

But the voice from within replied, "Go away, go away! You have been enjoying yourself in the mud hole with all the rest of the pigs. You are one of them and you must stay with them. You do not belong to me. Go away. I never knew you. You are not a sheep."

Some day Jesus, the Good Shepherd, is going to say words just like these to all those who want to get into Heaven without being born again into God's family (Matthew 7:21-23). It was not enough for Love-the-dirt to make himself look like the sheep by wearing a sheep skin. It is not enough for us to make ourselves look like Christians by going to church and doing many other things that we see Christians do. Outward appearance never changes the heart.

But God changes the hearts of men, women, boys, and girls if they allow Him to do so. After our hearts have been changed, we shall try to please the Shepherd. We shall not love sin any more.

Would you like to become one of Christ's sheep today? One day, when the "storm" of God's judgment comes, it will be too late to repent of your sins. But now you have opportunity. God will never turn away any sincere seeker. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out," said Christ. If you come to Him now, He will save you. He will make your heart new and then you will be His sheep. He wants you to be one of His sheep today.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture . . . I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine" (John 10:9, 14).



This smiling young fellow is Lennie Walker, of Tabulam.

A MAN AND HIS BOOMERANG

By FRED WOODGATE, F.R.S.A.

The boomerang, ancient trade mark of the Australian Aborigine, is being thrown around the world. Sometimes as a sport, often as a mantlepiece decoration or collector's item, the graceful lines of the boomerang are held in hands other than those of the 20th century stone age aboriginal. Originally of mulga or black wattle, and more recently of whale bone, a United States manufacturer now offers a model of "practically unbreakable plastic".

The theory of flight employed in the design of aircraft mainplanes is the same as that used for countless centuries by the Australian native to make a throwing stick that would return to its sender.

The boomerang, slender and tough like the hunter himself, spans the gap between mystical legends and the practical necessities of day-to-day living. Inscribed with ancient powers of the spirit world, the boomerang leaves the hand of the warrior and soars towards the heavens as a bird in flight. Then suddenly to the feet of the thrower it returns.

The word boomerang (more correctly boom-rang) is used in connection with a number of objects, sacred or for hunting.

THE THROWING STICK or KILLER BOOMERANG is used by Central Australian natives for hunting and in warfare. Animals and reptiles hunted for food include kangaroo, wallaby, emu, goanna and snake. When thrown into a flock of birds they wound or cripple a number, bringing them to the ground. The upper or convex side is inscribed with a design of parallel curves and ovals. The lower surface is flat and plain.

The HOOKED BOOMERANG from tribes in Arnhem Land, Northern Territory, is used for hooking and killing at close quarters.

CROSS BOOMERANGS (like St. Andrew's cross) heavily decorated, are used in connection with ceremonial dances by tribes in Northern Queensland. The colours used are red, yellow, black and white and the drawings represent objects used in everyday life as well as historical myths associated with spiritual (dreaming time) ancestors.

The boomerang which attracts most attention and is made by natives to sell to tourists, is the COME-BACK or returning type. This was popular with Aborigines for sport and competition between friendly tribes. With the march of civilisation, many ancient customs are dying out, and this is perhaps for the good. However, his love for the come-back remains constant and is to be found in many a Government built dwelling where the Aborigine is learning to take his place alongside his white brother.

Ah! boomerang—you are a bent piece of wood, the root of a tree that did not grow straight. Yet in you is the promise of the next meal. You are the glory of an age on which the curtains are closing.

Boomerang—I can't throw you away—you always come back.