

“AUSTRALIA FOR CHRIST.”

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

PRESENTATION TO BISHOP KIRKBY.

On October 27th, Bishop Kirkby was entertained in the Chapter House and a presentation of a cheque made to him as a slight token of recognition of the great work he has done for the B.C.A. Sir Kelso King made the presentation, and The Reverend Canon Langley presided.

Canon Langley spoke of the work of the B.C.A., and the great part Bishop Kirkby had played in its since it was founded thirteen years ago, and stated that a very difficult task faced the B.C.A. in choosing a new Organising Missioner who would be worthy to fill the vacant post.

An opportunity was taken that same evening of wishing "God-speed" to Sister Kathleen, who for five years worked out West on the Mission Van, and who is now proceeding to England.

**LETTER FROM BISHOP KIRKBY,
LATE ORGANISING MISSIONER.**

My dear B.C.A. Friends,

For all the kindness and generosity shown to me on the occasion of my laying down the office of Organising Missioner I am deeply grateful.

It meant much to me that I was enabled to visit Melbourne in August just

The B.C.A. is in need

ITS WORK MUST NOT FLAG.

ITS OUTBACK MINISTRIES MUST NOT DIMINISH.

ITS GOSPEL WITNESS MUST NOT SLACK.

Make this Christmas a Season of Generous Giving

MARVELLOUSLY HAVE PEOPLE HELPED, AND THE SOCIETY GOES ON IN GOOD HEART.

FOR 13 YEARS IT HAS STOOD FOR THE WORD OF GOD IN REMOTE PLACES OF AUSTRALIA.

Its HOSPITALS are a blessing to the sick.

Its CHILDREN'S HOSTELS are Homes of happiness.

Its BUSH DEACONESSES and PADRES have been unflinching in their labours and travels.

HELP IT WITH A BIG AND JOYOUS GIFT—AND

DO IT NOW

— Send to —

HEADQUARTERS OFFICE :

DIOCESAN CHURCH HOUSE, GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

VICTORIAN OFFICE :

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS, FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE.

before my Consecration. There I had opportunity of engaging in a brief round of deputation work, and of meeting many B.C.A. friends. We have much to be thankful for in the loyal support of Victorian members. I certainly shall ever remember the Farewell Meeting at the Chapter House at St. Paul's Cathedral, when kindest and most cheering words were said by the members of the Committee, and when I was asked to accept the gift of a handsome oak cabinet of cutlery. It was the climax of a long series of personal kindnesses shown to me in that State ever since our work began. I want to express my deep appreciation for so generous a remembrance. It now serves in my new home, and keeps the

B.C.A. in Victoria in my heart and mind.

Friends in New South Wales have also put me in debt. At an evening in St. Andrew's Chapter House, when the Women's Auxiliary gave a pleasant social touch to the gathering, Canon W. L. Langley, Hon. Clerical Secretary, and Sir Kelso King overwhelmed me with their goodness and charity of heart. Their references to my past work revealed a studied forgetfulness of my mistakes and failures. But I must thank them, and the many, many friends with them, who joined in the gift of so handsome a cheque. All have clearly conspired to make it possible that the old Organising Missioner should be able to do his new work with an up-to-date motor car. For

this, with its insight into a very real need, I cannot adequately express my thanks. To me it is humbling to have so many friends who in this practical way have given thought to me and mine.

Regrets at leaving a work which has claimed my life for thirteen years are relieved by the fact that the Annual Meeting of the Society honoured me by appointing me to the office of President. This enables me to serve on the Council, and I hope thus to be able to give time and thought to our work. There is much to be done, and B.C.A. cannot and dare not give up. It is distressing to know that a new Organising Missioner has not yet been found. Surely it is a call to us all to pray that the man of God's choice will be made known. In the meantime it is clear that we must stand by the old Society, giving generously to its funds and making intercession without ceasing.

With renewed thanks, I am,

Your old friend,

S. J. KIRKBY.

THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP KIRKBY.

The Consecration of the Venerable Archdeacon Kirkby, Organising Missioner of the B.C.A., took place in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, at 10.30 a.m.

It was a most impressive service. There was a very large and representative congregation, and nearly the whole of the nave was devoted to the surpliced clergy* who were gathered there in large numbers to pray for God's blessing on the new Bishop-Coadjutor.

At half-past 10 o'clock the chiming of the Cathedral bell heralded the procession. Forty male choristers passed down the aisle singing the Processional Hymn, "Pour out Thy Holy Spirit from on High." They were followed by one hundred and fifty robed clergy, the lay canons of the Cathedral, the Precentor, the Canons of the Cathedral, the Verger, the Dean of Sydney, the Bishop-Designate (in his purple cassock), the Bishops, the staff-bearer, the Archbishop of Sydney, Archbishops' chaplains, the Chancellor, and the Registrar.

Morning prayer having been read at an earlier hour, the Archbishop began the Holy Communion Service. After the Nicene Creed and the hymn, "Jesus, stand among us," had been sung, the sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon Langley, Rector of All Saints', Woollahra. The preacher's two texts were from St. Matthew 7: 36 ("And He was moved with compassion because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd") and Hebrews 13: 7

("They watch for your souls as they that must give account").

"The central responsibility of the Christian Church," said the preacher, "and of the Christian ministry, and the great message of the Ordinal, was to bring the sheep to the Shepherd."

"To lead them to the Saviour's side,
The sheep for whom the Shepherd died."

"It should be true of all Christian people, and especially those under Orders, that 'they watch on behalf of souls,' and that they are persistently and incessantly labouring at sacrifice to gather the sheep and the lambs to the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls. This is the one business of the Church—to attach men to Christ. The great peril that threatens us in our ministry is that we should attach them to ourselves, to the Church as an institution, to a system, to a party, imagining that when we have gathered them about ourselves we have done Christ's work. Unless we attach them to the one and only true Shepherd of souls we are the most terrible of all human failures. We may erect our buildings, and they may be finely appointed. We may crowd them with people who come to our socials and attend our clubs and our Communion Breakfasts—and congratulate ourselves that we are getting on! But are we leading them to Christ? If not, we are failing. It is not sufficient to crowd class-rooms and club-rooms with interested men and women who will take the material things and imagine they are Christians.

"Unless we are bringing men and women to Christ, and boys and girls into living personal first-hand relationship with Him, we are failing. It is Christ alone who can conquer the inner and spiritual antagonisms, and raise the soul to its true level. Christ deals with sin. He destroys our inhibitions, thus releasing us from the bondage of the past. His personality floods our minds with confidence and hope, and so releases the energies of life for their proper expression. The Church is here simply and solely for the flock, and if the flock is full of lost sheep, sickly and in danger, we are to work and pray and pray and pray until that flock is mere worthy of the Good Shepherd. The ultimate reason for all our activities as Christians is to lead men and women to His open side, the sheep for whom the Shepherd died. Our task is to present men to Christ, and Christ to men. This is the business of every Churchman, be he bishop, priest, deacon or layman. This is the central responsibility of the home, and of all our social life.

"Are we ready for experiments and adventures? This thing about a nation, a Church, a man, which ensures immortality—immortality, that is to say, in the region of its ideas and the life of the soul (which is the only immortality)—is that there shall always be something in the man, the nation, the Church, deeper, wider, finer than has yet been attained. Mankind is God's great adventure. Do you think He will be satisfied in making a lot of comfortable, smug people? He means to make us warriors (warrior-shepherds) and sons. He calls us to a ceaseless quest. No quest, no conquest! It is more love that we need. All our failures are failures in that. The first condition of service is love. Not do you love the people, but do you love Me? If we go to the people because we love Him we shall come to love the people also,

Daniel Webster was asked, 'What is the greatest thought that ever entered your mind?' He replied, 'The thought of my personal responsibility to God.' Let us seek for the Shepherd Heart and be part-takers of the Shepherd nature. Through the manifestation of the Good Shepherd souls are won to Him."

After the sermon, the Bishop-Designate was conducted to the Archbishop's vestry, where he put on his rochet. While he was robing, the Choir sang the anthem, "Lead me, Lord, lead me in Thy righteousness; make Thy way plain before my face: for it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety" (Wesley).

At the conclusion of the anthem, the Bishop-Designate was presented by Bishops Radford (Goulburn), Crotty (Bathurst), and Moyes (Armidale) to the Archbishop, who was seated in his chair in front of the Holy Table, who, demanding the Instrument of Confirmation, caused it to be read and the Oath of Due Obedience to be ministered.

The presenting Bishops then returned to their places, and the Archbishop moving the congregation to pray, the Litany was read, during which the Bishop-Designate remained kneeling at the faldstool in front of the Archbishop's chair.

After the Litany, the Questions of Examination were put by the Archbishop, after which the Bishop-Designate retired and was robed in the rest of the Episcopal habit, the Choir singing Mendelssohn's anthem, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh thy help. Thy help cometh from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth. He hath said thy foot shall not be moved: thy Keeper will never slumber."

The Bishop-Designate, who had now returned, knelt on the step in front of the Archbishop's chair, and the Bishops, taking their places on either side of the Archbishop, the "Veni Creator Spiritus" was sung, the congregation kneeling.

The Consecration which followed was very beautiful, the Words of Consecration being said by the Archbishop, the Bishops laying their hands upon the head of the Bishop-Designate.

The newly consecrated Bishop then proceeded to his place within the Sacrament, and the Service of Holy Communion proceeded, a large number of clergy and people joining in the Celebration.

At the conclusion of the service the procession, in reverse order—the Archbishop and the newly consecrated Bishop preceding the other Bishops—passed down the Cathedral and out of the west door singing the Recessional Hymn, "Thy hand, O God, has guided Thy flock from age to age."

When the clergy had returned to the Chapter House, Archbishop Wright wished the new Bishop God-speed in his work. Bishop Kirkby thanked the Archbishop for his good wishes; the provincial Bishops who had assisted at the service; Canon Langley, for his brotherly address; the Dean, for arranging the service; and the clerical brethren, for their attendance in such large numbers.

PERSONAL.**Successor to the Bishop-Coadjutor.**

Since the appointment of Archdeacon Kirkby to the Bishop-Coadjutorship of Sydney, and his consequent resignation as Organising Missioner of the B.C.A., we have had a very difficult task to find his successor, this being a work which calls for a man with no ordinary capabilities. Up to the present we have not been able to appoint anyone to take his place, and in order that this may be done very soon, we ask for the continued earnest intercessions of all friends of the B.C.A. In the meantime our heartiest and warmest thanks are due to the staffs of the Sydney and Melbourne offices, and especially to the Hon. Clerical Secretary, the Reverend Canon Langley, and to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. T. S. Holt, who have been so generous in their labour and their time, so that we have been enabled to carry on the work of the B.C.A. with no cessation or hindrance of the smooth running of the office routine and its widespread influence.

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We have learned with much regret that Mr. Kemmis, our Flying Padre out-back, has met with an accident to his aeroplane. Fortunately Mr. Kemmis was unhurt, but his 'plane was damaged rather badly, and until we can have it repaired the work will have to be done by car, which is a much slower method. Mr. Kemmis was making a landing at Wilcannia when, the visibility and fog-haze being very bad, his 'plane touched the ground on its wing, which was badly smashed.

o o o

We wish to congratulate the Rev. R. Hallahan, a B.C.A. Missioner at Werrimul, on his marriage to Miss N. Boyce, of the Melbourne B.C.A. office staff. We wish them a very happy married life in the service of the B.C.A.

VICTORIAN NOTES.

A pathetic story comes from our Missioner in the Mallee. Two families, one with three children, the other with four, whose ages ranged from 2½ years to 16, are in very poor circumstances. The parents are struggling to make a living from Mallee selections. Both of these families were without winter clothing, and had no warm bedclothes of any sort. (Imagine sleeping under chaff bags in the depth of winter!) The request that we should fill the need came to our Victorian Office. The Secretary got busy, and in a few days, by the kindness of B.C.A. friends, he was able to send a case of warm clothes and blankets to meet this urgent need.

A few days later a second letter came telling of the death of the father of one of the families, leaving mother and the children all alone—on a bankrupt block.

It is in the Mallee that Christianity of a practical sort is needed—not just pious phrases and saintly smiles, but real, virile Christianity which does things. Peopled by folk who are fighting drought

after drought in order to win success, this district calls for your prayers and help.

We need more good, warm, clean clothing and bedclothing. Send them to our Victorian Office. If you cannot help in that way, send a donation towards the freight, for although the goods go to relieve distress, we are compelled to pay full railway rates.

Ladies' Auxiliary.

Since last issue our Ladies' Auxiliary has become an established fact, and meetings are being held on the first Thursday of each month at 2.30 p.m. in the Cathedral Buildings. Any lady who is interested in this work is invited to attend the next meeting, which takes place on Thursday, March 2nd.

The object of the Auxiliary is to promote Grocery and Hospital Evenings or Afternoons, and help the formation of branch auxiliaries in the various parishes for the making of bandages and other hospital needs.

The Secretary, Mrs. T. Jones, will be glad to hear of any lady who can help along these lines.

Essendon.

The response to deputation work done in Essendon has been truly overwhelming. St. Thomas' have started a branch auxiliary in the parish, and have sent in already a splendid lot of woollies and bandages. A Grocery Evening by their branch yielded many good things in groceries. They have further decided to adopt a cot in the Penong Hospital, and have pledged themselves to raise £5 per annum for that purpose.

Christ Church, Essendon, have responded by two donations towards the adoption of a child at one of our Hostels—a helpful donation from the Sunday School teachers, and even the children from the Sunday School who, refusing to be left out of it, decided to help by giving an annual collection to Sister Sowter's needs.

Well done, Essendon!

St. Augustine's, Moreland.

This parish gave the Secretary a very warm welcome back, and here again we were cheered to receive an anonymous gift of £2 in response to the appeal for the adoption of a child.

G.F.S. Central Branch.

Again have the members of this branch come to our aid by the gift of two fine parcels of woollies. They are staunch friends, and we are deeply grateful.

We Tender Our Thanks to the following:

Miss McLarty and her friends at Olinda, for a splendid Garden Party.

The G.F.S. at Box Hill, for their Grocery Evening.

Mr. Lee Neil, of Myers' Emporium, for the gift of two pairs of blankets for the Mallee.

Mrs. F. D. Brockhoff, for some splendid bedclothes for the Mallee appeal.

The ladies of the Mothers' Union at All Saints', East Malvern, for a Grocery Afternoon.

Messrs. Huddart, Parker and Messrs. McIlwraith, McEacharn, Ltd., for the conveyance of goods to Ceduna and Penong.

To friends at Holy Trinity, Kew, who, in response to an appeal by the Secretary, subscribed to the purchase of an organ for Willah, in the Werrimul Mission District.

The G.F.S. at St. Luke's, South Melbourne, for a Grocery Evening.

To Messrs. George Kinnear & Sons, for the gift of two large balls of rope.

Needs.

WANTED.—Twenty-five big-hearted folk, who will invest £1 per annum in order that B.C.A. may adopt an out-back child, to be sent to one of our Hostels. Apply the Secretary, Victorian Office.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

Along the Great Australian Bight at Ceduna and Penong; in the far off western portions of New South Wales at Mungindi, Wilcannia, White Cliffs, and Tiboburra; in the rugged areas of Gippsland at Cann River; and in the difficult Mallee there are many kiddies to whom Father Christmas never comes, except through the agency of the B.C.A.

Each year of its existence the Society has been able, by the kindness of its friends, to send to its Missioners and Hospitals in the remote parts of Australia many gifts of toys, groceries, and clothing, for distribution among the children and adults of these lonely places.

The children of the out-back lead a lonely life. Living, in many cases, scores of miles from their neighbours, they have no playmates. They receive little or no education, for they live too far away from schools. They have very little home comforts, for their homes are built of rough bush timber, corrugated iron, petrol tins, or any other material that lies handy. They live in a land where there are no ice chests, no gas, no electric light, and where the thermometer goes up to almost unbelievable heights; a land where flying and creeping things innumerable have their habitation. Nevertheless they are splendid boys and girls, and they grow up into fine men and women.

Will you help us to bring some joy and happiness into their lonely lives this Christmas? Send your gift early.

LETTER FROM THE MAIL-BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

For some years now we have, fortunately, been able to send to the children who have regularly sent in the "Answers to Questions" and "Handwork" in connection with our Mail-Bag Sunday School some little recognition of their work. This year, however, we fear we shall find ourselves short of the required books, and would be very grateful for any help in the way of new books suitable for children from about 9 to 15 years (both boys and girls), or Bibles or Prayer Books, or a donation for purchasing these. We send out now to families in all parts of Australia over 700 sheets of our Sunday School papers every month, and several hundreds of the children send in the work regularly, while others have it corrected by the clergyman in the district.

EDITH HUNTLEY,
Superintendent.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY OF THE B.C.A.**An American Tea.**

Mrs. D'Arcy Irvine, our President, invited the members to an American Tea at her home. Nearly seventy people came and enjoyed her hospitality, with a most excellent result. We wish many more would follow her example.

The Woollahra Branch.

Mrs. Langley kindly invited the members of the Women's Auxiliary of All Saints', Woollahra, to the Rectory on Tuesday, November 22nd. A most successful meeting was held. Miss Bennett, our energetic Secretary, told of the result of her appeal, and thanked the members for their much appreciated response to it, a lovely collection of articles having been received. Miss Ashe outlined the activities of the Central Auxiliary, and Sister Ross spoke of her trip through Gippsland in the Van. Mrs. Langley welcomed the members, and expressed her pleasure in their attendance, and her interest in the whole work of the B.C.A.

The Girls' Guild of St. John's, Darlinghurst.

Miss Ashe, Central Secretary, spent a very happy evening with the members of St. John's, Darlinghurst, Girls' Guild. She told briefly of the heroic work of Matrons and Nurses "out-back," and met with real encouragement. Mrs. Lucas, President, proposed a "Cup, Saucer and Plate Evening," the result of which was most gratifying. All articles received were pretty—no small item for the "out-backers." A parcel of really beautiful clothing was added.

THE KOOKABURRA BIRTHDAY BAND.

My dear Kookaburras,

I have received some letters from some of our Real Australian Kookaburras saying that they had missed the Old Kookaburra's Letter in the last issue of "The Real Australian." So we are going to be very careful this time and not miss it out again.

The Old Kookaburra is so glad that you all like the "Kookaburra Letter." He feels now that most of our members are really and truly Real Australian Kookaburras, when they read the paper so eagerly and enjoy the Kookaburra Letter so much.

We have quite a lot of new Kookaburras to welcome this year. We know the ages of some of them, and of some of our older members, too; and when we send out the birthday cards we look at the name and at the age. Some of our very little Kookaburras were only three and four when they joined, and now they're getting to be big grown-up Kookaburras of six and seven; and we always wonder how they meet the postman on their birthday mornings, and whether their Kookaburra Birthday Cards are the very first letters they ever received addressed only to themselves, and which they can open all alone: for little baby Kookaburras of three and four usually want someone else to open the envelope, and they like the picture inside best; but big grown-up

Kookaburras of six and seven, who go to school, must feel very important taking their very own letters from the postman!

And as well as those little Kookaburras we have some very, very old Kookaburras. And we have some who aren't so old; and we have them just all ages, from the very littles to the oldest grandfather. We have them all—so, as you can imagine, we're very busy wondering about how all our Kookaburras enjoy their birthdays and like their birthday cards.

Now this year is almost at an end, and this copy of "The Real Australian" is the last till next year. So I thought I'd tell you a New Year story. All Kookaburras like stories, don't they? Well, this is a very special, brand-new story that no one has ever heard before, except me and the funny little whispering breeze who told it to me.

A long, long time ago, in a country far, far away, there lived a king in a perfectly beautiful castle, which was built on a high peak, so that from its windows you could see just wherever you wanted to see. If you liked mountains, you could see lots and lots of mountains, some with snow glistening and gleaming on their crests, some with beautiful flowers growing up the slopes, some all purple with the sunset, and some all shining with silver mists. Or if you wanted to see some dark forests, if you looked from another window you could see lots and lots of forests, with dark, spectry figures wandering amid the trees. And if you liked rivers, you only had to look out of another window and you could see the loveliest little streams gurgling and splashing along between fields filled with beautiful green grass and red cows and woolly sheep. Or if you liked the sea, if you looked from another window you could see a lovely harbour with a long stone pier jutting out into the water, and fishing boats and sailing ships; and if you looked out of that window at night, sometimes you could see a great big round silver moon standing behind the harbour and rising slowly out of the sea. Well, in this beautiful palace there was a king who loved hearing stories. He loved stories so much that every year he appointed a new story-teller, who had to tell him a different story every night for a year and a day. That meant three hundred and sixty-six stories. And this king was a very silly king, who decreed that unless his story-teller could tell him all those different stories he'd have his head cut off—which was very silly, because it doesn't do any good to anyone cutting off people's heads just because they can't tell stories.

Now the time came when the king appointed a Dreamer to be his story-teller; and the Dreamer was very unhappy, because he would start day-dreaming just when it was time to go down to the king, and the courtiers had to be watching for him continually and going upstairs to tell him he mustn't be late. So the Dreamer was very unhappy, because he kept on forgetting to think of stories, and he had nearly finished all the old ones he knew; and the king was beginning to get rather tired of stories of witches and fairies,

and animals and birds, and kings and queens, and princesses and princes, and ghosts and spectres. He said he wanted a new story—a really truly new one that no one had ever heard before. So the poor Dreamer was very unhappy: he didn't want to have his head cut off just yet, because of a lovely secret he had, so he told the king to be patient, that he had the loveliest story of all to tell him, and that he'd tell it to him on the very last night of all. The king sighed heavily, but he was so curious to know the story that he consented to listen to the Dreamer's last-minute stories of fairies and princesses and dragons, so that at last he could hear this wonderful new tale.

Now, the reason why the Dreamer couldn't tell his story to the king any earlier was because he didn't know the end of it. He knew the beginning, and he knew the middle, but he didn't know the end. He had been given a dreaming story-room in a little turret with two Oriel windows that overlooked the beautiful harbour, and on the first night of his stay in the palace he had seen a beautiful ship sail into port. There hadn't been any ships there at all at first, only one sailing away, but suddenly just at midnight he had seen a beautiful ship with sails set come riding slowly over the horizon and sail softly and slowly, so that it didn't seem to be moving at all, until it anchored in the harbour. Then all the sails were furled, and there against the sky all the masts stood up straight and tall and unmoved, like crosses on a hill.

And then, as the Dreamer looked at the beautiful white ship, he saw a very great number of beautiful ladies come dancing off the ship and down the gangway and over the side, and they raced along the old stone pier and scrambled up the hill, and, laughing and running and leaping and dancing and singing, he saw them all disappear over the hill.

The Dreamer wondered who all this great company of ladies could be, and he wondered where they had gone and when they would be coming back again. But when he spoke to the courtiers about it next day, no one else had seen the ship and no one knew anything about it at all. But every night at sunset he saw the boat slowly reappear, just as every morning at sunrise he watched it slowly fade away. It didn't sail away—it just faded and faded until it vanished. And every night at sunset he saw something else that was even more strange: he saw that over the hill there came a little group of attendant ladies, who carried with them on a bier the body of one of these beautiful ladies; and sometimes this beautiful lady was shrouded in black and sometimes in grey, sometimes in white, and sometimes in a beautiful colour like a broken-up rainbow. And he noticed, too, that sometimes there were flowers strewn over her, and sometimes there were just thorny leaves and branches; and sometimes water trickled off her shroud as though she wept, even though she were dead.

And the Dreamer, when he looked at these groups of returning ladies, saw that

sometimes they were very, very sad, and sometimes they were very, very tired and weary, and sometimes they wept as they walked; but sometimes they were quite happy and just a little bit sad that their beautiful lady had died.

So that was how it was that the Dreamer was so often nearly late. He wanted to see how the next group of ladies were going to come over the distant hill.

And then on the second last night of all he saw the very last group of attendants, carrying their lady with them, pass over the hill and bear her into the ship, as he had watched all the others. And he saw the sails slowly unfurling along the masts that looked like crosses on a hill; and he saw the ship slowly, slowly dip and sail away. And as he saw her disappear over the horizon, another ship appeared riding gracefully upon the sea, sailing, sailing until it anchored in the port.

And that was the story he told the king on the very last night of all.

Good-bye, Kookaburras! Have happy holidays at Christmas, and I hope you all will have a very, very, very happy year in 1933.

The Old Kookaburra sends his love to all the Kookaburras.

Kookaburra Francis John Brerly.

CAROL.

Oh come, ye men, to Bethlehem,
And see where the Christ-child lies!
See! where His star hangs like a gem
Agleam in Eastern skies.

Oh come, oh come, oh come, oh come,
Oh come, ye men, to Bethlehem,
And see where the Christ-child lies!

Oh come, and bring Him gifts of gold,
And lay them at His feet!
Oh, bring your love, its wealth untold,
The kingly Child is meet.

Oh come, etc.

Oh, bring Him gifts of frankincense,
And at His feet adore!
Oh, bear your fragrant reverence hence,
The Priest to bow before!

Oh come, etc.

Oh come, and bring Him gifts of myrrh,
And low before Him kneel!
Oh, bring your pity, let it stir,
And round the Prophet steal!

Oh come, etc.
—Francis John Brerly.

SPECIAL.

Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, who so splendidly help us with hospital bandages, have just made a beautiful rug. It is offered for sale for B.C.A. funds. As a piece of artistic craftsmanship it cannot be excelled. In size it measures 4 ft. 6 ins. by 2 ft. 3 ins. It is worth £5 in any art store. We will take £3/3/-. Come and see it at our Headquarters Office. The buyer will secure a superb rug, and the B.C.A. will be greatly helped.

SISTERS' MISSION VAN.

After six years' hard service in the out-back parts of Australia, and after a thorough inspection by experts, the Council has decided that a new chassis is absolutely necessary if the Sisters are to do their fine work without many tiresome and risky break-downs. The old chassis has done its work faithfully, but its day is over so far as B.C.A. is concerned. A new Dodge chassis has been secured, and a balance of £180 is required to complete the purchase. It will be necessary also to make some repairs to the body. The total cost will not exceed £200. We are confident that our friends will help us in this matter of supreme importance.

MISSION VAN NEWS.

The Van Receives Its Name.

We have just discovered that the Caravan has a name. Among ourselves we called it "Dodger," but while visiting Renmark, just over the border in South Australia, we were given the opportunity of speaking to the scholars of the Church of England Day School there. Introducing us, the Rector reminded the children of the visit which the Scuth Australian Van had recently paid them, and asked did anyone remember the name of the Van. Yes, they all remembered—"St. Christopher"! He then said that he hadn't asked if ours had a name. Did any of the children know? One little lad said, "Yes; it's written on the side of the Van—St. George!" And it really is—only not quite in that order, for it is written as "George St."

The Dragons of St. George.

It set me thinking. What is the dragon which this St. George is seeking to conquer? And in my mind's eye I saw the twisty, bumpy, boggy roads over which it has crawled, bumped, and pulled so wonderfully well that folks still say: "That's a good engine you have, Sister; she's running beautifully."

I think that the last time we were mentioned in "The Real Australian" we were in a bog. It was only one of many—so many that we lost count; but we have become experts in the art of digging ourselves out, and only once had to be pulled out.

Travelling West.

We made our way slowly west, finding many great opportunities for service. In one district we lost our way—how, no one, least of all ourselves, could understand. About 5 p.m. we found a little railway siding on the Sydney-Broken Hill line, where we received a great welcome; and at 8 p.m. found the little school uncomfortably full of people eager for their first service in that district. We had a wonderful time with them, and found that one mother had started a Sunday School at her own home, to which all the children (about 20) came. We were able to help and encourage her, and when she said, "We are very glad that you lost your way!" we no longer wondered—how.

At Wilcannia.

We gradually made our way west to Wilcannia, where kind Mrs. Mann made us feel quite at home. During the first few days we were there, we marvelled at the amount of work she was able to get through—cooking, cleaning, mending, keeping a watchful eye upon the milk supply and the garden. The boys milk the goats and tend the garden—but they are real boys, and need rounding up occasionally! Yet never does anything seem to upset her; she remains cheerful all the time. The boys take their troubles to her, sure of her help, if they are real, but ready to join in the laugh if they are not.

The Real "Out-back."

We made three attempts to reach Tibourra, that little township right up in the north-western corner of N.S.W., where the people acknowledged that they were "out-back." We are usually told that the real out-back is further on.

The first attempt was from White Cliffs. We intended to go north, visiting a few settlers on the mail route, then west through two big stations; but we were only 18 miles on our way when the rain came, and we were held up for two days and had to return to White Cliffs, as the creeks were flooded. We spent four more days at White Cliffs to the delight of the people there, for we were able to give them an extra Sunday service. We waited until the mailman was able to get through (two days behind time), and then followed his tracks west, hoping to reach the Broken Hill-Tibourra Road. All went well the first day. We were able to visit a couple of stations, and spent a very interesting time at one of the Government Tanks, where we made the acquaintance of Gilligan II. Some of you may have heard of Gilligan I.

Gilligan II.

Though not so smart yet as his predecessor, this wonderful dog brought his master's hat when told that the sun was hot on his head; fetched the latest paper when we expressed a wish to see it; and, most wonderful of all, when his master picked up a button from the floor and said, "Oh dear! A stitch in time saves nine!" went into another room and brought out a reel of cotton with a needle in it! He proved himself so useful that, had he been smaller, we should have been tempted to smuggle him away in the Caravan!

Travelling On.

The second day's travelling was not quite so easy. We had to leave the mail route and go through tracks almost washed out by the heavy rains. Over the greater part of the way only one car had passed since last summer, and as the crossings over the creeks had all been washed away, we had to do a fair amount of digging. One bank, which we rushed and nearly succeeded in climbing at the first attempt, left the Van practically upright! We had visions of a long, long walk for help, but decided to dig first, and were rewarded after half an hour's

hard work by finding ourselves safely on top. Four o'clock found us at the home-stead of a station comprising a million and a quarter acres, where we received a very kindly welcome, and were both encouraged and refreshed by our evening there.

St. George and the Creek Dragon.

The next morning we were confronted by a problem: should we use a track which was only used occasionally by the station people, but which would in 25 miles bring us on to the main road, or should we follow the mail track, which meant a journey of 70 miles to reach the same spot on the same road?

The cost of petrol was the deciding factor; we were paying 2/8 to 2/10 a gallon, and as the rainfall around the station had only reached 30 points in the last week, it was thought that we would have no difficulty in getting through. A map of the short cut having been drawn for us, we set off at 10 a.m.

For the first ten miles things were not too bad. We were on quite different country to any we had travelled before; the ground for the greater part was hard and covered with white quartz, which the sun was making sparkle until our eyes ached with the glare. We were told that the boundary riders often suffer with snow-blindness during the summer months. The track was very indistinct, but we found our way to the first landmark—a big tank or dam. The banks were built up quite high, and could be seen for some distance; a creek ran close to it, the crossing of which was quite washed away. Wherever we tried to walk across, we sank nearly to our knees in silt; but after a whole hour's search we found a small ridge of gravel, which enabled us to cross. We were safely over the creek, but the track had disappeared; so there was another long walk before we found it and traced it back to within a quarter of a mile from our crossing. That quarter of a mile was a fearful dragon indeed; it was just a series of gutters, some two feet deep, but only one foot across. We crawled, bumped, and dug our way along, until we reached the handkerchief we had tied to a stick for a landmark, the only damage, as far as we could see, being a chipped number-plate and a broken tail-light. Both had been knocked up to the floor of the Van.

We thought our worst troubles were over, for the track was good for the next four miles; but then we came to a chain of creeks we just couldn't cross. The silt pulled off our shoes and filled our stockings, and, to add to our troubles, the sky was very threatening. We decided that it would be better to go back, bad though the track was, than, perhaps, to be stuck in the middle of nowhere for a few weeks. Our hearts sank at the thought of the backward journey; but our trail was broken, and we got back with very little difficulty, reaching the mail route just before dark. We were not long in making camp, and not much later than the birds in getting to bed. We felt that it had been a wasted day, yet who knows? Perhaps the lessons we

learned will bring fruit in the years to come.

The Brave Woman of the West.

The next day came the question: Shall we give up or have one more try for Tibooburra. We decided to try again, and travelled the 70 miles, meeting two very lonely families on the way. We camped the next day (Sunday) with a little family who begged for a Sunday School. The mother was doing her best to teach the children, but she had only had twelve weeks' schooling herself from a travelling schoolmaster.

Tibooburra, at last!

We did eventually reach Tibooburra, to find it a very busy little township. People were in from a hundred miles' radius for the annual Gymkhana. We were able to hold two services and have a splendid Sunday School, and the children came each morning for religious instruction. We felt our visit was well worth the trouble we had had getting there.

One incident which stands out very clearly when thinking of this trip is of a little service in which we were very conscious of the Presence of God. The subject we had chosen was, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ" (Rom. 1: 16), and on putting the question, "What of the future! Are we going to live as though we were ashamed of the Gospel?" I was surprised to hear the answer "No!" in the determined voice of a lad of 12 years, who looked very confused when he realised that his thought had been uttered aloud. We pray that the determination which he expressed, and others of us felt, may make us better witnesses of the Power of the Gospel.

SISTER KATHLEEN.

POSTS AND RAILS.

St. Paul's, Chatswood.—At the morning service on Sunday, October 8th, a handsome carved oak Holy Table, which was given as a memorial by the many friends and parishioners of the late Rev. H. G. J. Howe, was dedicated by the Bishop of Gippsland in the presence of a large congregation; and at the evening service on the same day, Canon Langley, Rector of All Saints', Woollahra, dedicated the Communion Rails which were given by Mr. Watts in memory of his wife.

A Grocery Afternoon was held recently at St. John's, Beecroft, which was addressed by the President, Bishop Kirkby. A most enjoyable afternoon was held, and a large quantity of groceries collected.

A dozen Bibles were received from Bible House in September from a donor who wishes to remain anonymous. We return many thanks, Bibles and Prayer Books being such an essential and integral part of our work, especially for the Mail-Bag Department.

We wish to acknowledge, and at the same time to return very hearty and warm

thanks, to the members of the Young People's Union of St. Alban's, Fivedock, for their gift of pictures for our Hostels and other gifts for the Hospital. These, which we received on behalf of the Y.P.U. from Mrs. Janson, will be very much appreciated by the little ones in the Hostels and Hospitals our West. Many thanks!

We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Shelley very much indeed for the large parcel of assorted bandages they sent in order to help our work. Bandages play such a large role in our Hospital and Van work that we appreciate to the full this kind gift of Mr. and Mrs. Shelley.

On 3rd August Mrs. Dixon Hudson held a Grocery Afternoon, at which a wonderful collection of groceries were given, which we despatched promptly to the Wilcannia Hostel, where they will be very gladly received.

We wish to thank the donor of the gift of money to purchase a wheelbarrow for the Mungindi Hostel. The wheelbarrow was badly needed, and it will bring very much joy to the gardeners and gardeners-esses of the Hostel.

We also wish to thank the donor of the gift of money for purchasing Bibles. We need Bibles and Prayer Books so badly! So many homes out-back haven't even a Testament, and we do feel the responsibility that rests with us towards the spiritual education of our young Australians. Many thanks!

On August 17th the N.O.M. of Randwick held a Grocery Afternoon, with the result that a very generous donation and collection of groceries have been sent to us for distribution out-back. We thank all who helped at this fine afternoon.

St. Luke's, Dapto, also held a Grocery Afternoon, which was arranged by Mrs. Arthur Lindsay, on August 17th, and a fine lot of groceries were collected. We thank St. Luke's very warmly for its help and the encouragement which it has given.

We thank Mrs. Watling, of Gladesville, who has collected a very generous sum for the B.C.A. work. Such a tremendous parish as our B.C.A. is, extending as it does over many thousands of miles, requires a very large sum annually if we are to do the work adequately. We thank Mrs. Watling very sincerely for the generous help she has given us.

We wish to express our very warm thanks to the anonymous donor of £5 towards our Christmas Appeal, received in an envelope bearing the Canberra post mark.

Our very warm thanks also for the gift of 5/- received without name or address.

A SHELF OF BOOKS.

(For Review.)

"For Sinners Only" (by A. S. Russell). The author is the editor of a prominent London newspaper, and was caught up by the still-prevailing Oxford Group Movement. In the volume he sets forth the history of this "revival" force in the Church, and well does he describe its methods. Fortunately the Movement is greater than its exponent who is irritatingly egotistical and dogmatic on occasions. He is never quite free from his journalistic propensities and habits. Nevertheless, the book faces this present generation with sane, incontrovertible facts. The "Oxford Group" produces conversions, and can witness to lives completely changed and uplifted. It demands recognition by the Christian Church. Who dare ignore it?

We strongly recommend "For Sinners Only." Price: Cloth cover, 6/-.
o o o

"Do Dead Men Live Again?" (by Archdeacon Storr). Here we have a reverent yet searching examination of the Christian doctrine of Immortality. Various theories held in different ages are set forth, and well-known philosophical views are explained. Modern errors such as Spiritism are noted. The argument of the volume leads to a definite acceptance of the Christian Hope, based as it is on the Person and work of our Lord.
o o o

"Is Sin Our Fault?" (by Stewart A. McDowall, B.D.). If a bye-gone age was ferociously stern in its ideas about sin, the present age is inclined to be foolishly mawkish and blind. Mr. McDowall makes an honest endeavour to think clearly on the matter, and is really helpful to those whose hearts and minds are troubled. Weightier works on the subject of Sin there are, but none will be found more reasonable and interesting than this one. The book is worth reading.
o o o

"The Splendour of God" (by Honoré Willsie Morrow). "The most thrilling Missionary novel ever written," says the caption on the jacket of this book. And this is a fact indeed. Truth is stranger and far more interesting than fiction. Old and young will be stirred on reading the story of the adventurous enterprise of Adoniram and Ann Judson, the early Missionaries to Burma. The book would make a splendid gift. Put it down on your list for immediate purchase.
Price: Cloth cover, 4/3.
o o o

Three little booklets: "The Gentle Art of Making Happy" (by George N. Morrison), "Good Cheer" (by Isabel Cameron), and "The Three Godfathers" (by Peter B. Kyne). You may safely judge these charming productions by their covers. They are good all the way through, though slight in their bulk. As presents for friends they cannot be excelled.

The whole of the above are published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., and are procurable at all booksellers,

A SUNDAY'S WALK.

One gets annoyed when one has to leave a perfectly good car on the road and walk to a telephone.

The "Chev." has behaved wonderfully well for 23,000 miles, but last Sunday she wasn't quite so considerate as usual.

I was returning from a trip, and intended being in Wilcannia in time for the morning service. To do this I had 73 miles to travel. All went well for some time. The country in parts looks beautiful. Where all was dry and bare two years ago is now a beautiful field of daisies and grass two and three feet high. Emus and kangaroos are plentiful, and rabbits—black, white, yellow, and grey—are in thousands. Birds of all colours add to the beauty of the country.

When 16 miles from home, where luncheon was awaiting me, I saw an emu sitting in the long grass just by the roadside—a good "snap," and perhaps a nest full of eggs or some young ones! I pulled up, shut off the engine, and walked over, only to find that the emu was lame and just having a rest.

Feeling rather tired of cranking the car, as I usually have to do owing to the battery being more than three parts "dead," I thought after a 60 miles' run it should have enough "life" in it to turn over the engine. So I put my foot on the self-starter, but alas! it stuck. The battery was not alive enough. I picked up the crank-handle, but it wouldn't work either. Try as I would, I couldn't move it. I was 16 miles from home, and hungry, for it was 2 p.m. I had two live roosters and a half sheep in the back seat—but that was all. The only thing to do was to walk; so after trying everything I could think of to start the car, I began to walk on. When I had walked about a mile, some dust in the distance attracted my attention. A car coming! Good! Fortunately for me it was a "Chev.," and the driver had had the same trouble as I was now having; and with his aid and knowledge we were once again happy. The trouble was soon righted, and the engine began to purr, and I was satisfied to drive past emus for the remainder of the journey.

SISTER AGNES.

THE MAIL-BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Here we have a great piece of work carried on by the B.C.A., one which should arouse widespread interest, and which deserves to be very widely known.

It is a great work, this Sunday School by correspondence. As you will notice in another part of this paper, Miss Huntley, the Superintendent, sends out every month over seven hundred lesson papers to all parts of Australia. We have children in South Australia, Queensland, Victoria, and even in Western Australia, as well as in our own sunny New South Wales. The lesson papers are sent out in this wise: For each Sunday of the month there is a leaflet with a note of the passage of Scripture used for the story. The story is explained, and questions asked and handwork appointed; and

at the close of the paper certain verses are appointed to be read each day in the ensuing week. In one paper of each month birthday greetings are extended to the children whose birthdays fall within that month. The four or five papers, according to the number of Sundays in the month, are then posted to each child, and he or she is expected to do them Sunday by Sunday, and post them back again at the end of the month. They are then corrected, marks allotted, and posted back to the children.

There are two grades, one for the older children and one for the younger. There is no age limit for either class. Sometimes the teacher advises the child to try the harder questions, sometimes she advises him to go back to the easier grade for a little longer; sometimes it is the child himself or herself who suggests the higher grade.

It will be understood very easily why we can have no age limit when one realises the very severe difficulties under which a great number of these children live. From Sister Kathleen's letter, published in another part of this paper, we learn that mothers who have had only twelve weeks' schooling in their lives have to attack the arduous task of teaching their young children—and that is but one instance. Bishop Kirkby, our late Organising Missioner, knows of family after family whom he has met himself when travelling out-back for the B.C.A., who have difficulties equal to these, and even harder, with which to contend. There are families where the mother works in the fields with the father and the elder children; there are families where there is no father to help support them, and the mother is left to carry on by herself. So it is no difficult task to understand why we can have no age limits.

The handwork takes the form of drawing illustrations to the lesson just learnt, of learning verses of hymns, or of cutting figures of men or animals out of papers or books to illustrate certain parts of the story.

Some of the work of these children is extraordinarily good. The drawings in some cases are so promising that we hope in a few years to have artists worthy to hold the torch of fame for Australia. And the answers to some of the questions are so neatly expressed, and in many cases contain such an undercurrent of religious feeling, that we expect to find among these children poets and authors, and, best of all, priests and deaconesses to carry on the work of this glorious Church of England to which we are so proud to belong.

We have a number of teachers assisting Miss Huntley, some of whom have as many as forty children in their classes. The dividing of the children into classes has been more possible this year than ever before, for we have had several offers from teachers to help in this work, whom we have welcomed enthusiastically, for it has made it possible to enrol the children alphabetically, and so allot each child to his or her teacher as soon as the name is known.

Miss Huntley proposes to inaugurate a new form of teaching in her lesson papers, for next year she intends to take one Sunday each month and, shortening the story, claim a little space for explaining the Catechism to the children, thus enabling them to be confirmed as soon as a Bishop holds a Confirmation Service near enough for them to attend.

So this Sunday School by correspondence is a very great work indeed, supplying as it does the needs of the religious wellbeing and instruction of the children out-back.

HAVE YOU PAID UP ?

Once again we make record of "Real Australian" subscriptions received. To all we are grateful. There are still some of our readers who fail to find our little subscription reminder. May we ask for prompt attention? Eighteenpence a year is the amount. Please send stamps or postal notes to our Office. The address is on the front page of this issue. **Thank you!**

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THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

True prayer must be universal in its range and instincts. It must be spread over the whole earth. It must have the vision of God Who "so loved the world."

When our prayers begin to centre upon

ourselves, then they are no longer prayers, but rather selfish mumblings, which prevail neither with God nor with man. Prayer must take in all classes, all needs. The Book of Common Prayer rightly bids us to pray for "all sorts and conditions of men." The very phrase is significant of bigness and unselfishness. It is Missionary-spirited in its comprehensiveness. Let us then be varied in our prayer interests, deeming nothing too small or too large, nothing too distant or too near.

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 Croajalingal and its difficulties.

Pray for—

The B.C.A. Children's Hostels at Wilcannia 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.