *Salaam! Salaam!*

There is no occasion to speak of the minor casualties which from time to time have recently visited our planet, and considerably excited its people at short intervals. It would be a work of interest no doubt to enumerate them separately, but space would not admit. Some part of the world, however, is always suffering from some unprecedented calamity, either in the way of war, of pestilence, of famine, or of flood, from excessive heat or cold, from fire, cyclone, volcano, or from drought. Each of these has had its turn in placing the earth and its people under the stress of circumstances which make men feel uneasy and distressed, and now at the close of 1908 A. D., the year has ended with one of the most dreadful calamities ever placed on record; viz., the great earthquake which has so completely destroyed the city of Messina and other towns and villages of Sicily and Southern Italy. 200,000 people are reported to have lost their lives, and even this estimate may be much below the real number. A great and busy maritime city has almost been wiped from the map of Europe, and not any but those who have experienced the effects of the calamity, and who have been brought by personal circumstances within the radius of its effects can at all comprehend the true position or seriousness of the disaster, and this is all the more apparent by the nature of the calamity. No hostile foe approached the shores of Italy or Sicily with its armies. No conflagration caused by carelessness laid the city in ashes, but a danger hidden hitherto in the bowels of the earth rushed from the earth's centres on its mission of destruction.

Man with all his foresight was totally unable either to predict or cope with the disaster. In this respect man is but the slave of circumstances. The prospects of this life in a moment are cast to the ground; the earth trembles; mansions and villas fall; churches and elaborate buildings are levelled with the ground; terrified human beings unable to help themselves are thrown into the open jaws of death; buildings fall upon them; monuments crush them; gods are invoked; idols are clutched; saints are appealed to, but all in vain. The song has suddenly given way to the shriek of agony and the loud wail of despair. The sea, as if lashed into demoniacal fury, rises from

its rocky bed, and rushes like an infuriated demon over the land. What cares the angry and infuriated ocean for human life! Millions of tons of water are hurled in on the fallen city. The elements of hell seem loosened. Etna flushes the sky with flames, and Stromboli utters mysterious sounds. The living leave their dead unburied and flee for life, the man clutching a crucifix and the woman grasping an image of Santa Maria. They think that amid the unnatural confusion the wrath of God has descended, that Christ is indignant, and that the end of the world has come.

Such is a brief account of the calamity which has just occurred. What, however, generally follows the catastrophe? Oh the usual opinions of our so-called scientists. These learned gentlemen know all about the causes of the calamity, yes, *after the calamity is over*. Previous to the great occurrence in which 200,000 of mankind perished, the stillness of a deep dead night rested upon the brood. Not one of the fraternity opened his mouth. Silence prevailed in the camp. There was no prophet, not one. These calamitous visitations are remarkable for the silence which precedes them and the burst of pent up knowledge which follows them. How learned we all are after the explosion, are we not? These occurrences seem to multiply wiseacres. A diagnosis is held upon the event, and the world is electrified by reports, each one being scientific in its way. The secrets are out; they are everyone's property, and are remarkable for their diversity of opinions.

There is one point, however, in which men meet in unison, and that is in calming the just fears of the thousands in the world whom events have awakened to a serious sense of universal coming danger and the nearness of the present to the crisis of the ages. Efforts are made by learned men to calm national fears, to attribute terrestrial disturbances to natural consequences. Each one provides troubled humanity with a sedative. A soothing draught is scientifically prescribed, into which is placed a large opiate of self-assertion. This is gently and soothingly injected into the public's veins, or is poured in liberal doses down the world's throat. The result is that minds are calmed, the sleep of deception steals upon the eyelids of humanity, and the events permitted by the God of heaven lose their intended force, then drowsiness finally steps the senses in forgetfulness, until another unforeseen calamity arrives, and runs like an electric shock through human society. Is it not now about time that the world awakened to facts, and looked the coming crisis in the face? We think that it is. Cities now are beginning to tumble over like nine-pins in a bowling alley. Which city will fall next? Will it be a Chicago, a New York, a Melbourne, or a London? In answer to a very important question, Christ said that there would be earthquakes in divers places. Among other qualifications possessed by the Saviour, Christ was the best scientist of His day. He made no mistake. He was no soothsayer. He saw the end from the beginning. His words are being fulfilled to-day here in our midst. He knew that San Francisco would fall, and that Messina would be blotted out, and that before the end came all things terrestrial would be terribly shaken. In spite of soothsayers the cities continue to fall, do they not? What is the world going to do in order to prop

them up? Is science going to control the subterranean forces? If so, where are its bands? Is electricity to be throttled and placed in a cage? If so, why is it not done? Who is going to hold back the tidal wave, or pend up the fires of the volcano? These are questions which should be answered to-day, for events are becoming serious.

Is it not fully time to realise that those who say, "Peace and safety," who say, "Where is the promise of His coming?" and who say that "All things continue as they were," are lamentably, if not culpably out of their reckoning?—Yes, we think so. This earth is approaching a crisis, the Word of God says so, and events in a serious manner are backing up that Word. We are living in the hour of the judgment. The nations are sealing their destiny. The restraining hand of God is being withdrawn from the earth. Satan is closing in with his forces. The shriek of terror and consternation is being heard from various parts of the earth. It is Italy's turn to-day. It may be ours to-morrow. God is calling man's attention to eternal affairs by the dreadful and rapidly increasing calamities of the present. The last message of mercy is in the land. Who will respond? Humanity is paying its price, the price of a long rebellion against truth, purity, and justice. God to-day, however, points man to Calvary, to His holy law, to righteousness, and to eternity. The earth waxes old as a garment; it is becoming senile; it staggers towards decrepitude, old age, and dissolution. Who, then, realises the truth? Who loves justice, probity, honour, and eternal life? Christ is coming again, this generation may make itself sure of that. He is mighty to save, and He will save to the uttermost all who come unto God truthfully and faithfully through Him. "Behold I come quickly," saith Christ, "and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." "Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book, for the time is at hand."—J. B.

A Boom in Brutality.

How much longer is Australia to be the dumping ground of professional fighting-men? To speak of improvement in the moral conditions of this favoured land whilst these degrading exhibitions of human brutality are popular is out of the question. To call them "boxing contests" is a hypocritical lie. To think of the enormous sums of money identified with these prize-fights, the shameful waste of time, the anticipated glare and savage excitement that will be indulged in, reveals present-day phases of human depravity that belong to barbarism, and are an insult to civilisation and progress.

For what were mail and other steamers arranged for as to the time to reach Sydney? For this brutal prize-fight! For what issue did thousands of men, and, we hear, some women, travel great distances and spend any quantity of money? For this Christmas butchery contest in Sydney! For what purpose and intention were the fighting-stadium and surroundings crowded to excess? That the brutalised onlookers might witness a combat in which was bloodshed and the smashing of the human face and features into a confused, exhausted, and dazed condition.

And this saturnalia of anticipated violence and brutal contest was written up by the daily press, and the telegraph flashed reports throughout the Commonwealth of this hideous "Boxing Day" Carnival. Why did the witnesses of this degrading exhibition pay high prices for their seats and crowd the arena? That they might gloat over the brutal combatants who were scientifically trained for what is falsely called the white or coloured "championship of the world." "World's championship" indeed! Was there ever a more disgraceful prostitution of words?

As for the spectators! Unless they were promised a full cup of fighting horrors to satiate their savage and brutal instincts, they would not have been present at the fight. The carnival of brutality was extended, and the Melbourne Town Hall was actually used for five nights to reproduce the fight, in its various stages, by biographic picture and representation.

Could degradation go further? These prize-fights gather the worst elements of our national and social life. It was a carnival of brutality, savage enthusiasm, intemperance, gambling, loafing, and sensuality! These elements always have pertained to these prize-fights, whether the United States, England, France, or Australia have been in question. Is this moral evolution? Is it not to all intents and purposes a degrading and hateful degeneration and deformity?

Against it I write in solemn protest!—*Henry Varley, in the Southern Cross.*

The Spirit of Violence.

OCCASIONALLY the real spirit of Catholicism reveals itself, says the *Review and Herald*. An instance of this is found in the comment, in a Roman Catholic paper, on the successful effort of John Kensit and his followers to prevent the host from being carried in the parade in connection with the Eucharistic congress in London, and Kensit's threat that if the host had been carried, he would have dashed it to the ground. Note this statement:—

"Possibly it was well for Kensit that the host was not carried in the great procession. Surely, amid the millions of Catholics that day in London, there were some who would have avenged such frightful indignity to Christ."

Thus does a paper professing to represent the religion of Christ, countenance mob violence as a proper answer to any interference with a religious ceremonial. How contrary to the example of Christ Himself!

ORIGIN of Ozone.—According to Messrs. Henriet and Bonyssy, ozone is produced by the ultraviolet rays of the sun in the upper atmosphere, and the amount contained in the air near the ground increases when air currents descend from the upper regions. Sometimes, also, it increases during rains. It has been observed that there is a reduction of the proportion of carbonic acid in the air when the amount of ozone increases. This is regarded as an indirect effect due to dilution of the lower air by the purer air descending from above.—*Selected.*

Plague of Locusts.

ALGERIA and Tunis have recently suffered from an extraordinary invasion of locusts. The locusts arrive from the direction of the deserts in swarms so thick as to hide the sun. They cover the ground as with a yellow carpet, and sometimes render the railway so slippery that trains can hardly run. At this stage they are not voracious, being engaged principally in laying their eggs. But forty days later the young locusts, not yet winged, begin to run about, devouring every green thing, including not only leaves, but even the bark and tender shoots of trees. The hordes, advancing in a body, sometimes cover an area of several square miles. Barricades of cloth, surmounted with waxed strips erected in the line of march, arrest the progress of the insects, which are unable to crawl up the smooth surface. Passing along the line of the barricades, they fall into ditches dug for the purpose, where they are killed with corrosive liquids. Another method is to smooth descending paths, ending in poisoned ditches. The insects follow the descents, and thus go to their death.—*Youth's Companion*.

LOSSES by fire in the United States and Canada for the month of September last totalled over £4,000,000, a great deal of which was due to the great drought and the enormous forest fires.

AN instance of the manner in which the ancient superstitions of the Far East are fast disappearing before the onward march of civilisation is furnished by the fact that when the Dalai Lama of Thibet entered Peking recently many of his Thibetan retinue were seen carrying kodaks.

FRANCE stands alarmed by an increase of something like 10 per cent. in four years in the cost of food, clothing, and other necessary supplies. Milk is 13 per cent. higher, meat 27 per cent., cheese 16 per cent., oil 25 per cent. The price of rice has doubled. Rents follow the upward trend.—*New York World*.

ASTRONOMERS are beginning to interest themselves in the reappearance of Halley's comet. This is the famous comet that blazed through the heavens in 1456, at about the time the Turks became masters of Constantinople. In those times it was thought that comets portended disaster, and the good people of Christian Europe inserted a prayer in their liturgy that they might be saved from "the devil, the Turk, and the comet." In 1680 Edmund Halley, an English astronomer, predicted the reappearance of the comet of 1456, and conjectured that it was the same as that which had been seen in 1531 and 1607. His prediction was verified in 1682, and the comet has since been known by his name. It is next due some time between 1910 and 1912, as it last visited the solar system in 1835, and has a period of about seventy-six years. Of the short period comets, Halley's takes the longest to complete its orbit. The comet of 1844 has so great an orbit that it is estimated that its visits to our system occur at intervals of a hundred thousand years.



A. W. Anderson, Editor.

Melbourne, Victoria, January 18, 1909

Vanity.

MEN of different minds have various methods of airing their vanity, some of which are so puerile, if not ludicrous, that it would almost seem as though some of these individuals spent their leisure time in devising some new methods by which they might exhibit their pride before the admiring throng of satellites by which such people are usually surrounded. To stand high in the estimation of society, certain classes of men and women will sacrifice almost anything; and could the real causes of many cases of bankruptcy be ascertained, doubtless the love of display would be found to be one of the prime factors in driving men into insolvency. The extravagance which is begotten by the false pride and vanity of men is appalling to think of. Families will imperil their future happiness, endanger the stability of their businesses, risk the loss of their homes with all their comforts and sacred associations, in order to gratify an abnormal development of family vanity which impels them to give grander parties than their neighbours whose larger banking accounts enable them better to afford such extravagance.

The love of display is manifesting itself in a somewhat new form in America just now. In connection with grand weddings in fashionable circles an exhibition of valuable presents is considered an essential feature, in order to lend *éclat* to these interesting celebrations. The craze for a huge display of presents has grown to such proportions that, in order to keep pace with this modern development of human pride, it has become necessary to hire a complete outfit of bogus wedding presents. Several London, Paris, and New York firms have actually grown rich by letting out for a night or day all sorts of finery and trumpery to make believe that friends of the bride and bridegroom have contributed handsomely. A good story is told by the *New York Evening Post*, which shows to what lengths this ludicrous practice has developed:—

At a recent New York wedding the guests were more than amazed at the display of presents. Five rooms were filled with the costliest jewellery, bric-a-brac, tapestries, paintings, cut-glass, china, ceramics, rugs, furniture, laces, etc., world without end!!! The father of the bride is a practical joker. He couldn't keep a family secret to save his life. "What did you think of Carrie's presents?" he asked an old friend two or three weeks after the wedding. "Why, George, old fellow, I was thunderstruck! And just think of the hard times! There must have been half a million dollars' worth of stuff." George laughed. "Never breathe it to my wife," he whispered; "but all that vast outlay cost me only \$2,000. I hired four roomfuls for the occasion from _____ & Co., and

we had 'em on exhibition for a week. The few things in the hall bedroom were ours."

We are not aware that this absurd method of satisfying human vainglory has yet "caught on" in Australia. We sincerely hope that it has not. But whether it has or has not, as a nation we have nothing to boast about in such matters. In this new land fashion is a god or goddess before which many thousands sacrifice their all. To be out of the fashion, or to be left behind in the mad scramble for supremacy in society extravagance and vainglorious pomp and display, would be considered by some people an irreparable loss. Yet, who has ever heard of anyone adding anything to their peace of mind or their real and lasting happiness by yielding to an insensate passion for the display of their vanity. While the excitement of the event lasts there is a feeling of exhilaration which, in most if not all cases, is succeeded by a period of depression which leads one to crave for more sensation. People who live thus deserve our pity. Of real happiness they know nothing. Their pleasures are ephemeral, and they know little of the true enjoyment of life which is the natural product of a contented mind which experiences day by day that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." Oh, the folly of accepting the devil's sophistries instead of the blessed realities of the truth of God!

The indulgence of pride leads to many evils. In order to keep pace with rivals, men resort to forgery and embezzlement, or enter the gambling arena, in the hope of augmenting their incomes. To satisfy vanity, honour and self-respect are laid in the dust, and men thus lose a powerful lever which, as long as retained, will keep them from stooping even to indulge in the petty business tricks and frauds which form so large a part of daily business to-day. Many men who have started in life with the prospects of a splendid future have made shipwreck upon the rocks of pride and vanity, and their downfall has brought pain and mental anguish to parents and friends whose hopes have been blasted by a criminal act which never would have been perpetrated had the object of their hopes been taught that "*godliness with contentment is great gain.*"

Solomon, the wise king of Israel, whose riches and knowledge made it possible for him to indulge in every known form of pleasure, summed up his worldly experiences in this expressive phrase, "Vanity of vanities . . . vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Eccl. 1:2. Later on in the same chapter he says: "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Verse 14. In his closing chapter he repeats his text in the first chapter: "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity," and then in concluding his wonderful lessons based upon a most remarkable chapter of actual human experience he says: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

A Model Dairy Farm.

POSSIBLY no product which is brought by tradesmen to the house is a greater germ carrier than milk, therefore, every family is or should be interested in the question of a pure milk supply. It is gratifying to know that a much better supervision is being given to the milk supply of the large centres of population in Australia than has been the case hitherto, and if care is exercised both on the part of the consumer as well as the producer, diseases arising from the use of contaminated milk might be wholly avoided. In other lands the importance of a pure milk supply has become so generally acknowledged that many milk producers have made it their business to carry on operations under ideal conditions. In New England model dairy farms are springing up in many places, one of the best of which is described as follows:—

"With healthy, clean cows in a modern, clean, well ventilated stable, good feed, carefully and regularly given, constant watchfulness, clean men, clean uniforms, clean utensils, milk is produced certainly as near perfection as possible. As there are no intermediaries in this case between the producer and the consumer, there can be no meddling with the product. Of course, the primary exclusion of all bacteria breeders in the stables is a vital point, but even this would be of secondary consideration if there were carelessness in sterilising, cooling, and handling in the dairy. That the milk brings 15 cents a quart and cream \$1 a quart is no wonder. It is worth it.

The cow barns or stables are models, each 100 feet long by 36 feet wide, with a row of stalls on each side. The floors are finely concreted, clean, smooth, and inviting. The sides and ceiling are inlaid closely with yellow pine and covered with spar varnish, says the *New Haven Chronicle*. Windows which overhang from the top to admit air are arranged on either side about six feet apart, and between these are ventilators which carry off the foul air through the roof. The feeding and drinking trough is immediately in front and beneath the stanchions, the cows facing the windows. The trough is scooped out of the concrete, is semicircular, and runs the whole length of the building on each side. After feeding, this trough is thoroughly washed out and spring water is turned into it, which the animals drink.

The cows' stand is raised high and kept bedded with clean sawdust, and behind each row is a square gutter for refuse. All refuse is removed in iron boxes, hung on chains, and carried on a railway attached to the ceiling, so constructed that it passes through the doors connecting the barns, running the entire length of the buildings, over 250 feet, to a terminus on the outside. The boxes are constructed after the model of a steam excavating shovel, and as they reach the terminus the bottom divides, and the refuse is let down into waggons, in which it is carried at once to the fields and spread. There is no dripping, or trail, as the refuse is carried along the railway. The gutters are kept flushed with water. Cobwebs and dust are not allowed to gather on the highly varnished woodwork of the sides and ceilings of the barns, so that the general appearance of the stables is that of well kept and well cleaned apartments. Over each stanchion is the name and herd number of the cow.

"It would seldom be a hard thing to decide to do duty if self would step out of the way."

The temperature is never allowed to get below 55 deg. in the winter time.

When the cows come in from pasture for the evening milking the herdsman gives them a light feed, which is easily cleaned up. There is everywhere clear spring water. This feed is mixed up in proportions: 400 lbs. bran, 200 lbs. gluten, 200 lbs. corn-cob meal. Each milker then washes his hands and cleans his finger-nails, there being facilities in an adjoining building in the shape of porcelain wash-bowls with hot and cold water and an abundance of towels. The cows are all curried, rubbed down, and their teats and udders wiped off and washed. Then the milkers enter with their clean white duck suits and white skull caps, and do their milking through screened top pails."

"THERE is one thing in the wide universe that is valuable, and that is character."

THE celebration of the Pope's golden jubilee in Rome last November was, as might have been expected, an affair of great magnificence and pomp. No fewer than 70,000 people were present to take part in the ceremony at St. Peter's. One report says: "The basilica was radiant inside with thousands of electric lights and candles. The papal procession was magnificent, and brought together a large variety of rich court costumes. The bishops were clad in purple, and the cardinals in red. Above the heads of the high church dignitaries arose the papal chair upon which the pontiff, dressed almost entirely in white, was seated. The chair was flanked by the famous feather fans, and as the Pope progressed he imparted his blessing to the kneeling crowds. There were thirty-four cardinals and 360 bishops in the procession."

"IN no part of the Near East has the sudden deliverance from oppression and tyranny been as welcome as in the great regions around Mount Ararat. The numerous Armenian and Nestorian settlements in Eastern Asia Minor and Western Persia had been subject to such chronic cruelty that it is easy to understand the following expressions in a letter which has just arrived from one of these colonies: 'What a difference! How freely we breathe, we talk, we write! Those words, which just a few days ago were enough to ruin everyone, are now passwords—Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood! Last week we went to Constantinople—the same difficulty, the same oppression, the same spies, the same bribes, the same sufferance. This was on Thursday. The next day, Friday, the Constitution was proclaimed; we could not believe our ears and eyes; but it was true—travelling will be free. We can go wherever we want. We can have any books, any papers. We can enjoy the life of a human being. We are Ottomen, and can live like Ottomen. . . . All at once the people realised that the cause of the Armenian massacres was nothing but keeping the Turks and Christians separate and keeping the Turkish people in complete ignorance of the misrule and robbery. The oppression which weighed on all had become insupportable.'"



General Articles

David's Fall and Its Lesson to Humanity.

By Mrs. E. G. White.

NATHAN the prophet was bidden to bear a message of reproof to David. It was a message terrible in its severity. To few sovereigns could such a reproof be given but at the price of certain death to the reprover. Nathan delivered the divine sentence unflinchingly, yet with such heaven-born wisdom as to engage the sympathies of the king, to arouse his conscience, and to call from his lips the sentence of death upon himself. Appealing to David as the divinely appointed guardian of his people's rights, the prophet repeated a story of wrong and oppression that demanded redress.

"There were two men in one city," he said, "the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had brought and nourished up; and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him."

The anger of the king was roused, and he exclaimed, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing is worthy to die. And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity."

Nathan fixed his eyes upon the king; then lifting his right hand to heaven, he solemnly declared, "Thou art the man." "Wherefore," he continued, "hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in His sight?" The guilty may attempt, as David had done, to conceal their crime from men; they may seek to bury the evil deed forever from human sight or knowledge: but "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known."

Very many, reading the history of David's fall, have inquired, "Why has this record been made public? Why did God see fit to throw open to the world this dark passage in the life of one so highly honoured of Heaven?" The prophet, in his reproof to David, had declared concerning his sin, "By this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." Through successive generations, infidels have pointed to the character of David, bearing this dark stain, and have exclaimed in triumph and derision "This is the man after God's own heart!" Thus a reproach has been brought upon religion, God and His Word have been blasphemed, souls have

been hardened in unbelief, and many, under a cloak of piety, have become bold in sin.

But the history of David furnishes no countenance to sin. It was when he was walking in the counsel of God, that he was called a man after God's own heart. When he sinned, this ceased to be true of him until by repentance he had returned to the Lord. The Word of God plainly declares, "The thing that David had done was evil in the eyes of Jehovah." And the Lord said to David by the prophet, "Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in His sight? . . . Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thine house; because thou hast despised Me." Though David repented of his sin, and was forgiven and accepted by the Lord, he reaped the baleful harvest of the seed he himself had sown. The judgments upon him and upon his house testify to God's abhorrence of the sin.

Heretofore God's providence had preserved David against all the plottings of his enemies, and had been directly exercised to restrain Saul. But David's transgression had changed his relation to God. The Lord could not in any wise sanction iniquity. He could not exercise His power to protect David from the results of his sin as He had protected him from the enmity of Saul.

There was a great change in David himself. He was broken in spirit by the consciousness of his sin and its far reaching results. He felt humbled in the eyes of his subjects. His influence was weakened. Hitherto his prosperity had been attributed to his conscientious obedience to the commandments of the Lord. But now his subjects, having a knowledge of his sin, would be led to sin more freely. His authority in his own household, his claim to respect and obedience from his sons, was weakened. A sense of his guilt kept him silent when he should have condemned sin; it made his arm feeble to execute justice in his house. His evil example exerted its influence upon his sons, and God would not interpose to prevent the result. He would permit things to take their natural course, and thus David was severely chastised.

For a whole year after his fall, David lived in apparent security; there was no outward evidence of God's displeasure. But the divine sentence was hanging over him. Swiftly and surely a day of judgment and retribution was approaching, which no repentance could avert, agony and shame that would darken his whole earthly life. Those who, by pointing to the example of David, try to lessen the guilt of their own sins, should learn from the Bible record that the way of transgression is hard. Though like David they should turn from their evil course, the results of sin, even in this life, will be found bitter and hard to bear.

God intended the history of David's fall to serve as a warning that even those whom He has greatly blessed and favoured are not to feel secure, and neglect watchfulness and prayer. And thus it has proved to those who in humility have sought to learn the lesson that God designed to teach. From generation to generation, thousands have thus been led to realise their own danger from the tempter's power. The fall of David, one so greatly honoured by the Lord, has awakened in them distrust of self. They

have felt that God alone could keep them by His power through faith. Knowing that in Him was their strength and safety, they have feared to take the first step on Satan's ground.

Even before the divine sentence was pronounced against David, he had begun to reap the fruit of transgression. His conscience was not at rest. The agony of spirit which he then endured is brought to view in the thirty-second psalm. He says:—

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.
Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is no guile.
When I kept silence, my bones waxed old,
Through my roaring all the day long.
For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me;
My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer."

And the fifty-first psalm is an expression of David's repentance, when the message of reproof came to him from God:—

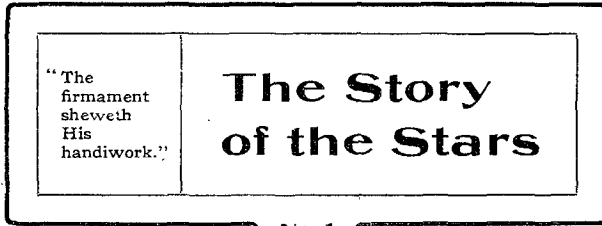
"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness,
According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

Thus in a sacred song to be sung in the public assemblies of his people, in the presence of the court,—priests and judges, princes and men of war,—and which would preserve to the latest generation the knowledge of his fall, the king of Israel recounted his sin, his repentance, and his hope of pardon through the mercy of God. Instead of endeavouring to conceal his guilt, he desired that others might be instructed by the sad history of his fall.

Whoever under the reproof of God will humble the soul with confession and repentance, as did David, may be sure that there is hope for him. Whoever will in faith accept God's promises, will find pardon. The Lord will never cast away one truly repentant soul. He has given this promise: "Let him take hold of My strength, that he may make peace with Me, and he shall make peace with Me." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

AMONG the tombs of the ancient Cathedral in Lübeck, in Germany, there is a slab bearing this inscription. "Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:

"Ye call Me Master and obey Me not;
Ye call Me Light and see Me not;
Ye call Me Way and walk Me not;
Ye call Me Life and desire Me not;
Ye call Me Wise and follow Me not;
Ye call Me Fair and love Me not;
Ye call Me Rich and ask Me not;
Ye call Me Eternal and seek Me not;
Ye call Me Gracious and trust Me not;
Ye call Me Noble and serve Me not;
Ye call Me Mighty and honour Me not;
Ye call Me Just and fear Me not;
If I condemn you blame Me not."



By R. Hare.

Astronomy and Astronomers.

WHEN the day is done and darkness falls over the earth, then the stars flash out as if inviting man to look up from the scenes of his toil to learn their story. One by one the little twinkling orbs of light take up their place in the heavens and send forth their golden beams. And if man will not behold their beauty, nor listen to their story, he certainly loses much that the Creator designed he should enjoy.

It is from far-off worlds and restless planets that these star-beams of light wing their way through the darkness, but each ray of beauty bears a message of the Creator's love and power. Why will not the dull ears of man listen? Why will not his eyes behold? for "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Ps. 19: 1, 2.

Down deep in the bosom of the earth men gather gems and gold that the heart may delight in its treasures, but from the heavens above man may gather knowledge, knowledge pure and holy, knowledge of the Divine, for the heavens still declare the glory of God.

Astronomy is that branch of science or knowledge which deals with some of the laws that govern the heavenly bodies. Coming from two Greek words (*αστήρ*, star, and *νόμος*, law), this expression really signifies *law of the stars*, but with us it is applied both to the description and discovery of the stars.

In order that the stars may be studied more readily they have been divided into groups known as "constellations." Of these there are twenty-five in the northern division of the heavens, and eighteen in the southern part. Stars are further classified according to their magnitude. The brightest stars, like Rigel in the foot of Orion, are known as "stars of the first magnitude." Of these there are twenty, Sirius in the constellation of *Canis Major* being the brightest of all. Up to the sixth magnitude stars are visible to the naked eye, and of stars thus visible there are about 6,000 in the whole heavens. When the telescope is employed stars as high as the sixteenth magnitude, or even higher, may be seen, and in the numbers thus made visible the astronomer numbers more than 100,000,000. Those seen only through the telescope are called "telescopic stars."

Beyond these stars again there lies the mysterious nebula—star-clouds and clusters that form "the dust of His feet"—whose numbers cannot be told. These are invisible to the naked eye, but more than 5,000 of them are catalogued by the astronomers.

With all these wonderful things in the heavens above it is not surprising that many devout hearts have looked and longed to know more of the multitude

that God alone can number. Many of these men have devoted their lives to the study of the stars, and they are called "astronomers." David, the psalmist of Israel, was one of these. He "considered the heavens," learned their greatness, and with that the littleness of man. Ps. 8: 4, 5.

Many of the heathen philosophers were also devoted to the study of astronomy. But their methods of observation and most of their ideas were erroneous. Some of these men supposed, and taught, that the earth's surface was a flat plain, and that the sky was a fixed canopy overhead, while the stars were lights shining through.

It is not until we reach the time of Galileo, in 1592 A.D., that the discoveries made by astronomers began to take on real or permanent form. In 1610 Galileo completed a telescope by which he discovered the satellites of Jupiter. Kepler, a German astronomer followed, and he discovered the orbits of the planets to be elliptical. Kepler died in 1630. It was after he had been studying the motion of the planets for twenty years, and having found their orbits to be elliptical that, overcome with joy, he exclaimed, "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee."

Kepler was followed by Huyghens in 1654. He discovered the great nebula in Orion. Since then Halley, Newton, Cassini, Bradley, Herschel, Laplace, Bond, and scores of others, have devoted their energies and their life to this marvellous branch of science. The story of the stars has often been told by lips that have learned to pray under the inspiration of the unveiled heavens.

Astronomical observatories are now to be found in all the leading cities of the world. The great Astronomical Society of London was founded in 1820. In our next chapter we will tell you something of what men have discovered in their study of the stars.

Counterfeits and Substitutes.

By G. E. Teasdale.

THE manifold goodness of God, and His great pity and love for the human race, have led Him to devise for our salvation the wonderful plan of redemption. This plan comprehends every resource of the universe that can be of service to man; and there is in it that which will ensure for those who comply with its conditions an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

In it detailed attention has been given to man's mental, moral, and physical condition; and provision has been carefully made by means of nicely adapted and effective "means of grace" to accomplish for man just the required results. All the knowledge necessary, and no more than is necessary, regarding our Creator and our creation has been imparted. Divine principles are illustrated by biography and story, to place them within the mental reach of everyone. The whole plan of redemption has been "writ large" in symbols, and ceremonies, and services, and memorials, making the way to heaven so plain that "the wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein." The grace of God abounds to meet every deficiency in man and every need.

But we have an enemy who is determined upon our destruction. His resources are devoted to mis-

leading the wayfarer. He cannot alter the signs along the way—the means of grace—but with untiring patience and great cunning he has produced counterfeits and substitutes, and he is engaging his own and the talents of his minions in deceiving the human race, and persuading them, under one pretext or another, to reject the true and accept the false. He would have us reject the Bible and accept the results of higher criticism or tradition. For—

Creation	Evolution
Faith	Presumption
Conversion	Confirmation
Justification	Penance
Baptism	Sprinkling
Lord's Supper	Mass
Righteousness of Christ	Our own good works
Ministration of angels	Ministration of the spirits of the dead
Sabbath	Sunday
Power of the Spirit	Civil laws
Gifts of the Spirit	Spiritualism
Mortality	The doctrine of natural immortality
Second advent	Death, etc.
Liberty	License
Trust	Fatalism
Knowledge	Feeling, emotion
Outpouring of the Holy Spirit	Popular revivals
Common sense	Christian Science

Satan endeavours by all means to prevent the sinner from becoming a Christian; but if in that he cannot succeed, he will not give up hope; he will yet endeavour to make the Christian a hypocrite.

Wisdom would lead us to examine carefully the doctrines we believe, to ascertain whether they be true or false, counterfeit or genuine, "lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices."

Believing with the Will.

By J. S. Washburn.

THE will is the centre of the man. We are not to believe, to obey, simply with the feelings. God requires the will. "If any man willet to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." John 7:17, R. V. When a man's will is given up to God, that man belongs to God. When the will is converted, the man is converted. We do not fully believe until we believe with the will.

If Satan tells us that we do not believe, answer, I will, I do believe. When tempted to yield in the fight, say, I will not surrender, I will not give up. If we have made a mistake, if we have fallen even into sin, and are then tempted to utter discouragement, say, No, I never will give up the conflict until I win the prize.

Isaiah said, "I have set my face as a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." A Christian without a will is worthless. He who is moved simply by the emotions of the moment is worthless in the strong, strenuous conflict which we are fighting. Many times the light is shut away entirely. Many times the enemy seems to have won a victory, and we can only say with the prophet, "I have set my face as a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." I will persevere, I will not surrender. I will believe, I will do God's will.

O brother, give your will to God, and let Him strengthen it, and make it unconquerable. Hope

against hope. Believe against every earthly evidence, because God has spoken, because He has promised, and He cannot fail. He that willet shall be led of God, shall know the teaching, shall not be deceived, shall surely prevail, though heaven and earth fall.

Acquaintance with Him.

By C. H. Pretyman.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace." Job 22:21.

I'm resting in His love to-day,
The love that lasts forever.
I'm taking of the precious gifts
From Him the changeless Giver,
Enjoying now the peace of God
That floweth like a river.

My heart once yearned for deeper draughts;
But I'd not faith to take them.
My soul cried out for greater faith
To loose doubt's chains and break them;
More love, more peace, more joy, more rest,—
For something to awake them.

Then day by day came trials to me,
Still more severe, still faster,
Till I was forced for help to flee
Lest there should come disaster.
I sought it in the Word of God,
And there I found the Master.

The more I sought, the more I found
Christ's love for me, a sinner,
His tender pity, patience, grace,
And strength to make me winner
In every battle to be fought—
Be I but a beginner.

And still I seek for knowledge more
Of such a wondrous Lover.
More time I spend to learn of Him,
And more each day discover,
With sympathy and yearning love,
His heart is flowing over.

The more I know, the more I trust;
More asking, more receiving;
More love drink in, more love return;
More peace from more believing;
More trials too, more burdens still,
But more of Christ's relieving.

'Tis true, sometimes His heart I grieve
By for a moment doubting,
Or by my wilfulness of heart
In my own purpose wanting.
But His great love recalls, forgives.
I bow and weep—repenting.

And so my doubts are growing less,
My wanderings are fewer;
My will to His grows more resigned,
My love for Him more pure;
My knowledge of His ways more deep;
My anchor more secure.

I'm resting *more* in Him each day,
In love that lasts forever.
I'm taking *more* of precious gifts
From Him the changeless Giver.
Enjoying *more* the peace of God
Now flowing like a river.

"PEOPLE ask me daily," said Patti, "when they look at my face, without a wrinkle, what I do to keep so young. I tell them that whenever I have felt a wrinkle coming I have laughed it away."

World-Wide Field

The Philippines.

IN heathen lands the gross spiritual darkness which surrounds the people is more often a matter of circumstance than of choice. Blinded by superstition of the basest sort, and handicapped by a low mental

purpose of instilling into the minds of the hearers a love for the Word of God in its purity, and it cannot therefore be wondered at that their enlightenment was not of a very high order. One young man, not by any means of the lowest class, when personally questioned concerning the Bible, in return inquired as to what was the Bible. He was entirely ignorant of this great Book of books. A few days later he was seen at one of the numerous church shows. It is a very significant fact that while the Roman Catholic Church prohibited its converts from reading the Bible, yet literature of a very degrading type was given a free hand.

In the providences of the Ruler of all, a different order of things is now existing. Fifteen of the two-



Paco Cemetery, Manila, P. I.

capacity, the natives have long been at the mercy of the prince of darkness. During the recent outbreak of cholera in the provinces of the Philippines many natives, in the hope of escaping the scourge, adorned the entrance to their oftentimes unsanitary homes with a small wooden doll.

It would be a libel to say that these people are not Christians; for it is over three centuries since a certain section of propagandists first began operations, and six hundred places of worship of good solid material have been erected, and witness to their past efforts. But the Christlike graces and virtues that should be exhibited as the outcome of faithful gospel ministry of the Word are not found in the converts to the Roman Catholic Church. It must be remembered that the methods used were not for the

score dialects spoken in the Philippines have portions of the Bible already translated, and these are being circulated at a very moderate cost by the Bible Societies, whose headquarters are in England and the United States. These noble institutions are worthy of the support of the people in the home lands. We are, to the best of our ability, endeavouring to second the efforts of those who are scattering the pages containing the Word of God. Friends in the United States supply us with a club of 500 copies of the *American Signs of the Times*. We mail these to Filipino school teachers, whom we have found to be appreciative readers. These teachers number six thousand. So it is quite an effort to supply them all with literature, though not any more than the cause is worthy of. To reach a population as large again as

that of Australia, will require far more than this. It will be a costly undertaking to provide literature for these people in all their various dialects; but this is our responsibility in the present situation. Think of it, every letter in your Bible represents at least two Filipinos ignorant of salvation as contained in God's Word. Truly the field is "white [all ready] to harvest," and as one writer has expressed it, with reference to the Philippines, "dead ripe." Are you a reaper? "Help us" is the cry of those who are at work in the broad harvest field.

Manila.

R. A. CALDWELL.

Interesting Features of the Work in Iceland.

SOME features of our work here are worth mentioning. First a few words in regard to our paper. It was started in 1900, and ever since it has been a great help to the cause. For some years it has had a larger edition than any other Icelandic paper. For every twenty Icelanders we have a volume out among the people. We all know what that means; or, rather, we do not know, at least not fully, what it means. Surely more is silently accomplished by our periodicals than we can know. Two years ago a prominent Lutheran clergyman visited Iceland in order to ascertain the religious condition of the people.

He visited my office, and learned by talking to my clerk, who was not a Seventh-day Adventist, that we issued a large edition of our paper. I was not present, but the clergyman had all the information he needed from my clerk. On hearing of the wide circulation of our paper, he exclaimed, solemnly, "O, that is awful!" We who love the third angel's message can say that, from our view-point, it is a blessed thing to have our periodicals thus circulated.

The Icelandic school question is also very interesting. Three years ago a well-educated Icelandic lady accepted the truth; and when she had to lose her position as a school-teacher in one of the higher schools in Reykjavik because of this step, we decided to start a school of our own in Reykjavik in the autumn of 1905. We did not expect very many children, since those of our church numbered only five or six. But we found that there were so many neighbours who wanted to have their children attend our school that we could not take more than half of those who wished to come. Our school could accommodate only fifty children. The last three years we have had that number, and it has gone well. The Danish Inner Mission missionary tried to get ahead of us, advertising that he would begin a school at the same time as the Adventist school began. While we could have had twice as many pupils as we could take in our school, he did not have enough with which to begin his school.

The End of the World

THAT the history of this world is rapidly closing there can be no question. Those of our readers who have read the tragic history of 1908 as given in the two last issues of the "Signs of the Times" must admit that we are living in perilous times. The recent earthquake in Sicily is a still further evidence that we cannot tell what a day will bring forth. The Saviour foretold this condition of things when replying to the question of His disciples, "What shall be the sign of Thy coming and of the end of the world?" ¶ An exposition of the Saviour's prophecy as given in Matthew 24 is contained in a pamphlet entitled

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The health work is now resting heavily upon us. The Roman Catholics are the only ones who take care of sick people. The government of Iceland has made no arrangements for a hospital, leaving this to the Roman Catholics, who have erected a very large one.

It would be an excellent thing for us to have a little institution for sick people, and I am sure that many of them would prefer any other hospital to the Catholic. We are praying to the Lord in some way to help us in establishing such an institution in Reykjavik. We have two Icelandic sisters with medical training, and we hope that this important matter will have attention within a short time. When I consider the work in Iceland, surely I can say: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us;" and for the future my hope is in Him.

DAVID OSTLUND.

The Romance of Missions.

THE preconceived ideas of almost every missionary are likely to receive a rude shock when he reaches the mission field. The usual thought is that the heathen world is full of amiable people, eager to welcome the missionary and to lend themselves immediately to the carrying out of all the teaching with which the missionary is charged. A very brief experience easily upsets all this. The "heathen" are found to be as tenacious of all their beliefs and modes of thought and habits as others; nor are they always ready to admit the value of the strange missionary's message, nor to see why they should change their ways, derived from generations of revered ancestors. The missionary early learns that the taking of the heathen world for Christ is not a romantic gospel promenade, but a very serious piece of business, which taxes the utmost resources of the best endowed and most fitly prepared men and women through successive generations. Happy is that missionary who, when the mere romance of the foreign aspects of his work is staled by experience, falters no whit.—*Selected.*

Racial Hatred Among Christians.

"THE sorest evil in Turkey to-day," writes a missionary, "is the racial hatred that everywhere prevails between nominal Christians of different nationalities, but of the same religious rite." These nationalities belong to one faith, the Greek Orthodox Church, yet the Greek persecutes the Bulgarian, the Bulgarian retaliates upon the Servian, and the Servian upon the Rumanian, and the Rumanian upon the Greek, thus forming a circle of persecution and murder. This racial hatred puts a dark blot upon the name Christian, which it is hard for the missionary to remove. And yet it is being removed slowly and surely; for, says this missionary, "it has been my privilege to see Greek, Bulgarian, and Servian bow together in the same church and join in the praise of God in different languages, but with the same tune, and to regard each other as truly brethren."

"To go about doing good is the way to go about being good."



Worry.

ONE who could rid the world of worry would render greater service to the race than all of the inventors and discoverers that ever lived.

We pity ignorant savages who live in terror of their cruel gods, their demons which keep them in abject slavery, but we ourselves are the slaves of a demon which blasts our hopes, blights our happiness, casts its hideous shadow across all our pleasures, destroys our sleep; mars our health, and keeps us in misery most of our lives.

This monster dogs us from the cradle to the grave. There is no occasion so sacred but it is there. Unbidden it comes to the wedding and the funeral alike. It is at every reception, every banquet; it occupies a seat at every table.

No human intellect can estimate the unutterable havoc and ruin wrought by worry. It has forced genius to do the work of mediocrity; it has caused more failures, more broken hearts, more blasted hopes than any other one cause since the dawn of the world.

What have not men done under the pressure of worry! They have plunged into all sorts of vice; have become drunkards, drug fiends; have sold their very souls in their efforts to escape this monster.

Think of the homes which it has broken up; the ambitions it has ruined; the hopes and prospects it has blighted! Think of the suicide victims of this demon!

Yet, in spite of all the tragic evils that follow in its wake, a visitor from another world would get the impression that worry is one of our dearest, most helpful friends so closely do we hug it to ourselves and so loath are we to part from it.

Is it not unaccountable that people who know perfectly well that success and happiness both depend on keeping themselves in condition to get the most possible out of their energies should harbour in their minds the enemy of this very success and happiness? Is it not strange that they should form this habit of anticipating evils that will probably never come, when they know that anxiety and fretting will not only rob them of peace of mind and strength and ability to do their work, but also of precious years of life?

Many a strong man is tied down, like Gulliver, by Liliputians—bound hand and foot by the little worries and vexations he has never learned to conquer.

What would be thought of a business man who would keep in his service employees known to have been robbing him for years, stealing a little here and a little there every day? Yet one may be keeping in his mental business house, at the very source of his power, a thief infinitely worse than one who merely steals money or material things: a thief who robs him of energy, saps his vitality, and bankrupts him of all that makes life worth while.

We borrow trouble; endure all our lives the woe of crossing and recrossing bridges weeks and years before we come to them; do disagreeable tasks mentally over and over again before we reach them; anticipate our drudgery, and constantly suffer from the apprehension of terrible things that never happen.

I know women who never open a telegram without trembling, for they feel sure it will announce the death of a friend or some terrible disaster. If their children have gone for a sail or a picnic, they are never easy a moment during their absence; they work themselves into a fever of anxiety for fear that something will happen to them.

Many a mother fritters away more energy in useless frets and fears for her children, in nervous strain over this or that, than she uses for her daily routine of domestic work. She wonders why she is so exhausted at the close of the day, and never dreams that she has thrown away the greater part of her force.

Is it not strange that people will persist in allowing little worries, petty vexations, and unnecessary frictions to grind life away at such a fearful rate that old age stares them in the face in middle life? Look at the women who are shrivelled and shrunken and aged at thirty, not because of the hard work they have done, or the real troubles they have had, but because of habitual fretting, which has helped nobody, but has brought discord and unhappiness to their homes.

Somewhere I read of a worrying woman who made a list of the unfortunate events and happenings which she felt sure would come to pass, and be disastrous to her happiness and welfare. The list was lost, and to her amazement, when she recovered it, a long time afterwards, she found that not a single unfortunate experience in the whole catalogue of disastrous predictions had taken place.

Is not this a good suggestion for worriers? Write down everything which you think is going to turn out badly, and then put the list aside. You will be surprised to see what a small percentage of the doleful things ever come to pass.

It is a pitiable thing to see vigorous men and women, who have inherited godlike qualities and bear the impress of divinity, wearing anxious faces and filled with all sorts of fear and uncertainty, worrying about yesterday, to-day, to-morrow—everything imaginable.

In entering the city by train every morning, I notice business men with hard, tense expressions on their faces, leaning forward when the train approaches the station, as if they could hasten its progress and save time, many of them getting up from their seats and rushing toward the door several minutes before the train stops. Anxiety is in every movement; a hurried nervousness in their manner; and their hard, drawn countenances—all these are indications of an abnormal life.

Work kills no one, but worry has killed multitudes. It is not the doing of things which injures us so much as the dreading of them—not only performing them mentally over and over again, but anticipating something disagreeable in that performance.

Many of us approach an unpleasant task in much the same condition as a runner who begins his start such a long distance away, that by the time he reaches

his objective point—the ditch or the stream which is to test his agility—he is too exhausted to jump across.

Worry not only saps vitality and wastes energy, but it also seriously affects the quality of one's work. It cuts down ability. A man cannot get the same quality of efficiency into his work when his mind is troubled. The mental faculties must have perfect freedom before they will give out their best. A troubled brain cannot think clearly, vigorously, and logically. The attention cannot be concentrated with anything like the same force when the brain cells are poisoned with anxiety as when they are fed by pure blood and are clean and uncloudy. The blood of chronic worriers is vitiated with poisonous chemical substances and broken-down tissues, according to Professor Elmer Gates and other noted scientists, who have shown that the passions and the harmful emotions cause actual chemical changes in the secretions and generate poisonous substances in the body which are fatal to healthy growth and action.

The brain-cells are constantly bathed in the blood, from which they draw their nourishment, and when the blood is loaded with the poison of fear, worry, anger, hatred, or jealousy, the protoplasm of those delicate cells becomes hardened and very materially impaired.

The most pathetic effect of worry is its impairment of the thinking powers. It so clogs the brain and paralyses thought that the results of the worrier's work merely mock his ambition, and often lead to the drink or drug habit. Its continued friction robs the brain-cells of an opportunity to renew themselves; and so after awhile there is a breakdown of the nervous system, and then the worrier suffers from insomnia and other nervous ailments, and sometimes becomes hopelessly insane.

Anticipating a thing tends to bring it to us. Worry about disease is a disease producer. It is well known that many victims of the great plagues of history have been slain simply by fear and dread.

The digestive organs are extremely sensitive to worry, and when the digestion is interfered with the whole physical economy is thrown into disorder.

Worry and fear will not only whiten the hair, but will also cause premature baldness—a condition known as nervous baldness.

The longer the unfortunate picture which has caused trouble remains in the mind, the more thoroughly it becomes imbedded, and the more difficult it is to remove it; but as long as it is there it will continue its mischief.

Did you ever hear of any good coming to any human being from worry? Did it ever help anybody to better his condition! Does it not always—everywhere—do just the opposite by impairing the health, exhausting the vitality, lessening efficiency?

A great deal can be done to correct the causes of worry by keeping up the health standard. A good digestion, a clear conscience, and sound sleep kill a lot of trouble. Worry thrives best under abnormal conditions. It cannot get much of a hold on a man with a superb physique—a man who lives a clean, sane life. It thrives on the weak—those of low vitality.

You can kill worry thoughts easily when you know the antidote; and this you always have in your mind. You do not have to go to a drug store or a

physician for it. It is always with you—always ready. All you have to do is to substitute hope, courage, cheerfulness, serenity, for despondency, discouragement, pessimism, worry. *Opposite thoughts will not live together. The presence of one excludes the other.*—O. S. Marden, in *Success*.

Where Troubles Go.

A CROWD of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited.
He said: "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected,
Who weakly say good-bye to hope:
We go—where we're expected."
—Selected.

Fiery Coal or the Gospel in a Watermelon.

By F. A. Lorenz.

MOST of our readers have read or heard of some strange episode in far-away Russia. The writer of these lines had the fortune or misfortune to have been born in that country.

About thirty-five years ago, when I was a mere lad, a great religious awakening swept over the German villages of the Volga region in which my father, now deceased, was a prominent factor. In those days of despotic rule it was not an easy matter to serve one's God according to the dictates of his own conscience. When people were converted and left their sinful ways, persecution was their lot as sure as the daily bread.

By force of circumstances those villagers were, in a large measure, compelled to work together. One day a large number of people drove into the forest to cut wood, and father with his two oldest children was among them. It was quite a distance, and all the way up to the woods father had to endure their ridicule, mockery, and laughter. The children wept because of the injustice done their father, but he himself bore it all patiently, and tried to comfort them. A man by the name of Philip Weipert made himself prominent as the leader of the persecution.

After the destination was reached all went to work, but the scoffing at father's life and attitude did not cease, but instead grew more severe than ever. It was a hot, long summer day, with no breeze. As was the custom, each family took with them a small keg filled with water to quench their thirst. The hour went by, the water grew less, as the host of evil men kept up a constant fire of mockery against the only God-fearing man in their midst. Perspiration and drinking water were in constant evidence, and one keg after the other was emptied, with absolutely no prospect of getting any more in that forest. One person began to ask the other for water, but you know human nature is selfish, especially in a case of emergency. Finally father's arch-enemy, Philip Weipert, called in a loud tone: "People, if I don't get any water at once I will have to die!" At the conclusion of this desparate declaration a still small voice whispered to father: "Now is your opportune time." Father, standing erect and looking in the direction of Weipert,

called out to him: "Philip, I have no more water or I would share it with you, but I have yet in reserve a nice big watermelon; come over and I will cut it so that you may quench your thirst."

Philip stood like one thunderstruck; filled with amazement he stood aghast, seemingly unable to know what to say or do. Father with a smile on his face beckoned him to accept his invitation. Reluctantly Philip accepted the gracious offer, and thanked his benefactor a thousand times for the favour bestowed upon him. It is needless to say that the watermelon worked such a change in Philip that he became one of the warmest friends of him whom he formerly reviled against and persecuted.

"Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Rom. 12: 20.

THERE are in Paris many houses that are bathless. This is, of course, a great inconvenience to the inhabitants, and an ingenious Frenchman, realising this, goes through the streets with a bath outfit which he lets on hire to anyone who cares to pay the small fee of eighteen pence he demands, and, moreover, he supplies the necessary hot water.—*Popular Mechanics*.

£2,500,000 are thrown away every year in Germany by the poorer classes in the purchase of pernicious "penny dreadfuls," according to a statement just issued by the Durer Union, which is engaged in a campaign against the growing tendency in Germany to read trashy "literature." The secretary of the Union vouches that 8,000 established booksellers and 30,000 peddlers are engaged in selling sensational serials and books containing complete tales of a very low order. No fewer than 750,000,000 of these wretched "stories" have been sold in the course of a single year.

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Smile.

SMILE once in a while ;
 'Twill make your heart seem lighter.
 Smile once in a while ;
 'Twill make your pathway brighter.

Life's a mirror ; if we smile,
 Smiles come back to greet us,
 If we're frowning all the while,
 Frowns forever meet us.

—Selected.

Her Friend.

THERE is nothing like a staunch friend. At a "home" in the country which the children of the slums are allowed to visit for a short term in the summer the following incident occurred. A party of a hundred of the youngsters were on their way back to the city. The attendant noticed that one of the girls, Rosie, was walking clumsily.

When the attendant heard a chorus of gibes all aimed at little Rosie, she saw that the girl was wearing a pair of shoes of large size. Then the attendant remembered that Rosie had had a new pair of shoes, and the little girl was asked about it.

"Well," said Rosie, "you see, the shoes ain't mine. They're Katie's. I know they're awful big, but her mamma ain't had any work lately, so she couldn't buy her a new pair. She just gave her own shoes to Katie.

"Katie felt awful bad about it, and cried all the way to the station. The girls all laughed at her. So I just lent her my new ones and took hers.

"You see, teacher," said Rosie, raising her eyes to the attendant's face, "Katie's my friend."—Selected.

Natural or Cultivated Manners—Which Are Best?

By Beth Hall.

JOHN BLUNT is a good sort of fellow in his way. He is generous, outspoken, ready to do a good turn to his neighbours, and is fond of his home and children. But (there is a "but" in most of us) he has not what you may call cultivated manners. He comes into the house with loud step and voice; drops his heavy bluchers with a thud, whether everybody else is asleep or not, it's all the same to him. His nervous little wife objects feebly, but he thinks she has no spirit in her.

Round the table the little "Olive Branches" are quite a picture. Like their father, they do not lack originality, but when they have anything to say, and they have a good deal, they do not stop if anyone else is talking, but begin their little say in the middle of somebody else's say. If no one hears them they shout a little louder, so of course the biggest shouter gets the best hearing. The tablecloth is quite a picture for variety of colour, for in the exciting tongue contests, tea and coffee often get thrown over; and in passing things at the table John Blunt does not stand on ceremony; often he finds it more convenient to throw things than pass them. What if the jam and bread lands jam downwards on the cloth! It's only his way, and they ought to be thankful to get it any-

way, whether he teaches them to say "Thank you" or not. Mrs. Blunt, of course, has to wash the tablecloths. If she were a strong-minded woman, she would insist on him being more careful, but she is not, and evidently thinks "silence is the better (or easier) part of valour." But after all is it the easier way? Is not a woman queen in her own household? With gentleness and firmness should she not insist on order, for the well being of all her loved ones? What home can be happy without order? And what a delightful work to train children in the way they should go! But we say "Oh, never mind, it's only their way." Is it the best way, though? Is it Christ's way? One of His names is "Father." What a lot of comforting care the name conveys! Another name is "Husband," of which all true husbands are a type. The word signifies "house-band"—one who binds all parts of the house together with love.

We all have our own little ways, but Christ is working to bind us into a perfect family on earth that we may live with the perfect family in heaven. He is the great Master refiner taking us through the fire to remove the dross from our characters. We need to lose our "little ways," and adopt the Saviour's gentle, refined ways now, and so become one with Him. Where will bluntness, want of refinement, "saying what you think" whether it hurts others or not, come in in the real home? Gentleness is one of the fruits of the Spirit.

The Worth of the Morning.

I ADVISE no one to work at night, but to sleep when nature draws the curtain, and to rise with the birds. Give me only the five hours from five in the morning until ten, and I will have accomplished more with either hoe or pen than in a full day of hot sunshine, after a wasted morning.—E. P. Powell.

The Longest Words.

THE honours in English appear to rest between "antidisestablishmentarianism" and "honorificabilitudinitary," the former word scoring twenty-eight letters and ten syllables as against twenty-two letters and eleven syllables in the latter. Two other words, "disintellectualisation" and "incircumscribability," may be commended to police inspectors in search of fresh tests of sobriety, says the *Glasgow Herald*. These words are, of course, easily surpassed even in England by "isometricmonitronamidobenzonphtylamides" and other terms of scientific phraseology; while across the German Ocean are found innumerable instances of thirteen-syllabled words, such as "suelpaardelooszonderspoorwegpetroolyting," the Dutch for "motor car."—*Springfield Republican*.

"To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman."

THE character of the inmates of the house is shown by the order or lack of order exhibited in the backyard.

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PLANS for the new Grand Central station in New York have been completed. It will cost about £4,000,000.

THE deplorable accident in Sydney harbour by which fifteen bluejackets were drowned through the collision between the steamship *Dunmore* and a naval pinnace explains the fact that even in times of peace the men of the navy are engaged in a most dangerous occupation. At gun practice they are liable to be maimed or killed at any moment by an exploding gun. At sea they have to meet the common dangers which all men do who "go down to the sea in ships." Truly the daily work of our brave sailors is most perilous.

IT has been computed that in 1840 the production and consumption of coal in the United States amounted to a quarter of a ton per head for the entire population; in 1860 the ratio had risen to half a ton per head; in 1880 it was one ton; and in 1890 five tons. As the population itself was increasing enormously all this time, the increase in the amount of coal produced and consumed was, of course, vastly greater than these ratios per head would indicate. The increase has gone hand in hand with the growth of manufactures and industries.

THE French navy has recently begun experiments with the luminous shells employed for a year past in America. These shells have a hollow in the rear end containing fireworks powder, which is inflamed as the shell quits the gun, and leaves a luminous trail in the air, enabling the gunner at night to follow the course of his projectile, and determine whether or not it reaches its object. Without some device of this kind it is very difficult in firing over the sea in the darkness to ascertain whether the range is too long or too short. In the daytime a jet of water where the shell falls tells the story.

THE chief object of the Arctic expedition of Captain Mikkelsen, who recently returned to Copenhagen, was to settle the question whether there is land or a deep sea to the north of Alaska. In March of last year Captain Mikkelsen, Mr. Leffingwell, and the mate made a sledge expedition over the ice. Fifty miles from the coast they found crevices, through which they sounded to a depth of 2,640 feet without reaching bottom.

Sixty miles farther on the result was the same. Turning then toward the southeast, they found the edge of the continental shelf. The conclusion is that deep water exists north of Alaska, at least to a great distance.

"GENERAL BOOTH has returned from his tour in South Africa. He appeared to be very much worn by his travels and labours. The state of South Africa as a whole has greatly disturbed the General. He speaks of the prevalent depression and distress which is felt throughout the country, the complete want of confidence in any important improvement being effected, and, with some exceptions, the continued racial strife between British and Boers. The unemployment question is acute. 'What are we to do with the "poor whites"?' rang in his ears from one town to another. The native is taking the place of the white man. He works for less wages, and is frequently engaged to take the place of white men who have gone on strike. Large numbers of whites are emigrating, and 'if this goes on,' says the General, 'South Africa will be without a white working population.' The native problem is a grave one. Between the Zambesi and Cape Town, out of 10,000,000 people, 9,300,000 are natives. The Kaffir is growing in intelligence; he is unwittingly engaged in a conflict with the white man, wherein he beats him at the first encounter. The only way to deal with him is to civilise him, Christianise him, and befriend him."

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