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35

**The Real Australian**

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

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THE BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.

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THE ORGANIZING MISSIONER'S LETTER.

B.C.A. Headquarters,

St. Andrew's Cathedral,

Sydney, June 20, 1932. My dear Friends,

To write this letter is a trial to my heart. It is my last to you as Organising Missioner of the B.C.A.. For nearly thirteen years, from the inception of the Society, I have been associated with the work, gladly sharing in all the changes and chances of that long period, conscious always of loyal and sacri­ficial support of friends, seeing in all things "the good hand of our God upon us."

No man can relinquish such a post with­out a crowding in of memories upon his mind. The early days of the B.C.A. were strange indeed. We had very little money, certainly no reputation, and we even won­dered where we should commence the work we felt called to do. It is here that I would record my gratitude to the members of the Council of the Society for the trust and con­fidence which they showed. Their advice and counsel in consultation have been always in­valuable, and the freedom of action which they accorded me always encouraged. It has been a great thing to enjoy the fellowship of such a Council as that which controls the

B.C.A. If I single out two of the number I am sure that the others will not mind ; for I want to express my deep appreciation of the ever-available help given by Canon W. L. Langley (Hon. Clerical Secretary), and Mr. T. S. Holt (Hon. Treasurer). Frequent have been the special calls made upon them ; never have they failed. The story of the growth of the B.C.A. is in part a story of their consistent service freely and cheerfully given.

Then reference must be made to the sup­port given by the office staff. We have never boasted elaborate "overhead machinery," but the Home-base work has been done. In Sydney, Miss Manning has been with us for over nine years ; her close knowledge of our affairs has been of the greatest value. Nor must I forget Miss Halpin, our typiste, and Miss Boyce, in the Melbourne office. Some­how we have managed to work as a family, and it has made for progress. As for my col­leagues in deputation work, past and present, I made reference to them lately in these pages. Our wonderful band of voluntary workers is such as to give rise to a great pride. I want to register my thanks to them.

A great joy has been in the innumerable friends who, with subscriptions and donations, coupled with their prayers and good wishes, have steadily carried on and developed our work from year to year. Again and again have I appealed to them, and they have never been found tired of responding. They constitute the backbone of the B.C.A., and have mightily supported us. I thank my God upon every remembrance of them all.

A special place must be given to those men and women, padres, nurses, and dea­conesses, and others who have gone forth to far-off fields at our call, and have faith­fully served their Master. The first was the late Rev. Fred Harvey, of blessed memory. Those who followed have not failed. The Hostels, Hospitals for the B.C.A., and the good name for sturdy, effective evangelical ministry which the Society generally holds throughout Australia, are a testimony to their worth. They have served, and are still serv­ing the Lord with a great zeal and love.

But my letter is already lengthy, so I must close. As I thank all for innumerable kind­nesses shown through past years, may I ask for earnest prayers. I face up to the solemn responsibilities of the office of Bishop-Coadjutor of Sydney, and it will be a tre­mendous help to know that I have the spir­itual upholding of B.C.A. friends. Especi­ally do I ask for this help on the day-of the Consecration Service, August 24 next—-St.

Bartholomew's Day. To the God of all grace I humbly commend you.

I am, yours sincerely,

S. J. KIRKBY.

PRESENTATION.

The Council has decided to make a pres­entation to the Organising Missioner, Arch­deacon Kirkby, on the occasion of his con­secration as Bishop-Coadjutor of the Diocese of Sydney. We are convinced that many of the friends of the B.C.A. would like to join in such a presentation. Those wishing to help are invited to communicate with Mr. T. S. Holt, the Hon. Treasurer of the B.C.A., Church House, George Street, Sydney. W. LESLIE LANGLEY (Canon),

Hon. Clerical Secretary.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Right Rev. Bishop G. D'Arcy-Irvine.—The B.C.A. will miss this our friend the late Bishop-Coadjutor of the Diocese of Sydney. Through all the years of our work he has shown generous and practical interest in our activities, and his kindly words were ever encouraging. To Mrs. D'Arcy-Irvine and the late Bishop's family, the earnest sym­pathy of the whole Society is tendered.

Rev. H. G. J. Howe.—Another great loss to "the Church Militant here on earth" was the sudden Home-Call of this our brother be­loved. His parish was always open to the B.C.A. appeal, and his personal commenda­tion of our work won us many friends. We thank God for the remembrance of his faith­ful and fearless witness to the Word of God and to evangelical religion. Our hearts go out towards Mrs. Howe and her family in their bereavement.

PERSONAL.

One or two important changes have marked the past quarter.

Rev. L. Daniels, for over nine years B.C.A. Missioner at Wilcannia, and for four years our Aeroplane Missioner, resigned his post on acceptance of the Rectorship of Lithgow (Diocese of Sydney). Mr. Daniels' service for the Society has been outstanding in its nature and duration. He was the first aviator-missioner, we believe, in the wide wbtld—a signal distinction indeed, and in this capacity proved the efficiency of such a novel ministry to the whole Church. A vast area was under his pastoral care, townships and stations and selections being spaced far apart.

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Mr. Daniels also acted as Warden of our Children's Hostel at Wilcannia, and helped it in its growth into a standing institution of our Church. The Council of the Society has placed his work on special record, and has tendered turn its gratitude. Our best wishes go out ^ him and to Mrs. Dajaiels as they take up Ineir/new parish.

**Rev.** C. **Kemmis,** lately of St. Philip's, Eastwood, has been accepted by the Bishop of Riverina as successor to Mr. Daniels. We rejoice at this and feel confident that the good work will go on. Mr. Kemmis" was trained by the Society at Moore College, Syd­ney. Already he has had valuable out-back experience in our Far West Mission, South Australia. His course of training as an air-pilot is now completed, and he will take charge of the B.C.A. 'plane. We beg the earnest prayers of all our supporters for him, that in his earnestness and enthusiasm for the Gospel he will find God's blessing upon him.

**VICTORIAN NOTES.**

**Ladies\* Auxiliary.**—Scattered about Mel­bourne are many women who have at heart the needs of B.C.A. Can we not organize these ladies into an auxiliary ? We are keen to have such a body here in Victoria to take special charge of the needs of Sister Sowter, of Croajingolong and to share in helping the hospitals at Penong and Ceduna. A pre­liminary meeting of ladies has already been held, but we hope to definitely form the aux­iliary in August. Will those ladies who are interested in B.C.A. and would care to help us in this way send along their names to the Victorian Secretary, who will then let them know the date of the August meeting ?

Girls' Friendly Societies and Mothers' Unions.—The Victorian Secretary is very anxious to win the interest of our church-women in Victoria. During the past two months he has had the opportunity of ad­dressing many of these societies in the various parishes, and hopes to be able to go to many more in the course of the next few months. If you would like him to come to one of your branch meetings, ask your secretary to invite him along for a talk in the afternoon or a lantern lecture at night.

Visit of the Organizing Missioner.—During the month of May we had the Archdeacon over. He caused some disappointment through the lack of gaiters. (Archdeacons should look the part.) During his stay, Arch­deacon Kirkby was able to preach in the Cath­edral as well as at various principal churches. His moving pictures were found very inter­esting by all who saw them. The Victorian Secretary feels very out of date with his old and dilapidated lantern, though he trusts that all those who see the lantern slides will find them very moving, too. (Here is an oppor­tunity for someone to help with a special gift—Ed.)

**Rev.** V. S. W. **Mitchell.—**Our late secre­tary spent two days in Melbourne before pro­ceeding to England on the s.s "Hobson's ■Bay." This allowed the Victorian Committee to present to Mr. Mitchell and his wife a case of fish-servers as a token of their esteem, and to express their good wishes to them both for the coming days.

**The** Annual **Rally** *t* general Election.-^De-spite the fact that **the campaign** was at its

height and that the period of the Diocesan Evangelistic Missions had begun, our Vic­torian Rally was a great success. In these days of depression it was no small achieve­ment to gather together 600 church-people. But the B.C.A. has a place in the hearts of many, and so they came in happy spirit and enthusiasm at the Chapter House on May 11. The Bishop of Gippsland made a fine chairman, and gave us a needed reminder of the dependence of the city upon the country and claimed that the city should pay its debt by more generous concern in the spiritual needs of the country. The Organising Mis­sioner took us to various out-back areas and pictured B.C.A. at its real work. Then we had Sister Sowter, B.C.A. Church Nurse at Cann River in East Gippsland, with a first­hand story of all that the ministry of healing meant. Our new Victorian Secretary (Rev. Tom Jones) gave a telling address with refer­ence to his work at Boggabilla. It was a fine meeting, stirring to the praise of God. We were cheered by the thank-ofFering of *£10.*

Werrimul Mission.—We rejoice with the Rev. R. Hallahan, of the B.C.A., on the completion of a beautiful little church just erected, and consecrated by the Bishop of St. Arnaud. It touches us when we remem­ber that it is a memorial also of the Rev. R. J. Tuck, our first padre at Werrimul, who was drowned just at the close of 1928. His heart was set upon such a building, and he longed to see such. Now the Church is, and we pray that it may be a place where men and women will find God and draw nigh to Him through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Central Branch of the G.F.S.—The Vic­torian Secretary was able to give a travel-talk to the members of this branch during May. As a result, we understand that the branch is going to help us very materially in our work. They have a cupboard at the moment empty, but it will soon be quite full of very nice gifts for the kiddies of the out-back.

We give thanks for the following : A splen­did Garden Fete by the ladies of St. James', East Malvern ; an enthusiastic drawing-room meeting arranged by Mrs. Price, of Heidel­berg ; for the anonymous gift of £100 for the overhaul of the aeroplane ; for a splendid Rally collection—£70.

A TRAGEDY OF THE OUT-BACK.

The north-west of New South Wales is a pleasant place to spend a few weeks' holiday. Mother and father had come to spend a fort­night with friends in my old mission-area, and had brought their baby boy with them. Mother was nineteen years of age ; father could boast to having reached his majority, and baby-boy reckoned his age in months, a whole eighteen of them.

Unfortunately Jupiter Pluvius decided to take a hand, and as is usual in semi-tropical areas, a lot of rain fell in a very short time. The holiday-makers were confined to the house, a tumbledown house of old slabs, lined with hessian, no place for healthy people to sit and kick their heels.

Father lost his patience, and taking the gun,..went out to seek something to shoot. Babv-bov decided to go too, and mother went to keep her eye on baby. Outside the house were man:/ galahs, and father, in his excite­ment, forgot baby-boy toddling by his side,

and mother had to dash forward to bring baby away from danger. But in doing so she ran in the line of fire, and father had the terrible experience of shooting mother.

Mother was made as comfortable as pos­sible on the floor of a "Ford" truck, but the roads were too bad for even a "Ford" to proceed under its own power, and a horse had to be hitched to the truck. Word con­cerning the accident had been conveyed to the hospital eighty miles away, and the ambu­lance set out to meet the patient. The ambu­lance-driver, an expert in the mud, found it beyond even his powers to keep the car from bogging, and the journey proved to be just one bog after another. Finally the patient arrived at the hospital. The accident had occurred at 9 a.m., and the woman did not reach the hospital until 6 p.m., and death occurred a few hours later. The doctor ex­pressed it as his opinion that if he had been able to have had the patient in hospital within three hours of the accident, there was no reason for her to have died.

Just another tragedy of the bush ; just a
line in a newspaper, and the story is for­
gotten. Will you help the B.C.A. to send
to these people of the lonely places the min­
istry of healing? T.E.J.

LEARNING TO FLY.

Learning to fly ! What a thrill ! Why, the very thought of it seemed to be too won­derful to be true ; and yet, there it was ! I had been given the chance of such a novel experience if I cared, or perhaps I should say if I dared to try.

Did I hesitate ? I should say not. Never­theless, I did wonder whether it would be possible for me to learn the art. In the first place there arose the question, Would I be able to pass the medical test ? And if I did, would I learn ? Some people, I am told, would never learn to fly—no, not in a lifetime. They might be quite normal in every other respect, and yet impossible in the flying world.

So with these and many other thoughts whirling through my brain, I suddenly re­membered the ultimate object of such an ad­venture. The idea of becoming an aviator was simply that I might be used in another sphere, as a messenger carrying the Gospel of our Lord J'esus Christ ; and so, with that fact before me I felt that there was only one way to approach the whole scheme, and that was to just ask our Lord to arrange everything and trust Him to either open or close the way as He thought fit. Having done this, God soon made His will clear, and the way opened up.

The Doctor's Certificate.

One day I found myself in the doctor's surgery for a test of physical fitness. What a nightmare ! He certainly put me through my paces. Eyes, ears, nose, throat, chest, reflexes, sense of balance, blood pressure-— good heavens ! the man would soon have had me standing on my head with my arms folded, or else walking about on my hands, if he kept on at that rate. By the time he had finished I felt as though I had been for a flight ! Imagine my sigh of relief when he smiled and said, "O.K."

But that was only the start. Within a short time I found myself at the flying school.

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listening to a few preliminary instructions as to the use of the aeroplane controls, and then, without any more ado, I took my place in the pilot's cockpit with the instructor in the observer's cockpit in front of me.

With a slightly muffled roar from the engine we moved off, and I suddenly found myself rising from the ground. We climbed quickly, while my gase wandered back and forth from the ground to the dials on the dashboard.

Think of it ! Four of them !—oil-pressure gauge, air-speed indicator, heigh indicator, engine revolution meter, and a spirit-level on top. Would I have to watch all those and pilot a machine at the same time ? It seemed a lot to watch. However, I had little time to dwell upon such things, for I heard the instructor saying (per medium of the head' phones) to take over and fly straight. (There are a set of controls in both cockpits of the school machines.) I took over and found it fairly simple, while the air was calm at least !

Watching **(not blowing)** Bubbles.

He then explained and demonstrated bank' ing and turning—quite nice, too, until I sud­denly looked Out and saw that the 'plane was tilting at an alarming angle, or so it seemed. Once again I took control, and this time proceeded to turn. It was then I was intro-duced to the bubble. The bubble is that in the spirit'level used to indicate the angle of bank. I was supposed to keep the bubble in the middle, but it kept running up to either one end or the other. While trying to figure this out, I suddenly heard the warn' ing voice of the instructor : "Watch your speed !" Good heavens ! we were doing eightyfive miles per hour, instead of seventy ! At once I lifted the nose of the machine, but did it so hurriedly that I felt as though I was travelling to the top floor of a building in a fast'moving lift.

Once again there came the voice, "Where's your bubble ?" Why, there was the wretched thing away up the other end of the tube !

The whole business was getting somewhat complicated, when the instructor said that the simplest method of keeping the bubble in the middle was to chase it with the top of the joystick (control column). I thereupon proceeded to do the chasing. Sometimes it got a nasty lead, and the machine tilted *in* a sickly fashion. I'd rush after it, only to find I had righted the machine so quickly that the bubble doubled back over its track and was hiding up the other end.

However, after a little practice, I soon found I could manage that little chap, and being well assured of my control over his wandering habits, I entered upon the next phase of flying, namely, steep turns. Here I made a strange discovery. Whereas in normal flying the joystick is used to raise or lower the nose of the machine and the rudder is used to make it turn, in steep turns the functions of these controls change. One now uses the rudder to raise or lower the nose, and the joystick to make it turn.

Steep turns became quite interesting, and I soon learnt the art of rolling out of one turn into one in the opposite direction, thus making a figure eight.

A Daytime Nightmare.

At this stage the instructor, being satisfied that I knew how to turn correctly, demon'

strated the result of a bad turn. As we turned he let the machine's nose rise until we were doing a steep climbing turn. The engine began to slacken speed under the added strain, just as a car will labour when climbing a hill. The sensation, however, was not unpleasant, and I waited for develop' ments. They came—and with a rush ! We reached stalling point, and suddenly to my amazement, we literally fell over on one side, and the next thing I knew was that the red tiles of cottage roofs, streets, trams, cars, and goodness knows what else, were straight ahead of us, and were whirling around as we dived toward them. The wind whistled past the 'plane as she gathered speed. The engine Was practically silent, and the stay-wires seemed to hum. My first thought was the joystick. To get out of this we would have to pull it right back—but to my horror I found it already in that position, and the more I pulled the faster the machine did spin.

This all happened in the space of a few seconds, and almost subconsciously I heard the instructor saying, quite calmly, "We arc now in a normal tail-spin !"

Normal ! Strange how quickly one thinks at such times, for the thought flashed through my mind, "If this was a normal spin, what would an abnormal one be like ?" I found myself gating at the back of the instructor's head, and likening him to some dreadful demon who delighted in playing fiendish tricks !

But once again I heard his voice, this time telling me how to come out of the spin, and the next instant he demonstrated it. The spin slackened, and we found ourselves easing out of a steep dive. The wind did not whistle so much now, and in a moment or two we were almost level, having dropped about five hun' died feet.

"That's all we'll do with spins for the present," said the demon, and we then went on with a little normal flying, while I breathed i dgh of **relief.**

**The Art of Landing.**

The next stage was that of gliding, or flying without the aid of the engine, this being the normal manner of approaching the ground for landing. It differs little from the ordinary flying, except that the machine is travelling at a reduced speed, and has the nose slightly down.

Having mastered something of this art, we came to the most difficult feature of normal flying, *viz.,* that of landing. How difficult it seemed to glide down, keeping constantly at the one speed, no more and no less, and then to level out gently just above the ground before actually alighting there like a great bird. Sometimes we dived at the earth, and found we had gathered so much speed that it was impossible to make a safe landing. Some­times we came down too slowly, and thus were in danger of suddenly dropping into a spin without sufficient room to recover. Time and time again we tried it. This time we were landing slightly out of wind (i.e., across the line of wind direction) ; the next time we managed quite well, until the last moment, when we let the machine touch the ground too early, and thus bounced off about three feet into the air.

Oh, yes ! there were many moments when I grew heartily sick of the whole business !

It seemed that I couldn't get hold of it. If I did manage to make a good landing the next would be a bad one.

But one day, quite suddenly, it came ! We landed, and landed well. "Beautiful," said the instructor. "Have another." We did. "Splendid !"—and again, 'Splendid !" and so on we went with words of helpful criticism and praise. That afternoon as the sun dis' appeared over the horizon, we taxied back to the hangar, my heart glowing with joy. "You've got it, Padre," he said, and I thanked God for that.

From that time onwards I only needed practice to fit me for the licence test. Dur-ing this stage I knew I must do my first solo flight ! One day it came. Somehow I knew it would be that day, yet strangely enough the instructor and myself were silent on the subject. We climbed into the machine, taxied out, and took off together as usual. After one or two circuits around the 'drome, with a landing or two, we stopped. "Now, what about starting your solo ? Do you feel like it ?"

Feel like it ! I should say I did ! And so with strange feelings I watched him calmly take his controls out and climb out of the machine. A brief word of instruction, and away I went.

Alone !—for the first time, with an £800 machine and my own life in my hands, cilimbing up to 600 feet. It was a thrill ! Needless to say, I did nothing fanciful, but flew as near to perfection as I knew, circled, shut off the throttle, and gently glided in, making quite a good landing. I could see the instructor's eyes sparkling with joy as he ran over to pat me on the back—and I thanked God I had got thus far !

**Tail Spins and How to Correct Them.**

,A few more days of this, and I gained con' fidence. There was only one more thing to do before applying for a license test. I must, in accord with regulations, enter and recover from three tail-spins of my own accord. The instructor first made me feel quite faint by talking ajpout the wretched spins ; how to get into such, how to get out, what to do, and what to avoid, until at last I felt myself dreading them.

However, at last we started. Climbing to 3,000 feet, he demonstrated the spin and recovery. I then followed his example, in and out three times. The first was rather a sickly experience ; the second not quite so bad ; and the third quite interesting. I was frankly disappointed when the instructor said that it would do.

Since then I've had the pleasure of per' forming this delightful feat at my leisure. Even as I write, I call to mind a few spins I practised in the bright sunlight of this morning. I believe in doing two or three spins in fairly quick succession, so that it will be obvious to critics that they are deliberate, and not the result of bad flying. How dif­ferent now to what they seemed at first !

However, the test'day came—bitterly cold. I flew out about twenty minutes early, just to get into running order, and at last, when I was feeling really cold, I saw the exam' iner coming out across the ground.

Upon being introduced, we greeted one an­other with chattering teeth. A few words of instruction as to the requirements of the test, and away I went. It was soon over—

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&y.e figures of eight around two points, two landings from 2,000 feet and 500 feet re' spectively, and the practical test was over. We proceeded to the office, and an oral test on regulations, all was done.

The next thing is to see the postman com'
ing with an "O.H.M.S." Meanwhile, I sign
the log'sheets, not in the pupils'1 column, but
in that marked "Pilot." C.M.K.

(We rejoice to publish this bright and entertaining article by Mr. Kemmis. It will bring home to our readers just what the aviation ministry means. It will also call out the regular prayers of all our friends for our aviator and his work.—Editor.)

**A HYMN FOR TO-DAY.**

**"The Saviour of the World."**

Lovers of the piece of great music which is known as "The Londonderry Air" ("Danny Boy") will welcome a new hymn that may worthily be sung to **it.**

I cannot tell why He Whom angels worship Should set His love upon the sons of men, Or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the

wand'rers, To bring them back, they know not how or

when. But this I know, that He was born of Mary When Bethlehem's manger was His only

home, And that He lived at Nazareth and laboured, And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is

come.

I cannot tell how silently He suffered

As with His peace He graced this place of

tears, Or how His heart upon the Cross was broken, The crown of pain to three and thirty years. But this I know, He heals the brokenhearted, **And** stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear, And lifts the burden from the heavyladen, For yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world,

*is* here.

I cannot tell how He will win the nations, How He will claim His earthly heritage, How satisfy the needs and aspirations Of East and West, of sinner and of sage. But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory, And He shall reap the harvest He has sown, **And** some glad day His sun shall shine in

splendour When He the Saviour, Saviour of the world,

is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship, When, at His bidding, every storm is stilled, Or who can say how great the jubilation When all the hearts of men with love are

filled. **But** this I know, the skies will thrill with

gladness And myriad, myriad human voices sing, And earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,

will answer, At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is

King ! —W. Y. Fullerton, D D.

**THE CHALLENGE OF A GREAT EXAMPLE.**

Sometimes people tell us that they wish that they could do big things for us, but that **the** times are against them. The following

should be of inspiration to them. Our Mel' bourne office received this note, accompanied by a postal note for 2A :—

"Please fine 2/', being one shilling each from Grandma and myself. We are sorry it is so small, but every little helps. My husband is out of work, and has been for a long time, and Grandma, who has turned seventytwo years now, is an old' age pensioner and helps us. We have two baby girls, one three years and the other nine months. We have all we can do. Of course we are sorry that we can' not come to the Rally, but we wish you every success, and hope that you will be able, with God's help, to continue the work. We can only pray.

Yours sincerely,

Somewhere in the New Testament the Lord placed immeasurable value on a poor widow'woman's gift of "two mites." We are sure that the above gifts also come in for His commendation.

Recently we were faced with an unexpected charge—that of a complete renovation of our aeroplane after over four years of flight. A sum of £100 was needed, or the machine might be indefinitely laid up. On the first Sunday morning of the Organising Mission' er's recent visit to Victoria, he placed this pressing need before the congregation. On the next day there was left in the Society's office a brief letter to which was attached a £100 bank'note. The gift is anonymous. Is there not an old letter in the New Testament which reminds us that God is not unrighteous to forget such work and love shown towards His Name when people minister, and con' tinue to minister, in such generous yet unob' trusive way ? Surely did our thanksgivings abound on that day !

**♦$♦ •$♦ «$»**

At the close of a service at St. Barnabas' Church, George Street West, Sydney (Canon R. B. S. Hammond, Rector), a query was raised by a good friend (a Churchwarden) concerning any particular needs in our Mis' sion Hospital work. We answered in terms of a letter received from one of our Ma' trons : counterpanes and material for chil' dren's clothes. An overwhelming reply reached us a few days later—a parcel con' taining eighteen fine white counterpanes and another with 104 yards of flannelette. We can see all the hospital beds decently covered and multitudes of children, small and great, warmly clad for the coming winter. Thanks, and again thanks, to our good friend. A wonderful gift indeed !

**BACK TO CROAJINGOLONG.**

**Our** Church Nurse : **Her** Home and **Her Work.**

Can you picture it ? A trim little cottage built of fibro'cement and weatherboard, set with a background of great forest timber, a neat little garden plot in front, and a cheer' ful atmosphere of homeliness surrounding it. Well, it's the Nursing Home at CroajingO' long, where **Sister Sowter,** the B.C.A. Nurse, is established in her good work of healing and comfort.

Perhaps it was by accident that it was placed at the beginning of the King's High'

way (as the road which runs past it is called), but nevertheless the fact is not without special significance to those who have ears to hear and eyes to see. One of the rich ministeries of the Church is there at that point—a min' istry qualified to bring wholeness to the body and salvation to the soul. B.C.A. nurses are known as women of high professional skill and of true Christian character.

If you approached the "Home," you would find that the verandah, partly en' closed, is used as a waiting'foom. Inside, the consulting'room discloses its usefulness. There are the shelves laden with rows of bottles and phials bearing queer labels writ' ten in language known only to chemists and nurses. It would appear that the bottles con' tained a cure for all the aches and pains of humanity. Then in another place could be seen weird'looking splints and other con' traptions for making crooked things straight, and keeping them straight. Oh ! a nurse's work must be a "beautiful work," as our Lord once described a woman's deed (St. Mark xiv. 6).

But a nurse's work is not easy. Here are a few pages out of Sister Sowter's diary of experience. Writing on April 19, she says :—

"To date I have just treated 120 cases, in some cases the treatment covering days and sometimes weeks—three visits a day being necessary with some. When a patient is not well enough to be brought to my dis' pensary, I must visit them. Usually there is a car sent for me ; often I must take the first conveyance available : a butcher's van. a passing motor'lorry, or even the rabbit' trapper's smelly waggon. The telephone is a great asset. People even sixty miles away ring up giving the symptoms and asking advice for some sick person. It means the alleviation of great suffering and even the saving of life.

Accidents by the Wayside.

"One evening the post office linesman's lorry came down the King's Highway at tremendous speed to the dispensary, a man rushed in and asked would I come straight away, because a motor'bike and a lorry had collided and a man had been badly hurt.

"We quickly placed a stretcher and my emergency kit in the lorry and off we went about half a mile to the scene of the acci' dent. The man, with a rather badly dam' aged shoulder, arms, and leg, was lying on the road. Bleeding wounds were bandaged and the patient was lifted on to the stretcher, thence to the lorry, and taken back to the dispensary. Here I kept him for a few hours, treated him for shock, cleaned up the wounds, put ten stitches in his leg, gave him an in' jection of morphia, and started with him on a lorry for Orbost Hospital, sixty miles away. We arrived at 3 a.m., after a most trying time for both patient and nurse.

**An S.O.S. from** a **Lighthouse.**

"On one occasion I was called to Cape Everard Lighthouse, the distance being only thirty miles, but a most difficult road to travel. First was the problem, how was I to get there ? After making some in' quiries, I found that a fishing party was going to Tampoon Lakes, who would take me to what is known as the 'turn'off,' some twelve miles from my destination. The next ques' tion was from the other end, 'Could I ride ?'

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I said kNo, but I could sit on a horse.1 Well, we left the dispensary about 4 p.m., the sun giving of its best at about 106 degrees, the track being such that the car travelled about five miles an hour. There was a puncture to help us on, but finally we arrived at the turn'oif with no one in sight to meet me. So I walked on alone about one mile through the lonely bush track, with great giant trees all round and the quaint music from numbers of little birds, and feeling how much I had to look to God for His guidance and mercy. "At last came the welcome sound of horses, and I was met by a man riding one and lead' ing another for me. I mounted with the aid of a fallen tree to stand on. My companion told me the child to whom I was bound was still unconscious, and had been for a couple of hours. So, breathing a prayer to God that all might be well, we rode on four miles of a bridle track through bush, then cross' ing the sand-hills we came to the beach, the sea'breez,e being most welcome after the heat and smoke of bush'fires which at times were almost up to the track on both sides. Six miles along the beach, then two miles round sand'hills brought me to the light' house at 9.45 p.m.

"I found the child's condition slightly im' proved. I stayed with him all night, giving him medicine, etc., which I had brought with me, and at 10 a.m. next morning he was well enough for me to leave. So I again mounted my horse for home, leaving behind me most grateful parents. The journey home was much more pleasant. There was a cool change and the fires had died down, and although I was very weary I was able to enjoy some of the beauties of the Gippsland bush. We rode sixteen miles back to Tarn' poon Lakes, where I again joined the fishing party with their car, and was brought home again to Gann. After a hot bath and some tea I was feeling quite fit, and it being Sun' day evening, I was able to go off to our Mission Church.

"My modes of transport vary even in one day. A couple of weeks ago I had to visit a very sick man, some fifteen miles along the Highway. At 6 a.m. I caught the mail'car, treated the patient, walked on two miles to visit another, and then caught the butcher's van for the return journey. Then comes a message to come and see two sick ones : first to a child who had a poisoned foot, which must be opened, and then to a mother who has a badly sprained ankle. This is followed by a visit to a young man who had been camping and had fallen very ill. I had to put him to bed, treat him, as well as prepare some nourishment for him. Walking back, I am picked up by a motor-bike and sidebar, and so home, where I find two people wait' ing attention. Eventually I get to bed. Days like these are a joy ; *in* fact if it were not so selfish for me to wish it, I should like to have patients like that every day.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men,

"Sometimes we have interesting patients— that is, from a professional point of view. A few days past a lad was brought who had driven the hook'end of a skewer into the palm of his hand. This, of course, had to be cut out. Another was that of a man who had come in some fifty miles to have his collar-bone set. Numbers of men on the roads and looking for work call ; they are really sick-cases and need treatment. There

is no suggestion of payment of fees in respect oi these. The Good Samaritan has taught us to minister to those who have lallen by tne wayside."

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A Visit to the B.C.A. Hostel at Mungindi.

It was good to see it again !—that Chil< dren's Hostel at Mungindi, an imposing build' ing set up on strong piles, with its spacious verandahs, looking so cool and inviting. The B.C.A. might well be proud of it. 15orn as it was in laith and prayer ; built, furnished, and opened free of debt, it has been carried on in God's Name, and its influence upon the young dwellers, and even upon the com' munity, cannot be measured. It will be a continued blessing so long as it is maintained as it is now.

The visitor mounts the steps leading to the front door. He marks the little garden plots, the care of the boys and girls. Rain may not always come when needed, and when it does it must be carefully conserved in tanks ; but somehow there is generally a drop or two for the flowers. They must be kept alive if possible. It means hard work for the young folk, and if any reader would like to cheer them along, please send the price of a wheelbarrow. (£1/10/' will be sufficient to buy this requirement, and even to paint on the name of the donor.)

But the revelation when the visitor reaches the top of the stairs is marvellous. The great recessed verandah looks like an entrance to a beautiful paradise. However did Matron make that wonderful hanging garden, with its lovely green foliage ? And how does she manage to keep those ferns alive ? Any how, it makes one feel that the Hostel is a home—which indeed it is.

An Hour or Two with the Children.

A glimpse of the common'room, which is also the dining'room, gives more joy than ever. We had seen the walls so bare, but now look at the nice pictures on the walls, and all those other touches which make so great a difference. Of course the best time to see the dining'room is when all the chil' dren are there. Perhaps it is the tea hour. That great gong (the gift of a Sydney friend) rings out, and quickly all the children are seated. Pleasant is it to sit with these young people. Tea is finished, but there is a space for a little happy conversation. Oh ! how they laugh when the visitor is completely puzzled by a riddle, and when he is "taken down" by a simple question. And woe betide him or anyone else who inadvertently puts an elbow on the table ! A penny fine is at once imposed. But talk finishes, and then we have family prayers. It is good for God's children to hear God's Word and to join in God's worship.

Day finishes and it is bed'time. There are sleep'out dormitories for the "hostellers," with blinds to keep out any cold winds, and wire'gauze to stop the mosquitoes, beetles, and flying ants, and other aeroplancing in' sects that come about at night. Do they all go to bed quietly ? Well, the visitor is not going to tell tales, even outside of Hos' tels. But they do go to bed happily—the boys to their row of beds, and the girls to theirs on the other side of the house. When

all are settled in bed, the hum of whispered conversation sets up. If anyone listened there would be heard something about the school lessons of the day, the games that were played, the next party to be held, and of course, if they are girls, all about the dresses that would be worn. At a fixed time con­versation must finish, and quickly complete silence reigns. It is a great place, the Mun' gindi Hostel, and all praise is due to the Matron (Miss Cheers) for the work she has done and the fine spirit that she maintains.

The Marvels of Nature.

A visit to Mungindi must include travel through the district. See those geological wonders, the artesian bores, which tap sub' terranean water'supplies up to four thousand feet beneath the surface. Day in and day out, year in and year out they maintain their wonderful supply—anything up to 140,000 gallons each twentyfour hours. It is almost incredible, yet there they are, with their gushing outlets, the clouds of steam issuing being indicative of the temperature.

See also the smothering spread of prickly pear which had made such vast inroads upon our good land, dispoiling our country to the extent of millions of acres. Now it is being pushed back and destroyed—not by man, but by God's tiny agents, the cactoblastic moth and the cochineal insect, both hardly more than microscopic in size. Wonderful are the ways of Nature. These insects are fighting a battle man could never win.

A visitor should go to Mungindi in time of rain. It certainly will hold up all travel, for the black'soil country is notorious when wet. There is nothing like it among the queer things and in any of the queer places of the earth. Not a motor dare move into the black'soil after rain, but it is at once paralysed. Not a horse dare move, but at once its plodding movements become danger' out. Not a man dare essay to cross a black' soil flat but what he will flounder hopelessly, and then be held fast. Black'soil mud is simply an indescribable marvel.

Nevertheless it is good. Mud and money are twins, and run together outback. That rain means so much to a thirsty land, and it is not long before the desert becomes a garden and the wilderness blossoms as the rose. Flocks and herds flourish, and despair' ing, drought'broken men lift up their hearts and feel that their labour and faith in Aus' tralia has not been in vain.

The Service at Night.

To go to Church, even in the township whilst the mud prevails, is an experience worth while. It is night-time and dark ; the bell has been rung, the lamps lighted. The parson stands at the front door. No one seems to be moving. Soon, however, a little point of yellow light breaks through the blackness ; it seems slowly to dance over the ground, swinging by uneven ways tc wards the Church. More of these uncanny "fire'flies" appear from all points of the compass, all converging on the same centre. What can they be ? We Anglicans with a remembrance of the Latin heading of one of our Prayer Book psalm portions should know. They are the lanterns unto the feet of worshippers drawing nigh to St.. James' Church, Mungindi. Hurricanclamps they may be, but each is a true "Lucerna pedibus meis."

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**The Claim to Prayer.**

Such, then, are the chief impressions of another visit to that border-town and area. Much more is there to see. Cross the border into Queensland and meet our friend (now showing on our B.C.A. movies) "Freddy the Black-tracker," all resplendent in his red' striped uniform. Jbin with a school-teacher there who makes fine witness for his Lord and faithfully helps us in His Church. It is one of the invaluable assets out-back—the Christian educationalist. Whoever goes up there will thank God for what has been done in the Church, under padres, not the least under our present representative, Rev. R. F. Bradley, and in the Hostel. The need is that the supporting prayers and gifts of the read­ers of "The Real Australian" be given.

**S.J.K.**

**WILCANNIA NOTES.**

**Rev. E. C. Coleman.**—We are all grateful
to the Rev. E. C. Coleman, who has so faith­
fully carried on the work, awaiting the ap­
pointment of Mr. Daniels' successor. He has
managed to travel over a great part of the
area, and has certainly maintained all services.
His general ministry has been deeply appre­
ciated, and we wish him God's blessing.
**♦§♦ ^ *<$>***

**The Children's Hostel.**—Numbers are in­creasing, and we look forward to the "good old times" before the "Big Drought," when we had some thirty-four inmates. What a family it was then ! We used to feel that the Hostel was the biggest thing in the Far West. So **it** was, and so it **is.** Better sea­sons will make a difference, and already the Matron (Mrs. Mann) is finding her hands very full in looking after her large family. Cooking, feeding, mending, caring are her ministries. Rich service this is, and it tells for the Kingdom of God. Who knows the value of the influence of a Christian home for these boys and girls at the B.C.A. Hos­tel ? It tells in later life ; it will tell in Eter­nity.

The kitchen boilers have been working overtime lately, under the presidency of Mrs. Mann. A regular hive of industry has the place been. Somebody made us a present of some wonderful jam-melons—great big things, larger than cannon-balls, striped like tigers, but much less harmful. Everybody was re­quisitioned for help, and they came armed with stout knives, and in no time the melons were changed into a huge mountain of cubes suitable for boiling. Our coppers indeed ran hot as with sugar and other ingredients Mrs. Mann transformed the melons into luscious jam.

Perilous indeed was this undertaking, be­cause the Hostel was engaged in soap-making at the same time. Cauldrons of fat and cauldrons of jam were in juxtaposition, but the careful Matron kept them apart. Jars and jars of jam, and bars and bars of soap we now possess. Oh ! it is a great Hostel that we have here, and a fine and hard­working Matron.

**\*§♦ \*$♦ ♦£♦**

**The New Padre-Pilot.**—We are looking forward to the arrival of Rev. C. Kemmis, who **will be** our minister and aviator. We are glad that the "Moth" **will** be in com­mission again, and are sure that Mr. Kemmis **will** find a welcome in all places. The Hos-

tel **will be his** headquarters, and thus two

B.C.A. ministries will be in close touch as
in Mr. Daniels' time.

**♦S\* ♦$♦ ♦£♦**

**The Sisters\* Mission Van.**—It was good to meet Sister Kathleen and Sister Winifred once again. They came down from Tiboo-burra, which is part of the real out-back. Trying had been their long journeyings, and we are glad to give them a rest. They left us for destinations situated somewhere on the other side of the horizon and back of the sunset.

**AN OUTBACK GHOST.**

The camp-fire argument on ghosts was just closing down with a clear win on points for the unbelieving sceptics, when 'Bidgee Bill, who had been quietly extracting burrs out of his whiskers, broke in and- began :

"Anyhow, I knoo a bloke once who rec­koned 'e 'ad seen a ghost. It wus durin' a long dry spell about thirty year ago, an' I wus up on a run back o' White Cliffs, hoi din' down a job, keepin' the flamin' crows off by day and follerin' up the dingoes by night. It 'adn't rained since Gawd knows when, an' we wus just holdin' out on our last well, an' no chanst either of gettin' hands for haulin' the water from it when the sheep came down. None of yer motor engines in them days, coughin' and spittin' the water inter the troughs ! All hand-pullin' with buckets then ! And the local boys wouldn't take on a job, speshully as they knoo that the well wu2;2i 'aunted by a couple of drovers who 'ad been shoved down there about twenty years before an' never seen again.

" 'Owever, while I wus away on the back paddicks fer a few days, along comes a bloke, a stranger he wus, lookin' fer a job. So the boss ups an' asks 'im if he wu2; willin' to take on haulin' the water. 'E wus a bit of a white man, the boss wuz, an' 'e thinks 'e orter tell the bloke the well wus 'aunted ; but the bloke says as 'ow there wu^n't a ghost outuv 'eaven or 'ell as could keep 'im from a quid a week an' tucker just fer haulin' water fer sheep. So the boss puts 'im and a month's rations on to a buck-board an' drives 'im the fourteen miles to the 'ut near the well, an' leaves 'im there to carry on. So the bloke, after tidyin' up the place a bit an' helpin' 'imself to the best bellyfull of tucker 'e 'ad 'fer a month, pulls 'is bunk outside, unrolls 'is blankets, an' turns in.

Of course I wusn't in the know about 'im an' 'e wusn't in the know about me. That same night in I comes a bit late to **the** well with some sheep, just as the moon was making shadders in the scrub. I goes to the well to fill the troughs, an' wus; rattlin' the chain as I let the bucket down, when I 'eard a bit of a stir at the 'ut, an' there risin' up from 'is bunk wus the new bloke. So I ups and comes to 'im, wunderin' who 'e wus, when 'e lets out a mighty yell an' then with only 'is shirt on 'e streaks over the country, 'eadin' fer the 'omestead faster than a bit of 'ot fat could go acrost a frvin' pan. Of course I takes after 'im to let 'im know that it WU2 all right, but 'e kept on runnin' an' bellrin' like biases so as 'e couldn't 'ear. " 'E wusn't muscle-bound either, fer I couldn't catch up to 'im till 'e 'ad busted inter the drorin'-room at the 'omestead, foamin' at the mouth, an' 'is eyes stickin' out

like door-knobs. The old lady, who wus entertainin' a few friends, flops off inter a dead faint when she sees 'im all legs an' shirt comin' at 'er acrost the carpet fer 'elp. The friends all ducks fer safety behind the sofas till me an' the old man throws an' 'og-ties the bloke with a winder-curtain, an' takes 'im outside. There I chucks a bucket of cold water over 'im, an' that cooled 'im down and cured 'im from believin' in ghosts.

"Next day 'e takes a quid an1 a week's
notice all in one, collec's 'is swag, an' I never
seed 'im again." S.J.K.

A TEACHING **TEA.**

A Glimpse of our **Sunday School** Woik.

A meeting of those who help with *t:.d* "Little Ones' **Paper"** in the B.C.A. Mail-bag Sunday School, was held at the G.F.S. Cafe on June 13. Amid the merry clatter of tea­cups and the minor accompaniment of knives and forks, the Organising Secretary (Arch­deacon Kirkby) spoke to us about the mail-bag work.

We were very glad to hear that children in distant places were enjoying the lesosns, and wished that we might become invisible and go with the lessons, so we could actually see the children and understand how to help them better.

The Archdeacon spoke of the Society's gratitude and appreciation of all the mail-bag workers—from the first helper, Miss Huntley ("the Grandmother" of this work) to those of the present time, when it had been found neccessary to have another grade for the **Little Ones.** The Archdeacon re­ferred to the many and different kinds of work involved in the making, dispatch, and correction of lessons ; those who toiled at the machines—and here Miss Debus' constant labours in the typing of the stencils, and Miss Campbell's persuasive management of the inky duplicator will be recognised ; those who not only address and stamp, but make their own envelopes ; despatch, collect, and correct lesson papers, and then endeavour to keep in personal touch by letter with their classes ; to all these people the Archdeacon expressed the thanks of the B.C.A. Society. He had to admit that up to the present he was un­fortunate enough not to know each of us personally, as he was expected to do by the mail-bag children whom he met out-back ! In conclusion, he assured us that our "work was not in vain in the Lord."

We were sorry that the Archdeacon could not stay longer with us, and Miss Campbell, on behalf of the teachers, thank£d him for coming. Miss Huntley then spoke to us about the work and the great happiness the lessons evidently brought to the children although we might be long in hearing of actual results.

Various business matters were then at­
tended to, and we left the meeting encour­
aged to go on with this already fascinating
work of teaching an unseen class. **D.F.**

**POSTS AND RAILS.**

We cannot afford to lose a single sub­scriber to this journal, nor can we afford to continue to post it to those who fail to send in their subscriptions. It is only **Eighteenpence a year.**

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Please send stamps or postal note (payable to the Bush Chirch Aid Society at Sydney)

for the required amount. We gladly make acknowledgments in these columns.

**♦$♦♦$♦♦!♦**

The Message that Cheers.—The B.G.A. is

out to serve the needs of the country and the out-back. As an Anglican missionary organization, it works in steadfast loyalty to the Church. The following letter from the Diocese of Armidale gives us good heart :— The Diocesan Registry,

Armidale, April 30, 1932. Dear Archdeacon Kirkby,

I have pleasure in forwarding you a copy of a resolution which was passed at the meet' ing of our Diocesan Synod held last week. The resolution reads as follows :

"That this Synod appreciates warmly the work of the Bush Church Aid Sisters visiting the diocese in their van, and is grateful for what is being done to teach children in scattered homes through the Mail-bag scheme.11

I am, yours sincerely, ( Signed) CLIVE DICKENS,

Registrar. The whole B.C.A. appreciates these gen­erous references to our Sisters1 Mission Van work and to our Mail-bag Sunday School.

St. Andrew's, Strathfield, Women's Guild.
—A fine meeting of our 100 women was re­
cently arranged, when the Organising Mis-
sioner gave an address, illustrated with mov­
ing pictures of B.C.A. work out-back. The
gifts of groceries, etc., for our Hostels and
Hospitals made a brave show. Donations also
were handed in, and literature freely sold.
Our thanks to the Rector (Rev. K. W. Pain)
and Mrs. Pain, and to the Guild.
♦$♦ ♦§♦ ♦§♦

Mrs. Hayes, of Eastwood (St. Philip's 'Parish), gathered together a large crowd of friends at her home on June 23, for a B.C.A. cinema afternoon. Grocery gifts were again the order of the day. A cheerful and help­ful meeting this ; the B.C.A. deeply appre­ciates this continued good service of Mrs. Hayes.

St, Luke's, Brookvale, never fails to keep B.C.A. interests to the fore. Through our worthy friend, Mr. P. W. Gledhill, we have received the proceeds of a concert recently held in the School Hall. Our best thanks to him and all who helped.

♦ •$» *\*$\**

To all Bark Hut (B.C.A. Missionary Box) holders : We are anxious to have a complete opening during August. Will our friends get ready. If your parish representative does not call to open it, open the box and send the contents to us. We shall gladly send receipt and a new sealing label for the Bark Hut.

***& ; ' & ' ■ 4?***

Help the Mail-bag Sunday School ! We

need gifts of good Bibles and Prayer Books. Not expensive editions, but something with good type. Please send to the Headquarters Office. The British and Foreign Bible So­ciety has fine editions of the Scriptures at •easonable prices. We could use some new story-books suitable for gifts for Mail-bag .scholars completing their work.

Our best thanks to "A Well-wisher,, at Newcastle, who sent us a postal note for 10/-for our B.C.A. work ; also to "M.F.," Caul-field, for 4/'.

\*§\* \*§\* \*$\*

A Happy Idea.—A little friend of ours at Turramurra, arranged a "Backyard Circus" on behalf of our funds. From the pro­gramme which accompanied her letter, it appears to have been a delightful gathering, where several young people did marvellous things, played mouth-organ solos, tumbled in real professional manner, and generally made things go oif with a loud "BANG !" We thank them all for remembering us and our work.

**♦ ♦ ♦$♦ -**

A book every churchman should read : "Samuel Marsden," by Rev. S. M. Johnstone, 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 Rev. 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.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The New Man in Christ," by the late G. Studdert Kennedy. A volume of telling sermons and addresses of a varied character given by that man who was "a prophet in­deed" in our midst. We like especially the series on "The Beatitudes" and the briefer notes of a series on "Comprehending the Love of God." Preachers and lay-people will find this collection helpful and suggestive.

"Rhymes," by the Rev. G. Studdert Ken­nedy. The versatility of the author is here revealed in a volume of verse which often rises to the heights of fine and passionate poetry. They ling with echoes of the Great War, when lessons were taught which we of to-day need to learn again.

"God in the Shadows," by Hugh Red­wood. We all know the author's earlier book, "God in the Slums." The publishers confess to selling 240,000 of that produc­tion. The present book should equal, if not surpass, that record. It will not be a popular book, or rather it should not be. No one will read it and then put it down and re­sume a self-satisfied outlook on life and the work of the Church. Yet it must be read, and if the reader is shamed by its revelations he will be stimulated by the discovery that God in Christ still is able to do mighty things in human lives. Buy it by all means. It is autobiography of the right sort—the story of a life that knows the power of Christ.

"What I Owe to Christ," by C. F. An­drews. No review can do justice to this extra­ordinary life-document. We cannot just call to mind any other book like it. It marks the pilgrimage of a soul—a pilgrimage never desultory but always under direction of Christ

experienced and enjoyed. Maybe some read' crs will not follow the writer's lead, and will not agree with all his conclusions. We had our own difficulties with some pages in the book ; but everybody who reads it will con' fess to the sincerity of Andrews1 writing. Further, they will learn that Christ Jesus is greater far than our conceptions of Him, and that many will come to the Father by Him by ways never dreamed of before. The book challenges some of our conventions of thought—and will probably shatter a few. It is queer biography because whilst the sub­ject holds us he sends us away anxious to study other men. Yet we like the book, in spite of some of its paragraphs. It does glorify Christ and shows Him to be the Im­perial, Unchanging, Universal Love of God. May all our readers get hold of it.

Acknowledgments are made to the pub­lishers of all the above volumes : Messrs. Hodder *&* Stoughton.

It was a well-known Bishop (now retired) travelling down from the far-country who found himself at late nightfall outside a shanty noted for its hospitality, yet also for the roughness of the food that it served. Tired out, the Bishop felt constrained to accept the welcome extended to him, deciding at the same time to leave at daybreak for another hotel along the track, where the "table" was more cleanly and digestible. But there was no escape for him ; he was pressed, before retiring, to give his order for breakfast. Hurriedly he gave his order along lines on which he was sure he could not possibly go wrong : "Just a cup of tea, a couple of slices of bread and butter, and two nice fresh boiled eggs, please." "Right-o !" was the answer, and the Bishop found his way to his room with great content of mind.

At daybreak next morning there was a knock at his door, and on opening it he found a big agricultural-looking girl standing there holding a big tray which carried a cup of tea, a mountainous plate of bread and butter, and a basin containing nineteen boiled eggs. "My good girl," said the pre­late, "I didn't order all this. I only wanted a cup of tea, a couple of slices of bread and butter, and two nice fresh boiled eggs." "Yes," that's alright, Bishop," was the reply ; "but in this place you will be mighty lucky if you find two nice fresh boiled eggs in that lot."

♦£♦ «§» «§»

A wise travelling picture-showman put up his attractive sign outside the out-back hall : "Adults, one shilling ; children, sixpence ; dogs, free." He well knew that the man-on-the-land never ventured anywhere without his dog. Nevertheless he was surprised to find at the back of the hall, just before the show started, a couple of Scotchmen trying to learn how to bark ! !

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 sufficient charge for tb" said legacy."

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**OUR PAPER.**

The subscription to the "Real Australian11 is only eighteenpence a year. Times are hard, and we are sorry to see some old sub' scribers giving up. We would prefer ro "carry them" for a year or so, because the journal means sustained interest in, ana earnest, intelligent prayer for, the B.C.A. If you cannot send us 1/6 now, you will probably be able to send us 3/- next year. Let that be, and we shall keep yo i on our lists and send the paper along with good heart.

We must have more subscribers. Will old friends help us by sending one other at least. As a token of regard to some friend far away or overseas, why not put them down for a "Real Australian11 ? It will appeal to them. It will educate them. It will show them what our great out-back is like. It will reveal s< n\ething of the work of our Church. Nov/, who will be the first to enclose the 'mrtual subscription, 1/6 (stamps or postal note) accompanied by the address of a friend or relative in some other town, State, or country ?

Our grateful acknowledgments are made to the following :—

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OUR PLACE OF PRAYER.

The following lines have been sent to us by a past B.C.A. worker who still keeps in close touch with us. They have a mes­sage not to be confined to our office. We let them go out to all :

MY FAITH.

My faith it is an oaken staff, the traveller's well-loved aid.

My faith it is a weapon stout—the soldier's trusty blade.

I'll travel on and still be stirred by silent thought and social word,

By all my perils undeterred, a soldier pil­grim staid.

I have a Captain, and the heart of every

private man Hath drunk in valour from His eyes since

first the war began ; Fie is most merciful in fight and His scars

a single sight The fading embers of our might into a flame

can fan.

I have a Guide, and in His steps when trav­ellers have trod

Whether beneath was flinty rock or yielding grassy s@d,

They cared not, but with force unspent, un­stayed by cares they onward went

With face upturned they upward bent their jealous course to God.

My faith it is an oaken staff ; oh ! let me on it lean.

My faith it is a weapon bright, may false­hood find it keen.

Oh, Lord ! to me thy faith impart; oh ! make me what Thou ever art

Of patient and courageous heart as all true saints have been.

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 in­troduction 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 ser­vice. Pray that God's good cheer be 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 in­creased 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 out-of-the-way places ; also for the Sunday School by Post with its \* Gospel message for little children.

Pray for—

All Students, Deaconesses, and Nurses in training and preparing for B.C.A. work in the Bush, that they may be equipped with power, wisdom, and zeal, and become "able ministers of the New Covenant." Also re­member the Council, Committees, Women's Auxiliary, and workers on the Home Base Staff.

Pray for—

The new Organizing Missioner, that he find encouraging welcome as he undertakes his work.

Pray for—

A spirit of thankful giving to be upon all B.C.A. friends, that the Society be kept out of all God-dishonouring debt.

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 min­istries going.

For cheering reports from fields that God's Word is still with power.

For offers of service for the filling of pend­ing vacancies in our work.

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