

The Real Australian

Organ of the Bush Church Aid Society for Australian and Tasmania.

No. 2.

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1/6 p.a., (post free).

A PRAYER FOR THESE PRESENT TIMES.

God, give us men in times of stress,
Men to lead us out of the mess
Into which politicians have put us.

God, give us men with foresight strong,
Men to spur us, not prolong
The agony of indecision.

God, give us men with visions bold,
Men of ideals, with power to hold
And point the people to paths of right.

God, give us men above reproach,
Men who dare, and daring coach
Those who follow, to greater things.
—James Hibben.

B.C.A. SUNDAY.

Why Not?

Many Sundays in the Christian Calendar have a special significance. To others we give a significance which is derived from local circumstances or interest. We feel that there is one Sunday in the year which may be regarded as especially suitable for the recognition of the work of the Bush Church Aid Society. That Sunday is the first Sunday in February. On that Sunday in the year of our Lord, 1788, the first Christian Service was held in Australia. The whole continent was as it were, in the "back-blocks." The problem of the church then was to minister the Word of God and the Sacraments of the Gospel to a pioneering people. And the problem was bravely faced. Our Australian Church history gives us the proof thereof.

Yet the same problem is with us to-day. We have settled our coast-line and have built up many cities. The 133 years have not been spent in idleness. But we have a pioneering people with us still. They live on the sun-baked plains of the Far West, in the heart of the Big Scrub of our distant and newly-opened mountain ranges, in the noisy activity of mining and construction and timber camps. You can still find men and women and children to whom the mail comes regularly if only once a month, but to whom the Church (with its call to public worship and instruction in the Faith), comes, perhaps, once a year, if as frequently as that. "How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" are the direct and urgent questions which we are bound to face. The Bush Church Aid Society is seeking to face them. It stands in succession to that chaplain who in the second month of 1788 ministered of the things of

God to those who were to make Australia great. It is the only Anglican Home Mission Society that takes the whole continent in its view. Its special care is the dwellers in the lonely and distant areas of our land where spiritual needs are great, but where the means of grace are rare.

Thus it is desired that the churches of our cities and towns should join in this big work and that on **Sunday, February 6th, 1921**, effort be made for its support and furtherance. We propose to invite Rectors and Churchwardens to arrange that a Retiring Collection be taken up at both services on that day for the Society. We do not ask for the ordinary offertory though some churches sometimes give them. But we do believe that church-people will be glad to take opportunity of giving substantially to the B.C.A. without diminishing their support of parochial objects. We know it, for the method of Retiring Collections has been tried in several parishes with two-fold blessing—to the Church and to the Society.

On the last Sunday in January we shall distribute explanatory leaflets in the churches adopting the suggestion. These will be of educative value and will create interest. What we ask for is the earnest and favourable consideration of the authorities at each church. To some church officers the method is new. We can only say that it is good.

Our Sunday Schools are being organised for the same purpose, and novel Coin Gift-Cards will be given to the children, to be handed in with their special offering on the Sunday in question.

Everybody can help us, not only by their gifts and by their interest, but by their prayers that "B.C.A." Sunday be one much to be remembered by those who love our land and our Church.

Remember the date: **February 6th, 1921.**

MURAT BAY.

It sounds quite foreign, but it is real Australian. Certainly only few people could place it; and it is to be admitted that some good maps do not disclose its whereabouts. But Murat Bay is a reality and the careful student of geography will find it round the Great Australian Bight, stretching towards the West Australian border. In Murat Bay the B.C.A. has deep interest. There laboured the Rev. W. M. Wilkinson, whose apostolic work in Carpentaria some few years ago will ever be remembered. Our parent Society was glad to share in that work. But through illhealth Mr. Wilkinson has been constrained to resign Murat Bay and seek a less arduous post. A successor was needed and now after some time that successor has been found in the Rev. N. Haviland,

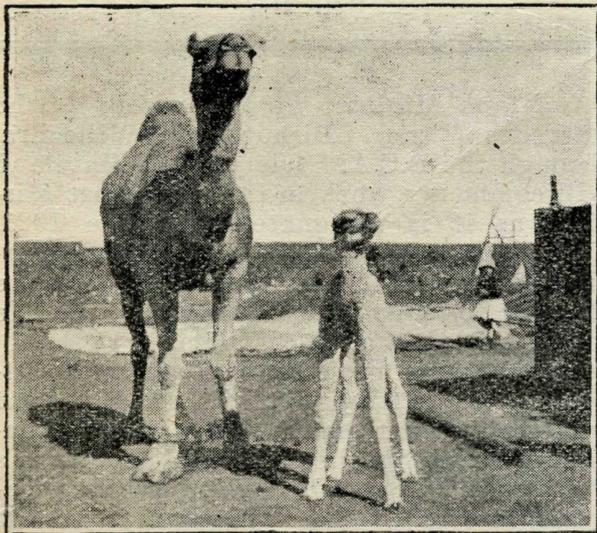
(Assistant Minister at Willoughby), who offered to the Bishop of Willochra, through the B.C.A. Society. Mr. Haviland will commence work in this Far West Mission, as it is designated, early in 1921. The Society has decided, at the suggestion of and with the approval of the Bishop, to support Mr. Haviland in the arduous work that awaits him.

Now a word or two about the new outpost in South Australia. To reach it boat must be taken from Adelaide to Port Lincoln, at the Southern point of Eyre's Peninsula. Then by railway (once-a-week service), the traveller proceeds through wide spread undulating plains. There is nothing of the comfort and speed of interstate travelling about the railway system in these parts. Owing to frequent and protracted stoppages the journey occupies the greater part of two days and seems to take the traveller farther and farther away from the outside world. Murat Bay is the terminus of the line and also the centre of the Mission. The population is far scattered and the occupation of most is that of wheat farming. The country is not exceedingly fertile, being covered in parts with a hungry-looking ti-tree scrub. In respect of the Mission work there are 17 centres which are to be served; also must attention be given to the Telegraph Stations around the Bight. The "parish" is not mean and circumscribed in area, being about 200 miles long and 100 miles wide. Beyond the Mission district there is no settlement; it is the Ultima Thule of civilization in the State. Work in such a place and in such conditions makes a tremendous call for sacrifice. It has to be faced with the courage of a lion and the faith of a little child. Yet the Society is glad to be associated in this enterprise and has pledged unstinted support. What it asks for is that church people will place the Mission on its prayer list; further, that they will with generous giving stand behind the Society, as it takes to itself this new responsibility.

AT THE BACK OF THE SUNSET.

Cobar is still on the map, sunbaked and depressed. Mr. Hawkins still ministers there, undaunted and undismayed. Difficulties are many but they only challenge to more earnest self-sacrificing service. The old problems are still unsolved. The mines still are closed and as people cannot live on air they must depart. So Cobar languishes. Amongst those who remain must a stimulating ministry be maintained. The Church must not flag. And it doesn't flag at Cobar. In fact, the Church wants to grow. It is keen to make itself felt out in the wide-spreading sheep country in the hinterland. On the stat-

ions and selections there are families who would welcome the ministrations of our Church and who would rejoice to see the children taught and the things of Christ made known. But how are these far distant families to be reached? They don't live within yards of each other; rather is it a matter of many miles. How shall they be reached. Well, there is a borrowed "push-bike," which the Vicar may use. But think of it! Let the imagination have play! It is an ordinary summer's day,



Lady and Child, West Darling.

and summer in these parts has an uncomfortable habit of covering five or six months. The mercury in the thermometer is approaching bubbling point. It is about 116 degrees in the shade; the track to the still far distant selection stretches right to the horizon and the "bike" and its rider plug heavily through the sand. Of course there is a breeze in the face of the rider, but instead of being laden with the coolness of the South, it is charged with the fierce furnace-like heat of the North. Soon it begins to show a malignant gustiness. It irritates the rider by flinging handfuls of stinging, blinding sand in his face. Then it opposes him with a steady ruthless force that increases with each minute. Hot and thirsty and weary the rider dismounts to rest and to get his bearings. He looks ahead—but the track, unbroken by anything save a patch of scrub, still leads to the horizon. Yes! a "push bike" is useful; but heat, sand and head-winds make a martyr of the rider, and render him absolutely unfitted for effective pastoral work.

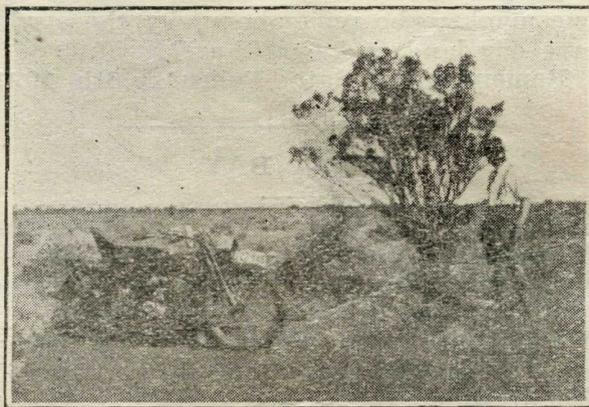
The only other feasible alternative is that of a motor cycle. It is a stark necessity in a land of big distances. For the work at Cobar we must have a machine. We made appeal for such for Wilcannia some months ago and the combined giving of the people there and friends in the cities enabled us to make suitable purchase. It is doing great work. **We must have one for Cobar and district.** We must put the "push-bike" out of commission. Therefore we are opening a special fund. Churches, Sunday Schools, Guilds, can help. Individuals can help. Remember much of the work which Mr. Hawkins went to do, i.e., the ministry to the selections, cannot be done unless some quick means of conveyance is provided. **The motor cycle is needed.**

Wilcannia: The Church in the West Darling is recovering its rightful place. By dint of much travelling, persistent visiting and steady witness, Mr. Harvey makes progress. The establishment of the Hos-

tel, recorded in another column, has demanded much attention and thought. Yet the work in "the regions beyond" has been maintained. The future of White Cliffs is uncertain. Population has declined to about 180 souls. At present the opal industry languishes for want of a market. Rumour tells us that a foreign buyer is coming to the field. If she does not prove to be a "lying jade," it may be that the plight of the Cliffs will be relieved. At the Church, services are well maintained and attended. The influence of Sister Rushton (district nurse) and Mr. Evans (school teacher), is powerful towards the welfare of the young. Their services in our Sunday School are simply invaluable.

Menindie is a township to be developed. Its situation on the Darling and on the line of the future Broken Hill-Condoblin railway makes it important. Some day it will flourish with a busy rail and river traffic and maybe will support its own minister. At present it is worked from Wilcannia just 100 miles distant—and figures cannot show at just what that means. Here is an extract from Mr. Harvey's journal: "My last trip on the motor bike to Menindie was very trying. The track was awful, being impassable in most places by reason of flood water. I was compelled to go across-country and I can assure you that it took some driving to negotiate the sand hummocks. When I reached Menindie my hands were blistered and bleeding from holding on to the controls. It had the effect of putting a more urgent note into my preaching; for when one has to endure hardness like this to reach a preaching centre it makes one feel that the 'game would not be worth the candle' unless we had a living Christ to preach."

Broken Hill needs an issue all to itself, for in both parishes, St. Peter's and St. Philip's, the Bush Church Aid Society is rendering substantial help. Though it carries a population of 30,000 people, it is a place where the Church is "up against" singular difficulties. Archdeacon Godfrey Smith has toiled through a 20 month strike which afflicted Broken Hill and brought it low. Now a better day is at hand and the vigorous parochial life will abound more and more. The Rev. R. Fulford, who is a more recent arrival, is in charge of St. Philip's, Broken Hill South. His former parish was on the rol-



Rev. F. W. Harvey's Camp, Wilcannia Parish.

ling plains in the north of the Bendigo diocese. He heard the challenge of the "Hill" with its vacant church, its industrial conditions. To accept was to relinquish a hard task for a harder one. Be that as it may, Mr. Fulford is established at this outpost and the work of witness in the West goes on.

Such is the tale of the towns "at the back of the Sunset." It is not complete. It says nothing about work in the hinterland of each—work that entails wearisome journeys and exhausting toil—work that reveals a splendid responsiveness to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, when it is presented in living winsome fashion. But it is sufficient to make clear that not for one day—not for one moment—must we in the cities fail to support the Church militant in this far-flung space out-back.



Championship Tennis at White Cliffs.

WITH SWAG AND SURPLICE.

Victoria is the smallest State in Australia (Tasmania excepted). It is also the most closely populated. It boasts about 17 people to the square mile. Yet it does not follow that it has no "back blocks," no areas unreached by the ordinary agencies of the Church. There are some areas in Victoria which for isolation make a man feel surprisingly far from the city. For distance, in Australia, is not always to be stated in terms of actual miles, but rather in the terms of unformed roads, flooded streams, broken bridges and all those exigencies of country life which make a journey long and progress next to impossible.

The Organising Secretary has forcefully realised this during his recent visit to the Upper Murray districts in the diocese of Wangaratta. Train from Wodonga took him to the pleasant little town of Tallangatta. Fifty miles by motor coach then had to be negotiated. The country on each side of the road is wild and mountainous. Comfort is not ensured to the traveller, since the rough corduroy formation in many places has worn through with much traffic. At last the remote township of Corryong came in sight, and the secretary who, though he had enjoyed views of distant snow-clad Kosciusko, had been frozen stiff with the cold, was duly thawed out by the rector. Work at this centre (and let it be said that it is a centre with a mighty big circumference) has hitherto been supported by our parent society. Besides one or two church buildings, State school houses are used for worship. Services in these are none the less hearty and reverent, even though instead of the legally-required Table of Commandments and Apostles' Creed the walls are adorned with a chart of the venomous snakes of Victoria and a diagram of weights and measures.

A sulky journey thirty miles further into the Back country, brings the traveller to Walwa. Rivers and creeks may bar the way, but the parson must not be daunted. If the horse will face the stream he must be prepared to do likewise. What the local settler endures, who faces it year in year out, is increasingly realised. For settlement in these parts is of no recent growth. Many years ago, by specious promises, men were enticed to take up land and give themselves to the arduous toil of clearing. A railway to serve the community was projected. The visit of occasional survey parties lent colour to the promises; so hope kept alive. But years have passed and men have grown bald and their beards long and grey, but the railway—well, it exists on some carefully pigeon-holed plan in some dusty, dingy departmental office in Melbourne. Communication with the outside world is irregular. Stores are conveyed in great lumbering, covered waggons—that is, when the roads permit of their passage. The amenities of city life are rarely enjoyed, and for women and children life often is dull and dreary.

In these conditions a fine work is being carried on. The Upper Murray knows the Gospel, and regular ministrations are maintained on both sides of the river, in N.S.W. as well as Victoria. In the Walwa and Kiewa districts, there are no vicarages, no church buildings, no school halls, but there are men earnest and faithful who minister to men. Surely should they be encouraged with help from us all.

The Secretary's next journey was down through the Monaro of New South Wales. Nimmitabel was the train terminus. Strange place this, and in contrast, say, to Wilcannia, if we take newspaper report as true. For on one day recently while the latter place showed a heat reading of 90 degrees the former only registered 36 degrees. From "Nimmity," as it is locally designated, a coach journey of 54 miles through Bombala to Delegate was undertaken. Then experiences commenced, for if the writs of God do not run beyond Delegate neither do the coaches, and for the venture across the Victorian border into East Gippsland nothing on wings, wheels, or legs was procurable. Needs must be that the traveller go on foot with his belongings packed into a swag and shouldered in professional manner. Crossing the border after a morning's tramp, the township (or rather ghost of a township) of Bendoc was reached. The mining glory of the one-time flourishing mountain centre has long since passed away, and but a dozen or so residents are left. A neat little church stood in the settlement, but there was none to minister. (We rejoice to hear of an appointment made, Jan., 1921.) Visitation was made at each house and useful literature distributed. Next day a formidable stage of 25 miles with two mountain ridges in the way to lend variety to the walk, was the programme. It proved to be a wild bridle track with the "blazing" on the trees often obliterated, and with one stretch of the track lost in a wide ti-tree swamp. Scenery, especially in the mountain gullies, was superb. Tree ferns in luxuriant profusion bordered the way; maiden hair and fishbone fringed the silver streams. Clusters of star-white clematis hung from the trees. Wild violets and primrose nestled at the foot of the giant gums and native lilac and boronia added their beauty to the picture. Surely was it a veritable

garden of God—and very few travellers ever pass that way to enjoy it.

It was a heavy swag that was dropped at the first house in the settlement at Buldah, and a gladdened heart that accepted the unqualified invitation to come and put up for the night. Folk in these forgotten corners of the earth may not worry much about points of church doctrine, and perhaps have never heard of hermeneutics, but in their generously practical way they know how to fulfil the scriptural injunction "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." Pleasant was it to sit at the little organ that night in the big slab-sided living room and play and sing the hymns in which the little family joined.

Twenty miles or more the next day led to a scattered and attenuated settlement along the Cann River. Time passed quickly as homes were visited, the word of witness given and leaflets provided. Opportunities crowded in, sometimes with men following the plough or sowing maize, sometimes with the women busy in the house or yard. Again at night was the hospitality of another roof offered and enjoyed.

Genoa River, some 35 miles distant, was the next objective. A lift in a coach made the journey easy, but was not economical of time. They don't run to exact schedule in these parts, especially when the coachman holds up His Majesty's mails and his solitary passenger while he repaired a wayside settler's cream separator. It was Sunday and so Genoa (about four farm houses and a "pub") had service. A little knot of people gathered in a dining room for worship. Prayer Books we had, but no hymn books, no organ or piano for music, no, not even an accordeon. Hymn singing tended to resolve itself into a solo by the preacher until a gramophone was espied and, with some hymn records, requisitioned for service. Thence forward the congregation joined in heartily, helped by the strains of that far-off American choir.

The track then led on to Mallacoota Inlet, that place of exceptional beauty—a combination of Middle Harbour, Sydney, and the Hawkesbury River. What a wonderful holiday resort it would make! Owing to its inaccessibility, but few tourists visit it. Only eight families reside at this lonely spot, which, like many other settlements in the big East Gippsland scrub, knows nothing of shops and gets a mail just once a week. House to house visitation, and religious instruction in the tiny school house took up part of two days, and then the track was retraced to the Cann River to Noorinbee settlement. In unbroken company with the swag days were spent here. A useful little horse was lent for travelling purposes, and thus a wide area covered. Sunday services at this point, at Tonghi, were splendidly attended, also week night services at Combiobar, which, with Club Terrace, was visited towards the close. Response to appeal of the Gospel was encouraging everywhere, and these mountain dwellers seemed to appreciate the ministrations of the Church. Road-making camps were visited and big, rough navvies were quite willing to join in service. Miners' huts were occasionally met. At two settlements unbaptised children were found. In all places there was unmistakable evidence of spiritual need. There is no shame of face of diffidence in talking religion. The topic is natural. The confession must be made that our Church and other orthodox

Churches have failed to take advantage of this characteristic. Considerable length of time had passed since a parson worked through that country. But the representatives of some of America's "crank" religious "isms" had assiduously worked the field flooding it with volumes of lurid eschatology of the Russellite and Mormon type. 'Tis pathetic to find people spending anything up to 45/- for a volume of this worthless trash, but it is infinitely more pathetic to find that our Church practically prints nothing to counteract it.

However, it is easy to indulge in reflection. The need is of action. The three-week venture briefly described above leads to some practical suggestions. First, our Church should have for such areas—and there are many in Australia—a mobile ministry composed of keen and active men who will go out to specialise in personal evangelism and pastoral work. They should be released from any fixed round of Sunday duties and be free to go where opportunity leads. The splendid experiment which the Bishop of Gippsland made in appointing Deaconess Shoolbridge for similar type of work has been entirely successful. If there is a place for women in this itinerating ministry, surely there must be one for men.

Second, there should be diocesan or provincial colporteurs. This means a waggon loaded up with Bibles, Prayer Books, Christian literature, healthy fiction for adults and children, all for sale. Why should the alleged revelations of Joseph Smith, of Utah, or Mary White, be the sole religious reading of folk out in the bush? The B.C.A. Society has long entertained a notion about such a waggon. Who will back us up?

Third: Here is a definite challenge to our lay folk. Why not spend your holiday in a little piece of definite, personal work? Why not pack up your swag and go for a walking tour in the faith of the Lord Jesus and for the cheer and help of lonely folk out back? Why not "try out" your religion? For forty-nine Sundays in the year you generally sit in your pew and take in the Gospel; why not spend the other three in giving it out? We will arrange the itinerary so as to ensure easy journeys through beautiful country. As for expenses, let it be gratefully written that the writer found that at the end of his three weeks he found that board and lodging had cost him but six shillings. Write to our office and tell us when you are ready.

"THE REAL AUSTRALIAN."

The welcome given to our first issue has been most encouraging. We are grateful for the expressions of appreciation which have been tendered us, also for the subscriptions which have been paid. We shall continue to devote our pages to the advocacy of our cause and at the same time endeavour to convey to city readers an adequate idea of the big Australian Home Mission work we have undertaken. Some readers have been curious to ascertain why we chose such a title for a journal dealing with religious work. We have more reasons than one.

We claim that the work which the B.C.A. Society is doing is that of ministering to the men and women who live in the real Australia of our 'Back blocks'

and in the sheep-run and cattle-raising districts inland. City life in Australia is in many respects comparable to and similar to city life in England. We must go out into the country, to the "other side of the sunset," to find that which is truly Australian and native to our own soil. Well! we work out there, and surely the paper which tells the story of that work may bear the name "The Real Australian."

We have a second reason—but that we shall set forth in our next issue. In the meantime, Gentle Reader! will you please examine yourself whether you have paid your subscription. We should like to transfer your name from our free list to our subscribers' list. Eighteenpence (1/6) will do it, and for a whole year you will have the paper posted to your own address. Be a real Australian and send us stamps or postal note.

XMAS OUT WEST.

Even out West Father Christmas holds visitation. May be that we have no fir-trees with snow-laden branches to attract him, nor even an ordinary pine with cotton-wool hangings to deceive his kindly eyes. But "Santy" came all the same because the children, with wide-opened eyes, saw him land out of his motor car. How real he looked in the soft moonlight as he stepped up to the toy-decorated gum-tree in the Church yard! Some of the older folk present, who imagined themselves to be wise, were quite sure that they had seen that red dressing gown before. Others remarked on the similarity of the voice of the visitant with that of a prominent churchman. And some sceptic person whispered the rude comment that "Santy's" whiskers were too much like combed out rope-ends. Still, there he was and never such a time had the children before. There were gifts for everyone. There were games and gladness. What a merry Xmas party that was, and although there was the Man in the Moon beaming down upon us. And when after the little supper and all had quietened down, the Vicar told that wonderful story of Bethlehem's Babe, and the Love of the Father. With the words of the Blessing all went happily to their homes.

Christmas Day itself simply blazed in with great heat. Even cool spots registered 116 degrees in the shade. An early Communion found over 30 communicants present. The 11 o'clock service was not neglected either. But oh! how unbearably hot it was at mid-day, when the conventions of Christmas dinner had to be observed. Afternoon and evening brought no respite from the heat. The little township, set in the midst of sandy plains, just sizzled. But still there were many hearts that thought with thankfulness of this Christmas, which they had really enjoyed. For it was the first for a long time since they had that holy day marked with Sacrament and service.

"WHERE BIZ HUMS."

This we all recognise as the slogan of a well-known Sydney firm; but it is also a fair description of the **great Construction Camp**, 10 miles outside Albury, where the Bush Church Aid Society has just placed a worker, the Rev. W. H. Batten.

Of this Camp little is known, yet it represents one of the greatest engineering undertakings in Australia. The State Government of New South Wales and Victoria have decided to co-operate in the construction of a huge weir to be thrown across the Murray River, near the township mentioned above. What it will mean eventually to the extensive irrigation settlements to be established on either side can be imagined. The desert will be made to blossom as the rose, and drought will be known no more. The waters entrapped by the weir will cover an area three times the size of Sydney Harbour, and will be banked back up the course of the Murray and its tributary, the Mitta, to the extent of some 35 miles. It is estimated that the work will take eight to twelve years to complete and that 800 to 1,000 men will be employed. Camps will be situated on both sides of the river so that the task may be carried out with the utmost expedition.

Already a large body of men, up to 500 is at work, and the processes of road making, excavation, quarrying are in full and active operation. A narrow gauge railway line is being laid down and a suitable engine with trucks has been assembled. On every side can be seen the evidence of preparation for a big-scale engineering proposition.

One problem which the Governments concerned had to face was that of housing the workers. Wodonga and Albury, the nearest towns were too far distant to be of any help in the matter. Townships had to be constructed. On both banks of the river proper survey has been made, streets formed, water laid on, trees planted and drainage effected. Post office, public school, baths, store and cafe have been established and a recreation hall provided for use of the residents. Even the ubiquitous picture show is to be found on the Camp.

For the accommodation of the single men, commodious barracks, set in proper order and providing separate rooms, have been erected. For the married men no cottages have been erected, but the Government makes a low cost issue of building material (to be repaid on easy terms), and the men in co-operative parties construct their own homes. Results in this respect naturally depend on the skill and workmanship of the builders. It is to be regretted that the homely and next appearance of the Camp should be marred by the roughly-built tenements of iron, some of them windowless and out of line, in which many of the families live. Surely the Government has some responsibility in this matter, affecting as it does the comfort of women and little children; and surely it could have made provision for orderly erection. Comfortable homes would mean contented workers—a desideratum not to be ignored.

It is interesting to find that the Camp is a "Prohibition" area. Strong drink is forbidden. Good order prevails and an air of efficiency pervades the township.

To the Church the Camp presented a difficult problem—a problem not to be easily settled by leaving it to the parochial authorities of the nearest township. The specialist was needed who should receive wide support. Here the Bush Church Aid-Society came to the rescue. The Diocese of Goulburn and Wangaratta (whose interests were affected by the Camp), expressed a ready willingness to support a concrete proposal for the engagement

of a trained worker. The Camp was formed into a separate parochial area and the Rev. W. H. Batten, Rector of Corryong, Victoria, was offered and accepted the charge. Mr. Batten has had valuable experience in work among men, and the religious and social needs of the Camp will be met in effective manner. **But we want the Church as a whole to come in and help us in this work. At least £150 a year is required.** We desire to see the Church of England a power for good at the Camp. The task is not an easy one. Life is rough and strenuous there. Will you pray for Mr. Batten? **Will you pray for the work at the Camp? Will you help our general fund from which the venture is supported?**

A BIDDING TO PRAYER.

Our work necessarily must be something better and greater than that of organization, education and finance. Primarily it is set to a spiritual objective: "Australia for Christ"; and by spiritual means only can such objective be realised. If this land and people of ours need anything they need prayer—prayer that will neutralise and counteract the materialistic influences at work in our midst. To stand over the body politic of Australia to-day and bemoan the evidences of un-Christian greed and selfishness, may be the gloomy pastime of the pessimist, but the Christian's duty is to pray. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer," is the challenging comment of our Master. We had almost added "and fasting"; for though the phrase is a later ascetic gloss, it is instinct with a truth, namely: that with our **prayer** must be coupled **sacrifice**. Spirituality and sacrifice are the "weapons of our warfare, mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds," and the bringing men into the happy obedience of Christ.

We urge our people to pray and that their prayers may have point we bid them to remember before God:—

The whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout Australia; The ministers of God's Holy Word and Sacraments, as well as Archbishops and Bishops, and other Pastors and Curates; The Ministers of the Crown, and especially our legislatures;

The lonely and distressed of heart; the toiling pioneers; the mother and young children; the promising lads and growing girls who dwell in remote and forgotten areas;

The clergy and workers whose spheres of labour are in the far country and who miss the fellowship of the city.

The parishes and districts in which our Society is interested, among which are:

Broken Hill (St. Peter's): Rev. Archdeacon Godfrey Smith.

Broken Hill (S. Philip's): Rev. R. H. Fulford.

Wilcannia (St. James'); } Rev. F. W. Harvey.
White Cliffs (St. Mary's); }

Menindie (Holy Trinity); }
Cobar (St. Paul's): Rev. R. R. Hawkins.

Grafton Brotherhood: Rev. Canon Watson.

Walwa (Diocese Wangaratta): Rev. S. Halliday.

Kiewa (Diocese Wangaratta): Rev. A. Halliday.

East Gippsland: Deaconess Shoobridge.

Murray River Construction Camp: Rev. W. H. Batten.

Far West Mission (South Australia, Diocese of Willochra): Rev. N. Haviland.

The trainees now preparing for service in the bush..

AN APPEAL.

(By W.M.S.)

"Mummy, where do we get all these things from that we have for breakfast?"

"Oh, from the tradespeople," carelessly replies the mother.

"But where do they get them from?"

Yes—that's it—where?

As we sit at our comfortably-filled table, do we picture the lives of those "away back," who have contributed towards it?

Picture first the farmer, ploughing early and late, anxiously watching for rain. Then the harvesting in all the blazing sun, that we may have our flour. Acres of land are needed, therefore the homesteads are few and far between.

Now another picture. The factories near the railways, but the waggons climbing back among the hills, gathering the cans of cream, sledged out to the road from small selections nestling further back.

Let us follow one of these sledge tracks through the scrub and dead timber. What ready material for a bush fire! There's the homestead: a rough hewn slab hut, bark sheds, heavy railed fences. The women help in most of the outdoor work, milking, clearing and fern-cutting, besides struggling to carry on the indoor work of cooking, baking, cleaning and sewing. What time does a tired mother have for God's special work—the training and teaching of the little ones in spiritual things?

Then imagine miles and miles of scrub and forest land, suitable only for stock. The men away for days, mustering or droving to the distant markets. The women alone, everything to be done, and the fear of snakes, bushfires or windstorms, with the children trudging or riding miles to the distant bush schools.

Or again: a little one sick—no doctor near. The anxious mother is fortunate if the Bush Nurse is within ten or twenty miles: best of all if she is able to come along. There are but few remedies at hand; therefore as the mother sees her little one recover, what thankful prayers go up to the Almighty for His listening ear to those in sorrow and distress.

Now, just a picture of roads: boggy roads, sandy roads, hilly roads, rocky roads, roads with three deep ruts or more—anything from a narrow bridle track to an enjoyable motor road. But the state of the road, especially in winter, decides the prison-life or otherwise of many a "wayback" mother. Listen, sisters: "We never go out in winter." "You are the first woman I've seen since Christmas, and the second only in the whole year." "I came in here when we were married, eighteen years ago, and I've never been out since."

But here comes some brighter pictures! It's Church Sunday: see the riders coming along the different bush tracks! Then there's a mother walking beside her three children on the big grey horse—they've come along miles of bridle track—they do so much appreciate the monthly service,

but it was wet last time, and they couldn't come. Here is a man driving his wife and little family; fortunate they are to have a fair road from their home, but baby wasn't well for the last twice, and so hasn't been baptized yet. They do hope nothing will hinder the clergyman on his long ride through the bush. He will probably have no time to-day for Sunday School. But the children don't miss that so much, now that they have Sunday School by post.

Now picture the mother bending over her sewing as the father reads aloud an article in the "Mothers in Australia," or some other paper for the help of parents in realising their God-given responsibilities to train their little ones for Him and His Service.

So far, we believe, only two dioceses have attempted to meet the need of the bush women—one with its Diocesan Women Worker, and the other with its fully trained Deaconess. The former is only able to spare them a few months out of her busy year's work of organising and strengthening the branches of the Mothers' Union. But the latter spends her time visiting these lonely women, making her headquarters at a centre perhaps far from the railway, and riding round to the scattered homesteads, carrying literature and the message of God's loving care and sympathy for those who are weary and heavy-laden.

But what can two women do among the huge bush areas of Australia? Are there not women who feel God's call to carry His Message to these their sisters? Who will go and visit among these lonely mothers, telling them again and again of the loving Saviour Who waits to be their best Guide in all matters that concern them and their homes? Surrounded as they are by God's world of Nature, thrown back upon their own resources, they are just hungering for spiritual things in a way perhaps little understood by their pleasure-loving sisters in the cities. Will you not hear God's call, "Whom shall I send?" With their need before you, will you not answer, "Here am I, send me."?

POSTS AND RAILS.

Have you paid your Subscription for this paper? You help a good work when you do. Stamps or postal note for 1/6 sent to the Organising Secretary, or Victorian Treasurer, will secure a regular copy posted to your address.

To the Editor of the well-known journal, "Grit," our thanks are due for a special descriptive article dealing with our work published in a recent issue. With such help, the B.C.A. will soon be one of the best known societies in the Church.

In two parishes, Eastwood (Diocese of Sydney), and Box Hill (Diocese of Melbourne), friends of the B.C.A. made a real contribution to the Christmas joy of little ones "outback." At Eastwood, a box was prepared, loaded with gifts, sweets, etc., suitable for a Christmas Tree, and despatched to White Cliffs. The delight and excitement of the children at this sun-baked township (200 miles from Broken Hill) on the receipt of the "goodies," knew no bounds. The Box Hill contribution was a case of jams, tinned milk, clothing, books, etc., for Cobar. The holy

season was made very bright for many in Mr. Hawkins' parish. We tender sincere thanks to Miss Tietkins (Eastwood), and the Ladies' Guild (Box Hill) for organising these efforts.

Help has come to our work in many ways, but the boys of St. Aidan's Sunday School, Longueville, (diocese of Sydney), under the Rector, Rev. R. H. Noble, B.A., set a fine example. It was their keen desire to assist the Wilcannia Hostel scheme, and thus they pledged themselves to give £5 for the funds within a year. Then, concluding that speedy help was the best help, they set to work and, by some means or other, secured the required sum, so that we might have it not at the end, but at the beginning of the year.

St. Clement's, Mosman, is one of the strongest supporters of B.C.A. work. The will to give is in the parish and school. Mark this incident as typical of the spirit of sacrifice. The tiny children in one of the classes decided to give up the weekly award cards so that the money usually spent thereon might be donated to the Society.

Amongst our regular helpers and donors for the year have been the patients of the Ryde Home for Incurables. We have read somewhere of certain early Christians "that in great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberty." Surely the words have also a fitting present-day application.

In our personal remembrances in this issue, must be included Rev. F. G. Alexander, some time Assistant Minister at St. John's, Darlinghurst, who has recently gone to the Brotherhood of our Saviour, Grafton Diocese, as sub-warden. We know something of the strenuous work of that area, and the call which it makes on faith and patience. But for the work's sake we rejoice at the appointment of Mr. Alexander, and are glad to have him as a link between the Society and the Brotherhood.

The month of November saw the establishment of another Brotherhood, this time in the Diocese of Gippsland. This body will work under the name of the Brotherhood of St. John the Evangelist. The foundation members consist of twelve young men who, at the call of Bishop Cranswick, came out from England for training in the Australian ministry. We are glad to know that our parent Society, The Colonial and Continental Church Society, shared in the undertaking of sending the members out. To them all we give a hearty welcome, with assurance of hard but happy work in the "Big Scrub" of East Gippsland, which is to be the sphere of their labours.

We shall be grateful if editors of parish papers will make use of any of the copy in "The Real Australian" which they think might be suitable for their pages as telling the story of the wider work of the Church. One little request we humbly make; that they commend the work of the B.C.A. to their readers.

Church people can help us in various ways. Let us make a few suggestions. They can join the Society (12/- per annum); they can send a donation; they can

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arrange a lecture, travel talk (illustrated), or drawing-room meeting—the Secretary will be glad to help, write him; they can organise a sale of work or a stall at a sale, and devote whole or part proceeds to the Society; they can take a collecting card and persuade their friends to give small sums monthly; they can secure subscribers to this paper. Write to the Organising Secretary, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney, or to Victorian Secretary, Rev. A. P. Chase, B.A., William Road, Toorak, Victoria.

THE THINGS YOU CAN GIVE.

Some of our best friends have questioned the wisdom of this recurrent paragraph with its list of needs and have kindly suggested that we should not beg. But we dare not hold back this list, and that for two reasons: (1) So many of our readers seem keen to supply our wants and we would not, by our silence, like to disappoint them; (2) because an old-time reproach ever comes to our minds, "Ye have not because ye ask not." So we publish the following, with earnest prayer that the statement be commended to our generous readers.

We need a—

- Piano**, for use at Wilcannia Hostel;
- Motor Cycle**, for Mr. Hawkins' ministry in the hinterland of Cobar;
- Lantern, Sheet and Generator**;
- Small portable organ** (cost about £10);
- A four-wheeled waggon**, for itinerating missionary;
- Folding Camera**, taking pictures suitable in size for lantern slides;
- Indoor Games**, suitable for Hostel pupils.

It is quite a modest list. That put before our audiences at recent lectures included two Holy Communion sets. But a generous donor, at the recent Melbourne Rally, sent in a cheque to cover the cost of one set; and other friends contributed to the cost of the second. We are confident that the foregoing list will need to be abbreviated when the next issue is published. If you would like to help to supply the needs, write to the Organising Secretary.

FOR WHICH WE GIVE THANKS.

Our appeal in last issue met with fine response. Many friends sent in parcels of literature, magazines, books and pamphlets. We hasten to thank them all.

Mention must be specially made of the gift of a **lantern sheet and lighting gear**, donated by Mr. B. C. Martyn, of Gladesville. This is a fine outfit and will prove of utmost value in our work. From the Rev. A. Law, B.D., St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne, a valuable parcel of Church literature has been received.

OUR BOOK AND PAPER CLUB.

This work grows. We need greater supply of magazines and weeklies (both Australian and English), papers suitable for children, also religious journals and leaflets. We only ask that they be not old in date. Parcels may be left at the Office, Diocesan Church House, George

Street, Sydney. From that centre, they are posted to lonely dwellers, also are larger supplies sent to various clergy who minister in distant fields. These in their turn make suitable distribution to stations, shearing sheds, settlers' homes, miners' cottages. Healthy religious tracts are included and are read with eagerness. Our workers place them in way-side post-boxes, on gate fastenings and slip-rails. We can never tell what happy ministry some arresting written message may effect.

THE WILCANNIA HOSTEL.

In our last issue we placed before our readers the menace to which our Church in the far West, and the children of our Church were exposed through the astute devices of Rome. We frankly stated the position, which called not so much for angry declamation, but for the formulation of a constructive policy in which a positive Protestantism might express itself in the founding of a Hostel for school pupils in Wilcannia. Of the Hostel which Mr. Harvey was seeking to establish we wrote much. But it was only a Hostel in prospect. We rejoice to announce that it is a Hostel in being. We have made a start and in the cottage at Wilcannia which has hitherto served as a vicarage, a few children have been housed. The responsibility has been wholly upon Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, who have been materially helped by a committee of churchmen and churchwomen.

Of course opposition has been real, if subtle. It was expected. We have entered a field which has been the undisturbed possession of others for 20 years. And the opposition had to be fought—as well as the whispers, the doubts, the fears, and the faithless croakings of those who should have helped. However, we say it again, the hostel is in being and the Church of England is on its trial in the far West. Mark you! not the Church of England in the far West—it is doing its share and gallantly, too—but the Church of England generally. Can we carry the scheme through to complete success? Can we, of the capital cities, so firmly establish the hostel that parents need not fear about possible failure and consequent stranding of their children? Can we build up a strong fund so that an offered property may be bought and furnished? The Church is on its trial; so is the Bush Church Aid Society, which conceived the idea of the Hostel at which Anglican children and other Protestants might be kept from error.

We look to our readers for generous assistance. In fact we have already received it. An unknown friend handed to the Secretary two £10 notes for Hostel purposes. Two £5 amounts have been sent in, besides sundry smaller sums. More must come in because the matter is now fraught with urgency. The possibilities of the present are wonderful, but failure would be disastrous to the good name of our Faith and Church. We cannot, we dare not go back. And we shall not go back if the ready support of our people is forthcoming. **Reader! will you help? you, your friends, your Church?**

For the Hostel, a piano is needed. We must give the children what they can get at convent dormitories. Is it too much to ask some one for the gift of a piano?

We shall also need a Hostel Sister, a

devout churchwoman, able to teach music, capable and willing to make sacrifice and endure hardness for Christ's sake and for the spiritual and social welfare of little children. As a worker has said, "The far West needs not so much an order of women who are under the three vows, but rather those who have three qualities: Grace, Grit and 'Gumption.'" The Organising Secretary of the Society will be glad to interview any ladies who will seriously consider this call to service. Also will he be glad to acknowledge any sums sent for the Hostel fund. **Send your gift now.** Don't let your approval of this venture be a mere pious good wish; let it be real, practical and immediate.

Deepest sympathy of all our readers will be extended to the Church Missionary Society in the severe loss which has befallen their great work by fire. It will be impossible to replace valuable records, curios, and library, which have been destroyed. The occurrence is a challenge to churchmen to come to the aid of this great Society of the Church, and to express sympathy in terms of self-denying generosity. The C.M.S., with courage and promptitude, are recommencing their depot work, on the accustomed large scale in Harvard House (above the Australian Paper Company), 5th floor, 192 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. May the "glory of the latter house be greater than of the former."

The bush has its own interpretations and illustrations of certain Scripture passages. The traveller is following a rarely-used, blazed track through wild country. Bush fires and time's decaying touch have obliterated a succession of the guiding marks. To lose one's way is to spend a day or more in aimless wandering. How carefully must the course be chosen, and how strikingly comes home the recollection "See then that ye walk circumspectly."

Or again. It's a little forsaken settlement where service has been arranged. Certainly a church building is there, but it hasn't been used for months and months. The preacher plods his way to it discouraged by the casual remarks of some concerning the ravages of white-ants and the smother of dust and leaves in the church, and prepared for a half-hour's "clean up." But joyful surprise! The building is swept and garnished; books are set in array; on Holy Table, organ and desk are bunches, not of blooms exotic, but of copper-tipped gums—something of the "Real Australia." Later at service time, instead of a feeble few hastily prepared for church, at the sudden coming of the minister, is an undreamt of number. What is the secret of it all? An old lady earnest and devout, sorrowfully "unable to do anything for her Church," as she put it, had received a message of the proposed service by word of a passing waggoner, and so had made ready by vigorous labour in the church and by urgent entreaty of near and distant neighbours. Do we not somewhere read, "God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers, then . . . helps"? The bush abounds with members of that divine order, ordained, not always by the laying on of hands, but by the Holy Spirit of Christ.

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