"AUSTRALIA FOR CHRIST."

**The Real Australian**

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

No. 38.

JUNE 24, 1930.

**1/6** per annum (post **free)**

the amount of her bequest.

Another good friend of the Society, Dr. T, Fleetwood, of Warrnambool, Victoria, called to his everlasting rest in April last, has bequested .£250 to our funds.

We thank our God for these remembrances.

AFTER TEN YEARS' SERVICE.

The day for our great Rally has been fixed : Tuesday, August 19th, at 7,45 p.m. It should prove the greatest Rally in our

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

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THE ORGANISING MISSIONER'S

LETTER TO ALL B.C.A.

SUPPORTERS.

My dear Friends,

Thanks and thanks again for the generous response to the letter which I ventured to publish in last quarter's issue. From far and near came special gifts for our work. They kept us out of debt, and we were cheered. Be sure that careful economies are being practised.

Drought, though broken in some mission areas, has left people without any resources. Not until 1931 will there be any appreciable change in the situation. In the meantime conditions are pitiable. The B.C.A. must carry on in faith and hope. It has at least an opportunity of identifying itself with the people in their need. It must stand by them at this time.

Thus I ask our friends to give the B.C.A. a place in their prayers and sacrifices. Send a subscription as usual. Let this quarter be as cheering as the last.

I am, Yours sincerely,

S. J. KIRKBY.

AFTER TEN YEARS' SERVICE for God and His Church in Australia

**THE ANNUAL RALLY**

of the **BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY**

will be held (D.V.) in

**THE CHAPTER HOUSE**

**St. Andrew's Cathedral, George Street, Sydney,**

— on —

Tuesday, August 19th, 1930, at 7.45 p.m.

**Chairman :**

**Speakers** will include : Rev. L. Daniels (Aeroplane Missioner), Sister Kathleen (Van Mission), and Rev. S. J. Kirkby (Organising Missioner).

**Our meetings are always bright. The Hall is always crowded.**

**Once again we give warning :**

**YOU MUST COME EARLY IF YOU WANT A SEAT.**

A Thank-offering of ,£150 will be taken up.

No charge for admission. All are welcome, but do not come by yourself.

**Don't forget the B.C.A. Tea, in the Basement of the Chapter House, commencing at 6.15 p.m.**

Tickets for the Tea, 1/3 each, procurable from parish B.C.A. represen­tative or from our Headquarters Office.

Admission to Tea not guaranteed unless ticket is produced.

**BEQUESTS.**

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works follow them." In an issue of this journal last year there appeared an "In Memoriam,, notice of Miss A. Mann, a true friend of all good ministries and helper of our work. It humbles us to find that she made place for the Bush Church Aid Society in her will. During the quarter we received from the Public Trustee of New South Wales

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history, because it will celebrate the com' pletion of ten years' service rendered by the Society, which, though founded earlier, com' ' menced its actual work on January 1st, 1920.

The place of the great Rally is fixed : **the Chapter House, St. Andrew's Cathedral, George** Street, Sydney. For weeks we had feared that this most suitable building would not be vacated by the builders of the new Cathedral organ, who have been compelled to use the Chapter House for their work. But, thanks to Mr. Whitely, the organ expert, it will be made ready for the B.C.A. in time for the ^meeting. An unexpected blessing this. We did not desire to go elsewhere. The Chapter House is our natural home—the B.C.A. was born there. Everybody will be happy.

**The Chairman** will be

Then among our speakers will be Sister Kathleen Northcott, who has just finished a wonderful journey in our Motor Mission Van through lonely areas out'back, and covering over twelve months ; also the Rev. L. Daniels, who still carries on his thrilling mission in the B.C.A. aeroplane in the Far West. I "A feast of fat things" will be provided. .The stories, the pictures, the singing, and the 'inspiration of a crowded hall will make the gathering memorable in the Society's history. It will be a wonderful night.

**The amount of the Thank-offering asked for is £150.** We know that we will receive it. God has blessed us in the past, and B.C.A. friends have never failed us. In 1928 we asked for £100 and received £167. In 1929 we asked for £150 and received £257. Now, despite financial depression and the misgivings of croakers, we are constrained 1 again to ask for **£150.** It **can** be done. In the Faith of God we believe that it **will** be done. We want our friends to say : **"It must** be done *V*

But what must our readers do to bring it to pass ? Here many seek our help ; here we offer direction :

1. **YOU CAN PRAY.** We desire our Rally to be the outward and visible sign of the grace of our God upon the work and *in* the thank-offering. **Keep on praying.**
2. **YOU CAN TALK.** Tell others of the Rally. It is the biggest missionary meet' ing of its kind during the year. Tell them of the date—**-Tuesday, August 19th**—and com' pel them to come. Tell them of the thank-offering, £150, and invite them to share. **Keep on telling.**

**(3) YOU CAN SAVE.** That is how such
great things were done last year. There were
no big gifts, but there were many big'
hearted givers. **Remember we have com­
pleted ten years of service.** Let your savings
for the gift be in terms of ten coins. Make
it ten shillings\*- or florins, or ten ten-shilling
notes, or even ten £l notes. Dare we talk
in terms of £5 notes ? Why not ? Our
God is able.

Will our friends begin to save right away ? There are five thousand readers of this paper. If five hundred of them will save one shilling a week from receipt of this issue, we can be sure of a sum of over £200. Let the savings be a selfdenial. "Cut out" the picture show, or the amusement, or other indulgence, how' ever innocent, for the time, and let the money go to the thank-offering. Engage in some special work for the object. Last year some people sold bottles, or made saleable fancy

work, and devoted the proceeds to the Rally. A great idea this !

To help our N.S.W. readers we are send­ing them a thank-offering envelope (enclosed with this issue) ; it will be of use to hold their self'denial, "and can be handed in at the meeting. **Keep on saving.**

**(4)** Friends who by reason of distance
cannot be present, can share in the effort by
**sending a cheque or postal note.** We shall
hold same and present it with the thank'
offering on the night of the Rally. Last year
such friends sent in £102. It was a trc
mendous encouragement. Please do it again.
**Keep on sending.**

1. Write to two (at least) friends who are not associated with the B.C.A. Tell them of the thank'offering and of our big work, and invite them to send a postal note or stamps as a gift to be associated with yours. **Keep on writing.**
2. If you are a Rector or School Super' intendent or teacher, or Guild leader, or Guide or Scout member, see that good notice is given, and begin to organise a Rally party. What a fine thing it would be if every church and school, and club and group joined in with a special thank'offering. **Keep on organising.**

Now, our last word. **OUR B.C.A. TEA** this year is going to be a bounding success. It will be held in the **Lower Hall of the Chapter House,** commencing at 6 p.m. Mrs. E. Bragg and her party of helpers, who did such great things for us last year, have prom' ised to help again. Everybody can be sure of a wonderful tea. But remember : we can' not guarantee you admission to the tea unless you have a ticket. They will be 1/3 each, and you may purchase them from our office, Diocesan Church House, St. Andrew's Cath' edral, George Street, Sydney, or from any of our parish representatives. Don't leave it until the last day. Buy your ticket early.

In the Faith of God's Name we look for' ward to the Rally. His blessing is upon our work, and we are greatly encouraged. May His people come. This year we shall squeeze in 900 seats. They will be all needed. Take our solemn warning—**you** must come early **if you want a seat.**

**THE VICTORIAN RALLY.**

Victoria also knows how to do it. ■ The Rally for 1930 eclipsed all past efforts in our southern capital. We had a fine crowd, great enthusiasm, and a generous thank'offering.

Folk cannot any longer affect to disregard the B.C.A. as an organisation when it carries, as it does, so large a band of supporters ; no more can they dare disregard it when it is doing honest work in the "uttermost" areas out'back. The Rally and the addresses given were proof of its standing and ministry.

Sir Brudenell White made an ideal Chair' man, and, as the first speaker, sounded the right note. Those that followed did not fail to accept his lead. And didn't the people sing ! As for the thank'offering, £50 was asked for, but in the real B.C.A. way the meeting gave over £65.

All thanks are tendered to our helpers (not omitting Miss Williams, the pianiste), who did so much to make the Rally a success. Also must we remember our friends who could not attend the meeting, yet whose goodwill found expression in the gifts which they sent along. In all, it was a cheering

experience, giving to Mr. Mitchell, our Vic torian Deputation Secretary, good heart for his work in the future.

Perhaps the best final comment on the Rally is the letter sent on the day after to to the Organising Missioner by the Chair' man. It runs as follows :—

"I congratulate you upon the success of your meeting last night. It was most in' spiring, and those who were present cannot have failed to be impressed with the excel' lent work you are doing in such a gallant spirit.

"In enclose a small donation to the col' lection you called for last night. "With every good wish,

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

BRUDENELL WHITE."

**VICTORIAN NOTES.**

"He who gives quickly gives twice." In this case it was the ladies who responded so readily. Members of the Mothers' Union at St. Paul's, East Kew, received an appeal for goods for Sister Ba^eley at Penong Hos­pital on the day that they met. Before the afternoon was out they had sorted out a parcel and had packed it ready for dispatch. ♦§♦♦§♦♦§♦

Hearing of our urgent needs at a Sun-day lantern lecture, one earnest friend gave **all** that was in her purse at the time, so appreciative was she of what our workers are facing and are trying to do. ♦$♦ ♦$♦ «s»

One little friend at East Kew has started to pray regularly for the Society. This is a very good habit, so "Kookaburras" please note.

♦£♦ ♦£♦ ♦$♦

Our best thanks to Mrs. Alice M. Watson, 659 Glenhuntley Road, Caulfield, for her gen-erous gift.

«£♦♦£» ♦!♦

Will readers in and around Moonee Pond.-please note that the G.F.S. is making arrangements for a big gathering at a Travel Talk, to be given in the parish or St. Thomas on Tuesday, August 5th. Tickets are to be printed and sold. Our keen repre' sentative, Miss Woods, is responsible for the idea. Rally around and make the evening a great success. Will other parishes please note, and arrange with the Victorian Deputa-tion Secretary for similar evenings ? Get various parochial clubs and organisations to unite and ensure complete representation. ♦S\* ♦$♦ ♦$♦

Happy gatherings were held at St. Mark's, North Brighton, and at East Doncaster, when the Deputation Secretary recently visited these places. The thoughtfulness of the ladies m providing the "cup that cheers" after the slides had been shown and the work described, greatly helped in bringing forth sympathy and help for the work. Why not develop the idea and have a parochial tea ? The DepU' tation Secretary would be glad to speak at it. The proceeds could be given to our work.

♦$♦ ♦£♦ 4S\*

Will some Victorian (or any other State-man) present us with a grease'gun for our B.C.A. car—a Morris ? We need one badly. The type required is called the "Enot." If an intending giver is in doubt about the purchase, £1/7/6 may be sent to our Vic torian office, and we shall buy it. Thanks, very much !

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The Organising Missioner, Rev. S. J. Kirkby, was tremendously cheered by the splendid response made by Victorian churches during his deputation tour in March-April.

**A CONTRAST AND A CALL.**

**The Need of another Aeroplane.**

One of the most fascinating stretches of country that comes within the scope of the B.C.A. Far West Mission area's work is the great Nullarbor Plain, with its 100,000 square miles of gentle undulations.

I will never forget my first trip across the Nullarbor in the burning heat of a West Coast summer, accompanied by multitudinous flies of the clinging variety that tried my sober temper and patience almost to breaking point. Leaving Penong, my headquarters, at 9 a.m., we (a passenger and myself), after two hours steady travelling, left the more closely settled centres of the mission and began to enter the large holdings of the Colona Sheep Station. As the speedometer ticked away the miles, we noticed the timber thinning out—the mallee scrubs not so dense and the myall trees stunted in growth—-ominous signs that we were approaching the Great Nullarbor Plain.

After five hours1 intensive travelling, we had overcome the many disabilities of motor car journeys in such drought-stricken country, with its worn, deep-rutted, dusty, bumpy, stony tracks and its drift-sand and such like. At 5 p.m. we arrived at the Nullarbor Pastoral Company's station house, where we were welcomed by the manager and his wife, delightful people whose hospitality one never forgets. At last we were actually on the famous plain, and except for a tew tiny dwarf acacia trees, with their spine-like leaves and yellow, fluffy balls, a few inches from the ground (making them appear like strangers that have strayed into uncongenial environ­ment), no trees could be seen as far as the eye could reach. Having learned Latin in my extreme youth, I half-expected such a con­dition as is suggested by the word "Nullar­bor. "

**The Wonder of Renewal.**

What a sad picture the plain presented ! Parched ground hungry for rain, skeletons of sheep strewn here and there in groups of five or more (I counted twenty-three. skele­tons under a small acacia tree ; that in itself conveys its own message), withered salt-bush and blue-bush ; practically no animal or bird-life to be seen, except an occasional lasy stump-tailed lizard basking in the sun on the road. These all told a never-to-be-forgotten story of drought and distress.

Such was the condition of the plain in February, 1929, and on to February, 1930. Then suddenly, as with the waving of a magic wand, the whole spectacle was changed ; beautiful God-given rain at last came and refreshed the weary land. Almost immedi­ately the characteristic plants of the plain— the blue-bush with its ghostly colouring, and the salt-bush, best of all native fodder plants, with its greyish-green leaves, salty but not unpleasant to taste—showed signs of new life. Grass appeared ; animal, bird and insect life came in profusion ; wild turkeys and wild ducks became the relishable meal of the boun­dary rider.

It was after the February rains of this year that I made my fifth visit to the far-

flung corners of the mission. Oh, how earn­estly a little band of Christians in that Nullar­bor station house lifted up their hearts in thankfulness to God for His opportune gift L It was on this visit that I had the unique experience and, might I say, the uncanny sen­sation, of seeing parts of the Nullarbor under water, a condition that had not happened for over twenty years. The reader will remember reports in the daily papers of the flood at Forrest and the washaways between there and Cook. I arrived at Cook to find that passenger trains were not running to Forrest on account of the washaways. A dire dis­appointment ! because it meant a 137 miles car journey over rough limestone country.

The Cry for a "Moth."

Friends, we do need a "Moth" 'plane for our work in this Far West Mission, if Christ's cause is to be done effectively and well. The distances are so great and the missioned time is so limited. As it is now, I can only give a service to the folk on the Nullarbor once a quarter. This is not enough. Is there someone who will help us in the matter of a 'plane ? Make it a personal matter be­tween yourself and God. Give ! give ! give ! for the sake of His Church and the spreading of His truth. But I have digressed a little. Please excuse me for doing so.

The Gospel *in* a Railway Carriage.

To Forrest I went happy with the thought that there I would have the glorious priv­ilege of proclaiming the Gospel, not only to the staff at the Western Australian Airways Hostel and the resident railway employees, but to a company of three hundred railway men who were stationed at Forrest while they executed repairs to the damaged permanent way caused through washaways and the flood. Think of the splendid opportunity. Reader, that night, unable to hold a service en masse, I went from carriage to carriage where the men were temporarily accommodated, and told them the "Good News11-—those children of God, who sat there with their bruised bodies, cut hands, and drenched clothes, fatigued on account of the day's toil. Only those who visited Forrest at this time could readily understand the arduousness of their task and the unfavourable conditions under which they were working. I thought how receptive they were to the Gospel of truth, and was sorry I could not be appointed their camp chaplain.

Next morning I left Forrest for Cook on my return trip to Penong, taking services en route. I came back with a song in my heart, thanking God that I, as the representative of the B.C.A., had at least brought some ray of light into their lives, and had departed giving them the blessing of His Peace.

W.N.R.

A B.C.A. BOOK.

We have long needed a volume that would tell the story of B.C.A. work—something more than a brief leaflet and something that would set forth the origin and growth of our Society.

That need will now be supplied. The Organising Missioner has just completed a series of ten historical sketches covering the aims and activities of the B.C.A. since its inception. These are being published in book form, together with numerous photographic

illustrations, and bound in an attractive cover. All departments of the work are dealt with, and each mission area described. If people desire to know what the B.C.A. is and does and stands for, this little volume will help them.

All "Real Australian" readers should secure a copy for their own information. Friends overseas will find it of real value. It is thoroughly Australian, and it records the ten years1 service which the Saciety has given to the Church in our continent.

The book—its tentative title is **"These Ten Years"**—will be available for sale in about four weeks' time. Price should be no more than 1/6.

It is expected that there will be consid­erable demand. Would-be purchasers must make early application. Postal orders will re­ceive prompt attention. Do not forget to include postage (2d). Supplies will be avail­able at the B.C.A. headquarters office, Dio­cesan Church House, St. Andrew's Cathedral, George Street, Sydney ; at the B.C.A. Vic­torian office, St. Paul's Cathedral Buildings, Flinders Lane, Melbourne ; and at any B.C.A. meetings or lectures held in the city and suburbs.

**BUSHRANGERS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.**

From time to time one meets some inter­esting character who seems to have stepped from the generation of the past "bad old days," and with him he brings his store of memories. If they are coloured and de­veloped by the progress of time, who is to say they are less interesting ?—mellowed fruit is preferable to crab apples, and as long as our faculty of "sorting out" has not gone rusty, we are safe in the hands of our raconteur.

So we listen to the exploits of Ned Kelly and his gang of bushrangers. Charming gentlemen, one and all ! Slightly misunder­stood, of course ! But then we all suffer in that way, so why be too particular ? Hav­ing listened to these tales of days when the course of true love between man and his fellow did not run smoothly, we call to mind that the leader of the gang was reported to have said when captured, "What fools we have been, what fools !" It reminds one of the pessimistic summing up of life by the ancient preacher, "Vanity of vanity, all is vanity."

To-day there are many pushing away into the bush, each expecting to find some profit­able return. How many one meets by the way !—pilgrims who have work as their Mecca. Times are bad in these drought-stricken areas, and this is the third lean year. "Never have I seen so many on the road as I have this year," said one shearing contractor who had come through from Sydney. Then there are those who pursue a trade which is a mere shadow of its past existence—the hawking of drapery to out-back and isolated places. But so penetrating are the methods of modern business (with selling through the post brought to a fine art) that a meagre return awaits the merchant of the shop on wheels.

It is a pity that these links with the past are passing before a Dickens comes to record their story for us. They are worth more than the sounding of the knell, or the ringing down of the curtain. A stage coach

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is more than a vehicle for the carting of passengers from point to point, as the reader of "Pickwick Papers" will find : it is an insti­tution with a Weller as driver. Such a dis­tinction may be attached to the ofttimes picturesque emporium that announces in bold type on either side that drapery and haber­dashery are sold. So poetic are we in our language that articles never coming within a mile of the literal meaning of the terms used will be found in their allotted spaces. Surely these are merchants of catholic senti­ments, liberal beyond the mere letter of the law. A fine philosophic interpretation of life !

**Purchasers.**

Of course the regular routes must be fol­lowed, and customers of years1 standing will continue to buy for old time's sake, even though the mailman is the modern rival. Lonely boundary riders, old and conservative station hands, are better customers, while the best are undoubtedly the blackfellows em­ployed on out-back stations. Their tastes are extravagant. Silk shirts costing twenty shillings or more ; boots and shoes that re­mind one of a city dress parade, are the things they seek. As they wear a thing until it is no longer wearable, and then discard it, one may be pardoned if this is taken as an example of how a thing should not be done. Yet a strange contrast is their method in purchasing. A "wad" of notes may be brought out and the lot handed over to the salesman. An article will be chosen and then the change will be handed back to the pur­chaser. Another article may be chosen, the full "wad" again handed over, and the re­maining amount handed back with the article. So the business proceeds until all the required articles have been secured.

Mistakes of course will occur, and the writer had an amusing experience one Sun­day—a case of mistaken identity. Our vehicle is a house on wheels, and bears a far different inscription to the one already mentioned. Driving along this afternoon, one's train of thought was upset by the sud­den appearance of a blackfellow carrying a gun. We pulled up and he gave us to under­stand that he required clothes. Evidently he could not read the inscription on the side, which proclaimed us as agents of a Church rather than men of merchandise.

**Advancing a Cause.**

Each incursion from the city is viewed, as human beings everywhere will view the un­usual, from a critical standpoint. "What's wrong with the city," said one person, "that so many are coming out West ?" Perchance a mild suspicion that there is something "rotten in the state of Denmark" that con­ditions this exodus. Fortunately for the city, many of the wanderers are able to justify their actions.

We who represent the interests of the Kingdom of God—interests that recognise no frontiers—come in for our share of personal enquiry. "Do you belong to the circus ?" asked one would-be humourist, keen to iden­tify us with the travelling show then in the place. "All the same thing," he said when our aims were described. What a thing it is to have the courage and enlightenment of convictions !

Man has been described as "incurably re­ligious." In places where services are as rare

as the rain, let a parson call and his work makes as definite an impression as ever it would in the city.

One was in the parlour of a bush hotel one evening, making arrangements for a ser­vice. Above the talk could be heard the noise of the children talking outside. During a lull in our talk, a small voice could be heard reprimanding the others, "Stop swear­ing," said the virtuous one, "the priest is in the parlour." It is not without some defi­nite value if one's presence has stopped the humdrum course of events, if but for a time. After all self-restraint is good for all. Very often it means far more than this, for the Kingdom of God means a brotherhood.

Calling upon a young man late one night, one somewhat oppressed with the weight of his responsibility, our conversation wan­dered away from the all-absorbing subject of the moment—that is, sheep-—and savoured more of the message of this brotherhood. "I must thank you for coming along, for the sheep had got me down," he said, "and I couldn't think of anything else."

. When troubles afflict the city dweller, his is not an unrelieved gloom. There are com­pensations of which men in drought-stricken areas know nothing. "We are up against it all the time"—to quote one of the many. Knowing and seeing so much of the problem of pain, he is more acute to the message of the Lord of the Brotherhood, Who "endured the Cross" and Who commissions His Church to "Feed My sheep ; tend My lambs."

V.S.W.M.



**"FLYING WESTWARD."**

You who are interested in Wilcannia and the Church work carried on in that district, would probably like to fly in the B.C.A.S. "Moth" aeroplane, VH-UGM. (Why she should have such a title as VH-UGM I . cannot fathom, unless it to suggest that any hugging on **,'the** part of the "Moth" would spell disaster. On each occasion that she attempted to "hug"—the first time a yarran bush, the second time a fence—something was broken,, though luckily not beyond re­pair.)

**Mountains Ahead.**

We leave Mascot (N.S.W.) soon after breakfast, make sure the engine is running smoothly, then off into the blue, swinging round over Botany Bay and heading west­ward. Soon Sydney Harbour and the big city fade away behind, and the Blue Moun­tains loom up ahead. Now we must climb quickly—2,000, 2,500, 3,000, and so on—for we must get to eight thousand feet over Katoomba, on the mountains, to give us a sporting chance if the engine fails. Penrith and the Nepean River are below us, and the formidable mountains ahead—formidable only to the pilot, who is looking for a landing-ground, otherwise a scene of great beauty and grandeur.

. ith the Grose Valley below us, we keep our eye on the railway and its accompanying townships. Wentworth Falls, Leura, Ka­toomba all pass, and we like to hear the steady purr of the Cirrus engine, for landing prospects are not too bright below, the tim­bered hillsides being anything but inviting. The pilot feels a little easier when Lithgow is passed, and then Bathurst appears in the distance ahead.

We leave the railway here and there to cut across bends, a main road sometimes giv­ing us a good lead. We pass over Orange, leave Molong far away on the right, pick up the line again, and, sighting Parkes, make for the landing-ground to refuel both 'plane and ourselves. Here we find the "Shell" agent ready to fill up the "Moth," and the friendly Rector of Parkes who will look after us for an hour or so whilst the re-fuelling takes place.

The Dangers **of the Mallee.**

The next stage of our journey will not be so interesting, across the plains following the line. After an hour's flying we pass Con-dobolin, the last town of importance this side of Broken Hill. Fifteen miles further on I point out to you a small cultivation **pad'** dock on the Lachlan, where I had a forced landing some time ago. We are now leav­ing the wheat country far behind, and the Lachlan gum-trees fade away on the left. We still cling to the line, which now drives clean through the Mallee for about fifty miles. This is again an anxious half-hour for the pilot, as there is not fifty yards clear anywhere for landing, except on the line.

Now the journey becomes monotonous, stations twenty or thirty miles apart, perhaps a train crawling along like a caterpillar, and the same endless straight line to the horizon across the desolate plain. Three hours after leaving Parkes we land at Ivanhoe for another case of petrol. It is late in the afternoon, but we will run into Wilcannia before sun­down—115 miles in an hour and a quarter.

**The Close Call.**

My last trip back from Ivanhoe left an impression. I was running rather late, and found the sun setting by the time I crossed Mt. Manara's hills. Could I make home before the light was gone ? The air was hot and still. I got down just above the Mulga to see the road. Not a leaf was stirring. The engine was doing its best when I noticed on the port side, in the far distance, the top of what appeared to be, as I approached, a huge cloud. The nearer I got to it the more it became clear to me that a dust-storm was raging to the south-west and would probably be travelling northward. I put on all posisble speed, as the light was falling and the dust-storm approaching.

At last the big gums of the Darling **hove** in sight and I could discern the white houses of Wilcannia. I quickly landed and ready hands pushed the 'plane into its hangar as the first ominous rushing herald of the dust-storm swept across the aerodrome. Someone said, "That was a close call ; your luck was in." We prefer to think that the heralds of the Cross are under the protection of the Power Who can stay even the dust-storm as He did the waves of **Galilee.**

**L.D.**

June 24, 1930.

**"THE SKY PILOT." In the Air.**

Away in a sunny corner of N.S.W. lies the little town of Wilcannia, on the western bank of the Darling River. As one approaches the town from Sydney one sees a hangar and wind-indicator, and, if early enough, one might see the "Sky Pilot,11 in flying helmet and overalls, wheeling out his "Moth11 with folded wings, and preparing for flight. The noise of "warming up the engine11 arouses the sleeping township. Some may object to this 6 a.m. row; others are glad to get an early start to work.

Many eyes look heavenward as the little "Moth11 flies off to another part of the parish, and many prayers go with the pilot, and many envy him his journey through the clouds. (How often we wish he could send us down some rain !) One sees from the air a vast expanse of flat country and a river winding in and out, lazily making its way southward to the Murray. The sameness of the country would be monotonous but for the fact one is travelling at about ninety miles per hour. In less than an hour, when the wind is following, the pilot may find himself landed at Menindie, one hundred miles south. There the "Sky Pilot11 is met by one of his Wardens and taken by car to the church. He holds service on Sunday and leaves for Wilcannia next day at 7 a.m., and arrives back at the Hostel as the breakfast bell is ringing.

When the weather permits, the "Sky Pilot11 visits a number of the stations and blocks, where services are arranged. Sometimes a baptism or a wedding or a funeral must be taken. A few air-pockets or a dust-storm are are only things to mar his joy ; while we on earth dig out of bog and sand, or sit on the roadside and mend a few punctures, while in the meantime flies besiege our eyes and ears, and the mosquitoes bite and hum "Home, Sweet Home.11

But let us earth travellers count our bless­ings down here, for when the engine stops we can "get out and get under,11 and we cer­tainly havent far to fall.

**"At Home."**

One. has the pleasure of seeing a number of sunny faces playing at ball or marbles at the Hostel at Wilcannia, while the Rector, in his clerical garb, prepares his sermon for Sunday. The Matron is busy mending pants or cooking rolls ; the music teacher is rap­ping the fingers that played the wrong note so often ; the rest of the "family11 attend to their little duties or are busy digging for worms. It is Saturday, and the usual picnic takes place at "Wowser Bend,11 on the river, where one sees the children, in their oldest clothes, playing on the river bank or assist­ing the Rector to haul in a fifteen pounder (more or less).

The Matron is the most popular person on these occasions, as she provides the "good things,11 and all sit around and enjoy a good tea in the open air and comment on the huge fish that took the hooks or were almost landed. So ends a happy day, and as the Rector drives the "family11 home, they sing in many notes, "He's a jolly good fellow.11

"ONLOOKER.11

THE REAL AUSTRALIAN.

["The Real Australian11 acknowledges with thanks the above sketch, giving as it does a view of B.C.A. work and workers from an' other angle.]

**POSTS AND RAILS.**

**Frank Comment.**—We do ask our readers who change their address to notify us at once. We are anxious to ensure the proper delivery of this journal. Most complaints about non-delivery are traceable to this cause. Further, the post office officials will not guar­antee to re-address papers. It is not sufficient to leave your address at your old post office and expect them to send letters and papers on ; **you** must notify us. The **post office authorities say so** in a recent notification. ♦$♦ •♦$♦ «!♦

**Further Frank Comment.**—Please do not send coins in an ordinary letter, unless it is registered. Twice during the last quarter small amounts in coins have been addressed to us. The post office authorities not only com­plain, but at once officially register the letter and charge us with the cost. Send postal notes, stamps, but not coins in ordinary letters. Thanks, very much !

\* \* ♦§♦

From St. John's, Parramatta, ladies, under the leadership of Mrs. H. Granger, we re­ceived the sum of <£15 during the quarter. These workers do wonderful things for us. Will readers please note, Mrs. Granger's appeal in another column ?

**St. Giles', Greenwich,** band of workers, per Mrs. Richards, sent fine linen supplies for Mungindi Hostel, as well for our Hos­pitals. This is not the first demonstration of their kindness.

**"The** Pollyannas," under Miss Astles, sent in £11, part of which has been devoted to the crockery needs of Ceduna Hospital. Other gifts are also being sent direct. A great band these "Pollyannas1"' are ; their jumble Sale was indeed a success. We must not forget to thank our old friend of the B.C.A., Rev. R. R. Hawkins, for allowing the "Pollyannas11 to hold their sale in his parish.

The Maroubra Circle, per Mrs. Weir, came forward with special and varied help. A fine supply of groceries, Hostel linen, and a hot-water fountain for the Mungindi Hostel, were included in their remembrance. They greatly cheered Miss Reece at their meeting.

Mrs. R. McEnally, **of Roseville parish,** brought together a great gathering of friends, old and new, at an afternoon held recently at her home. Again we were cheered by the wonderful gifts for the Hostels, as well by donations for various mission needs. It was good to be able to link up new supporters of our B.C.A. work.

The Children's Home **and** Parochial **Union,** Hurstville, under Mrs. Dixon-Hudson, are always bent upon good work for the B.C.A. Their interest, prayers, and gifts are continually for us. During the quarter we received .£10 for the support of a Hostel child. They have great hearts out there.

Miss M. Keith (St. John's, Parramatta, Parish) again arranged a successful musical recital on our behalf. Her students and other friends helped splendidly, and the B.C.A. ex­presses appreciation of her continued efforts.

**St. Philip's, Eastwood,** Sunday School Kin­dergarten, conducted a **"Sixpennyworth of Fun" Afternoon,** marked by novelty games and refreshments for little ones and grown­ups. It proved to be a great idea, full of happiest interest and attended with good re­sults. Each child brought sixpence, and the total was devoted to our funds. We pass the idea on to our readers. Thanks to the Kindergarten leaders and staff for their help.

Through **Mr. Jack Brackenreg (Christ Church, Lavender Bay),** we have received two rolls of felting of greatest value for Hostel use. A most thoughtful gift is this.

Overseas **friends** have a place for B.C.A, There comes to hand a large parcel of hos­pital requisites, sent by Mrs. E. Somerville, of Dublin, through the Foreign Mission Sup­plies of Dublin, Ireland. We send out a hearty "Thank you11 to our friends.

Our grateful acknowledgments are made

to "A Member of St. John's, Rockdale,11 for

a donation of ten shillings received on April

30th.

«!•>-'«£»'---<$•

**Important** !—Our voluntary workers, under
the leadership of Miss Huntley, who carry
on that most valuable and far-reaching, yet
unobtrusive work of the B.C.A., the Sunday
School by Post, ask the "Real Australian11 to
voice an appeal. Among themselves, and
with the aid of friends, they have hitherto
borne the responsibility of postages on letters
sent to numerous little Mailbag scholars in
remote areas. Happy personal links have
been established, and our work strengthened.
But the list of little correspondents is grow­
ing and the postage charges are becoming
heavier. Twelve special donations of five
shillings-—that is, five shillings for each
month, and totalling in all for the year £3—
will lighten their hearts. Is there anyone
who would like to join them in this practical
and blessed way ? Five shillings will give
them definite personal interest in this min­
istry. Please write the Organising Missioner.
*\*&»* ♦$♦ ♦$♦

If you are looking for a suitable book as a gift, we advise one of the following :—-

**"We of the Never-Never,"** by Mrs. Aeneas Gunn. A classic sketch of life in the North­ern Territory. Cloth, 2/6 ; paper, 1/9.

**"Little Black** Princess,5' by the same author­ess. An interesting narrative about black children. Paper cover, 1/9.

**"Trans-Australian Wonderland,"** by A. G. Bolam. Still a good seller. Full of inter-sting information about Central Australia. Cloth, 3/6 ; paper, 2/6.

**"On the Wool** Track," by Captain Bean. All about the Far West of New South Wales. Cloth, 2/6.

**"The Tale of Bluey Wren,"** by Neville Cayley. A charming bird study suitable for children. Paper cover, 1/6.

**"Coo-ee Talks,"** by "Binga.11 One of the best books dealing with the lore and customs of the Australian aboriginal. An outstanding book, and not dear at the published price— 12/6 cloth., A great present for a boy.

Send your order to the B.C.A. Office, and it will receive prompt attention. Postage, twopence extra.

♦\*■♦ ♦§♦ ♦§♦

Don't forget to send your parcels ofljumble Sale clothing to **Mrs. H. Granger, of Hun­ter Street, Parramatta.** She, with the help of

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friends, conducts a continuous sale of such articles in connection with St. John's Parish. The proceeds are devoted to our work, and this year we have received handsome cheques as the result of her labours. Any clothing, good and clean, is acceptable. Address it as above and send a card so that she may know of its dispatch, as well as the name of the kind donor.

Don't forget to buy the new B.C.A. book, "These **Ten Years,'9** by the Organising Mis-sioner, and soon to be published. It tells the story of B.C.A. work. See the reference in another column.

♦$♦ ♦$♦ ♦£♦

Those wireless batteries mentioned under **"Wants and Wishes,"** are urgently needed. Perhaps some wireless enthusiast will help.

♦£♦ ♦§♦ • ♦£♦

Recently the alphabetical symbols on the
B.C.A. 'plane were changed by the Common'
wealth Air Department from G.A.U.G.M. to
V.H.U.G.M. The letters seem to lend them-
selves to acrostics. The children at St. **Paul's
Sunday School, Chatswood,** were lately asked
to make an original aciostic. The answers
were fine. The best, for which a book prise
has been given, is: Veering Heavenwards
Under God's Mercy. We thank all the chil-
dren for their happy suggestions.
♦$♦ ♦£♦ ♦£♦

**Here is another competition open to all.**

We want the adults in this. We shall give a good book *prize* for the best B.C.A. alphabet on the lines of rhymed alphabetical verses of our childhood days. The letters should allude to some B.C.A. activity or rnis-sion. Read "The Real Australian" for refer­ences. The winning "alphabet" will be pub­lished in next issue. Send not later than Sep­tember 1st. The editor is eager to see what readers can do, especially with those two troublesome letters "X" and **"Z."**

**THE KOOKABURRA CLUB.**

**Our Birthday Band.**

We still grow ! The Kookaburra Club, once like a grain of mustard seed, has become a mighty spreading tree, and "Kookaburras" find lodgment therein. Their number goes on to three thousand. It cheers us also to find old members sustaining their interest by renewal of membership. We thank them all

Two more **life members** have joined : Miss W. A. Jarrett, of Sydney, is our second, and Miss A. Stringer, of Melbourne, our third. So we go on with good heart in this work. More life-members are invited. The subscription for such, ,£3/10/-, is suggested by the Psalmist in Psalm 90, verse 10. Will this quarter witness an increase in the num­ber of these friends who so substantially help us ?

The ordinary annual subscription is **one shilling** ; sometimes people make a little donation as well. So send along your full name, address, and birthday date (state if you are an adult), and we shall forward to you a beautiful membership card, and then when your birthday comes round you will find yourself happily remembered.



**A WORD FROM THE OLD KOOKABURRA.**

Grief rather than laughter should be the note for this month. Space to acknowledge the tremendous budget of letters received this month is not available (the Editor says so). I am sorry ; but as laughter is our habit, we shall drive sorrow away and laugh. Thanks to all the boys and girls, and grown-ups, too, who wrote such interesting letters. They cheered us up. Before next issue we shall endeavour to get a special page, a leaflet, in­serted in the "Real Australian." That will be the Kookaburra page, and we shall hold it all to ourselves. Then all Kookaburra letters will be answered and special Kookaburra news told.

Yours, with a big laugh, THE OLD KOOKABURRA.

**OUR PAPER.**

Subscriptions to this journal come in steadily, and we are cheered. Will those who find a subscription form inside their copy remember that it is a notice to them that **their subscription is due ?** Flease send eighteenpence in postal note or stamps to our office. Do not delay. Delay means debt to the printer, and we hate debt. Ask your­self this question : "When did I last pay my subscription ?"

All thanks to the following, whose sub­scriptions we acknowledge :—

Mrs. Green, Mrs. E. Wray, Miss Dennett, Mrs. Nash, Miss M. Watson, Mrs. J. C. Rickard, Mrs. Furness, Miss B. Foskett, Mrs. E. M. Brook, Mrs. A. Lobb, Miss E. Brazjel, Mrs. Holroyd, Miss Crystall, Mrs. Wilste, R. B. Coates, A. Wilson, Miss H. H. Schroder, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Bragg, Miss E. O. Burville, St. Aidan's, Blackheath, Mrs. C. W. Wattham, H. C. Kendall, Miss E. Wen-thrap, M. C. Browning, E. R. Lindsay, N. Harvey, Mrs. V. A. Johnson, Miss le Page, Miss N. Murray-Prior, R. G. Kemmis, Mrs. S. Mills, S. Le Cocq, H. R. Brabrook, Mrs. Cornell, P: Happ, C. T. Wannan, Rev. B. B. Lousada, Mrs. T. M. Rex. St. Matthew's, Botany, Miss Cash, Miss E. Downey, Miss E. Charles, St. Stephen's, Bellevue Hill, Miss Slingo, R. J. Hill, B. Geoghegan, Miss H. Robinson, Mrs. E. Bates, Mrs. E. Barker, Mrs. F. M. Thomas, T. W. Beaven, Miss Olds, Mrs. Lamplough, St. Andrew's, Sans Souci, L. Richards, A. M. Vickery, Miss L. M. Kendall, Miss P. Hooke, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. E. Ewington, Mrs. Mcintosh, Mrs"; G. H. Astridge, G. Ladbury, Mrs. C. T. Davis, Miss

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J. Astley, Mrs. E. Dyason, Mrs. Thorn, Mrs.
H. Cooper, Miss Carpenter, .Miss L. M.
Daldy, Miss Esther Hemsley, Mrs. Hicke,
Miss G. Gough, Mrs. A. Jenkyn, Miss E.
Bennett, Mrs. Willings, Miss E. Scott, H.
Finnigan.

June 24, 1930.

THE REAL AUSTRALIAN.

**PEEPS INTO THE MUNGINDI HOSTEL.**

A previous issue of the "Real Australian,, contained a full account of the opening of Mungindi Children s Hostel, it also gave a description of the building and showed a photograph of the same. Now the Hostel .s nearing the end of its first term of real usefulness to this community ; thus there is^a story to tell concerning the life of the xiildren who live there.

Should any of you call one day, you would notice that the Hostellers were a fine type of sturdy Australian bush children. You would not fail to notice, too, that they are quite happy and "at home\*1 in the Hostel. Some one, the other day, inquired for the "Hos­tile, " but this is merely a mistake, and does not indicate that life at the Hostel is any thing but peaceful. Not even the fact that some are from New South Wales and some from Queensland causes the children to be anything but peaceful and contented (though the border sometimes causes squabbles among their elders).

You would need to be early astir in the lorning if you desired a peep at the chil-dren sleeping on the large airy verandah dormitories-—they rise at 6.30 a.m. Boys and girls alike make their own beds, lor Matron is very busy in the morning ; then the girls help with various "tidying-up" occupa­tions, and also assist in setting the table for breakfast.

Matron is assisted in serving at breakfast and other meals by "the sister for the week," a designation that comes, we hear, from Dea­coness House, Sydney. Each girl takes her turn at being "sister," and delights in it. M: time must be lost in getting the washing-up done and in getting dressed for school, for at 8.55 a.m. one of the boys goes on ahead to ring the church bell for morning prayer. Matron and the other children follow at 9 a.m., and are joined in the church by other children of the parish, who come into church on the way tov school. The Warden con­ducts short Morning Prayer and off go the Hostellers to school." There they join their various classes, and all are keenly interested about their work. Yes, they really are keen, because before the Hostel was built most of them got very little schooling at all, for their homes are all far from town. One of the boys, Pat, a sturdy Queenslander, ex­pressed it this way : "We must get in all the time we can, for we've lost a lot."

Owing to the Hostel being conveniently situated to the school, the children are able to come home for dinner at 12.30 p.m. Then back to school for the afternoon session, and at 3.30 p.m. they are free for games in the Hostel grounds. Play is only interrupted b • one boy getting wood upstairs for the next morning's fire, or perhaps going for the mail.

Then comes tea-time, followed by family prayer, generally taken by Matron and some­times by the Warden.

The spacious common-room allows for in­door games until bedtime. Games are varied by Matron reading stories. A peep inside the Hostel at this hour before bedtime would give anyone a fine picture in a real homely setting. The good old rule of "early to bed" is followed, and the last glance of the day would be of sleeping children and of Matron having a final look round.

Such would be what a few peeps at the children in the Hostel would show.

The work being done is of the utmost value to the children of the bush along the border. Apart altogether from the benefits they are deriving from being able to get a primary education, the Christian atmosphere and helps of the Hostel life are going to bear fruit in their lives in ways that no one can measure.

The people and children of this parish are deeply indebted to the B.C.A. friends for making the Hostel possible.

**H.E.F.**

**GOOD SAMARITAN WORK IN CROAJINGOLONG.**

People know too little of our work down in Croajingolong, where we have our padre (Rev. F. Jones), our Bush Sister (Miss Basett), and last but not least, our B.CA. Nurse (Sister Agnes Lundie). In our next issue we shall have sketches from their pens. In the meantime readers can be assured of the worth of their labours. The real thing is being done there, and God has given the increase of His blessing.

Sister Lundie's work demands the utmost skill and resourcefulness. A large, unwieldly district is hers, and the nearest doctor is more than fifty miles away. Cases of every conceivable character come under her care, and in times of danger she must act with promptitude. Anything else would spell loss of life. Within the last few days a letter reached headquarters which our readers would like to see. WTe are grateful to the writer

"I desire to express my appreciation of your bush nursing organisation. A little over three weeks ago my daughter, Nancy, was taken seriously ill at Mallacoota. After an attack of whooping cough she developed what proved to be bronchial pneumonia with other complications. I was fortunate enough to secure the services of Sister Luridie, who has devoted herself whole-heartedly to the case, with most satisfactory results. The medical people here have told me that we owe our child's life to her. You are very fortunate in having such a competent Sister, and I would be lacking in gratitude if I failed to put on record my profound respect for her skill and devotion.

"If there is any service I can render to

aid your truly Christian efforts at any time,

pray command them. Assuring you of my

sincere desires and very grateful appreciation,

"I remain,

"Sincerely yours,

**WANTS AND WISHES.**

There's a hymn which directs us to make such known. We accept the direction, especi­ally as we are aware of the keenness of our readers to come to our aid by special gifts. Givers cheer us with their assurances that they value these opportunities of establishing definite, tangible links with our work. On our part, we feel that we must not fail to supply them with such opportunities. Here is a list :—

**For Wilcannia Hostel.**

**A kitchen fountain** costs almost £3. We do need something to supersede the kerosene

tin boiler that does service at present. **Three "B" batteries high tension,** for **the**

wireless set. The present "B" batteries have done service for nearly twelve months, and are exhausted. Cost about £2/10/- The B.C.A. can purchase at a great reduction.

**For Mungindi Hostel.**

**Some table linen,** a small supply needed. **A few pairs of sheets,** ordinary single beds, **Unbleached mattrioe^^overs.**

Little gifts like these make a big difference to the work.

**THANKS AND PRAISES.**

This little article must not finish without its note of rejoicing and gratitude. In last issue we made appeal for **tyres for Sister Agnes' car,** in the far out-back. Through the kindness of an anonymous friend, the car is now splendidly shod for its great work.

For nearly twelve months we have thought and appealed for **Slots for the B.C.A. 'plane,** Wilcannia district. Their installation on the wings vastly minimises risk of accident. A fine donation in April made up the amount required.

Some Victorian friend, apparently, sent a valuable assortment of goods encased in a tea-chest to the Wilcannia Hostel. No letter of advice reached the Matron, and the sender is thus unknown. Another case, similarly packed, reached the Hospital at Ceduna, also without advice. To the giver (or givers) we give best thanks. The respective Matrons rejoice in the gifts.

**FROM SUNDRY NOTE-BOOKS.**

**"When the 'Chev.' plays up."**

Have you ever walked five miles for nothing—on April Fools' Day, too ? Such was my experience after having driven nearly one hundred miles, looking forward as I did to a restful evening in the township just twelve miles ahead. Everything was going well, when alas ! I met a very bad creek with the crossing washed away. I had to find a place to cross. After a little trouble the car was nearly out, when suddenly the engine refused to go. The back wheels were well in the sandy bed, and the front ones half­way up the other side, and the car nearly standing on end. Out of petrol ? No ! Spark plugs ? No ! What could it be ?

After trying everything I could think of, there was nothing left to do but walk six miles to the next house. Thus, after having served me faithfully for 13,000 miles the car was having a little joke all on its own. I had walked two and a half miles when the gallop of a horse behind me drew my atten­tion to a friendly bushman, who offered to ride on and get assistance while I walked back to the car. Since the car was fifteen miles from a main road, no one was likely to go off with it.

I stood for a moment to consider the best plan. Boil the billy ? No. Just one more try at the engine. So rather hopelessly I put my foot on the self-starter, when—off she went ! Even though alone at the "edge of beyond," I was made an April fool.

The next time the engine has a joke I'll boil the billy first and give it time to recover.



I had boasted only a few hours before that whenever it played up I never had to walk. Alas ! "Pride comes before a fall.11

SISTER AGNES.

**The Age of Speed.**

Future historians, when they seek to sum' marise the characteristics of this present day to which we belong will dub it **"The Age of Speed."** Aeroplanes in Britain can travel at a rate of 310 miles an hour. .Motor cars reach the 150 mile limit. Wireless messages can be transmitted across the world in a second. And five course dinners can be eaten, tabloid fashion, in less than that num-ber of minutes. A glass of water and a gulp and there you are : soup, fish, entrees, joints and dessert—all down, and the businessman is back at work in two minutes. It is all very marvellous, and we wonder where it will end. "Speeding up11 has touched everything —except that little train (ofttimes referred to in this journal) which threads its way through Eyre's Peninsula and locally called "The Social Equality Express.11

Recently it had its usual journey of 270 miles to negotiate. Some trains could make that distance look silly in six hours, but not so this one. As a protest against this hurrying age of ours, it jolted along day and night, stopping every now and then appar­ently because of head-winds or other seemly causes. After enduring twenty-three hours of sleepless submission to these conditions, the, clerical traveller courteously enquired £\*om the guard whether uwe were running late.11 "Late ? **Late** 711 answered the guard. "Some blokes are lucky. This is the first time for the last two and a half months that we haven't been late at all I1

Yes ! future; historians will have to fit that into their summary of this century's deeds.

S.J.K.

**Hospital Notes.**

A car -draws up outside the B.C.A. Hos' pital. At first no one steps out, and an onlooker would wonder why, and then per­haps would venture up to ascertain the cause. In the car he would find a family—a mother, acting as car-driver, and five children. They could hardly see, for all of them, mother included, had been smitten with a painful eye-affliction, and all had come in to the hos­pital for attention. Think of it ! Six patients all at once ! It was impossible for all of them to stay. A sort of "toss-up11 by the Matron decided who should remain ; the others, being less afflicted, were of course treated and put on the way of recovery. And so the good work goes on, and the hospital proves a blessed place—not the least be­cause of the cheerfulness and skilfulness of the staff.

♦$♦.♦£♦ ♦£♦

Where do flies go to in the winter ?—a problem this which has long troubled nature students who live in or about the cities. We have solved it. A visit to the Far West Mis­sion (South Australia), where our hospitals are, would give convincing proof that at this present season all the flies in Australia have concentrated for a general attack upon the composure and good temper of the folk who live and work out there.

THE REAL AUSTRALIAN.

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO ADOPT A CHILD ?**

An embarrassing question this might be, yet on examination it's one that many could easily answer. Here is the way thereof :

The B.C.A. still faces up to that problem of out-back life—the child. Child-life may be either a tragedy or a triumph : a tragedy of stunted character, small horizons, and prac­tical irreligiousness, or a triumph of Chris­tian worth and personal sturdiness. Upon the Church rests a great responsibility. "The child is in the midst,11 and the attitude of the Church towards the child will be the touchstone of the Church's earnestness and reality.

For nearly ten years the Bush Church Aid Society has sought to do something on be­half of the Church among the children out­back. It has now two Hostels for little ones, both giving to the child a wonderful oppor­tunity of education and development. These children come from far-off homes, where three years of drought has left behind an en­tail of crippling need.

**THE BUSH a CHURCH AID \ PARISH**

Par-

Shall these children remain with

ents are doing what they can—all they can. The Society is straining its resources to help. What then is the issue ? Will anyone **"adopt'? a boy or girl** for **a** year or more ? A donation of £25 annually for that purpose will do it. Think what it means ! The strengthening of our work, but above all the blessing of the child.

Is there an alternative ? One of our work­ers points it out. Across the road stands the R.C. Convent, keen and willing to take our children. Residence in the Convent means attendance at the convent school ; this latter is significant. Where then is our Churchmanship ? Where then our sacrifice ?

The B.C.A. places the issue before the readers of "The Real Australian.11 Write the office and tell us what you want to do.

**To readers who wish to hear of a private convalescent home, we can con-fidentally recommend "Teurong," Campbell Street, Eastwood, N.S.W., conducted by Sister Harvey, A.T.N.A. ('Phone: Ryde 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.**

June 24, 1930. **THE PLACE OF PRAYER.**

We are learning more and more the lesson of prayer—power and prayer—blessing. God does hear and answer prayer. The things we have been enabled to do is witness thereof. Ofttimes we had marvelled at the unexpected happening to us in our work. Afterwards we have found out that some humble soul had been praying for us in our need all the time. The assurance that so many make to us that they do remember the B.C.A. in their prayers gives us great heart. We go in faith and God does not fail.

This quarter we ask our friends especially to remember our big forthcoming Rally, on August 19th. Please pray daily for it, ask­ing God to use the gathering for His glory to pour out a spirit of power upon the selected speakers, and to open the hearts of all our supporters in an abundant liberality towards Gospel work out-back.

Remember also the following :—

**Sunday.**—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.—The Organising Missioner and all workers at the Office ; the Victorian Depu­tation Secretary and his helpers ; all students, both men and women, preparing for ministry under the B.C.A. ; also workers awaiting loca­tion or in training.

**Tuesday**—Wilcannia-West Darling Mis­sion ; Rev. L. Daniels, Aeroplane Missioner ; Sister Agnes, Bush Deaconess.

**Wednesday.**—Eyre's Peninsula Mission (Willochra), Far West Mission (Willochra), Rev. W. N. Rook ; Rev. S. G. Stewart ; B.C.A. Mission Hospital, with Matron Hux-table, Sisters Morris and Brooks and helpers ; Sister Ba2ieley (Penong Hospital) and her helpers.

Thursday.—East Gippsland, Sister Lundie (Nurse), Sister Ba^ett (Deaconess), Rev. F. Jones (Missioner), Sister Kathleen and Sister Lorraine ^Mission Van Sisters).

Friday.—Wilcannia Hostel (Mrs. Mann, Miss Harvey, Miss Hayes, the children, their parents). For the Mungindi Hostel (Miss Cheers and the children). Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Felton (Mungindi), Rev. W. I. Flem­ing (Werrimul, Victoria), Rev. and Mrs. T. Jones (Boggabilla).

Saturday.—Sunday School by Post ; So­ciety's deputation work ; Bark Hut holders ; all our helpers and givers.

**Every Day.—**Pray for people out-back, still facing losses of recent drought ; for lonely souls who have shown real thirst for the Gos­pel ; for guidance to the Council on matters affecting B.C.A. work ; for wisdom to be given in locating waiting workers.

**Give thanks** for return of good seasons in many back-country areas ; for loving, gen­erous gifts of many friends ; for God's pros­pering of our mission ministries.

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