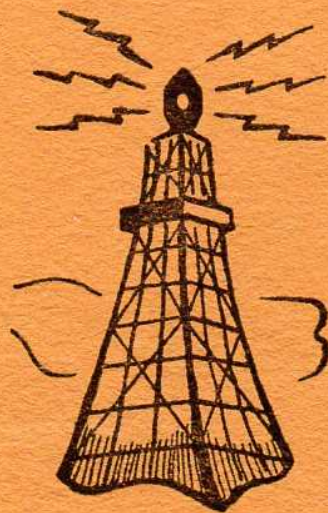


GOOD MORNING LISTENERS . . .



ADDRESSES BROADCAST
FROM 4GR TOOWOOMBA
By REV. LES. T. VICKERY, B.A.

ADDRESSES

BROADCAST FROM
STATION 4GR TOOWOOMBA

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Appearing in this Issue:

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THE INSCRIPTION

The profits from the sale of this book will go
towards the Building Fund for the New Methodist
Church to be erected at Newtown, Toowoomba.

Good Morning Listeners,

You have been generous in your appreciation of the addresses given from time to time from 4GR Toowoomba, and I have succumbed to the suggestion to gather up a number and issue them in book form. This is the result. With but slight alteration they are as delivered at the time of the broadcast, the form of direct speech being retained.

No general theme has determined the choice; each is separate and complete; yet each is a flash from the celestial city, momentarily lighting up the hospital ward, the sick room, the farmhouse, the kitchen, the office

As this leaves my study it is not without grave misgivings on my part. The addresses have been prepared under pressure of time, and a busy circuit has not afforded opportunity for any polishing. I must crave your indulgence.

Yet it is sent forth with the prayer that some eyes shall thereby be lifted to catch a gleam from that "city which hath the foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."

The Parsonage,
13 Raff Street,
Toowoomba, Q.

COURAGE

Man is inherently religious. That is clear from the study of the various races of the world. Some form of religious expression is found there. It is in times of danger or national peril that this religious sentiment becomes more apparent. The thoughts of man then turn more consciously towards God. Some pray to Him to be delivered from the particular danger or threatened disaster; others, with honest resignation refuse to do so, remarking: "I have not taken thought for God in times of security, I am not going to appeal to Him now." Both types reveal a false conception of God, as One to whom prayer is made to secure protection or escape from danger.

Prayer is not an escape mechanism. It is not a putting onto God—or onto someone else, for that is what it virtually means—what we should be doing ourselves. It is not a means whereby we can escape the dangers of death—nor of death itself! It must be realised quite frankly that the existence of anyone of us is not essential to the progress of mankind. The supreme example of this is Christ. He, of all people surely was needed on earth. His removal at 33 years seemed a colossal tragedy. Actually it was expedient that He go away! History has amply proved that.

No. Prayer is a means of strength to do what is right; to face calmly and courageously any situation life may present. Readers of Charles Dickens' book "The Tale of Two Cities" will recall how Sydney Carton contrived to replace Charles Darnay, who was awaiting his turn for the guillotine. As those for that particular day were being assembled in a room, one of the number, a young seamstress, frail and timid, came up to Carton. She had formed a liking for Darnay and was desirous of his company to sustain her for this last journey.

"If I may ride with you," she says, "Will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" She whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, Stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister, to the last."

Then later at the guillotine, they are standing on the platform together. "But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

Life presents to us all, at some time or other, difficult situations. Perhaps you are facing one now. And there is no escape. You may have prayed that it pass from you. So did Jesus. So did Paul. Yet in both there was no escape. But in both Grace was given to see it through. You too shall see it through, in that same strength. Let your mind turn towards God. You may see Him in a friend; but however you see Him you will find courage; you will feel that you are slipping your hand into that of the Unseen Friend, that brave Friend, Who trod the way to the cross—for others, for you. And you will face life—or death courageously.

"I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown'."

And he replied, "Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way."

RATIONING

I am fully aware this is, to say the least, a delicate matter; but it is one which vitally concerns you. What brings the matter to mind now is that I went in recently to get measured for a suit of clothes. There will not be much of page 1 left in my Ration Book when I have parted with the required number of coupons. Careful management will be needed to keep respectably clad!

In this matter of rationing, it is well to get things in their right perspective. We may, if we like, consider rationing as a restriction of our rights; we shall then be resentful, we shall feel that we have been treated rather harshly, unjustly; some may even consider it quite justifiable to get round it by some way or other. Such outlook is shortsighted, it is false. The long view, and true perspective is, to regard it as a sort of pruning. Let me illustrate.

Beside the parsonage, in my last Circuit grew a grape vine. I knew that grape vines should be pruned each year; I had some vague idea that the purpose was to secure a better crop; and I had a still more vague idea as to the way it should be done. It had to be tackled, so one morning, armed with saw and clippers, I set about the task. When it was complete I stood back, and surveyed the result with no little satisfaction. After service on the following Sunday morning, I was speaking to Mr. Neal, a genial old man of almost 80. I drew his attention to my handiwork. "Yes," he replied, "I noticed that you had been doing something to the vine." "Do you think it is alright?" I asked. "Well," said he, with a most disarming smile, "I think you could have taken away a bit more wood." I would not have missed that model of tactfulness for anything; it was worth making a mess of the pruning to hear it. At my invitation, he came next day, and completed the work I had attempted, and I soon had proof of the extreme vagueness of my knowledge of pruning. And I shall not readily forget the lesson I learned from this expert on the value of pruning. Pruning has a dual purpose—preservation and conservation. As the dead wood is removed, the life of the vine is preserved, and as the various branches are cut back the sap, the lifeblood of the vine, is conserved that the vine may be more fruitful.

You see then what I mean by taking the long view of rationing. It is designed to preserve the life of the nation, of the commonwealth of nations, of the world of nations. And it is designed to conserve the resources of the nation that a more fruitful result may be achieved.

Admittedly, rationing is not all that it should be; but it is quite a new thing. Expert gardeners even after years of experience are not agreed on the best method of pruning. Yet whatever method is followed the purpose is achieved and that, after all, is the main thing.

What is true in national life, is equally true in the spiritual. There is a natural law in the spiritual world. The life of the Church is preserved, and conserved for a more effective work, by pruning. This pruning was emphasised by the Founder, Jesus Christ. "I am the true vine and My Father is the Husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, He cleanseth it, that it may bear more fruit." That was the meaning, too, of His challenge, "Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." It was not a restriction of life, but a pruning.

The pruning knife must be used, both in the organisations of the Church, and the individuals that go to make up the Church. It is difficult work, needing most skilful handling; yet it must be done if the life of the Church is to be preserved, and conserved for most effective use. Dead wood, the dead wood of obsolete thought, and of theology, must go. And those long branches, that produced fruit last season, but this season would only issue in foliage, with little, if any, fruit, must be cut back to conserve the energy of the Church, or of the individual. The Church's task is great: it must not be hampered by dead wood, and unproductive organisations.

For the preservation of life, and conservation of power—in the nation, in nature, in the spiritual realm, rationing is essential.

LIFE'S TRUE POSSESSIONS

I shall not readily forget my first visit to the home of, — well let us call her Mrs. Smith (that is not her true name). She lived in a district called "Richlands."

I do not know how it came by that name. Possibly it was the result of someone's perverted sense of humour, for the district certainly belied the name. Perhaps, and this is more probable, perhaps it was named by an officer of the City Council who had never seen the place save on a map; it had to be named, and "Richlands" would suit as well as any other, it sounded alright. Or, have we here a name chosen by a real visionary, one who had looked out across the years, and had seen on this site some great enterprise being worked out? Or have we in the chooser of this name, a man with a true understanding of psychology, and who thus gives an unconscious incentive to residents to make the place to fit the name?

However it got its name, at the time I saw it, it certainly was pretty worthless territory, and could be acquired merely for the asking. During the depression years, it was discovered by quite a number of people who had been thrown out of employment. With a dole insufficient to meet both rent and the bare necessities of life, these people, many without even furniture, had gravitated to this place and there had constructed simple buildings out of such materials as they could secure.

Here the Smiths lived. I drove up in an old Whippet car, which had really passed the retiring age, but by some means not fully understood by me, was still in commission. Even so, it looked strangely out of place in those surroundings.

I was most graciously received. Mrs. Smith took a real pride in showing me their home,—their own home, built by themselves, and fitted out with furniture for the most part made out of packing cases and oddments of material. But it was their very own. Circumstances had not been able to destroy their happiness—life's true possession. The incentive to live, to work to improve, was there; they had, too, the vision of a better day, and they were carrying on bravely and happily. It was good to see it.

And then I learned of a threat to this happiness, a thief that would rob them of their true possession. Mr. Smith's father had died leaving, what to these folk was a princely sum, an estate worth about £2,000. There was a life interest for the widow, to be made up to an adequate allowance, by encroachment into the capital of the estate, and then on her death the residue of the estate was to

be divided between the sons. It is quite clear that very little, if any, would eventually reach the sons; but Mr. Smith had got the impression that the others were overlooking him, because of his reduced circumstances. This impression easily gave way to suspicion, and so their happiness was being threatened. If the father had died penniless or if he had willed his estate in some other way, Mr. Smith would have been no better placed materially yet his happiness would not have been threatened. But because there was a possibility of his material position being bettered by an inheritance, coupled with the fact that it might not reach him, there crept in this threat to his happiness. And how often does this happen! How often is a family divided through an inheritance?

I endeavoured to make this clear to Mrs. Smith. What did it matter whether or not they received anything. Let not the inheritance divide them, rather let them assume that the executors and trustees would act rightly in the interests of all; but, above all, let not the question of the inheritance rob them of their true possession. "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

GROWING PAINS

The other day I met Ossie in town. After the usual greetings were exchanged I asked what he was doing in Toowoomba. "I am trying to get hold of some overalls," he said. "Do you know where I could get any?" I had to confess ignorance in the matter and went on to sympathise with him in his difficulty; I tried to assure him that under the present conditions with manpower and supply problems ever present, temporary clothing shortages were to be expected but was quite sure that it would work out alright in the end; after all we are not so badly placed as some countries. To all this Ossie agreed. "But," said he, "that is not my difficulty. I can get overalls alright but not the correct size; I am too big." Clothes are made, so it seems, in a range of certain sizes and styles, and Ossie had made the mistake of growing beyond the selected range.

Under normal conditions that would not be serious. A visit to the tailor would set matters right. But not now. It would not be so serious if he were too small, for seams can be taken in—I believe that is the correct term—but there is a limit to letting out seams, and that limit is all too quickly reached in to-day's garments. Ossie's needs could be met only by a new garment. I sincerely trust that in this he was successful.

Ossie's problem suggests to me certain difficulties that arise in life from time to time; difficulties that are far more serious than his. We may call them the growing pains of humanity. For instance, in the fifth century before Christ there lived in Athens a man called Socrates. Socrates had a truly noble soul. His soul would not fit into the usual range of mental clothing available in his day. He must needs create a new set of ideas, new thought forms, new conceptions of eternal realities. But when his mind is thus clad he looked strangely out of place amidst his contemporaries; so he was removed; he was made to drink the hemlock.

In the preceding century in another country, Palestine, lived another great man, Jeremiah. He, too, had a soul which did not fit into the range of mental clothing available in his day. His conception of God far outmoded those of his contemporaries; therefore he must needs create new thought forms; and he was removed, and martyred.

Another noble soul, Jesus, found the mental clothing of His age entirely inadequate. He must needs make for Himself a new garment; to put new stuff into old garments would not be satisfactory. But He, too, looked so out of place, that on the advice of the High Priest, rather than disturb the whole nation, it was found expedient to remove Him. He was crucified.

The story of the early Christian Church is the same. Stephen is stoned, Paul is constantly in trouble, and finally martyred; it is certain that almost all, if not all, of the Apostles met a similar fate, as did also many of the Church fathers.

These are the growing pains of a nation, of humanity. In the various stages of development, some noble soul reaches far beyond his contemporaries, often is removed, but the next generation finds itself up where he reached. See how in each of the cases mentioned, succeeding ages honoured them.

Thus the story goes on. Our present age will produce another and better, only as some one or more reaches out to something beyond. He may not be understood by his contemporaries, yes, even be removed; but he will bring the race up to his height. That is the secret of the power of the Christ in the world in all ages. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." And this He is doing.

MEN OR PIGS

I had better repeat the title, for I do not want you to be mistaken. It is easy over the wireless for a word to be mistaken and the title in this case is most important—Men or Pigs.

The story is quickly told. Jesus and His disciples, after a very perilous crossing of Lake Galilee, had landed near a small village called Khersa. Scarcely had they disembarked when a man came dashing down from amongst the tombs on the hillside, screaming and calling out as he came. He was suffering from Schizophrenia. In those days all forms of insanity were designated demon-possession; the symptoms quite naturally suggested it. Jesus restored the man's sanity, but in the course of restoration, a herd of pigs feeding nearby became infected with panic, stampeded down the grassy slopes into the waters of the lake, and perished. It is quite conceivable that the panic amongst the pigs was used by Jesus as an aid to the cure. The owners of the pigs, when they were acquainted of the loss, immediately came upon the scene and because of the apparent connection between the restoration of the man's sanity and the destruction of the pigs, begged Jesus to leave the country. They feared that further losses of property may follow if He remained.

The cure of this man was a costly business—2000 pigs—especially at to-day's market price! But that would not have been so bad, heavy fee though it be, in fact welcomed, if they were the property of the man himself. The problem was just at that point. The pigs were the property of others.

Here is one of the hardest lessons we have to learn, viz., a man, any man, is of more value than property, your property, my property. It is the lesson Jesus came to teach. The acceptance of Him involves us in all that we possess. In the *Courier-Mail* some time ago the Doctor, in the *Diary of the Doctor*, wrote, "After Church last night we went into the Padre's for supper. There being

present two or three people who are on the local hospital committee, the talk naturally fell upon the inevitable question of financial difficulties with which this and similar institutions are eternally beset. There was present one who has not been very much to the fore in assisting with work of this nature. In the midst of our talk he interrupted with: "The whole trouble with people to-day is that they are spoon fed. The State looks after their health, their education, and almost everything else about them. If we didn't do quite so much of this sort of thing we would make people much more self-reliant and accordingly improve the moral stamina of the nation." There was some agreement with this statement. He continued, "Personally and frankly, I do not see why I should be called upon to contribute to the hospital bill of someone in whom I haven't the slightest interest, and who would probably have been persuaded to save up and pay it himself if he hadn't known that if he didn't someone else would. I'll be glad to hear someone else explain to me why I should be made responsible for the medical expenses of my neighbours." There was silence for a minute and then the Padre said quietly, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is probably the oldest question in the Bible."

Men or pigs! Men or Property! The owners of the pigs preferred pigs. But they had to ask Christ to depart. Whenever, in history, the emphasis has been placed on possessions, the inevitable has happened, the Christian principles have had to go, and the race or nation has fallen.

The application of this thought is clear. The maintenance of the hospital work IS my concern, whether I use it or not; the maintenance of Missionary work, at home or abroad, IS my concern; the implementing of social work IS my concern. I can only renounce it by renouncing the Christ.

THIS FREEDOM

Many years ago there sat at the entrance to a cave high up in the mountain fastnesses of Judaea an old man. He was gazing out across the wide expanse of country that separated him from a small town, barely visible in the distance; his home was there. It seemed more dear to him then because it was in the hands of the enemy. As he sat there wondering how long it would be before he would see the old home again, involuntarily there escaped from his lips a wish, "Oh that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" Three of his men heard the remark, and that evening they were missing from the camp. The next day they were still missing, but late on the following evening they returned and presented to their beloved chieftain a flask of water. You can imagine his feelings: You have received something from home, a sprig of heather or a photo, an ornament, what a fragrance pervades it! So David—for that was the chieftain's name—looks at this water from the well of Bethlehem. Then he looks up at the three men. He visualizes their hazardous venture, they had risked their lives to gratify his desire. Turning once more to the water, he deliberately pours it out on the ground. That water was something more than water; he could not drink it merely to gratify his own longing, however legitimate it might be. That water was symbolic. It was the expression of the loyalty of those men. It was a symbol of sacrifice. "Be it far from me, O Lord," he exclaims, "Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: shall I drink the blood of the men that went into jeopardy of their lives?"

To-day we are living in a country in comparative freedom. But this freedom has been fetched for us at great risk, at great price. You may look at this freedom as did David at first at the water. It is a great treasure, and will yield much enjoyment in its use, and you are at full liberty to enjoy it, it is yours. But pause: look at the faces of those men and women who have fetched you this freedom. A vast company, some you can see only as in a vision, they will not come back; others are still there, risking their all to retain this treasure for you. Do you see them? Now look back at this freedom you hold in your hand. Is it quite the same? What shall you do with it? Ah, yes, I think I see you pouring it out, as did David, "unto the Lord," It is a symbol of sacrifice. "Shall I drink the blood of the men who went into jeopardy of their lives?"

David's men fetched the water. Our men are fetching freedom. And in between them stands another symbol, a cross; and on it, One Who went out that He might procure good tidings for the oppressed, healing for the sick, release for the captives. That is freedom, the freedom you hold in your hand. Look at it again, the perfect symbol of sacrifice.

The price of freedom is eternal sacrifice.

PURPOSE

The other day a gentleman, to whom I had just been introduced, said to me, "I'm very pleased to meet you. I have heard you frequently through the wireless; in fact we always have the wireless tuned to 4GR on the Tuesday morning in time for the devotional service." Naturally I was pleased to hear this, and I murmured something like this, "I'm glad you find the sessions helpful, after all, that is the purpose of them. We are trying to be helpful, to give just that message that will help during the day."

I was not however quite prepared for his next remark. "Yes," he said, "You see I have an appointment every Tuesday morning at 9.30 and I time my shaving by the session; if I finish first, I know I shall just have nice time to get there, but if you finish first I know I shall be in a scramble!" He was, of course, indulging in good-natured banter, for he added that he and his wife both enjoyed the morning devotionals; but it so happened that they came on at a time when it was most convenient for shaving.

There is something rather suggestive about this use of the wireless. I strongly suspect that not a few people use it as a time keeper. The wireless is turned on, say for the news, and then it is left on—that is unless it be a battery set, when the sessions are chosen with great care, to ensure having the battery in use for the important sessions. In cases where the wireless is left on you hear from time to time some familiar tune with which a particular session opens and you remark "Oh, I did not think it was so late as that, I must hurry, else the family will be home before dinner is ready." For the moment the wireless has undergone a change—it is no longer a wireless, it is a clock. For a thing is named according to its purpose.

I'll repeat that, it is very important. A thing is named according to its purpose. Illustrations of this are legion. When, for instance, my wee lass empties out the contents of my wastepaper basket onto the study floor and carries it off to the play room it then becomes a seat or a horse or a castle, according to the place it is to take in the general scheme of things there. Children are

always doing this sort of thing—and so are grown ups. Life consists entirely of this process of fitting things to a purpose.

As the story of Genesis indicates this material universe is placed entirely at the disposal of man, it is the material out of which he shall clothe his purposes: He can mould it to any shape; it is a plastic in his hands. He is responsible for the shape it takes. And it takes shape according to the purpose he has in mind.

It is of first importance then to select a worthwhile purpose for life. What purpose have you in mind? Why are you living at all? The answer to these questions determines how you shall use whatever of the material things are at your disposal, it will determine for instance what use you will make of money. Select a worthwhile purpose.

AT THE BARBER'S

The morning following a very disorderly political meeting in the Town Hall a friend of mine visited a barber's shop. (The visit by the way, had no connection with the meeting of the previous night). The talk naturally turned to the meeting. My friend ventured the remark that he considered that justice demanded that when a man hires a hall, for whatever purpose, it should not be allowed to be invaded by those whose sole purpose is to disrupt. This brought a quick retort from another customer. "Agreed," said he, "But is it any different from the misrepresentation by a chain of newspapers for propaganda purposes?" (He was alluding to a note regarding unionism that had appeared a few days earlier).

I am not here concerned with the subject of the discussion—though it be important. My attention was directed to the place of the discussion—a barber's shop. What an amazing place! The perfect forum! At frequent intervals we all make our way there and find a truly remarkable company. What other place offers such splendid opportunity for discussion? A Doctor's waiting room? It certainly is full these days; but no discussion develops there: we try to appear unconcerned, but it is true we suffer from a certain nervousness and this is not conducive to sustained and thoughtful or animated discussion. But at the barber's all is different. And what discussions take place. What great undertakings have had their genesis there!

I have just re-read "The Republic" by Plato. This book represents partly his own philosophy but mainly that of his illustrious teacher, Socrates. Socrates left no writings. He spent his time discussing anything and everything wherever people congregated, the market place, the gymnasium, the barber's. It was out of these discussions Plato framed a series of dialogues of which "The Republic" is the most famous.

The book is really an answer to the question "What is Justice?" And quite conceivably it had its origin in a barber's shop under similar conditions to those which gave rise to the morsel of dialogue with which I commenced my address.

For our purpose now I wish to refer to that section where Socrates works out with Glaucon his conception of the Ideal State—the New Order! That it was never established does not mean that it is of no use. In this present time, when all is in a state of flux, when we are searching for just that mould into which to cast the materials of the new order, it is important to examine such moulds as have been fashioned in other days; there may be something of value in them.

First Socrates describes a simple state of existence. Glaucon is dissatisfied with this, for, said he, "This does not provide for the higher part of man's nature." So Socrates goes on to elaborate a more luxurious state (in reality a delineation of the existing Greek State). The requirements of such a state make expansion of territory necessary—hence war! This gives rise to a military class referred to as guardians. To prevent such class being arrogant and oppressive a system of education is found necessary. He develops this idea and then is in a position to describe the Ideal State. It consists of: (1) The Rulers (selected from the guardians). (2) The Auxiliaries (the rest of the guardians) and (3) The Artisans or Producers. It is interesting to note that there is no class system; people are drafted into the various classes outlined, according to suitability—the work of manpower officers no doubt. Further on, Socrates indicates that there are three types of state. First, the Ideal, the one I have just described, having the power of government vested in one man, a philosopher-king, chosen from the Rulers. Next a state with power vested in a small group; and thirdly, a democracy. He regards democracy as an immature form of government.

He further points out that the danger from misgovernment is in inverse order. That is, democracy is least likely to damage the state through misgovernment, whilst where power is vested in one man and he a bad man the state fares worst.

In the religious world our thoughts centre round an Ideal State also—The Kingdom of God. Significantly enough we regard the Ideal form to be a government by One—God. The Scriptures affirm this, and in our Church Councils we pray that all shall be done in accordance with the will of God.

The Kingdom of God is a Kingdom of human beings. The kingdoms of this earth are kingdoms of human beings. The two are related, the two must develop together.

THE BOOK

If you were forbidden to possess any books at all but one, what would be your choice? In these days, when, despite paper restrictions a prodigious volume of literature is pouring from the printing presses and flooding the bookstores, such a question seems strangely out of place, imaginery in the extreme. True. But the question was suggested by the reading of a book that came into my hands one day last year; it is only now that I have been able to dip into it. Books have a fascination for me. It is rather dangerous for me to walk into a good bookstore. Too often my enthusiasm has led me into taking away a number of books, at which financial discretion would look askance. And to-day the danger is increased, for less money can be spent in other directions, the ration book sees to that.

But to return to this book. It is a copy of *The Primitive Wesleyan Magazine* for September, 1824—120 years ago. On one of its pages I discovered this interesting observation—

"Among the ecclesiastical laws published in the 10th Century and ascribed to King Edgar, for 'the regulation of the lives of ecclesiastical person' are the following:—

- 34 That every clergyman take great care to have a good book, at least a true one.

64 That no clergyman be a hunter, or hawker, or player at dice; but entertain himself with his book, as becometh his order.

and on the same page is this impressive statement: "In the 10th Century a single copy of the Bible, and a few other books, not exceeding sixteen in the whole, were considered as a legacy of sufficient importance to be witnessed by the king and queen, and several bishops; and of so great value as to be bequeathed as the common property of several monasteries."

Books, it seems, were very rare, and many even of the clergy did not possess even one. Wouldn't it alarm you if you were limited to one only? But if such a situation arose, what would be your choice? Yes, I agree—the Bible, of course. What other book could vie with it for value? What shall a man give in exchange for his Bible? Is there any other book? Even where the Bible is much neglected in its use, where it lies dusty on the shelf, even in that home, I venture to say that its complete banishment would be most strenuously opposed. Why?

Superstition may have something to do with it; but only a small part. It is pre-eminently the Book that tells of man's destiny, of his relationship with the realities of life, of his true worth, of his hope now, and for the future, of comfort in distress, restoration from the fall, of a Saviour. It is the most satisfactory, satisfying guide for life. It is life. It has shaped history. It is the secret of Britain's greatness; it is woven into the fabric of the national laws and life of the people.

And even if you were compelled to retain the old style of writing and expression, you would still without hesitation take it as the most valuable book in the world. But it is available in modern translations, which add tremendously to its interest and ease of reading.

Just before his death Sir Walter Scott said to his son-in-law, Lockhart, "Read to me from the Book." And when I asked him from what book, he said, "Need you ask? There is but one."

You agree? Yes?

MRS. HARRIS

One of the most startling discoveries I ever made during the course of my ministry was this, Mrs. Harris used Persil. No, I am quite serious. With Mrs. Vickery I was making a round of pastoral calls, when I met Mrs. Harris. We were received in the lounge, and then shortly afterwards taken through to the kitchen; a very high honour indeed. That is a sign that you are accepted, not so much as a visitor but as a friend. Mrs. Harris was a widow, of about 70 years of age, a wiry type, abounding with energy, very definite in her views on governments and on modern life. As you may guess her kitchen was spotlessly clean, table and floor obviously scrubbed, not mopped, and the stove shining bright, though she apologised for its state, as she had not had time to clean it that day! You can well imagine how she would receive the unsuspecting agent who was travelling round trying to interest people in the new washing powder. "What is that you say"? Mrs. Harris interjects "No rubbing or scrubbing? Nonsense, how do you think that you can get things clean without; it's all the same with you people, just encouraging laziness, that's what it is; no, the old

way for me, with the good old bar soap . . ." But no, she accepted the new idea. For a woman of her years, and set manner of life, with such definite views on things, for her to accept such an idea, is truly amazing. It was a startling discovery and it established more firmly my faith in mankind.

There was the secret of all true progress. One of the difficulties Jesus experienced was that of getting people to accept a new idea. He came to a people, set in their ways, bound by tradition. For them to receive any idea from Jesus would force a break in the accepted order of things, a very difficult matter. Yet the ideas Jesus brought were so powerful, that they did break through. When you bring home a small tree from the florist, you take it out of the pot and plant it where you are sure it will have ample room to develop. Just so, the tree of life planted in the pot of Judaism many centuries ago had to be planted out into an ampler sphere where it could grow to full fruition. The nation, like the flower pot, had served its purpose, but eventually it had to be discarded to permit of the fullest development.

That gives us good heart for these days. Truth is creative. An idea that is worthwhile will grow, nothing can stop it, no system, no tradition, no nation. The idea must grow. Jesus planted the idea of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man; it is growing, it is breaking systems, levelling boundaries between religious denominations, races and nations. These systems have served their purpose, the boundaries were quite natural, but man is outgrowing them,

"The old order changeth yielding place to new
And God fulfils Himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Fear not the changing order of things, for the changes are the result of the fermenting of worthwhile ideas, ideas of eternal value, ideas of the Kingdom of God; they are creating a better order of things. Keep clear the vision of what is yet to be.

"For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and the wonders that would be;
Till the war drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were
furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

TO MOTHER

I would take the liberty this morning of speaking, as the representative of sons and daughters, to mother. It seems almost wrong to ask you to come to the microphone, it is so public, and you so naturally and fittingly merge into the background of life, and from there exert your gracious and powerful influence upon world affairs. You could have been in the mind of John Donne when he wrote—

"I have done one braver thing,
Than all the worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring
Which is, to keep that hid."

So to-day I want you to know that, though you are scarcely noticed in the councils of men, we are most grateful for all that you have done, you are truly great. You gave us life—going to the very

brink of death to do so; you nourished us, cared for us, nursed us through illness, guided through those difficult places, shared our joys, our sorrows; you lived for us and in us, what happened to us happened to you. And then after all the years, it was with some deep feeling you let us go from your home to make one of our own. Yet the experience of our own home has served only to deepen our sense of obligation to you. Why did you do it? Was it worth it? What is your reward? Reward? Fie! The mere suggestion of it is abhorrent. No! You did it because you could not help it, you were made like that; it is your nature: and when that nature is steeped in the Christian faith, how wonderfully is it enriched and how correspondingly is your influence the more gracious.

Yet, mother, to-day you are thinking of your boy, or your girl, yes, still your boy though he be grown to man's estate. Where is he? In uniform? How is he faring? He is in the back areas, he has time on his hands, what is he doing? He is in the lonely outpost, in the battle zone, in hospital, in a prison camp. You feel so powerless to help him. You wonder did you do enough for him whilst he was with you, did you use right methods in his training? To you I want to give a word of comfort. God finds a way in which your love can reach to the most inaccessible places. Let this story convey my meaning.—During last war, the Prince of Wales was visiting a war hospital. When he had concluded his rounds of the wards, he asked "Is that all?" "Well, No" said the Medical Officer, "there is another ward, but they are rather bad cases, and I did not like to take you to it." "I shall be glad if you will take me there too," replied the Prince. "They have done so much for me." He was taken to the ward, and went from bed to bed, then he noticed that his guide hesitated before another door. "What is it?" asked the Prince, "Another soldier?" "Yes," said the officer, "but really I feel that I must ask you not to see him." However the Prince insisted. They entered the room. When their eyes had become used to the gloom, for the room was darkened, it was quite evident why the Officer had wished to keep the Prince away. The form on the bed was scarcely recognisable as a man. The Prince moved forward to the bed, stood there for a moment, then stooping down, he kissed the man on the forehead. As he straightened he remarked quietly and reverently "For his mother." It seemed at that moment that another Presence was in that room.

God will never leave Himself without a witness. He will find a way, through a Padre, a Minister, a Friend, Companion, through some incident, to carry your love to your son or daughter. Have Faith in God.

THE INHERITANCE

About 3,200 years ago, a company of some million or more people, men, women and children, pitched camp near a small village on the southern border of Palestine. The great moment of their lives had arrived. They were soon to enter into their promised land. There it lay stretching away to the North. It was their first glimpse of it, and they were deeply moved. It was their own country, though none had ever seen it before, it was dear to them, it was home. It had been the possession of their ancestors over 400 years ago. Their great leader, Moses, was anxiously awaiting the return of certain reconnaissance units—12 men—whom he had sent out to explore the land to determine the best way of entry

and conquest. Ah! here they come. They make their report. All agree that the country is difficult, that the problems will be tremendous; two urge immediate invasion, the rest feared that the task was too great. The people quite naturally heeded the advice of the ten, and were for returning immediately to Egypt—and slavery. Moses realised that invasion was not possible then, and that it would not be possible until a new outlook developed in the nation; his disappointment was intense, for he knew that he would not live to see the day of entry, the present generation would have to pass away and a new generation grow up. He therefore turned south, and led the nation back to the wilderness. Forty years later they again approached the promised land; a new nation had arisen, the slave mentality had gone and a new, self-reliant, independent, venturesome spirit had emerged—and the entry was made, the land occupied, and the history of the nation resumed in their old, yet new land.

To-day, we are at the point of entry into the promised land—the old world, yet new. How do you feel about it? 26 years ago the people of the world were in the same situation. The war was drawing to a close, they were looking out across the frontier into the new world; but they were not fitted for entry. Let us not be hard in our judgment. After all, they had come from systems which were hard to break, and the outlook such systems created, made it very difficult to tackle the problems of the new era.

But now a new generation has arisen to replace the past, there is a new outlook. Vast plans—vaster than those for the war—are being shaped for the period of reconstruction, for the handling of affairs in the new age; hopes are running high. Above all there is an increasing recognition that the Church is to play a major role in this work. All these factors give us cause for confidence.

Yet I would add a warning. When Israel began the invasion of Canaan, they were immediately successful; the fortress of Jericho, the pivotal point of Canaan's defence system fell in a spectacular manner. Then came a reverse which might well have resulted in their complete ejection. They were defeated before Ai. The camp was in confusion, Joshua threw himself before God seeking enlightenment—and it came: There was sin in the camp. A man named Achan had exploited the war situation for his own personal advantage, and through his action this reverse was suffered.

Plans for the winning of the peace are taxing the best minds of all the allied nations; these plans are magnificent. However the best conceived plans will most surely go astray where there is exploitation for personal advantage, where there is sin in the camp.

HOME

Yes, thank you, we had a very enjoyable holiday, but we are glad to be home again. Don't you find that is true too? You look forward with keen relish to the holiday you have been promised, you go away, and have a royal time, yet there is a certain thrill when you commence packing up for the return; you are going home. What is it that makes home so attractive, so compelling?

It is not the building. You have seen finer places, you have stayed in better appointed places. There are lots of things not just right with the place you are living in, which you call home. For instance, the stove has been long overdue for throwing onto the scrap heap. And those back steps—how many times you have

tripped on them, they are too steep. How often have you promised yourself that you will get the doors fixed so that they will shut properly, or stay open just where you want them to stay? But, there it stands, an ordinary looking building, attracting no more than a casual glance from the passers-by. But to you, it is home.

It is not the possession of the building that makes it so attractive. You may own it, but as likely as not you do not. Nevertheless ownership makes no appreciable difference in your feeling about it; it is still home.

Where lies its charm? What is it that stirs your emotions so, when you hear someone sing—

“Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere?”

Here is the secret. That building has become the focal point for the experiences which have gone to the making of all that is worthwhile in life. That building is a place hallowed by the adventures in fellowship and understanding of two people as they have grown into one another's ways; as they have begun to explore the wonders of love; as they have planned together; as they have thrilled at the coming into that place of a new life; as they have together watched the young life grow up with them. Ah! what hallowed memories that building holds! Then, too, there are the threads from the lives of friends woven into the fabrics of that place. That place is home, it is part of your very life.

For quite some time after coming to Toowoomba, we could not escape the feeling that Allora was our home. We had some deep experiences there which made that Parsonage a part of us. It still is.

It is one of the difficulties of the present time that the experience of a home is denied or partly denied to so many. Here is a woman whose husband is away in the forces. She is courageously carrying on, seeking to create that atmosphere of home out of very meagre material; an occasional visit from the husband, with the great gaps in between filled out as well as possible with memories, letters, photos, and plenty of imagination. Others again have not even a place in which to create such an atmosphere. It makes the going difficult and they need all the encouragement we can give them, and certainly not condemnation.

And then my mind reaches out further. Home has eternal value; you cannot think of home as being lost. It is so woven into the fabric of your life that you must think of its permanence. It is this sense of the abiding worth of home that makes so comforting the words of Jesus—

“Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I come again and will receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also.”

The house of many mansions, the Home of God. Paul, too, has the same idea when writing to the Corinthians—

“For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.”

There is tremendous comfort in the Christian faith, if only for this, that there is promise of a home, of which our earthly one is but a shadow. The shadow is indeed pleasing, and full of rich comfort! How much more the substance—the heavenly home!

ANZAC

The sentiment of a people is faithfully reflected in its poetry. Poets seem to have the art of distilling from life its true essence, and presenting it in language. No matter what style of poetry is used, you are conscious of this national sentiment, running like an undercurrent through the poetry, sometimes near the surface, at other times quite deep, almost indistinguishable. Henry Kendall has drawn attention to this in a poem commemorating the passing of his friend and fellow poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon —

"They did not know,
The hundreds who had read his study verse
And revelled over ringing major notes,
The mournful meaning of the undersong
Which runs through all he wrote, and often takes
The deep autumnal, half-prophetic tone
Of forest winds in March."

Australia is very youthful, perhaps immature, yet it has a national sentiment, quite distinctive; there is a seriousness, even wistfulness, due no doubt to a growing sense of responsibility after the last war, and intensified in this. There came to hand on Saturday a copy of the Army publication, "Khaki & Green," sent to me by my brother for Christmas. In this book are several poems, daring, challenging, thoughtful, and expressive of national sentiment. Here is one that I have chosen because of its suitability for the day we commemorate:—

Are these the dead? I came to mourn for them,
To sit awhile, defy the solitude
That holds a grim and silent requiem
Over their heads, sleeping in quietude.
But do they sleep? What if they know that Spring
Has come again, and in the land they loved
The wattle blooms, while arms they used to cling
Now wait in vain? They cannot lie unmoved
If all these things be known. Youth's lusty strength
Would summon them to life and love again,
And they must rise, glad to shake off at length
Their loneliness for the friendly world of men.
Long did I question thus until the golden sun
Turned to its close, and in the western sky
A few grey, wistful clouds flushed to deep crimson;
And, as I watched, all heaven suddenly
Filled with the shining splendour of these who stay
In new-found peace beneath an alien clay.

The author clearly reveals an important strand in the fabric of national sentiment. Man lives, only when he lives—or dies—for others. It is shown again in some notes made by a young airman who was recently killed in an air accident—

"Up here at 10,000 feet one gets the world in true perspective. The human being is so infinitesimal that his strivings and his hates seem very futile. I couldn't help comparing this war with ants fighting in an ant-hill. So is man's relative size! So also is his death a very small matter. We place too much value on life. Actually everyone is striving after quantity and neglecting the quality of life. How much better is a short life full of kindness and helpfulness to your fellow-man, than a long life of selfish desire, of futile effort to secure material wealth."

When we trace this principle of life back to its source we find ourselves before the Master of Life, Jesus Christ; We hear clearly across the years "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." His own life was the supreme expression of that principle.

GREATNESS

Yesterday morning I met one of Toowoomba's great men. I had driven my car down to the garage for servicing. I was a bit early, and whilst waiting for the garage to open, I met my man. I was in conversation with him for only a few minutes, but it was sufficient to reveal his greatness.

It was not his position that made him great. Position never does. You can well imagine the confusion if it did. For instance, when John citizen is elected to Parliament, he does not thereby acquire greatness, which on his retirement is passed on to his successor. Fine feathers do not make fine birds. This man was not the Mayor of the City, nor was he our representative in Parliament. In point of fact his position was very lowly. He was dressed in old clothes, and overalls; he carried a broom and a shovel, and led a horse and dray. His work was to sweep the streets and collect the rubbish that had accumulated during the preceding twenty-four hours. He was one of that very important company of men who keep the cities clean. It is highly important work, and certainly contributes in no small measure to the prevention of disease or the spread of epidemics. In military affairs, and I hope I am not transgressing the National Security Regulations in telling you!—in military affairs, when the priority list is made out for the day's work, the cleansing service is placed very near the head of the sheet.

This man was great because he had a great outlook. He was seized with the importance of his work. He was content, for he felt that he was contributing something to the common weal.

That is a mark of greatness. And all may possess it. You are great, if whatever position you hold, you realise you are there, not to lord it over others—little men do that—not merely to get a living—that is a cheerless prospect—but to serve, to contribute to the common weal.

Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy done to man is done to Me.

Now this man revealed another sign of true greatness, when with a pardonable pride he told me that his foreman trusted him. "When I tell my foreman," he said, "that such and such a job has been done, he knows it is done, he doesn't need to check up on it, he trusts me." The secret of the ministry of Jesus lay just at that point. He assumed that people would do the right thing. When He left, and according to legend was discussing with the angel Gabriel His work on earth, the angel asked, "And what plans have you made for the continuance of the work now that you have left?" "I have appointed My disciples." "But supposing they fail, what other provision have you made?" asked Gabriel. "None," said Jesus. If you want the best from your employees, assume that you will get it, let them feel that they are trusted, and you will get the best.

You will be disappointed, sometimes, often perhaps; you will lose sometimes. Nevertheless, there is no other principle upon which human relationships—in business, Church, society, nation, world—can exist.

This man was truly great, he had a sense of the meaning of service, and he responded to the trust reposed in him. Service and trust—the marks of greatness. You too shall be great.

LOST AND FOUND

Do you ever read the "Lost and Found" column in the newspaper? I expect you do. You certainly would if you have lost anything. It makes quite interesting reading, doesn't it? What a curious assortment of things; some are so large or unusual that you wonder how they could possibly go astray. I saw in the paper yesterday an advertisement for the recovery of a set of false teeth. One day last week, I noticed that a "female puppy with floppy ears" had got lost. And in the same column I noticed that another dog had disappeared, and the owner was offering a reward for its recovery, threatening prosecution if the finder, after reading the advertisement, detained the dog. I trust the finder is wise; after all, a reward is to be preferred to a fine.

The Bible too has its "Lost and Found" column. In fact, so far as I can make out, that is the only reason for its existence. It opens with the story of Paradise Lost, and concludes with the story of Paradise Regained. And the pages in between are simply the record of the search that was made for that which was lost. It is a fascinating record, full of life and action; and no matter where the writers take you, you are conscious of the main purpose running through and holding all together. In the centre of the record is the story of Jesus, a story fully in line with the purpose of the book: He came to seek and to save that which was lost. His whole life was a continual search, His death its seal. Dr. Luke, that delightfully human and understanding man, gathers up the Gospel message in the story of the Father and the two sons, often called the parable of the Prodigal Son. It is a story of a Lost and Found. What joy must have been contained in those words of the Father "This My Son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

Usually we are not conscious of the value of our possessions until some event robs us of them, or threatens them. In the Diary of the Doctor some while ago the Doctor tells how that he was called out to an accident case. He arrived at the house to find the mother nursing her small child, who had been knocked down by a car. The mother looked at the doctor and said, "They tell me that he is dead, but it is not so, is it, doctor?" With some difficulty, writes the doctor, I took the child from her, and laid him on the bed. There was no need for a close examination, he was beyond human aid. I tried to help the mother. But as I continued on my rounds that day I was strangely disturbed by the memory of that scene, and when I arrived home, I surprised myself by the fierceness with which I picked up and hugged my little girl who had come down the path to meet me. There are some things we do not realise how much they mean to us till there is a threat or danger of loss. In these days, this fact is being brought home to many of us through the war.

Sometimes you lose things which are of momentous value, things that are really indispensable, and yet you are scarcely aware of the loss. All that you are conscious of is an uneasiness, or a loss of confidence, or steadiness, or a loss of control over your feelings; or a lack of sympathy or understanding or patience or forbearance in your relationship with others. What does it signify? That you are out of touch with the source of power in life. Where did you lose it? Where can it be recovered? The Bible has the answer, clear and definite; for each Lost and Found the story is the same.

I will take one instance. The Bible records that there was a time when it itself became lost; and as a result the people who called themselves God's chosen people began to lose out in life.

They lost their vision and their balance. And it was only when they found the Bible that they regained their balance, and recovered their vision.

This occurred during the reign of Josiah. Where was the Bible lost? Just where you would least expect—in the Temple. And that is where it was found.

THE NEW YEAR

I wish to bring you a motto for the new year—but I shall let it work itself in at the end. This is the fourth day of the new year. I suppose you are just about getting used to the new surroundings; they are a bit strange at first. It is not unlike getting used to new shoes, or a new suit of clothes; though in these days such an experience is somewhat rare! There is a touch of irony about a cartoon I once saw. Two tramps, dressed in very old and ragged clothes, were resting in the shade of a tree by the roadside; one of them had found a fashion book and was reading to his mate: "Listen to this, Bill. It says here that to be well dressed, clothes should have the appearance of being worn once or twice." Many are rummaging in the spare room, and bringing out various discarded articles, of clothing, clothes which are still there only because nobody had troubled to pack them up and send them in to one of the missions or to the salvage depot. They are being brought back into use and given a turn or two to eke out the ration.

I can see my friend, farmer Wright, chuckling to himself as he reaches up for an old battered hat, trusty friend! trusty workmate! sticks to him through thick and thin. There it hangs on a nail on the back verandah; it does not look much like a hat. The rest of the family have more than once threatened to burn it, but so far it has escaped. And now, with a feeling of patriotic pride, he can hold on to it a little longer.

It is remarkable how we like to hold on to the old things. There is a feeling of comfort about them we do not find with the new. They have become a part of us, worked their way into our very personality, they have fitted into our ways. The new suit is alright, the new shoes, or the new hat, but isn't it with a sense of relief you shed them and don the old faithfuls again? Nevertheless, there comes at last a time when these must be passed over, not another moment of wear can be got out of them.

Now where am I getting to? What was it I was talking about? Oh yes, the New Year. A year is something you cannot tamper with. No amount of regulations can alter its length, not even daylight saving! You speak of killing time or spending it or wasting it, but whatever you do to it or with it, you cannot alter its length, you cannot make a year cover anymore time, and when the year is ended you must relinquish it, and take up the new one.

It is not without regrets that you part with last year. You wondered at times just how you should get through it, there were some difficult patches, sometimes disappointments, shadows fell across the path; yet withal you got through and there is a feeling of having won, the dominant note is joy—

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck;
But O the joy upon the shore
To tell the voyage-perils o'er.

And now we are entering into another year. What does it hold? What secrets are close guarded within its pages? What trials? What triumphs? What sorrows? What joys? We know not. But this we do know, from past experience "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

I said I was to give you a motto for the year. Here it is. It is the words Moses gave to one of the tribes of Israel on the eve of their entry into the promised land—"AS THY DAYS SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

POWER

The other day my little lass somewhat startled me with the announcement, "No daddy, I don't want a King, I want a kangaroo." You see, Anne goes to school in the bus, which means that two pennies are handed over each morning for the bus fare. She soon discovered that all pennies are not alike. On one penny there is a King's crowned head, with the words "One Penny" on the obverse side. Another penny has on it a King's uncrowned head, with a Kangaroo on the obverse side. It is this latter coin that Anne prefers. When I pointed out that this coin had a king's head on it as well as the other she replied almost scornfully "No! that's not a king, that's only a man, he hasn't got a crown."

I am not concerned at the moment with the preference for a kangaroo over a King; but there is something suggestive about the observation that a king must wear a crown to be accepted as a King.

You will readily agree that "fine feathers do not make fine birds," for if they did, the remedy for all the world's ills would be simple; a white wash brush could be used to great advantage. Nevertheless, the crown has an important value to the wearer. It is the symbol of authority. The coronation of a king is a most impressive ceremony, and though the placing of the crown on his head does not affect his character, it does invest him with power. So, too, when a man is dressed up in a uniform, his character is not thereby affected, but he does become invested with a certain authority. His true value, however, lies not in being IN authority, but in being UNDER authority.

A certain Captain in charge of the garrison at Capernaum in Galilee had a lad who was seriously ill. He was very fond of the lad, and was doing all he could for him, but the lad was getting steadily worse. Just then it was learned that Jesus had arrived in town; knowledge of His healing ministry had come to this Captain, so he requested some of the Jews to ask Jesus to come. Jesus promptly set off with the messengers, but whilst He was still some distance from the house, the Captain sent friends to Him begging Him not to come into the house, as he was not worthy that Jesus should come there. But, said he "Just say the word, and my servant will be healed, for I also am a man set under authority; having under myself soldiers, and I say to this one, 'Go,' and he goeth; and to another 'Come,' and he cometh; and to my servant, 'Do this,' and he doeth it." And when Jesus heard that He was amazed, and said, "I have never found so great faith, no not in Israel."

What was it that amazed Him? This Captain had discovered the secret of Power, whether in a Captain of the Roman army, or in Jesus. It was this: He was under authority. This Captain knew that it was because he was under the authority of Caesar that he could say to this man "Go" and he goeth, and to that man "Come," and he cometh. It was Caesar issuing the commands through this Captain. And this Captain recognised that the power exercised by Jesus was exercised by Him because He was a man under authority, and authority much higher than that of Caesar, the authority of God.

The King's crown symbolises power, the power of God. If you would fulfil life's true mission you must acknowledge yourself as under authority—the authority of God. A God directed life is life indeed.

JOY OF CREATION

Have you ever made anything? No, I am not referring to money; I'm not sure that there is any special virtue in that; the value of money lies rather in the use to which it is put. I am thinking this morning, however, about making things like, well, a cabinet, or a wood box; a fowlhouse or dog kennel; a scooter or a doll's cot. Doubtless you could have bought a much better thing, or have got it made by a craftsman. But what a thrill you got out of making it yourself.

I well remember making a tennis raquet. Now, wait awhile before you send in your order; you had better hear the whole story first. I was a school boy at the time home on holidays. My birthday had brought me a 5/- tennis raquet. My brother had previously received one which cost I since learned 2/6. There was an old one in the house that had come there some time or other, but there was need of a fourth. Funds would not permit of the purchase of one, so I conceived the idea of making one. The idea was soon translated into action. I found a piece of wood, hardwood by the way, about 3in. thick. Using my raquet as a pattern I soon had this piece of wood cut to the required shape; additional pieces brought up the handle to the right thickness, and a strip of cane round the edges just finished the whole thing off. The back yard of the house where we were living was extensive and reasonably level, and a court three-fourths the normal size was marked out, a rope put across for a net, and when father arrived home from work, he was beguiled into a game of tennis. I shudder now as I picture him running about that court wielding that cumbersome weapon; he must have suffered with a stiff arm for a week. He was a real sport, and had a great understanding of human nature, especially young humans, for I cannot recall any serious criticism of said raquet.

I got a real thrill out of making that raquet. And I guess that many of you can look back and remember the joy you had when you made something however crude it might have been.

What a real joy God must have had when, after aeons of time spent in planning, He at last saw this world taking shape. The Bible records He saw that it was good. It is indeed a wonderful world, full of beauty, such lovely things, marvellous things, so interesting. I'm sure He must have got a real thrill, a great joy.

The joy of creation is increased manifold when you make something for someone you like very much, someone you love. That laundry trolley or gadget for the kitchen you made for your wife;

that pullover you knitted for your husband; wasn't it a joy? Maybe you could have bought a better one, but it would not have given you, or the receiver, a fraction of the joy that the home-made one did.

So, too, though the creation of this universe gave God a joy in the fact of having created it, yet this joy is multiplied a thousand-fold when it is realised that He made it all for man—man, God's beloved; man, the image of God; man, the crown of creation! And then to see man appreciating the gift, and using it as to His glory, the joy is unspeakable!

Let us then always appreciate and use rightly the gifts of our friends, and above all the gifts of our greatest friend, God.

THE INSCRIPTION

Last week I was at the General Hospital. The Patient I desired to see was receiving some attention, so I had to wait awhile. Whilst standing there in the Hall near the enquiry office I began to inspect my surroundings, a habit, followed by most people under similar conditions. For instance, you are sitting in the doctor's waiting room and find you have some time on your hands, especially nowadays; you do your best to appear unconcerned, whilst all the time you are all churned up inside. You pick up the periodicals placed there for your benefit. You quickly finish those, and you are still not invited to "Come this way, please," so you proceed to inspect the surroundings, the pictures on the wall, the decorations, the ornaments, you fall to wondering what could be the matter with the several other people also patiently waiting their turn to go into the inner room.

To return to my Hospital inspection. On one wall was an Honour Roll from last war. In a corner was a telephone—I wonder what messages it has heard in its lifetime. Near the entrance was a prominent notice "Visitors must not smoke in wards or sit on beds." On the wall opposite the office was a fine photo with a suitably inscribed plaque beneath it of Dr. Freshney, one-time Medical Superintendent of the Hospital. I had almost completed my inspection when my attention was arrested by a brass plate bearing this inscription: DEUS IN MEDIO EJUS NON COMMOVEBITUR.

It was the first word that really caught and held my interest. The Latin I had absorbed in Grammar School days told me that this word meant "God." I tried to work out the rest of the inscription but was not at all successful. I was about to give up when I noticed in small type just underneath at the end, "Psalm 46:5." I carefully copied out the inscription and the source and now I am able to give you the translation: 'GOD IS IN THE MIDST OF HER; SHE SHALL NOT BE MOVED.' I do not know why it was not expressed in English in the first place. I'm sure that it would have been most helpful to many who had to remain in that Hospital Hall awaiting news of loved ones. It certainly is a fine motto for a hospital and I must commend the one responsible for it being put there.

The Psalm from which the inscription was taken was composed to celebrate the remarkable deliverance of Jerusalem from Sennacherib, King of Assyria, in 701 B.C. Sennacherib had already carried off the Northern Kingdom of Israel leaving only Judah. Judah was in a very weak condition, certainly in no state to withstand an enemy. Sennacherib left a small force before Jerusalem—more in the nature of an observation division—and proceeded with

the main army towards Egypt. Many in Jerusalem were in favour of capitulating to Assyria and trying to come to terms. But any terms Sennacherib would offer would have been on lines similar to those Hitler has exacted from countries that have capitulated to him. In his distress Hezekiah, King of Judah, turned to Isaiah the Prophet. Isaiah assured him that Jerusalem would not fall, that Sennacherib's army would return without any move whatever being made against Jerusalem. Soon after this a plague decimated Sennacherib's army, compelling him to turn back from Egypt. As he passed through Canaan he withdrew the forces from before Jerusalem. He never returned to trouble Jerusalem. It was a most impressive deliverance and Judah was convinced that the hand of God was in it. Their Poet Laureate then composed this 46th Psalm, which has proved of so great comfort to thousands since that day.

