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"AUSTRALIA FOR CHRIST."

**The Real Australian**

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

No. 45.

MARCH 20, 1932.

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

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**Victorian Deputation Secretary** : Eev. T-. Jones, Th.L., St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne.

**THE ORGANIZING MISSIONER'S LETTER.**

A GREAT DAY IN VICTORIA Wednesday, May 11, 1932

at 7.45 p.m.

Big B.C.A. Rally

**IN**

ST. PAUL'S CHAPTER HOUSE, MELBOURNE.

Chairman : The Right Reverend the Bishop of Gippsland.

**THE ORGANIZING MISSIONER (ARCHDEACON KIRKBY) AND OTHER**

**SPEAKERS PROM THE FIELDS WILL GIVE A LIVING STORY OF**

**SERVICE IN THE OUT-BACK.**

**£100 Thankoffering Invited**

COMB EARLY FOR A SEAT ! **CINEMA PICTURES OF B.C.A. WORK WILL BE SHOWN.**

B.C.A. Headquarters,

St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney,

March 12, 1932. My dear Friends,

A wonderful response was given to our appeal in last issue. We were enabled to close the work of the year without debt. For this all praise to God, Who put it into the hearts of friends thus to help.

This does not mean anything but that we must keep going with unflagging vig­our and sacrifice. Before us is a big programme to which B.C.A. is committed. We dare not withdraw any workers. We must keep the flag flying. Our con­fidence is in our friends. We know that you will not fail us.

To Victorian readers the forthcoming-Annual Eally in Melbourne mentioned in other columns is specially commended. Please make it a night much to be re­membered, and to the glory of God!

To the women of our Church special invitation to join our B.C.A. Women's

Auxiliary is extended. It means much to us. The subscription is small, and the possibilities of service are great. Write to us, and we shall give particulars. I am,

Yours sincerely,

S. J. KIRKBY.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

**Rev. A. R. Raymond, Victoria.**—A quiet, earnest man of God has gone from our midst. Mr. Raymond will be remembered especially by older generations of Evan­gelicals, though his ministry continued until a short time before his death. Many a bush parish has been helped and renewed by his faithful, earnest set­ting forth of the things of God. Anxious about souls he always was; and in his preaching there was that "wooing note,*"* something too much absent from the pul-

pit of to-day. Mr. Raymond supported the B.C.A. from its earliest days, follow­ing its work with his prayers and gifts. We thank God upon our remembrance of His servant departed this life in the faith and fear of His Holy Name. The sym­pathies of the B.C.A. are extended to those he left behind.

**AN EXPLANATION.**

On behalf of the Sydney office of the B.C.A. an explanation is due to the many people who have had just reason to com­plain concerning the non-acknowledgment of many letters which had been addressed to that office for some time past. It has been discovered that systematic tamper-ong with our mail matter has been going on. In many cases money has been ex­tracted from letters, and in others, where there was no money or where non-negotiable cheques, etc., were involved,

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the letters had been destroyed or adroitly allowed to pass on to us. We have to thank the Investigation staff of the Gen­eral Post Office for painstaking enquiries. Search in many directions had been ren­dered fruitless because so many of our correspondents had not kept a record of the numbers of postal notes sent to us. However, the matter has been cleared up by the detectives in a most satisfactory manner. Needless to add, the whole staff of the B.C.A. and that of the Church House were greatly relieved when the culprit (an outsider) was detected. We should also add that the P.O. staff was in no way involved.

The B.C.A. has no exact knowledge of the total amount missing. We have reason to believe that our general funds, and particularly this journal and our Birthday Fund, have suffered real loss. If any of our readers who have sent in money, and to whom a receipt is due, will let us know, we shall be glad. Of course, it will be remembered that sub­scriptions to '*{*The Real Australian'' are acknowledged in its columns.

In offering this explanation of a matter which has been painful to all concerned, we would ask all our friend's forwarding postal notes to make them payable to **The Bush Church Aid Society** at **Sydney, and** to **keep a record of numbers.** Bank notes should be sent only under registra­tion.

**PERSONAL.**

**The Rev. V. S. W. Mitchell.**—The sym­pathies of all B.C.A. friends will go out to our Victorian Secretary, who recently was hurried into hospital in Melbourne for immediate operation for appendicitis. Nevertheless, there will be rejoicing at the knowledge that he is now making a good recovery. It will be some time be­fore he will be able to get about.

B.C.A. concern in Mr. Mitchell is very real. Last month the Council reluctantly accepted his resignation from the duties which he has so faithfully, acceptably, and successfully carried out for the past three years. Under his care, and by reason of his energies, our Victorian work has abounded, and our interests in many parishes have been steadily built up. The whole B.C.A., including the Council and Victorian Committee, tender him the best of thanks and heartiest good wishes. Concerning his services, a special minute has been recorded. Mr. Mitchell pro­ceeds to England in April.

It will interest all to know that he will not travel alone. On Saturday, April 23rd, Mr. Mitchell will marry Miss E. Bullard at Holy Trinity, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W. The journal passes on its heartiest congratulations. God bless them both!

o o o o

**The Rev. Tom Jones.**—We are happy to be able to state that the position of Vic­torian Deputation Secretary has been filled by the appointment of Eev. Tom Jones, who has served at Boggabilla, on

the Queensland border, for over three years. Mr. Jones comes with a first hand knowledge of work, difficulties, and needs out-back. **He** has been there and gone through it all. We ask for a warm welcome to him and Mrs. Jones. And may the welcome be seasoned with prayer for him as he takes on new responsi­bilities.

**VICTORIAN NOTES.**

We often wish all our friends could have the privilege of meeting our workers as they journey to and from their mis­sions, passing through Melbourne on their way. Since the last issue we have wel­comed our missioner from the Mallee, Eev. E. Hallahan, and, together with the Victorian Secretary, he journeyed on to Sydney by boat. Mr. Hallahan spoke on board at the Sunday service, and inter­ested a number of the passengers in the work among a people who have a persis­tent struggle to wrest a living (or is it existence?) from an uninviting area. Sad, too, is it to reflect that plans for the first Church building in the whole of that district have been deferred because the estimated cost cannot be met. Thus a hope fostered for this year, a spiritual possibility in the growth and development of that mission, is to go unfulfilled. In all their deprivations, one feels that the missioner is like Ezekiel of old with his people who "sat where they sat," and is interpreting afresh the "Travail of his soul" to the weary and oppressed.

"With Angels and Archangels.''

The highest point of Christian achieve­ment in our praise of God is to feel our triumphant thanksgiving is linked to heaven's witness in this respect. Those who were at our crowded Eally of last May will never forget this note of as­surance and victory, as well the joy of it all and the whole-heartedness of the people. Such, and even greater things, must be ours this year. Determine that at all costs you will be present and bring others. We are proud of the response which Vic­torians make to our special appeals. Tn 1930 for the Eally offering £50 was asked;, you gave £70. In 1931 we could not go back upon you, so suggested £70. You surpassed it by giving £84. May we, as the Apostle says of Isaiah, be **"very bold"** and have the same faith to ask for **£100** for this year's Eally? We know your difficulties, but: God is not unmind­ful of His promises to "pour out the riches of His grace" and He will pro­vide. Do not wait for the meeting. Send what you are able to give to this office, and the same will be offered with the rest of the collection the night of the Eally. May the following encourage you. A friend who desired to help us with our Christmas appeal found that she had no money after some six weeks of hospital treatment. She was able to sell a plant for 12/6, and this gift was sent to God's Treasury. For such friends we thank God and take courage.

**Trial by Fire.**

As we write many are homeless because of the devouring flames. Pictures in the Press remind us of this, one of many trials endured by those who live in the bush. Not only in our own State, but in Western N.S.W., where our aeroplane operates, and where the writer once travelled by motor van, have these broad-fronted infernos flung swords of flame which seemingly have turned in all direc­tions to act as a destroying angel. Still more difficult does our work become in consequence, and we seek your prayers and help that a sympathetic ministry may bring balm to seared lives from whence all hope has flown. Truly Australia is a land of gigantic problems and of chal­lenge.

V. S. W. MITCHELL.

**THE VICTORIAN RALLY.**

Our Victorian supporters have never failed to make their Annual Rally a suc­cess. Year by year they have gone on from strength to strength, the numbers increasing, the blessing greater, and God glorified in .and through it all. .

This year, we are sure, will be the same. We shall laugh at depression, and not allow it to show its gloomy, dull-eyed countenance anywhere near St. Paul's Chapter House, Melbourne. **Wednesday, May 11th, will be our happy day** !

We shall have as our Chairman the Eight Eeverend the Bishop of Gippsrand, in whose diocese for so long the B.C.A. has rendered valued assistance. The Organizing Missioner, Archdeacon Kirkby, also one of our real Bush Sisters, will be among the speakers.

For our **thankoffering** we dare not put any other figure than £100. Nothing else meets the case, and God's logic, not man's, demands it. In 1930 we asked for £50, and received £70; in 1931 we asked for £70, and received £84. We cannot escape the consequences of our past actions. **We** simply must say **£100.** Frankly, the B.C.A. needs it. The Society has kept out of debt, because debt (it feels) is dishonouring to God. We are bold in a mighty confidence that our Victorian friends will not fail us, but rather will be eager to be the stewards of God's gifts and thus supply the need.

There is much to be done. **To our** faith must be attached some **very real works.** Pray for the stirring of the Spirit of

God in all hearts concerning this

matter. **Call** all your friends to a share in this

high enterprise for God. Invite them

to join their gifts with yours. **Make** your gift a self-denial. Don't let

Lent end at Easter. Carry it on for

the B.C.A., at least, until May 11th. **Write** to absent friends, and urge them

to let you present a gift from each of

them.

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Attend the Bally **not alone,** but bring

about twenty others with you. Don't

be afraid of disorganising street

traffic! It is worth doing for the

Kingdom's sake.

We invite Clergy, Sunday School

teachers, Guild and Society and Club

readers to do their share. Announce the

.Rally everywhere and at all times. Our

friends in the country in Victoria can

help by sending in a thankoffering cheque

or postal note to the Victorian Secretary,

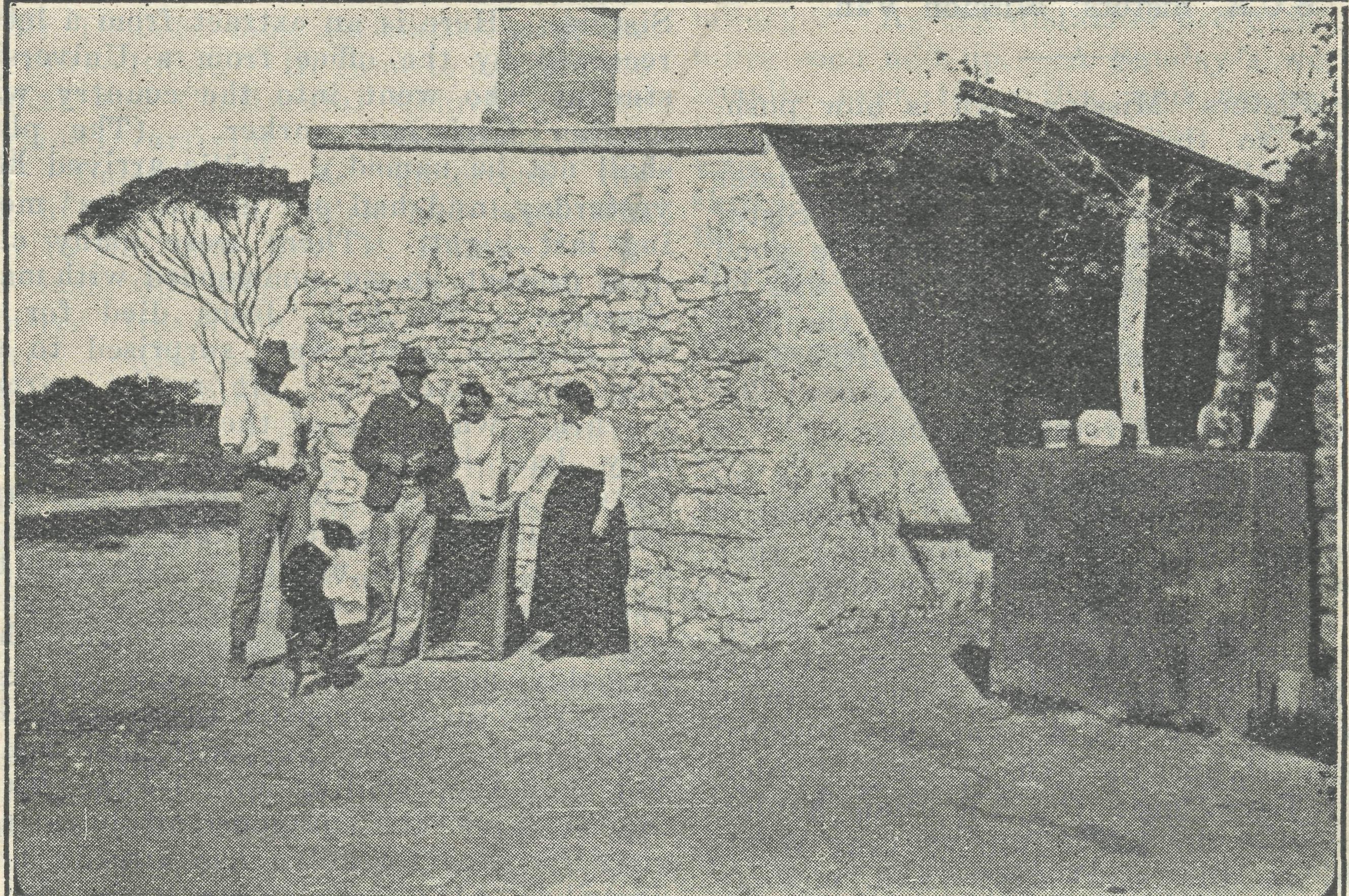
B.C.A. Office, St. Paul's Cathedral,

Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

**All** can help ! **All** may **help** ! Don't forget the date—Wednesday, May 11th, at 7.45 p.m.; and remember that moving pictures of B.C.A. work will be shown.

He proves to be a South African doctor on foot engaged in a walk round the world. He saunters up as though he were out for a short "constitutional." His original plan was to circle the globe in three years and spend no more than £50 in expenses. The plan was not run­ning exactly to schedule, and his time limit had been exceeded'. But his optim­ism and determination were unlimited. The travellers Were "rather sorry that their own pressing business curtailed conversa­tion with the khaki-clad "hiker." If anybody imagines that a walk through that country is just a pleasure jaunt, let him remember the unbearable heat, flies, and dust. Even the vermin-proof fence gave grim evidence of climatic conditions;

be in complete darkness. No! there was a home showing brightened windows, and as the headlights of the car turned in that direction a man was seen eagerly and anxiously waving his hands and beckoning. At this point Sister Hux-table became the chief person in this little drama, that is, if a mother and tiny new babe are for a time relegated to second place. To be quite truthful, the same baby had earlier decided not to await the attentions of the Sister, and had already arrived "to see this world first." But there was much to be done for his com­fort, as well for the care of the mother. Sister Huxtable remained with the patient until late afternoon the next day, and after giving counsel to some neighbours,



**Selector's\* home in the scrub fringe of the Nullarbor Plain.**

**A PINK TELEGRAM AND A NEW BABY.**

Nine-five in the morning at the B.C.A. Hospital at Ceduna and the staff is in full swing on the day's work. Sud­denly there is a caller, a flutter of a pink telegram form marked urgent addressed to the Matron. It comes from Cook, on the East-West Rail-line, nearly 300 miles distant. The message is direct and com­pelling : *''* Come to Cook if possible. Urgent case." It really is a challenge, especially as the telegram failed to give the all-important information as to the nature of the "case." The B.C.A. padre, Rev. S. G. Stewart, was called into immediate consultation, and decision made to respond to the call, though the journey would entail hard and incessant travel by car over sand hills, through mallee scrub, and finally across the great Nullarbor Plain. Whilst the Matron, Sister **Hux-**table, made necessary arrangements and packed instruments, drugs, etc., the padre prepared his motor car for the track by loading up with food, water, and petrol.

A little after 10 a.m. they get away, and knock off the first 48 miles in one and a quarter hours. No ribbons of con­crete avail for speed; no bitumen sur­face has been laid down. The going is good, bad, and indifferent, all tastes be­ing catered for out-back. In spite of disadvantages, the next 55 miles are covered in one and a half hours. The car is doing splendidly, all selectors' homes being now left far behind. At last a vermin-proof fence hails in sight; it provides a change in the scenery. But alas! a bang and a fizz, and the travellers get that sinking feeling that even Bovril cannot cure. It's a puncture! There is nought for it but to get out and see what a lifting-jack and another tyre can do. The only consolation for the padre as he sweats over the job on a blazing hot January day is that he is not causing a traffic block on the road. An occa­sional camel team may pass that way every couple of months; motorists are mighty few in number. One can change tyres there without being hemmed in by a ring of idle onlookers.

But a stranger does actually turn up at the spot to the astonishment of all.

it was lined with thousands and thousands of dead rabbits.

The Nullabor Plain was soon reached. It is part of "unchanging Australia": always the same—salt bush and blue bush and nothing else, no homes, no trees, no hill, no watercourse of any sort whatso­ever. A short stop for refreshment (a billyful of tea and sandwiches) was made near the one and only finger-post which shows how far away every place is. Then on again over the Plain along that straight track that seems to lead into the Great Unknown. Some people wax sentimental or mystical when they get out on this immense space, but two more punctures —one 40 miles and the other 25 miles from Cook—kept the travellers in close touch with reality. No one can rhapso­dise about infinite distances or talk in the jargon of the poets whilst mending tyre tubes in the darkness of a night on the Nullarbar. Moreover, there was all the time the call of that "S.O.S." tele­gram : "Come to Cook if possible. Urgent case."

At last the journey ended. It was 9.45 p.m., and the little township with its one street-line of railway houses appeared to

faced the long trek back to Ceduna.

The "going out" was very much like the "coming in"—a chronicle of heavy sand, stony rises, punctures, and all the ills to which a car is heir. Interesting it is to relate one happy event. A call was made at the lonely Nullarbor Pas­toral Company Station, where are good friends of the B.C.A. Mr. Stewart was able to minister to the folk there—the first **Sunday** service ever held at the' station.

Ceduna was reached at last, and work resumed its accustomed way. So we end the story. It seems quite simple, almost commonplace, but to those of us who know the country and the distances, and who are able perhaps to sense the need that existed, the whole story is one of fine patience, determination, and practical Christianity. Even the speedometer of Mr. Stewart's car tells an arresting story. (Remember, he drove the car all the way to Cook and back!) Its figures showed that on the rush journey to Cook he maintained an average driving speed of 34| miles per hour. "The King's busi­ness requireth haste,'' says an old-time word in the Scriptures. That require-

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ment was certainly met in this incident of B.C.A. ministry of the Gospel of the Good Samaritan.

If any critical person should claim that Cook was on the great East-West Rail-line, and that a call on the far-distant Ceduna was quite unnecessary, let it be stated that no train was due to arrive at the little township for **two days.** Even then Kalgoorlie Hospital (on the line) was over 500 miles distant, whilst Ceduna hardly 300 miles. After all, the B.C.A. Sisters and Padres do meet a need.

(From notes supplied.)

**THAT TRAVELLING BENEDICTION.**

**B.C.A. Sisters' Mission Van,**

The Sisters' Mission Van is now push­ing out to the Farthest West in New South Wales. Under charge of Sister Kathleen Northcott, and with Sister Winifred Potiphar as assistant, the good work for which the Van is noted will be carried out. It is planned that the Van should reach Tibooburra (the furthermost township in the State from Sydney) be­fore it makes its return journey.

As a mere geographical fact this is in­teresting enough, but its real significance is realised when it is remembered that the same Van under Sister Kathleen will then have visited and engaged in Chris­tian service in the four corners of this vast State. During the last two or three itinerations the B.C.A. Van has touched Mungindi, on the Queensland border, north; Eden, near the Victorian border, south; over the Eiver Murray near Went-worth, in the south-west; and now to Tibooburra, in that remote north-west corner where New South Wales touches Queensland and South Australia, and marks the fact by a dog-proof fence. This is no mean achievement. It also is a testimony to the faithful ministry of the succession of Sisters who have served on the Van. "Is not the whole land before thee?" apparently is the fav­ourite text; and they have acted on it.

**The Welcome from the** Bisiiiopis.

The Society must also place on record its deep appreciation of the cordial wel­come given by the Bishops of the various dioceses visited and traversed, as well of the action of the parochial clergy in mak­ing open the way of service. The Society generally and the Sisters particularly have been greatly encouraged. Once again may we add that no more useful and needful ministry is being undertaken in Australia. It is deplorable that we have not more vans in action. Will readers bear in mind the simple fact that £300 covers the cost of providing and equipping such a wonderful means of ministry. A Van is a **Travelling Benedic­tion.** We see many worthy memorials of glass and stone in the Churches of our land. What a great memorial another Sisters' Van would be!

**What the Work is Like.**

Someone may ask what is the work carried on by the Sisters. The answer is a specialised ministry among mothers, girls, and children in out-back areas. Sometimes it is a lonely school that is visited; sometimes a selector's home. Sometimes it is a tiny township; some­times it is a camp. In all places the witness of the Gospel is made. Books and tracts are distributed, and they especially carry Bibles and New Testa­ments. Figures cannot cover work like this. It stands as a living demonstra­tion of love, earnestness, and sacrifice.

**What Others Have Found.**

On occasions we hear independent testi­mony of the impression made by the Sisters. Here is an extract from a letter received by the office from a University student who went into the country with another Christian worker. (The place shall not be named.) "We arrived here yesterday, and had our first adults' meet­ing last night. There were many chil­dren present, so we commenced with many choruses. We had 'Jesus died for all the children,' and were surprised to see that they knew it. It really warmed my heart when one of the girls said that they had learned it from the B.C.A. Sisters who were here some time ago. The children then chose 'Joy, joy, joy,' and sang it with actions. We had the additional joy of seeing their dear smil­ing faces. Poor kiddies! many had probably not heard the Name of Jesus since the Sisters visited them, and God alone knows when they will hear again. Yet they keep smiling and, I hope, learn­ing to love the Saviour of boys and girls." The foregoing has already been described as a testimony; it is also a test, a proof of an impression made and which lasts.

If readers of "The Real Australian" desire to know where the Sisters are, we cannot tell them. The last word from them appears to have been written from a bog-hole in red clay soil. Heavy rains had fallen, and they had been stuck for two days, and after that could only crawl for a few miles before being laid up again. They were happy indeed in keeping the Van right side up, even though it had developed an alarming propensity to "jazz" about the track. But it is all part of the work for God and for this country, and is decidedly worth while.

Pray for this branch of B.C.A. activity. It means so much!

**LOOK AND LIVE.**

A paternal Government does its best for everybody, and if it be not "circuses and bread" of ancient Eome to keep the mob from being a nuisance, then it is an inglorious lottery in one State with the promise of something for nothing, or almost so; for what is a mere 5/3 for a ticket when you may be one of a hundred thousand to get a prize?—and,

of course, you . may not! But we find some who are realists, and such must be the tax department of the State in which the writer lives. For the payment of 5/- we receive a driver's license, and, to make it more attractive, a suggestive pic­ture of a car in too great a hurry and a train that could not wait. This moving) spectacle claims the moral in the form of a title "Look and Live"! Such shall be my text.

Trains do not worry anyone out-back, except it be that population living along the main lines, intent upon repairs and maintenance of the track. A fortune surely awaits the man who devises some­thing to keep back those fields of rolling sand on a windy day or night. Again and again have those lonely fettlers gone forth from their camps to fight the drift Band a yard deep across the metals to allow the Broken Hill-Sydney express to pass on its way. One wonders if, on such occasions, a thought is given by those within of what it costs in sweat and toil to free the track. No sooner is one end cleared than already its far end is under sand again. But perhaps the passengers realise the cost, for the grains whip against the windows, and within all is covered with rather more than a layer of dust and sand.

"The Shadow of a great Rock in a weary land" behind which one may crouch to escape the stinging granules moves out of Isaiah's time to bring its message to our own. Truly the Living Rock of Ages is the people's rightful por­tion, and the B.C.A. is honoured to carry His message to such.

*\** **'Receive Thy Sight."**

If railroads alone felt the burden of sand swept by the elements the load would be light compared with many an­other. Call at ' some home and see a whole family affected by sandy-blight; their eyes sore and crying for attention; flies carrying infection from one member to another; and at once one imagines the demon of the storm to be in such an in­animate thing as sand, carrying as it does disease, and if eyes are not cared for, a threat to the sight itself. One realises afresh the call to the healing work of Christ for sight on the part of so many. But always there remains the more inti­mate task and privilege for the missioner to awaken sight in those who sit in spiritual darkness in order that to them a light may come. To glance over one's diary is to recall the occasion when a bush nurse, who lodged with a family, caused the girl who helped in the work of that home great merriment because she discovered that the Sister, prayed. To hear from the lips of this Sister that there could be an Australian child so totally ignorant of prayer, and thus of God, as to find amusement in the very notion of approaching the Father of all, was a shock that warned one that there might be many more in out-back work. One even ventures to say that there are many not so far out who would be hard

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pressed to say correctly the Lord's Prayer.

" **Bread in the Wilderness.**''

Map-reading is a necessary part of a Van Missioner's equipment, and the aver­age map secured before leaving the city undergoes many changes and additions by the time one has finished in certain parts. To look at mine is to centre one's atten­tion not on the east of the State, but on the western division of New South Wales. Plus the orthodox lines and dots and queer names, there are the names of stations and homesteads with mention of families and such symbols as C. of E., R.C., Meth., etc., as decorative labels to reveal the spiritual complexion of each and all. Perhaps some, too, should have ''Bush" written against the name to re­mind one of a typical case. He had been asked for Ms Church allegiance, and said his was "Bush religion,7' which meant that he wTas glad to go to all services coming his way, so few and far between were they. To these places were added wavy lines which led back to main tracks, and were indicators of the way to take when passing that way again. They stand as sacramental symbols reminding us that our B.C.A. ministry is a feeder line or track from the main Church to these lonely homes.

There cames a time when even a map-maker may lay a snare for the unwary traveller. One week-end we left to visit a "name" with a fair sized spot against it. It carried to us the suggestion of at least a store with, a cluster of homes around, or nearby. With provisions shorter than ever they had been, we ar­rived to find our "place" had been a post office burnt out the week before and the people living in such coverings as could be gathered during the week. No chance of goods there, and the wheat holdings scattered over a big district and all the people very poor. '.'To beg we were ashamed," and to move on to the next township would have meant no ser­vice on the Sunday, so we existed on boiled rice at most meals. An earnest attempt to make and bake a damper in the hot ashes resulted in a food that was brown and black without, and a paste suitable for anglers' use within. One felt the implication of Hosea that "E'phraim is a cake not turned," that is, "half-baked." If we suffered a short­age in the larder, provision was made for us to enjoy the spiritual feast. A num­ber came to our service. There was no instrument, so I set hymns going on the gramophone. The defects of such a system are : (1) All our people were not Clara Butts; (2) a danger of being through the verse before the people had reached the end of their first line; and (3) that bands do not always condescend to play the same number of verses as shown in the hymn books, thus leaving us in mid-air. But despite all these too present, and too frequent, limitations of worship in such parts, one does feel and know that the Living Bread which came

down from Heaven is there to feed His people. His Sacrament is a sacrament of unity binding us together.

V. S. W. MITCHELL.

**REV. L. DANIELS.**

It is with great regret that we record the resignation of our "Flying Padre," who has just been appointed to the Parish of Lithgow, in the Diocese of Sydney. We congratulate Mr. Daniels, and Mrs. Daniels also, on this recognition which has thus been shown to him, and earnestly pray that his ministry in his new parish be full of the blessing of God.

"Real Australian" readers will remem­ber Mr. Daniels' long association with the work of the B.C.A. He came to us from the Colonial and Continental Church Society (England), arriving on Christmas Day, 1922. Immediately he undertook the work at Wilcannia which had been laid down by the late Rev. F. Harvey. No light task was this, involving as it did extensive travel over the vast back-country. Also under Mr. Daniels' war-denship our Children's Hostel at Wil­cannia grew in strength and .numbers. His greatest work was that of inaugu­rating the B.C.A. aeroplane ministry in 1928. Mr. Daniels, who had been an aviator in the Great War, conceived the idea that the immense distances of his area could be broken down by the em­ployment of a 'plane. Friends in Eng­land responded to an appeal, and a ' < Moth'' was eventually placed in com­mission, the first aeroplane to, be used ex­clusively / for the Gospel in Australia. Mr. Daniels was pilot, mechanic, and mis1 sioner all in one. The story of that work, which is still carried on, has been told from time to time in these pages.

The B.C.A. will miss Mr. Daniels from its ranks^ but it thanks him for splendid services rendered. It is good to know that he hopes to continue work for the Society in other directions.

AFTER THE DROUGHT IS OVER.

PARAGRAPHS FROM PENONG.

After twelve months in the Far West Mission, we look back with thankfulness on the many changes that have taken place. The whole country has changed its face; growth has taken the place of bareness, plenty in the place of scarce­ness; hope is the rule and not the excep­tion now. All brought about by God's goodness in sending those blessed showers of rain!

**A Season of Contrasts.**

In January of last year there was no­thing only dense dust storms, making life almost unbearable; no wheat coming in to the station, or any farm produce. This year we see a stack of thousands of

of wheat at the station, any amount of feed for the stock, and very little dust. Truly a wonderful change! While the material change has been great, the spiritual has not taken such a great change—the same faithful band attend­ing service, the same worn out excuses from those who do not. We have added to our numbers, but not to the extent an­ticipated. Our Harvest Thanksgiving Services have been well attended, one sign of the awakening of the spiritual life of the people.

**All** the **Way to England in 12 Months.**

During the past twelve months I have travelled 13,000 miles in the course of my ministry. Incidentally, the mail route from Australia to England is the same mileage. As the distances are great, the miles soon add up. A Sunday's work is usually over 100 miles, and as high as 218 miles for special services. December was the month for my trip to the out­skirts of the Mission. Sister Selby, B.C.A.; Matron of Penong Hospital, and Mrs. Edward accompanied me on this oc­casion. We left Penong after the morn­ing service and a "scratch and run" lunch : on the Sunday, and went to Tallala, 45 miles away, for afternoon ser­vice, and Wookata for the evening ser­vice, returning to Tallala for the night. These services deserve an .article to them­selves, but time does not permit much. Tallala is not a township; it is a big open space dotted with a small stone one-roomed hut. Put sixteen people into it and the sides will begin to bulge out by reason of the pressure of the crowd. Wookata is a stone school-house and no­thing more "on the. edge of Beyond," but it serves us splendidly.

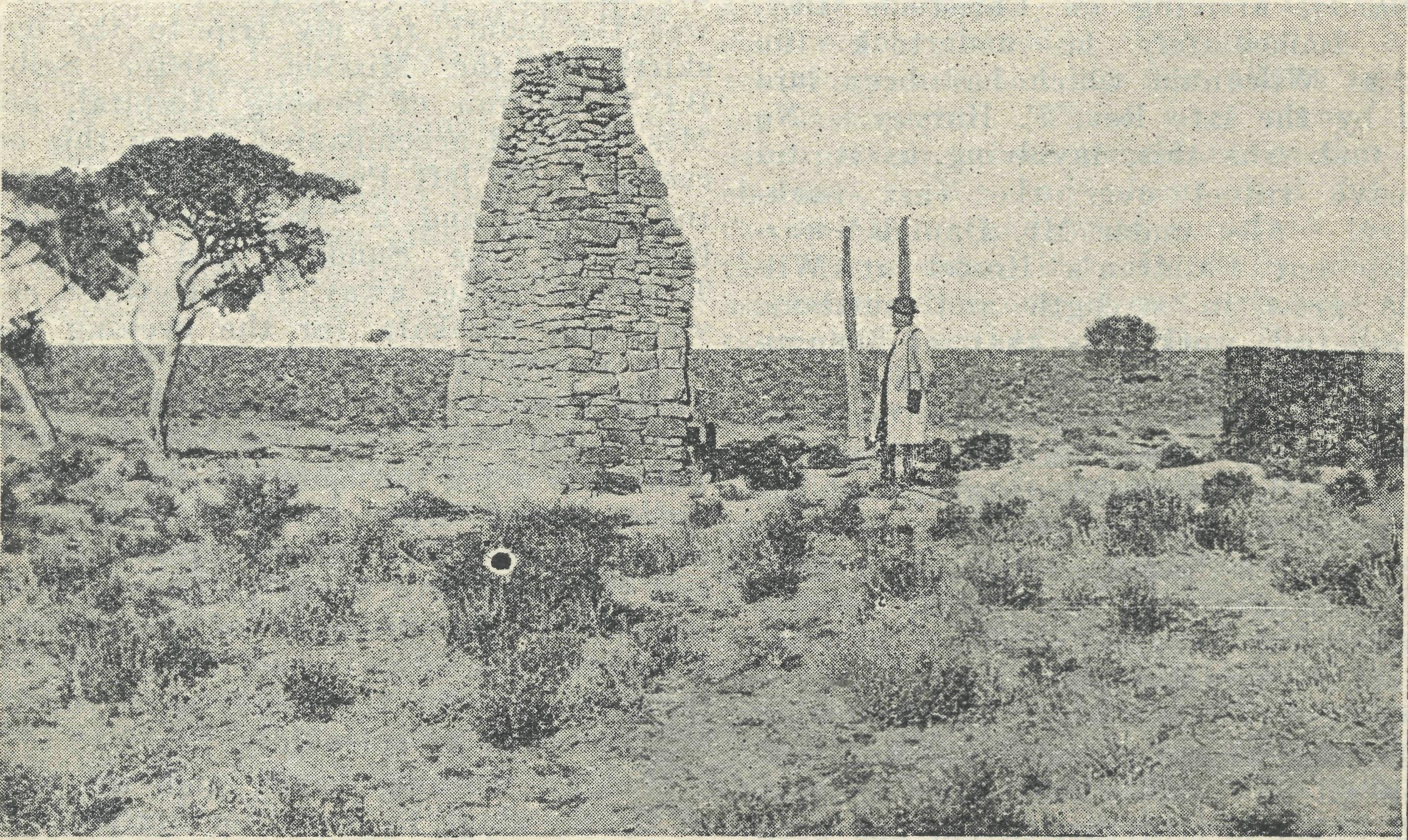
Monday morning came, and we were off on the stage to Nullarbor Station, wTell loaded up with benzine, oil, rugs, food and water for the journey; not forgetting a passenger on the running board of the car, a little black pig, who voiced his objection to being shut up in a box and carried outside. As the day was very hot, we were all glad when we arrived at Nullarbor Station, where we received a hearty welcome. As we had many gates to pass through, Sister Selby was allowed the privilege of opening and closing all the gates. The running boards of the car were all packed up with baggage, so Sister Selby showed her athletic pro­ficiency by climbing over the car-door—a great cure for stiffness on a long journey.

**The Varied Ministry of the B.C.A.**

After leaving Nullarbor Station, the road takes you out on to the Nullarbor Plains. When we were well out on the Plains, Sister Selby and Mrs. Edwards were wishing they had stayed at home. Mile after mile on a treeless plain, the temperature about 110 degrees in the shade, and not a sign of habitation, is not very interesting. Arriving at Cook, we stayed the night, and next day went on to Forrest, the mail station and air­port. It was very nice to reach the Western Australian Airways Hostel and

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**Relics of abandoned, homestead, Pidingia Rock Hole, Nullarbor.**

have a good clean up after travelling all day in the heat. After a night at For­rest, where two services were held, we started back again along the Trans-Australian Bailway line, visiting the fettlers*r* camps along the way and holding services, baptising babies, and always welcome. Cups of tea where the men happened to be working, or with women folk in their homes, the bond of friend­ship C3mented, and an occasion for a kind word and the good message.

We visited the camps at the 632-Mile, Deakin, Hughes, 529-Mile, and then on to Cook for the week-end. During this part of the trip Sister Selby did her good deed. A disabled car was left on the Plain, and we were asked if we would help. We fastened a tow rope on to the car, Sister Selby taking the wheel in the disabled car. We managed to get the

car as far as Deakin, but had to leave it there because the track was too rough and Sister was bumping up towards the sky. The car did not have a hood; the sun was all out that day, so I guess Sister will remember that incident for a long time.

After holding services at Cook on Sun­day, we left early Monday morning to visit Fisher and baptise a baby. From Fisher we went to Nullarbor Station, back into the scrub country again. Arriving at Nullarbor we found all hands ready to go out and fight a fire, and more men coming from the coast to assist. The fire had a front of about 25 miles. I went out and helped Monday night, but had to return to Penong on Tuesday. It was a trip of 930 miles all told, a very happy time, with everybody kind and good. The services were hearty and reverent.

**Christmas and Gifts.**

Since returning from that trip we have had a portable organ presented to us by kind friends in Melbourne. The organ has made a big difference in our services. Our best thanks to the donors.

Christmas season meant more running about, but worth while. The toys and good things sent out by kind people in Sydney and Melbourne had to be dis­tributed; and what a happy time! The services meant a 1000 miles of travelling to me, but it is all worth while when you see the joy it brings.

We have pensioned the old car off. I have purchased another car to keep the work going till we are able to purchase one for the district. There will be less ►vorry now when I go on my long trips.

Just at present the district is enjoying a wonderful season; we hope it will con­tinue till we make up for the losses of drought times. As God has given us good things, so we hope to give to Him of our best. We are looking forward in hope to better times.

A. H. EDWARDS.

**POST AND RAILS.**

**Eighteenpence** in stamps or postal note payable to B.C.A. ensures the delivery of this journal at your own address each quarter. We try to make this a live journal. Help us by obtaining a new subscriber. See our address on front page.

o o o o

Kecently the G.P.O. authorities- at Sydney returned to us a copy of our book, " These Ten Years," which had been found in the Post Office. Possibly it may have been intended for the post, but since it carried no address the intention of the owner could not be carried out. We shall be glad to make restitution to the owner.

o o o o

**St. George's, Hurstville.**—Once again Mrs. Dixon Hudson and her band of workers have helped us. Among their special cares in the B.C.A. field (they have quite a number as a matter of fact) is the Christmas Tree effort at Tibooburra. From the proceeds of a Sale of Work held in the Parish Hall at Hurstville came

a substantial donation to cover the ex­penses of the "Tree.'-' All thanks to our friend and her workers, o o o o

**Mrs. F. J. Marshall, of Lydham Avenue, Rockdale,** knows how to cheer the B.C.A. For years past she has gathered from her many friends money gifts which in the total always runs into two figures. It means much walking and many calls on her part, but it is splendidly done, and the B.C.A. records its special gratitude to Mrs. Marshall as well to those who gave. We would that we had a few more like her thus to help. For 1931 the amount received was £17/10/-. Fine indeed! Especially in these hard times, o o o o

**The B.C.A. Book Corner.**—We have given special mention elsewhere to " The Life of **Samuel Maradeai,**'» by Rev. S. M. Johnstone. Here we must direct the at­tention of our readers to another stirring volume—on Home Missions—**"The Story** of **a Labrador Doctor."** Make the ac­quaintance of Sir William Grenfell, M.D., as soon as possible, and this 158-page book serves in that direction. B.C.A. work (if we dare a comparison) is carried on in heat, dust, sand, bush fires, and flies. Dr. GrenfelPs work, much bigger than ours, is carried on by sea and land in the midst of ice floes, bergs, snow­drifts. The reader of this volume will obtain a wonderful view of the man and his work. Both of them have carried the blessing of God. Price, 1/4 (paper cover).

Have you read **"The Christ of the Mount"?** by Dr. E. Stanley Jones, whose name is in all the Churches by reason of his stimulating writing on important modern problems of Christianity and its impact on the East. This book is really a study on "The Sermon on the Mount," the outcome of close discussion with sin­cere seekers in India. You may # not agree with all the author's conclusions, but you will not fail to be influenced by them. It is not a book for parsons only; it is for all members of the Church. Eead it! is our advice. Price, —

**"Ttoe Path of Prayer,"** by Samuel Chadwick, deserves fuller notice. Gen­erally we are shy of books on prayer, be­cause prayer does not lend itself to liter­ary dissection or exposition. This book helps. It is practical. It keeps close to realities. Above all, it shows the in­dissoluble connection of prayer with the Word of God and His promises. Half the prayers we make to-day never rise to Heaven. They have no wings! God's promises are the wings, and when our prayers are linked to them they as­cend into the holiest. "The Path of Prayer" with its sixteen chapters will be found to make many things clear.

Our acknowledgment for the foregoing three books are made to the publishers, Messrs, Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd. o o o o

We acknowledge with thanks a gener­ous parcel of gifts carrying a note, "With best wishes for the very young. From a Well-wisher."

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**''These Ten** Years."—This book, writ­ten by the Organizing Missioner, still sells freely. Its chapters deal with the work of the B.C.A. from its inception in May, 1919, and the story of our varied ministries, the Mision Aeroplane, Mission Hospitals, Children's Home, and out-back travel is told. There are 21 illustrations. An excellent souvenir to send abroad and to friends near at hand. Price, 1/-; pro­curable at our Sydney and Melbourne Offices. Posted, 1/1. Write or call at once.

o o o o

A member of our Kookaburra Club Birthday Band recently forwarded to us an annual subscription, namely, one shil­ling. It took the form of a postal note issued at Harris Park; it was posted at Cronulla, but unfortunately **no name** was enclosed. Perhaps the kind sender is a reader of this journal. Please send name and address!

o o o o

**A book every Churchman should read** : **"Samuel** Marisden,'' by Rev. S. M. John-stone, M.A., of St. John's, Parramatta. Price : Cloth cover, 17 illustrations, 7/6.

This volume takes us back to the roots of things Australian. The Kev. Samuel Marsden was one of the outstanding men of his day, and his work and influence have lasted even to the present. A fas­cinating story this of pioneer adventure and missionary enterprise. The early days of New South Wales, of Sydney and Parramatta, also of New Zealand, are brought before us. It makes a fine gift for an overseas friend, or for anyone young or old in your own homes. **Buy your copy from the B.C.A.** The profits on our sales go to our Mission work, o o o o

Once again the members of St. An­drew's Cathedral (Sydney) Choir, both men and boys, have splendidly helped the B.C.A. with a generous Christmas gift. We arc thankful to them, especially to Mrs. Lawson, who so kindly keeps our work in view. And we must not forget the Precentor, Eev. L. Sutton, B.A., for his interest in the movement.

The month of December was cheering to us by reason of a multitude of gifts. The Church Schools of the Diocese of Sydney especially remembered us. It helps us to know that our work has so definite a place in their interest and giving.

o o o o

Grateful acknowledgments to an anony­mous donor who sent the sum of £2 to the "B.C.A." through Archdeacon Charl­ton of the Home Mission Society of Sydney. We deeply appreciate the gift, o o o o

We have been cheered by intimation of three legacies left to our Society—one for £250, the others for £50 and £10 re­spectively. May God's Name be praised for this remembrance by His servants. Such examples are worth commending to all our readers.

**Special.**—The Annual Business Meeting of our **Women's Auxiliary** will be held in the Church House (Cowper Koom), St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, on Thurs­day, April 28th, at 3 p.m. All members are earnestly invited to come. We are anxious that this most helpful organisa­tion be readily supported by all ladies, who are interested in B.C.A. work. The work of our Bush Deaconesses, Van Sisters, and Nurses are the special con­cern of the Women's Auxiliary. Mem­bership thus gives a great opportunity for service.

**THIS MAY CONCERN YOU.**

It will be borne in mind by our friends who subscribe to "The Eeal Australian'' that acknowledgment of subscriptions for the paper (1/6 per annum) received by post is made only in this column. There is an exception—in the case where it has been found necessary to communicate with the subscriber, and then the receipt is posted to them.

**Keep your subscription going if you can. It** means much to us, and helps us in **our** out-back work. We do not like to lose a single reader. If you cannot pay when the subscription is due, send it along dur­ing the following quarter. Everybody knows our address :

B.C.A. Headquarters,

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

**Victorian Office**—

St. Paul's Cathedral Buildings, Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

Thanks to the following for subscrip­tions received:—

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ley, Miss N. Goodsall, Miss M. Baker.

**NOTES FROM NOTEBOOKS.**

**Croajingolong** Mission area will soon see a real Eectory—two rooms and an annexe, yet a real building. What a contrast to the old one—a shell of split palings! There has been a sort of evolutionary process in the history of ''Eectories" in this district. The first was of bark, quite comfortable in its out­back way, its exterior beautified by some glorious roses planted by a lay reader in earlier days. Then followed a calico tent with wooden floor. Even Miss

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Reece had such a home at the beginning of her work. Then the contraption men­tioned above served. It was the last word in hygiene, and commended the ad­vantages of the fresh air system. But these things are of the past. Mr. Vincy, with characteristic energy, is working hard, and so are others. Some day in the near future there will be a happy day—the opening of the Missioner's Home.

o o o o

Miingmdi Hostel.-—An encouraging centre of B.C.A. work is this. Numbers arc greater than ever, and already we have responded to an S.O.S. for more furnishings to meet the situation. Our accommodation is sorely taxed. Last year we prophesied the need of a com­panion building to serve as a dormitory, it looks as if the prophecy is coming true. Surely B.C.A. friends will be there to meet the need. The Bishop of Armi-dale 's visit was of most cheering char­acter. He splendidly helps us in the work.

o o o o

B.C.A. Hospital, Ceduna.-—Statistics never make attractive reading, and we never like publishing them. Moreover, we remember the American who sagely remarked, " Figures never lie, but liars sometimes figure''; hence our hesitation about statistics. Nevertheless, this Hos­pital has some -interesting items in its annual summary of admissions. Patients numbered 113, apart from many minor cases and treatments. The Baby Depart-mjemt registered 37 new arrivals. Can anyone explain why out of the 37 only 14 were boys? There is some injustice

being done somewAere *in this matter.*

But the fair sex throughout history has always had the upper hand; at least so cynical males claim. Behind the figures let us all remember the hard, painstaking service rendered by our B.C.A. Sisters. o o o o

Wilcaimia Hostel.—With the return of better seasons prospects are brightening. Mrs. Mann, our Matron, sends a cheery report. As a matter of fact, the seasons are a puzzle. After three or four years of drought, Nature has decided on a policy of compensation. Five inches of rain fell last month—more than half of the average for a year. Then a couple of weeks ago .rain came again, and nearly an inch fell in twenty minutes. The water could, not get away, so the Hostel children viewing it as a happy dispensa­tion, enjoyed some real surf-bathing in the Hostel grounds. Our Women's Auxiliary in Sydney is undertaking to provide some pressing household needs. That's good! Splendid also is the help accorded to this Hostel by friends at Katoomba- in response to an appeal by the Organizing Misstoner. Our Wil­caimia work is *'\*i* coming again.'' o o o o

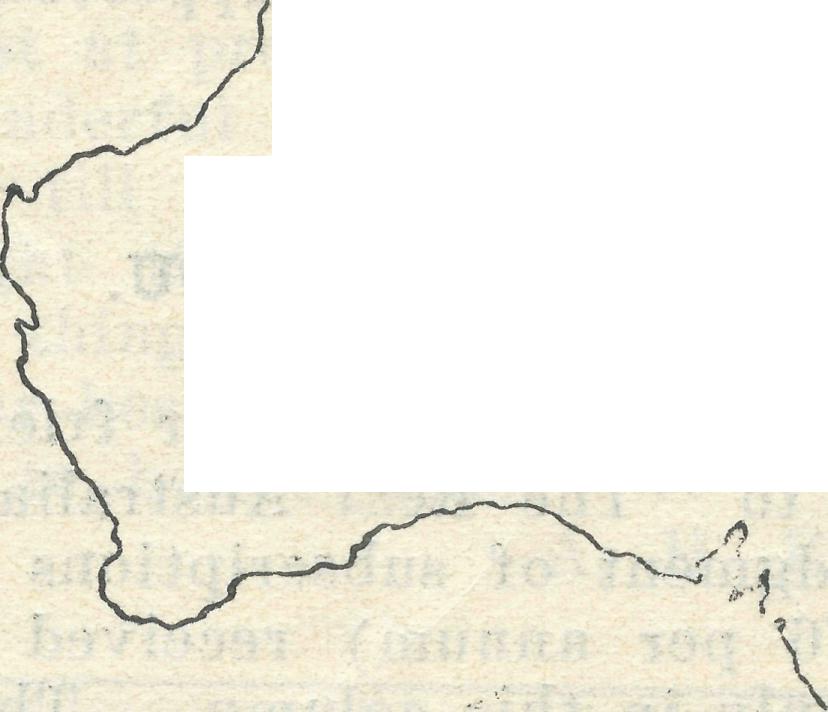
Penong Hospital—'.<It's a long lane that has no turning!" Sister Selby is finding this out. Work here still pre­sents difficulties, but our hopes are not

diminished. There is an extraordinary variety of cases at this point. As some­one has said, local complaints range "all the way from bald heads to ingrowing toenails.'' Admission has. been made of several grave cases. It is happy to know that in this Hospital success and blessing have attended the work of the Sister and her helpers.

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**Our Parish**

**A**

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I bequeath to the Bush Church Aid Society for Australia and Tasmania the

sum of. . ., ...... pounds

(free of legacy duty) . for the general purposes of the said Society,,and I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer for the time being of the Society shall be a suf­ficient charge for the said legacy.

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

We shall let a hymn be a suggestion to *prayer—*an old-fashioned *hymn* which some, in these very modern days, affect to- despise. Its truth still holds good, and its challenge to us most insistent. Have you ever marked it?

Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Though they are slighting Him,

Still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent child to receive;

Plead with them earnestly,

Plead with them gently; He will forgive if they only believe. Rescue the perishing, etc.

Down in the human heart, Crush'cl by the tempter, Feelhigs lie buried that grace can restore; Touch'd by a loving heart, Waken 'd by kindness, Chords that w^crc broken will vibrate once more. Rescue the perishing, etc. •

Wholly set up and printed in Australia by D. S. Ford, 44-50 Reservoir Street, Sydney.

Rescue the jjerishing : Duty demands it: Strength for thy labour the Lord wTill provide : Back to the narrow wTay Patiently win them; Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died. Rescue the perishing, etc. Amen.

Look at it again, and see the four con­straining motives which the whole hymn gives us for definite Christian service.

Verse 1.—Pity for the plight of the sinner.

Verse 2.—The unfailing love of our Lord and His willingness to forgive.

Verse 3.—The wonderful possibilities of Christian character in the unsaved.

Verse 4.—The obligation of service laid upon us by our Lord, and the power for service which He gives.

You will join your intercessions with ours.

Pray for—

The Missions of the B.C.A. in various parts of Australia, especially remembering the workers who indeed belong to the household of faith.

Pray for—

The Aeroplane Mission, that the Missioner be kept in his difficult and daring work.

Pray for—

The extension of this work through the in' troduction of a second 'plane, that the Council may be rightly guided in its loca­tion and staffing.

Pray for—

B.C.A. Hospital work in the Far Country, where patients must be received in spite of their inability to make any return for ser' *vice. Pray that God's good cheer he with* the Sisters and their helpers. Remember the nursing work at Croajingalong and its difficulties.

Pray for—

The B.C.A. Children's Hostels at Wilcan-nia and Mungindi, that the work be in' creased of God, and that we persevere knowing that such ministry to little ones cannot be in vain in the Lord.

Pray for—

The Sisters' Mission Van in its itinerations in unlikely and outof'theway places : also for the Sunday School bv Post with its Gospel message for little children.

Prav for—

All Students, Deaconesses, and Nurses in training and preparing for B.C.A. work in the Bush, that they mav be equipped with power, wisdom, and zeal, and become "able ministers of the New Covenant." Also re member the Council, Committees. Women's Auxiliary, and workers on the Home Base Staff ; and pray for a spirit of thankful giving to be upon all B.C.A. friends. Forget not to give thanks—

For kindly givers who have helped us with

their self'denials. For friends, known and unknown, who

have rallied at our call to keep our min'

istries going. For cheering reports from fields that God's

Word is still with power. For offers of service for the filling of pend'

ing vacancies in our work.