

The Real Australian

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

No. 13.

NOVEMBER 19, 1923.

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

JUST FOR YOU!

"There are some things beyond the gift of gold,
Some joys life needs which are not bought and sold.
A richer treasure's needed now and then;
The high occasion often calls for men.
Some for release from service give their pelf;
But he gives most who freely gives himself."

"Be strong, we are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, face it,
'Tis God's gift."

A SPECIAL NOTICE to all our

Parish Representatives, Bark Hut and
Collecting Book Holders, Church
Treasurers.

December 31 is the end of our financial year. It will help us tremendously, and we shall be most grateful if—

(1) Rectors and Churchwardens will make a point of sending in to us before the year closes all monies for the B.C.A., which in the ordinary course of parochial activities pass through their hands?

(2) Will all Bark Hut holders and Collecting Book workers kindly see that their amounts are given to their local representatives or sent in direct to our Headquarters' Office, Church House, George Street, Sydney?

(3) Will all subscribers to *The Real Australian* be sure and have their subscriptions paid in by the end of the year—in a word, it is desired that all collections, donations, contributions, large or small, should reach our office in time, and thus come within this financial year, ending December 31. Will our good friends everywhere keep these points in mind?

REV. S. J. KIRKBY'S FAREWELL.

There is a fine tone and a splendid spirit of *bon hommie* at the gathering in the Chapter House, Sydney, on Monday, September 3, which marked our farewell to the Rev. S. J. Kirkby, just on the eve of his leaving for England, via Canada, in the interests of the Colonial and Continental Church Society. That grand old British society, familiarly known as the Col. and Con., has been helping the work of the Church in Australia ever since 1838, providing both men and money. This year, 1923, is the centenary of the foundation of the society, and it was felt that no one was more entitled or could better represent Australia, or speak on the work accomplished or projected here, than Mr.

Kirkby. Hence, at the request of the society in England he represents us to-day. The Society in England is paying all expenses. There is no question about his unique power of advocacy, and without doubt British audiences will listen to his story with that keenness and relish which have marked us here in Australia.

That grand old veteran, the Ven. Archdeacon Boyce, presided at the farewell, and was supported on the platform by the Vicar-General, the Ven. Archdeacon D'Arcy-Irvine, the Ven. Archdeacon Davies, Canon Langley, Rev. G. A. Chambers, Messrs. W. J. G. Mann and T. S. Holt. Canon Langley made the farewell presentation of a wallet of notes, and in telling words spoke of Mr. Kirkby's great work in the behalf of B.C.A., and of the good fortune of the people on the other side in having such a splendid deputation. Mr. Kirkby's response was couched in words of deep appreciation, and then and there constituted a call to all present to rise, and in God's might do still bigger things for B.C.A. and the work in the far interior and back-blocks.

The Ven. Archdeacon Davies and Rev. G. A. Chambers then very cordially welcomed as Acting Organising Secretary the Rev. S. H. Denman, who ventured to state that he would endeavour, with all the strength he had, and the help of God, to maintain the cause, and, maybe, extend it. He earnestly asked the prayers and whole-hearted backing of all B.C.A. friends and supporters.

One other inspiring feature of the gathering was the presence of so many devoted and well-tried friends of our work, together with a considerable number of brother clergy. Altogether it was a meeting with a "punch."

PERSONAL.

The Rev. S. J. Kirkby arrived at Liverpool, England, on Monday, October 22, after a most informative insight into the Church's work in the Canadian prairies. Doubtless by this he is hard at it for the cause in the Homeland.

The Rev. S. H. Denman began his work as Acting Organising Secretary for the period of Rev. S. J. Kirkby's absence on October 1. During part of November and December he will be in Victoria in the society's interest. Address all communications to the Church House, Sydney.

Mr. R. Hobden, B.C.A. student at Moore College, is looking forward to ordination this coming Advent, and will then go out and join the Rev. L. Daniels at Wilcannia. Let us remember Mr. Hobden in prayer for Divine Blessing.

Miss Long, who has been a faithful helper at the Wilcannia Hostel for two years, has been compelled to return home. We were sorry indeed to lose her valued help. Mrs. Hobden has very kindly volunteered to fill the breach, and has already joined up in this West Darling work.

B.C.A. SUNDAY.

Sunday, February 3, 1924, will be B.C.A. Sunday. That first Sunday in February is ours. We have appropriated it on behalf of our great work, because we feel we are following in the wake of that splendid line of men who, from the days when Rev. Richard Johnson held the first Christian service in Australia on the shores of Port Jackson, went forth and blazed tracks into the bush and never-never of this land, proclaiming as they went the everlasting Gospel. We follow in their footsteps. Hence we feel that there is no Sunday in the year more appropriate for B.C.A. Sunday than the Anniversary of this First Christian Service of 1788. Though one hundred and thirty-four years have gone by, great problems of ministry in the distant back-blocks remain, and have to be faced. We are facing them courageously, and we venture to think successfully, in the name of the Church. We earnestly desire that the churches of our cities and towns should join us in the big work that the B.C.A. is doing, and we venture to ask that on Sunday, February 3, 1924, a strong effort be made for its support and furtherance. We cordially invite Rectors and Churchwardens to arrange for retiring collections to be taken up at all services on that day for the Society. We do not ask for the ordinary offertory, though some churches may desire even to give them. But we do feel that church-people only want an opportunity to give, and will gladly avail themselves of Sunday, February 3, and will give substantially to the B.C.A. without in any way diminishing their support of parochial work. We have had experience of this. Let the people know, and they will, without doubt, give extra in a retiring collection for B.C.A. Parishes have already tried it, and there has been twofold blessing—to the parish and the Society. We, therefore, ask the earnest and favourable consideration of local church authorities to this suggestion. There is no doubt about it. It is good. Try it.

Then our Sunday Schools can be encouraged to give an eye to the same appeal on Sunday, February 3. Why not give the Sunday School collection that Sunday to B.C.A. and its work amongst the Far West boys and girls? Maybe the children, if encouraged, would make a direct contribution to the B.C.A. "Sunday School by

the Mail-bag'' cost! Just let them know and they will want to do something.

In a word, everybody can help us that day with their prayers, by their practical interest, by their gifts. Let us one and all make Sunday, February 3, 1924, a day to be remembered, not only because of what we do for God's work that day, but on behalf of the lonely settlers of our great land.

STILL ANOTHER MOVE FORWARD.

Months ago the B.C.A. hoped the day would soon come when a motor mission van would be working through the bush, going from lonely settler to lonely settler, from town to town, doing evangelistic and pastoral and teaching service in the Name of our Master. In fact, in *The Real Australian* of November, 1922, Mr. Kirkby hinted at the big possibilities which lay before such a work. He felt it would be a travelling benediction.

And now the hopes and plans of those days are to be realised. A contract has been let for the supplying and equipping of the B.C.A. Motor Mission Van. It will be ready for the road by January 1. Efficient and up-to-date, it is going to be. There will be eating and sleeping accommodation. Special receptacles for Bibles, Prayer Books, and Christian reading. In fact, every detail has been well thought out, so that the Mission Van will be all that the committee, in its biggest dreams, dreamed it would be.

But we have not all the money needed to meet the cost. We have some £255 in hand, and the cost will be £405. What, then, of the difference? With confidence we appeal for the generous support of all people. Sunday Schools can donate us a sum from their funds. Maybe there will be many who will have laid upon their hearts the burden of this great work, and will hurry to give accordingly. Large sums and small sums are earnestly asked for. Who will help?

We are arranging for a Service of Dedication in the Cathedral grounds, Sydney, just before the year closes. It would be an inspiring thing to send forth this agency of our work free of debt, and bringing blessing wherever it goes. Reader, you are asked to stand in with this magnificent venture. A clergyman, the Rev. E. Panelli, of Richmond, Melbourne, is ready, waiting, to take charge of the van. Let us, then, one and all, join in with prayer and liberal giving. Freely some have already given; freely, so we believe, will others give. Make your gift to the Motor Mission Van your big Christmas gift, and there will rise from our hearts a grateful acknowledgment, while blessing will flow to needy souls.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

Once again the Bush Church Aid Society is planning Christmas Trees for the boys and girls of the B.C.A. areas. At this happy festive season there will certainly be the heat and the sand and dust, the flies, and the thirst, for the people out west, but B.C.A. wants to be right in the midst of all these with a big "cheerio," to gladden the hearts and eyes of the youngsters. Cobar district will want a

big Christmas Tree; Wilcannia will doubtless want a couple; and then there is the Far West, together with Balranald; not forgetting the Gippsland bush and the big construction camps. Maybe the trees will take the form of a cypress pine or a mulga, mallee, a wilga, or a fine old gum, but loaded up with dolls and trumpets, knives and pistols, books and rattles, drums and water squirts, golliwogs and gaudy Christmas stockings, and all things that make the heart of a child happy, these trees will be transfigured, and we doubt not the occasions will prove never-to-be-forgotten ones. Who, then, will help B.C.A. to bring this Christmas a holy happy gladness to the boys and girls of the out-back? Sunday Schools, girls' clubs, and the G.F.S., Missionary Guilds can come forward and help. Supporters of the society, friends of the settlers in the bush, men and women of big and generous hearts can help us stock and dress these trees. Toys, sweets, books of all descriptions are desired. Money will be wanted to pay for freight and cartage to the widespread centres. In a word, everyone can help, and if you are too busy



Rev. L. Daniels, Several teachers and S.S. scholars at Wilcannia.

to buy a gift send us the stamps or postal note and we will buy it for you. The early part of December will find our lists closing, after that we must pack and despatch what we have. Remember then the B.C.A., Church House, Sydney, and as you love Christmas and the Christ of Christmas, and the children whom He loves, and as you conjure up memories of your happy Christmases, join us in this blessed work of giving the boys and girls of back-of-beyond a merry and joyous Christmas.

OUR NEEDS.

A small organ for the motor mission van.
A lantern outfit and sheet for the motor mission waggon.
A dozen Ancient and Modern Hymn-books (music) and half-a-dozen Cathedral Psalters (music) for the church in Wilcannia.

Who will respond? Make one of these your Christmas gift, His Birthday present from you to His work at the time of His Birth. There is nothing more fitting.

THE FAR WEST.

By Rev. L. Daniels of the West Darling Mission.

Pioneers in the early days of exploration along the Darling River were informed by the friendly blacks that further west across the great plain was another "big pfellar" river, which would well repay their efforts to explore. The problem, however, that confronted the pioneers was where did the "big pfellar" river flow into the ocean? They were sure that it did not meet the Darling on the right bank. If you will turn up your atlas and find New South Wales you will be able to trace a river coming down from the Queensland border, parallel to the west of the Warrego. You will notice that this river never reaches the Darling, although it flows towards it. On one occasion within memory of the white man did the waters of the Paroo River (for such is its name) reach the Darling River just north of Wilcannia; but at other times when the floods come down it just spreads its waters over the flat land for thousands of square miles,

making low-lying flats and marshes into great lakes. This river, with its frequent water-holes, has naturally become the main track for cattle travelling down south from Queensland and the Northern Territory. Hence, where the Paroo (and also the cattle) crosses the border, a small township by the name of Hungerford has arisen.

This small township, 250 miles from my base, was the objective of one of my journeys in the back-o'-beyond. One of the Hostel boys, who had not seen his parents in Hungerford for a year, accompanied me as I set out on the long trail. The car early developed the "jim-jams"—a disease peculiar to Fords, which often disappears as quickly as it comes. By the time we reached Tilpa, ninety miles along the Darling River, the "jim-jams" had disappeared, one puncture had come and gone.

At Tilpa we had an encouraging service, in which practically the whole township joined. As the piano in the hall we used for church was in the last stages of decay, we sung our hymns unaccompanied. After the service the hall was arranged for a

moving picture show, and the people showed their appreciation of the films in a very tangible way at the close of the proceedings.

On the following day we set off on a wide, open stretch of country for fifty miles between the Darling and the Paroo. Striking the Paroo at Gampa, we headed north along the creek, mile after mile, till evening brought us to a homestead by name "Dinapagee"—once a flourishing station, now a ruin in charge of old "Dan" the caretaker. Old Dan shared his frugal repast with us, after which we curled up on the sands and were lulled to sleep by the distant howl of the dingo. The next day we made Hungerford in the teeth of a blinding dust-storm, which almost wiped out the track in places. On the Saturday night we exhibited the moving pictures to the great delight of the people of Hungerford, and afterwards gave them a little music (?) on a very decrepit piano.

Sunday at Hungerford will live in my memory for a long time. I have preached in many strange places, but not till then had I held service in a public house. I was not the first, however, for Bishop Donaldson (now Bishop of Salisbury) had previously held a service there. That simple service in the bar parlour was impressive. The proprietor himself attended and gave all the help he could—one of the old type, who had come out with the pioneers who blazed the track in the early days. It is one of the compensating features of the difficult work out here—to occasionally meet one of these pioneers, who, having come out in the heat and passion of youth, and paying the penalty with a life-time spent among the rough side of life, yet maintain till the very end the quiet dignity, courtesy and strength of the old English blood, and a deep-seated love for the Church of their forefathers.

"The poet may sing of the Upper Paroo, Where the Churches are few,

And men of religion are scanty," but those few men of religion are of the best type.

Our return journey was a series of mishaps which tested one's resourcefulness and originality to the utmost. Two more punctures, a broken front spring, and finally the petrol tank broke off, twelve miles from the nearest habitation, and our petrol was running away into the sands. No human creature would pass that way for at least a week, so we were thrown on our own resources. Catching all the petrol we could in spare time, we strung up the empty tank, and the boy—holding on with one hand as I drove—poured can after can of petrol with the other hand into the petrol feed-pipe. Thus we crept gingerly mile after mile to Wanaaring, where we managed to find a soldering iron and soldered up our broken tank. Bishop Taylor Smith, the Chaplain-General of the Imperial army, once said to me in his characteristic way, "remember, a parson is never off duty." Out-back here in the "Never-never" the parson generally learns perforce to accomplish the duty of everybody else as well as his own.

We arrived safely back in Wilcannia, after having been on the track exactly a week. The trip that took me a week in the Ford car could have been accomplished in a day by aeroplane. Having

been trained as a pilot in the Air Force, I should be very grateful if some friend who has the B.C.A.'s interest at heart would offer to supply a small aeroplane for this pressing work out-back, which involves such long journeys. A small single-seater costs about £250, and would be invaluable to me in my work for the extension of the Kingdom of God in the "Never-never."

"HENRY."

"You are not the only new worker going forth in B.C.A. interests at the commencement of the New Year," said "Henry" to us a day or two ago; even though Henry is only in process of being—that is, in course of preparation for his work.

"A couple of my kin are already in harness and doing famously," he went on to say. "Indeed our fellow-workers there across the Nullabor Plains or along the western borders of New South Wales would be altogether out of it, were it not, that we never fail them. But I'm going to be the daddy of the lot. My territory will be no confined space! I have the whole continent for my parish, and when I and my pal, get to work, big bearded farmers, raw-boned boundary riders with their new-chum Jackeroos, hefty timber workers will stand and look and say, 'There's something doing.' Some better-mannered folk call me 'Henry' (though to tell the truth I don't like the name because it reminds me of a parson, whom folks I know, on the quiet, called Phyllis), but the less respectful people who seem always to hit upon the appropriate title, call me 'Tin Lizzie.' I have a sneaking regard for this name, even though it is not high-sounding, but if it stands for Lizzie the maid-of-all-work, ever ready and ever willing, and who never lets her master down—then I'm the one.

"That sleek Hudson Six down the road said that I'm rather dismal and dull because I usually wear black. Be that as it may; my brother, plying between Murat Bay and Ooldea, in the Far West Mission, is a snowy-white, and my! he does glisten in the sun and make one's eye sparkle. But when you see me coming forth in navy-grey, with a somewhat darker dado, you will feel the bulwarks of old England are not yet relics of bygone days. I shall have three very bright eyes—the two in front will cause the horses to shy not a little, while the one behind is ruby colour. You have heard of people having eyes in the back of their head, well I can tell you that if I hadn't that ruby eye the police would be after me, and arrest me, and I would no doubt be fined, if I forgot too often. I know that some of my brothers can sing like nightingales, as they gently warn people that they are about; but I'm going to have a fairly stern voice as I move along—a voice that will say 'Well, if you really won't get out of the way, I must try to frighten you a bit, and then perhaps you will move a bit faster.'

"My food, as you know, is liquid—but strictly temperance, even though I can take gallons at a time. And as for oil, I can take doses time after time, and never make a face over them. Underneath, I'm going to carry two tanks of water—some

to cool me when I get over-heated, the rest to quench the thirst of my companion in the work.

"But I have not told all my story yet! Written on my side you will read that fine old title, 'Church of England,' while immediately under that title will come the blessed words, 'Bush Church Aid Society,' and maybe a map of Australia will come underneath, with the letters 'B.C.A.' right across it. I'll carry a couple of sleeping bunks, and a folding table to dine at. I will be pigeon-holed to carry all kinds of literature, and as for my pockets, they will be full of useful things—bits of string and rope, a pocket First Aid, and Bibles and Prayer and Hymn Books for people to study, so that they may learn the right way to take for their life's journey, because, after all, that is my business in life—it is what I travel about Australia for!

"Now, a strange thing about me is that I go on all-fours, and I always have rubbers on, even in fine weather. But let me say this, I will do my work all the better, and be ever so much more effective in my ministry if someone would supply me with a lantern outfit and sheet, whereby my fellow-workers will illustrate in my owner's name, the story of Him Who is the Chief among ten thousand, and the Altogether Lovely One. Then, too, I'm fond of music, and with my friend I will want to wing home to listeners' hearts the sweetest story ever sung; would you not like to help me do this? Who then will give me a dear little folding organ, and thus help me to sing? And I'll want to sing, because I'm happy. Oh, yes; I'm strong and big and tough, and I'll be able to carry lots of things, and think nothing about it either.

"Now, one thing, I have got plenty of relations in Australia, though not one just like me. I dare say you will have guessed who I am! I am not going to be called 'Tin Lizzie,' and I don't like 'Henry'; I am the one-ton Ford truck, turned into a Motor Mission Van at a big cost to that friend of the out-back parts of Australia, the B.C.A.

"I'm out to do a big and noble work for God in this fair land of ours. Will you help and pray for my colleague and me as we take up the task in your name? Will you stand in and send along a goodly sum, so that I may go forth on my heavenly work with no pangs of debt gnawing at my carburetter, or cause my piston-rod to squeak?"

THE ART OF GIVING AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Just let our imagination run riot for a brief moment or two, as we ponder the Christmas season in all its deep meaning, and we shall find ourselves reminded of certain abiding facts. Christmas is the festival of the child. It is the festival of the home. Because of Him Who came as the Infant Babe of Bethlehem, the home became sanctified and the child came into its own. Christmas is the festival of peace, a time of goodwill to all men. Would that its spirit were written indelibly on the conscience of mankind!

But above and beyond these great facts, Christmas is the festival of giving, for

God so loved that He gave on this day, and we who know the Love of God thank Him then and always for the unspeakable Gift of His Son. And so it has been for many a long day, that Christmas-tide and giving stand as synonymous terms. That is, we cannot think of the season without thinking of gifts, even the most careful are tempted to loosen their purse-strings and freely give. There is, however, an art in knowing how to give well. We need to give, and to study too, the art of how to give well!

First of all, all Christians, adults and children alike, will miss the spirit of Christmas if they only think of what they themselves hope to receive. All must be prepared to give something. God set us an example in the perfect gift of His dear Son Jesus Christ on the first Christmas Day. But apart from "the mere fact of giving," Christian people need to study the true art of giving, just as much as the singer or teacher needs to study the art of music or the art of teaching. And where do we find guidance? The finest example in the art of giving is in the pages of the New Testament.

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which maketh a farthing."—St. Mark xii. 41-42.

There is no clearer lesson or example than in this story of the poor widow on the Temple steps. Amidst the crowds streaming up the Temple steps, pouring their alms into the great horns of the treasury, was one who set the greatest example to them all—a certain poor widow, and she cast into the treasury two mites, which make a farthing. It is well when studying this passage of Scripture to notice, first of all, the gift was not seen by the people; secondly, the gift was not of much value, but cost her much; thirdly, she was not praised for her gift. There was, however, One who saw the widow's offering and the spirit in which it was given. Jesus saw it. He was pleased. The most acceptable and greatest gift of all. You can see God prefers gifts given in secret; there is, then, an art in giving.

What, then, is your gift and mine towards God to be this Christmas-tide? Do you recollect what David said? "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which cost me nothing." Let me suggest a few gifts: (1) The very best of our lives. Not a religious life only at the end of life, but an open witness for Christ all the days. (2) The first and freshest moments of each day in prayer. (4) Christian acts of generosity and sympathy for His sake. St. Paul said, "Whether ye eat or drink—do all to the glory of God." The greatest gift of all. Let us offer to God our hearts and consciences purified and clean at the Holy Communion on Christmas Day. Let no unrepented sin around this Christmas home festival mar the sweet communion of saints at Christmas-tide.

The art of giving! Why not give yourself to Christ?

O blest Communion! fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine
Alleluia!

And note, too, that the ultimate reward of all loving and sacrificial service is still sure. Though the world may take no notice, the record of all faithful loving service is kept in Heaven. Every offering of love is down in the Lamb's Book of Life. Acts as simple and lowly as this widow's gift, acts which had passed clean out of mind and memory, will be recalled to us then, and Christ, Who came as at this time as God's Gift—Jesus our Saviour, will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of one of these, ye did it unto Me."

POSTS AND RAILS.

"Enclosed please find cheque for £6/10/- being amount of first quarter's subscription, as promised by me at 'All Souls' Men's Meetings'—so writes Mr. T. W. Hoskins. "Well done, and thank you," we say. This money is being used to train a worker for the B.C.A. field. Who will make another?

It was very refreshing to have Mr. Chas. H. Bryant blow in straight from Cobar, Wilcannia, Ceduna and Murat Bay a few days ago. He knows all about C.M.S., the Bible Society, and Col. and Con., and almost made our eyes "green with envy" as he spread before us his snapshots of Church work and workers in Japan, China, and Australia. He is off to New Zealand, then to India, and back "Home." He knows what efficient work is, and is much impressed with the big and splendid work of our B.C.A. representatives. "It more than holds its own," he says.

A well known Sydney churchman happened at a B.C.A. service on a Sunday morning recently. He writes next day by post: "Your address this morning must result in the addition of subscribers to the B.C.A., and I will make one," and there and then included his cheque. But that was not all. He goes on to speak of the duty and privilege of giving, and concludes: "May God's blessing and close companionship be your daily experience." So the Society takes courage and forges ahead. We want more praying people.

A big "thank you" to Mr. Armstrong, Summer Hill, who through his sister has given us two splendid films dealing with (1) The Good Samaritan, (2) Blind Bartimaeus. These will be of great assistance for many a long day. Then to Mr. A. Gray, of Bondi, for a gift of Prayer Books; to Mrs. Moppett, Greenwich, for curtains for the Hostel at Wilcannia; to Rev. A. J. H. Priest, of Hornsby; Miss Cox, of Dulwich Hill; Cranbrook School; Mrs. Wilde, of Cremorne, for literature and magazines; Mrs. Greenwood, of Darling Point; St. Luke's Church, Pennant Hills, for toys; Mr. McKern, for Bible scenes; Hymn Books from St. Mark's, Ermington, and Mrs. Moon, Gladesville; toys and Christmas cards from Miss Chaffer, Summer Hill.

A word of appreciation goes a long way! Hence the resolution passed at the recent session of the Bendigo Diocesan Synod will be read with keen interest and humble satisfaction. It shows that our efforts are deeply valued, that we are "delivering the goods." These facts should call forth

more support. It is worth while. "At the session of the Bendigo Diocesan Synod held last week it was unanimously resolved that our best thanks be accorded to your very worthy Society for the great help it has rendered to our diocese throughout yet another year, and that I should forward to you a substantial expression of the resolution."

More offers of service from two young men and a couple of ladies! Truly the Spirit of God is moving, as one here and another there lays himself or herself on the altar of service.

Special acknowledgment is made of an unexpected cheque for £50, five pounds of which are to go to provide literature for the Motor Mission Van. The out-back parts of our great land call urgently for men and means, and it is the unexpected gifts of God's people which so challenge us to go in and possess the land in the Lord's Name.

The sums of £5, £1, 10/- and 2/6 have been anonymously sent in to the office. We are grateful to the donors.

Received a day or two ago from a Marrickville "Old Boy," and well remembered as a football enthusiast:—"Please find enclosed cheque for two pounds ten shillings (£2/10/-) which is a donation from me to the funds of the B.C.A. Some little time ago the Rev. S. J. Kirkby addressed a meeting of men at St. Clement's, Marrickville. I was much struck by his eloquent address, and also his appeal for funds. I have been reading *The Real Australian*, which my mother has handed to me, and have sent the cheque in response to the appeal in its pages. Trusting it will help along such a noble work for the people in distant centres, and that God will continue to bless the B.C.A."

Gratitude is the uppermost feeling of our hearts when we think of what some churches do. St. Michael's, Vacluse, can give the whole of the collection on a Sunday morning to B.C.A. funds; Watson's Bay can give the evening service offertory. But what of individuals! A lady at Bexley received a B.C.A. receipt book some months ago. This last week she brought along £6 gathered from friends. The Hurlstone Park Sunday School Superintendent is keen for our cause. He brought along over £4, the sustained effort of some wee children. The question now arises—are there not more churches and many other single good souls who can come along and do likewise? Think it over and get busy.

EYRE'S PENINSULA.

A Journey with the "Special Goods."

The Rev. J. P. Owen manfully faces his big work on the West Coast, South Australia. He writes of many miles of travel on frightfully bad roads. Hereunder he tells the story of his last trip up "the Pipe Line":—

"Friday came, and I boarded a 'special goods'—a pipe-train, as a matter of fact—at 6 a.m. I must throw some light on the term 'pipe-train.' The Tod River scheme for carrying water a distance of 111 miles or more from the reservoir is

now in full swing, and pipes are best carried by rail, the train crew dumping them at regular intervals along the track. It so happened that my train was carrying pipes as far as Lock, but while it provided an opportunity for going all the way by train, it did not ensure a quick ride, or a very comfortable one, the brake-van being the only means of accommodation. However, we got through without mishap, which is not always the case by any means. Arriving at 1.30 p.m., I was fortunate in finding most of my people gathered together for their sports. I was thus able to make definite arrangements for my services on the following Sunday, besides lending a hand in an unofficial way towards the success of the event.

"Sunday morning found me going out from Lock, a distance of eight miles, in a buggy lent by my host, for a Communion Service in a farm kitchen. At this service ten members of one family and two others communicated. One member of the family is aged, and so stricken with rheumatism and so fast declining that his friends conceived the idea of joining him in partaking of the Lord's Supper in his own home, an arrangement which I very gladly fell in line with, knowing what a great comfort it would be to the stricken one. It was indeed a very inspiring sight, and I have no hesitation in saying that God's Presence was felt by all in a remarkable way.

"After a hasty repast, I journeyed back to Lock for a service at three o'clock in the school house, but since I had some fifteen minutes to spare, I occupied the time in speaking directly to the children before the service began. It was very gratifying to find so many people gathered together, some having come ten miles for our service. Since so many children come with their parents, I generally use standard pictures to illustrate the addresses. By this means we were able to have a real heart-to-heart talk on the healing of the Paralytic. One cannot speak too highly of the reverence and whole-hearted co-operation of the worshippers in our services.

"We cannot altogether get away from things mundane, so that Monday was occupied chiefly in helping to do little odd jobs around the farm owned by my host, who happened to be short-handed. Tuesday, at noon, I caught a returning 'special goods,' and since there were few goods to pick up, we were converted into an 'express'—twenty miles an hour, covering the fifty-three miles in about half the time we took to go up. It is well worth while, I need hardly say, for God is assuredly blessing His work on the West Coast. I feel certain that our friends of the B.C.A. will be inspired by what they hear from time to time of the work they have so nobly and self-denyingly set themselves to carry through. We join with them in prayer for a rich out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon the whole work of the Society.

"I want to add that I have found my lantern a real boon in my work, especially amongst the children. It is a great asset to the social work."

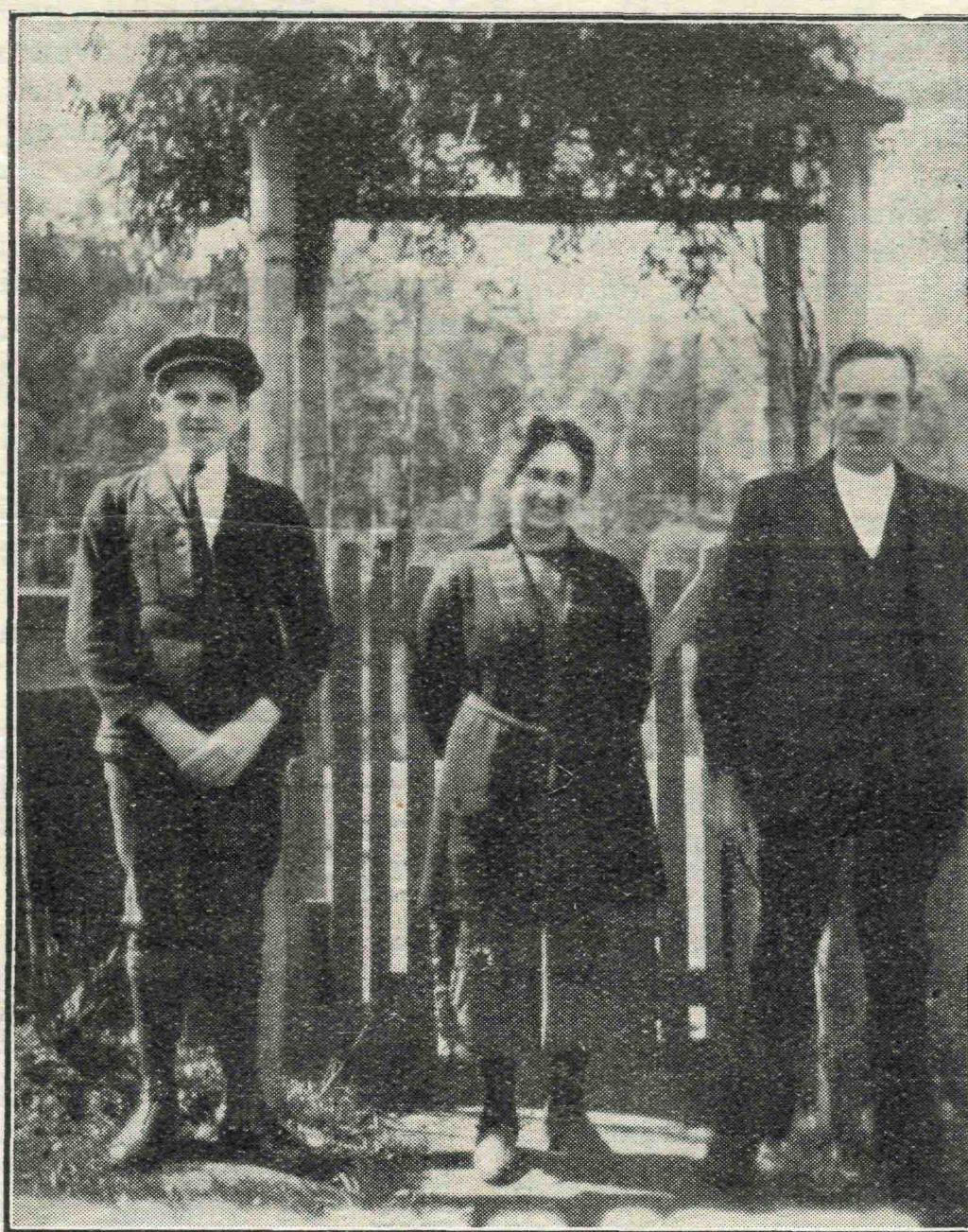
MY GLIMPSE OF THE B.C.A. FIELD.

Mr. Chas. H. Bryant has done much honorary deputation work for the Colonial and Continental Church Society in England. He is on a world-tour, and recently

had the fine opportunity of going over the B.C.A. field in Gippsland, the Far West, and Darling-Cobar country. He writes his impressions:—

"City life and Church work therein is much the same all the world over. To see the real Australia, one should 'begin where the railway ends'—to use the B.C.A. slogan, and so, after hurried visits to Sydney, Melbourne, and a peep at the wonderful and vigorous life in these great cities, one turned aside eagerly and expectantly to see something of the mysterious bush of Gippsland. En route to Orbost (the railway terminus, 231 miles from Melbourne) brief stays were made at Sale, (the seat of the Bishop) and Stratford (the headquarters of the Brotherhood of St. John) and a side track to Bairnsdale and Lake's Entrance to visit the Aborig-

isolated homesteads and settlements and carrying on the ministrations of the Church, conducting Sunday Schools, preparing Confirmation candidates, seeing to the sick and suffering, giving a helping hand and encouraging word here and there, and living and preaching Christ by their lives as much as by their words. In this work also Sister Dorothy is engaged, and her name is a household word all over the great district; she, on her pony, is at everybody's call who is in sickness, sorrow, or need of any sort. Services are held at more or less regular intervals in about sixteen centres, sometimes in a schoolroom, sometimes in the parlour of a wayside hotel, or a homestead. At intervals the warden or sub-warden of the Brotherhood will make a hurried journey of two or three weeks and administer Holy Communion at some



Sister Dorothy and two of her patients, East Gippsland.

inal Settlement at Lake Tyres. Then eastward from the railroad stretches the expanse known by that wierdly sonorous name, the Croajingalong, a huge area extending for 100 miles to the boundary of New South Wales and Victoria, near Cape Howe on the Southern Ocean. It is wild, unbroken country, hilly, and mainly bush, broken by numerous rivers and creeks rising in the mountain ranges in the north of Victoria and emptying themselves into the Southern Ocean—the Snowy, Bemm, Cann and others, along which are little settlements. For 100 miles the Prince's Highway runs through the district, practically the only artery of traffic from Orbost to Genoa and Malacuta. About midway is the Cann Valley, the chief settlement between there and Genoa, a distance of some forty miles—along this stretch, only two or three dwellings were passed. This great area is under the charge of the Brotherhood, two of whom for six months are visiting here and there the lonely and

of the centres. At present there is not a single Church building in the whole hundred miles stretch from Orbost to the ocean, but it is hoped to erect one on the Cann River to replace the present barn, called the 'Cathedral,' in which services are held once a month, a Sunday School followed by a service. It was the writer's privilege to spend a month travelling in this district, visiting the lonely settlers in their way-back homesteads, and speaking at over a dozen little centres—Brodrigg, Tonghi, Cabbage Tree, Cann River, Norinbee, Genoa, Wongarabell, Murongower, Gipsy Point, Malacuta, Bemm, Boulder Flat, etc., besides visiting and having chats with the men at three road camps.

"Then on the return the journey was broken at Moe and the branch line taken to Yallourn, where the Electricity Commission of Victoria are developing the great brown coal-fields which will prove of untold value to the industries and well-being

of the State, and will in the very near future be quite a busy and large town. Houses and buildings are rapidly going up, but at present it is mainly a 'canvas town.' Here the Rev. P. H. Dicker is doing splendid work amongst the great crowd of men employed there. Unfortunately it was raining most of the time, and so one was not able to see as much as otherwise would have been the case. But it is quite unique work, and he is doing heroic and splendid work to carry the witness of the Church under difficult and strenuous conditions.

DO YOU PRAY.

"Somehow or other," said a lonely bush worker the other day, "I have felt so happy and so hopeful during this whole week. I don't know why! I feel as if somebody is thinking of me—as if someone is helping me." And then it was that the one to whom she spoke replied, "I too have been wonderfully helped in my busy rounds, and it has set me thinking." And yet, surely, that is what we who believe should expect. His promise holds: "Lo I am with you alway, even to the end of the age."

So there followed a reading from the precious Book, followed by a prayer breathing child-like trust, and the Bush Nurse and the lonely woman settler parted more than ever conscious of the Unseen Friend Who is always near.

But in this happy sense of freedom and companionship haven't we all a part to play? We can be prayer partners. Do we really pray—pray for the people of the bush, pray for lonely men and women, pray for our workers amongst them, and for the B.C.A. in its organisation?

The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy
That day, and wondered "How?"
A ploughman, singing at his work, had prayed,
"Lord, help them now."

Away in foreign lands they wondered
Their simple word had power;
At home, the Christians, two or three, had met
To pray an hour.

Yes, we are always wond'ring, wond'ring
"How,"

Because we do not see
Someone, unknown perhaps, and far away,
On bended knee.

Do we pray? "The greatest and the best talent that God gives to any man or woman in this world is the talent of prayer," says the late Dr. Alex. White, "and the best usury that any man or woman brings back to God when he comes to reckon with Him at the end of this world is a life of prayer; therefore pray, pray, pray."

Pray ye therefore on—

Sunday—For all students preparing for ministry under the B.C.A.

Monday—Cobar-Darling Mission: Rev. R. Hawkins, Wilcannia Mission: Rev. L. Daniels.

Tuesday—Wilcannia Hostel: Miss Toye and Mrs. Hobden.

Wednesday—Broken Hill: Rev. R. Fulford, Balranald: Rev. S. W. Bazalgette, Griffith: Rev. C. Wilson.

Thursday—Far West, Willochra: Rev. N. Haviland, Eyre's Peninsula: Rev. J. P. Owen.

Friday—East Gippsland: Sister Dorothy, Yallourn Camp: Rev. P. Dicker.

Saturday—Torrumbarry Lock, Bendigo; Eildon Weir, Wangaratta; Hume Reservoir, Goulburn.

Every day—The Bush Church Aid Society and its organisations.

GRIFFITH.

A Story of Achievement.

Have we realised what a tough piece of work the Rev. C. W. Wilson faced when he went to Griffith, away there in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area, early last year? He found a population of over 9,000 people in his parish, and they had been without a clergyman or any other worker for over seven months. Hundreds of returned men were there—many just beginning family life, with their young wives. Five public schools, six different centres, sixteen miles of parish one way and thirty miles the other. Then there were hundreds of navvies and others connected with the railway and construction camps; no Church of any denomination, no residence, and not even one to rent when Mr. and Mrs. Wilson arrived. They went and lived in a farm house two miles from the town, a Rectory being erected the meanwhile. Well was it for this new area, that a leading Church-woman of Sydney raised £600 (including £100 from herself) to finance the venture of Church-work in Griffith!

But we will let Mr. Wilson tell his own story, for it is one of faith and venture:—

"Our farm house had only two rooms and a kitchen, which had to serve for Mrs. Wilson, myself, and the three children, besides which Mrs. Wilson boarded the settler in return for the house. At the end of January, 1923, we were able to come into the Rectory. It was very substantially built of weatherboard and fibro-cement. In addition, we have now electric light and water connected, and it is quite nice. In addition to the house, we also completed in Griffith, in the main business centre, a hall twenty-four feet by fifty, in which to hold services and meetings; and also as a selling proposition if the right buyer came along. Thank God he did! The hall was only in use twelve weeks when we sold it for £800. It cost us £492. We then bought an adjoining piece of land to build a similar sized place on, but this time of brick, just with the same object. It cost £150, and in four weeks from the date of transfer the land was sold again for £250. Then we felt that the Lord was just telling us to move on and to build our church. Within the next couple of weeks I believe that our permanent church will have a beginning. We thank God for all His mercies to us.

"But of course this is only one part of the parish. An old Church building has been brought from outside the area from resumed property and placed in one centre (Harwood). We have spent £65 on that, and made it a nice little building. At Yenda (eleven miles from Griffith) we have over £200 in hand towards a church, which I believe we can erect this year (the cost about £500). In another centre, Lake

View, we will have a small church built, God willing, within the next month or six weeks. I recognise the importance of the foundation work of a parish, especially one of such rapid growth as this. We are here now twelve months, and in that time another 3,000 people have come to the area and single-handed I have now 12,000 in this scattered area."

Then in a closing note to us, Mr. Wilson lays upon God's people what is both a privilege and a burden:—

"I crave your prayers, that God will mightily use and bless us in this part of His vineyard. Especially do I commend to you the building of our churches, that they may be to the glory of His Name."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

Rev. R. Hawkins, Cobar.

That "man proposes and God disposes" no itinerating bush parson will dispute. I set my mind upon a trip over one section of the parish which would take me—worked out on paper—into the bush for two nights; so much for the proposal. Now for the disposal.

I made up my mind to make an early start, which is a good plan, so as to make allowances for punctures, break-downs and ups, and so on. Time gave me a send-off three hours late; my task was to make up that lost time. The motor cycle was running well, and one was tempted to make up lost time. The familiar twelve-mile gate could be seen in the distance, until at last the time came to throw clutch out and apply the brake.

But my friend "let me down." The brake failed to check the optimism of the motor cycle. What was I to do? To go on and to turn into the closed gate (which stretches across the road, joining a fence on each end) would mean destruction to the machine and possibly the rider. Owing to good management, I was able to avoid a deep gutter and the gate by turning a circle. Not much of a kick-off thought I. Any more disposals I wonder?

After spinning along for a while I came across a young bullock-driver with his wife and children, moving into the far back-blocks, with his household effects, consisting of water-tank, tables, chairs, boxes and hundreds of odds and ends. After a chat and showing a kindly interest in their wanderings, I made a suggestion that I would meet them again next day further along the road, where I would hold a service.

At this point I turned off to the left, and my first call was made at a homestead eight miles away. I had intended to clear this place before lunch, but that tyrant Time would not allow me. After lunch and prayers, I moved on to what was once "a hotel of roaring trade" fame of old days. From this point I must traverse unknown tracks.

Still late, and that distant station to reach before nightfall. I often wished "Harley D." had ears to hear. Keeping in mind the number of gates to pass through and the number of sand-hills to negotiate, "Harley D." and I kept company until we reached the turn-off. Along this track we were making up time until we came to a wide, dry, sandy creek. At this point we parted company. It was a

matter of rush the sand and get as far as one could. I found the cycle stuck well in the sand. When I would get out I knew not. The more one ran the engine the deeper the wheels burrowed into that hateful bottomless sand. Then I tried to push the cycle and side-car, and I found my feet burrowing into that "uncharitable" sand.

Would I walk on to a homestead and come back in the morning and pull the machine out by rope and horse? This seemed the only possible solution. Then a spark of hope loomed up before me. It was simply a patch of hard sand. Now if I could dash for the other bank.

After much puffing and perspiring, and experiencing sad thoughts about reaching that distant homestead, I surmounted the bank. To my great joy I came across a homestead just a mile away. My chance to make up time was gone. By the time I reached that little struggling settler I could see no chance to reach my camp as per plans—man's proposals!

I had forty miles of rough, broken, sandy, unknown track to cover. I thought, well I might be able to light my lamp and go on. But *homol* only half my lamp—no forty miles to-night.

I was met by the lady, who had never seen me before, and I had never seen her. In a few moments she understood my mission. She suggested I might like a cup of tea before I went on. At this place there were three men, but they had not returned. I was offered no bed; I could not go so so I must camp out in the bush. But I wanted to see those men, so I asked if I might stay the night.

"There is no extra bed here; we are only strugglers." I unhesitatingly suggested the floor would do, or anywhere. I was accepted and had a clean-up and waited the arrival of the men. After tea one just entered into the life of the people and discussed all sorts of subjects, not forgetting Christianity and sheep. My bed was not on the floor after all; I was invited to "doss" with one of the men.

After breakfast, just before my departure, I gleaned that the father didn't know what Church he belonged to. Asked if in case of his death, what cemetery would he care to be buried in, he said in reply: "Oh, Church of England, I suppose." He didn't know if he were confirmed or not, which simply means that he was not. The young men were more or less Presbyterians. Then I suggested that we might have prayers before I left. "We are not a praying lot here," the oldest man replied.

After prayers I was given directions, but was side-tracked by wheel track and was stranded for a while. I reached that distant homestead about midday. Here was just the opposite—comfort and ready hospitality. In the evening I suggested we have a service and all hands were mustered. The man of the house informed me that they were not a "religious lot" here. Here was a treat for me. I was able to testify that religion as Christ explains it is a force which drives men and women into all parts of the world to proclaim the "good news."

Next morning I made off for my next call, sixty miles away. *En route* I met two settlers who were just making a start in life. They deserve our admiration, they ought to get our sympathy and good wishes. At last I reached my destination and decided to leave at 5 p.m. for my camp fourteen miles away.

I had never been over that particular track before, but thought that fourteen miles would take a little time and land me at my camp before nightfall. It was a cross-country track, and one could only travel on low gear most of the time. With no time to waste, a bad road, necessitating slow travelling, and threatening rain, and the light fast fading, I was doubtful as to my feather bed. Yes, here are the double gates but was I directed to go through one or two gates; I forgot. I took a chance and went through the two gates which would mean a turn to the right.



After travelling about a mile I became suspicious and retraced my track back to the gate, so I followed a track along the fence. I went over terrible tracks and night fast falling and no idea of my whereabouts. Night overtook me and something formidable proved to be a gate, into which I crashed. Luckily nothing happened. At this gate I had a wonderful experience. Before I opened the gate I made up my mind that I should have to camp out in the wet, cold night without lamp or blankets. You will remember I only had half a lamp, and so had to ride in the dark.

Here I asked God for guidance and felt assured that I was right, but some distance off the main road. So I rode on with wheels in the ruts, which kept me on the track. In the distance I saw a camp-fire, which proved to be the camp of a drayman. "Have a cup of tea?" said the camper. "No thanks, but will you put me right for Wilcannia Road?" You are three miles away." Off I went until I came across the light from a lamp which belonged to a tank-keeper. Here I was given directions, and at last arrived at my destination well after dark.

Here I met that bullocky mentioned earlier, and here also was a household of familiar faces, and one felt quite at home. Next morning a service was held, and our friend the teamster joined in the service.

No more track horrors once one was on the familiar Wilcannia Road. A call upon a Presbyterian, at whose invitation I dined, and later arrived home at 6 p.m., quite satisfied that I had rendered service in the Name of the Master.

NOTES FROM THE BUSH DEACONESS. (East Gippsland.)

"Oh, you can't cross to Neerin East by that bridle-track; it's too overgrown since last year's fire went through, when the bridge, too was burnt."

Thus came the reply to repeated inquiries as one rode back from Moe through Hill End to Duggan. Only a day's trip across from Duggan to Neerin East, but blocked! What did it mean but a change of plans, letters to be sent off with the hope that mails would fit in and that they would arrive in time to allay anxiety and get supplies forwarded; for the blocked track meant a longer three days' ride over the hills to come into the fresh sphere of work from the north instead of from the east. So much for one's personal comfort! But what did it mean to the people in that way-back district?

"You never did cross that there Icy, and climb that steep path through the ferns all on your own!"

"No, Mr. B——; my pony brought me, though she did feel inclined to draw back from the water, and didn't like facing that dead calf alongside the track."

"Oh, Miss, I've never had anyone from the Church to visit me; you see I'm too far out."

And so we talked of how the Mothers' Union and the Sunday School by Post could be brought within reach; and, best of all, how the One Friend was always ready at our elbow, as it were, to help us with the everyday problems and tasks. How the mother and daughter listened!

Then a visit to Mrs. C——and her family, who already get the Sunday School papers, and whose two youngest were baptized last Sunday, when we were up at Fumina for the lantern service. After a happy round of visits, the last moments of twilight were spent in reaching P——'s, whose warm welcome was more even than that expected, and a lovely contrast to the chilly, frosty air of the valley in which their rough home is nestled.

Sunday was a glorious day and full of illustrations of the genuine Christian lives of these country people. Two boys left in good time to walk the seven miles to the Sunday School at Noojee, and the two buggy-loads left later for the fortnightly service held this Sunday by the Presbyterian missionary. "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." These people were hungering last year, then a way opened in the new little railway terminus for the use of a shop for Sunday School service. A former local preacher, a member of the Church of Christ, the visiting ministers were all enlisted—services were sometimes held out under the trees. Now over fifteen adults gather in a house for the regular fortnightly service, while three others hold the Sunday School in the shop; average attendance, thirty children. The ground is being cleared for the erection of a Sunday School building, and shortly the State school will be available for the services. It is refreshing to come across such a union of all denominations working harmoniously together for the spread of the Gospel in their midst. It is good to have such a hunger.

—The Deaconess.

THE BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY.

What is it?

A big work, part and parcel of the Church of England, undertaken with one supreme purpose, that is, providing the ministrations of the Word of God and the Sacraments of the Gospel to the lonely settlers, station hands, teamsters, bush workers, and others in the far out-back and bush parts of Australia. "The work begins where the railway line ends." The whole of Australia is the field, and the work is not confined to any one State or diocese. It constitutes a call to you, reader, to join up with the work. Such a call and response demand new courage, consecration, and comradeship.



A Woodcutter's Camp.

Whence is it?

The work is of God. Christ has given to us a vision of the pathetic loneliness of the people of the far west and interior of our great land, and of their deep spiritual hunger. He has given us a vision by their need and the needs of their children. We believe that it is our duty to respond. We believe that God calls us to go out and serve these lonely people in His Name. And we have the conviction that when He calls He leads and supplies the power.

What is Needed.

There is needed our strong and prayerful interest. There is demanded on our part a love of souls, a wearying devotion, an unflagging zeal, such as will arouse the whole Church, and show these far-away settlers that churchmen of the cities and towns of Australia do care.

There is an urgent call to true comradeship in this service to these, our fellow-citizens of the Commonwealth—that the whole burden of the work must not be left to a handful of men, but become the

steadfast, intense concern of a big and growing body of Christian people.

Money, as the sinews of war, is needed—much money! Above all, Faith, which of necessity reaches out through the days and years ahead, in a steady perseverance and sustained effort to win Australia for Christ.

Whose business is it?

Yours, as a member of the Church in Australia. You have a vital share in it, and without you the work must so far fail. What is needed is your witness, your help, and your loyalty to the cause. To all who would see God He gives the Vision, and all who pray "Thy Kingdom come" are pledged to the Venture.

E. A. Corbett, Mr. W. C. McMin, Mrs. H. Burns, Miss Fitzhardinge, Mrs. R. Goodwin, Mrs. Duncan Maclean, Miss G. Alford, Mr. H. G. Curtis, Mr. B. Friend, Mrs. Hume, Mr. J. C. McGregor, Miss D. McGregor, Mr. Oscar Whalam, Miss G. Hitchcock, Mr. J. Montgomerie, Miss L. Bulmer, Mrs. T. Burjoyne, Mrs. Richard Glasson, Miss A. M. Seroder, Mrs. J. Gosney, Miss Knight, Mrs. McNab, Miss McKennie, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. S. Cowin, Nurse McLeod, Mr. W. E. Wilson, Mrs. Cottam, Mrs. Fairbairn, Miss Ingle.

YOUR RESPONSE.

These pages of *The Real Australian* will have shown our readers that we not only mean business, but that B.C.A. is getting things done. Our work is telling. It is bringing blessing! Will our readers join us in the enterprise? It is fraught with big issues for the Kingdom. Readers can help—

- (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 AUSTRALIA ON THE MAP.

OUR PARISH

What are you doing or surrendering or giving for Christ, His Church, and His needy, lonely children of our own land?

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