

# 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.

The Rev. L. Daniels, B.A., who for the past three and a half years has worked in the West Darling area, with Wilcannia as his centre, has been invited by the Colonial and continental Church Society to act as its Deputation in England for the forthcoming season. The B.C.A. owes him much for what he has done in maintaining its interests, and especially in developing the life and usefulness of the Hostel at Wilcannia. His experience of young people has been invaluable, and our Society feels deeply appreciative. A farewell luncheon was tendered him by clerical friends of the B.C.A., and the best of good wishes were expressed by Archdeacon Boyce, Rev. Canon W. L. Langley, Rev. H. E. Felton, and the Organising Missioner. Mr. Daniels was also the guest of big farewell gatherings at Wilcannia and Menindie. He left Sydney on July 29 by s.s. *Aorangi* for England, via Vancouver.

At the meeting of the Council of the Society, held in July, the offer of service of William Noel Rook, of Kensington (N.S.W.) and Moore College, Newtown, was cordially and unanimously accepted. The Council recorded its deep satisfaction on this matter, and expects to place Mr. Rook in the field on the admission to the priesthood.

Miss E. A. A. Taylor, daughter of Rev. S. Taylor, B.A., of Wahroonga, was also cheerfully accepted for training as an obstetric nurse. Miss Taylor will enter the Royal North Shore Hospital, and on completion of her course will undertake work under the Society.

*The Real Australian* joins in the universal regret at the sudden "Home Call" of Mr. Arthur Yates, of Burwood, Sydney. We remember him for his generous thoughtfulness shown towards our Children's Hostel work at Wilcannia. Besides his gifts to the funds of the B.C.A., he never forgot to send ample supply of requisites for the Hostel garden as the seasons came round.

We also record with regret the passing of Miss Preston, of St. Stephen's parish, Richmond, Victoria. A valiant advocate and worker for the B.C.A. was our friend, and her "Bark Hut" was always weighty with self-denial gifts each time it was opened. She rests from her labours, and her work will follow her.

## A SPECIAL PRAYER NEEDED.

Always in our paper we publish a prayer and thanksgiving list, and we rejoice to find that so many use it. Such a list appears on its usual page, and we commend it to all. But our readers will permit us to make a special appeal to them. Out at our Hospital we have forty acres of farm land included in our lease. This year it has been ploughed and sown with wheat on the "share" system by one of our friends in the district. Already, through God's bountiful gift of rain, it is showing splendidly green, and promises exceedingly well. If the harvest is a good one it will mean much to our resources. May we not make special intercession for it? God has already given us "the former rain." Let us pray for "the latter rain, also. His Word tells us "Ye have not because ye ask not," "Ask and ye shall receive." We call to our readers to pray.

## THE GOSPEL IN FLOOD AND FIELD.

### The Ladies' Mission Van.

It was with great joy and a big hope in our hearts that we set forth upon our first tour in the Mission Van. We wondered what lay before us.

Now, as we look back, it has proved to be two months just crammed with interest, from being creek-bound to climbing

"monkey tracks" on the mountain side, in order to reach some solitary soul.

We enquired why a certain track was called the monkey tract, and we were told "because it is only supposed to be suitable for monkeys to climb." So we did it.

We have found many lonely ones in little homes tucked away in the mountains; many little children who have never attended Church or Sunday School; many "grown-ups" who have not had a service for months, and in some cases years, so it is not surprising that the B.C.A. Mission Van had a warm welcome wherever it went. Nor was it surprising, by-the-way, that in one "out-of-the-way" spot one of the first questions we were asked was: "How is the Test Match going?"

A service was always held when and where possible, and the people certainly set an example to townfolk for attendance, for in one place everyone came along with the exception of the few sick ones and one good father, who stayed at home so that the mother could come.

The Van always evoked great interest. One dear old soul remarked, "The Church of England. My! that is a long way to come!"

My gramophone was a huge success, and quite the favourite record was the King's and Queen's speech to children on Empire Day. That had to be used several times in an evening, and produced many open eyes and mouths.

### We do need some more records!

Life on the Van is certainly not monotonous, and there have been a good many ups and downs. On one memorable occasion, a pouring wet day, we stopped in the middle of a deep creek, and were four miles from the nearest house. We had to poke about and find the shallowest place to alight, then wade to land and trudge through the bush in search of help. As it was still pelting with rain, and we were "homeless," we felt in need of a little cheering up, so we thought singing choruses might help us along, and it did have quite the desired effect. We felt more cheered still on reaching the road to sight a car, and although there was no room in it, the footboard was available, and we reached our destination safely, and our Van was rescued about 11 p.m. that night.

We have had the privilege of meeting many good Samaritans in our travels: someone always seems to come along at the moment of distress.

Everyone was so kind, and so appreciative, that it made us feel as though we

should like to have a stay of several weeks in each place, so as to be able to give the children a little more Bible teaching, and to get to know the people more intimately.

If it were possible to express in black and white the appreciation of those we have come in contact with, no one would doubt either the necessity of the work or the need for continuance. **It is a vital need,** and we feel it a great privilege to share in a small measure the alleviation of such a vital need.

D. G. S.

To write impressions, or experiences on the Van is as bad as having to decide what clothes and personal treasures you can find room for when packing to start on van-life. There is so much one could relate, but so little space and time in which to do so. There have been bright and glorious days of sunshine, when we have travelled over dry (but very bumpy) country, visiting without marked difficulties the homes and small settlements lying behind some forbidding range of mountains, or up some distant and quite isolated valley, where gold or silver mining lured the men-folk to a life of intense loneliness and deprivation from the outer world, and where the women and children shared bravely their lot. Usually these places have appalling roads, or tracks, which are quite "unnavigable" in wet weather. You just bump and slide and skid along, and try to steer clear of boulders, trees that are inconveniently in your way, and very precipitous gullies that run along one side of the track, and no fence to mark the edge.

In such places we always found the people greeted us with genuine welcome, not only for the social event it meant to have visitors in such a remote, unfrequented spot, but also because, "Oh! we haven't had church here for five or six years," or "My children have never been to a Sunday School or a Church in their lives; it will be nice for them to have Sunday School." In some places we found children up to eighteen years of age who did not know what was meant by Old or New Testament, and some children asked me who God was, and what I meant, etc. So many mothers, when visited alone in their kitchens, were glad and willing to have a talk and read over some wonderful chapter in God's Word, and it seemed so new to them, and so apart from the daily weekly round of this material life, to listen to what seemed like news from a spiritual world they had completely forgotten, or never knew in many long years. Some mothers promised for the first time to teach their children to say prayers, and many had Gospels and Testaments for the first time in their lives. Please pray that the reading for themselves of those Gospels and Bible may continue and finish work that we in passing could not.

To visit some distant homes meant leaving the car where the road ended either in bush, or once in a deep river, and continue the journey on foot, or in some cases

horsesback was the only possible means. Once I rode across a wide and pretty fast-running river, where my horse had to make two attempts before it was safe to venture further, and when I did finally reach the desired family, they all cheerfully exclaimed that the spot I had crossed was the very place where "so-and-so" (mentioning nearly six different names) had all been drowned in crossing! On another occasion, during heavy rain, in a ten-mile stretch of boggy country, the track was so obliterated with sheets of water we could not see it at times, and finally our progress ended when in attempting to ford a creek the car firmly stopped in the middle, and we had to wade ashore and walk four miles through gloriously dripping bush to the nearest house for help. We live and learn. I do not think I shall try an unknown creek again without wading through first to feel where the bottom is.

M. de L.

We append a few extracts from letters sent by the Van Sisters. The details give a touch of colour to the picture of their work:—"We spent three days there (a lonely mountain township) visiting on foot every house; paid two visits to the school, and gave the first Church of England service to be held for over five years. Miners with their wives and children were all there; practically everyone turned out. They all seemed to enjoy it, too. I wish that you could have seen the tallest and leanest of the rough-looking miners (a staunch Church of England man), suddenly boom out with a hearty but slightly cracked voice, "I'll be a Sunbeam for Jesus," when I was teaching the children to sing that well-known hymn.

The next place we moved to had not had a service for over ten years. In fact, the people had forgotten the old prayer, and even the old hymns, and we were left to sing and do everything. None of the children had ever had a Bible lesson or Sunday School, and they had but the scantiest knowledge of the Lord's Prayer. It does seem unthinkable that there should be such real spiritual need.

The literature and texts are most acceptable in all places, and with wakening interest people seem glad to read whatever you give. It makes us want to stay several weeks in districts like these, and teach the folk daily, especially the children. Their back ground of knowledge is not great. They need someone to help them for a time until they can get going."

*The Real Australian* commends these workers and the work to all readers.

Behind the bright and encouraging story written by the Sisters there is all the hardness and weariness of motor-driving, the homelessness, the constant strain upon physical and spiritual resources. It is no easy ministry. Will our readers help? In one district visited the people expressed their willingness in a slogan: "A big prayer and a tin of petrol." And there is something in that collocation. Prayer and petrol are great driving forces, as we all know. Put your self down for

BOTH, and let the Organising Missioner know what you would like to do.

#### THE B.C.A. HOSPITAL.

A wonderful quarter, indeed, is what we must report.

First, the increasing usefulness of the Hospital has been demonstrated. Matron Percival and Sister Quine have been kept busy ministering to a constant stream of patients. Cases of every variety came to us, and it is good to notice the growing confidence of folk in the Hospital and its staff. During the quarter Dr. Morris, the Inspector-General of Hospitals for South Australia, paid us a visit, and investigated the work. His judgment can be stated in his own words: "This Hospital is a perfect god-send; the people cannot want anything better." For this we are deeply grateful, and so go on with our plans. And we are glad, also, for the sake of the Sisters, who have made the Hospital what it is.

Then the quarter has been wonderful because of the gifts made by innumerable friends. At the B.C.A. Annual Rally we appealed for equipment of proper hospital beds. What a great response! Friends in Sydney and Melbourne, in the city and in the country, all conspired to meet the need. Then we felt encouraged to mention our need of bassinets for the babies as well as other required hospital furniture. Again our friends took a share in the matter, and we had the joy of "wiring" the Matron, telling her to go ahead, as the goods were forthcoming. God our Father has inclined the hearts of His people to this branch of B.C.A. work, and to Him we humbly give all praise. We wish that we could only enumerate the many friends (some of them anonymous) who sent or brought in their generous gifts. We thank them, and thank them again.

September will mark the completion of our first year of hospital activity. Matron Percival, to whom we owe so much, as the inaugurator of our work, will be taking her first vacation, and we hope to welcome her before long in Sydney. We must see that she has a good rest, but we are sure that she will be glad to meet B.C.A. friends, and to let them know how the work progresses. Meetings will be duly notified, and all should endeavour to be present.

In the meantime, we ask our people to continue their prayers and support of this work. Special donations are desired. The Hospital ministry must be developed, and the B.C.A. is now contemplating an important advancement. We are trying to combine the Gospel of the Good Shepherd and the Gospel of the Good Samaritan in a full orb'd Gospel. God has enabled us to do big things through the help of so many supporters. Bigger things still await the doing. Send your gift to the Organising Missioner, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney, or to the Victorian Secretary, St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne.

### "DELIVER THE GOODS."

The universal use of the motor-car and lorry is rapidly displacing the horse-drawn mail coach from the outback routes of our States; and with this new means of transport comes a new order of driver, and many of the interesting incidents of travel in the sparsely peopled regions, and the characteristics of the drivers, are quickly disappearing.

To-day speed counts for everything, but in the old order there was time for a friendly chat with the man or woman on the roadside, and for hospitality at a lonely hut, or the more pretentious homestead of the squatter, *en route*.

One's mind harks back to the drivers of those days, and the part they played for those living or their tracks. They were not merely the mailmen charged with the delivery of their correspondence, but also the trusted agent for all sorts of commissions; and one was struck at the manner in which they memorised the multifarious items with which they were charged.

I remember starting out for a lonely settlement away out on the rain-sodden black soil plains. The "coach" was a modest sulky, but ere we had left town there was scarcely a part of the vehicle visible, save the wheels and shafts. Many and varied packages were stacked or fastened all over the body, in response to orders or requests of the previous journey. They were at our feet on the floor, piled high at the back; others, principally bags of meat, hung from the tail, and even a solid one tied to the axle. The driver was a fine burly fellow, full of entertaining news of the country we were traversing, with a ready greeting to all we met. Generally there was someone awaiting at various points along our route. One would say, "Well, Dave, did you forget that pipe I asked you to get me?" when a dive into a capacious overcoat pocket would produce the article, and with a "So long" we would resume, only to be pulled up later on by a woman anxious for the bag of bread for her household. We were hailed by a man pursuing us, and when he reached us and recovered his breath his request was that next trip he bring back some vegetable seeds. Further along the track one was awaiting the arrival of a bag of fresh meat for the camp. As we came later to a letter-box attached to a fence-post, the driver ransacked the miscellaneous pockets for a package of tobacco, and deposited it therein; and so, for the whole length of the road—pulling up here to drop a bundle at a specified spot on the wayside, or handing out a parcel of groceries or bag of meat, bread, or vegetables, or it may be patent medicine, to waiting men and women, or to children who have come with a goat harnessed to a box-cart, articles of clothing for the family, or may-be a parcel or millinery for a young girl waiting expectantly some distance ahead. Rarely is he forgetful of the commissions entrusted to him, the appreciated benefactor of all along his route.

These old-time scenes were brought to mind by an expression, at a rally of the Bush Church Aid Society, that the B.C.A. was there to "deliver the goods," and it is no stretch of imagination to say that the Society takes the place in the spiritual realm which the mailman occupied in things pertaining to material needs.

Let us consider, as we have so often had portrayed to us in those excellent "Travel Talks," the places, the people, and the tracks which our agents traverse, and to whom they minister, and see whether there is this analogy:—

The mailman had carried food, clothing, seeds, medicines, comforts, and sundry other items all typical of spiritual needs, the goods the B.C.A. is pledged to deliver.

What is the Food those hungry souls are needing? Is it not "the sincere milk of the Word?" And as in imagination we look in upon the family group in one of the lonely huts in the far out-back, and watch the eager faces as they drink in the words of him who stands before them in the quiet of the evening, breaking the Living Bread, we surely see the delivery of the goods from the heavenly storehouse of the Word of God.

These, then, are those who, living away from the means of grace, perchance for the greater part of their lives, and having little knowledge of the way of salvation, rest their hopes for eternity on their own efforts of good works—the little everyday kindnesses and goodwill of the bush. They know not that it is not by works of righteousness that they have done that they will be saved. The servant of God must needs show them that their "own righteousness are as filthy rags" in God's sight, and deliver to them, on the assurance of God, the "garments of salvation" for the remission of sin, and the "robes of (Christ's) righteousness" to make them acceptable to Him, through faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ.

There are children in these far-out homes whose young hearts are as the virgin soil waiting for the seeds to be sown. The B.C.A. is delivering these goods by its Mailbag Sunday Schools, whereby through written lessons the barren places are becoming verdant, and the hearts and minds of pupils and their parents thereby illumined. The bright lives of the boys and girls in the happy Christian home—the Hostel at Wilcannia—is another evidence of the "delivery of the goods." Added to that is the seed sown by the wayside by the gift of Gospels and leaflets, and the cheery word to wayfarers.

"And medicine to heal their sicknesses." As we think of the Hospital in the far-away Australian Bight, where men and women, broken in health by disease or accident, have the goods delivered to them for their bodily ills, and their souls led up to the Great Physician—the "Sympathising Jesus."

Many are the comforts delivered in the silent fastnesses of the Gippsland bush by the visits of the self-sacrificing Sisters who never grow weary of their well-doing in the often comfortless and isolated homes.

And what a delivery of the goods is typified by the several vans which bring all the elements of the Church of God to the very doors of those cut off from worship with their fellows in the Lord's Temple. How old memories are revived; what longings after better lives arise; what cheer and comfort as the music of sacred song rises on the stillness of the night; and what thankfulness to those who brave the heat and dust of summer, and the awful mud of sodden plains in winter.

Surely in these, and a hundred other ways that could be pictured, the B.C.A., like the good old coachdriver, does "deliver the goods" to all and sundry on the tracks "outback."

But, stay—the driver could only deliver those goods obtained by him from the people in the towns, and so the B.C.A. comes to us with appeals from the lonely homes on the great inland plains; from the sand hills of the "East-West;" from the country of the salt bush and mulga; from the pad of the camel; from the bullock tracks with Gippsland; from the waterways of the Darling and Murray; from anywhere and everywhere where there are no established, or even casual, religious services; and we in the cities and towns, with all the comforts of civilised and religious life surrounding us; we who have lavished upon us the things of the Spirit; are we prepared to hand over to these—our carriers—the goods to deliver to our much less favoured brethren. Remember Him Who said: "Inasmuch as you did unto one of the least," and the remembrance of Him, and all He has done for us, will surely move us to give freely as we have freely received.

J. McKERN.

### POSTS AND RAILS.

*The Real Australian* depends upon your subscription. Have you paid it? Eighteenpence (1/6) a year is a small sum. But it means everything to us who print and post the paper. If a form is enclosed herewith, please take it as our reminder that **your subscription is due**. Send stamps or postal notes to our address: B.C.A. Society, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney.

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**Our Annual Rally in Sydney for 1925** is a wonderful memory. Of course it rained, and heavily, too, but such is true B.C.A. weather. Out of seven Annual Rallies we have only had one dry day. So everybody was quite cheerful, for we knew what B.C.A. supporters would do. And they did not disappoint us. They came and filled the Chapter House—an eager, enthusiastic crowd. Mr. E. Bragg, at the piano, made the singing "go" with swing and brightness. His Excellency the Governor-General stirred us all with a fine challenging address. Our friend, Rev. T. C. Hammond, who represents another island nation, combined eloquence, spirituality, and wit in happy measure, as only an Irishman can. The Organising Missioner told the story of the Society's work, and followed it up with an exposition of slides

dealing with lonely and remote areas. The practical interest and support of the large audience was wonderful, and the meeting marked a distinct advance in the history of the Society. Praise to our God for it all.

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The past quarter has been marked by considerable interest in our Children's Hostel at Wilcannia. Friends have come to our aid in the matter of the extensions, to which we drew attention in our last issue, and as we go to press these are in hand. Increased accommodation will mean much. Simply put, the influence of the Hostel thus spreads. And it is that view of this piece of work that we desire always to keep prominent. The Hostel is much more than a home for children. It is a piece of real Christian work; is a place where Christian character is formed and Christian habits are acquired. Already the B.C.A. Hostel is telling in the life of the Far West.

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The plan of helping us by means of a "Grocery Tea" on behalf of the Hostel has been taken up. The G.F.S. at St. Alban's, Epping, sent along a splendid assortment—a huge packing case loaded to the full. Similarly the members of the G.F.S. at St. Mathew's, Croydon, forwarded another supply. This is a new branch of that organisation, and their first effort sets a fine example. Our good friend, Mrs. J. McKern, of Mosman (St. Clement's parish) arranged a "Grocery and Towel Afternoon" for the Hostel, and the Organising Missioner had the privilege of addressing a large gathering. What wonderful gifts were handed in! What an immense help it was! Mrs. T. Orr, of Cremorne (St. Chad's parish) forwarded to our office a valuable parcel of crockery, kitchen utensils, etc., which delighted the heart of our Matron. It has all been so wonderful, and we are cheered by this ready willingness to support us in our work. To the donors we give thanks. We still appeal to our readers to continue this help. G. F. Societies, Guilds, Mothers' Unions, Sunday Schools, Missionary Bands can all help. Write and tell the Organising Missioner what you intend to do.

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 widow of the late Rev. F. W. Harvey, whose work at Wilcannia under the B.C.A. will ever be held in remembrance.

**The B.C.A. Bookstall.**—Our stock is increasing in its variety. Mr. Bolam's book "The Trans-Australian Wonderland" is still the "best seller." For its price (2/6 paper cover, 3/6 cloth) it is unexcelled. It tells a great story of life and conditions along the Trans-Australian railway line, and those who desire original information

about the queer kinds of birds, reptiles, animals, etc., as well about the wonders of the great Nullabor Plains or the Ooidea Springs, together with a splendid set of photographs of that country, cannot do better than order a copy.

"On the Wool-track," by Captain Bean, tells of the wide spaces and the big men of the far Western area of New South Wales. The shearing shed and the sandy track, the swagman and the squatter, all come into this volume. Read it. It is worth the price—2/6 cloth cover.

"Great Events of Australian History," by Joseph Byrant; a capital volume, dealing with the finding of Australia, its first settlement, early exploration, and subsequent development. Too little is known of our great country. This book will help us understand. It is not dry-as-dust history, but brightly written sketches on the crises and achievements of the past. Price 2/6, cloth cover.

We recommend all the above. They have the real Australian "touch." Read them and send to friends in England.

"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 Gladesville. 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.

Write to our B.C.A. Office, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney, enclosing cost of postage also.

Among the anonymous donations received by us during the past quarter, we acknowledge the following:—"City Sister," 10/-; "B.B.," Bowral, 5/-; "Thankful," Strathfield, £1; "Anon.," St. John's, Ashfield, £5. To these generous friends we tender our sincere thanks.

**The Thousand Half-crowns.**—That was the suggestion placed before our women readers in our last issue: a thousand half-crowns (£125) for the Women's Motor Mission Van. Many have responded, and quite a number of those who were paying their annual subscription to the paper included 2/6 at least with the amount sent in. This is good, and we are confident that again this quarter others will hasten to do likewise. A ministry to women, carried on by women, and supported by women is our ideal for that particular piece of work. Send to B.C.A. Office, Diocesan Church House, George St., Sydney; St. Paul's Cathedral, Swanston St., Melbourne.

We never like to remove any names from *The Real Australian* subscribers' list. But sometimes some of our friends try our patience by delay in sending in their subscriptions. The amount is so small they

forget it, and feel that it can run on for another year. But it is hard on us who must keep our printer in a cheerful mood by prompt payment of his accounts. Now, reader! Have you paid your subscription?

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Good friends have been remembering us with special efforts. We gratefully mention the East Ryde Girls' Club; Marrickville Circle (St. Clement's), which meets at Miss Lamont's house; Rozelle G.F.S. Our representative at St. John's, Rockdale, worked out a good idea. For the box-opening a Missionary Social was arranged; the Rector gave an address on back-country work, and the claims of the B.C.A. were stressed. Thus people were brought together in happy fellowship and box-opening was made part of the church's life. We commend the idea to other parishes.

Following on a deputation sermon preached in St. Luke's, North Fitzroy, by Rev. E. L. Panelli, an anonymous donation of £50 was left for B.C.A. work. We thank God for the giver. May He give that helper the increase of His blessing.

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Elsewhere we publish an article dealing with the Ladies' Mission Van, but we have just received two letters which our supporters may like to read. Their testimony is of the greatest value, and will surely encourage all to keep this work well to the fore.

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Victorian supporters and subscribers may send in any amounts or donations to the office in Melbourne, where Rev. E. L. Panelli, our Deputation Secretary, will be glad to make acknowledgments. Mark his address: St. Paul's Cathedral, Swanston Street, Melbourne.

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Last year we prepared a series of art calendars bearing a photograph of some phase of our work or of back-country life. Sales proved to be of a phenomenal character, and our work was wonderfully helped. Encouraged by the experience, we propose again this year to offer a new series for sale. A fine selection of photos will be made, and the productions should be of an artistic and interesting character.

We trust that friends who contemplate sending a Christmas gift to England will include one of our B.C.A. calendars. They will be available for sale in October. Prices will be from 1/3 upwards. Leather art calendars also will be prepared. Write our offices in good time and let us know your requirements.

#### PASTORAL CARE AND MALLEE GLARE.

Far West Mission, Willochra.

The illness of the Rev. N. Haviland gave me an opportunity of seeing this little-known part of South Australia, and the privilege of ministering to its people. The lure of the bush is just as strong here as in the big timber and scrub of Victoria to which I am accustomed; but it has a different appeal. The long distances make it more restful and deeper in its call to

those who have learned to love their Australian countryside. "I would not like to live here for long," said a saucy maid from town; "I'd be afraid of getting the 'mallee glare'." "Some people, from living alone and morbidity, do get it in their eyes," I replied, "but to have it in your heart means there would be more offers of service for the outback places." What a surprise is this rolling countryside, which could never be termed monotonous even at its driest; the undulating plains, with clumps of bush, with the sea every now and then coming into view; the historic overland telegraph line, for many years the only link with the West, before the days of the Trans-Australian Railway, its course forever running into the land of the westering sun! The historic pictures of Eyre and John Forrest, in the little schools which stand on the spots they have crossed, becomes a reality such as one does not know when showing them in the schools of the Eastern States.

Ceduna, with Thevenard, is destined to become an important centre. As a deep-sea port, its possibilities are unlimited. With two ocean-going boats at one wharf, and two coastal vessels at another, it presents more shipping than many a port better known outside the ports of the capital cities. Sheep, the necessary off-sider to successful wheat-farming, are steadily coming forward, though much remains to be done in the matter of lamb-raising. Freezing works will have to be erected before this is possible. Dairying and other industries are untouched. Butter you would apologise for on the other side is readily eaten. A butter factory just started at Port Lincoln is the beginning of a new order, which will undoubtedly spread.

The people, for the most part, appreciate spiritual ministrations. The Lutherans and Methodists are fairly keen and efficient bodies working alongside the Roman Catholics and ourselves. Fairly good tracks and motor transport have simplified the problem of distance in every department of life. A project is now on foot to give a daily service of mails and passengers by boat and motor from Adelaide to the West Coast—at present there is a weekly mail service). This would leave the people with little to complain of as regards the amenities of life. South Australia, with one motor per eleven of the inhabitants, is second only to the United States (one in seven), but wireless moves slowly. It is here one appreciates it. Sitting outside of an evening, one can hear a neighbouring "loud speaker." It is the Melbourne station calling. "3-LO, Melbourne," says the announcer. "The Rev. R. G. Nichols, of Fitzroy, will speak." One is all attention, and the familiar 250 words to the minute of that famed preacher begins. "In every great city there is always the underworld . . ." Or of a Sunday evening the organ of St. Paul's Cathedral plays the voluntary, as we go into church, and one feels quite at home.

The spiritual side of the work is encouraging. Coming along in the train

from Lincoln with a Methodist chorister from Port Pirie, one is in a corridor carriage together with a gang of pipe-track layers. The conductor moves some farmers and their wives to another carriage. He beckons us. My friend wants to move. He doesn't know they are eyeing us. Will the Church representatives withdraw, or stay with the bowyngs, beer, swags and language; or will the Church be given another "tumble" in the eyes of the proletariat "We won't go just yet," I whisper. We stay, to the evident delight of the men. They get on their best behaviour. It finds expression, as usual, in the sentimental ballads they delight to sing. We join in. Then they begin to talk about their religion. Then comes the inevitable Sankey hymns, and a straight talk about the joy of the waters of life in preference to beer. "There's no body in water." "Then try the milk of the Word!" We part with mutual expressions of "good luck," which some interpret with a humorous twinkle as referring to the "two-up school" on Sunday afternoon.

At my first service at Denial Bay, a wharf-labourer breaks in. He has been drinking, and now wants to sign the pledge. I bring Christ before him as the only sure pledge of redemption. A written one, even if kept, may make him self-righteous, and in the end he may not be saved. No! he will sign the pledge. "Wife upset; daughters crying! can't stand it any more." He has half a bottle of wine left; will finish that, then no more. "Well, you cannot sign to-day, unless the wine is left alone." "Will see on Tuesday." We pray together. Light comes into his soul, and he is to-day a saved man. I think of some of my city friends of the clergy, and how they speak of conversion as a thing that, like the Victorian age, somehow does not come within the ambit of the Church's life. I see the fields are white unto harvest.

The Methodist minister is an evangelist eating his soul out in parish life. He has been used of God in the past. He will join in a United Mission. We take the main hall, and with little preceding prayer the mission is launched. The good man who edits this paper arrives and helps to launch the project, and to inspire the workers. At the end of a fortnight, sixty professions of converted and Christian people have been made, and a new spirit of inquiry is abroad. What a joy to the minister when people send to see him about spiritual things! "I was confirmed in the Roman Church. Can I go to your Communion?" "None of my children are baptised," says another. "Bring them and the father to the next service." "Can the years which the caterpillar, the palmer worm and the locust have eaten be restored?" asks a capable carpenter, reduced with his family to penury through drink. The mission, which is planned all over the district, has up to the date of writing been held with success in two outside places as well. A feature of the mission is the number of children who have publicly accepted Christ; are now trying to lead God-less parents to Him. "What do we want with a mission?" said a Sun-

day School teacher to me at its beginning. But the next time I spoke with her about the children's profession, the tears of joy were in her eyes. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

B.B.L.

## HOW THE MAIL-MAN HELPS.

### Our Sunday School by Post.

Have you ever looked inside a modern Sunday School? It is an absorbing experience, for the new ideas on Sunday School teaching are bright ideas, appealing not only to the young, but also to the old. Gone (or at least going fast) are the drab, dull Sunday afternoons, when little children were kept under strictest regimentation, whilst most earnest efforts were made to force upon their minds masses of information for which they were unprepared. Gone (or at least going fast) are the Sunday School halls, which had in appearance all the severity of a jail and the crudeness and discomfort of a badly-built barn.

This is the day of the child, and a new conscience is acting and a new generosity is commencing to give. So we find pleasantly decorated Sunday Schools alluring to little hearts and minds, and conveying the impression that Christ's religion is healthy and happy. We find skilful teachers, earnest without a doubt, exercising a winning influence with the gracious Word of God and the songs of the Gospel. We find our boys and girls giving quick response to the loving endeavour made by the Sunday School generally. But—and here we make a very real exception—this is only true of Sunday School work in the cities and towns. What of the children in the far country? How fare they? Is it recognised that their day has come also?

The simple answer to those questions is a big emphatic NO! It is easy to make sweeping assertions and to indulge in generalities, but this journal is safe in saying that there are thousands of children in the country who have the scantiest religious training, if any at all. We bear in mind that in New South Wales Bible knowledge is part of the curriculum in State Schools, but we are thinking not only of those who attend many of the schools which are only "part-time" establishments, but also of those who attend no school at all. The State Education Department is doing big things to solve some of the problems confronting it (and all praise to its officers!), but it is not doing everything. Many children still go untaught, or if they are taught by post, then Bible knowledge hardly comes into their lessons. Yet these children of the West, sturdy and bonny as they are, will be the future citizens. What are we going to make of them?

The Bush Church Aid Society has been trying to do something for the past five years, and the story of that attempt has never been fully told. Perhaps it never can be. But we ask our readers, who have the modern Sunday School of the city, with all its attractiveness in their vision,

to come with us in thought to a typical home, a selector's home, out-back. It is Sunday afternoon, visitors will not be unwelcome. The house is built of corrugated iron, and because that material is not cheap, the utmost economy has been practised. There is no verandah, either back or front. It is frightfully garish in appearance, but who can spare money for paint when a battle against adverse seasons is being fought. Yet it is a home, not merely because it has four walls and a roof, but because a romping family of children dwell therein. You may be able to hear them as you draw nigh. But it is Sunday afternoon, and so a little more quietness may prevail. Such quietness is unwonted, so we enquire the cause. A glimpse at the kitchen will give the answer. Not that the big open fireplace, or the earthen floor, or the crooked beams, or the newspapered wall will furnish it. No! We looked at three or four children gathered round the table. They are reading, or having read to them, a printed Sunday School lesson. Their Bibles are open beside them. A verse from the Sacred Book has been learnt. And now that they have read the portion set, and have heard it explained, the time comes for the seniors to answer the little questions, and for the juniors to do the "hand work" suggested. For the latter there is some text to draw and colour, or some Bible scene to outline with crayons. For the former there is some thinking required. How the boys scratch their heads in vain hope that such exercise will, in some mysterious way, quicken their brains! How the girls sit back in their chairs and stare at the ceiling as though the answer were written there for their guidance! Yet the answers do come. For at the end of the month the "work" of each Sunday is folded up, placed in an envelope, and sent all the way (in some cases over a thousand miles of travelling) to the Mail Bag Sunday School Superintendent of the B.C.A. in Sydney. And there the answers are scrutinised and a little letter sent, and real friendship begun, and we rejoice to find that some of those children are learning to walk in the ways of God and in the faith and love of Christ.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of what our Sunday School by Post is doing, and has tried to do for some time past. We have had discouragements, but in spite of them we have kept on. We are sorry to admit that our Anglican Church is a long way behind the other Churches in attention to the possibilities of correspondence teaching for lonely children. A deplorable lack of initiative and lack of trust have characterised our leaders. We speak quite plainly. Yet we have had so much to cheer us. Of late, interest has grown and spread. Parents are learning that we are in dead earnest about the matter. Some of our Bishops have written approving letters and have commended the scheme to their clergy.

We thank God and take courage. Our aim is to reach every child "out-back" at present untaught and unreached. We would help the country clergy by supplying lesson papers, leaving them to cor-

rect answers if they will. Cost is not the chief consideration with us—we want to realise our aim. We want to make the religion of Christ our Lord as bright, as powerful, and as beautiful to the children of the country as it is to the children of the cities and towns.

#### VAN No. 1.

#### Road-making.

#### Prepare a Highway for our Lord!

There are many gates across the path, be it a "mail-route" or "back-track," in the West Darling country. In fact, the roads (or what might some day deserve the name) run through paddock after paddock of varied width—five miles, ten miles, or more miles wide. And at each of these fences there is a gate across the track. As you come to them they must be opened before you can proceed on your journey, and closed again after passing through.

A gate, a long way off, is in sight, and as the B.C.A. missionary observes it he has mental reservations regarding it. There flashes before his mind, as it were, a few feet of film-pictures in which figures a gate, a stationary van, a clergyman of the Church of England (i.e., himself) disembarking from his van, then opening the twin-gates, and returning to the van to steer it through the opening made in the fence. Suddenly the film breaks (not actually, of course). The picture ceases. The vision is ended; realities spur the mind to full consciousness. The actual compels concentration. The gate has not yet been reached. It is some fifty yards away. The van comes to a dead stop. Between it and the gate is an obstinate sand-hill. Feet high and yards wide is drift-sand piled up—not shaken together. Thus is the missionary face to face with a real hindrance to the completion of a programme which was set as the day's undertaking.

The B.C.A. missionary must disembark earlier than his little "day-dream" indicated; so, arming himself with his shovel, he removes a quantity of sand—quantity unknown, but is more than enough to fill a dray. And, perhaps, later, he unrolls a quantity of wire-netting. This latter material is not to keep flies innumerable from his person, or the emus from coming too close. The former cannot be kept off, they are constant companions and cannot be offended or snubbed to a point of deserting you. As to the latter, the emus, well, would that they ventured nearer! Then one might attempt to hitch his wagon to an emu or two (leaving the stars for other people's wagons). But, no; the hessian covered wire-netting is to lay on the sand to give the wheels a grip and to prevent them quickly sinking into the loose sand that is across the track; the shovel is used to prepare for the advance.

The B.C.A. missionary, with coat and collar off, sleeves rolled up, works as if he were under machine gun fire. He makes an occasional pause to mop perspiration from his head, or to sip some water, luke-warm at that, from the supply on the van. It is 108 degrees in the shade,

and much more in the sun. It is necessary to hasten, for the next home is many miles ahead, and sand-hills on the way almost as numerous as mile-posts. It's a battle against time.

The engine responds well to the turn of the cranking handle; then is heard the healthy grinding of emmeshed cogs within the engine casing—it is a promise of great results to be achieved. The man is cheered thereby. But . . . a stifled grunt, a hiss, and the van is still in the same place. If this is progress then the missionary is progressing. He progresses in this way for quite a time, punctuated by an occasional pause for breath and a plying of the shovel to remove still more sand. The obstruction exasperates, time flies. It looks as though the Gospel will not be preached this evening. It means a night out on the road-side. It foreshadows a camp-fire, a rough meal, a little loneliness, and later a dream about roads that never become submerged under drift-sand—only to awaken on the morrow morning to the fact that there is still a deal of navvying to be done before the former "day-dream" of opening and shutting the gate in sight is part of the day's employment.

Readers may think it not the purpose of B.C.A. workers to be road-making in the distant plains and desert, but this is no small part of the minister's work out there. He must build a material road if he would reach the folk out-back and make a highway for our Lord.

E.L.P.

#### HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE NEVER-NEVER.

It is a curious thing to notice that the main tracks by which our great continent of Australia is traversed are those which were surveyed, or at least followed, when men first began to push out towards the interior.

Alternate routes are not many, and even then they keep fairly close to the original. The traveller taking the overland route to Northern Territory, keeps in touch with the track of early explorers, and those who pass by car from the Eastern States to the West do the same. The real highways of our Continent are well-defined, even though they are not well known, and this article is intended to beget some interest in at least one of them, to show that although they may pass through unpromising areas, there is much to attract folk wishing to know what the real Australia of the Never-Never is like.

The great highways that lead from Sydney to Brisbane, and Sydney to Melbourne and thence to Adelaide, will only be mentioned. On the whole, they pass through well-settled country, and though strikingly beautiful in many of their distances, they are fast becoming commonplace to tourists, thousands of whom use them each year. Not until we start on the overland track to Perth, in Western Australia, do we begin to feel that the continent is spreading wide before us, and that adventure, spiced perhaps with a little danger, is waiting for us over the next rise.

We commence really at Port Augusta, at

the northern extremity of Spencer's Gulf. Quickly the track leaves railway and settlement behind, and in the journey across the top of Eyre's Peninsula towards the head of the Big Bight, we learn that our Western Highway is really a bye-way. Comparatively few ever undertake the through journey.

Perhaps the most striking feature that meets us first is the sight of the Flinders Range—a massive rampart of mountains stretching up to three thousand feet in height. A rugged beauty belongs to them, as they rise up from the plains; the giant boulders standing out in rich browns and yellows, and the ravines veiled in thin purples and blue. To the traveller, they convey many reminders of the great rocky heights of the Sinai Mountains, seen by those who have voyaged down the Red Sea. We wait for some Australian artist to come and interpret their beauty for us.

Leaving the mountains, we reach rolling country, perhaps uninviting, yet not without interest to those who seek it. Here we may stumble upon that curious growth which belongs to desert Australia—the porcupine spinifex. Our interest in it may be of a painful character, for the growth has been well named, and its sharp spines always grow with business end upward. In formation, it resembles a small crouching porcupine, though it tends to creep and form a round ring.

Then again the nature student will want to stay and study the water supply question in this area. Fine lakes are there, and their spacious waters, bordered sometimes by scrub, make a not in attractive picture. But they are salt lakes, and thus are valueless. What is interesting is the underground supply. At one spot wells may be visited, where the supply of water is claimed to vary with the direction of the wind. Given a strong wind from one quarter, and the flow increases most markedly. Queer phenomena are frequent in out-of-the-way Australia, and so readers need not be sceptical on this particular point.

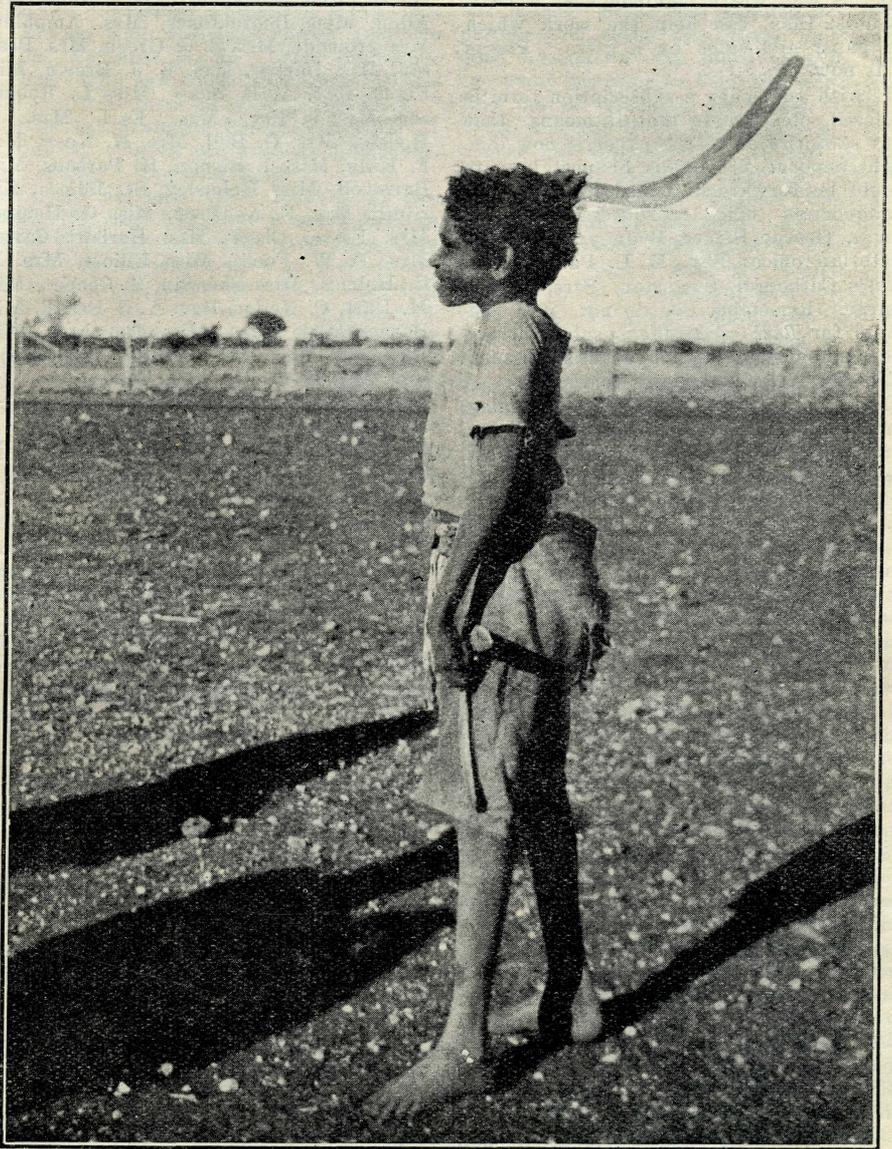
But we hurry along our highway to the West. The photographer will find himself busy when he meets a camel team, or a donkey team, carting stores and wool, or when he chances upon some aboriginals clustered around a smouldering fire. Our black brother loses much of his natural shyness of the camera if a little piece of tobacco or a small supply of sugar is offered as payment for the "sittings" he will give.

Space does not permit telling the story of all that may be seen, both on and off the track. Some of these things must be reserved for another occasion. We just take a few among those which have chief claim upon our notice.

Perhaps the most interesting point along this highway is the telegraph station called Eucla. Roughly speaking, it is nearly three hundred miles from Fowlers Bay, the last township round the Bight in South Australia. To reach it, we skirt the sandhills and salt swamps near the coast. We pass through clearer country opened up by truly intrepid selectors, who are proving the worth of that distant area for wheat

and wool raising. Then we pick up the famous overland telegraph line, and with but few digressions, follow it right through. For hundreds of miles it is the only and sure guide along the highway. No homes are passed save a couple of abandoned boundary riders' huts. An occasional gate in a dog-proof fence breaks the monotony, together with the curious tanks provided by a thoughtful Govern-

iron house, blistering in the glare and heat of Australian sunshine, is the home of some real friends of the B.C.A. The writer remembers the cordial and ready welcome, as well as the hospitality and comfortable bunks. It was a joy to stay there, as well to minister to the spiritual needs of the couple who live there, and give them what they so earnestly desired—the services of our Church. Readers should



Boy Boomerang Thrower, Ooldea.

ment, and spaced many miles apart. Sometimes water is found in the latter, often it proves to be polluted.

If we keep going for about 125 miles, we come to a hut, and then a short distance further on we reach one of the loneliest homes of which the writer knows. Mr. Haviland, in an article published some time ago, made reference to this place, but it is striking enough to permit further notice. Situated on the southern edge of the great Nullarbor plains, its only adornment being a wind-torn tree, and the usual out-buildings of a station, this corrugated

try to imagine this lonely home, to realise what some people are prepared to do in keeping settlement open in such out-of-the-way places. Wool-raising is the occupation in this locality, but a succession of bad and indifferent seasons has been experienced, and it has meant that the brave couple have not left the property for four years. Sheep dare not be left when drought is being fought, and water and grass have almost disappeared. We can thank God for the smiling courage of these friends.

(To be continued.)

## OUR PAPER.

In accordance with our custom, we print below the list of subscriptions to the *Real Australian* received during the quarter. To all subscribers we give thanks. Their words of appreciation, which oft-times accompany their gifts, encourage us. The extra donations oft-times added mightily help us. We hope that the habit proves catching. Our modest claim is that the paper is well worth eighteenpence a year. Readers, then, can help the work which the paper advocates by a gift. **Please do it now.**

If with your copy a subscription form is enclosed, please note that it means that your subscription to the paper is now due. Eighteenpence in stamps or postal note should be forwarded immediately to our headquarters office, Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney; or to the Victorian office: Rev. E. L. Panelli, St. Paul's Cathedral, Swanston Street, Melbourne. Remember, we do not post receipts for *Real Australian* subscriptions. We acknowledge in each quarter's issue.

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## THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

"Lord, teach us to pray as John also taught his disciples." And in that request they were asking for the greatest of all lessons to be taught them. Not that people then thought so. Not that we today, even, think so. As a matter of fact we disregard, or at least underrate, prayer. We are tempted to imagine that the spectacular, the militant elements in religious expression, are alone of value. Big action, successful achievement are what men seek. But prayer habits and prayer methods, and the prayer spirit are discounted. The Lord's disciples asked for great things when they said, "Lord, teach us to pray." It marked an advance in spiritual life, and a growing sense of appreciation of real spiritual values. They were evidencing a

desire to let God have greater play in their lives. What a big thing that was!

It was also the hardest thing that they were asking for when they came with their request. Prayer is not easy. It is ever so much more than compliance with certain forms, or the adoption of a certain posture, or the following of certain rules.

Prayer demands an intensity of faith. It demands an *extensity* of patience. We find it difficult to remember that "in quietness and confidence shall be our strength." It is irksome to us to sit down to hearken to God while He says: "Be still and know that I am God." But we need to learn the lesson; and Who better can teach us than our Lord? Who understood prayer as He did? Who lived His life, as it were, in the atmosphere of prayer as He did? Who found it more helpful and energising? Thus we come to Him with the assurance that we come to no mean teacher, to no vague theorist. He is willing to take us and make prayer real to us, and to make it a means of joy and grace.

We ask our friends to continue in prayer for the following:—

**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 Organising Missioner, and all workers at the Office. For the Victorian Deputation Secretary and his helpers. For all students, both men and women, preparing for ministry under the B.C.A.

**Tuesday.**—For Wilcannia-West Darling Mission, Rev. W. R. Brown.

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

**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, Mrs. Mann, the workers, the children, their parents. For Eildon Weir, Wangaratta.

**Saturday.**—For Motor Mission Van work, especially that of the two Van Sisters, Sister Grace Syms and Miss de Labilliere; the Sunday School by Post; the Society's deputation work; Bark Hut holders; and all our helpers and givers.

**Every Day.**—Pray that "God will send forth labourers into His harvest;" and that its workers have courage to go in.

**Give thanks for—**

Generous gifts to the B.C.A. Mission Hospital; also to the Ladies' Motor Mission Van.

For offers of service from young clergy. For opening doors of service in far-off areas.

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