

The Real Australian

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

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Annual Rally

of the Bush Church Aid Society and
WELCOME HOME

to the

Rev. S. J. KIRKBY

in the

CHAPTER HOUSE, SYDNEY,

(next St. Andrew's Cathedral)

on

Monday June 30, 7.45 p.m.

Come and join us in a most enthusiastic meeting. We ask you to help us crowd out the Chapter House. A fine story of work will be told. We want to give Mr. Kirkby a rousing "Welcome Home."

Bishop J. D. Langley, of Melbourne (our President), will be present and give us a message. Other notable speakers.

REV. S. J. KIRKBY.

Our Organising Secretary, the Rev. S. J. Kirkby has left England, aboard the P. & O. steamer *Mooltan* for Australia. We eagerly await his return. He will leave the steamer at Fremantle, and will spend several days looking into the question of immigration in Western Australia. He will then reach Sydney per the East-West Express. All B.C.A. friends and well-wishers of the work in the Australian bush should make a big effort to be present at the welcome home to Mr. Kirkby in the Chapter House, Sydney, on Monday, 30th June, at 7.45 p.m. We want him to have the most enthusiastic welcome that is possible. Mr. Kirkby is bound to have a thrilling and inspiring message.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

Church-people at Menindie, on the River Darling, are needing a new church. The present building has stood for many a long year. It has weathered many a western dust-storm, it has seen the coming and going of many a devoted clergyman. And now those terrors of the back country, the white ants, have got to the timbers—so much so that the good people there are faced with the question of building a new church. The population is only a sparse one. They have had hard struggles, and so appeal to their more fortunate brethren around the Australian seaboard. The people themselves are firm believers in self-help, and therefore are doing their very utmost. Who will pause and listen to their cry of need? The Rev. L. Daniels writes to us urging the dire necessity with which he and his people are faced? Who will help? Donations can be sent to the B.C.A. office.

THE ANNUAL RALLY.

The Annual Rally of B.C.A. friends and all interested in the Church's work in the far back blocks, will be held in the Chapter House, Sydney on Monday, 30th June, at 7.45 p.m. This year the Rally will have the added interest, in that we shall welcome home our leader and Organising Secretary, the Rev. S. J. Kirkby. The annual report of the year will be presented. The latest news of the field will be before us. Plans and projects for the future will be in the air. The great veteran of the Church, our President (Bishop Langley), will join in the gathering. We anticipate a meeting full of inspiration and encouragement. Be sure and come, and bring your friends.

THE MOTOR MISSION VAN.

This important phase of our work looms big in our vision. The Van is away out in the Darling country, travelling many miles over sandy tracks, wending its way to many a homestead or bush dwelling. Mr. Panelli spent some time in the Cobar districts, and then pushed on to the western part of the mother State. White Cliffs and Tiboburra neighbourhoods have seen something of his labours, and numbers of lonely far-west dwellers have had a visit. It is a lonely life, but there is the joy of service. Then there is the companionship of the Divine Master Himself. The work calls forth the interest and prayers of God's people. It will be easily understood that the upkeep and expenses of the Van

are somewhat heavy. We therefore ask the financial support of our friends. Contributions can be earmarked for the Van Fund.

TALES AND TRAILS.

August is the next month for Bark Hut openings. Holders please keep the time in mind. Secretaries in the parishes and local Rectors can be a great help in this matter. One thing, wherever we have keenly interested friends, *there* our cause is growing.

The Acting Organising Secretary, Rev. S. H. Denman, desires to say how much he has appreciated the extraordinarily kind hospitality of so many clergy and friends, as he has gone about. Such kindness has been a big contribution to the work. The remembrance of it all is a real tonic. He anticipates going to England for the Colonial and Continental Church Society in September, as a winter deputation, and he bespeaks the prayers of the many earnest and loyal souls.

Some of the smallest Sunday Schools are the biggest in their contributions. There is the Burraneer Bay Sunday School, near Cronulla, only a handful in a private home; but they are doing famously for B.C.A. work. Then there is East Ryde—£3/2/1 is the amount the young people there sent in from the self-denial cartons. Brookvale Sunday School, in the Manly parish, is also well to the front; while Lakemba school is *par excellence*. Well done, we say to the workers in each of these schools.

"Please accept the enclosed for the work of the Bush Church Aid Society, from a member of St. Aidan's Church, Annandale, who wishes you every success in the great work." May God raise up more like this good soul!

Many thanks to friends and well-wishers for books, magazines, papers, sent in for our work. We do greatly value such keen and practical interest, especially when we think of men in the far bush, sitting round their camp-fire, their only reading matter being the advertisements on their treacle and jam tins!

"I have just read about your Society's efforts," writes a good friend from a country town. "Here is a subscription for membership. I feel I must share in the splendid work."

It encourages us to get the enquiries, "When will the next *Real Australian* be

out?" This is an evidence that our little paper meets a real need. Circulation is growing. We want our friends to speak up for B.C.A. and our activities and consequent needs. The cost of printing the *Real Australian* is an item of some worth. The payment of the subscription (1/6 per annum) greatly helps in this direction.

Bravo! to the churches who, with an inspiring cordiality, have this quarter given B.C.A. retiring offertories:—St. Anne's, Ryde; St. Matthew's, Bondi; Holy Trinity, Dulwich Hill; St. Bede's, Drummoyne; St. Stephen's, Newtown; St. Aidan's, Annandale; St. Clement's, Mosman; St. James', Croydon; St. Andrew's, Summer Hill.

Victorian parishes are worthy helpers! All Saints', Northcote; Moonee Ponds; East Kew; St. Barnabas', Montague; Kyneton; Maldon; Holy Trinity, Doncaster; St. Mary's, Caulfield; St. George's, Royal Park; St. Stephen's, Richmond; St. Luke's, South Melbourne; St. Agnes', Glenhuntly; and St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, are proving good friends of our big work.

Mr. Kelso King, of Sydney, has sent us a Soccer football for the Wilcannia Hostel. The boys are most grateful.

What are you doing to get your friends to become subscribers to our funds or holders of Bark Huts? One of the secrets of progress is, every member doing his or her share to secure the co-operation of others.

The other day a good lady was called to "higher service," and this was afterwards written of her: "She was a bulwark of strong prayer; no new venture was embarked upon, no committee ever faced grave decisions, without the prayers of this mother-friend being poured out for them. Those who laboured knew that they were being supported in their tasks by the constant prayers of one who knew so well the difficulties as well as the delights of all true self-sacrificing service." May God give B.C.A. many like praying partners.

A worker, looking over her field of work in out-back Australia, tells us two small words will recur: "The undone." There is somehow a huge pile of it, and no matter what we may do in the way of visiting, it is only a small, small portion of what might be done. The area is so vast, the distances so great. There is one remedy—more workers.

"We have just been writing up," says a worker, "The Story of the Past Year, and what do we find? So much that is just service and nothing much to show for it. Still it does mean that in schools, in sad homes, in lonely places, in the cottage services, in the heart-to-heart talks, one constantly gets the opportunity of giving the message, and at times the joy of seeing tears dried and a look of comfort coming into the face."

We wish we could mention the names of some of our helpers in the parishes. There are men, local secretaries, splendid fellows, who are always keeping B.C.A. and its work and needs before their Church and Sunday School. There are women secretaries, too. We deeply value their wide-awake efforts. May God bless them!

Readers will remember our Sunday School Mail-Bag girl out beyond Cobar—known as "The Candle Girl." At the present time she rides sixteen miles each way on her push-bike to a Confirmation class. Thus the harvest of good sowing is seen.

Workers in parishes are urged to set on foot different schemes and ways of raising funds to aid our cause. Winter nights furnish excellent opportunities of getting people indoors to concerts, displays, American teas, social gatherings, etc., the proceeds to go to B.C.A. endeavours. Sunday School children or the choirs in parishes could work up cantatas; the men could get busy; the G.F.S. and Girls' Clubs can help. Our friends are urged to get busy.

There is no doubt that the out-back clergy rendered valiant service in earlier days. First, there came the pioneers—men of big, heroic mould. They laid the foundations. Then came the men of twenty, thirty and forty years ago; their work was marked by capacity and real self-sacrifice. Now, to-day, we have men of a newer generation. Each and all have, under God, done noble and devoted service for Christ and His Church—for which we praise His Name.

What the world needs to-day, what the Church needs, what we all as individuals need, is the Holy Ghost, without limit and restraint. Man really, to-day, is crying for God. He longs for God, not for what He brings, but for Himself, for His own sake. If He comes everything will come with Him—willingness and power to serve, light to see clearly, character to witness, readiness to give. "Come, Holy Spirit, come."

THE REV. A. LAW, D.D.

The Rev. Dr. Law, Vicar of St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne, has been spending the month of May visiting the fields where B.C.A. men are at work. He spent a most profitable time with the Rev. N. Haviland, in the Far-West, preaching for him at a number of centres, where there gathered splendid congregations. Dr. Law caught the East-West Express at Ooldea, and travelled to Broken Hill, calling at Port Pirie and Gladstone, at which latter place he interviewed the Bishop of Willochra, Dr. Gilbert White. A Sunday and several days were spent in the Wilcannia district, after which a hurried trip *via* Cobar, brought him to Sydney. Dr. Law is deeply impressed with his visit and contact with the fine work being accomplished out-back. He hopes to write up the story of his trip and experiences for the next *Real Australian*. The Committee, it may be said,

is deeply indebted to Dr. Law for the help and encouragement he has given our workers. The sense of our appreciation is further enhanced by the fact that it was in this way the Doctor spent his month's holiday. It was all a big and valued contribution to our work. We thank him most heartily. We venture to suggest or express the hope that other clergy will make visits to the work in the interior, and thereby give inspiration and encouragement to our lonely workers, and at the same time become acquainted the conditions and demands of the work.

CHARLES R. BRYANT, OF LONDON, TELLS OF HIS TRAVELS OVER THE B.C.A. FIELD.

Leaving Adelaide, I arrived at Port Lincoln at the close of the Synod of Willochra, held there, fortunately, for me, this year! Thus I was able to meet Dr. Gilbert White (the Bishop), most of the clergy and laity of this essentially missionary diocese and to join the Rev. N. Haviland here, instead of having to face the tedious and rather formidable journey on the "once-a-week railway" to Ceduna, the present railhead, a two days' monotonous and wearying journey. Instead of this, we motored to Streaky Bay across Eyre's Peninsula, where the Rev. J. P. Owen has his 100-miles-long parish, with headquarters at Cummins, and then on to Ceduna, 300 miles from Port Lincoln.

Soon after leaving Hindes (the township on Streaky Bay), we are in Mr. Haviland's extensive parish, stretching westward along the Great Australian Bight to the West Australian boundary, and northward over the dreaded Nullabor Plain, to beyond the East-West Transcontinental Railway.

We gradually left the mallee scrub country behind, the trees got fewer and fewer, and the country more bare. Here and there were lonely pioneer settlements, sheep and wheat-growing being the principal activities. Owing to recent rains the country looked at its best, and the going was good. No drinking water is obtainable in this vast area, except from the great storage tanks built by the government at intervals—all the rest being decidedly brackish, on which the saltbush and other scrubby vegetation flourishes and the sheep thrive well.

The first notable place we pass is the brackish spring known as Waranda Well, where, till recently, St. Andrew's Church Hall stood. Friends may remember the story of its removal to "Muddy Muck" (as the irreverent call "Mudda-muckla")—a more convenient centre for the scattered population, as the railway now runs there. Soon after we stopped for lunch in the shade of a pine shrub, boiled the billy, and had a good meal. Then off again, and, reaching the sea, pass by Smoky and Laura Bays, and finally reach Ceduna at the head of Murat Bay. This little township is Mr. Haviland's postal address; here is St. Michael's Church and a site for the Vicarage, which has yet to be built, as the "padre" has no real headquarters—always "on the move" "in journeyings oft."

After a few visits and a peep at the little Church of St. Michael, we go some ten miles further round the coast to Denial Bay, and put-up at the hotel there. Here I met a fellow-townsmen from Birmingham, England, in Mr. Pearson, manager of the local store and a lay-reader and keen Church supporter. Many visits were paid to local Church members here and on the farms round about, and most hearty welcomes were given everywhere.

Divine Service in lonely West.

On the Sunday a nice little service was held in St. Michael's, followed by Holy

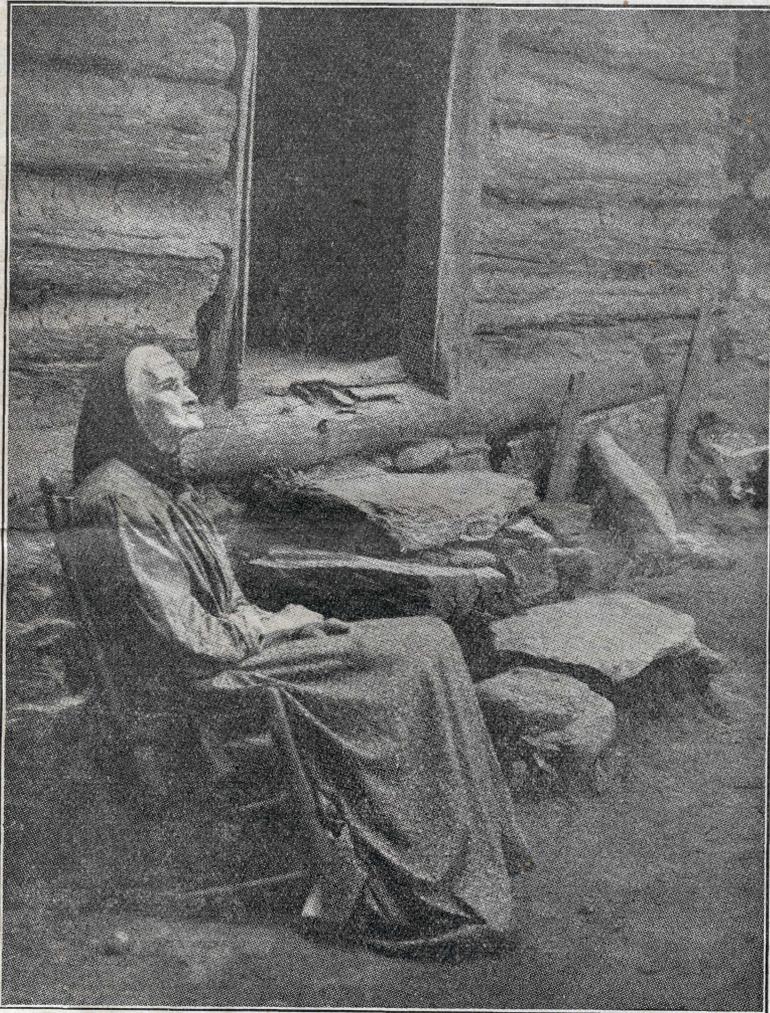
Then on again for another twenty odd miles run to Penong for evening service—a little inland township which is soon to be linked up with Ceduna by rail. The arrival of the first train will be quite an event in the history of the place; many of them not having seen or travelled on a railway! Mr. Shephard (an old-time pioneer farmer) generously put us up, and he and his family made us most welcome. After a substantial meal we went to the Church of St. Alphege, and had a most enjoyable little service, some twenty-five being present. In this district we met several youths recently out from England

hurried glimpse of the work and its joys and difficulties—the Far West, one had the privilege of crossing the extensive and formidable Nullabor Plains to see a bit of the East-West Railway work, and so four of us set out from Penong, Rev. N. Haviland driving us in his useful white "tin Lizzie." From her colour the car is easily recognised and eagerly and expectantly looked for—the constant journeyings backwards and forwards through the great region of his parish. We were accompanied by Mr. Shephard and Mr. Ruegge, whose wife is a sister of Mr. Pearson.

Back of the Sunset.

We go through Bookabie and reach Fowler's Bay, and then turn north; the country now is very different to what we have been passing through—very dry and sandy, here and there little lagoons and salt swamps. For miles and miles we pass through the Yallata sheep station, and reach lonely Colona, thirty miles from Fowler's Bay, passing a big camel team in charge of blacks, bringing down bales of wool, and have a brief talk with the boundary rider and his wife. Then on and on along the barest signs of a track. We now leave the friendly telegraph wires which have been westward from Perth, and have over a hundred miles of uninhabited and desert country to pass before meeting the next house or even person.

The scrub changes to mulga and myall; there is something fascinating and decidedly novel in such a journey, and one is glad not to be alone. Here and there we see wild peaches. The going gets worse, very sandy in places, through which we "roll" a great deal. At length Broome Tank is reached just as night is falling, and we decide to camp there for the night under the stars. Here are some half-dozen huge galvanised iron tanks holding precious rain water. We gather sticks and soon have a fire going, and when ready have a good hearty "feed." It is decidedly cool as the night wind sweeps unhindered across the great plains; we heap more wood on the fire, spread a ground sheet on the lee side of the tanks, and after talk and prayers, wrap ourselves up, and soon fall asleep, the stars shining brilliantly overhead and nothing to be heard save the distant howl of a dingo. We were up early in the morning, saw the sunrise, and after a cup of tea, pushed on as the most difficult part of the journey was before us. Soon we reached a nasty bit—twelve miles of sand-hills and no sign of a road or track as we slowly "reeled" along, staggering in the soft sands; but "Lizzie" is at her best, and under the skilful piloting of our "reverend" chaffeur, at length have crossed this obstacle. We then reach "New Tank," and are in a thin belt of scrub again, and soon are in the most dangerous bit of all, two salt swamps having to be got through; but owing to Mr. Haviland's care and knowledge of the turns and twists in the trackless "road" and what danger spots to avoid, we safely, slowly but surely, escape the pitfalls and reach the remarkable Pidinga Rock Holes—a wonderful formation of solid granite rocks, the chief watering place on the whole route across the plains. Then we



An old Pioneer. She's worth many a visit.

Communion, and met several of the old inhabitants, including Mr. Sedgely and his sons, who entertained Dr. Mullins on his visit to Waranda some years ago, and spoke most highly of the great good that his visit had done.

In the afternoon a 25-mile motor ride took us to Athenna, a lonely store-school; Mr. Pearson helped in the service. The singing and service went most heartily; three children were baptized, and a very happy chat at the conclusion. There was a capital attendance, the congregation coming from great distances, in motors, buggies and on horseback, from seven to fifteen miles.

under the "Farmer Apprentices Scheme," and were glad to hear such a good account of the way they were adapting themselves to the new work.

In this great and scattered district there are many other places at which services are held, under great difficulties and incessant travelling, so that it is only now and then each place can be visited; to give the names of a few—the great Far West and along the East-West Railway: Ceduna, Penong, Waranda, Muddamuckla, Smoky Bay, Denial Bay, Andrees, Flagstaff, Bookabie, Coorabil, Fowler's Bay, Korringabie, Athenna, Charia, Goode, Marler, Boree, Tallala, Cook, Ooldea, etc. Then after a

reach the Red Swamp, having done forty-five miles since our bivouac, and the car evidently thinks it is time to have a rest and breakfast by getting stuck in the sand drifts, and it is 9.15, so we gather wood, and the keen morning air has given us a first-rate appetite. Then strengthened thereby we dig our way out—one has always to carry spades and axes on such a venture—and by coaxing and pushing get going again, and literally inch by inch slowly get out of the swamp. Fortunately it was fairly dry—one was thankful it was so; we did not wish to be "bogged" as Mr. Haviland and Mr. Kirkby were on one occasion. We were now within fifty miles of the "city" of Ooldea, and in the heart of the great Nullabor Plain, stretching from east to west some 400 miles and about 100 miles in breadth—practically a treeless, waterless waste, no sign of life anywhere, not a bird to be seen, or even an insect—there is nothing they can live on. As far as the eye can see, a bare, practically level expanse of sand and stone, and the barest trace of stunted vegetation.

East-West Railway.

At 11 a.m. we reach the Murran Tank; still the same scenery, but in the far distance a slight haze shows the line of sand-hills, and about noon we spy our "desired haven," Ooldea, and the line of telegraph poles marking the great East-West Railway. As usual, we are greeted by the ubiquitous herd of goats, soon followed by the station-master, Mr. A. G. Bolam, and a few of the dozen or so which make up the population of the place. Several blacks live round here, and do a little trade by selling boomerangs and souvenirs to the passengers on the railway. Life out here is very monotonous and hard, especially for the women and children.

The afternoon was spent in visiting the various families—all railway employees. Near the station is a little wooden hut serving as a recreation and reading room and place for services; it also served as a sleeping place for the night. At all the stations along the railway there are little groups of railway men and their families, and Mr. Haviland is doing all he can to visit them and minister to them spiritually. This in addition to his great work in the Far West Mission, and necessitating the crossing and re-crossing of the Nullabor Plains each time he can find time to make the journey. The work is arduous and terribly exacting, and far too much for one man to undertake. Only one of exceptional physique could stand the strain of such wearing work, and it is not fair that one alone should have to do so. Surely someone full of the constraining love of Christ and love for souls can be found to help in this great work. Meanwhile Mr. Haviland is "carrying on" alone, and deserves all support by prayers and material gifts friends can give.

Darling Country.

Leaving the friends at Ooldea, we had another lengthy railway journey to make for the next sphere of B.C.A. work. We journey along the East-West line to Port Augusta, then to Peterborough, and another change journey—the Adelaide "Express"

(so called) to Broken Hill. Leaving "The Hill" by motor coach, we come due east over 125 miles of sandy track and reach the Darling and the Rev. L. Daniels' huge parochial district, with its centre at Wilcannia, where the B.C.A. Hostel so well known to readers is, which was my pleasant headquarters for a short time. Here it was a pleasure to find a link with home again in Miss Toye, who also comes from Birmingham, and to talk about old friends. From Wilcannia Mr. Daniels radiates in his car—an invaluable gift from B.C.A. friends—to such places as Tibooburra, 220 miles; Milparinka, 195 miles; White Cliffs, 60 miles; Menindie, 100 miles; Ivanhoe, 110 miles; Tilpa, 95 miles; besides numerous others. The Hostel provides a real want, and is greatly valued by parents in the far-back country as a real Christian home where their children attending school can be under the best influences, and it will be a good thing when the extensions on an adjoining plot of land can be completed. During my stay, a Bazaar was held in a hall in the town in aid of Church funds, and was well attended and successful, and thus one had the chance of seeing the people from all round the district in a holiday mood, as it was the local sports gathering, and the town was full. Wilcannia, be it remembered, is some 170 miles from the nearest N.S.W. railhead at Cobar. There were nice services at St. James' Church morning and evening, and also Sunday School in the afternoon.

Cobar Areas.

Then followed a visit to Cobar and some of its out-stations. Over Cobar the words "Iehabod" seem written. It used to be a busy mining town inhabited by several thousand people, and with many other townships around, all full of busy industry. Now it is depressing to see rows and rows of houses closed up, falling into decay, silent mines, etc., etc. Here Rev. R. R. Hawkins is carrying on splendidly under most adverse circumstances. Besides the town itself, and the nice little Church of St. Paul there, he has a huge district under his charge, there being numerous stations and lonely homesteads at which occasional services are held, thanks to the motor-bike and side-car the B.C.A. has supplied him with. One was able to visit a few of these stations in this way, and so get a glimpse of the work, with its great empty spaces, lonely outposts and difficulties. It is a "dry" area, the rainfall being very scanty and water most precious. The roads are bumpy and dusty; incidentally on two occasions we had a taste of dust-storms. Barnabo, Olins, Buckwaroo, Amphitheatre, Wrightville, Lerida, Bulgoo, Mopone, Maryvale, Meadows, Illiwong, Brura were some of the places thus visited. Here again we had the privilege of giving a message to Church and Sunday School.

Thus one has had the joy of a peep at many parts of the great Australian continent, in the States of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and has seen something of the way in which the B.C.A. is acting up to its alluring slogans in these great empty spaces where the hardy pioneers are few and living is difficult. It is grand work, full of difficulties entailing real hardships, great personal dis-

comforts and inconveniences, constant travellings; but for Christ's sake and the Church it must be done, and it will be a shame in our profession of Christianity if this work should not be extended. The opportunities are boundless, but alas the need both of men and women—there is a tremendous shortage of godly women, deaconesses, nurses, etc., in these back-block districts—and of means to maintain them. It is a challenge to prove the genuineness of our Faith, and we must not disappoint Him.

HE WILL ANSWER "YES."

Is it not true that a sapling in yonder Australian forest, a sapling that is just beginning to grow, is more inspiring than a tree which has attained the fullness of its growth and strength? The full-grown tree is satisfying, but it is not—this completed thing—inspiring. More than one man in the work of Christ has found his most inspiring hours, when he was pressing the cause of his Master in some rising, battling, striving, albeit, at times, fearing, and yet buoyantly hopeful mission work, away off to one side, outside the area of comfortable, established church, be such church ever so snug and well "dug-in" Inspiration comes from such things that are growing, or which help further growth; and the real strength of the unseen Church lies in the hard work, the solid going on the part of pioneers. Ask any established vicar or rector if his most inspiring days were not passed in some little mission, in some rising bush town, where everything had to be begun from bed-rock—testing at times, but character building! He will answer "Yes."

B.C.A. is the sapling that is growing, and its growth is inspiring. December 31st last saw the close of our fourth year. Bedrock four years ago! but last year an income of over £2,000, and workers out in the field over a widespread area, and let it be said, putting up a big record of achievement for the Kingdom.

This year, 1924, we want to see our income bordering somewhere near the £3,000 mark, and new men and women going forth. Big areas are waiting the living agent. Reader, will you or your friends join us in the enterprise? It is fraught with great issues both for Australia and our Master's Kingdom. Become a subscriber, send along your donation, get your Ladies' Guild, or G.F.S., or Men's Club raising funds for our worth-while cause. Subscribe to our paper, the *Real Australian* (1/6 per year). Become a member of B.C.A. at 12/- per annum or more if desired!

"JACK."

He is not a sailor, though judging by the manner in which he clings to the top of my windscreen when we are bumping over the black soil at twenty miles an hour; I should surmise a nautical life would not come strange to him. He has weathered many a storm—not at sea, but in the Australian desert—dust-storms invariably. Jack is one of our young Hostel "hopefuls" of twelve summers. His

reputation had spread before he had reached the Hostel. Having run wild in the bush for ten years, various thrilling escapades and adventures had been put down to his account.

There are three outstanding features of Jack's character: (1) a desire to please everybody at all costs—which frequently places him in most awkward predicaments; (2) an inventive turn of mind—kerosene tins, wire and petrol cases forming the raw material for all his inventions; (3) engines—steam, petrol or electric—the goal of his ambitions. He is always happy if he is underneath the Ford covered in grease and oil and dirt, with nuts and bolts and split-pins all round him. I might almost add a fourth to this category, namely, a love of water and mud. During the last storm, when the Hostel was nearly flooded out, Jack was in his element, dashing around with a shovel cutting channels for the water to get away, so that after the storm the Hostel appeared to be a miniature Venice, a network of canals. The combination of the above qualities, together with the fact that he makes an excellent verger and sexton, induced me to take Jack with me on the long trek to the Nor-West corner, as my aide-de-camp, and second in command.

Accordingly we left Wilcannia at day-break on March 5th. All went well till White Cliffs, where we held service and showed the moving pictures. After White Cliffs we struck water—on a big flat—with the result that we had to plough through water like a boat. The water dashed on either side as from the prow of a vessel. Jack was in his element, cleaning the water off the windscreen, whilst I was endeavouring to follow the track. We worked and rolled all over the place, to Jack's great delight, until we ran clear of the storm track into dry country again. The water having been disposed of, my young fellow traveller must find other avenues of danger and excitement. He was sure that the engine was knocking badly. He had been concentrating on knocks for some time previous; in fact he had been "listening-in" for knocks. He was just as confident that there were knocks in the engine as I was confident that there were none at all. (Between ourselves, I have cultivated a deaf ear for knocks for the sake of my nervous system.) However I could not put Jack off. On the dusty highway between Cobham Lake and Milparinka his "listening-in" was at last rewarded. He picked up a clatter, clatter, click-clatter clatter click very distinctly—so distinctly that I could not deny it. We pulled up and got out. Four of the spokes of the back wheel were doing a fox-trot among themselves at every revolution of the wheel. At every revolution their step got longer, so that they threatened to step right out of the wheel. It was our duty to stop this unseemly dancing, so we got down in the dirt and dust (again to Jack's delight), and with pieces of string and leather made them firm once more—at least their movements were henceforth much curtailed.

All went well during our sojourn at Tibooburra, Jack's duties as cinemato-

graph operator and verger being well carried out, with one exception. At one service, my verger was missing, and I searched round and found him at length engrossed in one of his inventions—shaking up some sand and water. He informed me that he was endeavouring to find a process by which mica and various other substances could be extracted from the soil of Tibooburra!

After leaving Milparinka, on the return journey, clouds began to gather threateningly, which urged us to race for safety. The storm broke ahead of us, which meant dashing through running creeks. At one creek, a torrent, I hesitated in order to examine the bottom. Jack plunged in fully clothed to the other side, where he intimidated the silted sand was unsafe. So



A Bush Parson among his friends.

we got to work clearing the silt and making a firm bottom for the car to climb up. We eventually got through. My greatest difficulty here was to induce Jack to leave the water. He would have stayed there for hours, but I informed him that people at Wilcannia were expecting us back. That night we camped in the Morden Gap, and dined extravagantly on camp pie and tea. Jack makes excellent tea, such as parsons love.

The next day saw trouble develop. Jack's fear for the engine proved only too true. It began to misfire badly in spite of our efforts, so badly that we could only keep afloat by going at full speed ahead. This is rather hazardous on a rough track, as big holes suddenly jump right in front of you. However, Jack climbed up on the windscreen and acted as look-out man whilst I kept the car going full speed ahead. We managed to reach port in this manner. Just before arriving home, Jack cranked the car for the last time—and it proved the last straw, for even the Ford kicked finally and gave him a nasty knock on the wrist, which necessitated a visit to the doctor's. You will be pleased to hear, however, that he is quite well again now—still endeavouring to please everybody and live up to his reputation. As I pen these words, he is examining the inwards of our clock, which has gone on strike. For, saith he, clocks

were meant to go, and go they shall. I feel sure Jack will cause a stir in the world at some future date.

L. DANIELS.

LABOURS ALONG THE BIGHT.

That Old Ford!

The famous "Tin Lizzie" which has always been so faithful, was forced through old age to resign a month or two ago. Even if she has been prone to ills which afflict this certain class of moving thing, she has never been that bad as to stop me for more than a few minutes. But all good things have an end, and the time came when the rattles and groans and growls became so frequent and alarming that it was thought advisable to dispose of her

before it was too late. When one comes to know the work which is required of a car over here, one realises the tremendous strain there must be on every part of it.

For three years it had gone on day after day, week after week, sometimes ploughing through sticky salt swamps, sometimes climbing heavy sandhills, and sometimes even climbing trees; she has a record which will be as hard to break as her spirit was.

I am now the possessor of a new car, and necessity for constant repairs and the consequent payment of bills has been for the time eliminated.

A Call to Fowler's Bay.

It must be about two years ago that I was called out to go and bury a man in the scrub, about thirty miles west of Fowler's Bay. I had an almost similar experience the other week, except that the death occurred under more civilised conditions. A call came from Fowler's Bay for me to come up. (I had only left there about three days before). Anyway, there was nothing to do but go, so after seeing to benzine tank, oil, grease and the other things which are important for a 100 mile trip in a car, I set off, arriving there just after midnight.

I found he was a man whom I had often met at different places along the coast, one of those men who, possessed of good edu-

cation and all the other qualifications necessary to give them at the least a fair position in life, yet wander to the outposts of civilisation, and there eke out an existence. Nice fellows, but neither use nor ornament.

We found a letter from his mother in the pocket of his coat. She had just reached her 93rd birthday, and the letter was full of advice to an erring son. It appears from the evidence I could gather that he was once a choir-boy in St. John's Church, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England, and his mother's letter closed with the words from St. John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His Only-Begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

We had a great difficulty in finding enough timber to make a coffin, but at 9.30 p.m. we laid the body in its last resting place, hurricane lanterns casting a weird light over the scene. Rather an unusual hour for a burial one might think, but then life is so different out here.

His mother appears to have been a deeply religious woman, and it seems hard that a son of such a woman should end his days thus. It is all very pathetic, but there it is; and I expect there are many such cases the world over!

The Joy of Service.

After three years in charge of the Far West Mission, one has had experience enough of the life of the people to know something of their joys and sorrows. My own life out here is very monotonous. The scenery for hundreds of miles is just the same, and every day it is the same old thing from place to place in the car—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday are all the same; and the only thing that keeps one keeping on is the fact that he is here for a purpose. And although there is not much chance of seeing any one place more than once a month, still there is the possibility that that visit may be the means of bringing relief to the minds of those people, and sowing seed which will bring forth fruit.

Need of Divine Presence.

Out here, where the people have to face the grim realities of life, is where they need the strengthening influence of the Divine Presence, and it is that Presence that we seek to make them feel in all the fulness of His love and power.

I am thankful to say that good has been done. The fact that the Church does care for them is an encouragement to them to go on blazing the trail.

N. HAVILAND.

THE FAR WEST MISSION.

Revs. N. Haviland and J. P. Owen.

(By the Bishop of Willochra.)

I have just been engaged in paying a visit to the Rev. N. Haviland, in his arduous work on the Far West coast of South Australia, and as my experiences are his, only under very much easier conditions, I may as well begin at the beginning.

The most convenient way of reaching the west coast from Willochra is through Adelaide, and I accordingly left that city on the s.s. *Wandana* on Shrove Tuesday. It was raining steadily (the weather forecast for the day had been continued fine weather, no indications of any change), and there was little dry seating accommodation for the large number of passengers. Fortunately, or not, most of them quickly retired to their berths. During the night things got a bit lively, and when I got up, about 6 a.m. I noticed that we were practically stationary. I went and had a look forward and saw a scene of devastation. Two motor cars carried on the deck were smashed in, in spite of the heavy tarpaulins covering them, and the fore part of the ship was drenched by every wave. The remaining contents of about one hundred tins of petrol were washing about on deck, while the tins themselves looked as if an elephant had been dancing on them. All the fruit and vegetables and other deck cargo had gone back to Adelaide on their own account. It was some hours before we could venture to face the seas again at normal speed, and we were eight hours late arriving at Port Lincoln. The ship had a heavy list, and I heard afterwards that a lot of water got below. Fortunately, the train was patiently waiting (a few hours more or less are nothing on the west coast), and we got away at 5.30 p.m. instead of 10 a.m. I had been fortunate enough to secure one of the few sleeping berths, though they were somewhat primitive, and it took two men two hours to arrange eight berths. Fortunately, wise by experience, I had brought food from Adelaide, as it is the only place where anything could be got; we were met with the information, "Pies are off." We arrived at Ceduna at about 10.30 a.m. on Thursday, and I was met by Rev. N. Haviland, who told me that he was ready to motor me out to Penong, fifty miles further west.

In consideration of the fact that I was suffering from a rather severe attack of rheumatism or neuritis, Mr. Haviland kindly excused me the further journey of fifty miles more to Fowler's Bay and the 100 miles beyond that across the desert to Ooldea, both of which are part of his regular work, and which I had been to on my last visit. At Penong I stayed with my old hosts, Mr. and Mrs. A. Shipard, and on Friday evening we had a very hearty service in the little church. Since my last visit, the gypsum works have been opened near Penong, while a large factory for treating it is almost complete at Thevenard, close to Ceduna. When it is finished several hundred men will be employed between the two places, which are now connected by rail. We left Penong on Saturday afternoon and motored back to Ceduna, and then on about ten miles to Laura Bay, where I stayed, as often before, with Mr. and Mrs. Bawden. An early start next morning brought us back to Ceduna for a celebration of Holy Communion at 8 a.m., and Morning Prayer at 11 a.m., at which I preached on the Message of Lent. In the afternoon I addressed the Sunday School children and distributed the prizes. At night we held a Con-

firmation, at which there was a good attendance. We returned to Laura Bay for the night. The cold, changeable weather and the motor drives did not help my rheumatism, and I was very tired. On Monday we left, after dinner. I was to stop the night at a house near Smoky Bay, only fifteen miles away by the direct road, but owing to the deep sand it is quite impossible for motor cars, and we had to make a detour of about thirty miles to get to Smoky Bay, and then three miles back along the road by which we had started to get to the house. At night I had a Confirmation at the little hall at Smoky Bay. There was a good congregation, men, as usual, predominating. I was struck, both here and at Ceduna, by the earnestness and reverence of the candidates who had evidently been well prepared. We went back to Mr. Gregor's for the night, at least I did, Mr. Haviland going off to a distant farm and making a round of visits of some twenty miles before he called for me next morning. We left by a very heavy and sandy road, and after calling at one or two farms, reached an isolated farm where two brothers were living, who had lately been baptized by Mr. Haviland. They were men of a fine type, just the kind of settlers for a new district. After tea we drove on to Mudamuckla, and had service in the Church Hall, transported bodily by the farmers from Waranda, and now established close to the railway station. The hall was full for the service, and should prove of great use in its new situation. We went back to the farm for the night, and next morning Mr. Haviland motored me on to Pitina, about thirty miles distant, and the first place in the next parish. I was very deeply impressed by the vast size of Mr. Haviland's district and by the splendid effort he is making to cope with the difficulties. I had, on this occasion, only traversed one half of his enormous district. After leaving me he was due back for service on Sunday at Fowler's Bay, about 170 miles back over the road we had just traversed.

He spends all his time on the road, travelling hundreds of miles every week, and with less home than the most enterprising commercial traveller. Only a short time ago he had just returned from a visit to Fowler's Bay, where he had visited a sick man, when he got a telegram saying that the man had suddenly died, and asking him to take the funeral. This meant a tremendous journey, picking up the Penong policeman on the way to certify to the death. So expeditious was he that the coffin was not ready when he arrived, and he had to wait until 8 p.m. before taking the funeral and starting back to Murat, one hundred miles away. It is clear, not only that this kind of work is purely missionary and entirely self-sacrificing in its constant labour, but also that it must, in its nature, be very costly and constitutes a real claim on the help and sympathy of churchmen throughout Australia. Mr. Haviland has been now over three years at this constant work, and it is clear that he has won his way into the hearts of the people, and is setting before them ideals of what the Christian life

ought to be. I am more than grateful to the Bush Church Aid Society for the help that it has given in this district and at Cummins, and still more for finding two such earnest and devoted workers as Mr. Haviland and Rev. P. Owen to do the work.

SOME OUT-BACK TYPES.

There was Sandy. We met him on the sun-burnt plains in the Far-West Darling country. Lately he has crossed the Great Divide, but his voice and face, they somehow haunt us. No, it is not his voice and face—rather is it his generosity. Still, that soft and pleasant voice, that furrowed, deeply-lined face, those pale, deeply-set, steely grey eyes, that slimness of figure will never go from our memory. We met him one Monday. We were not in the best of spirits. The sun had blazed the whole morning with a fierce glare, the journey had been a tardy and trying one, and except for a stray sheep and a few straggling emus, no living thing had come near our tracks. True enough, we passed the skeletons of a couple of dead camels which had fallen by the way, but these only added to the loneliness of the journey. We were making West, and although the never-ending sandy tracts and the big spaces of the far-west have a strange fascination for us, this day, somehow or other, we were in a sombre mood. It was at this juncture that we lobbed on Sandy.

He was a boundary rider, living all alone on the edge of a sheep run comprising some hundreds of square miles. Years before he had come from the Old Land. Like many a Britisher, the frontiers called him. Landing at Adelaide, he worked up north and east, and finally settled down in the heart of Australia, out along the South Australian and New South Wales borders. But no sooner had we come to his door than we were bidden enter. Sandy had not much to say. It was a sort of "yes" "no" conversation, for the boiling billy had to be watched, and the "brownie" pulled out of an old flour bag, and some goat's milk brought down from the shelf. Never did we enjoy a pot of tea so. Maybe we were in the mood. Perhaps our real need was comradeship, and the warm steaming cup seemed to suggest it. Perhaps it was the hut and his dog; or was it the man himself? So we stayed and ate and drank. Sandy grew more talkative. We learnt something of his old home, his up-bringing in England. Soon we saw the reason of his soft voice and charming manner. He was Nature's gentleman. It did us good to meet him. A warm handshake, a hearty "God bless you," and we were parted—he to his sheep and we to still travel the hinterland of Australia.

Then there was "Nosey Bill"—a typical Australian; tall, big-limbed, raw-boned, and, though outwardly rough, he carried a good and generous heart. South Australia was his home country, but as the years came along he found himself working North. The fringes of the Never-Never seemed to call him. By occupation he was

a station hand, mostly engaged in fencing on big runs.

We met him one night. We had set out at nightfall from a railway end, in an old Ford. As midnight crept on a stiff cold breeze sung its way across the sandy levels. Pace was not too fast, as those who journey through the deep sandy patches can well appreciate. Thus the early hours found us "perishing." But at 2.30 a.m. a smile played about our lips, while a sparkle filled our eyes, for away yonder a light could be seen. What was it? Who could it be? A mate on the journey replied: "I shouldn't be surprised if it is the fencers," and sure enough it was. Was it intuition or conjecture?—we know not. But the fencers had an idea someone was coming, so had got up and flung some logs on the smouldering embers, with the result that a big roaring fire and huge billies, bubbling and gurgling with steaming waters, greeted our arrival. Tea was soon made, and ere long we were sitting down to tea and brownie (no milk this time). Meanwhile the "flaps" of the tents flapped merrily in the wind. The fire acted, too, as a magnet, for who doesn't like to stand in the early hours and warm himself and hands before a good log fire? Time, 3 a.m.

However, time never waits, and we had to push on. So off we made, "Nosey Bill," the boss of the fencing gang, accompanying us. Soon his story was told, for the disfigurement of his face almost alarmed us! He had no nose—just a crumpled hole in front. Years before Mulga splinters had done the damage; blood-poisoning set in, with the result, three operations on the nose in Adelaide Hospital. There was no question about his facial ugliness! There was also no question about his generosity of soul! He dropped off the Ford just at daybreak, while we were left to our musings.

We blew into Murti Station, this side of the Darling, early one morning. The journey all night across the sandy tracks had been somehow a tiresome one, made doubly comfortless by a piercing head-wind. Yet ours was an aristocratic trip compared with that of "Long Tom"—for we met him plugging along on an old push-bike. He was a lanky, big-handed Australian, working the far out-back station as a shearer. Matilda was perched on and about the top bar of his two-wheeler. His face and clothes were dust and travel-stained, while his boney hands were cold and raw. A big growth of beard hid his somewhat cheerless face, for somehow ill-luck had dogged his way. Murti Station had almost cut-out, and nothing was left but to push on up the river towards Louth, and then on to South-West Queensland. We both pulled up and yarned for a while, learned something of his past—a story which came out in a sort of jerks and starts. He was a typical out-back son of toil. Slow in gait, shy and backward in demeanour, he did his best, but never prospered. We at last left him as we journeyed West, he giving us a grip of his horny hand, looking at us with his liquid eyes, with a sort of silent entreaty: "Give me your comradeship." Thus we parted,

and as we glanced back he still eyed us, half-pleading in his own way-back way, just as if he yearned for a Friend.

* * *

These three men are types of the characters we meet in the far-interior. We couldn't help but like them, and we did long for them to know "the peace that passeth understanding." To this end B.C.A. men apply themselves. Maybe it is the occasional visit to the boundary rider's hut, when there follows the quiet talk and the Old Book is brought out and read, and prayer is offered; or it is the informal hearty service in the shearing shed, when well known hymns are sung with gusto, and the simple message of God's Love in Christ is proclaimed. But in whatever way it is, there is the fervent prayerful desire to spend and be spent for the Master and the people whom He came to save. It may be that the conditions are fearfully primitive and rude; it may be the hymns are sung noisily and even raucously; but we venture to say that our Divine Lord is ever near, and that the praises of a rough-and-tumble service in a shearing shed or back country dwelling are conjoined with the angelic songs on high, and that such a ministry as ours is really worth-while.

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

"I exhort therefore that first of all . . . prayers, intercessions . . . be made . . ."—1 Tim. ii., 1.

"Deeper than the need of men; deeper, far, than the need for money; aye, deep down at the bottom of our spiritless life is the need for the forgotten secret of prevailing, world-wide prayer."—R. E. Speer.

"The world can be won in no other way, O Lord Christ, than by the way Thine Apostles won it: by love, by prayer, by shedding of tears and blood."—Raymond Lull.

"I see more and more Who it is that must thrust our labourers into His harvest."—Charles Simeon.

Simeon might have added *how* it is that they will be thrust out, namely, by prayer. We fully believe that God has sent the Bush Church Aid Society to the Church to do a work which He would have the Society do. But if that work is to be truly accomplished, it must be constantly steeped in prayer. Have we really realised the supreme power of prayer? Have we tried it *altogether*? Ah! its use in our lives is intermittent. We want it to be constant. Once again, then, let us go in and take our place in Christ's School of Prayer. Our Lord prayed, and as He prayed He staked His all on the character and availability of God, and the result—a steady stream of power which never failed Him. Why should not the disciple be as his Master?

Pray ye therefore on—
Sunday.—For Rev. S. J. Kirkby and the work of the Office. For all students preparing for the ministry under B.C.A., both men and women. For Rev. S. H. Denman.

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

Tuesday.—Wilcannia Hostel, Miss Toye, the children, their parents.

Wednesday.—South Broken Hill, Railway Town, Balranald, Euston, Hillston.

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

Friday.—East Gippsland, Sister Dorothy; Yallourn Camp, Rev. Bright Parker.

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

Every Day.—Rev. E. L. Panelli and the Motor Mission Van. The work of the Sunday School by the Mail-bag, Deaconess Shoobridge, the Bush Church Aid Society and its organisations, local secretaries, Bark Hut holders, readers of the *Real Australian*.

THE SOUL OF A MAN.

Fight with the sword of a man;
And thy sword
Shall not win thee a guerdon of gold,
But the fetters shall fall from the slave,
And his thanks thy reward.

Think with the thoughts of a man;
And thy mind
Shall not pierce to the infinite truth,
But shall trace the sure way through the dark
For the feet of the blind.

Will with the strength of a man;
And thy will
Shall not save thee from stumbling and falls,
But the rest shall take from thy strength
Up the stoniest hill.

Sing with the voice of a man;
And thy voice
Shall awaken an answering song
In the weary and hopeless and sad,
And the angels of God shall rejoice.

Feel with the heart of a man;
And the sorrow and strife
Of a striving and sorrowing world
Shall be thine to the rull,
And thy recompense—Life.

E. C. O.

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A DUST-STORM OUT-BACK.

Only those who live in the interior and the far-west have any idea of the discomforts, the drawbacks and the inconveniences of those lonely sandy bush parts. There are the never-ending sandhills, the dusty stock-routes, and, oh! the dust-storms! "I remember," says one writer, "an experience I had on one occasion. Early in the morning there was a faint haze, and the sun rose like a great red ball. There was no wind. The only indication of the coming storm was a thin dark streak rising from the southern horizon. The boss drover muttered: 'There will be a dry storm to-day,' as he steadily drove the feeding cattle forward. Slowly the dark streak rose, until it became a great dark cloud directly ahead of us, and it also seemed to creep in from all sides. The cattle ceased feeding, they threw up their heads, and swished their tails uneasily. They knew what was coming. Steadily a semi-darkness crept around us, and the sun was blotted out of sight. A very fine dust began to fall, and so fine was the dust that it fell quietly and imperceptibly. The dust fell and crept into every wrinkle and crevice. It filled our eyes, ears, nostrils, and it crept into the rolls of our swags and pockets. It covered our hats and saddles, and it looked like flour sprinkled upon our hair, upon the horses' manes and tails, and behind the bullocks' ears. The dust was everywhere. Nothing could keep it out. Even the water in the water-bag was covered with a fine scum from the dust, and our parched lips with the dusty slime. The heat was intense, the air suffocating, and the perspiration streamed down our faces in muddy beads.

"Gradually the wind began to rise. At first it blew softly as though to play with its victims. It quickly gathered force, and swooped down upon the travelling mob, as if to blow them from off the face of the earth. All efforts to urge the mob forward were given up. The cattle turned

their backs to the storm, and we now in lead, riding horses with drooping heads and sunken wind-swept tails, did our best to keep the mob from moving too far off the stock route. The wind howled at us and upon us. It raced along the ground, tearing in a frenzy at the salt-bush, cutting streaks and furrows in the earth. Great puffs of wind sent coarse sand and small stones stinging behind our ears. Every blast brought huge clouds of dark brown dust upon us. They rolled upon us, as clouds of dense smoke from a city conflagration. Banks and avalanches of desert dust tumbled and heaped themselves upon us. Step by step we were blown off the stock route. The cattle, poor brutes, huddled close together for mutual protection. As we were slowly blown out of our course, the footprints of each beast were instantly obliterated by the sweeping sand.

"The dust-storm of Central Australia is a fiend that gradually pushes its victims to death, and then covers all traces of where they perished. For half a day the storm hurled itself at us. It tore at our clothes, it blinded our eyes, it buffeted us, it slapped huge banks of dust down upon us, it made us suffer every inconvenience and torture. In baffled rage, it shook the quart pots strapped to our saddles, and twisted and tore at the few stunted trees. After the storm came the calm, and when we turned the cattles' heads for south, once more, we faced a trackless ground, and I remembered how often the gentle breezes blowing, afterwards in the opposite direction to the dust-storm, uncovered the bones of those who had perished."



Remember that we are striving to make Australia, the Bush Church Aid Society's parish.

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