

The
Young People's Magazine

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them" — Eccles. 12. 1.

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BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS

Why, what harm will books do me? The same harm that personal intercourse with their writers would! An old proverb says that a man may be known by the company he keeps. It is just as true that a man's character may be determined by knowing what books he reads. If a good book can be read without making one better, a bad book cannot be read without making one worse.

Lord Bacon remarked pithily that there are three things which can be received into the body, namely, food, medicine and poison. Food is that which the body can perfectly alter and overcome. Medicine is partly converted by the nature, and partly converted nature. While poison works wholly upon the nature without the nature being able to work at all upon it. So in the mind, whatever knowledge the reason cannot work upon and convert, is a mere intoxication and endangers the mind.

Here, then, we have a definition of "bad books." They neither feed the mind nor purify the heart, but instead intoxicate and corrupt. Works of science, art, history, theology, etc., furnish mental food as medicine. But fiction, whether it deals with romance, infidelity, crime, etc., is "poison" and should be shunned. Like the drunkard's cup, it will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

Books of fiction and fancy are generally bad in their character and influence. Many are written by persons whose principles are far from being Christian, and a stream does not rise higher than its fountain. Their writers acknowledge that their purpose is to amuse the reader. The effects are just what might be expected. Reading fiction spoils the taste for simple truth, destroys the love of sober investigation and works against the informing of the mind. It makes profitable reading tedious, and gives false views of human nature which do nothing to prepare the reader for the realities of life. An appetite for fiction makes the Bible a wearisome book, and kills the desire to read religious classics. It also

undermines the influence of the pulpit by diverting the mind from spiritual topics, and it makes it difficult for truth to affect the conscience.

It is related that during a religious revival a certain man came under conviction of sin. One day a Christian friend called on him and found him reading a worthless novel. To his remonstrance against such trifling, the man replied, "I'm so interested in this book that I must finish it, and then I will attend to the affairs of my soul." He finished the book, but he never did attend to his soul's concerns. Multitudes have perished eternally through the seductive influence of fiction.

Beware of the novels which have romance or crime, or a mingling of both, for their subjects. It is rarely true love that these foul books describe, but lust in various forms. The writer often chooses his scenes from the places of debauchery and crime, and familiarizes his readers with characters, events and sentiments that should be known only to the police. Licentious scenes and obscene imagery are unblushingly introduced, and the imagination polluted by suggestions and descriptions revolting to the pure in heart. "Public poisoners" was the title long ago given justly to writers of this class.

Beware of infidel books and all writings which ridicule the Bible. Infidelity is a system of negations; it is nothing, believes nothing, does nothing good. Beware of it in whatever form it approaches you, if you value temporal happiness, the peace of society and eternal wellbeing. Beware of books built upon imaginary murders and violence. Such have been known to influence their readers to attempt similar crimes. They stimulate the love of unlawful adventure, cultivate the baser passions, and prompt to evil deeds. Away with them! Do you still need to be persuaded to beware of the poison that would paralyse your conscience, impair the vigour of your intellect, pervert your judgment, deprave you, and perhaps ruin your soul?

Beware of bad books. If they were let alone, they would soon cease to be published. Every one bought encourages the publisher to produce another. He who buys or borrows them not only endangers his own morals, but helps to ruin others. Beware, because your example is contagious. Your child, your friend, your neighbour, may be led to read what will injure them for time and eternity.

Beware, because good books are plentiful and no dearer than the bad, and it is folly to feed on chaff or poison, when substantial, wholesome food for the mind may be obtained. Beware of bad books because they waste your time. You are on trial to see what you will do about your soul,

and it is worse than folly to fritter away the period of probation on mere amusement. God did not bring us into being and sustain that being — the Redeemer did not shed his blood as a ransom for sin — the Holy Spirit did not inspire and preserve for us the Scriptures, that we might flit from flower to flower like a butterfly, neglecting all the ends of rational and immortal being and go to judgment mere triflers.

Beware of bad books, because principles imbibed and images gathered from them will abide in the imagination and memory forever. The mind once polluted is never freed from its corruption, unless by an act of boundless grace through the power of the Spirit of God.

Beware of them because they are one of the most fruitful sources of eternal destruction. They are read in solitude; their ravages are internal. Foundations of morality are undermined. The fatal arrow is painlessly fixed in the soul while the victim only sees the gilded feather that guides its certain aim. He is lost and descends to a hell the more intolerable from the contrast with the scenes of fancied bliss with which the heart was filled by the vile though gifted destroyer. The precious Book of Life was given to show you how you might secure a place among the saints in light. Do not then choose the book of death with its fascination for your corrupt nature, for that is a sure means of securing a dreadful doom. The epitaph of the impenitent reader of bad books were truly written, if a passer-by in the cemetery would read — "HE WHO IS BURIED HERE ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR BAD BOOKS. HE DIED WITHOUT HOPE AND WENT TO HIS OWN PLACE."

Will this be your epitaph, young reader? If you shrink from the thought, resolve before God that by his grace helping you, you will beware of bad books, and never read what can intoxicate, pollute or deprave the mind and heart.

KINGS OF ISRAEL AND JUDAH

Chapter XI

Elijah's Prayer (1 Kings, 17 v 1; James 5 v 16, 17)

There were many good prophets left in the land of Israel, though Jezebel had slain so many. The greatest of them all was Elijah. He came from the mountains of Gilead, on the other side of Jordan. He wore a very common dress made of skins, bound round his waist by a leathern girdle. The people of Israel knew him well as a prophet, but they would not attend to his warnings when he spoke to them about their idolatry. He was grieved that they should forsake God.

At last he made a wonderful prayer. It was that God would not let it rain for a long while, nor let the dew fall upon the earth to moisten it. What could be his reason for making such a prayer? It was to bring the king and the people to repent of their sins. He knew that if no rain fell, there would be no corn or grass, and that many people and animals would die from famine.

Elijah was a very brave man. He went to King Ahab himself in his palace and said, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to the word of the Lord."

We do not know why Ahab did not seize him and put him in prison; but perhaps he thought the prophecy would not come true. If he thought so at first, he soon found out how true it was, for month after month passed and no dew was seen, and no rain fell.

Chapter XII

Elijah's hiding-place (1 Kings 17 v 1-16)

All this time the Lord took care of his prophet. He found a hiding-place for him by the side of a little stream that runs into the river Jordan. Amongst the thick trees a little running brook, the brook Cherith, was shaded from the scorching sun. This thicket was the dwelling of the prophet. He drank from the water of the brook, and God sent the ravens to bring him meat to eat night and morning. After a while the brook dried up because there was no rain in the land, so God found for him another hiding-place, far from the brook Cherith.

The Lord told Elijah to go to a village near Zidon. Now Zidon was the place from which Queen Jezebel came! Would there not be many enemies and spies there to watch Elijah, and bring him to the queen? Already a great search was being made for Elijah. Ahab had sent to all the kings round Israel to know whether they had seen him, and would be sure to send to the king of Zidon, Jezebel's father.

But God promised Elijah that he should be safe. He told him that a poor widow would give him food. She did not live quite in Zidon, but in a city close by called Zarephath. She was not a Jewess, but a heathen. It seemed strange that Elijah should go to a heathen woman to be fed. But the prophet believed God, and he set out on his dangerous journey. He had to go about a hundred miles.

At last he arrived at the gate of Zarephath, and found the poor widow close by gathering sticks. God provided for Elijah and the widow woman all the time he stayed in her house, and sent them meal and oil to keep them alive till the day that rain fell again upon the land.

A HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS

Matthew 7 v 12-14 — Christ describes the wrong and the right way.

Who can hear the Saviour's golden rule without approving it! And yet we can hear it without condemning himself! "Whatsoever things ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." He who has kept the same is a perfect man, and has done all the law and the prophets taught. We must confess with sorrow that we have broken it a thousand times, and that we need pardon through the Saviour's blood for those manifold transgressions. But though we have transgressed, yet if we desire to please God, we shall find this rule an admirable guide. God knows our ignorance and has graciously furnished us with a rule that will apply to all circumstances in which we are placed. On every occasion we should imagine ourselves to be in the place of our neighbour, and say (for instance,) "If I were a parent, how should I expect my child to behave towards me; if I were a child, my parent, if I were a master, how should I require my servant to conduct himself; if I were a servant, how should I require my master to deal with me; if I were suffering pain, what should I desire the healthy to do to alleviate my misery; if I were sunk in poverty, what should I think the rich ought to do, when they beheld my destitution?" We may go further still, and say, "If I were a perishing heathen, now standing before the bar of God, what should I then think Christians ought to have done for me?" We must, however, ask these questions with this condition — "What would it be reasonable for me to expect another to do for me, if I were in his circumstances?"

How ill can we bear to be examined by this rule! And yet we have behaved far, far better to our fellow-creatures than we have to God.

The Saviour, by his next declaration, has often excited astonishment and anxiety. He declared that the gate of life was strait and that the way was narrow; by which He meant that men find it difficult to be truly religious. The narrow way is not broader now than it was when those words were first spoken, and still there are but few who find it. And though there are but few who find it, let us never conclude that any practice is right because many indulge in it. The way in which many walk must be wrong. If we would please God and save our souls, we must be singular.

In the broad way there are many travellers, and there are many paths in which those travellers walk. People of all sorts of character walk in the intemperate, and the miser; the pleasure-lover, and the self-righteous; and each different kind of character condemns the other. Yet they are all alike in this respect, they do not love God, nor do his will.

and they are all hastening (however little they may think it) to the same destruction.

Christians, on the contrary, all walk in the same path. They are all alike in spirit, though some are more excellent than others. They enter in at the same strait gate, that is, they believe in the same Saviour. Though they come from the opposite ends of the world, yet they know each other's minds and sympathise with each other's feelings. The greatest king and the meanest beggar have a sympathy with each other if they both love Christ.

Yet this narrow way is little sought. The reason is, man cannot bear the sacrifices which they must make before they can enter in; they do not like to give up their pleasure and their pride. If they would walk in this narrow way, they would find it pleasant. In some places it is steep, and in others it is rough; but the prospect makes it pleasant. It is a prospect that would make any path pleasant. It is a prospect that grows brighter as the traveller proceeds; it is the prospect of the everlasting hills, crowned with the golden city and pearly gates. And the Companion makes it pleasant. He is at once the guard, the guide, the friend of all who walk in the narrow way.

And though but few walk in it now, yet in the home to which it leads a multitude shall be found, yes, a multitude without number; for in every age, there have been some who travelled in this path, and in the ages yet to come there shall be many more. The broad road shall not be always trod. When Satan who now deceives the world shall be shut up in prison, then the broad way shall be forsaken, the people shall be all righteous, and none shall say any more to his neighbour, "Know the Lord," for all shall "know Him from the least to the greatest." Our journey may be lonely, but our Father's house shall not be empty. There are many mansions in it, and not one of them shall want a blessed inhabitant. Then will our divine Lord be satisfied when He beholds gathered around Him His innumerable family.

And shall the straitness of the gate deter us from seeking to enter in? Or shall the narrowness of the way induce us to turn back? It would be well to go through fire and water to attain such an inheritance. But the sufferings of this way are far less than its consolations, and these cannot be compared with its end. "I reckon," said the apostle Paul, "that the sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." (Romans 8 v 18).

(Read also Isaiah 60 — Multitudes of believers in the last days).

BIBLE QUIZ

A man we're looking for this time who used just one of five,
By a most unusual act his wife saved him alive,
Called from a very humble home, at length he reached the throne,
Desiring pardon for his sins, his prayer is well known,
Eliab is his brother's name, can you give any more?
Find out the occasion when he bought a threshing floor,
Great love he shewed unto his friend, and what did it surpass?
He planned a project in his life — did it come to pass?
In his youth he music played and did the king assist,
Javelins were thrown at him but fortunately missed,
Knit together were two souls, this scene can you recall?
List now the presents given, one man received them all,
Many Philistines he slew, ten times more than his master,
Now this did cause great jealousy and later on disaster,
On more than one occasion he could have slain the king,
Preventing him from doing so was one important thing,
Quoted by Peter you will find a reference to this man,
Roboam therefore takes a place in God's heavenly plan,
Set upon his throne at last, he reigned for forty years,
Towards the end rebellion came, and with it death and tears,
Upon whose throne did Jesus sit — his Kingdom hath no end,
Verify now from a Psalm to where it doth extend,
Why did Absalom's servants set a barley field on fire?
eXplain the reason, and then state the things that did transpire,
You should know whom we're looking for, we're told he played the harp,
Zeruiah and Abigail should help you if you're sharp.

A. G.

UNASHAMED OF CHRIST

A rich gentleman had come to bitterly hate Christianity. The reading of infidel books, the conversation of bad men, and the sinful pleasures which he loved, led him to believe that the Bible was untrue and religion a delusion. One day when walking over an unfamiliar part of his extensive grounds, he heard the voice of a child reading aloud. He followed the sound, came on a cottage which the trees had hid from his view, and there saw a little girl sitting outside. She had a book, and her eyes were tear-filled.

"Why do you weep? are you not well, my dear?" he asked in a kind tone.

"O yes, I am quite well," she replied, smiling through her tears, "I am weeping because I am so happy."

"How can you weep, if you are very happy?" the man said in surprise.

"Because I have been reading about the Lord Jesus Christ, and I love Him so much."

"Why do you love Him," asked the man. "He has been dead a long time, and can do you no good."

"No sir," she corrected him, "He is not dead; He lives in heaven."

Her questioner went on: "But even if this were true, what benefit can it bring you? If he could help you, would He not give money to your mother so that she could buy you better clothes?" He could see that the girl was very poorly dressed, and from the general appearance of the dwelling it was evident that she belonged to a poor family.

"I do not wish for money, sir, but the Lord Jesus will take me one day to be with Himself in heaven. I won't be poor then."

Amazed at her simple confidence, the gentleman asked next, "Is it your mother or some other person who makes you believe this?"

"No, no," said the child earnestly, "It is true, and I am so glad."

These replies, and this happiness in poverty strongly impressed the man. He felt it would be wrong to question the little girl further. So he gave her some money for her mother and came away. Her final words rang in his mind — "It is true, and I am so glad" — it seemed very strange to him that such a little girl should love Jesus, and that the thought of his love should make her so happy. He tried to account for it, but he could not. On his return home he was serious and thoughtful. He began to wonder if, after all, there was a reality in religion.

About a week afterwards he heard the church-bells ring, and decided to attend. The minister gave a touching discourse on the words, "And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" (Matt. 21 v 16). That sermon deeply affected and convinced the man. He could no longer question and disbelieve. He had thoughts and feelings regarding the Saviour such as he never had before. The question which the persecutor, Saul, addressed to Jesus, arose in his own heart; "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And from that time the name of the Redeemer, a name which formerly he could not hear without contempt, became to him very dear and precious.

That gentleman then began to march faithfully under the holy banner of Jesus Christ. He was able to echo the saying of the little girl, "It is true, and it makes me glad." Have you learned to say the same?

THE DUMB CHILD

She is my only girl —

I asked for her as some most precious thing,

For all unfinished was love's jewelled ring

Till set with this soft pearl.

The shade that time brought forth I could not see,

So pure, so perfect seemed the gift to be.

Oh! many a soft old tune

I used to sing into that deadened ear,

And suffered not the slightest footstep near

Lest she might wake too soon:

And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay —

Oh, needless care — I might have let them play!

'Twas long ere I believed

That this one daughter might not speak to me;

Waited and watched, God knows how patiently,

How willingly deceived:

Vain love was long the untiring nurse of faith

And tended hope until it starved to death!

Oh, if she could but hear

For one short hour, that I her tongue might teach

To call me MOTHER, in the broken speech

That thrills the mother's ear!

Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred

To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries

To see her kneel with such a reverent air

Beside her brothers, at their evening prayer;

Or lift those earnest eyes

To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,

Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of an evening sky
With such a depth of meaning in her eye
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords
And the long pent-up thought flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the great music to which nature moves
Are wasted melody
To her — the world of sound a tuneless void,
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful, of finest mould;
Her soft white brow, o'er which in waves of gold
Ripples her shining hair:
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
Or He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamour be kept free,
E'en that his still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve? — Oh, murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God! it is not so;
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee;
Oh! at such times I know
By the full eye, and tone subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft
E'en now — how could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek
In thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God, in love, doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own;
And we a deeper tenderness have shown
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear —
Yea, and my voice shall fill it — but not here.

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be
That never woke to meaner melody
Than the rich songs of heaven.
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

Christian Treasury

OLD PETER

Old Peter was a feeble, worn-out man, who lived in a large manufacturing town in Lancashire. His life from childhood to old age was spent in ignorance and sin. He was notorious for swearing and drunkenness. His profligate habits brought on him a severe asthma which rendered him unable to lie down upon a bed, so that his nights were passed in a sitting posture before a scanty fire in his ill-furnished

cottage. Occasionally he might be seen in the street gasping for breath, and supporting himself against the walls of the houses.

One day he observed a number of Sabbath-school children walking towards a place of worship not far from his dwelling. He followed them at a short distance, and when they were seated, and the service, which was exclusively for children had been commenced, he entered the place and sat upon the gallery stairs. The words of the preacher arrested his attention, and for the first time in his life he began to think on his ways, and became alive to the fact that he had a precious soul to be saved or lost. At the close of the service he went home, filled with anxious thoughts about the things he had heard. The following Lord's Day he went to the same place of worship, and again seated himself upon the gallery stairs. This he did for several successive Sabbaths, when the feelings which had been awakened in his heart were deepened, and his interest in the truths of the gospel was increased.

He now became very anxious to understand the Word of God, and was much grieved that he had never learned to read. Seeing the minister of the place of worship where he attended, passing the court in which he lived, he resolved to speak to him on the subject. Calling after him, he said, "Sir, I wish to speak with you. You tell us that we ought to search the Scriptures, which are able, to make us wise unto salvation." "Certainly", was the reply. "Ah but", said the old man, "what is a man to do who cannot read?" He then related how he had gone to the place of worship, what he had heard, and what effect had been produced upon his mind. He expressed a strong desire to be taught the way of salvation. He bitterly reproached himself for having been so great a sinner, and for having lived in sin even to old age. He spoke of the patience of God towards him, and anxiously inquired what he must do to be saved.

The minister in reply told him that he could not have too deep a conviction of the evil of sin, nor be too much abased before God on account of his sinfulness. He then set Jesus before him as the only Saviour of sinners, and as able and willing to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. He also urged him to continue his attendance at the house of God, and encouraged him with the hope that, although he was approaching seventy years of age, he might probably learn to read.

After this conversation Peter was a constant attendant upon the public worship of God; and the minister became a frequent visitor at his cottage. Peter was an apt learner and, with the advantages which he now enjoyed, made great progress in scriptural knowledge. The secret,

however, of his progress was, that he was taught not by man only, but by the Spirit of God.

He now became increasingly anxious to search the Scriptures himself. He determined, therefore, if possible, to learn to read; and accordingly spent much of his time, and even his waking hours of night, which were many, in the effort. To his unspeakable joy he was at length successful. A large New Testament was then given him. The Book became his continual delight, and on its contents he meditated day and night. His growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was from this time rapid. He believed what he read, so that the truth effectually worked within him; he felt its power, and enjoyed the blessings it revealed.

In the midst of his spiritual joys, Peter had his temporal sorrows. His wife who was industrious, supported him by her labour. She was, however, intemperate in her habits, and often treated him with great unkindness; her profane language also deeply pained him. Among other unkind acts, she would often hide his Sabbath clothing to vex him and keep him from the house of God. But his love to public worship overcame all thoughts of his outward appearance; and in his weekday apparel he never hesitated to take his usual place in the congregation. Towards his wife he was ever gentle and patient, recompensing all her unkindness with continual prayer for her conversion to God. Peter was very poor, but he was content with such things as he had, and acknowledged he was unworthy of the least of God's favours. On one occasion, his love to the House of God and his faith were put to the test. A gentleman in whose service he had been in his early days, offered him a comfortable home at one of his farmhouses in the country. The acceptance of this offer would have deprived him of his religious privileges. Peter told the gentleman how much he loved the ordinances of God, and said he was greatly obliged by his kindness, but that he would rather remain in the town, adding, "I have trusted the Lord with my soul, and I will trust in Him to provide for the wants of my body". He valued the public worship of God and his religious privileges more than his necessary food.

Peter lived some time after he became a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour, and had much joy and peace in believing in Him, and in keeping his Word. He was very desirous to grow in knowledge, and in a short period, looking to the Holy Spirit to teach him as he read the Word of God, he learned much. He seemed to surpass many in the Christian life who had been in Christ

before him, and to have richer enjoyment than they had of the blessings of the Gospel.

After a season of much suffering, borne in the spirit of submission and resignation, Peter died, resting calmly on Him to whom he had committed his soul. The days of his mourning were ended, and sorrow and sighing fled away. Reader, are you up to this moment an impenitent sinner without Christ and without hope? Shall this poor old man rise in the day of judgment to condemn you?

BIBLE QUIZ ANSWERS

A. 1 Samuel 17, verses 40 and 49; B. 1 Samuel 19, verse 13; C. 1 Samuel 18, verse 23; 2 Sam. 2 v 4 and 5 v 4; D. Psalm 51; E. 1 Samuel 16, verses 8-10; F. 2 Samuel 24, verse 21; G. 2 Samuel 1, verse 26; H. 1 Chronicles 22, verse 8; I. 1 Samuel 16, verses 17 and 18; J. 1 Samuel 18, verse 11; K. 1 Samuel 18, verse 1; L. 1 Samuel 18, verse 4; M. 1 Samuel 18, verse 7. N. 1 Samuel 18, verses 8-11; O. 1 Samuel 24, verse 4. and 1 Samuel 26, verse 8; P. 1 Samuel 24, verse 6. and 1 Samuel 26, verse 9; Q. Acts 2, verses 29 and 30; R. Matthew 1, verse 6 and 7; 1 Kings 2, verse 4; S. 1 Kings 2, verse 11; T. 2 Samuel 13, verses 23-31; U. Acts 2, verse 30 and Luke 1, verse 33; V. Psalm 72, verse 8; W. 2 Samuel 14, verses 30-32; X. 2 Samuel 14, verse 33; Y. 1 Samuel 16, verse 18; Z. 1 Chronicles 2, verse 6.

OVERSEAS PLACES OF WORSHIP

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND — 35 Church Street, Otahuhu. Sabbath 11am and 7pm; Wednesday 7.30pm — Rev. D.M. Macleod, 10 Brouder Place, Manurewa, Auckland. Tel. Manurewa 64163.

GISBORNE, NEW ZEALAND — 463a Childers Road. Sabbath 11am and 7pm; Wednesday 7pm and Saturday 7.30pm — Rev. J.A.T. van Dorp, 14 Thomson Street, Gisborne. Tel. Gisborne 85809.

GRAFTON, AUSTRALIA — 172 Fitzroy Street. Sabbath 11am and 7pm; Wednesday 7.30pm

CHESLEY, ONTARIO, CANADA — Sabbath 11am and 6.30pm; Thursday 8pm — Enquiries to: Mr G. Schuit, R.R.3, Chesley, Ontario (Tel: 519-363-2502).

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA — 2712 Victoria Park Avenue, Willowdale — Sabbath 11am and 7pm; Wednesday 8pm — Enquiries to: Mr J.C. Fraser, 4 Gemini Road, Willowdale, Toronto (Tel: 416-221-5204).

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA — Fifteenth Avenue and Fraser Street. Sabbath 11am and 7pm; Wednesday 8pm.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA — 514 Maryland Street, Winnipeg.