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The King's Business.

A. W. Connor.

"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5: 20).

"See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.... from heaven" (Heb. 12: 25).

"This is the King's command, that all men everywhere

Repent and turn away from sin's seductive snare;

That all who will obey, with him shall reign for aye,

And that's my business for my King.

This is the message that I bring,

A message angels fain would sing;

'Oh, be ye reconciled,'

Thus saith my Lord and King,

'Oh, be ye reconciled to God.'

These words with their true gospel ring and the catchy tune that Charles Alexander and the great united mission set Melbourne whistling and singing, were running through my head. As the closing words kept repeating themselves, "Oh, be reconciled to God," and "And that's my business for my King," there came to me the solemn words of Hebrews 12: 25, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.... from heaven."

Sinai and Zion.

In his exhortation to follow holiness and peace, to run the race, and accept the discipline, the writer crowns his appeal with an extended comparison between Mount Sinai to which we have not come, and Mount Zion to which we have come. The fellowship and privileges of the same are enumerated and amply described, in contrast to those of Mount Sinai: by them are we laid under supreme obligation to steadfastness and fidelity. He represents "Mount Zion as attractive and encouraging, in opposition to the terror inspired by Mount Sinai; and yet as imposing obligations even more solemn and urgent than those imposed by the solemnities of Horeb. If they escaped not, much less shall we! We have more to answer for than they." The leading thought to which all else is subservient is that the responsibility of refusing the message of redemption in Christ is very great. The gospel of salvation, with its claims, com-

mands, promises and obligations, is the message of the King. "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." Let us consider briefly—

The divine Messenger.

I. *Him that speaketh.* (1) *The speaker* is Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant. "God in these last days has spoken unto us through his Son" (Heb. 1: 1-4). Greater than angel, than Moses, than all created beings. This speaker has the "words of eternal life." He is "the Way, the Truth, the Life." He not only speaks the truth: he is the truth. In all things he himself and he alone has the pre-eminence. On the mount of transfiguration the voice from the excellent glory in the presence of Moses and Elias gave forth the oracle which is the counterpart of our text—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye him" (Matt. 17: 5). Refusing to hear him, to whom can we go? (2) *Speaketh.* How? Where? He has spoken "from heaven." Through prophets of old he spake from heaven (1 Peter 1: 11). As the Word made flesh and dwelling among us he spake as heaven's messenger (John 1: 1-5). Since his ascension to heaven he continues to speak through the apostles' word, and surely will he speak again on the earth when he shall return from heaven (Acts 1: 11). What he shall say to us then will depend on whether we now accept his word or "refuse him that speaketh." Beware! (3) *His motive* in speaking is his love for man. This love has been proved on the cross of shame where he hung for us. He has the right to speak if love gives such a right. Will we not let him speak to our hearts? Will we not obey his word?

The Message of the King.

II. *The message.* Wonderful beyond all power of telling. Let us glance in outline at his messages. (1) *Sin.* Its power; its deceitfulness; its destructiveness. "All have sinned." "The wages of sin is death." In his life and in his words are searching revelations of sin and its consequences. But in the cross is fully revealed its true nature and essence. His word is, "Repent and turn from sin to God" (Luke 13: 3). (2)

Salvation. Good news of life. Men need not perish; all may live, for Christ has died. It is the proclamation of an enduring salvation. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." It is a good word, a needed word (John 3: 16). (3) *Surrender.* To find salvation from sin our lives must be surrendered to him. "Come, take up the cross, and follow me." Peace and pardon, life and joy, wait the yielding of our life and soul unto the Lord who bought us (Matt. 16: 24-26). (4) *Service.* The saved soul becomes a serving soul. His message to men is a call to service. "If any man serve me, let him follow me" (John 12: 26). He himself and his saving name become the inspiration of a life of holy service for God and man. His word is a call to service. "The Master is come and calleth for thee." (5) *Separation.* For those who, loving sin, refuse to surrender to the King, there is a word of separation. "Ye shall die in your sins, and where I am ye cannot come." "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned" (Mark 16: 16). "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." "This is the King's message."

Excusing ourselves.

III. *The Great Refusal.* Literally, "excusing ourselves from." Our refusal of salvation consists in (1) *Unbelief.* Rejection of Jesus as the divine Son, and a needed Saviour. Yet is there "no other name given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4: 12; John 20: 31). (2) *Impenitence.* This is the King's command, that "all men everywhere repent" (Acts 17: 30). "Repent and turn, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3: 19). Impenitence condemns to death. (3) *Disobedience.* The good news is preached unto all "for the obedience of faith." The initial obedience demands open confession of Jesus (Rom. 10: 9, 10). You are required to obey the King in baptism. "Repent and be baptised" (Acts 2: 38). Do you say, "Is it essential?" It is the King's command (Matt. 28: 18-20). Will you reject his royal word? (4) *Procrastination.* You refuse by saying, "Go thy way," softening the refusal by "for this time." "Yes," you

say, "it is true, and some day I will." You reply to Christ's loving entreaty, "Give me thy heart," with, "Not now, but by-and-bye," while the King's message thunders in your ears, "Now! Now! Now! not by-and-bye."

See that ye refuse not.

Will you still refuse? This is "the King's business." Yes, beloved unsaved one; he has spoken in *wondrous love* in the sacrificial blood shed for you; in *tender appeal* and *loving entreaty* in the words of life that he spake. His word of *mercy*, through the apostles, ushered in the reign of grace. Time and time again has his message reached your heart. You have

hardened it against him. His voice is merciful. "I will give you rest." "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." Yes, he has spoken, speaks still, and yet again, with a voice that shall shake the heaven and earth, will speak. That voice will usher in the "kingdom yet to be," and proclaim eternal salvation to the humble acceptor, and destruction to those that "obey not the gospel" (2 Thess. 1: 8).

"Oh, be ye reconciled,"

Thus saith my Lord and King;

"Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

"This is the King's message." "See that ye refuse not." "Hear ye him."

Night in a Great City.

A. J. Saunders.

To one who loves quietness and time for reading and meditation, how favorable is the country! There one can enjoy life in undistracted peace, and night time is when the soul-life is fed and grows. Let us read again Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night."

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He waxes a portion with judicious care;
And, 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.

But how different in a large modern city! Night time is the harvest for the burglar, the hold-up, the desperado, and the dog. But night time also is the golden opportunity for the rescue worker—that saviour, that angel of mercy of our great cities. The more I travel and see and learn, the more am I convinced that our men and religious workers who are to do successful city Christian work must graduate, in addition to intellectual equipment, from city mission societies. As well may we take a farmer and expect him to steer a ship through the raging storm of the sea as to take a young man from the country, be his education and devotion never so good, and expect him to meet and solve the problems of a great and exacting city work.

Sin and shame.

In a city like Chicago night is a time for angels to weep, but for Christians to work. We have a red light district, and it is said that twelve hundred girls from the large business houses of the city go down there every Saturday night to augment their scanty earnings with miserable rewards from a life of shame. There are seven thousand saloons defacing our streets; seven agencies pulling down to one—the churches, trying to lift up. Here is one of

the greatest fields in all the world for Christian, social and philanthropic work.

Of course you say, Why don't the Christian people get to work? They are at work, and working nobly; but they need more and yet more men and money. On last New Year's night ten thousand people thronged the great coliseum, and remained for four hours in prayer, in song, in testimony for the regeneration of the city. And when 1909 was struck the prayer in every heart was:

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The gateway to hell.

The White Cross Midnight Missionary Association is doing a magnificent work. Clarkson, Wakefield and Kim—the midnight trio, and many helpers, are saving scores from utter destruction. Some notable rescues have been effected. The gospel raises even in the red light districts. It is pathetic to think of the many who come from quiet, happy homes to the great cities to see life and make their fortune, and in one short year to find the dream a nightmare, the vision a deception, and the city the gateway to hell.

Socialised Christianity.

I write this not to expose our shame. Melbourne, Sydney, Perth, are reeking with the same sins. And every city worker is face to face with these awful conditions of our modern city life. Salvation of society by way of the individual is the watchword as we enter the second century of our work. Christianity has to do with the white slave traffic; it must solve the liquor problem; that man has rights, and that man is my brother, and as a Christian I must help him in his labor troubles. Justice, purity, and brotherhood are coming into the content of Christianity. In a word, Christianity is being socialised.

There is another rescue in Chicago, which has become famous—the Pacific Garden Mission. It was founded some twenty-five years ago by Colonel Clark in a notorious down-town district. It is a sight to linger in one's mind for many years to see that hall fill with poor, outcast, drunken men and fallen women. Meetings are held every evening, and there are conversions at every service. Mrs. Clark still lives, and is one of the chief personal workers. She is said not to have missed one service in fifteen years. Many a boy has been rescued and sent home to loving and anxious hearts. The constant thought is, this poor, fallen boy is

"Somebody's child, out in the wild,
Strayed from the old home away;
Loved ones are there pleading in prayer,
Pleading for him all the day."

Snatched from the burning.

Harry Monroe is the present soul of the mission. He is but a young fellow—a converted gambler—but his crown shall sparkle with many gems. One night I spoke to him, and said I came from Australia. "Oh," he said, "did you meet Charlie there?" He meant Chas. M. Alexander. Alexander has often sung in this mission. In fact it was here he began his work. The great Moody preached here in the early days. Torrey has spoken again and again in this mission. Some years ago there wandered into the hall a young man—drunk. He was famous in the athletic field. He was the fastest between-bases runner that Chicago ever produced. He was an honored member of the champion baseball team. But that night his heart was touched, his life was changed, he was truly and permanently converted. To-day he is one of the greatest evangelists of this country. Billy Sunday is teaching and leading to a better life more men than any other preacher in the field. He preaches with as much zeal as he would show if he were playing ball. In hot weather, when he becomes uncomfortable, off goes his coat. That is soon followed by his vest. He tugs at his collar and tie, and they soon are cast aside. When Billy is after souls he means business.

A mother of missions.

The Pacific Garden has become the mother of missions. She converts the men, and they go out to establish missions in other cities. Dick Love, with fifty years of criminal record, is one convert. Melville Trotter has a successful mission in Grand Rapids. Starr has a fine, growing work in St. Louis. And so these men with a new heart and a consuming passion are multiplying and perpetuating this divine work of salvation. This old world with all its sin is after all a place of great men with large, loving hearts engaged in the work of the kingdom of God.

Men—redeemed men, big hearted noble men, men into whose hearts the cry of

humanity has entered with irresistible force, is the need of our cities to-day. Shall gold rule, and our hearts, our sympathies, our love become hard and dry like the famine districts of India, or shall the Christ reign and save? Men; business men, Christian men, must answer this question, for therein lies the solution of the problems of our modern city life.

Letter from South Australia.

After conducting a mission at Narracoorte, I paid a visit to Mount Gambier, which I left nearly 36 years ago. This is one of the most attractive portions of the State; it is well called "the garden of South Australia." Situated in the south-east, about 300 miles from Adelaide, and not far from the Victorian border, it is out of the route of the ordinary traveller between Adelaide and Melbourne, but its special beauties attract a number of tourists. The mount itself was once an active volcano, and the immense craters in its centre give some idea of what it must have been in the days of its eruption. There are four lakes, the largest of which is the celebrated Blue Lake. Walking up a gentle rise, you look suddenly down a great hole nearly a mile in diameter. At a depth of from 200 to 250 feet from the top lies the water, and so steep and precipitous are the banks that it is only accessible in two or three spots. In places the rugged rocks are perpendicular or overhang the placid water. This is the reservoir for the prosperous town, a pumping station providing an exhaustless supply of the purest fluid. The rich volcanic soil for a few miles in each direction produces enormous crops of wheat, oats, potatoes, onions, etc., and the district is consequently in a thriving state.

Early days.

On the eastern slope of the Blue Lake hill my father had a farm in the days of my boyhood, and here three years of my child life were spent. Returning to Adelaide when I was twelve, I came back to the mount when I was fifteen, and remained five years. It was during this time that I first began to preach. A meeting that had been commenced by Bro. and Sister C. Clark and my father, mother and brother over 45 years ago had kept going after our removal to Adelaide, and when I returned 41 years ago I made the fifth member. After a while the number increased, and finally we rented a little old disused chapel in Claraville and commenced public services. Not one of us had ever preached in public, but the time had come when it was necessary, and I was pressed into the work with three others, all much older. Indeed I was then under eighteen. How well I remember that first sermon on "What Must I do to be Saved?" I worked at it for some weeks, finally wrote it out in full, learned it by heart, and recited it to quite

a fair congregation. The four of us met one night every week, when the three hearers criticised the preacher of the previous Sunday night. Some of the criticisms were very severe. I'm afraid I deserved all I got, but it was sometimes depressing. When I left Mt. Gambier in 1873, there was a warm united church of at least 50 or 60 members. For some time it prospered, and then trouble came, and finally after a chequered existence of many years the brethren ceased to meet. This was largely owing to the removal of workers, the leading brethren, including Bro. Clark himself, leaving the district. Among the early members were Bro. and Sister C. Mackenzie, and when F. E. Thomas, of Narracoorte, and I went there they gave us a hearty welcome, entertained us most hospitably for the three days we were able to stay, and Bro. Mac. drove us out every day to view the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

A fine district.

While in the Mount, I visited several who had at some time been connected with the church either there or elsewhere. I have the names of eighteen, and heard of eight others. Many of these are now associated with other bodies, and even if a church were formed, would not be prepared to unite with it, at all events not for a while; but there are not wanting those, including our host and hostess, who would rejoice to see the banner of primitive Christianity floating once more in the town. Halls are available for a nominal rental, and with a suitable leader the work could be revived readily. But to do any permanent good it would be requisite to place a suitable evangelist in the field and keep him there. It is so long since any public effort was made that the plea we present is practically unknown in that flourishing district of about 8000 people. I sincerely hope the day is not far distant when this will no longer be true.

S.A. Conference.

Our State Conference is always held in September, and arrangements are being made. A difficulty in Adelaide is the scarcity of suitable buildings to hold our large meetings in. I hear a whisper of the possibility of the Grote-st. church some day erecting a much larger and more up-to-date building, and when this is done the difficulty may be overcome. In the meanwhile, however, we must fall back on the huge Exhibition Building, and it has been secured for a united Sunday School demonstration on the Lord's day afternoon. On Monday and Tuesday nights, Home and Foreign Mission meetings will be held in the same place. As it is otherwise engaged on Wednesday and Thursday nights, meetings will be held on those evenings in the Grote-st. chapel. The Baptists meet in Annual Session the same week, and acting on the suggestion of the Baptist president last year, arrangements have been made

for a great united meeting of the Christians called Baptists and the baptised believers called Christians, to be held in the Exhibition Building on Friday night. This should prove a most interesting gathering, and a demonstration of hearty sympathy, as well as of the influence of the two great immersionist bodies. It seems to me that in Adelaide at least, the Baptist brethren are getting rid of the absurd idea still held in some quarters that we preach baptismal regeneration and deny the work of the Holy Spirit.

Chapman mission.

The Adelaide churches are preparing for the visit of Messrs. Chapman, Alexander and their party. A simultaneous mission is commencing in the city and suburbs on the fifth, to last to the fifteenth, when the central mission will commence. Great results are anticipated, and we trust that the churches pleading for a restoration of the primitive Christianity will share in the general prosperity.

Foreign Missions.

At a united Foreign Mission rally in Grote-st. chapel on Wednesday night, it was stated that the F.M. receipts for the year which ended that night in this State were about £570, that is about £136 more than last year. At this rate we ought to be able to raise the £650 we are asked for this year. The average was only a fraction over 2/6 per member. This is not bad compared with other States, but not very good compared with the needs of the fields and the amount spent on the gratification of our own desires.

Mile End, July 2.

D. A. EWEES.

God's promises were never meant to ferry our laziness like a boat; they are to be rowed by our oars.—H. W. Beecher.

It is to the stoop of the soul that sin comes. Let it be upright, kept fast by its integrity, and there is never danger, never harm.—J. F. W. Ware.

Let us consider that all law is not in the hand of Giant Despair. Who knows but that God who made the world may cause that Giant Despair may die.—Burian.

Worldly hopes are not living but lying hopes; they die often before us and we live to bury them and see our own folly and infelicity in trusting to them, but at the utmost they die with us when we die and can accompany us no farther. But the lively hope, which is the Christian's portion, answers expectation to the full; clouds shall scatter, the fetters fall. The world dares say no more for its device than *dum spiro spero* (whilst I breathe I hope), but the children of God can add, by virtue of this living hope, *dum exspiro spero* (whilst I die I hope).—Leighton.

Character: Its Value and how Obtained.

William Charlick.

There are different kinds of character; but I propose to deal only with what we understand as good character, *i.e.*, good qualities possessed and exercised by any person. Of these good qualities the following may be regarded as essential and most important:—Truth, honesty, obedience, justice, industry, courage, humility, peacefulness, purity, mercy, courtesy, hospitality, energy, patience, and self-control.

A big programme.

No doubt some honorable member will here mentally ejaculate, "This is a big programme," and will cast about in his mind to try and fit some one of his acquaintance who "fills the bill," and may probably conclude that many have *some* of those qualities, but not *all*, or rather, not *all perfectly*. This conclusion I am ready to admit as correct, because experience has shown that in every man there is a counteracting tendency to error and evil, which often mars the excellency of one or more qualities which most men, shall I say, good men, strive for. Two hundred years ago, Alexander Pope, in his essay on "Man," put it thus:—

"Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic's side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused."

I think you will agree with me that at the present day men still retain a striking likeness to those of Pope's time. Notwithstanding this weakness, however, we have only to reflect for a few moments on our personal knowledge of men whom we have met and known, and we will, I think, remember one or more men who did possess in a large measure those qualities of good character which have distinguished them from ordinary men. The exercise of the qualities named is specially beneficent to others, as well as ennobling to the possessor, and if he be a Christian man, he is fulfilling the kernel of the teaching of Jesus Christ, wherein he says, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

The value of character.

The value of good character is best seen when in contrast to bad. In a world wherein is the blackness of doubt, deceit, and lying, the virtues of faith and truth shine as stars of magnitude. In a world where dishonesty, corruption and fraud bring ruin, disaster and misery, the vir-

tues of hope, honesty and justice beget confidence, trust and happiness. In a land where idleness, lawlessness and immorality are prevalent, the virtues of industry, law-abiding and purity are a standing rebuke and example for better things to the people thereof. And in a land where pride, disorder and cruelty are manifested, there the virtues of humility, patience, mercy and self-control show forth as the reflection from the face of God, revealing the abject worthlessness of the former and the grandeur of the latter qualities, which we believe must ultimately in the end triumph—good over evil.

A national asset.

If the contrasts I have just drawn are correct, then it follows that the presence of men and women of good character is of great value to the country in which they live, and make for national good and the common welfare. We have only to turn to our own nation, and ask ourselves, "What would England have been, were it not for her grand men and women of good character, who from every rank in life, and varying capacity, and great diversity of gifts and ability, and in every walk of life, have contributed their quota in building and moulding a mighty nation, blessed of God, which has placed her foremost in the march of liberty, progress, justice, commerce, science, benevolence, religion and colonisation. As in the nation, so in the city, village or neighborhood—men who are honest are trusted; truthful, are believed; industrious, are imitated or perchance envied; law-abiding, are honored; courageous, are admired; patient and peaceful, are beloved; courteous, are praised by their neighbors, and they well deserve it.

A long process.

The good qualities of character are not born in a man or woman, although often certain gifts of temperament, mental and physical, which are inherited at birth, assist materially, and more fully beautify the character when it is acquired. Yet good character must be, and is, the development or growth of good habits, qualities of thought, word and action in every-day life, under all conditions, circumstances and age of life. It is not made or acquired in a day, month, or year, but is a long process of effort from infancy to old age. It begins from our mother's knee, home influences, then on through school, teachers, preachers, comrades, in our work, and play, tasks and leisure, employers, work-mates, and largely from our reading, and probably, with some, most of all by communion with God and his word. Thus, if our heart and mind are willing, good character

is formed. Nevertheless, no man has yet attained (excepting the one perfect Man) to that perfection wherein he can say, "I have no more to attain," because of the weakness and imperfection of human nature. We know that many men have some of the good qualities and entirely lack others, yet all men, young or old, who have seriously set out on life's voyage with the intention of acquiring and living a good character in the fear of God, will not fail to keep on trying to do their best to possess a good "all-round" character well developed.

The building of a house.

The building of character is as the building of a house. First, the ground must be cleared of rubbish, rotten places, and holes and bumps filled and levelled. The foundation must be firmly laid with broad, solid width and strength, and happy is the man whose foundation is Jesus Christ, and so day by day, following closely the plan of the great Architect, in his sermon on the mount, we are to build our character with intelligence, honesty, soundness, in the fear of God, thoroughly and well; until in beauty and strength, the building is completed, benefiting all who behold or use it. Often during the building the plans must be scanned, for often mistakes occur. Often good work is spoilt by haste or delay, and has to be pulled down and rebuilt. Often the builder is in excessive doubt what next thing to do, or how to do it, often having to seek further light and instruction from the architect; and sometimes having the sad experience of censure from him or his representative. But yet the true character builder keeps struggling on, straining nerve, mind and muscle, with courage and patience, until days of rest and reward bring solace and joy, marking another stage in his life's work.

Sense and worth.

Position in the scale of society, or wealth, makes but little, if any, difference; for every man alike, whether rich or poor, clever or ordinary, worker by brain or muscle, profession or trade, merchant or mechanic, must form or build his own character. It is true that some men exercise greater range of influence than others, but this wider influence is by no means confined to any one class, or section of the people—experience proves the truth of Bobbie Burns, when he says:—

"Then let us pray, that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That *sense and worth*, o'er all the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that."

It doubtless occurs to the minds of most men to wonder, or wish, that they had been born in a different position in life; but the Christian should realise that he is in the position in which God has placed him, and he should, as Bishop Latimer said to Ridley, "Be of good comfort and play the man."

Burns, in his "Tale of Two Dogs," draws an interesting picture of humble labor, and idle luxury. He makes Cæsar, the rich man's dog, say to the ploughman's collic:

"Man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em;
It's true they need'na starve nor sweat
Through winter cauld, or summer heat;
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
That make anow themselves to vex them;
A country fellow at the pleugh
His acres tilled, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco' weel:
But gentlemen and ladies warst,
With even-down want o' wark are curst,
They loiter lounging, lank, and lazy;
Though nae haet ails them, yet uneasy:
Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless,
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless."

There's some exception, man and woman;
But this is gentry's life in common."

Though this doubtless is true of many of the gentry, yet history, past and present, shows that from the leisured, or gentry class, have sprung many hard working and noble men and women, of good character, whose work has stood, and will stand, in the future, as that which has greatly benefited their fellows, and goes far to justify the existence of the leisured class, which position had afforded them the time and opportunities which they had used so well.

"Life is but a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His line or two."

The little foxes.

There is always a great danger to young men of being turned aside from the great purpose of character-building by worldly policy, and inducements to follow practices which are unsound, crooked, dishonest, untruthful, or unchaste. The tempter argues, "Oh, other people do it," or "It is a common practice," or "If you don't do it, other people will," or, "It is only a little thing." But we must consider that little things are vital in character; Christ himself tells us, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." Small things cause great damage. A grain of sand or a hair will stop the best watch; a clot of blood on the brain will produce paralysis in the most capable man; a slight error in navigation has lost many a noble ship; a little habit has eventually caused the ruin of clever men; therefore, men who would be of good character cannot afford to treat any evil as small or insignificant.

Stepping stones.

While it is true that all men and women fail, many times, to reach their standard, and do things which cause them at the time, and after many years, much

pain, and grief of mind, yet the failures of the past must be used as stepping stones, warnings and lessons, teaching them to avoid similar faults and dangers in the future. There are often faults in ourselves, of which we are not conscious, and when charged with them by a candid friend or foe, the hot temper flies up with resentment, but he is a wise builder who will carefully examine himself, and see if the charge is not in some respects true.

"Could we but see ourselves as others see us,
It would from many a faultie free us,
And foolish notion."

The quality of industry has often to be learnt in spite of a dilatory, inert, or lazy temperament, at considerable personal effort.

The burden of the hour.

Character builders are at times discouraged and sorely tempted to leave life's building unfinished, but Miller truly says—

"God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all our way,
Will burdens bear too deep—
Or pathways be so threatening and so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour."

I am afraid I have wearied you with so long an essay, but like Bunyan with his dream, "As I pulled it came," and you may possibly say as the Queen of Sheba said, "Behold, the half was not told me," and I feel it true there is very much left unsaid. I will end with some verses by an unknown poet, which contain excellent advice:—

"Let no speck their surface dim
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms, when we speak,
May deceive me,
But, believe me,
To himself he is a sneak.

"Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

"If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

"Whatsoe'er you find to do,

Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your faith be strong and true—
Faith, my lads, will keep you right.
Faith in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman,
'And for ever,
In endeavor,
Be as thorough as you can."

(Read at the Park-st., Unley, Men's Mutual Improvement Society.)

Literary Discoveries at Nippur.

It is a remarkable fact that, after being lost for thousands of years, the history of the ancient world is being restored by mattock and spade, just at the critical hour of apologetic need. The richest materials for Biblical defence, as well as for Biblical illustration and exposition, are forthcoming from every quarter. Among the most recent discoveries are those of Prof. Herman V. Hilprecht, who went a few years ago to superintend the excavations in Assyria and Babylon, under the direction of the University of Pennsylvania. The great temple library and priest-school of Nippur, destroyed by the Elamites 223 B.C., have been unearthed by Professor Hilprecht. Of the extraordinary literary collection, twenty-three thousand books in stone, he says, in a recent letter:—

"The library consists of sixteen thousand volumes written on stone, and covers the entire theological, astronomical, linguistic, and mathematical knowledge of those days. We also unearthed a collection of letters and biographies, deciphered the inscriptions of many newly discovered tombstones and monuments, and espied, finally, best of all, five thousand official documents of inestimable value to the student of ancient history. The net result consists so far of twenty-three thousand stone writings."

This is certainly one of the richest "finds" in all the researches in connection with the ancient Babylonia. The books of present day do well if their materials last for a generation; but these ancient monuments, by reason of the dry air of the region and the pure silicate unmixt with organic matter, are practically imperishable. And so they are able to speak across thirty centuries to confirm the truth of the word of God.

Yonder locomotive, with its thundering train, comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of soldiers might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them, and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still like a whipped spaniel at your feet. So, with the firm control of thought, words and actions are obedient to our purpose. He who rules himself is the greatest of monarchs.—J. L. Hurlbut.

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## The Leader.

## SPIRITUALISM A DELUSION.

There is no doubt that during the past few years there has been a revival of the cult of Spiritualism. After having lain dormant for awhile, it has asserted itself again with very great energy. Its ramifications are far more wide-spread than most people are willing to believe. Many people, in the first place, are attracted by curiosity to the seances held in private houses, and are more or less impressed by the phenomena which are placed before them, with the result, in many cases, of conversion to Spiritualistic ideas. And the adoption of these ideas means that those who were once Christians make shipwreck of their faith, or are, at any rate, lost to the churches of which they were once members. And as the testimony which we have before us clearly shows the influence which Spiritualism exerts upon the individual is most injurious, we deem it necessary to sound a note of warning so that those who are in danger of being led astray may not fall victims to a system which, for the most part, is a snare and a delusion.

## Originated in fraud.

Modern Spiritualism, and to this alone we are now referring, insists that it is able to "lift the veil" and hold audible communication with the spirits of the departed. The idea is not a new one; it is as old at least as the time of the witch of Endor, an incident which seems to have been placed on record as a warning to those who desire to cultivate the art of consulting with the dead. But whatever may have been done in the past does not concern us now, save as a warning. It is the thing as it exists in the present day that we are dealing with, and in dealing with it we venture to affirm that no satisfactory proof has yet been given that the living communicate with the spirits of the dead. Modern Spiritualism is the offspring of fraud. It originated about the middle of the last century, in that great birthplace of religious

delusions, the United States of America. A family of the name of Fox perpetrated the first fraud, and fraud has been associated with its name ever since. The exposure of the initial attempt is now a matter of history, and is therefore well known to all who have given any attention to the subject. Spiritualism has been the great hunting ground of all kinds of adventurers, and its history is one long catalogue of cheating and lying. In saying this, we do not mean that all Spiritualists are to be regarded as insincere—most of them perhaps are sincere enough—but it is the sincerity of ignorance and delusion. "It is a significant fact," says a writer in the *British Weekly*, "that Spiritualistic phenomena of a kind which serious men would take the trouble to investigate have been steadily declining since the Psychical Society was founded."

## Result of investigation.

This is confirmed by Mr. Podmore, whose work on Spiritualism has lately been published. He says: "Just when an organised and systematic investigation on a scale not inadequate to the importance of the subject was for the first time about to be made, the phenomena to be investigated diminished rapidly in frequency and importance, and the opportunities for investigation were further curtailed by the indifference or reluctance of mediums to submit their claims to examination." Notwithstanding this, the phenomena of Spiritualism have been submitted to very severe tests. In *Everybody's Magazine*, Hamlin Garland, the well-known writer, in a series of articles on "The Shadow World," tells us how he and other friends, as independent investigators, conducted a series of searching examinations into the reality of spirit manifestations. The mediums were carefully selected and tested. Mr. Garland was impressed by the physical phenomena he observed, and gave his conclusions in the following words: "I must confess that most of the 'spirits' I have met seem to me merely parasitic or secondary personalities, drawn from the psychic or from myself. Nearly every one of the mediums I have studied has at least one 'guide' whose voice and habit were perilously similar to his own. This in some cases, has been laughable, as when 'Rolling Thunder,' a Sioux chief (Indians are all chiefs in the spirit world), appears and says, 'Goot efening, friends, id is a nice night alretty.' And yet I have seen a whole roomful of people receive a communication from a 'spirit' of this kind. I burn with shame for the sitters and the psychic when this kind of thing is going on."

## No reliable evidence.

Further on he says, "I prefer the experimenter to the theorist. I like the calm clear statements of these European savants, who approach the subject, not as bereaved persons, but as scientists. I am ready to go wherever science leads,

and I should be very glad to know that our life here is but a chain in our existence. But at present the weight of evidence seems to me to be on the side of the theory that mediumship is a question of unexplored human biology." As corroborative of the above, we may also quote from a series of articles appearing in the *British Weekly* on the "Problems and Perils of Spiritualism." The writer says: "Spiritualism has been examined with the closest scrutiny by means of the keenest minds of our generation. And with what result? Not the slightest reliable communication has been established with any departed spirit." This being so, the question may be asked, How is it, then, that so many people are believers in Spiritualism? And the answer may be given that there is no delusion that endures for any time which has not some element of truth in it. In Spiritualism the element of truth in it is clairvoyance, clair-audience, telepathy, and hypnotism, all of which are recognised as powers inherent in the mind of man. The phenomena produced by these are the adjuncts to Spiritualism by which it imposes upon its devotees. Take away these, and there is nothing left in it but fraud.

## The phenomena explained.

E. V. Coombs, in his "Religious Delusions," says: "Twenty years ago the trance, telepathy, clairvoyance, hypnotism, clair-audience, and the kinetic force were poorly understood. The mysterious and supernatural surrounded these forces. Where these were not understood, they were called spirit forces." In this book the above terms are explained, and those who desire to study the subject further, could not do better than get the work. It can be had at the Austral Publishing Company's office. "Mediums," says Mr. Coombs, "read sealed letters and tell us it is the power of the spirit. Science knows it is the power of the mind. The writer held a trunk check in his hand in such a manner that no one could see it except the man who was *en rapport* with a mind reader, who was fifty feet from him. As soon as the man saw the check, the mind-reader called out: 'Trunk check, No. 384.' It was impossible for her to see the check. Go to the seance and the medium gives you a fair description of some departed friend. That is no evidence that she saw the spirit of your departed friend. She was in the subjective state—for all mediums are self-hypnotised. Your mind had the picture of your friend planted upon the subjective memory. The medium read your mind. Purely a case of thought transference—telepathy."

## The menace of Spiritualism.

In cases where psychic force is not present, resort is had to fraud. But now that the powers inherent in man are beginning to be better understood, the well-informed person will not be imposed upon by so-called spirit manifestations. But



those who are not well informed, and allow themselves to be duped, run a serious risk. Dr. Forbes Winslow wrote in 1877: "Ten thousand persons are at the present time confined in lunatic asylums on account of having tampered with the supernatural." In Paris, it has led to devil-worship and suicide. It has brought infinite harm to thousands, and conferred no real boon upon society. The so-called spirit communications are worthless trivialities or long harangues which have obviously proceeded from the brain of the medium. Dr. Hatch, at one time a Spiritualist himself, says: "There are thousands of high-minded and intelligent Spiritualists who will agree with me that there is no slander in saying that the inculcation of no doctrines in this country has ever shown such disastrous moral and social results as the spiritual theories. Iniquities which have justly received the condemnation of centuries are openly upheld, vices which would destroy any wholesome regulation of society are crowned as virtues...." Spiritualism, therefore, stands self-condemned. Its true inwardness may be disguised, as it sometimes is by borrowed plumage, but of itself it has nothing to offer to the world that is worth having.

## Editorial Notes.

### "Empty Churches."

Not long since Mr. Josiah Thomas, M.H.R., publicly stated in Melbourne: "The reason the churches are empty is that those who are regarded as church people have not that sympathy for the great suffering masses, or that compassion for the multitude that Christ had." But are the churches empty? This is certainly not the experience of those among whom this paper chiefly circulates. Our churches were never, as a whole, better attended than they now are. It may be that Christianity is losing its hold, but we want some greater proof than the unsupported statement that the churches are empty. A newspaper representative in Adelaide waited on Henry Howard, the well known Methodist preacher, to hear his opinion, and his reply was: "I can speak for my own church only. Instead of it being empty, we have to put seats in the aisles to accommodate the congregations. I don't see much of other churches on Sundays, but from what I hear there does not seem to be any justification for saying they are empty." Mr. Howard further said: "I don't think the church was ever so wide awake as she is to-day to the social side of the gospel; I believe she has a kinder sympathy for the poor and outcast than she has ever had, and that she is working the gospel on its spiritual, its ethical and its social side, as perhaps it has never been worked before." That a great number of people never attend church worship is undoubtedly true,

but matters in this respect are certainly no worse than they were one or two hundred years ago, when Christianity had a weaker hold upon the people than it has to-day. The great interest in the Chapman missions indicates the hold that religion has on the people. The gospel is still God's power unto salvation, and the church is still with all its imperfections the pillar and ground of the truth.

### How to Fill Them.

But Mr. Thomas and his friends would have us believe that the way to fill the church buildings is to preach more along the line of Socialism, and devote more time to sympathy for the poor and needy. That Christianity has a mission to the poor is certain, and that there is room for improvement in this respect may readily be admitted; but, after all, is this the one thing needful to fill our chapels? We believe it is possible to rely too much upon the material side of religion. It must not be forgotten that sin and selfishness are at the root of all social troubles, and only as these are eliminated can we hope for any substantial and permanent success in our work of uplifting men. And the remedy for these evils is not to be found in any system of Socialism, in any Labor Party platform, nor in any capitalistic programme. The mission of the church is to, proclaim the gospel, which alone can reach and antagonise the disease. We believe it is owing to the influence of the gospel that so much is being done to-day to ameliorate the sufferings of humanity. The gospel is the foundation of the "pure and undefiled religion" of which James writes, and a prominent indication of the Messiahship of Jesus is that now as in his day "the poor have the gospel preached unto them." Moreover, every other doctrine or theory, theological, political, social and industrial, has failed to fill the churches. They have attracted attention for a time, but the interest has soon died out. The old gospel of Christ and him crucified has been repeatedly proved to be the one drawing power, and where this is faithfully and earnestly proclaimed success must ultimately follow. The gospel is the levelling and truly democratic power of God, and godliness has the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. The gospel of Christ is the one thing that has never failed.

### Is Christianity Dying Out?

The crowded missions held by Dr. Chapman and his associates are the reply to the oft-repeated statement that Christianity is dying out. The largest available buildings in Melbourne and Sydney have been too small to accommodate the thousands who have flocked to hear "the old, old story." These missionaries have nothing new to preach. The "New Theology" is left severely alone, and the old story of "Christ and him crucified" is their theme. The atoning work of the Saviour and the absolute necessity of repentance from sin are

proclaimed with no uncertain sound. The missionaries do not pander to the vicious tendencies or love for questionable amusements, so prevalent, but in unequivocal though unsensational language they antagonise theatre-going, horse-racing, gambling, and card-playing. Their opposition to drink is voiced in the strongest and clearest of terms. And yet tens of thousands have flocked to their meetings, and thousands have professed a determination to change their lives and adopt the teachings of Christ as their rule of faith and practice. How are we to account for this? The attractive singing, the splendid organisation, the active co-operation of all the Protestant bodies, and the vim and snap of the American speakers, may account in a large measure for the large attendances, but after all there must be something behind all these. Man is essentially "a religious animal," and has spiritual needs that nothing but the gospel can satisfy. This is the explanation of the success of these missions. And as long as the constitution of man remains unchanged, the gospel can never be displaced. The gospel as it is is adapted to man as he is, just as the sunlight is suited to the eye, and the atmosphere to the lungs. When we can find a light superior to that of the sun, or air superior to the pure atmosphere God has given us, we may expect to find some doctrine or philosophy better fitted to satisfy human longings and purify human life than the ancient gospel. Until then we may rest assured that "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

We are for the most part unhappy because the world is an unkind world. But the world is only unkind for the lack of kindness in us units who compose it.—*F. W. Faber.*

On the triple doorway of a great cathedral in Milan, Italy, there are three inscriptions spanning the archway. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath are the words: "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over another is sculptured a cross, upon which we read: "All that which troubles is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance of the main aisle is the inscription: "That only is important which is eternal." God's promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leads up to another, fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia, God said, "I will show thee the land." At Bethel, "This is the land." In Canaan, "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." It is thus that God allures us to saintliness. Not giving us anything till we have dared to act, that he may test us. Not given everything at first—that he may not overwhelm us. And always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing. Oh, the unexplored remainders of God! Who ever saw his last star?—*F. B. Meyer.*



## THE SOCIETY OF Christian Endeavor

"For Christ and the Church."

CONDUCTED BY A. R. MAIN.

(All correspondence for this department should be addressed to Suffolk-rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.)

### HEROES IN CHINA.

Topic for July 26.

Suggested Subjects and Readings.

The ideal Servant—Isa. 42: 1-4.

Redemption by units—Isa. 44: 1-8.

A promise to the Orient—Isa. 60: 1-3.

Good soldiers—2 Tim. 2: 1-9.

A missionary's life—Acts 20: 17-35.

Love under persecution—Matt. 5: 43-48.

Topic—Heroes of missions in China—Matt. 5: 13-16.

Doubtless there have been hosts of heroes in China with whom our topic is not concerned. Heroism in anyone touches our hearts. "Where'er a noble deed is wrought...our hearts...to higher levels rise." Our subject has to do with heroes of the gospel. It is not confined to those who in a striking way have demonstrated their courage. It is not confined to those who have met death bravely. It includes these, and also those who have dared to live a quiet, godly life in Christ Jesus. Some, forced to live where Satan's seat is, have bravely witnessed in daily life for Jesus. Surely they are heroes. Again our topic is not limited to the notable names of the great missionaries, though these should not be passed over. For instance, here is a well authenticated case in humble life. A woman in a mission hospital heard of Christ and got to love him. "Doctor, how long can I live if I stay in the hospital?" she asked. "Four months." "And how long if I go home?" "Two months." "I am going home." "But you will lose your life." "Do you not think I should be glad to give half my life for the sake of telling my people of Christ's love?" Perhaps she was not a heroine!

#### Some notable names.

Robert Morrison, with whose labors modern missions in China began in 1807, deserves a place. He labored at his task of Bible translation amid much difficulty. He saw his first convert after seven years' work, and only saw ten in all. He had learned that God demands faithfulness, not success.

Read up concerning James Gilmour. Lovett says he was one of the most remarkable men sent to China by the London Missionary Society. He labored for twenty-one years, with few converts. At a memorial service in Peking, G. Owen, a fellow worker, said of him: "I doubt if even St. Paul endured more for Christ than did James Gilmour. I doubt, too, if Christ ever received from human hands or human hearts, more loving, devoted service."

Remember J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission.

If possible read "Griffith John, the Story of Fifty Years in China."

Pastor Hsi should be noticed too. A repusal of his life (may we take the perusal for granted?) would be an excellent preparation for the meeting.

#### Native heroism.

Many readers will remember the dreadful time of horror at the beginning of the present decade. We need not now detail any of the atrocities. Many missionaries then proved the steadfastness of their faith and gained martyrs' crowns. But the humblest native Christians, too, showed their faith and love. The white-faced and yellow-faced brethren alike were heroes. "When we read of the magnificent patience and courage of our brothers and sisters in China, in the face of torture and death, we grow ashamed of our little lives, so full of trifles and frets."

Many native workers, as colporteurs who traversed the inland districts with the Scriptures, disappeared, never to be heard of again. The tale of heroism will never be completed on earth. Doubtless hundreds whose record we cannot know will be found among the throng who having come "out of great tribulation" will be arrayed in white. A few instances worth noting may be given.

One aged Christian, of seventy years, came in distress to the missionary, saying that the Boxers had offered to spare his home if he would say he was not a Christian. He replied, "How can I say that? I believe in Jesus Christ." He refused to recant on threat of death. "I am a Christian; I worship the true God." His daughter wept, as he told his loss—for the Boxers destroyed his house—but his little granddaughter put her arms round her mother's neck, and said, "Don't cry, mother. If our home is burned, we have a heavenly one. They can't burn that."

Of another, whose life might have been saved, but who went to death, saying, "I am going home. My place is with the missionary," the one who told the story says, "It pays for a life-time of toil to save one such man."

Some obscure Christian Chinese women met fearful threatenings in beautiful fashion: "We will not give up Christ, whatever you do. If you are determined to kill us, then we will go to the teacher at the church, and all die together."

A native worker in a letter set forth the thought which sustained hundreds: "At present we cannot say we are not afraid, but with the thought, the Lord alone is our trust, we are kept in perfect peace."

Perhaps the finest illustration of a Christian spirit I have seen is found in the following case. A Chinese Christian, who had had six of his children killed during the massacres, brought one of his former Boxer persecutors to the mission services, lodging him at his own expense. He said, "The Boxer says he wants to learn about Jesus—pray for him."

#### Some things to learn.

See the power of the gospel. Different estimates may be made of Chinese character. In some respects they are as a nation the best of Orientals. They have, too, national sins. In China, as elsewhere, the gospel has transformed lives. The supreme test of Christianity is, Will

it work? does it do what you claim for it? The answer is, Read the story of Chinese missionary heroism. Here is true Christian evidence.

We have a common sneering objection to mission work in heathen lands answered. It makes no serious tax upon either a person's intellect, time, or pocket, to sneer at "rice Christians." Probably there are some "rice Christians" in China—there certainly are some nearer home. But the edge of the sneer was taken off during the Boxer outbreak.

Forget not the personal lesson. What these people did, we ought to be able to do. In reality, the Lord has a right to expect greater things from us. It will do us good to sit at the feet of a Chinese hero and learn of Christianity. If it but make us ashamed for a few minutes, the study will not have been quite useless.

#### Pars. to Note.

About 1,000,000 heathen die in China every month.

Sir Robert Hart says, "Christianity is the sole cure for China's troubles, because it deals with hearts and changes lives."

Walter Lowrie, converted in a college revival, went to China, and labored earnestly a few years at Ningpo. Finally, Chinese pirates attacked his ship at sea, seized him as he was calmly reading his Bible, and threw him into the water.

David Abeel, American pioneer to China, was so faithful that a member of his family said he never sat with them or even passed through the room without making some remark of a religious nature. He founded the Amoy mission.

William Murray, a Scottish postman, studied Hebrew on one-third of his long routes, Greek on another third, and spent the remaining third in prayer that he might become a foreign missionary. He became the great apostle to the many blind people of China.

I admire and revere those devoted men and women, the missionaries, and I regard them as taking to China precisely the commodities of which she stands most in need: namely, a spiritual religion and a morality based on the fear of God and the love of man.—*Sir Edwin Arnold*.

We want your best men. We want able-bodied men, because there is a great deal of physical work to be done in China. We want able-souled men. You must not send us to China, nor, I believe, to any other part of the heathen world, inferior men. We want men with the three G's at least—grace, gumption and grit.—*Griffith John*.

Shepparton, Vic.—On Monday, June 28, a very successful social was held. A. Strongman presided over a very good attendance of church members and friends. A programme of songs, recitations and violin and mandoline solos was gone through. Bro. Strongman, on behalf of Shepparton and Cosgrove churches, presented Miss E. Dudley, who is leaving us, with an enlarged photo of the members, as a token of their esteem. Miss Dudley responded briefly. Refreshments were provided and games enjoyed. Our numbers are slowly increasing. We have 25 active and 7 associate members, with 1 associate to be received next consecration night.—*Florrie Knight, Sec.*



## Answers to Correspondents.

Kindly explain the meaning of John 3:5. Does the word "water" mean "the word," or may it be so interpreted?—Enquirer.

There are some definite common sense rules which must be observed in the interpretation of a passage of Scripture if we desire to get at the meaning which was in the mind of the writer; and the first of these is that we are not at liberty to substitute one word for another if that word is totally different in meaning. Secondly, we are not at liberty to regard a word as figurative if it can be appropriately used in the connection in which it is found. These rules are defied when it is sought to make "water" a figurative expression of "word." But without regard to these rules, it requires something more than imagination to understand if Jesus, in John 3:5, meant "word" to be understood, why he did not use it. The only satisfactory answer is that Jesus chose the right word, and its significance is to be found in the religious use of water in the early Christian church, or even prior to that in the ministry of John the Baptist; and doing so, it is not difficult to find that the birth of water and spirit is fully discovered in Christian baptism. For water is not present in any institution or ceremony of the Christian religion, except in baptism. The expression, "born of water," contains no difficulties. In Rev. 1:5, the words are found "the first-born of the dead." To be born of water is certainly as rational and defensible a statement as to be born of the grave. Biblical scholarship is represented by Dean Alford, when he says, "There can be no doubt, on any honest interpretation of the words, that to be born of water refers to the token or outward sign of baptism,—to be born of the Spirit to the thing signified, or inward grace of the Holy Spirit. All attempts to get rid of these two plain facts have sprung from doctrinal prejudices, by which the views of expositors have been warped."—Ed.

## Obituary.

WELCH.—On the morning of June 10, Bro. Welch passed away, aged 50 years. On the previous evening he left his home for work as usual; in the morning he was brought home lifeless. Having been suddenly called, he passed into the great beyond. Bro. Welch for a number of years has been affected with heart trouble, and this caused his sudden death. Twenty years ago he and his wife confessed Christ in Queensland, and for the past nine years (with a short interval at North Perth) they served the church here, where he will be greatly missed. He leaves a widow and two boys, who look forward to the grand reunion "just across the river."

Boulder, W.A.

J. STUART MILL.

HOOKE.—Stephen Hooker, age 84, passed to his rest on May 26, after some years of weakness and loneliness. His sister wife predeceased him some eleven years, and they never had any children. Bro. Hooker gave himself to God in 1862, and has ever remained a faithful and consistent member of the church. As a young man he prayed for a long life, but his

experience proved there was nothing in it—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit." He was longing to die." J. Mortimer and C. Morris conducted the funeral service, and a number of church members attended the obsequies.

Ballarat, Vic.

C.M.

MEYER.—I believe that Berwick, in Victoria, was the spiritual birthplace of our late James Meyer, who over 30 years ago sought to find a home on these shores. Of a quiet and unassuming disposition, his many good qualities, and his truly Christian bearing under unusually trying circumstances, proved our brother to be one who tried earnestly to be worthy of his high calling. That fell disease, consumption, claimed him, and he passed away, June 13, 1909, at the age of 59 years.

Spring Grove, N.Z.

J.G.

KNAPP.—On May 30, there passed away at Spring Grove, at the ripe age of 84 years, our venerable Sister Mrs. James Knapp. Arriving in Nelson in 1842, Sister Knapp and her husband had their full share of all those dangers, privations and hardships which fell to the lot of that noble pilgrim band who with heroic courage left all this life counts dear, that under the Southern Cross and brighter skies they might found a brighter Britain. History will tell how well they played their part. Having the courage of their convictions, Bro. and Sister Knapp united with the disciples at Spring Grove eighteen years ago, quite a number of their children and grandchildren being with them in the Church of Christ. For the last few years our sister has been a widow and an invalid, the end coming not unexpectedly; but like a child falling asleep, our sister passed to be with Christ, which is far better.

Spring Grove, N.Z.

J.G.

GROSVENOR.—On Friday, June 25, Thomas Edwin Grosvenor was called home. He had been afflicted for many months, and unable to follow his employment, and it was a release from suffering patiently borne when he went to be with Christ. Bro. Grosvenor was a native of Staffordshire, England, and came to this State 30 years ago. He united with the church at Kermode-st. about 25 years ago, and since that time has been a faithful worker for the Master. He united with the church at Cottonville when the cause was started there, and latterly was transferred with his wife and family to Grote-st. He always took whatever part he could in the work, and was a consistent, earnest Christian. He was yet in his prime, being only 50 years old when God took him. We laid his mortal remains away in the West Terrace Cemetery on Sunday afternoon, June 27. A great number came to show their respect and sympathy. T. J. Gore assisted the writer at the grave. Our sympathy is with the sorrowing widow and the three daughters that remain. We look forward with them to the reunion with all our loved ones on the other side.

Adelaide, S.A.

J.E.T.

WILLIAMS; KINGSTON.—The church here has been called upon to part with two of its oldest members. Bro. Williams passed peacefully away at his daughter's residence at the ripe age of 92 years. Although rather late in life when our brother came to a knowledge of the truth, he remained faithful unto death, and

always delighted in the meetings when able to attend. His greatest regret was that he had not earlier become a Christian. Our brother leaves a large family of sons and daughters and grandchildren, and fifteen great grandchildren. On June 23, Sister Kingston was called up higher. She had been ailing for some time, but we did not think her end was so near. She became a member of the church shortly after it was formed here, thirty years ago, and has remained faithful to the end. Her place was always filled whenever it was possible. She has been called upon to pass through much trouble and sorrow. She has parted with five of her grown-up children—three daughters and two sons—but she had the joy of knowing that they had given themselves to the Lord, and obeyed his commands, except the last one, who passed away just a month before her summons came. Her youngest daughter is waiting for the call to come to her to go up higher. She is suffering from that dreadful disease cancer, but she is trusting in Jesus. The day before our sister died she had a letter from her, asking her not to grieve for her, as she was ready and waiting to go whenever the Master saw fit to call her away. She knew they would not be parted long, and she would be there to open the pearly gate for her. But God's ways are not our ways, and the mother will be there first.

May we all meet at home in the morning.

On the shores of the bright crystal sea;

Where our loved ones so long have been waiting,

What a meeting indeed it will be.

Kellevie, Tas.

A.S.C.

## The Key to God's Silence.

Thou who art crying for a new revelation of heaven, art thou ready for thy wish? Would it be to thee a joy if there were revealed to thee the pleasures at God's right hand? What if these pleasures should be what the selfish man calls pain? Knowest thou not that the joys of love are not the joys of lovelessness? Love's joy is the surrender of itself; the joy of lovelessness is the keeping of itself. If heaven were open to thy vision, the sight might startle thee; thou mightest call for the rocks to hide thee, for the mountains to cover thee from the view. To make the revelation a joy to thee thou thyself must be changed into the same image. It is not every soul that can rejoice to be a ministering spirit sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation; to rejoice in it fully we must all be changed. If death were abolished to-day it would not free thee from that need. It is not death that demands thy change, it is the spirit of the Christ. Thou needst not wait for death to find thy change, for the Spirit too can transform in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Blessed are they who shall not taste of death until they shall see the kingdom of God.—Geo. Matheson.

The Lord requires us to ask, not that our wish may be made known to him, for to him it cannot be unknown, but in order that by prayer there may be developed in us that desire by which we are fitted to receive what he prepares to bestow.

—Augustine.



## A HUNDRED YEARS.

A hundred years obscure,  
Misjudged, assailed;  
A hundred years of Love  
That hath not failed.

A hundred years exploring  
A twilight land:  
A hundred years led upward  
By His hand.

A hundred years perverse  
Beneath the rod:  
A hundred years of victory  
In God.

A hundred years by lust  
And ease enticed:  
A hundred years enlisting  
Men for Christ.

A hundred years pursuing  
A weary search:  
A hundred years re-building  
The primal Church.

A hundred years of bold  
Onrushing youth:  
A hundred years of union  
In the Truth.

A hundred years of sowing  
As those that mourn:  
A hundred years of harvest  
Beyond our bourne.

A hundred years of wide  
And widening view:  
A hundred years the whole world  
Widening too.

A hundred years! Be praised,  
Ye kindly Powers!  
If we but walk with God  
The future's ours.

—G.P.P.

## Significance of John Baptist.

Some writers of the present day have a fashion of speculating upon what they are pleased to call our Lord's "consciousness" or "spiritual evolution," and the result of their attempt to go behind the New Testament is that they picture to us another Jesus, the figment of their own fancy. We are told, for example, that our Lord began his ministry merely as a teacher and reformer, and that his consciousness of his Messiahship was a kind of afterthought, growing up and taking shape gradually in his mind. Amongst the numberless proofs which we have to the contrary, the history of John the Baptist may be considered not the least important. To suppose that so extraordinary a person as the Baptist made his appearance just at that particular juncture merely to announce the rise of a new social reformer, whom he had probably never seen, or that the Jews understood this to be the entire sum and substance of his message, is a theory that will not commend itself to reasonable people. The Jews unquestionably regarded

his message as a distinct proclamation of the Messiah's advent, and were disposed at one time to think he might be the Messiah himself. It is also necessary to bear in mind that John, in his preaching in the wilderness, was very far from representing the Mightier One to follow in the character of a teacher and reformer, but set forth his wondrous dignity as King, Judge, Lord; while soon after he bore witness to him as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, and the divine Bridegroom of the Covenant Church. Our Saviour's acceptance and endorsement of the Baptist's testimony from the moment of his manifestation to Israel completely disproves the assertion that his Messianic consciousness was a later development. What, we ask, could be more remarkable than the testimony of the forerunner in respect of its nature, the time when it was delivered, the personality of the witness, the exact correspondence of his work and its results with the predictions of inspired prophecy? His unbelieving contemporaries might well hesitate to return the answer which in their hearts they desired to make, when confronted with the dilemma, "The baptism of John, whence was it? From heaven, or of men?" And if, at the present time, a sceptical criticism boldly essays a naturalistic explanation of the history, thoughtful Christians feel assured that the peculiar conditions of the Baptist's mission were such as to render a naturalistic explanation out of the question. Nothing but the Gospel narrative of his birth and calling supplies the key to an understanding of his career, or accounts satisfactorily for all the circumstances of the case.—*The Modern Puritan*.

## From the Field.

### New Zealand.

OAMARU.—As a result of judicious advertising of special services, there are splendid audiences at the gospel services every week. Strangers, finding the meetings attractive and the preaching eloquent, come again and again. Last Lord's day Bro. Mathieson delivered an address on "The Psychology of Conversion," and one young lady came out for Jesus.—W K, June 22.

### Tasmania.

PRESTON.—The work of the Master is going along surely at this place. James Byard and Bro and Sister Howard have done faithful service. We thank our heavenly Father for the noble work rendered by Bro. Byard. At great sacrifice of ease he has for many months clearly and earnestly preached Christ. We expect to make a special effort there in a few weeks.—W. J. WAY.

WESTERN CREEK.—Since last report we have had good services, Bro. Byard and sons nobly assisting. On Sunday, June 27, two young ladies confessed Christ, and on Monday another member of the same family

took her stand for the Saviour. We are having encouraging meetings at Mersey Bridge and Circular Ponds, and are expecting many decisions in the near future. I intend visiting Lorrina this week to preach to the residents there.—W. J. WAY.

## Victoria.

FITZROY TABERNACLE.—Mission closed Sunday. Good meetings, helpful addresses, number of strangers interested. Seven additions by faith and obedience, making 10 for the month. Expect to hold church anniversary in a few weeks.

COLLINGWOOD.—Splendid meeting Sunday, when our special mission closed. Seven souls added during these services. The meetings were fairly well attended considering the weather. One confessed on Sunday night (a Sunday School scholar), after a splendid address by Bro. Harward on "Character Building." Great interest being taken in our Sunday services.—E. A. PAYNE, July 5.

WARRNAMBOOL.—Another baptism last Friday, a blind sister. Church happy and united, meetings all growing, enthusiasm spreading and outlook brighter than ever before.—J. G. SHAIN, July 5.

SOUTH YARRA.—Mission continues during this week. Three confessions last week. Five were received into fellowship last Lord's day. Jas. Abercrombie gave a very nice address in the morning. Sister Nightingale addressed a meeting of women only in the afternoon, and in the evening W. Nightingale delivered an excellent discourse on "We Would See Jesus," when four made the good confession, and two were immersed, making 12 confessions to date. Interest good.—T.M., July 5.

BALLARAT EAST.—Lifeline Bible Class, record attendance, 36.

BALLARAT.—On July 1 the sisters of the church held a welcome social for Mrs. Mortimer, the wife of our evangelist, who arrived from New Zealand by the s. s. "Moana" on Saturday, June 26. Notwithstanding the very unpropitious weather there was a good gathering, about 50 present. Words of welcome were spoken by Mrs. Duncan Reid, President of the Dorcas Society, Mrs. Lucas, and elder C. Morris. Bro. Mortimer responded for his wife, and also made reference to the removal from Ballarat to Melbourne of Sister Mrs. Powell, who has been a faithful member of the church and a great help to the sisters in their special labors. The meeting was made happy by items of singing, and tea and cakes.—E. T. PITTS.

NORTHCOTE.—Meetings continuing good. Sunday School gradually growing. Gospel meeting Sunday night well attended. Good interest manifested, with one confession from the school. Bro. Lang's second term of six months has opened encouragingly.

MONTROSE.—Fine meetings and splendid interest. Bro. Davis concluded his labors last Lord's day. The brethren are sorry to lose him, as he has done a fine work. On Monday a very enjoyable social was held to say good-bye to Bro. Davis, and to welcome Bro. Larsen, who is taking up the work in this place. Bro. Davis and Bro. Larsen gave suitable addresses, which were much appreciated.—ROBT. LANGLEY, June 29.

NORTH RICHMOND.—We have entered the third week of our mission. Bro. Davis addressed the church on Lord's day morning. We held a meeting for men only in afternoon. At the gospel meeting we had a splendid meeting. One from the S.S., also two married persons, confessed their faith in their Saviour. F. M. Ludbrook is the missionary.—T.C., July 5.



ST. ARNAUD.—Attendance still on the increase at the gospel meetings; 80 last evening. We are looking for visible results. The members spent a very enjoyable time at the chapel last Wednesday planting trees, three dozen being planted, including ten cypresses.—W G O, July 5.

CARLTON (Lygon-st.).—The mission closed on Sunday with fine meetings. Two elderly men were received into fellowship. Gifford Gordon has faithfully proclaimed the gospel, and we feel sure that the seed sown will bring forth much fruit in the coming days. There have been three decisions. The discourse on Sunday night upon "The Identity of the Church" was listened to by a large audience. The church at Lygon-st. is indebted to the brethren at Doncaster for assisting in the mission. On two different occasions a number of the brethren from there came to the mission, and the Misses Petty favored us with a nice duet. We had very fair meetings, though the nights throughout were cold and wet. The choir deserve a word of praise for their faithfulness in attendance every night.—J. McC.

BRUNSWICK.—We are having a glorious time in our mission. Bren. Marsden and Shipway helped with solos. Bro. Bagley, the missionary, again spent all Lord's day with us. Before a large meeting for worship he welcomed two converts and exhorted on "The Model Church." We engaged the city hall again. In the afternoon a good number assembled, and in the evening the place was packed. The topic was "Heaven." So great was the interest shown that at 8.50, when the benediction was pronounced, the people seemed disinclined to go. A collection was taken up for local charity, and resulted in £24/7½, which was handed to the Mayor. To-night saw another good meeting in the chapel. 14 souls to date. The question box is largely used and the answers given are most straightforward.—W. THOMPSON, July 5.

SOUTH RICHMOND (Balmain-st.).—The mission has been a very happy one, and fairly successful. Twelve confessions to date. The brethren have worked well, and the meetings have been good. Bro. Gale is doing a fine work here. The church is also fortunate in having several brethren who take a real interest in the work, and are ready to do anything and everything to help. There is a live prayer meeting before the gospel service on Sunday. A lantern with Scripture slides has proved a help. We continue for a few more nights.—G. P. PITTMAN.

BRIM.—Commenced my labors here on June 20. The gospel meetings are very encouraging. Chapel comfortably full. The church is now preparing for the anniversary.—HENRY BAKER, July 5.

WILKUR.—Recommended gospel services here on July 4. Splendid meeting. Building crowded; every available seat occupied. Fine interest manifest throughout the district.—HENRY BAKER, July 5.

SOUTH MELBOURNE.—Mission continuing and much interest being shown. Bro. Quick addressed fairly good meetings during past week, when the question box was freely made use of. On Lord's day we had splendid meetings all day, Bro. Quick addressing the church in the morning, and giving a special address to young people in the afternoon at 3, and at seven o'clock preached a powerful sermon, when two young ladies made the good confession.—SAMUEL NORTH-EAST, July 5.

## South Australia.

STIRLING EAST AND ALDGATE VALLEY.—Two were received into fellowship yesterday, one at Stirling and

one at Aldgate Valley. At the evening gospel service at Stirling East the writer preached to a good audience, when a young man made the good confession.—R H., July 5.

GLENELG.—Our 17th anniversary services passed off very successfully. The Lord's day afternoon service had Bro. Harris, President S.S. Union, also in the evening. Bro. Harris had the attention of all at these meetings, and was highly appreciated. The children were well trained in singing and recitations by E. W. Pittman and Mrs. Pittman and Miss A. Wright. Children of all classes had exercises, and performed well. The meetings continue well attended.—W.B., July 5.

KADINA.—This morning a young lady was received into fellowship. We had a splendid congregation to-night, and at the close of the writer's address a young man made the good confession. We were pleased to have Bro. Killmier, from Wallaroo, with us to-day. He reports that they continue to have good meetings down there.—E. G. WARREN, July 4.

NARRACOORTE.—Three have confessed Christ since last report, one young man on June 27 and two young ladies on July 4. Two have also been received from the Baptists. The interest in the Sunday School still increases. There are 50 on the roll now. There were good meetings all day to-day. The C.E. meetings are well attended.—F.E.T., July 4.

NORWOOD.—Good meetings yesterday. We hope to reach our apportionment of £30 for Foreign Missions by next Lord's day. About £26 was contributed yesterday. A young man and young woman confessed Christ last night. The simultaneous mission commences to-night in our tabernacle. A large united choir has been formed. The writer commences a ten nights' simultaneous mission at Parkside this evening.—A. G. RANKINE, July 5.

QUEENSTOWN.—The ninth anniversary of the Band of Hope was celebrated by a tea and public meeting on June 16. There was a good attendance, the president, Mr. Pilkington, being in the chair. The past year's work has been most satisfactory. 42 pledges were taken, the average attendance at the meetings being 60. Recitations and vocal items were creditably rendered by the members of the Band. Great interest is being taken in the syllabus for the new year, when many prizes are to be awarded. All our meetings are well attended. On June 27 at the morning service Bro. and Sister Wright were received from Kadina. Tenders have been accepted for new classrooms. The contractor has made a start. It is hoped they will be completed for the school anniversary.—A. P.B., July 5.

MILANG.—Good meetings here. On Friday a dozen male members of the church held a "busy bee" in the chapel grounds. Four teams carted binding and necessary material, and various needful things were put in order. The Endeavorers are also planting trees around church property presented by Miss I. Goldsworthy. The ladies provided afternoon tea, and a photo was taken of the scene, showing a practical sermon with shovels and drays. On Sunday morning we had the pleasure of taking up a Foreign Missionary offering amounting to £14/2/6, while we expect more to come in. Our suggestion from the Com-mittee was £10. The Endeavorers on Wednesday evening had an overflowing audience for their first annual. Miss Le Cornu, State Supt., gave an address, a most attractive programme was presented by juniors, and the presentation of a banner and hymn-books was made by Mr. Hall.

Continued on page 374.

## Pamphlets and Booklets.

Church Finance, F. G. Dunn, 2d.  
Elements of Divine Truth, 2d.  
God's Spirit and the Spirit's Work. W. C. Morro, 6d.  
History and Mystery of Christadelphianism, D. King, 2d.  
Infidelity and Freethought, 2d.  
Is the Jewish Sabbath Binding upon Christians? 3d.  
Letters to a Young Christian, Isaac Errett, 9d.; posted, 1/-.  
Life and Death, Alex. Campbell, 6d.  
Life of Elder J. Smith, 1/6.  
On the Rock, 3d. (postage extra); cloth, 1/-.  
Our Position, Isaac Errett, 1d.  
Pure Gold, 1/6. Out of the Desert, 1/-.  
Progressive Emancipation, 25, 1/-.  
Sincerity Seeking the Way to Heaven, 2d.  
Spiritualism Self-revealed, 4d.  
The Cigarette, 24, 1/-; 100, 3/6.  
The Destiny of the Wicked, 2d.  
The Great Revival and the Little Tent Meeting, 2d.  
The Resurrection, D. King, 2d.  
Tithe System, 12 for 9d.  
Truth in Love, 1/6. The Way, 6d.  
Types and Prophecies of the Bible, H. D. Smith, 6d., posted 7d.  
Visions of the Christ, 2/6.

NOTE.—All the above are post free, except where otherwise marked. Reduction on quantities.

## "That they All may be One."

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## The Servant of the Isle.

By Alice Louise Lee.

*Continued.*

Judged by the standard of Maria's size, it might be supposed that her indignation would resemble the proverbial tempest in a teapot, but the captain never saw it in that light. When his sister appeared before him, her lips pale, her black eyes flashing, her thin nostrils dilated, her voice unusually low but full of a peculiarly commanding concentration, although her head barely reached his shoulder, Captain Joe was quite apt to forget his own assertions and remember hers.

"I've told Cassie there's no charge, and there won't be. You'll charge no poor old woman for a little thing like that. And, besides, Joe Packer, I did get you to take the chance for Reuben's father-in-law, but who paid for the repairs? Who did? Did you?"

Maria checked herself as suddenly as she had begun. Turning swiftly, she stooped and closed the oven door. It was rare that Maria allowed her indignation to run away with her, but it was good for the captain occasionally to encounter a strong head wind.

Big and burly, he now tacked awkwardly toward the door, looking as cowed as a schoolboy whose ears are smarting from a boxing. He rolled his eyes about the room in search of a suitable subject for a parting remark. They lit on the bird-cage. "Jolly all hands, Mariar," he cried, "that bird hain't got a thing to eat!" and the door closed behind him.

Maria stopped in the act of putting a stick of wood into the stove. Her face relaxed. The color came back into her lips. The lines at the corners of her eyes appeared, and she broke into an amused laugh.

The door opened again a crack, and the captain spoke from the other side. "I forgot to carry up the things you sent to the Point for yesterday. I'll set 'em over on the wharf for you."

"All right." Maria's laughter ended in a sigh. "I'll be down after them right away."

She dreaded to go, shrinking from meeting the other islanders. "They have been under-handed with us," she told herself, but not the captain. She knew better than to add fuel to his wrath. Whatever the bitterness was in her thoughts must be concealed from the captain. This was the school in which Maria had taught herself.

"But Aaron stood by us," she comforted herself as she started out. "Aaron didn't sign the petition, and he tried to tell Joe. Aaron has shown himself a friend to us."

Half-way down the hill she paused involuntarily, and glanced back. Out under the spruce trees in front of his door stood Aaron, looking after her. As she turned, he hastily doffed his hat and limped back into the house.

The other Bristol, who was not a friend, was coming along a path that met Maria's road at the top of the pitch above the wharf. Reuben had sowed a harvest of wild oats in his youth, and the labor of the reaping was already heavily

marking his face, although he had not yet reached middle age. He had a shifty eye, had Reuben. His gaze was keen, but it usually travelled over the landscape in preference to meeting the eyes of the person he was addressing.

Now as he greeted Maria at the convergence of the paths, his eyes slid away from her face, and he remarked with visible embarrassment,

"Wind's kickin' up the sea a bit, ain't it, Mariar?"

"Quite a bit." There was no change in Maria's pleasant manner. "It breezed up about midnight. Did any one go out fishing?"

"No one as I know of, unless it's Aaron. I'm guessin' he went and got a big haul. Aaron's always in luck." A scowl contracted Reuben's face as he spoke. A slight breeze sufficed to keep his dory at its moorings. Reuben believed that the world owed him a living, but he was having some difficulty in collecting the debt.

Maria lifted her head a trifle higher. "Yes, Aaron's always working," she returned simply.

Reuben shot a furtive, suspicious glance at her unruffled face. There was a repelling hardness in his tones. "Aaron's always had the luck. If we should go out double gang, there'd be a school of fish on his side of the dory and none on mine."

Maria accepted this interpretation of Aaron's luck without comment.

At the entrance to the wharf Brooks was awaiting Reuben. He leaned against the fish-house, one hand in his pocket, the other pulling his moustache. He was smiling easily at his wife, who was darting here and there among the islanders collected as usual to see the Servant of the Isle depart. Little Mrs. Brooks was a great favorite on Muskegus. Her husband also had a cordial manner, which won the liking of the majority—but not of Maria.

As she stepped on the wharf, Reuben dropped behind at a careless yet low question from Brooks.

"Everything right?"

"Shipshape."

"How much?"

Reuben merely blindly extended his hand, spreading fingers and thumbs into view.

"Good!" commented Brooks, equally blindly. "When does he go?"

"This afternoon."

Mrs. Brooks was balancing herself on a piece of timber and fluffing out her yellow hair with her fingers. "O captain, I wish we were going over with you to-day. We are going before long now, Mr. Brooks says."

"Well, I guess they don't go till they've paid their board," reached Maria's ears in the low but not dulcet tones of Mahala Fane.

"Joe's grouchy to-day," Silas Green muttered under his breath to Lete Fane, as the two were taking the yesterday's catch out of the barrel of salt water. "Guess he's found out that the wind's shifted a point or two, and it don't agree with him."

"I can't get the captain to give me a single rhyme, Miss Packer," complained Mrs. Brooks with a pout of her red, childish lips.

The rusticators invariably addressed Maria as "Miss Packer." The remainder of the islanders they called familiarly by the first name. "It's because Maria always was stuck up," Reuben Bristol's wife often explained. "Plain 'Mariar' ain't good enough for her." When Cassie Green brought the explanation to Maria, the latter made no response.

Cassie stood now where the wharf was most thickly populated, collecting her budget of news. "Lete, you goin' inshore to-day?" she enquired.

"No, not if this wind holds."

Then Cassie's shrill voice. "The cat was possessed to play with its tail last night, and I told 'em it would breeze up considerable before many hours. I ain't never knew that sign to fail."

Reuben's wife came elbowing her way toward Maria. "Will you ask Joe to carry me over a bag of flour to-night, Mariar—the Skyblue brand?" The captain stood ten feet away, but the islanders had fallen into the habit, for various obvious reasons, of entrusting their errands to him by proxy. It was also more advantageous to ask her for their freight bills.

Maria nodded. She was waiting for her brother to find the groceries, meanwhile listening with sensitive ears to remarks flying freely around her.

"I got a letter from my sister up to Denton's Cove last night," announced Lete Fane's wife, "and she says that the parson's there. He's on his way down the coast. She guessed he'd reach Muskegus before many days."

Maria drew a long breath of relief. "When he comes, I'll ask him if it can be done," she told herself.

There was an idea dawning on Maria. With it had come the desire to take counsel of Aaron, but in spite of his parting words of the previous evening she hesitated. "If he'd come," she thought, "but I can't call him again." The coast missionary came without being summoned. In fact, the young man's favorite resting places were the two cottages on the hillside.

Lete Fane's boisterous voice interrupted her thoughts. "They do them things over on the main," he was telling Brooks, "but not here. There ain't a man on Muskegus who's ever gone to law, and there ain't a lawyer barrin' yerself within thirty miles of us."

Brooks threw his head back, and laughed heartily. "Verily, this is Utopia."

Lete looked up suspiciously. "What's that?"

Brooks smiled, and pulled his moustache. "O, it's sort of a land of perfection," he responded carelessly. "What do you do with your law-breakers?"

"There ain't none sailin' these seas. There was once, though." Lete became thoughtful. "I've heard grandfather tell it—a man from the main that come over here lobsterin', Luke Saster by name. Every one wondered how he caught so many lobsters with no more pots 'n he had, and at last they found out. He was haulin' the pots that wa'n't his."

"What was done with him?" The lawyer was interested.

"O, he was told to git off Muskegus."



Maria secured her basket of provisions, and climbed the hill slowly. A little way up she deserted the path, and, going to the edge of the cliff, looked over. The incurve of the rock had formed a cove in which, fastened to the boulders, were Aaron's fish-house and flakes, his tables, his lobster-pots. His boat and dory were anchored beyond the landing.

It was all typical of the owner. The other fish-houses stood bunched together down beside the beach; Aaron's stood alone. The others were old and decayed; Aaron's in good repair. The rest of the fishermen left their lobster-traps anywhere during the summer, when it is against the law to go lobstering around Muskegus. There were piles of pots among the fish-flakes all along the harbor front, among the cottages, or on the hillside where the rank grass pushed itself between the slats in decaying luxuriance. Aaron's were stored carefully in his fish-house.

On these evidences of care and prudence Maria cast a thoughtful eye. Then she turned with her quick, noiseless movements, and continued up the hill. "I don't wonder Aaron's lucky," she murmured aloud. "I wish Joe had a mite of his care taking."

The captain's future lay heavily on Maria's mind. She felt as responsible for him as a mother would for her child. She saw he was wholly concerned in nursing his sense of the injury and the injustice done him by the islanders; that the situation called for any thought or exertion on his part had not occurred to him.

"Aaron works and manages; that's his luck," sighed Maria, "and it's never the luck Joe will find."

Perilously near the beds of phlox and asters the cow was grazing, but Maria did not disturb her. Only the hens scratching among the flowers felt the weight of their mistress's displeasure.

As Maria went about her work, she left the door open despite the sharp "off-shore" wind. She loved the sea. Its monotonous boom and roar quieted her. Occasionally she stopped in the doorway to look and listen. The water between the island and the mainland—the highway for the coast trade—was alive with craft under sail. There were little fishing smacks careering gaily eastward with a steady wind abeam. There were heavy freight schooners, tacking in a northeasterly direction, loaded with coal for Rockland. But for the benefit of those who ventured to sweep past near the island sounded the intermittent warning above the Midland Shoal and Gull Rocks, the hoarse boom of the whistling buoy and the clangor of the bell.

Maria ate dinner facing the window that overlooked Aaron's cottage. Just as she was finishing her pie she saw Aaron come out of the door, evidently clad for a journey. His hair was closely cropped, and his beard neatly trimmed. The change added to the fineness of the man's face, albeit it left rims of untanned skin above his beard and across his forehead. He wore a suit of ill-fitting ready-made clothes, and a derby. In one hand he carried an old valise, which sagged empty at the top and bulged at the bottom. In the other hand was a cane whose aid—although he seldom made use of it—greatly lessened the awkwardness of his gait.

As he turned to close his door, Maria sprang to her feet with a suddenness agitating to both cat and bird. "O," she cried aloud, "can it be

that he's going to Portland? If he is, I'll—"

She paused. Aaron had stopped on his doorstep, and was looking toward the Packer cottage. He glanced up and down the hill. At the same time Maria heard Cassie Green's shrill voice.

"Aaron, Aaron! Be you startin' for Portland?"

"Aye, Cassie."

Maria went to the front window, and looked out. Aaron raised his hat to Cassie, a courtesy few of the fishermen on Muskegus practised; but then, in their estimation, Aaron was not only lucky but "queer."

"How long be ye goin' to stay?" was Cassie's next question.

"Three or four days. Not long."

"And what's takin' ye there?" Cassie raised her voice as Aaron went on. There was nothing covert about Cassie's curiosity.

"Business," returned Aaron briefly.

He made his slow way on down the hill in the direction of Cliff Cove without looking back. Cassie stood, her arms akimbo under her old faded shawl, her sharp, curious gaze piercing Aaron's back.

Maria stepped to the door irresolutely. "The chance is too good to let go by. Portland—and Aaron is prudent."

Suddenly Cassie gave a sharp ejaculation, and, looking around, saw Maria. "I've spied the black cat," she called. "See there! It's goin' to cross Aaron's path. Now ain't that just like Aaron—not turnin' back? It's a temptin' of Providence."

A thin black cat, homeless, and shunned by the islanders, fled from a clump of bushes across the path directly in front of Aaron.

"D'ye think I'd take a chance after that?" shrilled Cassie in excitement. "Not I. It's an unfaillin' sign, that is, I tell 'em. Aaron's goin' to have a turn of bad luck; now see!"

The cat continued across the hillside just as Reuben and Brooks began the ascent. Both men saw it. Reuben turned instantly and retraced his footsteps down the hill. Brooks cast one glance at the small, frightened cat and then back at the big and equally frightened fisherman. Slapping his knees with both hands, he burst into a resounding laugh. The cat, startled, turned and fled up the hill.

"See here, Reuben," yelled Brooks, "it doesn't pay to run from bad luck; it's better to frighten it away."

"It's temptin' of Providence," reiterated Cassie, turning to Maria.

Maria nodded absently. She was standing squarely in the doorway, most inhospitably, her small fingers clutching the jamb. Her attitude and atmosphere unconsciously invited Cassie to depart, but Cassie was not sensitive to atmospheres.

"Aaron's goin' to Portland," she announced eagerly. "Goin' to take his money down."

"He didn't say so," returned Maria sharply.

Cassie peered longingly past her at the straight-backed chair beside the table, but Maria held the doorway.

"That's what he goes for. I've heerd Reub say that a score of times—goes now to bank his fish money. In the spring he'll go down again to bank the lobster money, but with that black

cat acrost his path ye wouldn't ketch me goin'. He'll likely lose it before he gits there."

An inarticulate murmur from the doorway. Maria's eyes wandered past Cassie down to the Cliff.

"Likely he has a good sum to bank," Cassie continued, "for Aaron's lucky. He got his hair cut last night," she went on calmly, despite her hostess's evident abstraction. "I was down to Seth's last night in the post-office, when he came in and asked Seth to cut it." The post-office was barber-shop also, and the post-master fisherman and barber combined. "I suspectioned then that he was goin' away, but he didn't tell."

Cassie drew her shawl closely about her shoulders, pushed her flying locks behind her ears, and chuckled. "Seth was barberin' Silas when Aaron came in; so he had to wait quite a spell, and then Seth had just got Aaron's beard trimmed and half his hair cut when the Servant of the Isle come in, and he had to go after the mail. Aaron looked so funny with his hair half cut that I tell 'em I had to go out-doors to laugh."

When Cassie finished speaking, she had as interested an auditor as she could have wished. Maria was staring at her with puzzled eyes. "Aaron down at Seth's," she began, "when Joe came in? No, he wasn't; he was home—"

She checked herself. "Well, I sat there and looked at him with my own eyes," snapped Cassie, who did not like to be contradicted, "and for half an hour before, too."

"For half an hour before," repeated Maria slowly. "Are you certain?"

"Certain? Well, of course I be. Aaron set there a long spell, I tell ye, while Silas was gittin' barbered. 'Twas a long half an hour before the Servant of the Isle hove into sight. What's ye lookin' like that for?" curiously.

Maria passed her hand across her eyes. "O—nothin'," she answered vaguely. She hesitated a moment. "Cassie, I have—something—to do that must be done now." She went in abruptly, and closed the door behind her.

"Well, dew tell!" ejaculated Cassie on the other side.

C.E. World.

To be continued.

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## From the Field—Continued.

UNLEY.—Collection to-day for Foreign Missions amounted to £38/9/6. We were allotted £45. Half-yearly business meeting was held on Wednesday evening, W. Charlick presiding. Reports of various agencies were satisfactory, and finances are in a good condition. Services to-day largely attended. At Men's Society meeting C. J. Hunt read an interesting paper on "The Church and its Critics." A lively and useful discussion followed.—R.B., July 4.

## New South Wales.

BROKEN HILL.—One confession since last report. Starting practice for S.S. anniversary this week.—R. J. HOUSE, July 2.

KILLABAKH CREEK.—The brethren who for some time past have been breaking bread at Killabakh met at the house of Bro. Nash on Monday night, June 22, with Bro. Smith in the chair. W. J. Williams, evangelist, being present by request of the church at Taree, delivered a report of the resolutions passed by that body, the substance of which was their earnest desire that we at Killabakh should organise ourselves. Accordingly it was resolved, "That we constitute ourselves into an organised church at Killabakh." The following members were appointed deacons:—R. Bulley, J. Nash and S. Smith. The following officers were elected:—Secretary, John Woollard; treasurer, Alfred Taylor. We pray that the blessing of God may rest upon our efforts to be steadfast and loyal to Christ our Master.—JOHN WOOLLARD, June 29.

MEREWETHER.—Good meetings all day. Bible School well attended. First day of new morning school to-day. Four young people have confessed Christ since our last report, two at Hamilton, and two at Merewether. All have since been baptised and added to the church. Our choir is doing good work for the King at the gospel services. Many of the Christians are sick; for these we ask your earnest prayer.—E. NEVILLE, July 4.

## Queensland.

ZILLMERE.—Since Bro. Comer resigned we have been helped by brethren from Brisbane. Meetings very good, and great interest taken. The following brethren preaching:—Bren. Weston, Burrows, Collins, Swan, Wallace, Tuck. The C.E. is working well. Band of Hope is in good swing. Last meeting four signed the pledge. We are training the young folk in ways of temperance, as we believe prevention is better than cure.—J. B., June 28.

## Here & There.

Decisions reported in this issue, 74.

The address of Bro. and Sister Mortimer, of Ballarat, Victoria, is 105 Urquhart st.

We have received £1 from the Bendigo Dorcas Society, per Mrs. E. Sims, for the W. W. Davey fund.

Dr. Chapman, speaking to the preachers in Melbourne, urging them to preach Christ, said: "If any of you have drifted from a belief in the deity of Christ, stop preaching. You have nothing to preach."

If the Subscriber should discover a pencil mark in the above square, he will know that his Subscription is due and that our Agent would be glad of a Settlement.

The Victorian General Dorcas will meet on Thursday, 15th, in Lecture Hall, Swanston-st., from 10.30 a.m.

During Bro. Ludbrook's absence from Brighton the platform has been filled by Bren. Baker and Wilson. Good meetings and addresses, and one addition.

The Chinese Mission Church of Christ, Queensberry st., Carlton, Vic., on Foreign Mission Sunday morning collected £7/12/10. Twelve members present.

A Foreign Mission meeting was held at the City Temple, Sydney, on June 28. There was a large congregation. Bro. Gole presided, Miss Kingsbury recited, and a very interesting address was delivered by Miss Mary Thompson upon the work at Harda, India.

Good meeting last Lord's day morning at Swanton-st., Melbourne. Very acceptable address by Bro. Meekison, subject, "The Five-fold Invitation." Offering for F.M. fund nearly £60. Bro. Gordon spoke in the evening on "Doubting Thomas—An Apostolic Rationalist."

S.S. UNION, VIC (Churches of Christ).—The 28th annual demonstration and distribution of prizes will take place in the Independent Church, Collins-st., on Thursday, July 29. Holders of hon. members' cards are entitled to admission. Obtain one now from delegates of Union Schools. (See Coming Events.)

A. Cane has started a Sunday School at Biggenden, Qld., in the Exhibition hall, which has been lent free of charge. Bro. Cane believes there is a good opening there for the primitive gospel. He has commenced work in the right way. Many a Sunday School has grown into a church. We wish him success.

A united Foreign Mission rally was held in Grote-st. chapel on June 30. The afternoon session was presided over by Mrs. Mauger, and was well attended. Reports were given by a number of F.M. auxiliaries. Splendid addresses by Mrs. Gooden and Miss Parsons, of India. Musical and elocutionary items were given. Tea was provided in the lecture hall. The evening meeting was a good one. D. A. Ewers presided, and stimulating addresses were given by Mr. Fleming, of Flinders-st. Baptist Church, and H. D. Smith. Bren. Thomas and Rankine assisted in the meeting.

At a meeting at Criccieth, Wales, in honor of Richard Lloyd and William Williams, who completed their 50th year as elders of the Church of Christ on April 18, a telegram was read from Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, expressing his admiration for the two pure, devoted and self-sacrificing lives. He also sent a presentation of a parcel of valuable books. These two brethren have preached the gospel almost every Lord's day for upwards of 50 years without charge, and have exercised the spiritual oversight. A handsomely bound Bible was presented to each of them by the church.

There was a good attendance at the Church of Christ, Ashburton, N.Z., on Sunday afternoon, June 6, when F. W. Greenwood, evangelist, gave an address on "True Manhood." The chair was occupied by

Dr. C. L. Handcock. Mr. Greenwood gave a very interesting address on how to live a worthy life, what temptations to avoid, and how to avoid them, clearly defining the evil snares of city and rural life, and leading both young and old by well-chosen language to a knowledge of the right use of the gifts of God. We were fearfully and wonderfully made, and our debt to our Creator consisted in the right use of our endowments. The lecturer dwelt on several instances of fallen manhood, as observed by himself, and of incidents of thankfulness of young men to Mr. Bligh and himself for timely advice. Mr. Greenwood described the anatomy of the human body, and dwelt on the advantage of pure blood, breathing, and exercise. Dr. Handcock also gave an address. Hearty votes of thanks were accorded to Mr. Greenwood and Dr. Handcock, on the motion of Mr. Hopwood. During the meeting Mr. Geo. Osborne sang the solo, "Throw out the Life Line."

## CHARACTER.

W. J. Way.

We are writing our names in marble,  
And writing in daylight, too;  
Ah, yes! we're always writing somewhere,  
We nothing else can do.

We are writing in wood and brickwork,  
And scribing our names on stone;  
But our names should stand for character,  
And character is bone.

To be without character,  
And what survives in name,  
Is weak as moistened paper  
And goeth two feet lame.  
To be without character is not to be at all.  
To be, and not to be, is the worst to be of all.

## Acknowledgments.

### VICTORIAN HOME MISSION FUND.

Churches—Geelong, £5; Brighton, per sisters, £12/11; Surrey Hills, Conference fee, 10/-; Warragul, 10/-; Swanston-st., per Miss M. Philp, 17/4; per Miss Huntsman, £2/0/3; Brunswick, £1/4/10; Warrnambool, £15; Colac, £7/10/-; Bro McDowell, Doncaster, £1; F. G. Smith, Barrapoor, £1/8/8; W. H. Rich, Bordertown, £1; Sister Mrs. Gunning, Moonee Ponds, 3/-; Sister Miss Stevenson, per Miss Hill, 10/-; Sister Copeland, South Melb., Mite Box 14/4; Sister Candish South Melb., 12/6; Sister Mrs. E. A. Cripp, Dandenong, 6/-.

The following additional amounts received towards reduction of overdraft of £200:—Mrs. J. Anderson, Moreland-rd., £2. C.E. Societies—Dandenong, 20/-; South Yarra, 20/-; Collingwood, 20/-; Church, Bendigo, £3/1/-; Bible Class & C.E. Society, Lygon st., £2. Bro. Sam Wong, £1. Total, £11/1/-.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

BARDWELL.—In loving memory of my dear sister Edith, who fell asleep in Christ, July 1, 1907.

"Thou art gone, loving sister,  
Gone to him who gave;  
Gone to receive your due reward  
For the sacrifice you made."

—Inserted by her loving sister Mabel.



## Coming Events.

**JULY 14.**—Grote-st. J.C.E. Annual Meeting on Wednesday, July 14. 7.45. A musical programme will be rendered by the Society, entitled "A Garland of Fair Flowers." Honor Banner will be presented. A happy evening, to which we invite YOU.—D. FISCHER, Supt.

**JULY 28** (Wednesday)—"A Ramble through Foreign Mission Fields." Limelight Lecture (125 pictures, all new), illustrating phases of mission work in different parts of the world, at the Christian Chapel, North Fitzroy, by J. W. Baker. Tickets, 6d. and 3d.

**JULY 29.**—S.S. Union of Victoria (Churches of Christ) The 28th Annual Demonstration will take place on this date at 8 p.m., in the Independent Church, Collins-st. (Dr. Bevan's). Good programme. Collection will be taken up during the meeting. All members interested in the work are asked to reserve Thursday, July 29, and come. (See Here and There.)—J.Y.P.

## BOARD AND RESIDENCE.

Comfortable Home. Kept by Sister Hutchison, "Liskeard," Cascade-st., Katoomba, N.S.W. Terms moderate.

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Do not forget to visit Katoomba, Blue Mountains. "Hurlston," Mrs. J. Thompson. Terms, 25/- to 30/- per week. Near Sights.

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Worship, 11.15 a.m., Library, Abbott-st. Open-air gospel meeting, foot of Melrose-st., 8 p.m. Brethren spending holidays in neighborhood specially welcomed.

## Foreign Mission Fund...

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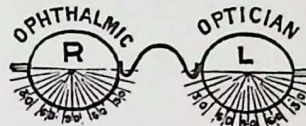
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A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day saw a stone-cutter chiselling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him:—

"Still chiselling?" he remarked, pleasantly.

"Yes, still chiselling," replied the workman, going on with the work.

"In what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman.

"I don't know," replied the stone-cutter; "I haven't seen the plans."

Then he went on chiselling, chiselling. Now, that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect, but each of us has his work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.

## The Angel in the House.

A worker in a Manchester slum tells the story of a whole family completely changed by the power of a deformed child. The father was a navvy, the lads were coarse and uncouth, and the mother, overworked and far from strong, had fallen into untidy habits. But there was born into that home a crippled child, and that deformed baby was the means of drawing out the sympathy and love and tenderness of the whole family. The man nursed and petted the child of an evening; the boys made playthings for her, and showed their affection in all sorts of pleasant ways; the mother kept the window clean, that her child, pillowed on the table, might look out on the court. The visitor declared that she witnessed

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