

# SIGNS *of the* TIMES

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WORLD EVENTS  
IN THE LIGHT  
OF PROPHECY

Warburton, Victoria, September 12, 1938

## What Meaneth These Things?

Has the marvellous development of communications a place in the divine purpose?

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

THE striking fulfilment of the remarkable prophecy of Dan. 12: 4 in the developments and inventions of our time has been emphasized more than once in articles in this journal. Attention has been directed to the fact that the ancient prophecy which foretells a time when "knowledge shall be increased" points, with unerring accuracy, to the century in which we live.

There is a second feature of this prophecy of Daniel which doubly identifies the "time of the end." Daniel reports the angel Gabriel as

saying to him: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Here is another great sign that our day is "the time of the end."

### OUR RESTLESS AGE

THIS is a time of unparalleled travel. Going back and forth over the earth, "to and fro," are countless multitudes of people. Fast as the development of rapid transportation facilities has been, it has not been fast enough to accommodate all who desire to travel. Railways have penetrated everywhere. Steamship lines

are operated on all the seven seas. Motor-cars crowd the highways and city streets to the point of grave danger to life and limb. How to care for them, to provide space and room for them, to guide and control them in their swift passage, has become one of the most puzzling of civic problems. Aeroplanes roar over our heads, subways rumble under our feet.

On the earth, over the earth, under the earth, on the sea, over the sea, and under the sea, myriads are running to and fro, going here and there to the ends of the world, fulfilling the



International News Photo

Captain Donald C. T. Bennett, commander and pilot of the transatlantic "Pick-a-back" plane, the "Mercury," is shown on the craft's pontoon about to board an official Canadian launch manned by Customs men and members of the Royal Mounted Police. The "Mercury," launched from the back of its mother plane, the "Maia," at Foynes, Eire, crossed the Atlantic in twenty hours. We are truly living in an age of wonders.

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ancient word spoken twenty-five hundred years ago, and pointing with divine accuracy and infallible precision to this day of ours as "the time of the end," "the last time."

Go to any railway station, to any steamship terminus, to any flying field and watch the thousands, the tens of thousands, yes, the hundreds of thousands, coming in, going out, moving here and there, endlessly, night and day, hour after hour, through the weeks, and months, and years. The whole population of the earth seems to be in ceaseless motion, restlessly going from one place to another, crowding every conveyance, and continually calling for more speed.

#### HOW OUR GRANDPARENTS LIVED

ASSUREDLY this unparalleled running to and fro is a special characteristic of this particular time. Former generations did not travel as we do. Our grandfathers and grandmothers stayed at home. They did not run about. The whole period of their lives was spent in a narrow area. A few miles from home was the extent of their journeying. To travel a distance of a hundred miles to some large city, or visit some relative, such a trip as we would take and return from in a day, and think nothing of, to them was an event to be prepared for for months, and to be talked of afterward while life lasted. Their chief business was building the home. They stayed by it, and never wandered far from it.

Not so with the present generation. Home seems to be considered a place to leave, not to stay in. It is just a starting-point for somewhere else; a place in which to catch one's breath before hurrying to the next place.

Our forebears did not travel as we do. They did not want to. And if they had wanted to, they could not. They had no means of transportation such as we have.

#### IN ONE CENTURY

UP to a century and a quarter ago, when men travelled, they travelled in the same way and by the same method as Abraham journeyed from Ur of the Chaldees to the land of promise—on the back of some beast or in some primitive cart pulled by a domesticated animal. For thousands of years no other way of travel had been devised.

It has been in our own time that rapid transportation has had its astonishing development. We fail to see the wonder of it because we have grown so accustomed to it. We look up into the heavens, and see great airships passing from end to end of the continent or gliding over the thousands of miles of ocean; aeroplanes that leap across a continent in

a few hours, or that fly straight up toward heaven until they are beyond the reach of human vision; passenger planes that bind great cities and nations together by regular routes of travel; commercial airships for the transportation of merchandise.

We look on the water, and see gigantic ships with furniture and fittings surpassing the palaces of ancient emperors, containing people sufficient to populate small cities, and cleaving the waters with amazing speed, binding the continents together as never before.

We look on the earth, and see wonderful trains hurrying here and there, bearing tens of thousands of human beings from city to city, at a rate of speed which would have been incredible a few years ago. And we see motor-cars by the million, at rates of speed scarcely slower than the trains, bearing other multitudes wherever they choose to go.

### WHAT WILL A MAN PAY?

Josephine Cunningham Edwards

THE little lad had come into the neighbourhood house, and the kind house-mother had given him a tiny dynamo to play with. He wound it vigorously and delightedly with his left hand, then awkwardly let go the crank and moved it to a different spot with the same hand. "Are you left-handed, sonny?"

"No'm."

The little lad flushed and bent over the tiny dynamo, inspecting it minutely.

"Why don't you use your right hand, then?"

The woman bent forward, inspected the hand, and, seeing that it appeared normal, looked into the boy's face for an answer.

He looked up at her, his sensitive little features distressed.

"Ye see, ma'am," he said, "dad came home one night, and he was drunk. I got in his way, an' he hit me on the head with a hammer. W'en I 'come to,' my arm wouldn't work any more."

*That man gave his son's right arm for a drink of liquor.*

Cal Dickerson had dug and delved for fifty years that he might enjoy ease when he was old. He had bought an apartment house with his savings. The income on this was amply sufficient to keep himself and his wife to the end of their days in not only necessities, but also actual ease. But there had lain dormant in the man a very devil of thirst. One drink, after he had retired to take his ease, and the devil arose and devoured his sub-

And we know that under great cities, in the subways, and under broad rivers in the tubes and tunnels, are other hundreds of thousands hurrying about with restless energy all over the world.

It is all ordinary, so usual, indeed, that our sense of wonder no longer functions. We take it for granted. We are used to it. It seems as if it had always been going on.

#### A SIGN FROM HEAVEN

BUT, dear friend, it is unusual; it is extraordinary; it is amazing; it is wonderful. There never has been anything like it before. And it has a tremendous meaning, a meaning which you must not miss, which you must not lose, for your very soul. It marks this time. It is a special feature of this time; and this special feature of this time identifies our day with certainty as "the time of the end."

stance—not all at once, of course, but it all went. Now Cal is a broken and penniless old man; all he cares about is another drink.

*That man gave his security in his old age for a drink of liquor.*

Poor little thing! Her legs were as thin as mopsticks, and she looked more like forty than just four. That aged, patient look of pain and endurance would wring your heart. Her poor little stomach stuck out like a meal bag. Rickets, the doctor said.

When she had needed good food to build a child's body from a baby's tender frame, there was not food with which to do it. You see, when daddy got through at the tavern, there was no money left for oranges, or milk, or tomato juice. As for lettuce, or carrots, or celery—well, they were as inaccessible as the stars.

Now the little scrawny body is just waiting for the wee flicker of life to burn out.

*That father traded his little daughter's life for his liquor.*

What a man will pay for nought! Herod was willing to give away half his kingdom because of an immoral dance.

And in the shop of Satan, the sign, "No exchanges. All sales final," means just what it says. No washing of hands like Pilate's, no tears like Esau's, no vain, selfish regrets like Balaam's, can bring back to a man what he has traded to Satan for nought.

Indeed! What will a man give in exchange for his—liquor?





## What Is Christianity?

A LARGE and interesting correspondence has arisen from the publication in the Melbourne *Argus* of the definitions of Christianity given by a number of people in widely differing walks of life.

We will quote from only two of the many helpful letters that have been published. After stating his appreciation of the publication of the definitions of Christianity, Mr. E. Wallace Berger, Honorary Secretary of the Australian Auxiliary, South American Missionary Society, states:

"I sympathize with the difficulty of those questioned in expressing themselves, for while Christianity is as easy to recognize as life, it is as hard to define.

"The following, by Bishop Walter Carey, formerly of South Africa, may be of help to some of your readers: 'People tell you that Christianity is believing in Christ. I don't believe a word of it. The devils believe and tremble. Christianity means that you belong to Christ. He is yours; you are His. . . . That's why I am afraid of any system which wants to include you in itself, improve you as you, and generally ginger up your personality. I maintain that no ginging, no improvement of self, no piety, is the slightest use as long as self remains unsundered, un-given-away.'

Christianity is a life, a new life which has experienced conversion, and has had the whole of its purposes changed, and its direction altered, until it centres in Christ, and not in self. There is reciprocal possession—"I am His, and He is mine."

Another correspondent sent in one of the shortest yet most comprehensive definitions that we have seen: "Christianity is a faith to believe, a life to live, and a Person to love."

It is a faith to believe. The great foundation-truths revealed in the Word of God open to the mind of the prayerful reader the great vistas of the dim past in which the gospel plan was conceived, and of the future in which it will reach its climax. The love and fatherhood of God, the incarnation, life, atoning death, resurrection, ascension, intercession, and

second coming of Christ, the coming and work of the Holy Spirit, and the great doctrines of sin and its penalty, of repentance, righteousness by faith, the judgment, and eternal rewards—these make up the great system of truth upon which Christianity is founded.

It is a life to live. Not merely mental assent to its doctrines, but an inner harmony with them that is evidenced by the life, is a proof that a person belongs to Christ. The earthly life of Jesus, His complete dependence upon His Father, and His continual doing of His Father's will, is our example; His death set us free from the guilt and condemnation of sin; and His resurrection and the giving of the Holy Spirit give power to live the new life thus made possible. Provision has been made for a believer to live a life of victory over sin. The world is entitled to expect that Christians will so live. It is not the profession, but the life by which we will be judged.

It is a Person to love. It is not an abstract idea, but a Person, warm, human, and understanding. It is not as if the way were indicated, however clearly, and we were left to traverse it alone. But we may have the fellowship and the abiding presence of the Son of man all along the way. It is not "That is the way: walk ye in it," but "This is the way"; "I am the way"; "Lo, I am with you alway." With the fellowship of such a Person, the saints of old have sung in loathsome dungeons; they have gone to stoning, to the lions, to the stake with their faces alight and radiant with joy. And others, more obscure, whose names do not figure on the pages of history, have lived lives of love and beauty amidst poverty and hardship and petty persecution.

"The dear Lord's best interpreters  
Are humble human souls;  
The gospel of a life like His  
Is more than books or scrolls.

"From scheme and creed the light goes  
out;  
The saintly fact survives:  
The blessed Master none can doubt  
Revealed in human lives."

H.

## The Baseness of National Hatred

IT was Goethe who said: "National hatred is a curious thing. You will always find it strongest and most passionate on the lowest level of civilization. There is a stage where it disappears altogether, where, in a sense, we rise above the nations, and feel the joys and the sorrows of a neighbouring people as though they had come to our own."

It is well to think of these words written by the great German who died more than a hundred years ago, in these days when the spirit of intense nationalism is raising up seemingly insurmountable barriers between nations, and is engendering implacable hate for whole races of men.

That patriotism which leads to alienation and hatred is not something to be admired and applauded; it is not lofty, but base and unworthy of true humanity. That exclusiveness that teaches that all within a certain pale are right, and all who are outside it are wrong is essentially pagan. One of the basic features of paganism is that each race, each people, is self-contained. It has its own local gods, its own place of future bliss or torment, its own legends of its origin and early years.

Christianity is the antithesis of paganism. It knows no barriers of race or caste. It is above all these things, and shows its supremacy by appealing alike to all. The God of the Christian is the living God, who created the heavens and the earth, and who "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

There is no place in Christianity for the hatreds that arise from differences of race or of environment. The gospel commission ignores all such barriers. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

It is the Fatherhood of God that makes His children one. All the world around, Christians can meet together in fellowship and love, united by a tie stronger than the ties of blood. In Christ the enmities and antagonisms of fallen human nature sink into peace, for all belong to the household of God. This love and unity existing between those of differing races is but a prelude to the eternal peace and joy of eternity.



## Liberty of Conscience a Priceless Boon

ONE of the striking aspects of our times is the decline of liberty and the amount of intolerance and persecution that are much to the fore in various countries. A quarter century ago religious and civil liberty was in a more or less flourishing condition in enlightened countries, but what a tremendous change the past five or six years have brought about! Today we should rejoice in, and prize very highly, the civil and religious liberty that are enjoyed in the great British Empire.

The early Christians suffered persecution from the Jews and also from the Roman empire. There was the savage persecution, for instance, under the Roman Emperor Nero. And for centuries Christianity was notorious as an unlicensed religion in the Roman empire and branded in the capital of the world as being secretly and grossly criminal, and of being hostile to mankind. It suffered from popular charges of being atheism on the one hand, and immorality on the other. There was general persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and great persecution for ten years under the Emperor Diocletian.

But with apostasy in the Christian church a great deal of paganism crept in, and Christianity became popular with the state. As apostasy advanced, there was persecution by the state church of those who were true to the teachings of the Word of God, the Bible, and dissented from the church's doctrines.

The pages of history of the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages are badly stained with the ugly records of religious persecution. Our forefathers suffered much that we might have the religious and civil liberty that are enjoyed today. Never should their work and sacrifices for truth and freedom be forgotten.

It was religious persecution in the early seventeenth century, or in the reign of King James, the first of the Stuart kings, that drove the Puritans overseas and led to the voyage in the famous *Mayflower*, from Plymouth in Britain to Plymouth in New England,

of a company of men who were to be the pioneers of the American Republic.

After the calling of the Long Parliament in 1640, during the reign of Charles I, the principles of religious liberty were much discussed, and pamphlets alone ran into thousands. It was amidst this eager search for truth and in defence of its right to remain free and unfettered, that John Milton wrote in his "Areopagitica," in 1644:—

"Behold now this vast city! The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. . . . Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

It is said of Vane, of Edinburgh, by a contemporary, Richard Baxter, that he (Vane) made an "earnest plea for universal liberty of conscience, and against the magistrates intermeddling with religion."

But the cause of freedom had still to undergo many struggles. There was a great advance step, of much

importance, made by the English Act of Toleration of 1689. To us today it seems a narrow and grudging piece of legislation, and what freedom was granted was hampered with heavy conditions, but it was at least a great step from Tudor and Stuart despotism.

Then appeared the wonderful letters of John Locke, setting forth the great principles of toleration. Locke questioned the right of any magistrate to be religiously intolerant, and declared that no church should be allowed to prejudice another in civil things, nor any man be allowed to prejudice another outside his own church because they differed in religion. He declared that it was the magistrate's business to prevent all such injustice.

It was not in England, however, that legislative embodiment to the principles stated in Locke's letters on toleration, was first given. America preceded Britain in this direction, and when the United States Constitution was completed in 1791, by the addition of ten amendments, the first of these amendments commenced with the words: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof"—a very wise and important and great piece of legislation!

In the nineteenth century the cause of civil and religious liberty greatly advanced in England. In 1829 came the emancipation of Roman Catholics, and later the abolition of the slave trade, and later still the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews.

And now for long decades Britain and the other parts of the Empire have enjoyed a great measure of civil and religious freedom, something that is one of the most valuable things in the world today. The generation that, under the Union Jack, now en-

A delightful picture of the King, wearing kilts, and the Queen and the princesses, after their return to Aberdeen in August. Princess Margaret Rose listens intently as Lord Aberdeen explains to the royal family a picture which he presented to the Queen at Ballater, on the journey from Aberdeen to Balmoral. It shows Queen Victoria arriving almost a century ago. All should be grateful for the liberty enjoyed in the British Empire.

Keystone Photo







On the journey from Aberdeen to Balmoral in August, the King and Queen and their daughters broke their journey at Ballater, where the King, accompanied by Major G. Murray, with Lord Aberdeen shown behind, inspected a guard of honour of the 2nd Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders.

Topical Press Photo

joys full freedom to worship God as conscience dictates, has much to be thankful for!

But religious freedom in the world today is being imperilled. It is only right that its sacred principles should be loved and cherished, and it is well to take time to read the story of the great struggles for freedom in the past.

Religious freedom is safe only as the church keeps to its own realm, that of preaching the gospel and saving the souls of men, and the state keeps to its sphere of civil matters,

matters that lie between man and his fellow-man. The state has no right to invade the realm of conscience, or to seek to come between a man and his God. When the state interferes in affairs of conscience, or the church seeks to dominate the affairs of the state, and interfere with the religious rights of minorities, wrong principles are being followed, and persecution results.

Today freedom is being threatened in the world, and it is a wise thing always to remember that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." K.

## Strange Fear Possessing the World

IT sometimes looks as if the world were, for the present, under the dominion of evil spirits. One of the chief of these evil spirits is the spirit of fear. I know of no words that can describe better the world situation at the present than the familiar words, 'Men's hearts failing them for fear, . . . for the things that are coming on the earth.'

"There is the fear of the plans and policies of irresponsible governments in certain countries. There is the fear of those governments themselves for their own security, the danger of their being tempted to embark upon adventures to secure their hold upon other peoples. There is no greater need at the present time than to abate this spirit of fear."

These words of the Archbishop of Canterbury express clearly the extent to which the spirit of fear is ruling nations and individuals. Fear is one of the meaner motives. It distorts the judgment, undermines the reason,

and destroys the faith of those whose lives it dominates.

Fear is not the result, but the cause of the enormous war preparations now going on throughout the world. To find the cause of fear we must go deeper. Fear is born when the souls of men are separated from God. The strong sense of courage and assurance that makes it impossible for fear to live in the soul, is possible only in those who have laid hold on the infinite power of God. Man, earth-born and frail, cannot of himself reach the heights which he feels that he is destined to reach. He must reach upward and lay hold on a power above and beyond himself if he is to grow.

Separated from that which alone could enable him to reach his full height, man feels a dreadful realization of aloneness grip his soul. It is out of this loneliness of soul that fear is born. The future is uncertain, the present hedged about with difficulties, and in a panic-stricken effort to

ensure his own safety, man seeks by material things to allay the fear of his spiritual nature.

Fear can be cast out only by opening the heart to God. It must be met and conquered in the individual life before it can be cast from the church or the nation. When God is made supreme in the life, man can face the perils of the present and the uncertainties of the future with confidence and joy. Loving and trusting God, he has nothing to fear. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

The pages of history shine with examples of men and women who have proved these words true. Faced with death in its most fearful forms, they could look at it unafraid, and smile in the consciousness of inner victory. The presence of Christ within took away all fear.

In these days, when the whole world seems to be on the verge of a panic, the first effort of everyone should be to know that he is "strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man."

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Courage, strength, sympathy, sanity—these are the qualities of mind so much needed today. They can be found only by union with Christ. H.

## "Hero Poison"

A WARNING written by an athlete to young people is worth reading. He warns them to beware of "hero poison," composed of printer's ink which, "administered in the press to footballers, cricketers, tennis players, and golfers, gives them athlete's head and ruins them."

"You, my dear child," he writes, "are just an ordinary little chap, with no more than usual of courage and brains, who has developed a physical knack which, except for purposes of exercise, will be useless to you in after life. And even that pleasure will be lost if you get too good, because you won't have any fun playing afterwards except with top-notchers, who may not be available."



"Lug your footballs, son, practise your mashie shots until every one splits the pin, make your marks on the record books, but remember that your actual value to the world is much less than that of the carpenter who fixes our shelves or the plumber who stops our leaks."

The *Children's Newspaper*, commenting on these remarks of Paul Gallico, states:—

"How many young men are puffed up and doped by newspapers which first build them up as heroes and then drop them into obscurity! They are praised as gods for some accidental trick of spinning a cricket ball, or dribbling with their feet, or swinging at a golf ball, and thus led on a path of vanity which deprives them of all that is best and most balanced in life."

Games have their place as a healthy means of exercise for those who can get it in no other way. But the present tendency is to have vast crowds of thousands or tens of thousands watching two teams play. This is bad for the spectators, who would be much better employed playing themselves; and it is often bad for the players, who might be spoiled by the nation-wide, or even world-wide publicity given them.

This publicity gives a wrong emphasis to life, and creates a craving for more and yet more of it. The duties and tasks of daily life seem very dull and unimportant to one who has received the applause of thousands while he played.

H.

## PRAY ON

R. Hare

PRAY ON, dear heart, though clouds around thee gather,

And shadows wrap the dim and distant hills;

Pray on, there is a God above who ever listens,

And moves the changing vision as He wills.

Life's destinies are all too great, too many,  
Too weighty for a hand so weak as thine.

Pray on, and leave thy burden, with its greatness,

To rest upon the hand that is divine.

Pray on, the weakness that besets thy spirit  
Touches all things beneath the burning sun;

Angelic messengers from highest heaven  
Still watch, and noble victories may be won.

Pray on, pray on, dear heart, in grief or gladness,

For earth and heaven are joined by holy prayer;

Distance is naught to love that is eternal—  
The Father makes thy littleness His care.

# SIGNS of the TIMES

WORLD EVENTS  
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## Some Medical Opinions of Alcohol

**Y**EARS ago alcohol was looked upon by doctors as a great aid in the fighting against disease, but with scientific investigation and increasing knowledge, alcohol is no longer, in hospitals, regarded as it was. Whereas thirty or forty years ago, alcohol was freely used in hospitals, many patients being given doses of it often twice a day, now, in hospitals, the consumption of alcohol has been tremendously reduced. Instead of being an aid to life and health, alcohol was described by Dr. Arthur Evans, who was a surgeon to Westminster Hospital and to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, as "the ally of disease and death."

In a lecture setting forth reasons for abstaining from alcoholic liquors and beverages, Dr. David Bycroft, of England, urged children and young people not to in any way smudge the canvas of their lives by the use of alcohol. He said:—

"Children remind one of the artist with a plain canvas and a box of colours, who may at will paint a beautiful picture or smudge his canvas with paint so that the result is a horrid daub. To the young people present I would emphasize the responsibility each has to make his life and his character as beautiful as may be, so that it may do honour to the parents who have nurtured him, educated him, and cared for him. In strong drink we have a thing that is more likely than anything else to mar the beauty of the young life as it develops into manhood and womanhood. On this account I would plead with the youngest present to commence life properly and avoid alcohol."

He went on to say that alcohol is a poison, and to describe its poisonous and injurious effects upon the cells of the body. He said that alcohol produces "the gin drinker's liver," "the beer drinker's fatty heart," and the "spirit drinker's kidney," besides having injurious effects on the stomach and other parts of the body.

He pointed out how alcohol has destructive effects upon the "lipoid"

of the nervous system. Lipoid is a substance pervading all living matter, and particularly the nervous system. "Now," he said, "the action of even weak alcohol on 'lipoid' is to destroy it. In this destruction of 'lipoid' and the consequent deterioration of the tissues which ensues, lies the great danger of alcohol."

He pointed out how alcohol so poisons the cells of the body, that the body falls an easy prey to tuberculosis. "Whereas," he said, "a few years ago it was the common thing to give champagne or other alcoholic beverages in cases of consumption, we now realize, as a result of our newer researches, that the presence of even a small quantity of alcohol in the system helps to poison the cells, so that they fall a more ready prey to the tubercle bacillus."

## A BREWER INDICTS ALCOHOL

ONE of the most scathing indictments of the evil effects of liquor was voiced in the year 1855 by Mr. Buxton, a wealthy brewer, who was a member of the House of Commons. So great were the evil effects of alcohol that he had noticed, that he was constrained to state:—

"But, the fact is, that hundreds of thousands of our countrymen are daily sinking themselves into deeper misery, destroying their health, peace of mind, domestic comfort, and usefulness, and ruining every faculty of mind and body, from indulgence in this propensity. And then what multitudes do these suicides drag down with them! . . . There are at this moment half a million homes in the United Kingdom, where home happiness is never felt, owing to this cause alone. . . . For the children what home is there, amid ceaseless scenes and quarrelling, cursing, and blows, when, as Cassio says, 'It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath,' and the two devils together have driven from the house all that peace and sweetness which should be the moral atmosphere of the young."

This is also an accurate description



of the effects of alcohol today, for liquor still causes dire poverty, degradation, crime, wrecks manhood and degrades womanhood, and ruins the home.

Mr. Buxton went on to sum up as follows:—

"This vice is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of reason and will—soaking their brains with beer, or inflaming them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, and the library, and the church all united against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. . . . It is, in short, intoxication that fills our gaols. It is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums. And it is intoxication that fills our workhouses with poor. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England."

And he concluded his indictment by uttering some forceful and thought-provoking words that were afterwards quoted both by the great William Ewart Gladstone and by Joseph Chamberlain:—

"Nay, add together all the miseries generated in our times by war, famine, and pestilence, the three great scourges of mankind, and they do not exceed those that spring from this one calamity."

War has been described as hell, and all have read of the appalling effects of famine and pestilence, but war, famine, and pestilence together have

not scourged mankind so greatly as has alcohol.

#### A PROLIFIC CAUSE OF POVERTY, CRIME, ETC.

ALCOHOL is a prolific cause of crime, of poverty, of bodily and mental disease, physical degeneration, loss of efficiency, both individual and national, and of a great waste of human life. The Right Hon. John Burns, then President of the Local Government Board, once said that one of the Poor Law Medical Officers in London had stated to him that out of one hundred thousand paupers who had passed through his hands in five years only twenty were total abstainers. Alcohol is a prolific cause of poverty. It is a cause of disease, of physical degeneracy, and lowers individual, industrial, and national efficiency.

At the time of, and following, the South African War, the name of Sir Frederick Treves, the celebrated surgeon, was much to the fore. From his observations of the bad effects of alcohol upon soldiers in the war mentioned, Sir Frederick Treves became a decided opponent of alcohol. He said:—

"As a work-producer alcohol is exceedingly extravagant, and like all other extravagant measures leads to physical bankruptcy. I was, as you know, with the relief column which moved on Ladysmith. In that column of some thirty thousand men the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men, but the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled."

In an address in the city of Birmingham in 1876, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain spoke of the ruinous effects of liquor in the nation, and emphasized the need for temperance reform. He said:—

"Temperance reform lies at the bottom of all further political, social, and religious progress. Drink is the curse of the country. It ruins the fortunes, it injures the health, it destroys the lives of one in twenty of our population."

Later, in an address at Sheffield, he said:—

"If I could destroy tomorrow the desire for strong drink in the people of England, what changes should we see! We should see our taxes reduced by millions sterling. We should see our gaols and workhouses empty. We should see more lives saved in twelve months than are consumed in a century of brutal and savage war."

Alcohol irritates the delicate lining of the stomach and produces a condition known as gastric catarrh, which is a very common cause of indigestion. Taken on an empty stomach, alcohol

is more harmful than when taken with food. Commercial travellers and others who often take alcohol with their customers between meal times, are terrible sufferers from gastric catarrh and various liver troubles.

#### ALCOHOL LOWERS BODY RESISTANCE

ALCOHOL lessens endurance, increases fatigue, lessens resistance to cold, lowers the power to do brain work, and greatly decreases the resistance of the body to infectious diseases.

Sir William Osler, the celebrated doctor, pointed out that drunkards, when attacked by pneumonia, stand a very poor chance of recovery. He said: "It has long been known that habitual drunkards have a very small chance of recovery when attacked by pneumonia, and it is noted that the mortality among moderate drinkers is higher than among total abstainers." The mortality rate in pneumonia is much greater among moderate drinkers than among total abstainers, and more than twice as high among the intemperate than among moderate drinkers. "This fact," says Osler, "has long been known to life insurance companies as holding good for many diseases other than pneumonia."

Dr. Edward Dingley, the medical officer of West Bromwich Union, once stated that "alcohol is of use—

"To destroy health.

"To wreck homes.

"To rob a man or woman of their character.

"To dissipate property.

"To open a wide door to disease, especially tuberculosis.

"To deal out death."

And he added: "The speaker's personal testimony of forty years' total abstinence was that he never regretted it for one hour."

The evil nature and effects of liquor should be remembered at the No-Licence Poll in Victoria on October 8, when the people of the state have a priceless opportunity of dealing the iniquitous liquor trade a terrible and deadly blow. They have the opportunity of closing the bars of the hotels in Victoria; and while No-Licence is not Prohibition, still the sale and consumption of liquor will be controlled by the state, and, with the menace of the open bar removed, and control exercised over quantities of liquor allowed to enter Victoria from other states, naturally the amount of alcohol consumed will be greatly decreased and crime will consequently be greatly lessened. On October 8, our Victorian readers can do their fellow-men a good turn by voting "Yes" for No-Licence.

K.

### Oh, What a Saviour!

I HAVE a Saviour, He's precious to me,  
Rescued from sin now His beauty I see,  
He draws me closely by love so divine;  
Oh, what a Saviour—this Jesus of mine!

He left His Father, His kingdom, and  
wealth,  
Left all His glory and emptied Himself,  
Came as a servant in humility;  
Oh, what a Saviour is Jesus to me!

Lovingly working to bless all mankind,  
Healing the sin-sick, the maimed, halt, and  
blind,  
Living for others, He lived here for me;  
Oh, what a Saviour is Jesus to me!

Lo, I behold Him on Calvary's tree!  
That's why my Saviour is precious to me:  
He paid the ransom for my sin's great debt;  
Love so amazing I'll never forget.

Soon He is coming to welcome me home,  
Safe in His keeping I'll nevermore roam;  
Soon in His kingdom, with Him, I'll abide,  
Jesus my Saviour, my King, glorified.

—Stanley Combridge.



# PROPHECY SPEAKS

A RADIO ADDRESS DELIVERED OVER STATION 6KG, KALGOORLIE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, BY EVANGELIST H. G. DAVIS

THE theme I have chosen for our consideration this evening is contained in the title of our session, "Prophecy Speaks."

"Prophecy speaks" from the Book of books—the Bible.

"Prophecy speaks" a message prepared of God for our day.

Again, "prophecy speaks" to us not merely of fulfilled and fulfilling events, but words that edify, that comfort, and exhort.

Finally, "prophecy speaks" the love of God—that which remains eternal—in sentences prompted by the Spirit of heaven, in words more sure than the evidence of eye and ear.

Many who listen tonight will no doubt remember how Peter recalled his experience with Christ on the mount of transfiguration. James and John shared the privilege of that occasion. With their own eyes they had seen Christ glorified; with their own ears they had heard the voice of God proclaim Him as His beloved Son; but with the vivid recollection of that night still before him, Peter declared: "We have also a more sure Word of prophecy [more sure than the testimony of eyes and ears]; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn."

Continuing, Peter stated that "Prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Here he moves into line with a very emphatic statement made by another writer in this Book, who declares, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

These statements are definite on the point of the Bible's inspiration, but all men do not agree with them.

The question, therefore, is plain: Is it God-inspired, or man-inspired? Was it penned (as it claims) under the direction of the God of the universe? or have men conspired to write a book that would captivate the minds of others, and influence them to attain to the ideals set forth by these masters of the pen? These are serious questions; for if the former be true, then you and I must conform our daily conduct to its precepts and commands. On the other hand, if the latter be correct, then we have a per-

fect right to go in the way we choose and think best, regardless of consequence.

Which is correct? and accordingly, how must we act?

So much has been said against this book—the *inaccuracy* of its historical assertions; the *mistakes* of its writers; its *contradictory* statements; the *improbability* of its miracles—has it anything to say for itself? Is it open for questioning? Does it invite scrutiny?

## THE BIBLE INVITES SCRUTINY

THE statement made by the prophet Isaiah is indicative of the frank and open spirit of the Bible which invites investigation: "Come now, and let us reason together." Isa. 1:18.

Again we are told to "Search the Scriptures." No fear of scrutiny here, is there?

Of course we cannot examine all tonight. However, the One whom this Book claims as its Author has made up, as it were, a sample that we may assay, and, finding its value, accept or reject the whole parcel of ore accordingly.

If that be so, let us take that portion and test it—prove it. If it fails, the whole Book fails. If it stands the test, the whole Book stands, with its promises, precepts, and warnings!—for it all claims to come from the one Source.

I read in 1 Thess. 5:20, 21, "Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things."

And why?

For our answer we turn again to Isaiah, reading now in chapters 41, 46, and 44:—

"Produce your cause, saith the Lord; bring forth your strong reasons. . . . Let them bring them forth, and show us what shall happen: let them . . . declare us things for to come. Show the things that are to come hereafter."

"Remember the former things of old: for I am God, . . . and there is none like Me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done."

"Thus saith the Lord that made thee. . . . Who, as I, shall call, and shall declare . . . the things that are

coming, and shall come. . . . Ye are My witnesses." Isa. 41:21-23; 46:9, 10; 44:2, 7, 8.

Tonight you are invited to be witnesses—scanning the pages of history, proving whether or not the prophecies of the Bible have been fulfilled, and thus revealing whether or not it is inspired of God. Are you willing to make the test and abide by the result? In fact, "Ye are My witnesses," says the Lord.

Listen, for "prophecy speaks."

## BABYLON, IN PROPHECY AND IN HISTORY

"AND Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah." Isa. 13:19.

Babylon, magnificent in its pride, towering in its majesty, with walls several hundreds of feet in height enclosing its 225 square miles of city; its great palaces and temples towering yet above these; its hanging gardens and huge granaries—Babylon, seat of learning, of arts, and of industry, "the golden city"; but Babylon the oppressor, practiser of sorcery, magic, astrology, and debasing Chaldean mysteries!

What a fate awaited her! What calamity would overtake her!

"Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment, and an hissing, without an inhabitant." Jer. 51:37.

Today, "Babylon Halt"—only a signboard on the Basra-Bagdad railway, indicating a broad expanse of desolation.

"Nothing is now left but heaps of earth and fragments of brick," declares Mignan in his "Travels" (pages 199, 200); while Sir R. K. Porter and others describe it as, "a vast succession of mounds," "a great mass of ruined heaps," "uneven heaps of various sizes. The larger ruins have the appearance of irregular and misshapen hills; the lesser form a succession of little hillocks."

Truly, Babylon has "become heaps."

Let me relate an incident that happened in the life of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

At one time in Constantinople he was conversing with a colonel in the



Turkish army who had travelled extensively in the region of the river Euphrates.

"Were you ever in Babylon?" Dr. Hamlin asked.

"Why, yes," declared the colonel; "and that reminds me of a peculiar experience I had there. I had been told that the ruins of Babylon were infested with game, and being fond of sport, determined to enjoy a week in such a sportsman's paradise. For a large sum I engaged a sheik and his followers, and pitched camp, intending to spy out the land before darkness enveloped the ruins, and then to commence my sport. Upon returning to the camp just before sunset, imagine my surprise at finding the Arabs striking the tents. Nothing I could do, or say, or promise them, restrained them from their purpose. They would not remain. 'It isn't safe. No one dare stay here at night!'"

Money (think of it)—money unlimited was of no avail. The colonel's sport was ended, for they would not return till break of day.

When the colonel had finished his story, Dr. Hamlin produced his Bible and read in the thirteenth chapter of Isaiah, from which I have already quoted:—

"And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces." Isa. 13: 19-22.

"That's it, exactly," the officer replied; "but you're reading history."

"Oh, no!" the doctor returned, "that's prophecy—and from the Old Testament, too. As an educated man you know the Hebrew was translated into the Greek Septuagint about three hundred years before Christ, and was written many years before that."

"Yes."

"Well, now, that's not history, but prophecy, for Babylon was then in her glory."

Taken aback, the colonel was not then prepared to answer. But what a striking testimony to the truth of the prophetic Word!

Many another city of far less consequence has fallen and risen again, at least to the state of habitation—but not so Babylon. Prophecy speaks truly.

### THE FATE OF TYRE

WE think of the twin cities—Tyre and Sidon.

Of Sidon, Ezekiel prophesied pestilence and blood, "with the sword upon her on every side," but not utter extinction. Her history of recurring desolation and resurrection has abundantly fulfilled the prophet's word.

But Tyre—!

"Thou shalt be built no more." Eze. 26: 14.

"They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers; I will also scrape her dust from her."

"And they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water. . . . And I will make thee like the top of a rock: thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon; thou shalt be built no more." Eze. 26: 4, 12, 14.

Again we are witnesses to the complete fulfilment of the Word of God.

The mainland city having been overthrown by Nebuchadnezzar, the Tyrians changed the site to an island half a mile from the shore. Strongly fortified, it presented a definite barrier to the victorious march of Alexander the Great in the year 332 B.C.

Determined to overthrow the city, Alexander took from the original site its stones and its timber, making of

them a causeway, placing them "in the midst of the water."

Fireships sent against it during a fierce storm assisted in the break up of the mole; but nothing daunted, Alexander built a new and stronger structure, scraping from old Tyre her very dust in order to bind together the stones, thus leaving her "like the top of a rock."

The island city having been conquered, it gradually fell into decay, until now it but provides a shelter for a few fisher folk.

Tyre is now "a place to spread nets upon."

Prophecy has spoken again!

Listen, friends! We have barely touched the evidence of fulfilled and fulfilling prophecy, but may the thoughts presented help us to realize that when "prophecy speaks," it speaks truly.

Has God's Word stood the test? You can trust it, and, friends, you can trust Him, too.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." "There is no God else beside Me; a just God and a Saviour." Isa. 45: 22, 21. "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." Ps. 34: 8. May you find that blessing tonight.

## THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

ERNEST LLOYD

**A**FTER the day's work, she sat by the fire in her little kitchen.

Looking into the bright embers, she was able to see pictures of the past and of the future. Her past had been tragic. Again and again she lived through that terrible night twelve years ago when her only son had disappeared. She saw in the fire the events of that day when she learned that he had stolen money from his employer to pay some debts. No one knew the agony that she had then endured. The boy's father, an upright, God-fearing man whom death had snatched away too soon, had been the soul of honour. She had hoped that her boy would be like him.

Since the day on which she had made her heart-breaking discovery, she had received no word from her son. Yet with the tenacious faith of a mother, she was sure that he would return; she was even sure that he would clear his honour. That faith gave her the bright pictures she had of the future.

Every night for several years she poured out her soul in pleading to God. Every night she opened the

old family Bible at the story she knew by heart: "And when he came to himself, he said, . . . I will arise and go to my father."

One night a man, still young, stepped briskly from the train that stopped at the little station. He walked swiftly through the town to the widow's cottage. For one moment he paused at the door; then he knocked. The door opened, and mother and son stood looking at each other. Wonder, hope, recognition flashed in quick succession over her features. Then the young man cried out, "Mother, will you welcome me? I have brought back all the money I stole. I could not write or come till my honour was restored. Will you forgive me, mother?"

Then after a pause he spoke again. "And mother," he said, "I left home with a heart empty of Jesus. I have found Him, and He has brought me back to you." And then they were in each other's arms.

The old story had come true once more: "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."



# IN THE HOUR OF GOD'S JUDGMENT

Address given by Evangelist J. W. Kent from radio  
Station 2HR, West Maitland, N.S.W., on August 14

TO see an angel descending the skies with a trumpet-tongued announcement of the hour of God's judgment would be startling indeed. My address to you today gathers around just such a scene. It unfolds a prophecy of a wonderful message to be preached to all the world proclaiming the great judgment of God and the second advent of His Son. I will read the message: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come: and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." Rev. 14: 6, 7.

I am not saying that the hour of God's judgment is at hand, and that the advent is right before us, but God does. We must not forget that. Such a message grounds its authority not on man, nor on any body of men; it rests its assurance on the infallible Word of God.

Let us see what we can find out about that hour. May we know when it is due? What evidence is there to prove that? Let us examine the setting of the message.

As you know, an angel is the symbol of a messenger with a message. It is so used in Revelation. When God speaks of the work of nations with their warrings and bloodshed, He pictures them in prophecy under the symbol of ravenous beasts. Daniel 7, Revelation 13, and other lines of prophecy indicate this. But when God speaks of the gospel work He represents it under the symbol of an angel, power-girded and glory-clothed from heaven. This angel fitly symbolizes a messenger from God, flying through heaven to all the earth with the message of the judgment hour. We inquire, What message is this? It is the advent message, announcing the judgment of God and the second advent of Christ.

Before we examine the details of this prophecy, which we shall do in later addresses, let us look at the time of its setting. It speaks of the hour of God's judgment. That is time.

We shall see whether it is proper for us to know the time here indicated. To do this we will trace down several prophecies that will help us in determining when we may expect the hour of God's judgment to transpire.

In Isa. 21: 11, we read: "The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night?" Some commentators take Dumah as representing the world in this prophecy. The world is in darkness. Night, the night of sin, descended upon it when sin entered it. In that prophecy, the watchman is challenged by a burdened world, groping through the darkness: Watchman, what of the night? The watchman is the messenger of the Lord of hosts. Eze. 3: 17 proves this.

## THE CLOCK OF PROPHECY

THE watchman, as God's servant, should know where we are in earth's history. He has the clock of prophecy to guide him, and is thus able to answer such questions.

To one who did not know how to read time, the striking of a clock would mean only so much added noise. But to those who can tell the time, how different! Give a clock to a heathen and it would mean nothing to him at all but merely a ticking instrument of some kind. But to those who understand, the clock measures off how far through the night we have gone, and indicates when we can expect the morning.

It is that way with the clock of prophecy. The heathen or the

stranger to God does not know how to read it. To him it means nothing. They have never learned to tell the time thereby. They do not understand the warning it gives as it strikes the varied crisis hours through the long night of sin. They are in the darkness without a time guide.

In Isaiah's day, the world had passed through more than 3,000 years of the night of sin. Even then, in expectancy, eyes were longing for the morning. Watchman, what of the night? The repeated question rang out in the darkness. The answer is clear. "The morning cometh and also the night." How can the morning and the night be coming at the same time? When Christ comes, before Him will be gathered all nations. He places the righteous on His right hand and the wicked on the left. To His people He says: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Matt. 25: 34. It will be to them the morning of a blessed day. But those who have rejected Him are cast as unprofitable servants into outer darkness. "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Matt. 8: 12; 13: 41, 42. To them, the night will have come.

## KNOWING THE TIME

PAUL also speaks of knowing the time of this night of which we are speaking. He says: "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." Rom. 13: 11, 12.

Paul could read the clock of prophecy. "And that, knowing the time," he says. And again: "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." The apostle was sure that the long dark night of sin was slowly wearing away, and that the day of Christ's kingdom would surely dawn.

Speaking further of the times and seasons, Paul declares: "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." He was sure of that—sure





that the day of God was coming to many as a thief in the night. But to the believers it would not be so. They had a time guide in the night, and knew how to read it. It was the time stroke of warning prophecy. "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." Paul says that they had no need that he write unto them of the time. They knew it. They could read the clock of prophecy. 1 Thess. 5: 1-5.

This clock of prophecy is set by God's own hand, and regulated and cared for by Him. It will never mislead. As Paul says, the child of faith will never be in darkness while he heeds such a guide. Let me give you some interesting features by which we shall know from this clock of prophecy when the judgment hour has come, and the advent is near.

#### THE TIME OF THE END

IN Dan. 12: 4, we read: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." You will notice that Daniel speaks of time, the time of the end. Till that time of the end, his book should be closed. The reason for that is, the Book of Daniel gives evidence that pertains to the last days of earth. It did not apply to other ages. Its message was for the time of the end. At that time, its prophecies would be preached to the world. It is most significant that the advent message of the angel of Revelation 14, which we have already noticed, takes that Book of Daniel and unfolds its prophecies as signs of the second advent of Christ.

Permit me by way of making Dan. 12: 4 plain, to paraphrase it. Listen: "You must close your book, Daniel, and it will be opened at the time of the end. You will know the time of the end because many will be running to and fro, and knowledge will be increased."

"Many shall run to and fro." Need I labour the point? Through the long night of the ages, right up to within the past one hundred years, men, when they did travel, did so the way that all past generations to the dawn of time did it. By camel, horse, donkey, or mule, in a clumsy chariot, or by walking. He was a travelled man, fifty years ago, who went from one town to the next. Today, the world is on wheels, and men travel from world's end to world's end. A mile a minute is commonplace. The motor-car rushes through the distance, the railway train roars down the steel track, and the aeroplane flashes through the sky. In the days of our grandparents, London was six to eight or even more months

away. Now it is only three days removed from us. Yes, we know the time of the end. The clock of prophecy has struck the hour, and many are running to and fro.

"And knowledge shall be increased." One hundred and thirty-eight years ago there were no railway trains, no steamers, no motor-cars, no aeroplanes, no bicycles. How could men run to and fro? There were no telegraphs, no telephones, no radios. There were no kerosene lamps, no gas, no electricity. The home was a dark, cheerless place lighted by the fitful fire flame or the rush light immersed in tallow. There were no reapers and binders, no modern facilities in home or farm or shop. No electric sweepers, no vacuum cleaners, no sewing machines, and no farm implements save a wooden plough. There were no anaesthetics, no disinfectants. Surgery was an impossible thing, fraught with brutality, and unendurable.

Just one further illustration. I was in the north of this state in the rugged lonely mountains. I was the guest of a brave settler. As he came into the living room at 6 a.m. where he had graciously made me a resting-

place for the night, he turned on the radio. I heard a clock strike, and strike the hour. It was an hour and a half ahead of us. "Where is that?" I said. The announcer answered almost immediately, "Wellington, New Zealand." I had heard it strike many a time when I was under its tower, or in nearby streets. That was as far as the knowledge of its chimes would extend then. But now the knowledge of its striking was extended more than a thousand miles. Similarly, we hear Big Ben from far-away London. Our King speaks to us at his coronation, and again at the unveiling of the memorial at Villiers Bretteneux. Before the people at the rear of Westminster Abbey hear his voice, we, 10,000 or more miles away, hear him distinctly. By radio knowledge is being flashed the world around.

We have come to the hour of the end. The clock of prophecy has warned us of it. We know where we are with such a guide. That's the message which the angel of Rev. 14: 6, 7 is preaching today. It is the message of the judgment hour. May God give us ears to hear, and hearts to understand the hour in which we live.

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# Driving the Nation to Drink

How Liquor Interests Are Forcing the Bottle into the American Home

**I**N the latter part of 1929 we witnessed the beginning of a long and perilous depression. As wave after wave of economic disaster submerged us, we became more and more desperate and, like a drowning man, reached for a straw.

And there was liquor ready with the straw. The hour for which the arch-foe had waited was at hand.

In a struggle for material existence, we raised the dollar above the soul. Dollars were few after 1929. Yet we made those dollars fewer, so far as the substantial of life were concerned, when by repeal we invited their wastage of liquor.

We were told by our opponents that, with the repeal of Prohibition, moderation and temperance in drink would develop, and the evils due to liquor would lessen.

What happened?

Stocks of whisky in the United States at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937, amounted to 445,285,663 gallons.

This was 167,000,000 gallons more than were in the United States at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, the peak year in all our history for whisky stocks in existence. The amount of whisky in the United States last year was, therefore, an all-time high in American history. This indicates that a larger volume of consumption is anticipated by the liquor trade than ever before.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937, there were 437,380 retail liquor dealers in the United States as compared with 422,587 such dealers during the preceding fiscal year. This number of retail spirituous-liquor dealers and malt-liquor dealers for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937, was almost two and a half times the number of retail dealers in 1919, the year the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified. Retail liquor licences are now being issued in the proportion of about one for every 295 of our entire population. I have taken these figures as to production and consumption of liquors, number of retail liquor dealers, and licences from the records of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

It is estimated by *Editor and Publisher*, an established trade journal for the newspaper trade, in its edition of December 18, 1937, that in the four years of repeal since 1933 the sum of \$75,000,000 has been expended for promotion of alcoholic liquors in newspaper advertising

**Extracts from a speech before the Senate of the United States, January 15, 1938, by the Hon. Morris Shepard, of Texas**

alone, not including magazines and other periodicals, and not including radio advertising, billboards, and other forms of publicity. It is said, in the course of this estimate, that the liquor interests are seeking space in college publications, that National Advertising Service, Inc., New York, representing 876 college newspapers, has announced that 101 of these college papers now accept beer advertising, and that twenty-five of the leading ones take advertising for hard liquors.

So skilfully are these liquor ads devised and so alluringly presented that they may well account for one of the principal causes of the spread of the liquor evil.

By these and other means the liquor industry traps its victims. These ads, with their glowing descriptions, appear wherever it is hoped that they will be seen and read. The liquor industry uses modern methods to ensnare. What a commentary on a civilization confronted with a depressed agriculture and a struggling manufacture; with unemployment, technological and otherwise; with a third of the nation insufficiently housed and fed and clothed!

## LIFE'S EVENTIDE

R. Hare

You have seen a life with age coming on,  
With youth's bright hopes and prospects gone,

Whitened hair in sunset's glow,  
Soft footsteps moving to and fro;  
Seen it? Ah, yes, for by your side  
Millions walk down life's eventide.

You oft have heard some spirit sigh,  
With all life's promises gone by,  
Facing the shadow, where life's cross  
Stands evermore in saddened loss;  
Add not one sorrow to the gloom  
Awaiting one so near the tomb.

Maybe that life is lonely too,  
Friendship's sweet blessings passed from view.  
Sere leaves, where perfumed flowers once  
spread,  
With all ambition's glories dead;  
Tread softly past that life today—  
You walk along the selfsame way!

What a lack of balance in the national character! What a weakening of that moral fibre necessary to find new frontiers in a national economy! What a menace to a generation that is to follow us! We are all too prone to criticize the youth of today for its alleged freedom, its alleged lack of moral strength, little mindful of the fact that we ourselves are responsible for the conditions, the environments, the institutions, the habits and practices and temptations, that degrade and damn the innocent, the unsuspecting, the unthinking, the susceptible, and the immature.

Now what further has happened in connection with the liquor traffic since repeal?

There has been a steady increase since repeal in offences for which liquor is directly responsible. The ratio per hundred thousand of the population of those charged with intoxication was 102.6 per cent more in wet 1936 than in 1932, the last complete dry year. The ratio of arrests for driving while intoxicated was 48.7 greater in wet 1936 than in 1932, the last complete dry year. See Uniform Crime Reports, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice.

The average population of Federal penal institutions for the fiscal year 1937 was the highest in the history of the nation, and the number of commitments for violations of Federal liquor statutes had reached 5,390, an all-time high. See Annual Report of the Attorney General, United States, 1937.

The annual reports of the attorney general of the United States show that in 1927, under Prohibition, 26.1 per cent of the total commitments to Federal penal institutions were for violation of the liquor laws, that under repeal the percentage rose to 39.3 per cent in 1934, 51 per cent in 1935, 52 per cent in 1936, and 51 per cent in 1937.

It is my further conviction that the American people will not tolerate this evil much longer, and that we shall be called upon as Federal lawmakers once again to enact national legislation to eradicate the greatest social menace in the history of civilization—the traffic in beverage alcohol, a traffic that expends millions to keep the alcoholic lure alive. That traffic is going to such lengths as to make certain another fall.





## MY DADDY IS SELLING ME TO A BREWERY

**H**E SAYS he's sorry, but it's just got to be done! I asked: "Why?" and he said: "Well, men must have jobs, and they won't have jobs in breweries if nobody drinks beer!"

An' I said: "Do you want me to drink beer by and by, daddy? 'Cos, if you drink it, I ought to drink it too, oughtn't I?" That's just like selling me to the brewery as a customer for by and by, isn't it? An' daddy got cross and said: "You don't understand!"

An' I said "Yes, I do daddy! Yes, I'll be able to have 10 or 11 pots and knock a cyclist into the air with my motor-car, when I'm a real customer of the brewery, won't I, like the man in the paper did?"

An' daddy said: "My God, NO! I never thought of it that way!"

"So, daddy's not selling me to the brewery after all!"

**MEN!** Your boy will be the man of to-morrow. Taken—all in all—you know, don't you, that he'll have an infinitely better chance to make good if he's not a customer—maybe a victim—of the brewery!

**FUNDS WANTED:** Already the liquor interests boast of their £30,000,000—beer capitalised! **THEIR Fighting Fund!**

The temperance forces have nothing but the love and goodwill of the community upon which to draw for funds with which to defend

the boy, the girl, against the brewery.

Large donations needed! Small donations welcome! Please send to the General Secretary, Victorian Local Option Alliance, Kurrajong House, 175-177 Collins Street.

W.J.H. 579

Authorised by the VICTORIAN LOCAL OPTION ALLIANCE, COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE





## A LESSON FROM AN OLD BONE

Lora E. Clement

SOME time ago a new book was published giving reminiscences of the late Baroness Matilda Wrede, who devoted her long and useful life to helping the prisoners of Finland. Renouncing her title in early womanhood, together with wealth and everything else that might seem outwardly desirable, she literally "spent herself to the uttermost farthing" for these unfortunates.

One of the most impressive stories told in this arresting volume is that given under the title: "Nothing but an Old Bone Found in the Soup."

A "lifer" whom she visited whenever possible was a man who had found Christ as a personal Saviour under her guidance, and who earnestly desired that sin be entirely purged out of his heart. One day as their visit was ending, he surprised her by asking: "Would you lend me, miss, your brooch?" And as she hesitated: "Don't ask me why, but in an hour you shall have it back."

For years she had worn at the neck of her dress this silver shield. It was inscribed in Finnish with the words "*Anno ja Rauha*," meaning "Grace and Peace."

Wondering, but since it was her custom to accede to the wishes of her prisoner friends whenever possible, trusting, she placed her treasure in his hands. True to his promise, he returned it to her an hour later, with no explanation.

Some time passed before it was possible for her to call on him again. When she did he silently held out to her a brooch which was the exact replica of hers, apparently carved from ivory.

It was exquisitely beautiful, and she exclaimed in appreciation, then asked: "But where did you get the ivory? Is it *really* your work?"

"No, miss," he answered, "it is not ivory. Months ago I found a bone in the soup which was served to me, and I immediately thought to make a brooch of it for Miss Wrede. It has been in the sunshine for a long time, to dry out all the particles of grease.

Later I shaped it like yours." And then he added:—

"In the pot in which they cook soup for prisoners one seeks in vain for delicate morsels. Grant that this is a bone from an old cow. From it a prisoner has shaped a jewel for you. One can easily think of a life-sentenced person as an evil and worthless thing. But you have said that God in His goodness can deliver a man as bad as I have been. The sun of His love can consume all my sins as the power of sunshine has cleansed this bone. The thief on the cross accepted Jesus and was given assurance of a place in paradise. The Lord in His mercy has a place also for me in His kingdom, a great sinner, but a *pardoned* one."

Perhaps no one who reads these words is a criminal in the strictest sense of the term. But we are all sinners—every one of us. There is no question about this, for the good Book declares that "*all have sinned*."

What can we do about it? Nothing—*absolutely nothing*—in our own strength. But—

A young man just starting his career once travelled a long way for an interview with a certain distinguished scholar. Arrived, he was ushered into the study of the great man, and cordially greeted. But before taking the proffered seat, he asked a question.

"Doctor," he said, "I have come a long way to make just one inquiry. I see that the walls of your room here are lined with books from floor to ceiling. I suppose you have read them all. I know you have written many books. You have travelled the world over. It has doubtless been your privilege to hold intimate conversations with the world's greatest, its wisest men, its leaders of thought, its creators of opinion. Tell me, if you will, after all the years you have spent in study, out of all the things you have learned, *what is the best one thing worth knowing?*"

The great man's face flushed with emotion, and he placed a hand on each shoulder of his caller, as he re-

plied: "My dear lad, out of all the things I have learned there are *only two* lessons worth knowing. The first of these is, I AM A GREAT SINNER. The second is, JESUS CHRIST IS A GREAT SAVIOUR. In a knowledge of these two facts, as applied to my personal experience, lies all my happiness, and all my hope."

Oh, yes, friend o' mine, we are all sinners, and we all need saving, and there is just one way to be saved. What is that one way? Listen—

An experienced engineer once applied for a position in a factory engine room because he could get no employment on the railways. The manufacturer talked with the superintendent of the railway from which he had been dismissed, and found that his one great fault was love for strong drink. But in spite of this adverse report he was hired.

Weeks, months, passed, and the man who had been recommended as one who would work for five days and then be drunk for two had not swerved a hair's breadth from his duty.

Then one morning the engineer asked for a word with his employer. And this is what he said:—

"Thirty-five years ago I drank my first glass of liquor. For the last ten years, up to three months ago, no week has passed without a Saturday-night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold on me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulants were earnest. My employers once offered me £200 if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it. I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be saved from myself, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges, joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no avail. I could not stop drinking, and I knew it. When I came to work for you, I did not expect to stay a week. I was nearly done for. But now"—and the man's face lighted up—"I am *saved* from my cursed enemy!"

"And what is your remedy?" asked his employer.

The engineer turned and took up an open Bible and read: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Has this blood, shed for *you* on Calvary, washed away *your* sins? Is the sunshine of a risen Saviour's love shining into *your* heart, preparing it for His carving into a priceless treasure to adorn His crown?

If not, then—why not?





## JUDITH'S LESSON

Rosalind Brims

JUDITH was a little girl not quite eight years old. You know, just that age when little boys and girls like adventure.

This particular day on which this adventure happened was a school holiday. It was just after breakfast that Judith ran excitedly into the kitchen and tilted her head in such a manner that her mother just seemed to know that she was going to ask something.

"Mother, dear," she said in her best coaxing manner, "Bobbie Wilson up the road just told me now, that he and his new friend Jim are going down to the river this afternoon to have some real good fun fishing, and Bobbie asked me if I would like to go with them, so I came home to ask you if I may. Do say I can, mother."

Mother had already made up her mind about that.

"What, Judith, let you go down to that dangerous river with two boys not much older than yourself! Certainly not, dear."

The tears started to glisten in Judith's eyes as she seemed to see the exciting afternoon vanishing away. She stamped her foot on the floor. "I don't see why I can't go, I'm never allowed to go to the river without you or dad, and now, all I'll have to do this afternoon is play with silly old dolls, or read my books that I have read lots of times before."

"Well, you are not going, Judith; and go out and tell the boys so."

While going out the door a thought struck her. Why shouldn't she tell them she was going, and after dinner slip out when no one was looking. Yes, she would do that. The boys seemed quite pleased to hear that Judith was going, and arranged to meet her at the corner.

After dinner she seemed very willing to help mother wash the dishes, and when mother told her that she had to go out and see a lady, and would not be back for a while, Judith's heart leapt for joy—that would be her chance. So after mother

had gone, she went into the kitchen and got some cakes, picked up her coat, and ran up to the corner, where she met the two boys.

Off they went, talking excitedly about the fish they would bring home, and how they would paddle in one of the shallow parts of the river. They hadn't been walking long when they came to the place where they intended to spend the afternoon. Bob and Jim undid the fishing lines, gave one to Judith, and after throwing them in, prepared to wait until they got a bite. They laughed and joked and ate their cakes and sandwiches, and were quite hopeful, until they had been there for a while, then they decided to go for a paddle.

They were admiring some birds when suddenly and unexpectedly a gust of wind came, and before Judith could stop it, her hat was blowing in front of her. She ran after it, not watching where she was going, but just keeping her eyes on her hat, and so did not notice the steep slope to the water, down which she was running. She cried out that she could not stop, but to no avail, for the next thing she felt herself falling into the muddy water below.

How frightened she was! She cried, "Help! Help!" The boys ran to her as soon as they could, but could not do much, as neither could swim, and Judith was drifting out further and further.

Suddenly Bobbie picked up his fishing line, and tying it to Jim's, to make it stronger, threw it out to Judith, and tried to pull her in; but when she was half way in, the line snapped, and left them helpless.

They cried out again for help, but no one seemed to hear, and they were nearly giving up when a faint sound reached their ears, "All right, I am coming, hold on." To their relief they saw Judith's father running toward them. When he saw their plight, he jumped in and swam over to his little daughter, and was able to bring her to the bank. Judith never forgot that lesson, and when she felt

like being disobedient again, she thought of the time when she nearly lost her life through having her own way.

And so, girls and boys, I would like you always to remember that God gave us parents to instruct and guide us. It is not for children to instruct their parents.

## Bruce's Boarders

MRS. FOSTER was busy dusting her dining-room. She had a white cap over her hair, and wore a long apron. Knock, knock, knock went somebody's fingers on the door, and before she could whisk off her cap or say, "Come in," the door opened slowly.

"Who can be coming to see me so early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "Oh!" she said, as a fair, curly head presented itself, "it's Bruce Brown! Well, Bruce, what can I do for you today?"

"Mrs. Foster," said the child, bringing in a small tin plate, "won't you please, ma'am, save me your crumbs and apple cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" said Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, ma'am—the birds, you know. So many of them come now, since the snow, that I don't have enough to give them; so I thought I'd bring over my plate and get you to help me. I'll come back for it after dinner"; and the little boy was gone without waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the little tin plate went back and forth, and the birds flocked in larger numbers to the third-storey window. But Bruce's plan resulted in more than the birds' being fed—more than he knew of, as is the case with most plans for good.

"That boy has the right idea of helping," thought busy Mrs. Foster; "he gives all he can himself, and then he takes the trouble to get other people to help. Now there's Mrs. Irwin; she has enough cast-off things to set the poor O'Connors up in comfort. I'll just step over and ask for them."

"An old dress?" said Mrs. Irwin in a friendly tone; "why, to be sure, if you think that red dress that Mary has just laid aside would do any good!" And before the visit was over, Mrs. Foster had more than enough to make the whole O'Connor family happy.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds and collecting his crumbs, knowing no more than the birds of all this: but the heavenly Father, whose care is over all His creatures, smiled down upon the little boy.—*Sabbath School Missionary*.



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We send out no papers that have not been ordered; if persons receive the SIGNS OF THE TIMES without ordering, it is sent to them by some friend, and they will not be called upon to pay.

## AROUND THE WORLD

ACCORDING to a United States business magazine, 1,300,000 electric or dry shavers were bought by Americans last year at a cost of £4,000,000.

The progress indicated by these figures is said to be causing the makers of "wet shaving" apparatus some concern.

The amount spent by American wet-shavers in the year is put at £16,000,000—of which £10,000,000 goes on blades, £4,000,000 on soaps and creams, and about £1,000,000 each on razors and brushes.

THE Colombo Museum of Ceylon has received a collection of costly coconut shell cups, which illustrates that the shell of the coconut had been used for making precious ornamental cups in Europe since the Middle Ages.

One of the vessels is a rare Elizabethan jug, carved with three scenes from the Bible and mounted in finely engraved silver.

The first mention of coconut shell cups in Britain occurs in a Durham will of 1250. At the end of the Middle Ages their use was widespread, and eleven coconut shell cups appear in the inventory of the plate of Winchester College taken in the time of Henry VIII.

Their popularity was due to the belief that liquids drunk from them acquired medicinal properties.

THE newest thing in big buildings is the all-glass construction which provides for no windows, but which gives a maximum of light and the best-controlled ventilation at all times.

IN Japan where both rich and poor regard a daily bath as a sanitary necessity, workers were recently distressed when the Tokio Bathhouse Guild announced that in order to save fuel during the war the capital's 550 baths will herewith open at ten o'clock instead of five in the morning.

EVERY year about two hundred passengers travelling on British railways, stop trains by pulling the emergency communication cord.

In a great majority of cases they do this as a result of pain or distress caused by illness or accidents. In other cases, however, they incur the "penalty for improper use"—five pounds.

The most common of these offenders are persons who have boarded the wrong train or who have been carried past their station.

AS Big Ben tolled out the year 1937 from the high tower in Westminster in London, it marked the finale of one of its most accurate yearly periods. Only five times in the past twelve months had the mammoth clock been behind, and at that its greatest error was only one second.

Big Ben has been looking down on the English capital for eighty years. It marks the passing of every fifteen minutes with four chimes, and every hour it moves a hammer that strikes a thirteen-and-one-half ton bell.

Each of its four faces is twenty-three feet in diameter; its minute hands are fourteen feet long, and its striking mechanism is wound electrically.

APPROXIMATELY \$2,000,000,000 (£A500,000,000) a year is spent on public elementary and secondary education in the United States. Most of this expenditure is borne by states and localities.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

WE thankfully acknowledge the receipt of £2 from T. N. for mission work, and the Free Literature Fund.

## ADVENT RADIO CHURCHES

THE Sydney Advent Radio Church is now on the air from Station 2GB, Sydney, from 5.30 to 6 p.m., E.S.T., each Sunday.

THE Hunter Valley, Second Advent Radio Church will be on the air from West Maitland, New South Wales, with the Lochinvar Station 2HR, from 5 to 5.30 p.m. each Sunday.

THE Dubbo Advent Radio Church is heard from Station 2DU each Sunday at 6.30 p.m., E.S.T.

LISTEN in to the Advent Church each Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, E.S.T., from 3MA, Mildura.

THE Ayr S.D.A. Church broadcasts through Station 4AY, Ayr, the second Sunday every month from 7.30 p.m., to 8.30 p.m., E.S.T. 4AY is between 4QG and 4RK.

WEST AUSTRALIA now has its radio church. Listen in to 6KG, Kalgoorlie, each Sunday from 6 to 6.45 p.m. (8 to 8.45 p.m., E.S.T.).

TASMANIA's Prophetic News Broadcast, 7DY, Derby (214 metres—1,400 kilocycles), every Sunday, from 8.45 to 9 p.m.

## The beverage that refreshes You!

● You'll like Kwic-Bru, because it is so refreshing—you'll like it, too, because it is actually beneficial to health. No drugs, no harmful stimulants that could over-excite the nerves.

● Drink as many cups of delicious Kwic-Bru as you like—it can't interfere with digestion, or keep you awake at nights.

● And it's so easy to make! Just a half-teaspoonful of Kwic-Bru to a cup of boiling water with hot milk added.

● Sniff the fragrance that rises from the cup, then taste the delicious brew, and you'll say Kwic-Bru is the nicest drink you ever had!

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