

"AUSTRALIA FOR CHRIST."

The Real Australian

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

No. 8.

AUGUST 17, 1922.

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

A perusal of these pages 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.

Headquarters Office: Diocesan Church House, George-street, Sydney, N.S.W.
President: The Right Reverend John Douse Langley, D.D.

Hon. Treasurer: T. Holt, Esq.

Hon. Clerical Secretary: Rev. Canon W. L. Langley.

Organising Secretary: Rev. S. J. Kirkby, B.A.

Victorian Auxiliary: Hon. Secretary, Rev. A. P. Chase, B.A.; Hon. Treasurer, T. Woodward, Esq.

South Australian Auxiliary: Hon. Secretary: Rev. W. H. Irwin, M.A.

WHAT THE SOCIETY SEEKS TO DO.

1. To make the Bush a sphere where Christ is magnified in life and thought. This will be attempted by special Brotherhood and Mission agencies.

2. To influence with strong, manly Christian spirit and warm social fellowship the life in the Construction Camps, the Shearing Sheds, and the rural Industrial Settlements of our several States.

3. To call and prepare men and women for work in specialised Bush Ministry.

4. To provide for the circulation in country areas of healthy literature in defence and propagation of the Christian Faith.

THE NEED OF TO-DAY.

Young Men and Women willing to Serve for a Period in the Special Work of our Society.

The B.C.A.S. is prepared to train, place, and support suitable volunteers.

Young men are wanted for an heroic Bush Ministry.

Young women for Bush Deaconesses and Bush Nurses.

There is also urgent need of capable laymen, for whom a fine field of service is open.

Write or call at once—

ORGANISING SECRETARY,
Diocesan Church House,
George-street, Sydney.



PIONEERS.

We are the old-world people,
Ours were the hearts to dare;
But our youth is spent, and our backs are bent,
And the snow is on our hair.

Back in the early fifties,
Dim through the mists of years,
By the bush-grown strand of a wild, strange land
We entered—the pioneers.

Our axes rang in the wood-lands,
Where the gaudy bush-birds flew,
And we turned the loam of our new-found home,
Where the eucalyptus grew.

Housed in the rough log shanty,
Camped in the leaking tent,
From sea to view of the mountains blue,
The eager fossickers went.

We wrought with a will unceasing,
We moulded, and fashioned, and planned;
In the wilds out-back, we blazed the track
That ye might inherit the land.

Here are your shops and churches,
Your cities of stucco and smoke;
And the swift trains fly where the wild cat's cry
O'er the sad bush silence broke.

Take now the fruit of our labour,
Nourish and guard it with care;
For our youth is spent, and our backs are bent,
And the snow is in our hair.

FRANK HUDSON,
an Australian poet.

A pioneer's home in the back blocks.

They deserve the-Gospel.



PERSONAL.

The Rev. Canon Watson, Warden of the Brotherhood of Our Saviour, Kyogle (Grafton Diocese), has been invited by our parent society (the Colonial and Continental Church Society, of London) to visit England and undertake Deputation work on its behalf. Canon Watson, who will be accompanied by Mrs. Watson, leaves by the s.s. *Hobson's Bay* on September 2, and will be away for about nine months.

The Organising Secretary will be absent in Victoria, and possibly South Australia, during the month of September and part of October.

The following cutting from a Broken Hill "daily" will have more than ordinary interest to our readers. Mr. Fulford is Vicar of South Broken Hill, a parish in which our Society is keenly interested. His spiritual force and earnestness have been big factors in the maintenance of the work of the Church in the "Silver City." The newspaper report shows that character tells even in the stress and excitement of a premier football contest:—

"The Rev. R. M. Fulford had charge of the match, it being his first exhibition in Broken Hill. He quickly demonstrated he had a thorough knowledge of the rules, and

gave general satisfaction to both players and supporters. Mr. Fulford gave the man attacking his opponent in possession of the ball the advantage, which, of course, has the effect of making the game fast. His decisions were invariably correct, but at times rather slow. As an all-round exhibition of umpiring it is easily the best this season."

Mr. H. E. Felton, of St. Luke's, Mosman, has been accepted by the Society as a candidate for training. At present Mr. Felton is studying for the Th.A. certificate. After October he will give himself to more definite training for our work. We warmly welcome him to our ranks.

IN PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS.

I.

When the vicar of an outback parish sets out on a tour of visitation he can be quite certain that before his return he will have passed through some very interesting, if trying, experiences. Recently I set out to visit the township of Tiboorurra, right out in the "corner" of N.S.W.; so mounting the motor cycle, and with Jack Robertson in the side-car (Jack is one of the Hostel boys) I faced the long trail that leads to the furthest our village in N.S.W.

White Cliffs completed the first day's run, and here I conducted a service at night, and next morning we had a celebration of the Holy Communion. Many friends of the B.C.A. will learn with regret that Sister Rushton is no longer the nurse at White Cliffs, but her place has been filled by Sister Tucker, who is a keen Churchwoman, and continues the work of the Sunday School there. What a debt of gratitude the Church owes these heroic souls, who, while ministering to the sick and suffering outback, still find time to point the young life to the Lord, Who healeth all our diseases.

But White Cliffs is only a stage on the journey this time, so after a good breakfast the motor cycle is mounted again, and we are soon "sparking" merrily across the wide plain outside White Cliffs. But before we had travelled many miles I realised that the road was getting very heavy, a thunderstorm having passed across in the night. Now heavy rain means trouble for the motorist outback—and the trouble was not long in coming, for I found that many little creeks and watercourses had been running, and were boggy as a result.

However, we battled along, sometimes Jack would have to jump out of the side-car and push, and when the mud was too deep I had to get off the machine and walk beside it while it pulled itself through the bog. Several times my spade was brought into operation to cut a track for the motor or dig it out of the too affectionate mud. This sort of thing is easy enough to write about, but after a few hours' travelling under these conditions even a parson is apt to get quite irritable, and even tired.

As the track was so heavy, our progress was slow, and we had our work cut out to reach Morden Station before dark. A night spent at this comfortable homestead put new life into us, and next morning we were soon travelling across the plain that runs at the foot of the Koorninberry Ranges. We had now passed out of the wet country, and our track was dry. The notorious Cobham sandhills gave us no

trouble, and early in the afternoon we sparked into Milperinka. This village is practically deserted, only five or six families remaining. After visiting the residents, I decided to hold a service that night. Only eight persons were present, but they did appreciate the privilege of joining together in praise and worship. Next morning, leaving Milperinka, I journeyed to Mt. Poole and Mt. Sturt stations. Within a week I was to re-visit the former station under very sad circumstances. At length Tiboorurra was reached, and preparations made for the services on the following day. Tiboorurra is a small township, but the residents are most hospitable, and rally round the parson when he arrives. The services are held in the local hall, which for the occasion is converted into a Church by an ingenious arrangement of screens and art serge hangings. But the great event was a wedding on the Monday. Everybody came to the service in the hall. After the ceremony a splendid breakfast was provided, and then a dance followed in the evening. It was the first Church wedding at Tiboorurra since 1913. As a rule the local storekeeper, who is registrar for the district, officiates at marriages, as it is too difficult to get a clergyman, but the registrar told me that he was afraid "he would get no more jobs now since the people had seen a real Church wedding."

Leaving Tiboorurra next morning, we set out along the Mt. Wood Road, and spent an hour or so at that most hospitable homestead. But as I had promised to take Jack Robertson to see his parents, who live across the Queensland border, we were soon on the road again. When in about as remote a spot as possible, and without any warning, I found myself flying over the handle-bars, and finally came to rest gracefully reclining on my back in the sand. Quickly jumping to my feet, I turned to see my companion gathering himself together after an aerial flight from the side-car to the ground. Upon examining the machine I found that the steering column had snapped off just above the fork. Fortunately we were not injured in any way, but I could see at one glance that the damage could not be made good on the machine unless I could see a long bolt, and no such bolt was available. We were just 27 miles from our destination, and that was the nearest possible help, so there was nothing else for it but to walk. Rolling our rugs and overcoats into swags, and equipped with water-bag and quart pot we commenced to "waltz Matilda" across the sandhills. After tramping six miles, we decided to camp for the night, as the sun was setting, and soon it would be too dark to see the very faintly-marked track before us.

Gathering a sufficient supply of wood together for the night's fire, as it promised to be very cold, we sat down to a meal of sardines and biscuits, washed down with a pint of tea. Sitting by that lonely campfire, I could not help feeling grateful for the fact that God had miraculously saved us both from injury when the motor cycle fork collapsed. During the night a cold wind began to blow, and our couch scooped out of the sand was anything but a warm, cosy bed. From time to time I rose to throw more wood on the fire, and long before the dawn broke I was astir, making preparations for the long tramp of twenty-one miles still before us. After breakfasting on sardines and biscuits, we faced

the north, and, shouldering our swags, we set off. As we tramped along the humour of the situation began to appeal to me, as I pictured the amazement on the faces of any travellers we might chance to meet, when they saw a parson "waltzing Matilda" so far out back. Certainly they would be led to think that things are bad in New South Wales when even the parsons are tramping to Queensland. But no travellers came our way, nor were they likely to, so far from the beaten track.

Our water had now given out and we were thirsty. A little after mid-day we reached the Border fence, and here, at the Robertson's deserted home, we were fortunate enough to find a jar containing water. We made some tea, and after feasting on the remainder of the biscuits, we rested for a couple of hours before commencing the final stage of our long march.

The Robertson family had been "dried out" of their home and had retreated six miles further in, where there was a good water supply. When we reached their camp they were very surprised to see us "padding the hoof," and wondered where we had come from. Explanation followed, and very quickly we were seated before an appetizing meal, to which we did full justice. That night I slept on a bed, and just revelled in the luxury of it after our night out and long walk.

Next morning Mr. Robertson harnessed a pair of draught horses to a waggon, and we commenced the return journey to the spot where we had left the motor cycle. Travelling with heavy horses is slow, and as we had not reached the break-down at nightfall we had to camp, but this time we had sufficient "nap" to keep us warm through the night. Next morning we reached the machine, and while Mr. Robertson prepared a meal, I set about repairs, and found that a long bolt out of a wire mattress stretcher just filled the bill.

When I discovered that the repair would carry me, I set out with Jack again in the side-car, and after a slow journey reached Mt. Wood station safely. Here I learned by telephone that the wife of the manager of Mt. Poole station, whom I had visited but a week previously, had died unexpectedly the night before. I now determined to reach Mt. Poole with all possible speed, and that meant a journey of about another forty-five miles; so leaving Mt. Wood I travelled along with my eye fixed on the bed-bolt repair, until I reached Tiboorurra, where I found a car ready to start for Mt. Poole. After explaining the condition of my cycle, a place was found for me in the car, and very soon I found myself at Mt. Poole. Owing to some unavoidable delay, the funeral did not take place till after sunset, and I can hardly describe the impressiveness of that solemn service read by the flickering light of a hurricane lantern.

There are a number of graves on Mt. Poole station, and not the least interesting is the grave of Mr. Poole, who was second in command of Capt. Sturt's expedition in 1845. Mr. Poole's initials and the date of his death were cut on the trunk of a beefwood tree at the head of his grave, and they are still visible after all these years.

After the service our party commenced the return journey to Tiboorurra, but ill-luck followed us, for we had quite a lot of trouble, which so delayed us that we did not reach Tiboorurra until two o'clock

on Sunday morning, tired out and very cold. News quickly spread through the little township that I had returned, and a nice little congregation assembled at the services there on Sunday to hear "the old, old story." Once more, on Monday, I mounted the machine and followed the trail to Mt. Poole, where I stayed the night with the bereaved family. Next morning the station blacksmith effected a more secure repair for me, and I set out for home, via Milperinka. When just four miles out of Cobham, a spring in the sidecar snapped, and I had to travel very slowly till I reached the hotel, where we spent the night. We were fortunate here, for an unexpected traveller came along and offered to take Jack Robertson on in his car, so that relieved my sidecar of his weight.

Leaving Cobham next morning, I spent two hours' hard work trying to get the "bike" through a notorious creek on this road. Being alone made matters worse, for had I a companion this creek would not have delayed me very long. It is wonderful what a little man-power, or even boy-power, will do applied at the right moment! At length I negotiated the creek and in due time I reached White Cliffs and conducted a baptismal service there that night. Next morning I wasted no time in getting on the track and making for home. You can imagine that I was glad to reach home after such a long trip, so full of incident. Truly the life of a bush parson is of infinite variety.

F. W. HARVEY,
Wilcannia.

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN.

The Christian women of the cities are faced with a two-fold challenge: One, the need of their sisters, wives and daughters, living in lonely, remote bush areas; the other, the splendid avenue for service as Deaconesses now opened up by the Bishops of our Church. We want to bring that challenge right home. In the special ministry to women so sorely needed in this country of big spaces and scattered population not much has been done outside the cities. The Diocese of Gippsland stands (we believe) as the one fine exception, and there for the past three years or more a most fruitful work has been carried on. In a remote district of that Diocese a Church Nurse has also been working since January, 1922. In other Dioceses virtually nothing has been done. Mothers, with their new-born babes, without many of the comforts, aye, even necessities enjoyed by their sisters in their city homes, struggling day by day to help their husbands, who have pushed out into forest or on to wide-spreading plain, call and cry for the fellowship and sympathy of a woman. Growing girls, brought up in similar circumstances, need the refining and, perhaps, sometimes, the steadying influences of an experienced, warm-hearted Sister, who will guide them and inspire them as they approach womanhood. To minister unto them a man, no matter what his standing and years, is frequently unable. The ministry of trained women is needed. Hitherto the Church as a whole has not sought to meet that need or to organise such a ministry. But the day of better things has come to pass. The Church is willing and ready. **But are the Christian women of the cities ready?**

We confess to a sense of keen disappointment as we state that though the

B.C.A. Society has made definite and consistent appeal for the service of women for 2½ years, we have none in training or ready to go out. **Are our Australian women daunted by the bush?** Clearly, our English sisters are not, since some have come to this land recently to do this very work. **Are our Australian women deaf to the call of the mothers and girls?** Responses are pitifully few.

We offer no further comment. Let just this suffice: The Bush Church Aid Society is prepared to arrange for the training of suitable candidates and to support them in the fields. The Church is willing, the Society is willing. Now, are the women willing?



Women! Why not give this mother and babe a chance?

THE CHURCH MOVING WITH THE TIMES.

People in the cities or more settled districts do not often have to face the problem of taking the church (building) to the people. In the "outback" that, and anything else, may happen. St. Andrew's Church Hall, Waranda (Far West, Willochra Diocese), was erected near to the brackish spring known as Waranda Well, where the adjacent population came to meet the mailman, and also procure any other of their requirements from him. The coming of the once-a-week railway, however, changed things, and Mudamuckla became the centre. Mudamuckla is a tin shed siding (or station, if you like) on the railway about seven miles from Waranda.

At that time the Government surveyed a township about the size of the city of Adelaide, and also surveyed the surrounding country. That township still exists on a blue-print plan and in the imagination of the worthy surveyor. Being a better class of land than that about Waranda, the farmers naturally moved there, and as a centre Waranda is no more. This all happened three years ago, and the Church Hall was left to meditate alone in the scrub.

It soon became evident that to keep things going the Church would need a building at Mudamuckla (frequently called "Muddy-muck"), and arrangements were made to move the Church Hall from

Waranda. But in a place 500 miles from Adelaide it was practically impossible to procure the material for such an enterprise. However, not to be daunted, the "Muddymuck-ites" held a meeting, and between them all, each loaning timber or iron, waggon axles, and other parts, they managed to rig up some apparatus.

A start was made on the Tuesday, and the Hall, weighing seven tons and measuring 30 x 25 feet was underpinned, and the shifting gear placed in position. Then with trembling hearts, much perspiration and with fourteen horses pulling hard, we began to move. The road was heavy, and two miles of thick mallee scrub had to be cleared away to make a passage for the Hall.

Five miles had been covered on the Wednesday, when we were held up on a sandy rise, and though only about fifty yards in extent, it kept us there for about five hours. By four o'clock Thursday afternoon, we were in sight of the siding, just as the weekly train was steaming along. Another problem now arose: the telegraph line running parallel with the railway proved too low to allow the Hall to pass under. The train was appealed to for assistance; so with the engine driver and a fireman on the roof of the hall, holding up the wires with an iron rod from the engine, we just managed to scrape through.

The train was held up for three-quarters of an hour, but that is **nothing** in these parts. Moreover, we provided an interesting diversion for the passengers making their tedious way along the line.

Nightfall saw the Hall in position on the block selected, and Friday was spent in making everything secure and putting things in position. None who saw the difficulty in the way could fail to be surprised to see the Hall in its present position. However, a wise step has been taken in the removal. The Church Hall is now central to the sparse population of the district. Moreover, it will better serve the future developments of the district. For the present, congratulations may be tendered to the working party which so successfully carried out a difficult and even dangerous task. In a real sense it was a piece of enterprising Churchmanship.

Just this is asked of readers: that they will let their interest in this little narrative take a practical turn and express itself in earnest prayer and generous giving.

N. HAVILAND,
(Far West Mission, Diocese Willochra.)

A FORD CAR.

Big-footed Irish policemen and young and inexperienced curates, for many years enjoyed, or rather endured, the undeserved distinction of being the general objects of humorous sallies and cheap jokes. No entertainment was supposed to be complete unless rounded off with an alleged witticism about the wrong-headed inefficiency of the man in blue, or about the simpering inanity of the man in black. But now a third incitement to jocularity is deemed to be with us—the Ford motor car. Why these things are so we cannot tell, but tradition prevails, and so where ever we go we are sure to meet people of airy manner who seek to raise a laugh by referring to the Ford car as a "Tin Lizzie," a "Flying Bedstead," or even as a "Mechanical Cockroach." We desire to put in a plea for juster consideration of

our familiar friend. We are not in league with any motor-distributing agency, nor are we offering anyone a cheap advertisement; but we want to say that life in many a back country area would be almost impossible if it were not for the gallant four-cylinder Ford. Its virtues are legion. It will negotiate a swollen creek without a splutter; it will lurch its way through a mile of bog-holes without stopping to look back; it will face a sandhill, and with a wrigglesome rush, will either surmount it or burrow through it; it will run along a decent roadway with the contented purr of a hearthrug cat. Above all, it will do what no other make of car will do—it will patiently suffer the ignorant tinkering of any blessed professional or amateur who cares to come poking about with a screw-driver or wrench. In the end it will continue to run in spite of their misguided attentions. If "Lizzie" has any faults, they are only those common to all makes of cars.

Of things then, as well as of people, we must speak as we find them. The Ford car has broken down the deadening isolation which had been the lot of the folk "at the back of the sunset." It has reduced the arduousness of the long-distance travelling over the ill-conditioned roads and tracks out West. It has become a real factor in brightening the common life since it enables distant selectors to meet more frequently and enjoy social fellowship. And then it has been a wonderful means of ensuring ready medical and nursing attention for the sick and stricken. How often has time beaten the doctor who, in response to an urgent call, has had to spend hours travelling behind a wearied horse, gallantly negotiating some sandy waste? There is many a tragedy of lost life in the bush that carries the grim title, "Too late." The Car now makes a tremendous difference. It accomplishes in an hour or two what frequently took a day. Thus is it a valued boon and an absolute necessity.

In respect of our B.C.A. work in the West Darling area, the need of a Ford car is being pressed upon us. The responsibilities of the ministry there have grown during the last two years. To maintain constant visitation among the selections and stations, to provide services at the isolated townships, is no easy task. Sometimes we wish that readers would take a map of New South Wales and try and get an idea of the extent of Mr. Harvey's work at Wilcannia, the centre of the West Darling. Perhaps a little geographical comparison will help. From Wilcannia the following townships are worked: White Cliffs, Menindie, Milparinka, Tibooburra and occasionally Ivanhoe. Roughly speaking, they are as far distant from their centre as the following places are from Sydney (we take them in their comparative order): Gosford, Jervis Bay, Mudgee, Wellington and Goulburn. Just locate those places on the map please! and remember that no convenient railway traverses that far western area. Cobar rail terminus is 180 miles distant. Further, no well-constructed macadamized road runs out there. In fact the term "road" has a foreign meaning altogether in those parts. What it involves to plug along from place to place, over stoney rises, across sandy plains, through boggy wastes, on a motor cycle cannot even be imagined. It has to be experienced. Yet for that motor cycle, with its joltings and spine-loosening action, we have been grateful. It has served well. But the day has arrived when the Mission

should be equipped with a Ford car, new or second-hand. It will make a great difference to the work and to the worker. It will be a means of transport by day and night. We need it. That vast district outlined above does not include a couple of other more distant towns, which still go without ministrations. We want to push out to them, bearing the Word and Sacraments. But motor cycles and physical endurance have their limitations. The car will enable us to do the work, cover the distances, and yet keep the man fit and fresh for his work.

Therefore we make earnest appeal to all our readers, through them to their friends, to help us in the matter. £150 are needed to secure a good second-hand Ford; (if we can sell the motor cycle we may be able to secure a new one). We want it soon. Hot days and dusty tracks will be on us. We want the car NOW. It is no luxury—it is an absolute necessity. Will you help by a gift, large or small? We have opened a special fund for this purpose. A gentleman and his wife who desire to remain anonymous, started it off with a cheque for £10. It gave us great heart. Other amounts are coming in—will you let yours join them? We want people to pray, to give, to interest others, to organise for this special effort. Grateful acknowledgment will be made from our office, and in the columns of this journal. Send your gift at once to—

The Organising Secretary,
Bush Church Aid Society,
Church House,
George Street, Sydney.

POSTS AND RAILS.

Our warmest thanks for the gift of back numbers of *The Real Australian*. We have been able to supply a complete file of all our issues to the librarian of the Mitchell Library. Many friends helped us; we would like to thank them all personally, but most of them apparently prefer to remain anonymous. However, all have done us a real service, especially the friend in Victoria (the postmark is otherwise indecipherable) who sent us that much-desired copy of our very first issue.

In several parishes special efforts are being made on behalf of our work. We want to mention some of them, the examples set may be contagious.

The young people of **St. Paul's Church, Myrtleford** (Wangaratta Diocese), under the leadership of Mrs. C. T. Rodda, of the Rectory, are arranging for a Sale of Work to be held in the Spring. This is a fine outcome of a visit paid to the parish by the Organising Secretary. On the occasion snow was on the ground and the bitterness of winter in the air. Attendances at the lecture were thus affected, but those present determined to make compensation. The proposed Sale is the token of their determination. We are grateful for this kindly generous thought.

A band of scholars at **St. Luke's, Mosman** (Sydney Diocese) gave a most interesting concert programme in the School Hall during the month of August. Miss Allie Cole and her friends must be thanked for their work.

Mrs. Windsor, of **St. Columb's, Ryde**, (Sydney Diocese), has her band of singers and elocutionists well in hand for the "All Australian" programme, which will come off in the Spring.

St. Barnabas', George Street (Sydney Diocese), are planning for a special display of our pictures at the end of August. They promise to pack their School Hall tight for the occasion.

The Girls' Bible Class at **St. Paul's, Wahroonga** (Sydney Diocese), under the leadership of Miss E. Greenaway, are rehearsing a Cantata, the total proceeds of which will be devoted to the B.C.A. The class members are out to reach double figures by their effort.

Now who else will help with a Sale of Work, a Concert or a Garden Party? Up to the present, no one in Melbourne Diocese has undertaken a special function of such character. Surely some one will now. Write to our Headquarters Office, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney.

Have you a "Bark Hut" in your home? We shall be glad to issue one of these boxes to any friend who wishes to use it to hold gifts and self-denials for the B.C.A. During the past quarter they went out in great number. We shall expect bigger things for the quarter before us. The little box tells its own story, and its homely "get-up" appeals to strangers and friends. Let us send or post you a box. We make no charge for them. Write at once. In connection with the "Bark Huts," we want to pass on a few ideas.

Some Churches have taken them and are installing them in the porches. A neat notice over the box suggests to worshippers the duty and privilege of giving to such real Home Mission work.

In some Sunday Schools a "Bark Hut" is in use either for the scholars of the whole school, or for a particular class.

Then a "travelling Bark Hut" can pass into the keeping of three or four friends, who take it in turns, each to hold the box for a month.

We want our supporters to take boxes, to induce others to do so. In this way our work becomes established and the small gifts of the many amount to large sums at the half-yearly opening.

Once more we record our thankfulness to so many who have kept us supplied with a wonderful variety of literature. Books, magazines and leaflets have reached us in great numbers. We have been happily busy sending them out, and still there are more to go.

A most popular means of helping the B.C.A. is the fifty-leaved booklet which the Society gives to any who are willing to dispose of the leaves at one penny each. Young and old are quite keen in taking the books. Some put a leaf into a letter to a friend with the request that a penny stamp be sent in return. It is interesting to find how instant the response is. Incidentally the Society becomes widely advertised. In the end a substantial amount goes to the credit of the Society.

We must refer especially to the good work done with the booklets by the people of Lakemba-Belmore parish; also the scholars in the Church of England Religious Instruction Class at the Petersham Girls' Intermediate High School. The young people of the Parramatta School have also taken up a scheme for a special effort with the booklets for the month of August.

If any reader would like a book, please let us know. They are a free issue.

The Rev. Archibald Law, B.D., of St. John's, Toorak (Melbourne Diocese), has compiled a book of family prayers, specially suited for needs in Australian homes, both in the city and in the bush. Proof copies to hand reveal it as a most helpful means for parents desirous of establishing and maintaining the "family altar." The prayers, simple and direct, breathe a sturdy piety and devotion. For the volume's sake and for the sake of the compiler's object, viz., religion in the home, we commend this new production to our readers. We are bound to add that our warmest thanks are due to Mr. Law for his kindness in devoting the profits from the sale of the book to the work of the Bush Church Aid Society. We shall be happy to supply copies at the published price, one shilling.

* * *

We thankfully acknowledge receipt of £1 note enclosed in an encouraging letter signed by "Broken Hill."

The Society has on hand for hire fine sets of sacred slides, beautifully coloured. Many of them are reproductions of the works of the great masters, all of them are artistic and impressive. The sets deal with the Gospel story and should be of great value for lantern addresses in Church or Sunday School. The hire has been fixed at a low rate. Write to the Organising Secretary of the B.C.A. for particulars. The Society is also prepared to sell sets of these slides. Any profits will be devoted to the work.

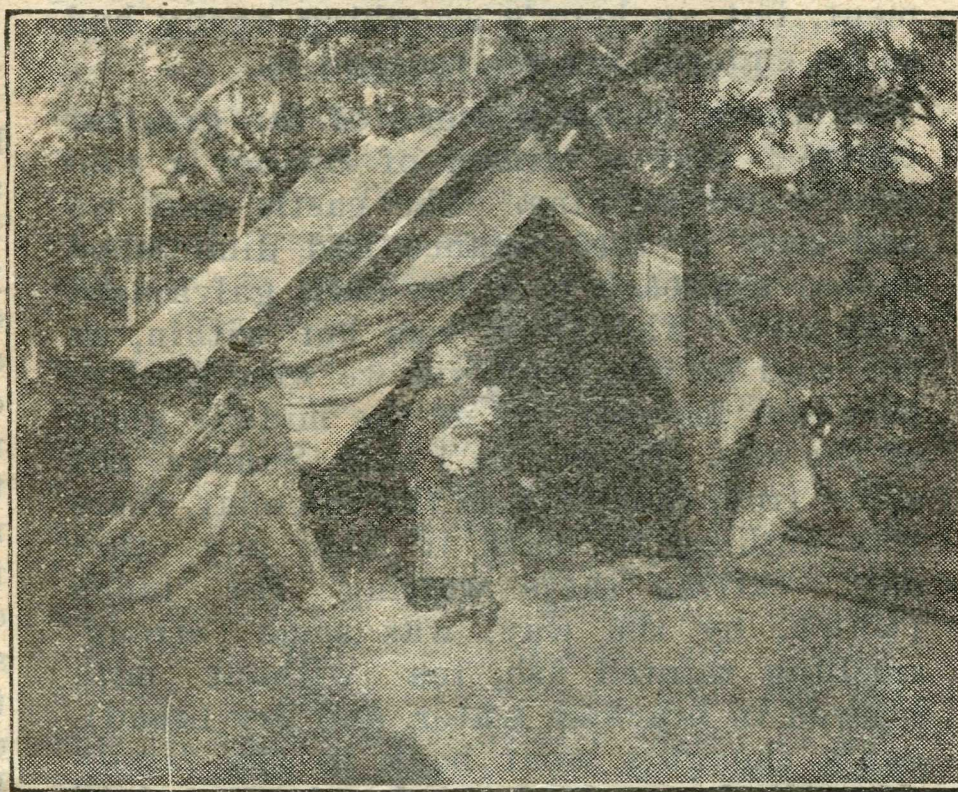
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN A MAILBAG

An extraordinary variety of articles find their way into the average mailbag. Out West it serves as a general receptacle for letters, parcels, cards, packages, and it is only when the mailman empties the bag on the roadside, so that he may sort out some required letters, that you get a fair idea of its manifold contents. A set of false teeth and a motor cycle carburettor, a pair of working boots and a tin of baby's food, a bottle of hair-restorer and a dozen china eggs—these are all likely to be found in the mailbag. But a Sunday School! Surely not! There is some limit to what a mailbag can hold. Still the B.C.A. has a notion that Sunday Schools and mailbags go together, and it wants to translate the notion into a fact. In other words it desires to institute a Sunday School by correspondence system. Concerning the need there is no dispute. Take one instance. To a lecture given by a B.C.A. worker a short time ago, came a mother, a typical woman of the West. She related that she had lived for seventeen years on a selection thirty-four miles away from the nearest township, and that during all that time no minister had ever come to the home. She had done her best for her little children, but was conscious of the inadequacy of that "best." And though she did not live in any district served by the B.C.A., she pleaded for something to be done for her family, also for the families on neighbouring selections. A Sunday School by correspondence alone can do it.

Take another instance. A lonely and far distant township went five years without a service of our Church. To the shame of us all let it be said that the local public house kept going for the whole period. Think of it! The Church closed down, but the "pub" kept open. Don't think that

a condemnation here is being offered to the public-house owner—not a bit! It is rather a decent establishment. The condemnation is rather on the Church generally for its lack of sacrifice, efficiency and organisation, and for its complacency in letting little children go for those five years without any instruction in the Faith. Yet mere reproof will not effect much. We must be ready with a workable scheme. That workable scheme is found in the correspondence system—in the **Sunday School in the mailbag**. The Education Department of New South Wales trains many scholars for the Qualifying Certificate by such means. Should not the Christian Church be equally alert and teach its children with a regularly-posted lesson on the big things of our holy religion?

Our men are feeling the need of such in their huge districts, which can only be



Child-life out back. Shall it be a tragedy or a blessing?

infrequently visited. The Rev. F. Harvey, of Wilcannia, is urgent on the matter. More than that, the scheme can be and must be extended and applied to many fields, even in different States. Thus there are big possibilities capable of realisation. Details of the scheme are now being worked out and additional data sought. We must not stop, and we must not delay. We are encouraged to believe that the fine syllabus recently prepared by Rev. J. V. Patton, M.A., for the General Synod Sunday School commission would be a splendid basis for a correspondence system. The chief need is that of a special fund so that a good start can be made. £50, or even £25, could do it. Printed matter, literature and lessons must be prepared, postages must be met. Surely there is some Churchman or Churchwoman who could, who would, help just here.

We shall also give the various Sunday Schools in the better favoured cities an opportunity of sharing in this enterprise. A small donation from each school would carry us through with our plans. Thus would the city be helping the country, and the strong be helping the weak. In fact we would like this branch of our work to be maintained by Sunday Schools. What a fine thing it would be if a living, real link of fellowship and interest could be established between some group of children in a city parish and a little family out in the Far West. We commend the idea to Sunday School workers.

Our needs are:—

- (1) Practical support of the scheme.

- (2) The assistance of a couple of teachers expert in preparation of lessons.

- (3) Some helpers qualified to correct papers sent in from distant homes.

- (4) A small band of workers prepared to attend to dispatch of letter-lessons.

Here is a labour of love and usefulness open to any Christian people.

THE THINGS WE NEED.

Has anyone a set of stencil letters for which they have no use? One of our missionaries would find such valuable in his work.

A strange want, but a very real one—some soft goods material, suitable for a children's sewing class in a far off tiny Western township. We are running the little organisation, meeting both a sore need and teaching a useful art. Will anyone help?

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are grateful for the fine response made to our appeal in last issue. Many readers accepted our suggestion, and not only promptly paid their subscriptions, but also added varying amounts as a special donation to our General Fund. This is most encouraging to us—a token that *The Real Australian* is closely read by its subscribers, and that their interest in our work is of a practical character.

An extra shilling from each subscriber would, in the aggregate, pay the annual training fees of two of our candidates. Just think of that!

There are still some friends whose subscriptions are due. They will be glad to receive the enclosed reminders.

Last quarter, by an oversight, "subscriptions due" forms were enclosed in a few copies addressed to subscribers whose amounts had been fully paid. We regret this. They will readily forgive us when they know that mistakes are difficult to avoid when 2,000 copies of the paper are being dealt with.

All our friends will understand us when we say that we cannot undertake to forward receipts for subscriptions to *The Real Australian*. The postal charges would be too heavy. We have ventured hitherto to ask them to regard the due arrival of the paper as a receipt for the subscription. However, it has been decided that each quarter we publish the names of all subscribers who have sent in amounts but to whom no receipt has been forwarded. The enumeration of such names dates as from June 1, 1922. Amounts have been received from the following:—Mrs. E. L. Nicholas, F. V. Hooke, Mr. Wm. Johnston, F. Edwards, Miss V. Slade, Miss N. Darke, Mr. E. Morris, Mrs. M. L. Wood, T. S. Wodds, Miss L. Holden, Mr. M. Ferguson, H. N. Medcalf, Mr. G. Corkhill, Miss B. Quinn, Miss D. Walker, Mr. S. Maddocks, Mrs. A. Ussher, Mrs. M. E. Jones, Miss B. Bulmer, Miss Stringer, F. W. Watts, J. Metcalfe, Miss M. Ingle, S. L. Rutherford, Miss M. Matthews, Mrs. Hayward, Miss Roughley, Miss Winton, Miss Windon, Miss Egan, Miss Shadforth, Mrs.

Russell, Miss B. Griffiths, W. Newell, Miss Herbert, Mrs. J. Still, Miss A. M. Russell, Miss Slingo, Mrs. E. Hargreaves, Miss L. Harris, Mrs. H. S. Webb, Rutherglen parish (Vic), Yea parish (Vic.), Wangaratta parish (Vic), Mrs. J. Lacy Winn, Miss A. Richardson, Mrs. A. Westley, Miss L. Foster, J. Jackson, Mrs. Willoughby, Mrs. Heinrich, Mrs. Howieson, All Saints', Woolahra, parish, Miss D. Mowles, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Ambler, Nurse Rowe, Nurse Luckie, W. Dunbar, Mr. J. Whiteman, Mr. Ingram, Mr. E. Hawthorn, R. Hassall, G. Cunningham, P. Holden, H. S. Hatwell, Rev. C. C. Crowley, Mrs. Holland, T. H. Stephen, S. H. Kingston, V. E. Brown, E. S. Hurst, Mrs. Bridekirk, L. Palmer, P. W. Gledhill.

Two or three amounts came to hand bearing no name or address.

In case of default in delivery of the paper please notify headquarters office. Wrappers are carefully counted and checked each quarter. If your copy does not come to hand regularly, let us know; we shall try and find out the cause.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

The ancient prayer of the faithful, taught by the Lord Himself, is the prayer which should most certainly be on our lips and rise from our heart in these present days, around us is so much that distresses and disturbs. The face of society is often unpromising, if not alarming; the gods of gold and iron and clay own great sway in our midst; wealth and power and baseness are sought after and cultivated by so many. Yet the true Christian remains an optimist. Above all the turmoil and tumult he can hear it said: Thy God reigneth," so he continues in faith and in work, with hands not paralysed by despair of the future, with heart not broken by disappointment of the present. He has caught the vision of Christ. He sees the Divine plan in the age; therefore he has learned to pray, "Thy Kingdom come."

That is the prayer for the man who looks out across Australia. We are in a land of wonderful possibilities of Christian character and Christian service. What if this upspringing national spirit, this youthful exuberance, this fine abandon, this lavish generosity, this sturdy comradeship could only be captured for Christ and consecrated by His Spirit! What if it could be so ordered that it be used in the witness of His Name and in the service of His Church! From this southern land would life and light then stream forth to all parts of the world. Valiant missionary enterprise, splendid and daring sacrifice, sturdy and wholesome faith would find expression. These are the possibilities when we pray, "Thy Kingdom come" in this great land of Australia. Thus are we heartened in our work and made to feel that every effort put forth by the B.C.A. brings the consummation within nearer reach. Thus, also, are we moved to appeal to all Christians that they pray without ceasing for those engaged in our work. Please take the several fields in which we have interest and remember them, with their workers, before God each day. We have said it before and we say it again: Prayer is not the least that a Christian can do, but rather the greatest.

ROAMINGS AND REMINISCENCES.

(Continued.)

Accommodation Houses.

"Man shall not live by bread alone," but he needs bread at stated times; and so it happens that on the coach roads out back there is a succession of accommodation houses. I was at the end of a several days' journey, on a Sunday forenoon. We were approaching the "Bunker," then being opened up for opal. It was a fierce, hot morning, and there was no covering on our "Shanghai." Roasted by the direct sun rays, we had entered upon a broad track of white sand several miles in length, at the end of which, rising out of the mirage, was a building assuming the proportions and appearance of "castles in the air." That was our hope for refreshment, but an hour's scorching agony had to be endured ere we reached it.

It was a Sabbath scene of the greatest contrast that a citizen of Sydney's suburbs could imagine. The castle that we had seen in the distance had diminished on our approach to a low-built galvanised structure. Though it was hot within, as can well be imagined, yet we were glad to be under its roof out of the midday glare of the sun. It was, as I said, Sunday, but apart from that fact on the calendar, there was nothing to mark it from any other day. Sitting there waiting for lunch (which, by the way, was some strong-smelling tainted fish, tea without milk brewed in brackish water, and dry bread), one's thoughts went back to the family pew in the suburban church—and how precious that seemed then when one was cut off from it though but for a brief season. But to be deprived of it altogether, as these unfortunate fellows were, was a thought too dreadful to contemplate.

There was another of these accommodation houses at "Iduna Park." The mention of a park to a town-dweller visualises a well-kept enclosure, lawns of soft green grass, smooth paths through avenues of trees, masses of bloom, and it may be the miniature lake. Let me tell you something of this Park, close on the tracks of ill-fated explorers, Burke and Wills. We had first emerged from a dust storm which had been raging for ten hours, with a strong, hot westerly blowing. Our horses had been changed—at "Pack-saddle," about two hours earlier, but the poor beasts, for want of proper nourishment, were unable to drag the coach any further. In the distance was a galvanised iron structure (our objective), and I naturally enquired and learnt that it was "Iduna Park," a name only, for there were neither trees, green leaves, flowers nor water—nothing but the bare drought-stricken red sand, the distant horizon and the dust-blurred sky. We urged our horses till within about two miles of the house, then "you'd better hoof it, and I'll bring the coach on as soon as they get a spell." Two miles on foot over the plains, which were quivering with the heat, made me relish the tea and scones. The point I emphasise is this, not my discomfort—that was transient, but that fact that here abode a mother and daughter in that desolate spot, with no sign or sound of life, except the weekly trip of the coach with an occa-

sional passenger—and I was the first for six weeks. Enquiring of the lady how she managed to exist in such surroundings, her only comment was: "Oh, it ain't too bad; if yer only could git the rain." That year, I found afterwards, only two and a half inches fell. The grit of these people is astounding, and it is for us, to whom they supply food for our bodies, to see to it that we cater for them the Living Bread for their souls.

The Coach Driver.

Already in *The Real Australian* has appeared an article truthfully portraying the coach-drivers, therefore my comments will be brief. As an example of endurance so characteristic of the real Australian, I recall my trip with one man who drove to Tibooburra without relief. This journey occupied two whole days and nights and nine hours of the third day without intermission, except at the mail changes for fresh horses. In all, for fifty-seven hours he was driving and urging his teams, which at some of the stages were unable, through lack of nourishing fodder, to proceed beyond a walk, necessitating the constant crack of the whip, the jaggings of the reins, and shouting. It is amazing how that man could endure the fatigue of such a journey and after a few hours rest start on the return journey after breakfast next morning. He was a pleasant, resourceful fellow, uttering no complaints, with a cheery word and courteous reply to all and sundry along the road. To such men Australia owes a great debt. There are many of his class, and no doubt those of the B.C.A., whose work lies along these desert tracks, do minister to their spiritual needs as they pass the weary hours in their company.

One would fain linger upon the towns without churches, or the churches without ministers, or the very infrequent ministrations in the centres of habitation; but that would unduly lengthen these notes. There are many other phases of life which could be outlined. Sufficient, however, has been written (and this is the sole object of writing) to picture in some measure the people whom the Bush Church Aid is endeavouring to reach, and also the difficulties, weariness and hardships its agents have to contend with in their ministrations.

Does not the portrayal beget a deep sympathy, and will not that sympathy lead to practical results in earnest prayer, in gifts, according to ability, and it may be in lives devoted to this great work of God.

J. McKERN.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I Bequeath to The Bush Church Aid Society for Australia and Tasmania the sum of pounds (free of Legacy Duty), for the general purpose of the said Society, and I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer, for the time being of the Society, shall be a sufficient discharge for the said Legacy.

D. S. Ford, Printers, 48-50 Reservoir Street Sydney.