



The Australian EVANGEL

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"PERCY"

A bright little Sunday School scholar
at Normanton in the Gulf of
Carpentaria.



Our Message



THE GOOD SHEPHERD (John 10: 14)

Many of our boys and girls have seen flocks of sheep—many of their fathers are shepherds—or as they call them to-day—drovers—those who drive flocks or herds of sheep or cattle.

But perhaps we have never seen a flock led instead of driven or maybe we have never heard sheep called by any name (unless, of course, we have a pet lamb or sheep and then we call him "Billy").

In our lovely story we have a flock of sheep being led by the shepherd. They have all been safely kept from wicked men and wild beasts all through the night and now the shepherd, who himself had been the door, was bringing them out into the lovely sunshine to feed and drink and rest in green pastures.

Many of the flocks I have seen come running and tumbling over each other's backs to get away from the dogs and the crack of the shepherd's whip, but in our story, which is true, the good shepherd calls each sheep by name even though they are only sheep and they know their name and come when called.

And the sheep knew him. Your dog or cat or even a pet bird knows you, doesn't it? I remember a magpie that belonged to a friend. Every time I went to see her he knew I was a stranger and cried and flapped his wings and would surely have given me a great big pick only his owner prevented him.

This shepherd we are reading about is Jesus—the Shepherd who not only cares for and keeps His sheep but was willing and did lay down His life that the sheep might live for ever with Him in heaven. We are the sheep of His pasture. Have you heard Him call your name?

Do you know Him as the One who cares for you, keeps you from harm and danger? When He stands at the door of your heart, do you follow? You see the sheep could have hurried away and been lost, in fact we are told of one who did that and the Shepherd went after it and brought it back sick, and sad and sorry.

But in this story they follow Him. They chose to follow at the call of His lovely voice. There is no voice like the voice of Jesus and when He calls us we can choose as these sheep.

"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere, everywhere,
I will follow on."

If we listen to the voice of Jesus as He calls us we will hear Him saying many things.

Some of us older people are very tired and weary and Jesus says, "Come unto Me and rest." Have you weary folk heard that call?

Some of us are afraid of many things and Jesus says "Have faith in God." Some of us may not love Him and Jesus says, "Give thine heart to Me, once I died for thee." And this call of His love meant to Him the laying down of His life, as you know.

I hope you will hear that call of love and let Him do what He wants with you—which is to make you like Himself.



Young Folks



Dear Young Cousins,

Such a lovely lot wrote and told me about Christmas Day and Christmas Tree on their station and all of them were very good indeed. So good in fact that it was hard to pick out the best ones in the two classes. Neatness, of course, counted as well as the composition.

Cherbourg sent in the best papers altogether and *Rita Holt* has won 1st prize in *Class 1* and *Arthur Bell* in *Class 2*.

Of the others *Agnes Sampson* of *Moulamein* was best in *Class 1*, so she gets 2nd prize and *Eileen Binge* of *Toomelah* is second in *Class 2*. Some of you other tried hard and were very close to the winners. Here are your names:

Class 1. Gladys Johnson and *Topsy Biggs* from *McIndee*; *Mavis McIntosh*, *Alice Dennison* and *Colin Knox* from *Toomelah*; *Gwen Harrison*, *Valma Mitchell* and *Ruby Holt* from *Cherbourg*.

Class 2. Jack Pettit, *Emily Murray*, *Margaret Charles* and *Tibby Johnson* from *McIndee* and *Des Meredith* and *Dolly Blay* from *Cherbourg*.

We are glad that some new cousins who haven't written before tried this competition. Now have a go at the new one.

Yours in Christ Jesus,
COUSIN EVANGEL,

New Competition

Class 1 (11 years and over).

The longest text in the Bible is in the book of *Esther*. There are only 10 chapters in this book so look through until you find the longest verse and then write it out with the number of the chapter and verse.

Class 2 (under 11 years).

The shortest text in the Bible is found in *John* chapter 11. Look it up and write it out with the place

where you found it.

Send competitions with your name, age and where you live, to:

Cousin Evangel,
62 Johnson Street,
Chatswood, N.S.W.

1st Prize Letter in Class 1

(by *Rita Holt*, *Cherbourg*.)

Dear Cousin Evangel,

I do thank God for giving us a very fine day for Christmas and on Christmas morning we got up early to go round to some places to sing Christmas Carols to the people.

We had two tables set out and in the middle of one was a big Story Cake. When I was sitting down at the table I was thinking about the Heavenly Father and Jesus because if Jesus hadn't been born or came down to die on the cross we would have had no Christmas. Praise God for that also. We bought soft drinks, ginger beer, lemonade and many other things too, I think that is enough about Christmas.

On the 28th December we had a Christmas Tree and it was placed in a hall on Saturday morning. Miss Shankleton and Miss Abbott and some of the Native Workers decked the tree and on Saturday evening we received some sweets and went into the hall. Some children received some dolls, trumpets, dresses, tea-sets and many other things. I received a dress, beads and a rubber.

On Sunday some of the children had their things on that they had received from the Christmas Tree and they looked very gay.

Love from,
Rita Holt.

1st Prize Letter in Class 2

(by *Arthur Bell*, *Cherbourg*.)

On the 28th December, we had our Christmas Tree. In the morn-

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Old Folks' Page



"There is a path which no fowl knoweth and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it." (Job 28: 7, 8).

You all know the hawks and eagles. They are large birds of prey. I have seen them swoop down on small birds and chickens and carry them away for their supper. These birds have wonderful eyesight, from high up in the clouds they can see when a poor sheep or calf falls down sick and down they fly to worry them.

I read a story about a little boy. A lady was trying to show him what wonderful sight the eagle hawks have.

"She brought a hawk out and after loosing a chain that was round his leg, she let him go. Up and up he went until he looked like a tiny speck in the sky, then he disappeared altogether. Taking some meat from her pocket, the lady held it out in front of her. 'He will never see that,' the little boy said, as he looked up and saw not even a speck anywhere which could be the hawk. But as he watched the sky, a speck came which got bigger and bigger till he could see it was the hawk coming back. And back he came for although no one could see him, he had seen the meat all that long distance away."

The vulture is a large bird very much like the hawk or eagle. They all belong to the same family of birds. Perhaps those living in the country have seen a vulture.

Now, although they have such wonderful sight God's Word tells us that there is a path they cannot see, and it is a path animals have not trodden.

Men and women, boys and girls, can see this path and walk in it if they will.

I wonder where this path is?

It is the path that leads to God, our Heavenly Father.

Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

Many people have found this path and are travelling along it to the Glory Land.

"I'm on my way to the Glory Land,
I'm on my way, Praise the Lord,
To the Glory Land."

Have you seen the path? If not, ask the Lord Jesus to show you the way. He will open your eyes to see it and lead you in the Way. "I will lead them in paths that they have not known."



Stories from Other Lands



WANG'S OFFERING

Mr. Wang was a chinaman, with a shining face, kindly, pure in heart and deed, willing if need be to lay down his life for his heavenly Master, so greatly did he love Him, and Mr. Wang was also a Christian.

His home nestled among the foothills of the great mountains of Southern China. It was but four mud walls, a mud floor, and a bit of thatching which did duty for a roof. Inside were three planks resting on two trestles, a bamboo table, a few bamboo bowls, and some chopsticks, and an iron pan for the charcoal fire—this was all his furniture. There was no doubt that he was although a Christian—very poor. Outside his tiny hut was a patch of poor soil in which Mr. Wang, with the help of his loyal wife, tried to make a living by growing a bit of Indian corn and a few vegetables. Also like his neighbours round him, he reared little pigs which, when big enough he took, with the vegetables to sell at the nearest market. "Wife," he said one day, returning from the market of Clear Springs—a busy place three days' journey from his home—"Wife, I've had a wonderful day!"

Mrs. Wang's tired eyes lit up. "You have sold the goods well?" she asked.

"Well no," he answered, "in fact it was a poor market to-day as far as that goes." And his wife's face fell. She was angry. She needed more cloth and cotton-wool to make winter clothing for the little ones, and she was disappointed.

"That is no matter, wife. The heavenly Father will see to it that we do not lack. Have you forgotten how He fed Elijah when the spring dried up? Look at our spring! It is not even dry yet." Thus Mr. Wang thought to comfort his wife. "But the spring won't provide me

and the children with cotton-wool linings for our winter clothes!" she said. "Just look at them now!" And the poor woman began to cry. "Listen to me. I *have* the cotton-wool for your clothes—beautiful wool, too, so you have nothing to cry about. Now do listen." Mrs. Wang dried her tears and listened. "I met some Christians to-day," Mr. Wang told her, his eyes shining. "Christians!" she exclaimed, her interest roused now. "But how can that be? No preacher has ever gone to Clear Springs, has he?" "No, and that is what I have been thinking about on my way home. These people told me that they had believed on the true God, and had actually thrown away their idols through the word of a Christian carrier, who had stopped at their village. They asked me to bring a message down to the Christians here, to send them a teacher who would live among them, and tell more about Jesus."

"I don't see how that can be done," said Mrs. Wang, "it costs a lot to send a preacher, and our church is poor."

"Yes, that is only too true," agreed her husband. Certainly it did not look promising, but Wang, filled with a great zeal that these people whom he had met might have more teaching, spoke to the missionary about it.

"Alas!" said the missionary, "It would be a lovely gift, but a teacher would cost more money than the little church here could give, still let us pray about it."

Day after day, Wang's heart was burdened and daily he prayed. "Oh, heavenly Father, you 'so loved the world—and that includes Clear Springs—that You gave Your only

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Our Own Page



(Continued from page 3)

ing some of the men took a waggon out in the bush to bring in the tree which was cut down to put the gifts on. Miss Shankleton and some others put the gifts on the tree and the same ones took them off and gave them to Mr. Smyth, and Mr. Smyth called out names and we went to the front where he was and the gifts were given to us.

We all said "Thank you," I got a nice stripey shirt and a lot of little fishes and a small frog and small ducks and swans and a little fishing line and net in a box. My little brother George, got a little house called "Zoo." You turn a little wire handle and you will see pictures of different birds on one side and on the other side you will see animals and he got a shirt too. My other little brother Percy, got a tin whistle and a shirt, too, and my little baby sister Francis got a nice woollen jumper and a soft, fluffy ball with all colours on it.

Everybody was very pleased. A lot of people were there. Mrs. Brainwood was there and two of her daughters. Mrs. Smyth and her children were there. The hall was packed with big people and little children. Our Christmas Tree was decorated with pretty papers. They had it standing on the stage with some boards to keep it from falling. We were all thankful to God for the beautiful gifts.

2nd Prize Letter in Class I

(by Agnes Sampson, Moulamein)

Dear Cousin Evangel,

I am writing you a few lines hoping you are well as this leaves me the same.

How I Spent My Christmas

I went to Echuca and it was a very nice town. All the shops were lovely. I saw Santa Claus in the

street. He had a big bag of gifts and he looked very tired. All the children were glad to see him, they followed him everywhere he went.

I got a handkerchief, beads and a brooch. I went out to Cummeragunja on Christmas Day. It was lovely and I went to church on Christmas night. In church they sang, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

I saw the picture of Jesus on the front of the Evangel—God's wonderful Christmas Gift.

I remain,

Yours in Jesus,

Agnes Sampson.

2nd Prize Letter in Class 2

(by Eileen Binge, Toomelah)

Dear Cousin Evangel,

I had a very happy Christmas. We are spending our holidays now. We might be going away for our holidays next Friday.

We had a very happy Christmas Tree at the hall on Christmas Eve. I got a bag with soap in it and a dress. It was tied on to the bag.

We sang a song at the Christmas Tree before they gave the toys out. We were pleased with it all. The people came to the tree to see us get the toys.

I remain,

Yours truly,

Eileen Binge.

(Continued from page 5)

begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Thee should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Will You not also give the money that these people may have a Christian preacher to tell them about You?"

While Mr. Wang thus prayed he seemed to hear God saying to him: "Answer your own prayers; send this gift yourself."

(To be continued)

Hints for Sunday School Teachers

When should a teacher begin to prepare for his (or her) class? This question was put to a visitor to a large Sunday School. He had had much experience in teaching and this is what he said: "As soon as one lesson is given begin on the next. In other words, begin on the Sunday to get ready for the following Sunday's lesson. Do not wait for Saturday night, because that should be the last and not the first night of preparation."

A successful superintendent once said: "There is a very simple way of making your Sunday School what it should be, and that is by having a prayer circle. Every teacher and officer in the school belongs to it and each promises to pray at least once a day for the school and for some one member of it in particular."

What about trying it on your station?

A CORNER FOR NATIVE PASTORS AND WORKERS Knowing the Book

The Bible invites our most careful attention. It is God's word and has in it the truths which can make one wise to salvation. Its history is worthy of our careful study. Its poetry is attractive. Its prophecies are full of interest. It is just as suitable for us to-day as it was for those who lived hundreds of years ago.

To know the Bible we need to study it carefully and regularly. We should read it book by book and learn the purpose of those who wrote each book.

The one who knows the Bible is armed to meet and resist the assaults of the enemy.

A lighthouse keeper was once asked was he lonely. He replied: "I remember that the eyes of the world are upon me to see that my light burns bright and steadily. What might happen if my light were to go out?"

What a lesson for us! How often our best efforts fail because our light is not shining brightly!

BIRTHS, DEDICATIONS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

Births

NELSON.—On January 16, at Cummeragunja, to Mr. & Mrs. Bob Nelson, a daughter, Patricia Ruth.

ATKINSON.—On January 25, at Cummeragunja, to Mr. & Mrs. Dan Atkinson, a son, Wilfred Hamlet.

SMITH.—On January 30, at Cummeragunja, to Mr. & Mrs. A. Smith, a daughter, Vera Joseline.

WALSH.—On February 6, at Cummeragunja, to Mr. & Mrs. Fred Walsh, a daughter, Cynthia Diana.

ATKINSON.—On February 6, at Cummeragunja, to Mr. & Mrs. Frank Atkinson, a son, Leo Gordon.

MUIR.—On February 10, at Cummeragunja, to Mr. & Mrs. William Muir, a daughter, (still born).

Dedications

NADEN.—On February 16, at Condobolin, David Arthur Naden.

Deaths

SMITH.—On February 3, Hugh Percival, dearly loved husband of Lydia Smith, Moonah Cullah.

BONEY.—On February 3, Barbara Ann (16 months) daughter of Kathleen and Sonny Boney, in Walgett Hospital.

NICHOLLS.—On Saturday, February 22, Neville, dear wee son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Nicholls (Tracker). "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

OUR TEXT FOR THE MONTH

1936	APRIL												1936
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.							
*	*	*	1	2	3	4							
5	6	7	8	9	10	11							
12	13	14	15	16	17	18							
19	20	21	22	23	24	25							
26	27	28	29	30	*	*							

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

(1 Timothy 6: 12).

NATURE TALKS FROM THE BIBLE

I. The Bat

References—*Leviticus* 11: 19; *Deuteronomy* 14: 18; *Isaiah* 2: 20.

The bat is mentioned three times in the Bible, twice in the list of unclean creatures and once in a passage in Isaiah, describing the end of all idols.

Evidently, it was thought a very doleful sort of creature and this is not surprising when we think of its looks.

It is a mysterious thing because most people have never seen one and lots of people think it is a bird.

Bats are to be found mostly in eastern countries. By day they sleep in temples, caves and tombs and at dusk come out in clouds to scour the surrounding country.

Naturally, because they seemed to like ruins, graves and desolate places they got a bad name amongst the ancient people. There were lots of superstitions about them. Some thought they were devils and witches.

Some of the Chinese and some of our own people like to eat a kind of bat that lives on fruit.

The Hebrew name for bat means "that which flies in the dark."

One-Eyed

There was once a rich miser, a man who had plenty of money but was frightened to use it and wanted to keep it all for himself. He had a disease called a cataract on both of his eyes. He went to a great doctor and asked could he have the cataracts taken off. The doctor examined him and said that it could be done.

"But what will it cost?" asked the miser anxiously.

"Twenty pounds for each eye," was the answer.

And the miser thought of his money and then thought of his blindness and said, "I will have one eye done and that will be enough for me to see to count my money, and I can save the expense of having the other operated on."

"Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law," was the prayer of the psalmist and should be our prayer. But the half-and-half Christians want only one eye opened. He likes the missionary or minister to preach conversion strongly, because he has been converted himself (or herself) and believes strongly in it. But he does not like the missionary to preach consecration for that means that he has to lay himself and all that he has on God's altar and he is not ready for that.

In other words he chooses a one-eyed religion, that which sees Christ as Saviour from sin's *penalty*, but will not see Him as Saviour from sin's *power*.