

# The Real Australian

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

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## THE BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.

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### PERSONAL

For some three years past the Sunday School by Post has been considerably helped by Miss Cox, of All Souls' parish, Leichhardt. It is with regret we record her resignation from the post. Our best thanks are due to her for her splendid help and interest.

\* \* \*

The B.C.A. is fortunate in securing the valuable and experienced aid of Miss A. Huntley, of Artarmon, in the matter of preparation of Mail Bag Sunday School lessons. Miss Huntley has taken over the work hitherto carried on by Rev. A. J. H. Priest. We are hopeful of developments in this important branch of religious work.

\* \* \*

Heartiest congratulations to the Rev. H. E. Felton, who secured second-class honors in the recent Th.L. Exam. of the Australian College of Theology. Mr. Felton is an accepted B.C.A. candidate, and has been trained at Moore College. After a period of service in the city he will proceed to the Bush.

\* \* \*

The B.C.A. has lost one of its best friends in the recent Home-call of Mr. B. C. Martyn, of Gladsville. He was one of the early members of the Society, and always followed the work, not only with his support, but also his prayers. His truly Christian character showed itself in life and deeds, and as one of our representatives in Gladsville parish he did

much to establish interest in our work. May God give great comfort to sorrowing ones who remain.

## Is Not Australia Worth It?

The B.C.A. has been called to undertake new work for 1926.

We dare not refuse—  
for CHRIST'S SAKE,  
and for AUSTRALIA'S SAKE!

### THE CALL MEANS

that for this year we send out reinforcements, at least:

FOUR MEN (two for Mission Van work);

TWO NURSES for remote areas;  
TWO BUSH DEACONESSES.

They are urgently needed.

Our present activities, including Hospital, Hostel, Vans, and far-spread Bush work, must be maintained.

We depend on—  
**YOUR PRAYERS,  
YOUR INTEREST,  
YOUR GIFTS.**

Readers of *The Real Australian* are invited to join in this campaign by sending a special donation.

**Small or large—send it along.  
IS NOT AUSTRALIA WORTH IT.**

Write to the—  
Organising Missioner,  
Diocesan Church House,  
George St., Sydney.

### EDITORIAL

By an oversight in wrapping last issue, many of our Society members received with their paper a slip purporting to remind them that their subscription was due. We regret this exceedingly, for the B.C.A. does not send out such notices to members. The slip is used for those who take the paper only. We try to avoid mistakes, but as we now deal with four thousand copies each quarter, the liability to do always exists.

Variety marks the articles published in this issue, and the Editor wishes to express his thanks to the many contributors. We shall not be making invidious distinctions when we single out for special word of appreciation our two friends Mr. J. McKern and "K.M." The reminiscences of the former, drawn from long experience as an official in the Public Service, have always been eagerly read. We are grateful for this further instalment. "K.M." contributed to the *Real Australian* once before, and we gladly welcome the present article as a bright and spontaneous testimony to the work that the B.C.A. is doing in far places. Our readers will be interested to know that "K.M." occupies a post on one of the farthestmost stations in New South Wales.

Blocks inserted in this issue will interest our readers. They represent photos taken by the Organising Missioner on his journey in Mr. Haviland's mission area. The Lake Macdonnell salt deposits disclose Nature's lavish kindness in unexpected places. The sun's evaporating power, operating on the swamp, leaves thirteen or fourteen inches of white salt on the bed.

Ford car enthusiasts will be interested to find that two real Australians on the distant Nullabor Plains have undying affection for "Lizzie."

### OVER THE 'PHONE.

Comes a loud and long ring on the Mission Hospital telephone. The matron hurries to the receiver. A far-off voice is heard, that of a doctor away in a distant township. He explains that he has heard of the B.C.A. Hospital and of the skill and care bestowed upon the patients. He adds that he has a case necessitating an extensive major operation. There is grave risk in it all, yet real need. Can the matron undertake to act? Over the quivering wires the anxious discussion goes on; the details are set forth, and then the decision is given. Oh! that it should be so. Yet what else can be said? There is the matron, trained and eminently qualified. Willing and keen to give of her best; BUT she has no proper little operating room, with equipment absolutely essential for such grave cases. Nothing can be done, and the regretful answer is "No."

Now this challenges us all, and there is only one thing to be done—provide an operating room so that no case be turned away. In our last issue we forecasted the need, now it presses itself before us in

grim and graphic way. Friends in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide are helping, and the £50 required for timber and other building material is coming to hand. The men of Ceduna are giving their labour free of charge. In the faith of God, the timber has been ordered and erection is proceeding. We are confident that B.C.A. friends will not fail to help us carry the project through. We shall require equipment for that operating room—perhaps £50 would suffice for that purpose. What a wonderful memorial gift or thank-offering this would make? Or are there friends who would like to unite in their gifts?

Think upon it, you who in time of sickness have had the best that our splendid city hospitals can give! Think upon it, you who can call to mind how wonderfully God raised you up from the bed of affliction! Think upon it, you whose dear ones were restored to you, or whose closing days were brightened by loving skill and tender ministry. We invite you to enable our B.C.A. Hospital to become a place of increasing blessing and joy. Help us to make it a House of Hope and Healing, so that when the telephone bell rings and the anxious call from afar is made, the matron may answer without any misgivings or fears: "Send the patient along."

Send a special subscription to the Organising Missioner, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney.

Many *Real Australian* readers are taking share in providing the hospital with needed goods and stores, such as pillowslips, towels, old linen, bandages, dressings, sheets, etc. All these are splendidly helpful. The "H.O.M." (Help our Missioner) Circle at Randwick, with its many members drawn from many parishes, recently provided a new sewing machine—a handsome gift indeed. A Northbridge friend donated a nice new table gramophone with records, and Christ Church, Lavender Bay, a fine writing desk for matron's use. We rejoice in these and praise our Father for the kindness of His children

#### A SONG BY THE WAYSIDE.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

We could sing this now as never before. For three days we had travelled by motor cycle down the Coast road from Sydney. It was an experience never to be forgotten. Much of it, even though it be made up of hair-raising adventure, will never be told. The sudden skiddings of the wheels, the rapid excursion over the handle-bars, the dislocating jolts as a human frame hits a broken-metalled road, will be forgotten; but that was now past. Something new was before us. On the roadside was a signboard with the significant superscription:—

NEW SOUTH WALES BORDER

Here at last we had reached our destination, for once over the border we were in the great Croajingalong district, to which it had pleased God to call us to proclaim His Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ's atoning blood. What could more fittingly come to our minds, and there in the quietness of the great bush we stopped the engine and accompanied by the grand and awful music of the rolling thunder, we sang the words of the old Doxology.

What a thrill ran through our frame as we realised that now we were in the land of which we had only previously heard, and yet which had already been much in our thoughts and prayers. What was awaiting us? What would be the result of our labours? What sort of people are we to meet? and similar questions came up before us as we set the engine running again and made haste to get away from the rain which was commencing to fall.

Soon we were into bush which, though similar in many respects to that of New South Wales, had a greener appearance, due no doubt to the more frequent rains—a sample of which heralded our arrival and made a native of the wet country of England think of his proverbial native weather.

Ah! there goes a kangaroo, scared by the firing of the engine and taking no risks to discriminate between the firing of a rifle and the explosions of our engine.

Here, too, the roads gave evidence of a more frequent attention, and were much superior to those generally found along the renowned Prince's Highway in its New South Wales stretches. One wonders if the popular Prince would be flattered had he experienced a ride on a cycle along the thoroughfare bearing his name. Probably not. Though it were invidious to single out individual places, one thinks that Nowra must not like visitors, for she gives a rough welcome and a rougher parting wish. I refer only to her roads, for her genial Rector and his wife gave us a right royal welcome, and one could realise how deep a place in their thoughts and prayers had the work of B.C.A. They know the class of work, and have vast tracts of bush country in their huge parish. Mr. Terry, too, has had experience in the Croajingalong district, and knows its trials and charms.

My first impressions of the bush! Those are my orders, and here I am meandering all over the road and getting no nearer my subject. It is not easy to put impressions into words and that perhaps is the reason my pen goes astray.

Perhaps the predominant thing which I noticed was the contrast between old and new. Here a bullock team slowly but surely drawing its load of timber or road-making materials is passed by a stately limousine. There a crazy old ferry punt is cheek-by-jowl with a lovely little motor boat of latest design and construction. Here a primitive bark hut, quite near the latest thing in modern bungalows; there the old single-furrow plough slowly making its way across a paddock, and over in a near-by field a tractor is

making short work of a newly-cleared patch of virgin bush by the help of a multi-furrow disc plough.

Then, too, one comes so suddenly out of the virgin bush and into the midst of leafy lanes bordered with the old English briars, and in scenery much reminiscent of the older agricultural pastures of England. And yet one is just as suddenly led out of this gloriously green and comfortable-looking well-watered valley into the virgin bush with no signs of human touch or habitation beyond the road winding like a ribbon through it for mile after mile.

What untold wealth is waiting here to be tapped by those brave enough to face the hardships and loneliness of a pioneering life! What opportunities a bountiful God, through nature, offers with both hands to Australia's people! Here is the only real source of her wealth, for only out of the ground can that be won which will pay the wages of the city dwellers.

And what of those who have come out into the lonely places? Are they not worthy of the best that the Christian Church can give? What are we doing to obey our Divine Master's command to proclaim the Gospel to every creature? Do we ever think of these lonely ones? Do we ever remember them, with their peculiar temptations and the lack of fellowship, in your prayers. One of those to whom I spoke was longing for an opportunity to gather around the Lord's Table with His people. It was *only* two years since he had had the opportunity, and though to him and us it is a long time, there are those with a longer waiting time. Pray for these people—your own countrymen—and ask if God wants you to be one of His harvesters in this big harvest field. Are you sure that you are in line with God's will as you live your life in its present location? No? Then is it any wonder you are not perfectly satisfied? Only as we are living where and how God desires us can we find and enjoy the peace which passeth knowledge.

The bush life is a glorious one, here among the big gums, with their invigorating perfume and surrounded by the evidences of God's—not man's—handiwork, one realises that God is good and that He is ever near, and that to bless. The music of the birds is soothing and restful, not jarring and irritating like the noise of bustling cities; but here are men and women, boys and girls, yearning for fellowship and information and direction on the highest things.

No, they do not carry their hearts on their sleeves, but see how readily they listen to a heart to heart talk. They have not too much time for Church-going or even Church-goers, but they do appreciate the practical side of Christianity and the bonds of real friendly fellowship. If you can help in no other way, remember the needs of the workers and of the settlers in your prayers. The nurse, Sister Agnes, as she goes on her errands of mercy, often feels the keen sense of responsibility on her shoulders—the nearest doctor is sixty miles away from her centre and much further from the homes of many of her patients. The deaconess,

Miss Reece, too, as she goes scattering the seed up hill and down dale on her dapper little pony, will be helped to know that you are praying for her. Write and tell her—but please don't expect her to reply, she is much too busy—that you are remembering her day by day at the throne of the Heavenly Grace. Are their efforts appreciated by the people? On every hand and from all manner of people one hears their praises sung in no unmeasured terms.

These people of the bush are not too free with words, but in this respect they bear unstinted testimony to the value of the work done for Christ and His Gospel. Broken bodies and broken lives are very closely allied, and the way to repair one is often through the other. Two services, in some cases one, per month is all we can give these people. You who only live a few minutes from the church and are so often late, remember those who are not given so many opportunities of attending the means of grace, and see what you can do to make those opportunities more frequent. Help the B.C.A. and you will have done something. W. I. FLEMING.

For the information of those who wish to follow the suggestion conveyed by Mr. Fleming and write to our Croajingalong workers, we append the following addresses:—

Sister Agnes Head, Church Nurse, Noorinbee, via Orbost, Victoria.

Miss Reece (Deaconess), Cann River, via Orbost, Victoria.

W. I. Fleming, Ch. of England, Cann River, via Orbost, Victoria.

Be sure that letters will be appreciated, but remember that frequently the workers find it impossible to make adequate reply.

—(Editor, *Real Australian*)

POSTS AND RAILS.

Subscriptions are always falling due. Is yours? If a subscription form is inserted in the pages of your copy, please take it as a reminder and send along your **eighteenpence** in stamps or postal note. Add a donation to the subscriptions, and thus help the work.

Have you sent in your subscription to the *Real Australian*? Eighteenpence a year is the amount.

The past quarter has been marked by thoughtful efforts for the B.C.A. by many friends in various parishes.

Mrs. and Miss Kenwood, of Harrow St., Bexley, worked out a happy idea of a tennis afternoon on their home court, which resulted in considerable help and interest in our work.

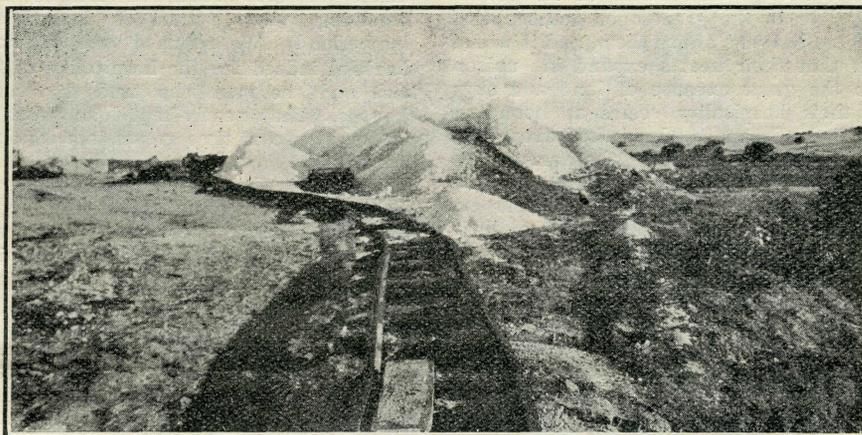
In the same parish, Mrs. F. J. Marshall has long rendered sterling aid, and has inspired many other friends to join in our work.

Mr. Mewton's concert in the Chapter House, Sydney, held on November 25th last, was a great success, and the proceeds materially helped our work. We are grate-

ful indeed to him as well to the artists who took part in the programme. And we must not forget our zealous parish representatives who sold so many tickets, and our Moore College student friends who assisted in the arrangements on the night of the concert.

Splendid American Teas have been held: one in Ryde parish, at the residence of Mrs. Sidney Benson, who also was helped by Miss N. Foulcher; the other in Eastwood parish, presided over by Mrs. F. W. Harvey and Mrs. Brooks. In both places the gifts were numerous and the proceeds were substantial.

St. Peter's (Cook's River) Girls' Guild, under the direction of Sister Agnes MacGregor, held a combined sale and concert.



Salt scoured from Lake Macdonnell, Great Australian Bight.

The programme of the latter included the B.C.A. bush missionary sketch, "Strangers in a Strange Land." It was a great success.

Grocery gift evenings for our Wilcannia Hostel held at St. Mark's, Granville (Girls' Guild) and St. Andrew's Cathedral Association. The numerous parcels brought in mean considerable relief to our resources, as well as satisfaction to our workers.

To commence 1926, Mr. Laurence, of Bexley, arranged a Tennis Tea. At the interval the Organising Missioner was able to give a short address on the work in the bush, and many present showed their interest in practical fashion.

For all the loving thought, prayerful wishes and real hard work connected with the foregoing efforts, the B.C.A. is deeply grateful.

Thanks to an anonymous donor who left a £1 note for the hospital at Kiama Rectory.

Readers will not forget our bookstall. "The Trans-Australian Wonderland" (by Mr. A. G. Bolam), that fascinating volume dealing with the weird creatures, curious conditions to be found towards the centre of our continent and along the great East-West Railway, is now published in an enlarged fourth edition. Additional matter relating to bird, animal,

and aboriginal life is inserted, also photos. Every Australian should read this volume and send it to an English friend. Price: 2/6 paper cover, 3/6 cloth. Send to our office for a copy.

"Family Prayer," compiled by Rev. A. Law, D.D., of St. John's, Toorak, will be found helpful. Price, 1/-.

Evangelical Sermons, by a Layman." An excellent little volume, containing sermon messages full of the Gospel. To Lay Readers and others this little collection is warmly commended. Price, 1/6.

"The Dawning of that Day," by Rev. H. G. J. Howe, of Gladestville. A study of Second Advent Doctrine. In paper covers, 1/6.

We need hardly remind our readers that in all cases, the profits on the sale of the foregoing are devoted to our work.

To readers who wish to hear of a private convalescent home, we can confidently recommend "Teurong," Campbell Street, Eastwood, N.S.W., Conducted by Sister Harvey, A.T.N.A. (Phone: Epping 663.) Mrs. Harvey is the wife of the late Rev. F. W. Harvey, whose work at Wilcannia under the B.C.A. will ever be held in remembrance.

Is the *Real Australian* worth eighteenpence a year? A big majority of our 4,000 readers think so, and prove it to us by prompt payment of the aforesaid sum, and even of a larger amount. There are others who read it eagerly and think the same, but the little "sub." is not forthcoming. Now we do not forget to send the paper. Please don't forget to send stamps or postal note to our Headquarters address: B.C.A. Office, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney.

We offer a copy of "The Trans-Australian Wonderland" to the reader sending in the best "slogan" suitable for our Society, consisting of four words each respectively beginning with the letters B.C.A.S. Something crisp and bright bearing upon our work is required. This competition is open until April 7th. No

entrance fee is required and competitors may send in as many "slogans" as they please. Editor's decision will be final, and results will be published in the next quarter's issue. Now, reader! get to work and help us. Don't forget to append name and address to your entry, and send to the Bush Church Aid Society, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney.

The sale of B.C.A. calendars was a splendid success, and we are grateful to the many who encouraged us with their orders. For next calendar season we hope to do bigger things.

## GLIMPSSES OF OUTBACK.

### No. 3.—Hospitality.

Those who have travelled in the Outback country always leave it impressed with the large-heartedness of its people. They live in the great open spaces, with the blue heavens above them, and it would seem that their hearts expand in unison with the great expanse of land and sky; for their hospitality seems as boundless as the landscape, and as free from any thought of recompense as the heavens are of clouds. Possibly the desire for companionship may influence them to some extent, but one cannot help feeling that their hospitality comes of a generous heart and broad outlook.

Utter stranger as I was to all I met, and but a bird of passage, I found a welcome everywhere and open-handed hospitality on every occasion that offered.

One can never forget the men who kept the "mail-changes," in the old coach days. Men often distant from one another, with rarely a human habitation nearer than thirty or forty miles, whose sole business was to tend the horses, and change them at their stages, have a few words with driver and passengers, perhaps only two or three times a week, get the news from the outer world, take over the released team, and then sink into solitude until the coach returns, or some rare traveller appears on the scene. Their residence but little humpies at best; a small enclosure wherein to hold the team in readiness; and their surroundings, as I saw them, red earth and blue sky, with sometimes a patch of mulga, blue-bush, or other scrub.

Arriving at one of these "changes" early one morning after the second night out on a 200-mile journey, the old man in charge hailed me (the only passenger) thus: "Come down, sir, you'll find a billy o' tea and a johnny cake in the humpy. Make yourself at home, have a bunk while we're catching th' 'orses." That "bunk" was the sweetest half-hour's sleep I have ever known.

On a winter day as our coach was passing a public watering tank, way out near Mt. Browne, we were hailed by a seventy-year-old caretaker, who came from his little hut to invite us to leave the coach and get a warm drink—this time the luxury of steaming hot cocoa. Think of it! In the most remote corner of New South Wales, to be served with hot cocoa whilst the winter winds were chilling our bones.

Can one ever forget these little thoughtful hospitalities?

It was on a long stretch of road west of the Darling that we stopped to change late in the afternoon of the second day out, with no prospect of sleep in the coming night. It would take an hour to fix up before the coach resumed its journey, so I was drawn inside the humble little house, plied in the usual manner with a bumper of tea and some cake, and told to make myself comfortable, which I gladly did.

The interior of this humpy belied its outward show. It was rigged up with all the comforts obtainable; though scanty, clean and tidy. The walls were papered with "Sydney Mails," fashion plates, flaring advertisements of sundry commodities, etc., and as I was blinking and sliding into slumber, this jumble of art productions merged like dissolving views, until I landed in slumberland. We resumed our journey thankful indeed for the hospitality of the bush and the men who tend the mail-changes. That neatly-kept humpy has in the long lapse of time grown into a palace beautiful.

Nor is this thoughtfulness for the traveller's comfort confined to these great-hearted "change" keepers. Every station along the track of hundreds of miles was ready at all hours, day or night, to dispense hospitality, yea, insisted on it. Let me picture one on our roadside as we made for White Cliffs at about 3 a.m., damp and cold, in an uncovered "Shanghai." Arriving at the homestead, a door opened as the sound of hoofs and rattle of wheels was heard within, and a glow of light and warmth streamed out upon us. Next moment we were seated in front of a kitchen fire warming our numbed limbs while the odours of coffee and toast told of the comfort coming to the inner man. I have feasted at many a well-loaded table since, but never with the relish and comfort of that very opportune and kindly offered coffee and toast.

Scorched to almost blistering with the sun at over 110 degrees in the shade, but exposed to its direct rays for seven or eight hours, I had stopped to do business at a place in Sturt's Desert. Using the 'phone to obtain a quick reply from a station at some distance, and about to hang up the receiver, I was interrupted by "Hullo there! Just wait where you are. I will send in a buggy and pair to bring you out to stay a week with us." It was the manager at the station homestead which I would gladly have visited for its historical associations and the goodwill of its owner; but, alas! my time was booked ahead, and I was obliged to decline, though pressed and promised to be carried to my destination two hundred miles distant. This, to me, an utter stranger to my would-be host, is but one example of many similar invitations to me and others who have traversed these great open regions.

And there come from the recesses of memory those cheery refreshings as we passed along the Darling right down to Wentworth, and then following the Mur-

ray for another hundred miles. The cheering cup, the dainty cake or scone, or maybe only the plain "johnny cake," the luscious peaches, the tempting bunches of grapes, the grateful water melon from the riverside irrigated gardens packed into our coach by squatter or small settler alike, for our refreshment on the intervening stretches of wilderness. Arid Australia may be in some parts, but an aridness that breeds a class of men and women whose lives produce good fruits, who "be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

One would gladly linger to pay tribute to the generous hospitality shown in a hundred ways, but the above will suffice to assure the traveller to the "out-back" of the treatment he may expect, and the grand class of dwellers in the lonely holdings out there. Should he feel inclined to show his appreciation, let him go provided with a few books or magazines for something to read is the greatest boon to those whose dwellings are so far removed from the book-shop. The pleasure, rapture, with which a good book is received, will amply repay the carrying of it.

J. McKERN.

## SUPPLIES.

"Vex not thine aching head—  
Our God is wise,  
By many a route He sends His folk supplies;  
To one He dealeth household bread,  
And for another fiercely led  
By desperate marches, lo! the manna lies."  
—Langbridge.

It would be truly wrong to say that all town-dwellers lack a clear perception of bush life, but doubtless there are many people who turn over the pages of the *Real Australian* in a nonchalant manner, little thinking of all the episodes and details that go to make the life recorded therein. Read over the verse at the head of this contribution to the efforts of a modern Columbus, and having done so, read it again and think just what the call of the baker's cart means to you, O citizens!

Household bread! Just pay the baker (or call it the pew-rent in your place of worship) and there you are—all signed, sealed and delivered. But supposing you only saw the Master Baker's cart twice in eighteen months. Would you not think you were neglected or forgotten?

On Boxing Day morning came the news over the 'phone that once again our old friend (but young in years and action), Mr. Panelli was again paying us a visit, so we looked forward to his arrival and our "welcome" was well said. Those of us who remembered him reckoned his last visit as being seventeen months ago. Meanwhile he had done a mere matter of 18,000 miles around this corner of N.S.W. All tracks were grist to his mill—possible tracks, impossible tracks,—tracks which never existed and tracks which deliberately took one in the wrong direction. Bogs became as dinner to Mr. Panelli (witness the photos of many large craters in the surface of Australia, with digger's face smiling unbeaten above the mud) and

a blow-out was as aerated water from the ice-chest.

We blame no one of the B.C.A. organisation for the gap in his visits, for could any one man do more than their missionary in this far corner has done? Most certainly Mr. Panelli found the manna in "fierce marches," and the writer wonders if the manna always lay where it was wanted. Let us who live in the back country see to it that as far as we can arrange it, the manna will lie where it is wanted. In other words let true appreciation be given of the Herculean task undertaken by the missionary of the B.C.A. in this locality.

It was a happy party of some 18-20 odd men who assembled to see what the "parson" had to give. The wireless receiving set (a happy thought of the donors whose livelihood and dividends emanate from our occupation here) was in good order, and thoroughly interested many who had only heard vague rumours as to what "these new-fangled machines" could do. Of course in every collection of men you will find the person who secretly delights his "I-told-you-so" propensities when the machine does not perform one hundred per cent. efficiently from the word "shoot." But even the most pessimistic were confounded on this occasion, and soon all chatter ceased and ear-flaps were widened to take in all that 2-LO Melbourne could offer. Had we been able to listen in on Christmas night we should have heard the Philharmonic rendering "Messiah," but arrangements were otherwise.

Instead, we sampled the first act of "Alladin," and the reception was excellent. The miscellany that followed was fully enjoyed, and even some of the toughest "old narks" said "Hear, hear," after Mr. Panelli had tactfully taken opportunity during a lull to give us a Christmas message which did not send any men to their bunks. So we listened till 11.45, when our entertainers 700 miles south bid us good-night. Our good-night was sincere if inaudible to him.

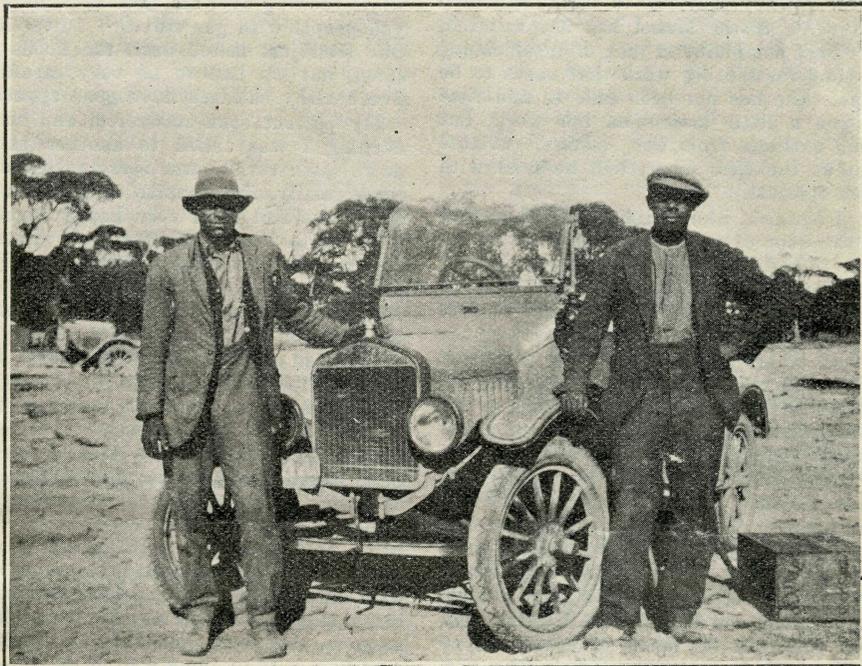
We noticed that since his last visit, a new and lighter van has been provided—*experientia docet*. If life with its bitter experiences in this sandy and muddy country does not teach us respect for the road, then I don't think the manna will lie waiting for us at the end. The solution of the problem of communication will solve, coincidentally, many other problems of this corner. What would Bourke and Wills or Sturt and Poole think of a machine which would faithfully repeat Matins or Evensong which some parish priest is conducting in some city church?

Here we are experiencing a drought, and if relief comes not soon, we shall have to turn to other pastures, for we have had short of two inches of rain in five months. But if we have to endure these droughts, we can at least see to it that there is no drought where the question of support for the B.C.A. is concerned, and here may one insert a sincere request to those who read that they will do their share and incite someone else to do theirs. Then, perhaps, we shall see two or three such vans travelling over New South Wales, ever forg-

ing fresh links in the chain which shall help the Church to hold its own and secure more territory.

For if all readers of the *Real Australian* wish to see their country really advance, then—

"We are blind until we see  
That in the human plan  
Nothing is worth the making, if  
It does not make the man,  
Why build these cities glorious  
If man unbuilded goes?  
In vain we build the world, unless  
The builder also grows." K. M.



Aboriginal Ford Motorists, edge of Nullarbor Plains.

#### THE LAND THAT WAS DESOLATE.

A few years ago a traveller passing through the northern areas of Victoria, and approaching the River Murray, would have been struck by the apparently hopeless desolation of the scene. Plains stretching away north and west, trees stunted and sparse, paddocks dried up and unpromising would meet his vision. Now a change has been effected. The plains still stretch into the far distance, and perhaps the trees are as few as ever, but springing life and freshness would greet him. Little homes dot the landscape, some rough and crude, others more pretentious. Around them fruit trees (chiefly citrus) set in ordered lines, are beginning to make early leafy array and give promise of a rich, though still distant future. Whence comes the change? If a bird's-eye view could be taken it would be found that the area is laced and interlaced with a wonderful series of channels and sub-channels, all linking up with the irrigation scheme which draws its supplies from the distant yet wonderful River Murray. "Everything shall live whither the river cometh" is a word of the prophet Eze-

kial. It seems to have a literal application when we view this regenerated country. "This land that was desolate is become like the Garden of Eden."

But what of the people there? They consist chiefly of migrants from England, who have been placed on these irrigation blocks by Government assistance and at Government direction. Now Governments can be and generally are most paternal. They induce people to migrate, they offer assisted passages; they give concessions to land-buyers; they tender skilled assistance and professional advice; they

even make generous loans of money at lowest rates of interest; they send forth a succession of inspectors and experts; they seek to assimilate the strangers into the life of the State; they offer the high privilege of full citizenship; *but* there is one thing that they fail to do (the thought apparently gives them the shudders when it is mentioned)—they fail to make any real provision for the spiritual welfare of the newcomers. And God knows the newcomers need it. There is nothing more crushing, deadening and hope-killing than the materialism incident to pioneer selection in a country far removed from the old home and its associations. If ever people needed the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, with all its inspiration and brightness, those people are the migrants who go on the land.

So the Church has this burdensome responsibility (unshared by those who create it) cast upon her. What is being done then in "this land that was desolate"?

For some time past Sister Mabel, the Bush Deaconess supplied and supported in part by the Bush Church Aid Society, has been at work. No men have been available, so the Deaconess was sent. From home to home she travelled, glad to ride

on horseback when distances compelled. Services were held anywhere, for there was no church. Children had to be taught, growing girls to be influenced, and even men to be met and persuaded. Work was not easy; the interests of the settlers were concentrated on their "blocks." Progress must be made with the land and that meant toil from daylight to dark. Even when arrangements were made for a service at some central point, it was not always easy for some of the settlers to attend. They lived too far away and lacked the means of transport.

Still that work has been continued in faith. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Sister Mabel has not faltered. Her only complaint is that of insufficiency of time for the big work that needs to be done. She has not been able to find time to pen a little article on her work, but some extracts from her letters, written just at the New Year, will be read with keen interest.

"I am now, like Abraham of old, sitting at the door of my tent at the cool of the day. I think that the flies are my greatest plague, and perhaps the wind. I spent quite a nice Christmas after all. I was able to hold a little service in one of the homes, where a few neighbours joined in. After the service one of the women remarked, "Well now it does seem a bit like Christmas, seeing we have had a service!" (They are English settlers.)

"The work up here has been slow, and sometimes not very encouraging. But still God knows. Perhaps others will come along and reap where I have had the privilege of sowing. The children greatly enjoyed the Christmas presents (such a number of them are here!) and I think that even this will do much to create happy feeling and foster enthusiasm. The parents were so delighted and appreciative."

Dust, heat, toil, flies, and discomfort, tiresome trudgings and wearisome riding, a home in a tent; these all enter into the lot of a Bush Deaconess. There are compensations. Climatic conditions are sometimes bracing and cheering. But best of all there is the assurance that the worker is not alone. "I am with you always" is the promise of Christ our Risen Master. "Our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

#### WORK FOR THE GOOD SAMARITAN IN CROAJINGALONG.

I have been working in this beautiful district for seven months, and as the weeks go by I get fonder of my work and of the people out here.

Most of my journeys are taken on horseback, but in cases of emergency, when time is precious, some kind friend will always come forward with a motor-car or motor bicycle.

The past winter has been notable for rain and floods, consequently there has been a great deal of sickness in the Carn Valley.

I spent a week in a home up at Chandler's Creek. The mother was very ill and there are five little ones ranging from eighteen months to nine years old. The

father was away over the border working on the road.

The floods came and cut us off completely for some days from communication either up or down the river. Telephone wires were all down as well. A great tree fell close to the house, strange to say, a welcome sight to us, for it meant plenty of firewood without having to cut it. We, the kiddies and myself, waded through the water and collected the wood, which lasted us for many days.

Rain came into that house at every corner and ran in streams across the floor. One needed an umbrella to keep dry while cooking over the fire! [Think of it, you people with gas stoves!—Editor *R.A.*] Our food just lasted until the floods subsided, but we had to be very careful as five healthy children have good appetites!

My patient soon recovered, and so one evening I was called to another patient down the river. I was sorry to leave the little family, for in spite of the rain and floods, we had been very happy together.

It was a rough ride for my companion and me that evening. Trees were lying across the road every few miles, and there was a good deal of mud about, which made travelling rather slow, but we arrived at our destination safely. Now "winter" conditions have given place to summer, and the roads are dry, and travelling comparatively easy.

Recently there came a call down to Cape Everard lighthouse; one of the little ones was seriously ill. A messenger had ridden the thirty miles for me, there being no telephone or other means of communication. A kind man came forward with an offer to drive me down that night if I would go. It was a great act of kindness, as that man had been at work all day, and driving along a bush track in the dark is no light job.

We started off at midnight and by daybreak we were within sight of the sea. It was a wonderful experience watching the dawn break in the bush. The last five miles was along the beach, so our jinker had to be left under a tree, and I rode the horse and my companion walked. We arrived very hot and hungry at 8.30 a.m., and the welcome we received was worth the journey twice over. The relief of that little mother was great when she saw someone who would help her with her sick child.

There are three families at the lighthouse, and apart from the mailman, who calls once a week, they never see anyone. Their stores are brought by boat every three or four months, weather permitting, and that is a red-letter day at the Cape. Everyone is up at daybreak looking out for the first glimpse of the "Lady Loch."

After a week down there I came back to find many calls awaiting me. I could only sort out and go straight away to the ones most urgent.

Another patient I was called to quickly lived about two miles from the New South Wales border, up the Wallagara River. I had a speedy ride in a side-car over the Drummer Mountain, through Genoa to Gipsy Point. There a motor boat was awaiting me to take me the last six miles

up the river. It was a beautiful journey, the river scenery being wonderful, but there was much sadness at the end. I found a mother with reason quite gone through the life of isolation and worry she had been enduring; a father, a physical wreck trying to carry on the work of the little farm, and four young children. What is to be done under such circumstances? (The father recently died in hospital.) Such lovely scenery, but such utter loneliness; no road, only a narrow bush track and the river, and miles from other habitation.

Other incidents could be related, but the foregoing will suffice. 'Tis a heavy price that the sufferers in the bush must pay. But B.C.A. helpers may share. Prayer and interest give great cheer and bring God very near not only to the workers, but also to the people. Of your kindness fail us not.

A. M. HEAD (Sister Agnes)

#### A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS.

The story of the B.C.A. Christmas Tree effort of 1925 cannot be fully told. It would mean an issue of the *Real Australian* entirely devoted to the subject. Even then much would be left unrecorded because many gifts and donations were anonymous and many little kindnesses secret and known only to God.

What we can relate is that never before have we received so great parcels of toys, books, sweets, etc. Our friends seem to make no stint. Our office was invaded by a succession of visitors, all keen to see that Santa Claus be loaded with the best possible as he proceeded to distant homes and lonely places. For the while our space was taxed to the utmost. We were pressed in on every side with grinning goliwogs and stuffed bears and jumping, pink-eyed rabbits. Monkeys obtruded themselves upon us in our work. Sweets and lucky-bags were piled up around us. But a fine band of workers quickly assorted them and then packed them. Case upon case, duly labelled, was sent out to various missionaries. Parcels, large and small, were posted or railed to separate families. We were not anxious to be rid of the gifts, but we were keen that the children of the far-country should receive them in time for the happy Christmas Day.

And what a time old Santa Claus had. He apparently solved the problem that troubles all mortals—that of trying to be in two or more places at one time. He paid kindly respect to some children scattered along the Trans-Australian Railway and simultaneously was seen frugging with well laden bag up a mountain gully in Croajingalong—a thousand miles away. He appeared quite unexpectedly to a little family residing in the farthest selection in New South Wales, and yet on the same day did not forget a bunch of aboriginal children for whom no Christmas had been prepared.

We would like to publish in full all the wonderful letters which have been received at the B.C.A. office from children and parents in the "far-country." But they are too many. Only two are here pre-

sented—they are typical of the rest. One comes from an out-of-the-way spot in Croajingalong. "Many, many thanks from children in particular, and from their parents to the B.C.A., for such splendid gifts. We are preparing the tree and fear that the branches will be taxed to the utmost. The children are anxiously awaiting Santa Claus, they having been apprised of his coming by a letter sent per medium of a black cockatoo. This letter was picked up on the track that leads to the school by one of the little ones. Since the letter had a black cockatoo feather stuck in it, and since some black cockatoos had been flying round the school during the morning, there was proof sufficient in the minds of the younger ones that the real Santa Claus (and not "just Mister So-and-So") is visiting us this time."

The other letter comes from a lonely home on the edges of the Great Nullarbor Plains, near the West Australian border." The parcel has just arrived after its long journey. We only get a monthly mail here. It is so good of you to send all those lovely things, and I can assure you that we appreciate your great kindness."

To the innumerable friends who gave so freely and generously, both in gifts of toys and donations, to the helpers in Sydney and Melbourne, who packed parcels and cases, to all those who helped this effort in remembrance and in prayers, we give hearty thanks. They made the Christmas of 1925 like a happy, joyous season indeed.

#### OUR PAPER.

Is your subscription to the "Real Australian" due? If you find a subscription form inserted in the pages of this issue, please accept it as a definite reminder. We want your help to keep this paper going. Don't put off your obligation. Don't postpone your kindnesses. DO IT NOW! Send eighteenth pence in stamps or postal note to B.C.A. Office, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney. We make the following grateful acknowledgments:—

Miss L. M. Froomes, A. M. B. Postell, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Sait, Mrs. Bott, Miss Hooper, Miss B. Mullens, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Wall, Miss Fitzhardinge, Nurse Corrigan, Mrs. Watt, Miss Inverarity, B. Chaffey, T. Jennings, E. Chambers, R. E. C. Hodge, Mrs. E. Moir, Mrs. Hopkins, J. T. Lowe, W. U. Smyth King, Mrs. Preston, Miss Bond, Miss Flatt, Mrs. Blackall, Mrs. Loekyer, S. Northridge, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Baker, A. Jordan, J. Standen, Rev. C. Campbell Crowley, Miss A. H. Webb, Mrs. E. M. Pain, Mrs. M. Jones, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. G. Hale, Mrs. Vaughan, W. D. White, E. C. Young, Miss Robins, Miss Short, Miss Gurney, A. G. Lloyd, E. Ogburn, Mrs. Ide, Miss Simpson, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Arter, Miss A. Doyle, M. Rea, Mrs. E. Parker, Miss Blackett, Miss Walker, Miss Freizer, Mrs. Withers, A. Ashcroft, Mrs. Rowland B. Major, Mrs. Bell, Miss S. J. Fry, Mrs. M. Minto, E. M. Marsden, B. Bourke, S. W. Wright, Miss M. Bower, Miss E. K. Daish, Mrs. Riley, Mrs. C. W. Cole, W. C. McMinn,

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#### IN LONELIEST AUSTRALIA.

##### Fifteen years without a Service.

Sitting in the telegraph office at Fowler's Bay; I listened to the operator as he conversed with Eucla, the next station,

250 miles west. After a while he turned to me and said, "I was just telling Eucla we had a service here last night, and that you were now with me in the office. They want to know what about coming along to visit them? They never have a service, and have forgotten what a parson is like." "Tell them," I said, "I will do my best, but it is a long way."

I then left on my return to Ceduna, which is the headquarters of the Mission, and on that 100 mile journey east I thought about this trip to Eucla.

I wondered whether I was equal to the task. It is a long way and a lonely track. However, there were people there, living in one of the most isolated spots in Australia, and they were asking for a chance of worship, and it was an invitation which could not be refused.

I therefore decided that on my next trip to Fowler's Bay I would endeavour to push on westward and reach Eucla.

My first work was to look for a companion for the trip.

One has quite enough lonely travelling on the regular run between Smoky Bay and Fowler's Bay without having it on long journeys into new country.

One Monday morning in August we set out from Smoky Bay, where I had been holding service on the Sunday, and afterwards calling at Ceduna for supplies, we made for Fowler's Bay, and just as the sun was sinking behind the sandhills we entered the "gay city," having done 150 miles that day.

A little service in the hall that evening was brightened considerably by a local celebrity, who only knew one tune, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and who sang it to every hymn we had.

Next morning we started early, as there was some sandhill country which might prove troublesome.

At Colona (boundary-riders' hut) we stopped for breakfast. It was here that the policeman from Fowler's Bay and I buried a boundary rider four years ago. I noticed that they had put a post-and-rail fence round the grave.

After a hearty breakfast we endeavoured to decide whether it would rain this year or next; the country was very dry, and water was not plentiful; but we could not come to any decision.

We had a rather tough lot of sandhills to cross, and rain is very helpful, as it moistens the sand, and thus makes it firm.

After two hours' steady travelling sometimes keeping with the overland telegraph line, sometimes leaving it where the track was bad, we reached Nanwarra.

There is only a hut, with a native boy in charge, to water any sheep that come in to the well. My companion, who thought the idea of my going away from bigger centres, like Penong and Ceduna, to hold service rather peculiar, asked me whether I intended holding service at this spot. I replied to his facetious remark that we would probably be holding a service on a sandhill very shortly with him doing a little digging.

The native boy had informed me that a camel train had only left there that morning, and anyone who has followed or

tried to follow camels through sandhill country knows what an awful mess they make of the track. At Nanwarra the track leaves the telegraph line and goes north. The line continues in a westerly direction, and goes through the heavy sandhills at the head of the Bight, but the track that way is impassable. After continuing with it for about five miles we came to the sandhills. The first three or four we negotiated successfully, and then we came to a place where the camel team had been bogged. After two or three attempts we became well stuck, and it meant a little spade-work. We were kept at this spot about half-an-hour before the methods we adopted were successful, and we felt old Rugby once more moving along.

Four times we were held up in this fashion. If there is one thing I have learnt in my experiences in the Far West it is how to use a spade. We at last came up with the camel team, and I knew that once we got in front of them the track would be much easier.

We found them having dinner. This team belongs to the Nullarbor Pastoral Company. They bring the wool to Fowler's Bay, 140 miles, and then take back stores. It was in charge of two natives, and judging by the crowd in the "dining saloon," they both had large families and plenty of friends.

After this "Mr. Rugby" made better progress, and only gave us one more opportunity of showing our ability with the spade.

We were now coming out on to the great Nullarbor Plain, the track turning again in a south-westerly direction. After travelling for another thirty miles, we came to White Well Station, at the head of the Bight. This is really an out-station of Yalata at Fowler's Bay. As it was late, we stayed here for the night. Mr. Butler, the manager, is the only white man here, and he is assisted by Jack Lambert, a half-caste, and his wife, Nellie, a full-blood. Jack is a first-class cook, and whatever they have there in the way of eatables he sees you have plenty of it. Nellie is a first-class shot with a rifle, and her main job is the shooting of wombats. These animals are very plentiful at the White Well, and they do a lot of damage to the dingo-proof fences. Nellie is also an expert in making wool from wombat or rabbit fur, which she knits into caps and other articles.

Mr. Butler has been in Fowler's Bay district about thirty years, and is a well-known identity.

After a sumptuous repast we sat round the fire talking and telling yarns as only bushmen can. That night we slept on some piles of wool-bales. They were hard, but we were tired, and slept well.

Next morning, after breakfast, we went down to the beach, about eight miles away, and had a swim. I did not realise at the time that I was having a dip at the head of the Great Australian Bight.

To the east one sees miles and miles of beautiful beach and sandhills; to the west a line of unbroken cliff, stretching to the Western Australian border. It is away

from the beaten track, and I don't expect there are many white men who have enjoyed the surf on that beautiful beach.

But this place is not the object of our journey, so we hurry on, and returning to White Well, packed up and, after a run of ten miles, came to the property of the Nullarbor Pastoral Company. Mr. Brook and his wife are the only two white people there, but they are assisted, or hindered, I don't know which, by a good crowd of natives. These two people lead a very lonely life. They get a mail every six weeks, and except for that and occasional travellers their solitude is very real.

They are both communicants, and very hearty and sincere is the welcome one receives there.

After promising to call on our return trip, and partaking of the usual cups of tea, we set out once more for Eucla.

We were now out on the plain, following the overland telegraph line, which runs just here in an absolute straight line for seventy miles.

The track is very good now for one hundred miles, and there is nothing to do but to just sit and watch the telegraph poles go by.

There are occasional patches of scrub, the plain being very bare, the only danger being the monotony of the journey; one gets so used to the sameness, and the absence of anything to divert the attention, that there is a danger of becoming careless.

Speaking of the monotony of travelling on the West Coast reminds me of the story of a well-known gentleman of these parts, who was one day out with his wife. They were sailing along the road in their old Ford when suddenly Lizzie shot off, and began making a new track through the scrub, finally coming to rest against a mallee.

Mrs. ———, who is of a rather nervous disposition, asked in a trembling voice, "Is anything broken, my dear?" "Only the monotony," her husband replied. But to return to our story.

At midday we stopped for lunch at one of the Government tanks on the road. There was not much water in it, and in what was there we found the following:—One sleepy lizard, two rabbits, and a hawk. They had been dead some time.

(To be continued.)

N. HAVILAND.

### THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

"Can it be true, the grace He is declaring

Oh! let us trust Him, for His words are fair.

Man, what is this, and why art so despairing?

God shall forgive us all except despair." —Myers.

There is just a touch of solemn warning in those last words. "God shall forgive us all except despair." It is the worker's temptation to which he so easily succumbs. Results are so few, if any. Spiritual life in the hearts of our people sometimes

seems at so low an ebb. Men remain "hard of heart and contemptuous of God's Word and commandment." The worker becomes discouraged, and then gives up. That is the sorriest sight of all. "God shall forgive us all except despair." Yes! Despair has a threefold discredit. It evidences lack of faith in God, Who can save to the uttermost; in ourselves, who have the promise of the Spirit; and in the unsaved, who need but to have their eyes opened to see the glory of God in Jesus.

And in prayer, as well as in work, does the warning hold good. "Pray without ceasing" is the challenge of God's Word. To pray without losing heart and hope; to pray without despairing, either of God's willingness or of man's salvability.

Keep praying, especially for all B.C.A. work. It will help if you will keep the following before you whenever you make your prayers and intercessions.

**Pray ye, therefore, on—**

**Sunday.**—For the work of the Church of God in far-off and lonely areas of Australia, especially remembering those who in their isolation have not opportunities of fellowship and common prayer.

**Monday.**—For the Secretary and all workers at the Office. For all students, both men and women, preparing for ministry under the B.C.A.

**Tuesday.**—For Wilcannia-West Darling Mission, Rev. L. Daniels. For Hillston.

**Wednesday.**—For Eyre's Peninsula Mission, Rev. J. P. Owen. For Far-West Mission (Willochra), Rev. N. Haviland. For the newly-established Hospital in this Mission, and for Matron Percival.

**Thursday.**—For East Gippsland, Sister Agnes and Miss Reece. For Mr. W. J. Fleming. For Yallourn Camp, Nurse Chamberlain. For Bendigo Bush Deaconess, Sister Mabel.

**Friday.**—For Wilcannia Hostel, the workers, the children, their parents. For Eildon Weir, Wangaratta.

**Saturday.**—For Rev. E. L. Panelli and Motor Mission Van work; the Sunday School by Post; the Society's deputations work; Bark Hut holders; and all our helpers and givers.

**Every Day.**—Pray that "God will send forth labourers into His harvest"; and the Society find many open doors, and that its workers have courage to go in.

**Give thanks for—**

Splendid gifts to Second Motor Van Fund.

For blessings on the hospital.

For offers of service.

### FORM OF BEQUEST.

I bequeath to The Bush Church Aid Society for Australia and Tasmania the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ pounds (free of legacy duty) for the general purposes of the said Society, and I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer for the time being of the Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy.

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