

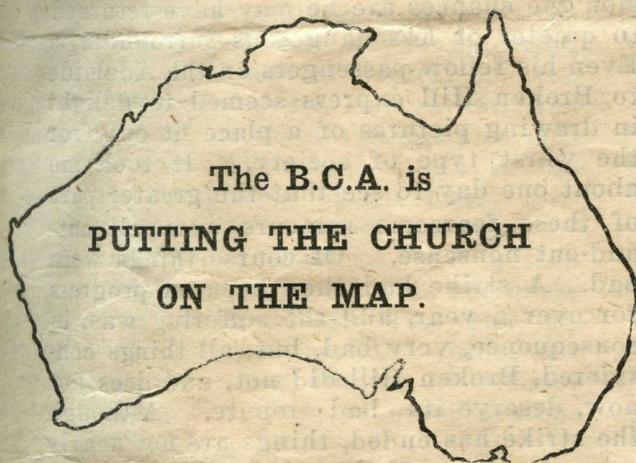
The Real Australian

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

No. 7.

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A perusal of the report published herewith will show our readers that we are endeavouring to work true to our slogan. We want them to join us in the enterprise by a **SPECIAL GIFT**. They can do it:

- (1) By prompt payment of their subscription (if due) to this paper. One shilling and sixpence per annum. Send stamps or postal notes to Head Office, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney.
- (2) By including a donation of **ONE SHILLING** or **MORE** as a little sacrifice on behalf of the work for which we stand.
- (3) By becoming a member of the Society. Subscription, 12/- per annum. **TO ALL OUR MEMBERS WE WILL SEND "THE REAL AUSTRALIAN" FREE OF CHARGE.**

Join up now, and thus help to
**PUT THE CHURCH
ON THE MAP.**

THE BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY FOR AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.

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PERSONAL.

Our congratulations are accorded to Rev. R. Hawkins, Th.L., of the Cobar Mission, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss

P. M. Gudgeon, of Waverley. The wedding, which was truly a "B.C.A." wedding, and at which the Organising Secretary officiated, took place at All Saints' Church, Woolahra, on Saturday, April 29. An impressive service of Holy Communion followed the ceremony. We are sure that our readers tender their best wishes to the happy couple, as they together undertake service at Cobar.

During February, Rev. F. W. and Mrs. Harvey, with Patricia and Kenneth, spent a vacation in Sydney. Returning to his post at Wilcannia, Mr. Harvey was able to do useful deputation work for the society in Adelaide.

The Victorian Committee has regretfully accepted the resignation of Mr. W. H. Garrard as Hon. Treasurer for that State. To him the Society generally expresses its thanks for past valued services. Mr. T. Woodward, prominent in Church work and organisations, has kindly accepted the vacant position. To him, also, many thanks!

THE RAILWAY MISSION.

Eyre's Peninsula.

Our Annual Report makes reference to the new responsibility which the Society has undertaken in providing and partly supporting a worker for the difficult post along the rail line running west from Port Lincoln, S.A. The Rev. J. P. Owen, who has volunteered for the mission, recently came out to us from the Colonial Continental Church Society. He has had extensive experience in Canada, and is accustomed to the isolation and hardship of back-country life. His new sphere represents a piece of work which will need the utmost patience and perseverance. The mission will centre at the little township of Cummins, 50 odd miles out of Port Lincoln, and will extend along the line for at least 130 miles, and include the settlers in the hinterland on either side. The railway is a unique institution, carrying just one train a week, and known to many as the "Social Equality Express." It only boasts second-class carriages, and takes nearly two days to travel 279 miles. The country is in part covered with mallee scrub, but its worth as a wheat-producing area has been proved, and already settlers are busy clearing the land and raising their crops. Mr. Owen will start facing many difficulties. At no point, even at the mission centre, are there church buildings. They must be built. Congregations must be organised and solid church life established. **Work there will be a real venture for Christ.**

We appeal, therefore, to all to remember this new mission in their prayers, and to support it with their gifts. In our next issue we, doubtless, will be able to furnish a detailed account of the mission from the pen of Mr. Owen himself. In the meantime, pray for us! **Pray for us!**

REV. NEVILLE HAVILAND.

A special notice is due to this sturdy worker, who holds that distant post, the Far West Mission in the Diocese of Willochra. Of his apostolic journeyings in that country; of his ministry at Fowler's Bay, the furthest settlement round the Great Australian Bight; and at that famed spot, "The Dead Finish," our readers know something. Let it be said that he still continues in that arduous round with devotion and patience. Now we read of a greater undertaking. At the desire of his Bishop, Mr. Haviland will, until other help is forthcoming, minister to the people of Ooldea and Cook, on the trans-continental railway. To some this may not represent anything more than the inclusion of two more preaching places in his plan of services. But a glance at the map will show that the new work will necessitate journeys across the great Nullarbor Plains, that treeless, uninhabited expanse, which stretches between the line and the coast, and which measures 400 miles by 200, approximately. This is a task fit for men who are unafraid, who are not lovers of comfort and ease, and who have the spirit of Christ within them. This journal is not given to adulation, but it does praise God for the ministry of B.C.A. workers, and especially for Neville Haviland. Their work constitutes a call—an urgent call—to other young men, priests and deacons, to take share in an out-back ministry. **Surely in Sydney and Melbourne** there must be some men of adventurous spirit who for two or three years, anyhow, will put aside their plans, and will count all as loss that they might go out and preach the riches of Christ to people who otherwise cannot be instructed. **Sacrifice** it may be called; but the people are worth it; the work is worth it; and, above all, the Christ of God is worth it.

A GREAT INLAND SEA.

Great dreams persist, even though in their realisation they may undergo modification. One such dream that inspired and enthused those early voyagers and settlers who first touched Australia was that in the centre of this continent there was an immense inland sea. In fact, many

entertained the idea that the land we now know as Australia was divided into two parts. The western part was termed New Holland, and the eastern New South Wales. Coastal exploration and observation had not been close and detailed. The big indentation in the northern coast-line, the Gulf of Carpentaria and the big one in the southern, Spencer's Gulf, gave colour to the idea. But that truly great and intrepid sailor, Mathew Flinders, demonstrated the error, and, after circumnavigating Australia in the *Investigator* in 1803 he produced a map showing the whole continent to be one vast island.

But men dreamed the dream once more. Land explorers, who after the discovery of a track across that apparently impassable barrier, the Blue Mountains, pressed further westward, were lured on and mystified by what has been termed the "problem of the rivers." They chanced upon broad and flowing streams trending north and west. Unable by circumstances to follow them in their length, they seemed justified in surmising that these mighty rivers either rolled on until they entered the ocean in the far north-west, or fed some immense inland sea. The idea enthralled them. But great was the disappointment when it was subsequently discovered that these several streams were but tributaries of the Darling, which in its course described a broad sweep to the south, and then in its turn joined the Murray. There was no great inland sea. Australia's interior has since been crossed and re-crossed, and we know that we have there a land which, while not wholly barren and desolate, yet does not realise the dreams of those hardy, hopeful souls who often journeyed forth not knowing whither they went.

But still the dream has persisted, with modification forced upon us by disappointing discovery. And the dream is likely to be realised, not on the grand and continental scale, as imagined by the men of the early 19th century, but on a local and intensive scale, yet in such wise that huge tracts of country undeveloped and hardly used will become a veritable garden of God. There will yet be in Australia many such inland seas. And the very river system which to some in times past seemed so disappointing and restricted will be the means by which those seas will be kept full and overflowing. The gracious providence of God and the engineering vision and skill of man are met together, and huge reservoirs of inconceivable capacity are now under construction; revolutionary changes in the nature of inland settlement will follow; and the strange fantastic dreams of the past will at least in part come true.

Some reader may wonder what all this has to do with the work of the Bush Church Aid Society. The connection is real. To bring the dream to pass great numbers of men must be engaged in the task of constructing the big barrages by which the waters of the inland seas will be held in their place. And amongst those men, many of them with their wives and families, living in mushroom townships, without Christian Church and institutions, the Society is represented by those who stand ministering the Word of God and the Sacraments of the Lord Jesus Christ.

One big camp is that to which reference has been made in earlier issues—the Hume Reservoir, some few miles outside of Albury, and along the Murray River. Excavation and construction have proceeded to such extent, after some two years' activity, that the magnitude of the scheme can now be grasped. Simply stated, the waters of our greatest river are to be impounded by a mighty embankment stretching from the hills on the New South Wales side to those on the Victorian. Sixty miles up the Murray and its tributary, the Mitta Mitta, will the effect be felt. The intervening country will in great part be submerged. The capacity of this inland sea may be gathered from a comparison of it with Sydney Harbour. The Hume Reservoir will, on its completion, be nearly three times greater in size. It certainly will be one of the sights of the continent, and tourists travelling by train will break their journey at Albury in order to view it. Others, perhaps, will survey the expanse in its majestic setting of everlasting hills from the vantage point of a seat in an aeroplane.

At present the Reservoir site presents a scene of extraordinary variety. In one direction may be seen immense steam shovels, in appearance and action suggestive of some fearful prehistoric beasts, snorting out steam and smoke as they gouge into the hill-side and bite out a truckful of earth, and then vomit it forth out of the way. In another place can be seen a towering structure, with a great iron casting as its inset—the stone-crusher used for the preparation of material for concrete work. To feed this a big hill is being stripped of its soil, so that the immense faces of granite rock may be quarried. Against the sky-line stands the smoke-stack of an elaborate electric light and power station, from which will be supplied the current necessary to illuminate the township and to drive the aerial conveyors and other machinery necessary on the works. Around the camp and over the river, with its new bridge, run fussy little locomotives, hauling long strings of trucks laden with material for the building of the embankment. On the hill-crest overlooking the river is the staff office, where men work over plans and prints, busy solving the problems that each day brings, and yet keeping before them the wonderful vision of the completed scheme that belongs to the years to come. Then, at the back of all, standing slightly apart as though it would call men away from toil to needed calm and rest, is the little church, the witness of the Faith of Him Who is the Light and the Life of all, and the reminder that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And in this, as in all the construction camps in which the B.C.A. is interested, that Witness and Reminder are needed. We dare not allow these communities to go on from month to month without the means of grace. We dare not let little children grow up untaught in the Christian faith. So we look to the people of the Church in the cities to come to our aid, and support us in this ministry. **More prayer, more interest, more giving,** and then we shall be able to do our duty well and acceptably to these people and in the sight of God.

THE SILVER CITY.

Broken Hill! Why, the name speaks to many people of much that is neither worthy nor desirable. Visions of revolution, lawlessness, and terror are in the terms. The mere suggestion brings thoughts of "Blind Forty," or some other band of outlaws, or perhaps its Australian Bolshevism.

Two years ago the writer was proceeding to take up church work in this "awful" place. The answers to his many questions about the sphere of his labours were calculated to strike terror to his heart. If we were on any other mission the chances are he may have returned to quieter or less dangerous surroundings. Even his fellow passengers on the Adelaide to Broken Hill express seemed to delight in drawing pictures of a place fit only for the worst type of society. It took me about one day to see that the greater part of these fearsome rumours were all out-and-out nonsense. Of course things were bad. A strike had then been in progress for over a year, and the suffering was, in consequence, very bad, but, all things considered, Broken Hill did not, and does not now, deserve its bad repute. Although the strike has ended, things are not nearly normal. Some of the mines are not working at all; some are only half-time; but none are working to full capacity. The city itself is very clean, and the beautiful trees that now adorn the streets and gardens have taken away that barren look, which, I am informed, once characterised the city and surroundings. This beauty is somewhat lessened by some of the housing conditions which are a disgrace to civilisation.

There is a real touch of romance about Broken Hill, which is not easy to explain. Some may find it in its fabulously wealthy metal product, others in its extraordinary history. Forty years ago it was non-existent. The site of the city was part of the Mount Gipps sheep-run. Those who crossed the site or ascended the low run of hills never dreamt of the richness of silver and lead underneath their feet. Even experienced miners working at Silverton, fifteen miles away, toiled at their own little shows unaware of the fortunes they were missing. It remained for a boundary-rider from Mt. Gipps to conceive the notion that the long hill with its crown of crumpled black rock, might have some mineral value. He persuaded some of the other station hands to join him in a venture, each to put in £70 as working capital. Mining operations at first were disappointing, and some members of the syndicate lost heart, and were glad to dispose of their shares at £50 a piece. Yet within six years each of the shares was worth £2,500,000. The ordinary-looking hill, with its rock ridge, proved, after suitable shafts had been dug, to be simply a mass of valuable metal. So Broken Hill found its birth, and now it stands, with its broad streets lined with shops and public buildings. Paralled with its main thoroughfare runs the line of lode, capped in its length with extensive mining plants—perhaps the most up-to-date in the world. Efficiency is the watchword of each mine management, and with the invention of new processes for extraction of metal discarded heaps of tailings are being

worked again, and from them hitherto lost values are being recovered. What the future of the city is no one can say. Abundant mineral wealth is there still, and, given satisfactory industrial conditions, Broken Hill should live for many and many years. What should be done is to connect it with Sydney by rail. At present its social and commercial affinities are with Adelaide—the capital of another State. The railway, which runs west through Condobolin, and planned to reach the Hill, comes to a dead end on the western plains. The line which runs east from the Silver City to meet it finishes at Menindie. Between the two points is a great gap, and there are some grounds for the allegation that it is not any engineering difficulty, or even lack of capital on the part of the Government, but rather the vested interests of certain companies outside of Broken Hill which stand in the way of the completion of the line.

Most people have heard or read of Broken Hill dust storms. A person needs to see one to appreciate its fierceness and perhaps its grandeur. The dust, together with the isolation, is, I think, our great drawback. The climate in summer is hot, though bearable; at other seasons it is perfect.

No one doubts that Broken Hill is a place somewhat unique, but its uniqueness is not confined to its industrial troubles. It is, perhaps, almost alone in its boast that oftentimes the visiting judge has no case of a criminal nature before him. In fact, there have been occasions when there have been no cases, civil or criminal, at all. Justice Wade and Justice Bevan have each remarked on the absence of crime on the Barrier during the past few years. Surely this is a different Broken Hill from that described by those who have never been here. You naturally ask, then, what has given the city such a bad name? The trouble is mainly an industrial one. The men have been led, or, rather, misled, by a few self-seeking, professed agnostics and atheists. These windy demagogues have captured the main trade union, and the men have allowed themselves to be duped with promises of better things. They (the men) have been worshipping the god, materialism, and he has rewarded his devotees with that coldness and deadness which is a part of himself. Indifference has followed in the train of disappointed hopes, and we now stand in a valley of dead bones. Perhaps the employer of yesterday has had much to do with producing this state of things. Had he been more Christlike the men would have had better consideration. However, this is not a discussion of what should have been done, so I must pass on to something more useful. Is there no cure for this evil? Can these bones live? Yes, if Jesus Christ, in His saving power, is given the chance. If He is given the opportunity to work in the hearts of the men there is some hope. We know that our Lord, to accomplish this, will work through human personalities. What, then, is the Church doing? As regards our body, one has only to give a description of the two parishes into which the city is divided. The Ven. Archdeacon Godfrey Smith, assisted by the Rev. Wooley and Mr. Harly (catechist), has charge of the larger parish, St. Peter's, in a population of 15,000; the writer (Rev.

R. M. Fulford) is labouring in the parish of St. Philip's and St. James' Railway Town, and South Broken Hill respectively, in a population of 11,000. Each of us is working at top speed all the time. A big hospital and the gaol come under our supervision, and between us we take twenty-four religious instruction classes per week in the State Schools on the Barrier. This, together with the usual activities of parish work, means solid toil. Now, to every church in the "Hill" there has come the conviction that a spiritual revival is essential to the welfare of the place. We are convinced it must be one that is of the Holy Spirit's making. This decision was arrived at after a conference of Christian workers of all denominations, held recently in the Congregational Church. The meeting was opened by two spirited addresses by the Revs. White (Methodist) and Fulford (Church of England). The assurance of the whole meeting was: "This must be by the Holy Ghost, and in His own way." Another meeting is to be held in a fortnight's time, and we are confident a scheme will be revealed that will eventually reach every individual in Broken Hill. "Pray for us!" We are beset with difficulties peculiar to the place, but no difficulty is too hard for God and the Holy Ghost.

In conclusion, let me express to the Bush Church Aid Society the thanks of our people for financial assistance and assurance of co-operation and prayer during the hard times we have faced, and are still facing. Archdeacon Smith joins, also, in this word of appreciation.

REGINALD M. FULFORD.

POSTS AND RAILS.

Our readers can do nothing better than to secure one of our "Bark Huts." This novel little collection-box, with an exterior suggestive of many homes in the country, where the Society works, serves as an admirable witness for the B.C.A. What a wonderful help it would be to us if every reader took a "Bark Hut." Their small self-denials would enable us materially to extend our work. Write and we will send a "Bark Hut" to your address.

The illustration of the settler's home at the "Dead Finish" shown in our last issue attracted much attention. A Haberfield reader gave his interest in it a practical turn. He wrote, "I am sending you a pound-note for your Dead End, and any other end you may need it for." That spirit of ready, generous giving is of great encouragement.

Can anyone of our Subscribers help us in an important matter? The authorities of the Mitchell Library have requested us to supply them with copies of "The Real Australian." We are desirous of completing a file of past issues for their possession. Of issue No. 1, August, 1920, and Nos. 3 and 4, 1921, we have not a copy. It would be a great help to us if one of our readers would make up the deficiency for us, and post such copies to our address: Church House, George Street, Sydney. Please look up your back numbers.

To many unknown friends we are grateful for their little acts of witness and

advocacy on our behalf. Gifts from unexpected quarters reveal to us that our readers are quietly working away and telling others of our doings. This is good. We met one little enthusiast—a school girl—who always passes on her copy to the head-teacher of the school, then to her fellow-scholars. The whole class is thus kept well-informed about B.C.A. work.

Amongst our contributors this quarter will be found Mr. J. McKern, of Mosman, Sydney. As a Government inspector of accounts Mr. McKern for many years travelled extensively throughout the far west, and we are confident that his notes and reminiscences will be of interest to our readers. It should be added that in all his journeyings Mr. McKern (though with modesty he refers not to it in his article) constantly sought to do service for the Church by arranging and conducting Divine worship in any isolated township in which he found himself.

Please remember that "The Real Australian" is a quarterly issue. Readers whose subscriptions are due will find the token thereof in the shape of a subscription form. Please fill in and return to the office, Church House, George Street, Sydney. Eighteen pence in stamps will cover the cost for a year, posted.

In quite a number of parishes friends are busy organising help for our work. At Ryde an Australian concert is being organised, under the direction of Mrs. Windsor. At Brighton-le-Sands a Missionary Sale of Work will be held, and half proceeds will be devoted to the B.C.A. Then at St. Luke's, Mosman, a children's entertainment is being prepared by Miss Cole. The help of these many friends is much appreciated. We look to others to imitate such good examples.

We are glad to have the services of Mr. W. Wynn Jones, of Trinity Grammar School as occasional deputationist for the Society. Last Christmas Mr. Jones undertook work for us in the West Darling, and in his long journeys covered an area that included Tibooburra and Ivanhoe, two townships 350 miles apart. He has a fine story to tell, and some excellent slides to show. We shall be happy to arrange for him to preach at any Church on Sundays, and to give a "Travel Talk" during the week. Please communicate with the Organising Secretary.

The Society has now (through the generosity of a supporter) a splendid set of lantern slides, depicting the Gospel story. The colourings are unique and beautiful. The slides are for use in our various Missions, but occasionally they will be available for loan to the Sydney clergy at a small charge. Application may be made to the Headquarters' Office.

Our thanks are due to Rev. A. C. Mosley, late Rector of Enfield, for the gift of a fine lantern outfit, complete, for use in the Society's work. His kindness in this respect is timely, since it meets a need felt in our new work opening up in the Railway Mission on Eyre's Peninsula, South Australia. We also express our appreciation of numerous parcels of books and magazines to hand during the past quarter. We value this remembrance of our work.

NOTES FROM A NURSE'S DIARY.

In the issue for February we referred to Sister Dorothy's work in the big scrub of Croajingolong, in East Gippsland—a work which the Society is supporting. We now publish some notes which will be of interest to all readers. They give a graphic idea of the ministry of a Church nurse.

I.—My first long-distance call (28 miles from my headquarters) gave me what I call a true sample of Australian hospitality. I had been visiting round Cann during the afternoon, and on my way home heard that there was a telephone message waiting for me. The patient was a babe of about ten months, and by all accounts very sick. By the time I reached home it was 5 o'clock. One of the men offered to drive me, and away we started. We made good pace until it became dark. About half-way we had a river to cross. We knew there was a road camp near by, as a bridge was in process of erection. As we neared the river we were hailed by a cheery voice. One of the men from the camp, hearing I was coming, had stayed up to pilot us safely across the river. On the other side was a house, and here the family had stayed up to give us tea and cakes. After much discussion, it was decided to change our driver for one who knew the road better, it being only wide enough in parts to allow the jinker to pass over. Down below was a sheer drop into the river. So away we started. Now and then the driver would get out and walk at the horse's head. About eight miles further on we came to another house, and here a billy of peaches was thrust into our hands, with many wishes for a safe journey. Eventually we reached our destination about 12.30, where we received a very warm welcome. The babe was very sick for about three days, and then made a good recovery.

II. How I came to take out teeth.—Visiting a house one afternoon, I was introduced to a girl of about 13. She was not looking well, having had several sleepless nights with bad toothache. I had done a certain amount of teeth extraction in the hospital in London, but not being keen on the job, had decided not to say anything about it. I looked at the tooth, and said, "Why do you not have it out?" The reply was, "A dentist never comes now, and it means going into Orbost" (which meant 50/- fare return). I suppose I looked guilty, for presently the mother said, "Don't you take teeth out, Sister?" I had to own up that I had taken some out during hospital days. Soon after I returned with forceps, and when the tooth was "hauled successfully" I felt glad that the 50/- fare had been saved.

III.—Everyone was getting busy for the Cann River Show, and some days when I passed along the road and saw men practising the high jumps I wondered, and hoped for the best. Then, sure enough, one morning a few days before the show I heard that one of the prospective show-riders had had a spill, jumping logs. When I arrived the injury was 24 hours old, and the dislocated shoulder very swollen. I made an attempt at reduction, but failed. We made arrangements to go through by car to Orbost the next morning. However, during the night the shoulder slipped into place, and daily massage restored full

movement. The patient was a merry-eyed lad of 18. He did not know the meaning of the word "fear." I had to use all my influence to keep him from riding on show day. At his last visit he paid me he shyly handed me a parcel, and expressed the hope that I would not be offended. Inside was the most beautiful hand-stitched double-reined bridle. It had been bought specially for the great day, but now he hoped I would have it.

IV.—A visitor calling at a house one very stormy day remarked upon the equinoctial gales. Several days later one of the Brothers called. It was still stormy weather. Presently the good man of the house struggled through the door panting and muttering, "That chap was just about right when he called them 'it yer knocks yer gales.'"

V.—It is difficult to give an outline of a day's work. Each day varies so. Anyhow, they are alike in that they all are taken up with nursing and visiting. For the first three months I had 20 calls of one sort and another. Besides that, I paid 138 deaconess visits. All this involved much walking, riding, and driving.

The work is intensely interesting, and opportunities for witness innumerable. Church people should pray that this new approach to the hitherto unreached be blessed of our God in Heaven.

SISTER DOROTHY.

Cann River.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

The Giles Expedition of 1875, equipped by the late Sir Thos. Elder, had for its object the crossing of the Australian continent from east to west; approximately on the 29th parallel of south lat. To this expedition I was appointed second in command. In June, 1875, the party camped at Ooldea, a small native well among sand-hills. To-day there is a railway station and telegraph station and seven thousand gallons are drawn every day to supply the trains of the East-West Railway from this little native well. I left Ooldea with one companion and a black boy, with four camels, to fix a position with water for the whole party of seven men and 20 camels on or near the 29th parallel south lat. On the evening of the third day from Ooldea we found ourselves on the northern edge of the great Nullarbor Plains. Low, stony hills were here met with, and a native well with good water was found. The few natives that happened to be there called it Ooldabinna. Continuing northerly, we entered a heavy sand-hill country, and when two days north of Ooldabinna a large body of natives was encountered. Their first move was to set fire to the spinifex grass around us. It was a most undesirable spot for anything to happen, since there was dense scrub and undergrowth around. We heard the voices of the women and children as they ran screaming away, so ere long we had only the men to negotiate. After some manoeuvring we got clear of the circle of fire, and were then in more open country, where we could meet on more equal terms. At nightfall their camp fires could be seen all round us. It being the month of July, the nights were very cold. The camels were tied up, and we kept close watch all

through. Early next morning we saddled up, and to prevent any further misunderstanding kept up a good pace, accompanied by the wild screams and yells of anger and defiance of the residents. However, we out-distanced them at last.

Upon another occasion I surprised a party of 20 or more blacks on a very cold frosty morning, just as they were about leaving their previous night's camp. It was very interesting to see how they had protected themselves through the bitter night, being entirely unclad. A small half-dead hollow tree had been burned down at midday or later. The scatter of leaves and small branches were then fired. This warmed the sand upon which they lay. Smoke is kept up all night from the half-dead wood. This keeps off the frost. Each individual sleeps in a trench in the warm sand. The trenches are all in rows, so each one has a little mound on either side, where a small fire is kept burning, and thus with another at his feet the night is made bearable. Judging from appearances, these people suffer no hardships. They have to work (i.e., hunt) for their living, as do people in all countries. The interior has been traversed in so many directions of late years that there can be hardly a spot where the white man has not been seen, so it must be left to the imagination to conceive the surprise, and perhaps terror, mingled with indignation and wonder, with which the first white man, with his huge animals, was first met by the aboriginal inhabitants.

W. H. TIETKINS, Esq., F.R.G.S.

ROAMINGS AND REMINISCENCES.

The day I left Broken Hill for a journey which before it ended would aggregate about 900 miles on coaches, and land me away down on the Murray, in Victoria, after a circuit through Tibooburra, White Cliffs, Wilcannia, Wentworth, Swan Hill, the shade temperature was 110 deg. As my seat was outside of our coach, "Big Ben." I refrain from saying what the sun temperature registered, but after enduring it for a whole February day (at the end of one of the greatest droughts), traversing Sturt's Desert, one would be inclined to hazard 200 deg. without blinking.

Well, during that first day, and many succeeding ones, and amid dust storms, I had time to observe, and to admire, the pluck of various dwellers in the "Out-back," and to contemplate the deadliness of living in these regions, especially from the spiritual outlook.

In the coach was a woman with two young children, returning to Milparinka, 200 miles, and she expressed herself in the following way: "The greatest treat I have had in my stay at Broken Hill was being able to go to Church again, for I have not had the opportunity of Church service for about three years."

On the outside with me was a man who had come in for a dentistry operation, and was nursing his jaw, and he in almost similar terms spoke with appreciation of his visit to the Church in the Silver City.

Public Watering Places.

The country I was passing through used in the old days to be practically closed to traffic in the midsummer months, but the establishment of watering places now

keeps the roads open all the year round. These wells, dams, or tanks are in charge of caretakers, lonely dwellers in the desert. Their only contact with fellow-beings is when a horseman or a drover draws up for watering the stock.

I remember one where we watered on the first afternoon, and while waiting there a lad came up, an overgrown boy, with a face as wanting in expression as a yellow turnip. It was a place where wood-cutters were camped to extract the meagre stumps, to be sent to the "Hill" for fuel. Saying to this boy, "Well, my lad, how do you get on here for playmates?" I was answered by a stare from him, and by a man of sloppy build and unkempt beard, with the remark, "Him! Playmates! Why, th' axe is his only playmate." Just a little way off were some miserable humpies, out on the hot pebbly plain, with no prospect but the flat circle of earth and a brazen sky, with a succession of "whirly-whirlies" raising spiral columns of dust. Under such conditions lived this boy and some men, with the bare necessities of life, and none of the comforts and solaces of the means of grace.

About two days later we were passing another dam, beyond Milparinka, not having occasion to water there; but the old grey-bearded caretaker would not let us go by without offering hospitality. We must perforce come down from our perch (the driver and I) and sit down in his humpy while the billy boiled and we refreshed ourselves. Imagine this man, surrounded only by space, past the allotted span of years and denied the comforts of old age or the ministrations of religion in his declining days!

Mail Changes.

There used to be another class of men, indispensable to the out-back country—the men in charge of the "mail changes." They were met on the coach routes every twenty to thirty miles. Their duty lay in having a team of horses ready for the coach, to take it to the next stage. Necessarily, they are in lonesome places. They get a glimpse of their fellowmen and the news of the outside world only from the driver or passengers. I call to mind one such place and man, after my second night out on the road. I was dying for a snatch of sleep and the good fellow came up to me, helped me down from the box to his hut, saying: "Now make yourself at home here while I catch the horses. You'll find a billy o' tea on the fire, and a piece o' Johnny-cake. Then take a bunk until I call yer." I took a "bunk," and no half-hour's sleep was ever so heavenly as in that little smoky hut.

Another time, over 150 miles from this point, I was invited to another "bunk," the difference being that whichever way I looked as my eyes blinked away to sleep, I could see a picture dancing before me, as the walls were entirely covered over with illustrated papers, some in bright colours. Outside it was but a humpy, but the interior was a well-ordered cabin. I could multiply by many times such instances of hospitality from these great-hearted fellows—heroes of the back blocks, whose deeds are unsung but never forgotten by those they have befriended. Some of them have a past upon which they are silent, and have chosen this isolated life to hide

suspected one such in a remote place far removed from Wentworth. A fine upstanding young man of aristocratic bearing. The interior of his crib was neat and ornamental as a dainty lady's apartments, and there was a set of bookshelves which betokened culture. The driver spoke of him as a "white man." I could not forbear offering some books of deep reading, and others directly religious, and the reception of them showed that he was greedy for such a class of literature. Nor could one forbear a prayer for the soul of such an one. Such cases are not rare. One time out West I found one poor fellow, an Oxford man, who claimed to speak five languages, and was once a headmaster at college, down and out, famishing for food and shedding tears when I provided it. Can any agency better reach this class of men than the B.C.A. It only needs an opening, as I have experienced several times, for them to speak of the deep soul thirst.

J. McKERN.

(To be continued.)

REPORT OF THE BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY.

For Year ending December 31, 1922.

In presenting the **Third Annual Report**, the Council of the Bush Church Aid Society wishes to express gratitude to the God and Father of us all, Who has enabled us to continue for another year in the service of the Kingdom of His Son. The presence and power of the ennobling Spirit has been realised, and His guidance has been with us all through.

The past year has been one of steady work and propaganda. We have reason to believe that the Church, generally, in Australia now knows of our existence and aims, and we are grateful for encouragement given to us by so many, including bishops and clergy. We have even welcomed the mild criticisms and questionings directed at the Society, confident of this—that a generous spirit will at least give us credit for the motives which animate our Society, and the liberal and sympathetic attitude we have taken up towards needy fields in various States. We trust that a true Catholicity has characterised our policy right through.

Frankly, we are a Society of Churchmen and Church-women who believe that within that sober and healthy comprehensiveness of the Church of England there is a place for a voluntary society. Moreover, we believe that as the Church is at the present, there is a need for a Society. After all societies have done great things for the Church. They have aroused the faithful. They have drawn attention to particular problems, and have solved them also. Some critics have thought of societies just as societies; they should see that they generally work for the welfare of the whole.

However, there is no need for us to apologise for our existence. We have a piece of work to do—work which has elicited a hitherto untouched body of devotion, enthusiasm and sacrifice by way of support. We are seeking to do it faithfully, and we hope well. The judgment upon it which we heed is not so much man's, but rather

venture to bring into focus the work of the past twelve months, in all its growth and extensions.

Taking our nearer field, Cobar, we can report a full maintenance of the ministry at that difficult post. With cheerfulness and enthusiasm, Rev. R. R. Hawkins, Th.L., is building up the Church despite the discouragement of prevailing industrial depression and consequent depletion of numbers. The Society's investment in a Harley Davidson side-car outfit has proved of great value, and Mr. Hawkins has been enabled to visit and minister to lonely selections and stations, reaching as far as the River Darling. The narratives of his journeys setting forth the quiet heroisms of real back-country life and work were particularly attractive to readers of *The Real Australian*. I feel that it is only right that this meeting should tender to Mr. Hawkins warmest congratulations on his recent marriage. All B.C.A. supporters wish him every joy and blessing.

Wilcannia is still upon the map and holds a large place in our prayers and interest. The isolation of the township and the immense extent of the "parish" constitute work at this centre a matter of great difficulty. Rev. F. W. Harvey, with his wife, have continued in their fine work. The far-separated townships in this area have been visited and services held. The real significance of such a statement, apparently prosaic, can only be seen when it is realised that these townships are distant from the centre by anything from 100 up to 220 miles. Rail tracks and well-formed roads are unknown, and the journeys by motor cycle demand display of physical courage and endurance. The need to engage in these long journeys can readily be appreciated when it is remembered that prior to the visit of Mr. Harvey one township had been without service or Sacraments for twelve months, and another for nearly five years.

During the year the Society made a further venture at Wilcannia. By the gracious providence of God, working through the generosity of His people (one lady in particular), we were enabled to place down half the purchase money for a commodious seven-roomed residence to serve as the Bush Church Aid Society Hostel for children attending the Public School. In earlier reports we have made clear that such an Hostel was needed if our Protestantism was to be of a constructive and positive character, and if we hoped to save our children for our Church. The Hostel is one instrument for the realisation of such an objective. Frankly, the opposition has been strong. We expected it, but we are determined to hold on and we believe that if our Church-people are prepared to make sacrifice, as do those who misunderstand our aims, then success is certain. We desire to place on record our appreciation of the services of Miss Purcell, who, for 1921, acted as Hostel Sister, and of Miss Toye, who at present, by her qualifications and musicianly abilities is doing so much. Of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey the Society can only speak in terms of highest praise. The responsibilities and difficulties of the work have been faithfully faced, and we are sure that their ministry has carried sure reward. We cannot turn away from Wilcannia and its Hostel without expressing

Church of England Homes and Hostels Fund for their generous gift of £150, which practically enabled us to complete the purchase of the building.

Broken Hill.—At this "City of the West" industrial prospects are brighter, and thus Archdeacon Godfrey Smith, at St. Peter's, and Rev. R. Fulford, at St. Philip's, are much heartened. Though the "Hill" is usually associated with a materialistic indifference to religion, if not with a revolutionary opposition, it is more than interesting to find that all the Churches there are confident that the time is fast ripening for real religious revival. Seasons of conference and prayer have been held, and the presence of the brooding Spirit has been felt. The Society is planning to take its part in a proposed simultaneous Mission next spring, when one of its Councillors will be among the leaders.

We leave New South Wales and in thought leap across the greater part of South Australia into the missionary district of Willochra, and find ourselves at **Murat Bay, on the coast of the Great Australian Bight.** This little township is virtually the starting point of the Far West Mission, in which Rev. Neville Haviland stands alone in a fine witness to the Gospel among the scattered settlers in that most distant spot. The Church can thank God for the young men who have been willing to leave comfort and prospect for work in such places. Neville Haviland needs to be remembered before the Throne of Grace. The Organising Secretary was enabled to visit him last year, and together they undertook extensive journeyings throughout the mission area, touching the furthest settlements and eventually crossing the famous Nullabor Plains from south to north. Of Mr. Haviland's work it will be fitting to quote from his Bishop's letter, written subsequent to a visit to the Mission:—"I enjoyed the visit to your parish and congratulate you most heartily on the good work you are doing."

Though it scarcely comes within the scope of this report, yet it must be mentioned that following on a report to the Bishop of Willochra, and the pledged support of your Council, arrangements have been completed for the opening up of a **Railway Mission on the "once-a-week" railway between Port Lincoln and Murat Bay.** The Rev. J. P. Owen, who has had valuable experience in Canada, and who comes to us from the Colonial Continental Church Society, has volunteered to be the first missionary. He, his wife and little child leave for the post within a few weeks. The Society is glad to have a share in this piece of real mission work, also to help a missionary bishop whose sympathy and advice the Council has always appreciated.

We would also, at this stage, refer to the Rev. C. W. Wilson, who at the charges of the Society, is proceeding to **Griffith,** at the railway end in the Riverina Diocese. This growing irrigation area presents a fine opportunity for intensive constructive ministry. It means pioneering work, since there are no Church buildings, School Hall or Rectory. For both Mr. Owen and Mr. Wilson we ask the earnest prayers of our people, that their ministry be visited by God with His increase.

We turn to Victoria, where the Society's

For the work of the Church at the Construction Camp, at the **Torumbarry Lock (Bendigo),** on the Murray, at the **Eildon Weir (Wangaratta),** at the big **Morwell Electricity Works (Gippsland),** the Society is responsible in great part for the maintenance of the ministry of the Word and Sacraments. At each of these places no other Church is making witness for Christ. Work in a Construction Camp presents peculiar problems. Godly wisdom and commonsense and unflagging patience are requisite for their solution. We must also refer to the **Hume Reservoir Construction Camp work (Diocese of Goulburn and Diocese of Wangaratta),** to which the Society is making a substantial grant. This camp will exist for at least ten years, and thus the work of the ministry here will not be of a transient character.

Towards the end of last year, the Society undertook to join in with the Bishop of Gippsland in the support of a nurse-deaconess at the **Cann River Settlement,** in the big scrub of Creajingolong. Sister Allmond has seen service in France and subsequently passed through a course of study at Deaconess House, Sydney. Reports of her work show the wonderful opportunity that awaits qualified Christian women in some of the remotest areas where medical and nursing service are absent. For the coming year the B.C.A. hopes to develop in this direction; the ministry of women must be given its proper place in the activities of the Church in Australia.

Concerning candidates we report that Miss Greenwood completed her course at Deaconess House, securing a first-class Th.A. diploma. At present she is gaining additional practical experience at the parish of Erskineville. Mr. R. Hobden has passed into his second year at Moore College. Mr. Albert Simons has entered St. Columb's Hall, Wangaratta, where he is training for B.C.A. work. Mr. E. R. Panelli, of Ridley College, is awaiting ordination in the Diocese of Melbourne, where he will serve prior to going out to the field.

The Society is in touch with several young men who realise the call of the West and who must be trained for the work. We are confident that there are others in the various parishes. The Church must call them forth. Bishops and parochial clergy have a responsibility in the matter. Our Master's challenge that we should "pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers" is before us, and we are all painfully conscious of the need of more men. May we add here that in respect of training workers the Society is ready to do its part. We have been considerably encouraged by the action of the congregation at St. Andrew's, Roseville, Sydney. At their Annual Meeting it was decided that the parish pledge itself to contribute £20 per annum to the Bush Church Aid Society for the training of candidates. What other parishes will follow this example?

Other activities of the Society have been maintained. Grants for literature for use in various fields have been made. Many friends generously supply our needs, so that periodically we can send out large parcels of healthy fiction and useful Christian books and leaflets. These are warmly appreciated by lonely dwellers.

Under the heading of "literature" we venture to mention our Society's journal, *The Real Australian.* We have been greatly encouraged by the kindly notice given by contemporaries, and by the splendid support of so many subscribers. The paper, like the B.C.A., stands for a robust Churchmanship, also to give a first-hand account of the doings of the men and women who work under our aegis, and of the places to which they go. We thank all readers for their help.

The Statement of Receipts and Expenditure will be set before you. It shows that our total receipts for 1921 amounted to £2658/9/8. Of this £883/3/9 was allocated for specified purposes. For what might be termed our 'Free Fund' the sum of £1190/11/4 was received.

Expenditure on all accounts amounted to £2020/9/4, leaving a credit balance of £638/0/4. However, it must be remembered that of that balance the sum of £417/13/1 represents a special allocation to complete purchase of the Wilcannia Hostel Building which amount has been duly expended.

For this healthy state of our finances we are most grateful to our many friends and supporters. Clergy, Churchwardens, Sunday School teachers and scholars and an innumerable host of helpers in various States have joined in a sacrifice of giving. And above all praise to our God Who has prospered our witness and touched so many hearts.

Thus we close our review of the past year. As we face the future we feel that greater development of our work in the far field as well as at the Home Base. Concerning the latter, we propose that the ladies who are interested in our work should form an Auxiliary. There is a special work which the ladies can do, and we make the suggestion in sure and certain hope. Further, we are anxious that the story of the B.C.A. should be told in all dioceses, especially in those of the capital cities, where the problems of real bush work do not press, and where people need not go untaught and unshepherded. The Church in the cities must realise its responsibilities to the Church in the Interior, and the B.C.A. feels itself called to make that responsibility quite clear. To do that a Deputation Secretary is needed. Will you help us in that venture?

In the far field there must be (to use a Scripture figure) a lengthening of cords and a strengthening of stakes—an extensive and intensive development. More men! more workers! again is our cry. Men of faith, spirituality, and of power; men who believe in God and in the saving message of a Gospel of Redemption; men who are prepared to hazard prospects of preferment for the sake of the Kingdom of God; men (and women, too) whose ministry will be a fine brave adventure undertaken in difficult and lonely places, where the true reward will not be the praise of men, but the praise of God and the consciousness of being a blessing to some of His needy people.

For the Council,

S. J. KIRKBY.

May 23, 1922.