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"AUSTRALIA FOR CHRIST."

**The Real Australian**

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

No. 49.

JUNE 19, 1933.

1/6 per annum (post free).

*THE (ANNUAL %ALLY*

of the

Bush Church Aid Society

will be held (D.V.) in the Chapter House, St. Andrew's Cathedral, George Street, Sydney,

on

*Tuesday, 8th oAugust, 1933*

**Chairman: Right Rev. S. J. KIRKBY, Bishop-Administrator.**

*Book the date now ! Be sure to come, but come early if you*

*want a seat!*

A GENEROUS THANK-OFFERING IS ASKED FOR.

No charge for admission. Do not come by yourself.

A BIG B.C.A. TEA will be served in the Basement of the Chapter House. First sitting (for about 200) at 6.15 p.m.

Tickets for the Tea, 1/3, to be procured from Parish Representatives, or from the Headquarters Office.

A Musical Programme from 7.15 to 7.40 p.m.

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

**Headquarters Office:**

**Diocesan Church House, St. Andrew's Cath\* edral, George Street, Sydney.**

**Telephone : M'3164.**

**Cable Address : "Chaplaincy, Sydney."**

**Victorian Office:**

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

**President**: The Eight Eeverend **Bishop KIRKBY.**

**Hon. Clerical Secretary: Rev. Canon W. L. LANGLEY.**

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**South Australian Hon. Secretary: Rev. R. H. FULFORD, Holy Trinity Rectory, Ade­laide.**

**Organising Missioned of B,C.A. : Rev. T. Terry.**

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

My dear B.C.A. Friends,

It is with a greatly increased sense of privilege that I write this second letter—and the first since my return from visiting the various centres where our Society is at work. Far from being burdensome, the thousands of miles covered have been full of happiness, and the remembrance of all that has been seen, and of our agents working so faith' fully and loyally, oftentimes in extreme phys-ical weariness, and in dangers and in dis-appointments, makes me very thanful that God has a1lowed us to be His fellow-workers in this great adventure. There is little of romance in the story of B.C.A work, but there is a record of hardship and endurance patiently borne, and of increasing venture in the service of the Kingdom of God.

I do want you to believe that you have a tremendously important part in this work. After seeing the "outback11 of Australia one realises the splendid qual'ties of those men and women who live far away from almost any of the benefits of modern civilisation, and who, in spite of ever-present hardship and drudgery, still have a cheery outlook upon both present and - future. In places

where drought has the country in its deso­lating grip, or in others where less recently flood has worked havoc, the burden of anxiety is carried almost without complaint. In every centre the B.C.A. agent is certain of a hearty welcome and of every assistance which the outback can render. It would spoil the story to tell you any more here, so I must allow each centre to tell its own etory to you. Before our next issue, in all prob-ability, Mies E. M. Reece, of Cann River, will be on her way to England, and we all join in giving her a fervent "God-speed11 from every friend of B.C.A., and the wish for a safe and joyous return to her own land. We extend to Miss Reece the freedom of c . ery B.C.A. district in Australia, where her name will be surety for her welcome at all times.

I want to ask for your ardent co-opera­tion in all our work. It is not merely that our present activities need greater support, but there are certain doors of opportunity

which stand invitingly ajar, into which we cannot enter unless we are assured of fche. means to enable us to do so. For that reason I ask, first of all, for your constant co-operation in prayer. You will find a sug­gestive list of subjects for prayer in tke last column of this issue. And, not least, will you co-operate with us by a real effort of celf-iacrificc for the support of this work in **oj'r** own coun'iry, and for our own people ? No effort is ever too small. I thank you all, workers and supporters, for all that you have done. May God's richest blessing crown our labours for Him.

Yours very sincerely,

T. 'TERRY.

THE B.CA, PARSON TAKES HIS DAY OFF,

The name of the place matters nothing. It is a B.C.A. parish, so let that suffice. We— that is, my wife and I—try to get a day to

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ourselves in the week if it is humanly pos' sible, and to spend a few hours in the quiet beauty and restfulness of nature with nothing to disturb us. But, well—every parson knows how easy that is ! On this particular day we planned to get away early in the morning and to take our tucker with us, but from the very first it seemed as if the whole world was waiting on the front door mat or at the gate to conspire against our plans. Nobody but a country parson, or his wife, would believe that he could be called upon to do so many odd jobs in such a few brief hours, but there it is. At all events, well after mid'day our tucker was still untasted, and when at last we partook of a belated meal it was in our own home, and we had almost given up all hope of realising our plans.

It was later in the afternoon when we ventured forth, taking three friends with us in the car just for a run, and we headed for a spot on the bank of the river some miles from home. It was a lonely locality, and we were surprised not a little to meet a motor lorry well loaded with odds and ends. We reached our spot and spent a short while in enjoyment, staying long enough to see a small river steamer arrive and tie up. The plank was hardly thrown out when from the "innards" of the steamer came a procession which almost defied description. A man and a woman and five children, all of them heavily laden with household gear, a large dog, a parrot in a cage, and two huge rolled' up mattresses completed the tally ; and then the steamer filently stole away and left them stranded on the river bank. On inquiry we found that the aforesaid lorry was to have met them to transport them to a certain camp, but the driver, dreading the irregularity of river steamers, had given up waiting and had also silently stolen away.

What could we do ? Leaving my wife and our friends where they were, I invited the castaways to load themselves into my car and be driven to their destination. The offer was accepted without reluctance. To this day I have a vivid mental picture of us as we prepared to drive away. There were, un' deniably, eight humans in the car, but they were so buried under a pile of dog, parrot' cage and mattresses, to say nothing of odds' and-ends, as to be invisible to the naked eye. The destination was not unknown to me— in fact, to my certain knowledge, the camp in •question contained at least two families at the time ; but I reflected that ignorance is bliss, and so we set off.

I cannot describe every foot of the journey, but let me assure you that every foot could tell its story. When after tke fiftieth time the mattresses had been picked up and re' stored to the car, and when the head of the clan had been re-packed, and when for the fiftieth time the dog (which had followed his master each time he dismounted from the car) had been safely stowed inside, we had covered a considerable portion of our jour' ney, at a bend in the road, to our amaze­ment, we came upon a perfectly good "pram," which was identified as family property, and which had evidently fallen from the aforesaid motor-lorry which was conveying other details of the household goods. When the "pram" wa$ added to our bfig our jov was Jusf about oyprfl owing.

The pilgrims were landed at the camp, and I did not stop to make enquiries, but turned the car and sped back at the highest speed compatible with a sense of safety, to my good wife and friends. Day was dying a lingering death when I picked them up, and after our happy reunion we started for home, which in due time we reached and where our friends left us. The car was stabled and we made our way to the rectory, but in the last beams of light I was aware of a little maiden aged about six years bear' ing down purposefully upon the rectory. On the advice of my wife, I stole inside the house while the dear soul went to meet the small girl, but I stood inside listening. "Did you want to see me ?" asked my wife kindly. The small maiden crumpled her pinny in her hand, but taking courage from the kind voice she raised her eyes to my wife's face and replied bravely, "No, I want to see yer father."

:'IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN."

(By the "O.M.")

On 23r-d March last I began a round of visits to the B.C.A. work-centres. I left Sydney in a truly tropical stew, but at Quean' beyan the same night we were glad to don greatcoats and to unpack the rugs. At Bom' bala, Rev. Stafford Viney met the train and drove me over the border to Gann River. Three outstanding memories of that drive re main with me—the wonderful Gippsland timber, the bell-birds, and Mr. Viney's skill as a driver. The road seemed to me to be mostly hills and curves, and we skimmed the edges of chasms and gullies like a swallow, but "Monty" (the car) never faltered, and in the mid-afternoon we arrived safely at Gann dispensary. Sister Sowter's cheery welcome did much to dispel the fatigue, and after a hurried meal we set off for Mallacoota Inlet, a very pretty tourist resort which has not yet come fully into its own. We had service that night in a room behind the shop in a general store, and a fine inspiring service it was, too. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Buckland, we stayed the night at her freau-dful home, "Karbeetbong," Lake Mallacoota, and early next day we set off on the next stage, and spent the whole day paying visits en route.

Darkness and we arrived together at the farm of Mr. W. Stevens, of Wangrabell, and there we spent a most restful night. Next morning (Sunday) we had Holy Communion in the small State school near by, just a mere handful of people and only a few com' municants, but I am sure we were all deeply conscious of the nearness of the Presence of God.

Service in a hall at Genoa at 3 p.m., and a hard run over the Drummer Mountain back to Cann River for evening service, where we arrived very travel-stained. Next morning saw us on the road again for the Bendoc por­tion of Mr. Viney's extensive parish. Such are the vagaries of the climate that in this area one week had seen snow, rain and frost. No wonder the bean crops were frost' bitten and ruined ! We had services in North Bendoc and at Bonang, visited, farms gnd Jonely settlers in |hese p}aces? and §t Peg%

dick River and in other localities whose names I shall not attempt to spell. Through creeks, down into gullies, over country where roads do not exist—or if they do are shunned by wise travellers, through country ravaged by bush-fires so that many times "Monty" was forced to the indignity of jumping logs, and eventually we limped into Delegate with a flat tyre and a badly broken spring.

On again later to Cann for the night, and early next morning on towards Bairnsdale, via Orbost, taking with us some ladies whose party had suffered the sad loss of their car by fire the night" before at Cann. All went swimmingly and we were filled with admira' tion for our driver's skill as he skimmed round those curves, when many miles from anywhere, "Monty" developed a bad cough and finally lay down and refused to go on. Of the rest of "Monty's" journey Mr. Viney must speak for himself. I was very kindly driven by a passing motorist into Bairnsdale in time to catch the train. The whole visit to East Gippsland was a heart' warming experience, and one can speak only in terms of gratitude for the faithful work which is being done by the Vicar and his wife, by Miss Reece and Miss Palmer, and uy Sister Sowter at the dispensary. I have never seen Mount Everest, but I am thankful I can say that I have been in East Gipps­land with Mr. Viney.

A night in Melbourne, through the kind hospitality of Rev. T. and Mrs. Jones, and then on to Adelaide, where Rev. R. H. Ful-ford met me and very kindly gave up a good deal of his time to me, and gave me the very great pleasure of meeting Sister Morris (formerly of Ceduna) and Miss Katie French (formerly of Sydney).

The next stage was to Port Lincoln by motor-ship, and we tied up at the jetty there at 10.45 on the Sunday morning. At the request of the churchwardens of the Kirton Point Church, I spent the day with them, and we were able to have a celebration of the Holy Communion there. In passing, I would like to add a brief word of appreciation of that verv inspiring Sunday at Kirton Point in that beautiful sea-girt spot. It was like a tonic to me, the effect of which helped me through all the more arduous portion of the journey which was just beginning, and to Captain and Mrs. Gibson and their family, and to all the good friends, there who made most grateful thanks and appreciation. Through one of these good friends an arrangement was completed which enabled me to be driven in a car from Port Lincoln that all-too-brief stay so happy, I offer my to Ceduna, and thus to miss the long-drawn agony of the journey in the "Social Equality Express." We stayed a night at Streaky Bay, through the hospitality of Mrs. Alden Mudge, whose kindness was unbounded, and the next day arrived at Ceduna Hospital a good twelve hours ahead of schedule time.

Of the work in this centre also I can speak with deep gratitude. Rev. G. C. Woolf and his good wife are concentrating most earnestly upon the young life of the parish, and already their work is bearing fruit. Sisters Todd and Dowling are carry ing on a gallant though extremely difficult work in the hospital, and one is glad to be able to say that their work is thoroughly appreciated by the people wha havej gome

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under their earnest care. I spent a very happy period in this centre, including one Sunday. A light fall of rain on the Sunday brought out myriads of flying ants, and on our way to the morning service at Laura Bay, in spite of the car being closed-in, we were all very soon covered from head to foot with thousands of these insects. The faster Mr. Woolf drove the faster the ants came in through the crevices. Here also one had the pleasure of a reunion with Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Edwards, of Penong, which was the next pause in the forward journey. Penong parish is simply enormous, and the journey ings of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards in their parish are almost unbelievable. They spare nothing in time and service for their people by day and night and in all weathers, and the parish owes them a very heavy debt of gratitude for their unstinted work. Easter Day in Penong was one to remember. Unfor\* tunately I had to lose Mr. Edwards, who had gone with his wife to conduct services at Port Lincoln, but through the kind offices of Mr. Roy Muegge, I was driven to the various centres for service. A cottage ser' vice at Tallala in the afternoon, and a happy service in the evening in the tiny State school at Wookata, where the worshippers brought their own candles and stuck them in the holes in the desks intended for the ink' wells.

One must speak in great appreciation, too, of the work of Sister Selby at the Penong Memorial Hospital. The life there is cer' tainly lonely, but the work being done at the hospital is invaluable not only in serious cases, but often among the out-patients. I owe much to Sister Selby for her kindness and care during that week at Penong.

Mr. Edwards decided that we must travel all night over the Nullarbor Plain in order to pick up the east-bound train next morning. It was an eerie journey over that vast plain, and we had no companions but the foxes, of which there was no scarcity. By the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, of Nulla' bor homestead, we were given a much-needed meal well before daybreak, and then sped on our way again, reaching Cook in good time to pick up the train. Twenty-four hours in the train saw the finish at Port Augusta, then a change of trains and a journey of some hours to Peterborough, then another change of trains and a weary ten hours to Broken Hill, where the Rev. C. M. and Mrs. Kemmis met me, and where, a couple of hours later, my camera was stolen.

Just at dusk we arrived at Menindie, hav-ing been driving all day in the car, and we were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. R. Rankin at the beautiful "Net-ley'' homestead. By a series of coincidences Mr. Kemmis was unable to cross the river for a service that night, so we rested and had services next day, morning and evening, in the Menindie Church. On the Monday we left for Wil-cannia, which we reached at 7.30 p.m. Of all that I saw in travelling during the week following I can speak only in complete ad' miration. We visited stations and tanks and townships and lonely isolated settlers. We had services for the faithful few to whom those services mean so much, and finally the welcome rain drove us back to our starting point as we feared being bogged on the road.

Mr. Kemmis has a parish which covers one hundred thousand square miles, and he and Sister Agnes have covered it thoroughly by car in their many visitations. One can' not speak too highly of their work among those big'hearted, uncomplaining western folk, nor yet too highly of the work of Mrs. Mann and Sister Winifred in the hostel. Only one more stage, and that was to Ivan' hoe to pick up the train, and so home to Sydney.

A short stay at home, and then another journey to Melbourne for the Annual Rally, of which more is said in the Melbourne news, and then back to Sydney for the annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary.

The last journey of all was to Werrimull, via Melbourne—a journey of just on one thousand miles, but the happiness of the stay was well worth the inconvenience of getting there. The visit was all too brief, but one was privileged to see something of that very large parish in the Victorian Mallee, and to know that the devoted and faithful work of Rev. R. T. and Mrs. Halla' han is bearing fruit very certainly, even if slowly. The Anniversary Services on the Sunday were a joy, and only a very cold change and driving rain in the evening kept folk away from the lantern lecture, which proved most interesting.

And one does not forget the last scene of all on the following evening at Mildura railway station. Out of the cold and per' sistent rain we sought refuge near the fur' nace of the tank'house, and there the four of us—Mr. and Mrs. Hallahan, Mrs. Boyce, and I—bowed our heads and thanked the good Father of us all for His mercies to us. And so the Organising Missioner has re' turned home once more, hoping for a warm welcome into every parish for the B.C.A. and its story of Christian adventure in inland Australia.

**To those who wish to hear of a fine Private Hospital or Rest Home, we can confidently recom­mend "Tuerong," Campbell St., Eastwood, N.S.W., conducted *by* Sister Harvey, A.T.N.A. (General and Obstetric). 'Phone : Epping 1034.**

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**MELBOURNE NOTES.**

**Essendon Ladies' Auxiliary.**—Miss I. Woods certainly keeps her ladies busy. On Tuesday, May 16th, she arranged a very pleasant afternoon, which, owing to the kindness of Mrs. Baglin, was held at the Vicarage. Some fifty ladies attended, and soon bought up all the jam and pretty things that were offered for sale on the stall, after which afternoon tea was taken, followed by a talk by the Deputation Sec retary. Something over £3 was taken to-wards the cot at Penong adopted by St. Thomas'. We offer our grateful thanks to Mrs. Baglin for allowing her home to be

used for this purpose, and congratulate Miss Woods upon her endeavours.

Ladies' Auxiliary.—The ladies of B.C.A. Auxiliary are holding a musical afternoon in the Chapter House on Tuesday, June 13th, from 2.45 p.m. to 5 p.m. There will be items by good artists, as well as a talk and the screening of new pictures by Mr. Jones. You will be asked to spend all your spare cash at a stall replete with jams and pretties. All who come are asked to bring a gift for the B.C.A. hospitals. Don't forget the date : Tuesday, June 13th.

Bibles.—The Rev. S. Viney, of Cann River, asks for Bibles. They must be in fair condition. They are wanted for children's work in Gippsland. Please send them in to our Victorian office.

Motor Car.—In the last issue of this paper attention was drawn to the need of a car for Melbourne deputation work. This need is just as important as any other need of B.C.A. work. If people are to be told about the work of the Church in the outback, the Secretary must have a reliable means of trans-port. Please pray about this, and ask your' self, "Can I do anything ?"—then do it. Don't leave it to somebody else, they may leave it for you.

Garden Party.—Our thanks are due to Mrs. Welshman, of Mooroolbark, who, on April 17th, held a Garden Party for B.C.A. at her home. We are always grateful for interest shown in this way.

For Sale,—The Victorian office has a violin for sale. It is suitable for one who is learning to play this instrument, and is in good condition. It can be seen at the Mel­bourne office.

MELBOURNE **ANNUAL RALLY.**

The Annual Rally of the Bush Church Aid Society was held in the Chapter House on Wednesday, May 11th, the attendance being in the vicinity of 450.

The Bishop of St. Arnaud made a delight­ful chairman, and told the gathering of how in very difficult days the B.C.A. had come to the aid of the Diocese of St. Arnaud by providing a man and money for the Mallee when it seemed that the Church would have to close down in that area.

The Rev. T. Terry received a very warm welcome and told the gathering of the ex­tensive work of the Society which now has thirty workers. He also said that arrange­ments were going forward for the placing of two fully trained nurses at Cook, on the east-west line. At present Cook is served by Penong Hospital, three hundred miles dis­tant. It was desired also to place a dea­coness at Werrimull for work among the women and children *in* the Mallee district. He further stressed the urgent need for a suitable motor car for the use of the Mel­bourne Deputation Secretary. For all these needs he asked the prayer and help of all B.C.A. friends.

A delightful evening was brought to a close by the screening of a number of new slides illustrating the Society's work.

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**PRAYER.**

"Lord, what a change within us one short

hour Spent in Thy presence will avail to make ! What heavy burdens from our bosoms take, What parched grounds refresh as with a

shower ! We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ; We rise, and all the distant and the near Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and

clear. We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of

power

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this

wrong, Or others, that we are not always strong ; That we are ever overborne with care ; That we should ever weak or heartless be, Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer, And joy and strength and courage are with

Thee?"

—Archbishop Trench.

**NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.**

**Wilcannia.**—Our last quarter's experiences began with a somewhat hurried return to the parish after sundry delays in Sydney. Beyond breaking a spring (our first—and last I hope) and getting stuck in a very bad sandhill in the darkness, our trip of 670 miles was uneventful. Upon arrival at Wil' cannia on the Saturday at 5 a.m., we had to commence unpacking and to prepare for the next day's service. On the Monday morning I set off for a sixtyfive mile run along the Broken Hill road to meet the Bishop of Riverina on his periodical visit. By 7.45 p.m. we had returned, and were soon on our way to the- church for Con' firmation service. The church was packed, for the Wilcannia folk do not often have a bishop to address them.

The next day, after taking the bishop to the public school, I set off with him by car for Menindie, one hundred miles down the river. Despite a taihwind, aggravating the engine's tendency to heat, we arrived at our destination in good ti®ie. After a service at 8 p.m. the bishop boarded the train for his return to Hay. Next evening I was back in Wilcannia, feeling a little weary after travelling a thousand miles in less than a week, yet very thankful that nothing had occurred t« mar the occasion of his Lord' ship's visit.

Soon after this we received word that we were to be visited by the new Organising Missioner of the B.C.A. ; so on Saturday, 22nd April, we met the train from Adelaide at Broken Hill, and before long the Rev. T. Terry was speeding with us over a seventy miles stretch of drought'Stricken country. On this stage of our journey the many days and nights of travel began to take their toll of the new O.M., and we were not surprised to find him fast asleep as we drove into Men' indie, and we had yet another thirty miles to go before dark. After Sunday's services we travelled another hundred miles up the river to Wilcannia, introducing the O.M. to folk en route.

On Ansae Day we all took part in a united open'air service in Wilcannia, and on **the**

next day were on the road again heading for White Cliffs, Milparinka, and Tibooburra (in the north'west corner of the State). That night we had a service in the small white ant'eaten church at White Cliffs. Thursday we pressed on, coming to the most barren portion of our parish, miles and miles of stony country, bare of pasture and dotted here and there with tanks (or dams) which now hold very little water. "Two years since the last drover passed this way," said one old tank'keeper, a typical old'timer.

It was with mixed fe,elings that we con' tinued our journey, for the sky began to darken with heavy clouds. About 10 a.m. we felt the first drops of rain and wondered whether we should turn back. By 2 p.m. we had reached the roughest parts of the track across this plain, with gutters three and four feet deep, and many yards wide. By 3 p.m. it was obvious that a wet trip lay ahead of us, with the likelihood of being bogged, so, feeling grateful for the rain, though sorry not to reach our destination, we turned back. At White Cliffs we felt ready for bed, but decided to press on the remaining sixty miles before the rain made the road impassable. Well that we did so, for that night they had 147 points on that road. A few nights later we held service at Ivanhoe, and the O.M. left our parish on the Sydney express, having been not only a link with our friends in Sydney, but also the agent of a really good spiritual tonic. Since his departure we have had a further fifty points of rain and promise of more. As we look about us and see the tinge of green creeping over the barren soil, we hope and pray that our people's hearts may be opened to acknow ledge God's hand of blessing, and learn to trust Him fully in their every need.

C. M. KEMMIS.
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**Cann River.**—Although in the first quarter of the year holidays are indulged in, they did not interfere with the general working of the districts. In all, twentytwo centres were visited, and ninetytwo services con' ducted. To do this work between 4,000 and 4,?00 miles were travelled.

The response in the Church has been en' couraging, and, on the whole, the services have been better attended. The financial side has been most gratifying, the income for the quarter being just £40, as against £45 for the first half'year in 1932.

During this quarter we had a visit from the Bishop of Gippsland, and he visited five of the centres and left us all feeling much cheered. Also in the same quarter the Rev. T. Terry made a rapid review of our work. He saw fifteen of the centres in the six days he was with us, and had, services in six of them.

The school work continues alongside the other activities of life here, and six schools are visited regularly, while others are able to have instruction when opportunity affords. As each centre is visited for service a special effort is made to visit at least some of the homes, and as a result of this visiting the people are helped and many have been led to join the Scripture Union and to take a greater interest in the Word of God.

Only one funeral had to be conducted during the quarter, and that was at Genoa.

The Vicar had service on Sunday night at Lower Bendoc and came home 73 miles after service so as to be ready to leave on Monday morning, the service being at 11 a.m. forty miles from home in another direction. The service was conducted, then the journey of ninetysix miles to Delegate River for the monthly service there, timed for eight o'clock that night. Let us continue : Tuesday, thirty five miles further on for service ; Wednesday, night, twenty miles more and another service ; and Thursday, 112 miles for a quarterly ser' vice at 8 p.m., and, because of a busy next day, forty miles home. But it is so worth' while to be able to carry a smile to all these folk and tell them of the good tidings that can make us all so happy.

S. S. VINEY.

**Ceduna, S.A.**—It was night'time one Tues' day early in April. Th.e B.C.A. staff in Ceduna were all on tip-toe with excitement because the new Organising Missioner was arriving before breakfast the next morning, on the famous "Social Equality Express." All day we had been polishing flie keyhole on the Rectory door and in other ways mak' ing everything appear at its best. Every thing was now ready—at least I had only one small detail to arrange with the sisters at the B.C.A. hospital, so thither I went.

I was given to understand that there had arrived a new patient at the hospital, a very bad case both spiritually and physically. Sis' ter led the way into the sitting'room, and I met a pale, worn-out looking man, apparently one of those men whose faith had been wrecked at the war, for a badge in his coat betrayed the fact that he was a returned soldier. I struck up a conversation with him, wishing to lead him to talk about him' self, and we were progressing nicely when Sisters Todd and Dowling left the room, leaving me alone with the patient. I began to talk to him, when he grasped me by the hand and said, "Don't say a word. I'm Terry !" He had motored through from Port Lincoln, ana\* had come on us by surprise. He was resting from his journey and had dis' carded his clerical collar in favour of some' thing more comfortable.

I shall not take up space by telling more of our Organising Missioner's visit to us. Sufficient to say that he deeply inspired and encouraged us during his all-too'short stay in Ceduna.

Mrs. Woolf and I have been in Ceduna for five months, and never was there a time when the Presence of God was so manifestly with us. The inspiration and the strength given to us, the blessings so abundantly be' stowed, are indeed an assurance that He Who has called is enabling.

At our first service Mrs. Woolf and I noticed that many of the parents who had children brought them with them to Church. We conceived the idea of forming these chih dren into Sunday School classes under the leadership of Mrs. Woolf. This we did, and while I conduct the services Mrs. Woolf teaches the children. After the second les­son they are marched out of the church or hall in which service is being held, into an' other hall or room, and when these are not available, the children have their lesson out in the open'air, using cases and the running'

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boards of the car as tables on which they do their expression work. Our intention is that teachers will be trained in each centre to carry on this particular phase of our work.

Parents are very keen that their children should receive the instruction being given, and spare no efforts to bring them to Church. The Sunday Schools in the out' back centres in which we are reaching, in all, over seventy children, have been directly responsible for increasing the numbers of adults at the services. In Ceduna a teachers' training class has been established, lectures being given in Bible study, child study, method in teaching, storytelling, etc.

So that the seeds sown in the hearts of the children may have every chance of ripen-ing, our next step is to do what we can to give them a Christian atmosphere in their hemes. It has been our joy to find Christ enthroned in some of the homes, but it is otherwise in many. We hope to be helped in this direction by the Mothers' Union, branches of which we are about to establish in several of our centres. Mrs. Fuller, who is the Federal Secretary and Treasurer of this valuable organisation, recently visited the mission and paved the way for development in this direction.

Our work out here is not by any means easy, for there are, besides many nominal Christians, some who profess no belief at all. Gambling and drinking are all too *evi­dent.* There are many things which cause us deep concern. We do ask that all our B.C.A. friends will continue in prayer for our work of spreading the Gospel.

GEO. C. WOOLF.

**Penong, S.A.**—The Far West Mission re­ceived a visit from our Organising Missioner in April. The visit was a tonic to all the workers here, and we received from Mr. Terry much help and encouragement. Time did not permit Mr. Terry to visit all parts of our districts, and I think he was satisfied to take the remainder for granted. The actual distance travelled would be well into two thousand miles. One of our people said that we always look forward to the visit of the missioner just as much as to the Bishop. The note of confidence and encouragement has been of great help. My last visit to the outskirts of my district had to be abandoned owing to a breakdown. Our work here de­pends on the smooth running of the car. We are now giving another make of car a chance to show its good qualities on the long journeys round the Australian Bight to visit the stations and the workers along the Trans-Australian Railway Line.

Just at present our people are engaged in sowing their crops. Some crops are helping to grow very healthy rabbits, I am sorry to say. We seem to be afflicted with some of the plagues of Egypt, but in slightly x^yi^g forms. First we had small parrots, which spoiled the water by drowning themselves ; then a plague of mice—nice, friendly little fellows that were willing to try anything once ; and then came the rust, and then the rabbits came along for their share, and the cats and foxes are also doing their little bit. Then, after pleasure and the Banks have col-

lected, the Church finds the cupboard rather bare.

With all the difficulties and set-backs, we have some wonderful people out here, wil­ling to give to God of their very best, and doing all they can to help their Church and minister. In spite of all difficulties, we have others who forget there is a God, and pursue after their pleasures and wonder why they receive disappointments instead. The great battle is against selfishness. We need the prayers of our people for the faithful, that they may be strengthened ; for the indif­ferent, that they may hear the call and re­spond ; for the faithless, that God may be merciful to them.

Hospital Day at Penong was a great suc­cess, over .£160 being collected to help pay off the hospital building. The working of the hospital is the responsibility of the B.C.A. and for that work we need help and encouragement. The hospitals are for the healing of the body, but, greater still, the healing of the spirit, for the two must go hand in hand. The sisters have opportu­nities that the padre never gets in the great work of winning souls.

A. H. EDWARDS.

**«£» ,♦£♦ ~»|»**

**Wernmull's Windmill (Vic.)**.—Werrimul has a windmill. It is erected on the north side of the railway line which connects the town with the irrigation settlement of Red Cliffs, forty miles east, and which, continuing its route for another thirty miles westward, terminates at the siding called. Morkalla, the edge of the north-west Victorian mallee.

Thus Werrimull is situated in the geo­graphical centre of that newer experimental wheat-growing area called "The Millewa," and there has arisen around the one-time primitive bush, siding quite a modest little township. There are, in all, three stores, a bank, post office, police station, Irrigation Commission office and works, Closer Settle­ment: Board local staff, a really fine Bush Nursing Hospital, and last, but not least, the newly-erected Church of St. Nicholas—a monument, albeit in weatherboard and fibro-cement, to the reality of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints held by the members of the Church of England throughout the Empire.

As I sit in the front room of the clergy house adjoining the church, the windmill is in full view, with its arms revolving rapidly in response to the invisible but powerful pressure of the wind, and sending the gauge higher and higher on the face .of the huge concrete water-tower from which the town is supplied. The dam from which the water is pumped by means of this windmill is filled once a year by means of a channelling sys­tem from the River Murray, distant sixteen miles northward, but the town is dependent for its supply on the regular filling of the tower by the aforementioned windmill. Consequently the towns-people are always thankful when, as to-day, they see the re­volving arms being used to assure their supply of water for the next three days. (The full tower holds approximately a three-days' supply.) There are occasions, however, when, owing to a continuous calm, the water has all been used, and it is in order to, avoid

the occurrence of such a sad state of affairs that we are now allowed to use water for domestic purposes only. The water is turned off at all other times than meal hours. -

We compare our lot, however, with that of some of the farmers, who, because of the un­suitable nature of their ground, are unable to take advantage of the irrigation system, and are thus compelled to cart their water for stock and domestic purposes, in some cases a distance of three to four miles. This means the loss of two days' work a week, and in the busiest season of harvest; so our tem­porary inconvenience fades into insignificance alongside their very real hardships. It is when one realises that the task of the bush minister is to carry spiritual refreshment into homes parched by such adverse conditions that Werrimull's windmill whispers its mes­sage. For the windmill tower and church, though on opposite sides of the railway line, have a common purpose. If the water tower is an everyday source of supply for the re­lief of physical dryness, the Church should serve a like purpose for the refreshment of souls become spiritually dry. But it can only fulfil this task as the life of its mem­bers show the "full" mark on the gauge, and there are kept constantly revolving the arms of the windmill of prayer to keep the supply at the high level.

Here is just one of the many cases which demand the continual supply of spiritual re­freshment from your representative: The family of a true pioneer embarked on the venture of faith and came into this district from the South Australian side just seven years ago^ The story of their "trek" across unknown country with their all\* their arrival after having gone more than a day without seeing water, the subsequent battle against three successive droughts, is in itself an epic. When after four years of such battling the mother was stricken with an incurable com­plaint which necessitated her lying up on a couch continually, with no daughter or other female attendance possible in their isolation, the cup of bitterness seemed full. With heroic steadfastness the man battled on, and the three years that have just passed have brought no relief to the financial position. The nineteen-year-old son now does most of the team-work, the father having had his hands full with the care of his invalid wife and the two younger boys. Just last week the end of the long period of suffering came: unexpectedly for the little mother, and-she is now with tlie Lord Whom she loved so well and served so faithfully. But these are left, and left wondering. If the arms of the windmill of prayer are kept revolving the refreshing answer to all their doubts will be found in the message of. the Crucified One,: Who is also the Living One and the Loving One. May the Holy Spirit Himself breathe upon all who read these lines, that such spiritual refreshment may be the portion of these dear folk to whom it is my privilege, to minister on your behalf.

R.' T. HALLAHAN. **..'♦£» *]■&* '" .♦§♦** Mission Van.—The van has taken a new lease of life, as I expect you all know. It has a new chassis, new mattresses for the beds, new kitchen utensils, new, tent, and a new crew. But it carries the same me:cage— that of the gospel of salvation in Jesus

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Christ. If we could but take you all with us ! It is impossible to describe to you the need of the people for the message. At one place the people couldn't remember when they had been able to attend service. They thought it was three years ago. One mother said that her little daughter, aged eight, was awfully keen to learn **all** she **could,** as **the** other little girls at her school had been to the church and knew all about it, while she could tell them nothing.

We held an inspiring service on a veran' dah, with the aid of some table lamps and three hurricane lamps. Sister Caroline held the lamp while I played the hymns, and I held the lamp while she read, and so on. The people chose all their favourite hymns and entered whole'heartedly into the service. On another occasion we had a funny light' ing scheme : we used five candles, three lamps, and two torches.

Owing to the rain we found it difficult to work, as the people are unable to get through the bad roads at night to come to services. We had arranged to hold a service at one place, and had a better day than we had had for some time. The clouds were gathering about tea'time, but quite a large congrega' tion assembled. We had a lovely service and just as we were singing the closing hymn a terrific thunderstorm broke. The people were unable to leave until nearly an hour later. While they were waiting they sang hymns and the children looked at pictures. Two families had walked two miles in order to attend, and others had come long dis' tances.

You and I want to do our part to help such as these to "be strong in the Lord," and all our efforts will be useless unless we our' selves are strong in Him. I was reading the other day of the healing of the daughter of Jairus. We read of Jesus : "They laughed Him to scorn." They did the same on many occasions, and the scorn of one's fellows is very hard to bear. Let us ask for grace to stand firm in what we know to be the right way when serving Him Who loves us and gave Himself for us.

DOROTHY HARRIS.

**WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.**

We have just had a most successful annual meeting, on May 17th in the Chap' ter House. Mr. Terry was able to be with us as he had just arrived from his tour out' back. He gave us a most satisfying account of the various activities and sent us away more determined than ever to do our bit. Mrs. D'Arcylrvine presided and Mrs. W. E. Gates (Honorary Treasurer) and Miss Ashe (Honorary Secretary) presented brief reports.

We altered our procedure slightly, having tea at small tables, so that members could all get to know each other. Miss Stanton gave a beautiful setting to the gathering by her lovely rendering of "Abide with me"; she is the soloist of Scots' Church. Mrs. Grant, from Bellevue Hill, most kindly gave us two numbers. Both performers must have realised how keenly they were appreciated. A goodly number of groceries were received and some «£ 11 in money.

**A New Effort.**—On the third Wednesday of each month, during the afternoon, two members of committee hope to be "at home" in No. 2 Committee Room, Church House, to any member or any one interested in B.C A. We feel a need for spreading news of the Auxiliary, and of telling people our needs and the latest news from the field, so please make a note and come. The ever' welcome cup of tea will be awaiting you, and next month two excellent hostesses, Mrs. D'Arcylrvine and Mrs. W. L. Langley— so be sure and not leave them to sit in state.

Just now, when the world is so urgent in its needs and claims, we women rejoice to think that even in our small way we are reaching out to our fellow'women in isolated parts, and we feel sure that **every** woman would join us if she realised how happy a fellowship of prayer and service is ours, and how we value the tiniest effort; so that no one need feel burdened or afraid of claims they cannot meet these hard times. We are among those who rejoice to know that even a cup of cold water given in the "Name which is above every other name" is not unnoted.

**PERSONAL.**

Miss E. M. Reece expects to sail from Syd' ney on the "Jervis Bay" on 4th July, and Melbourne on the 8th. Members of the Ladies' Auxiliary who wish to use the oppor' tunity to bid Miss Reece "God'Speed" will be notified by letter of all arrangements.

Mr. W. J. G. Mann has been compelled, for health reasons, to resign his seat on the Council, but we join **in** the fervent wish that God will grant him a speedy restoration to complete health, and that he may yet re' occupy his old place with us.

Rev. S. G. Stewart has severed his con­nection of active work with the B.CA. though his interest remains unabated. We thank God for his faithful service in the field and in deputation work, and wish him a most joyous ministry in St. Luke's Parish, Mosman.

Miss E. M. Cheers, from Mungindi Hostel, is at present in St. Luke's Hospital, having undergone an operation. We earnestly wish her a speedy recovery.

**SOME OF OUR NEEDS.**

**More subscribers to the "Real Australian."**

**It** has been described as the best paper of any price in Australia.

**More organised activity in the parishes** on our behalf, especially in the distribution of Bark Hut money boxes. We value even the smallest amount collected.

A **CAR—**a vital necessity—for the Mel' bourne Deputation Secretary. Will some good friend help us to get one ?

**Some records**—particularly hymnTecords— for our hospital gramophones.

**Clothing in good repair.**

**Three hot water bags.**

We state these needs quite frankly be' cause we believe that many of our friends will be only too glad to give in response to such an appeal.

**MAIL-BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL CRADLE ROLL.**

We have ventured a new departure in con­nection with this department, *viz.,* a Mail' Bag Cradle Roll, and already the response is really gratifying. Names of children of either sex, from the age of one day to the kindergarten age, may be submitted to the Superintendent of the Mail'bag Sunday School for enrolment. Will parents in the country co'Operate with us in this new work. It is our hope that membership in the cradle roll will lead on naturally to membership in the Kookaburra Club, and that thus a link may be established between our children and the B.CA. and kept unbroken through many years. We require the name, age, and birthday of every child who is to be included in the Cradle Roll. Will parents kindly send us the information when they post the Sun' day School lessons back to us ?



**THE KOOKABURRA CLUB.**

My dear Kookaburras,

As part of my work is to keep a very sharp eye upon all other Kookaburras, on setting out recently upon a flying visit to our B.CA. districts I decided that I would try to find all the Kookaburras I could, and also to find what they were doing. For some years past I lived in a country town right beside the parish church, and every evening, even when it was raining, just before dark a wise old kookaburra used to come and perch him' self on the stone cross at the western end of the roof ; and there he would sit and laugh so heartily that we used to peep at him out of the window just to be cheered by a sight of him before he finished his laugh and flew away.

Now, when we began to travel we went right away south in New South Wales, but not a kookaburra did we see. Then we crossed into Victoria and I thought, "Well, surely I must see some kookaburras here in the bush." We heard the beautiful bellbird and sometimes we saw a kangaroo or a fox, or a rabbit, or a snake, but not a single "kooka." And we arrived at a little village in the bush near a pretty little river, and there on the roof of the pretty little chu\* h was a kookaburra sitting and looking quite at home. It was nice to think that such a wise bush'bird was able to feel so much at home on the church roof, but on inquiry I found that there were other Kookaburras

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who were just as happy under the roof, and who had learned to love gathering there whenever they were able.

So, very much cheered, we went on our journey—on to Melbourne, then to Adelaide, and then across the water, and then a very long journey by car, but not another "kooka," and only crows, did we see in all that distance—until on the second day in the car, far out on a very lonely road, there, sitting on a limb of a dead mallee, was a wise old kookaburra who looked at us in a friendly way as we passed by, as though to cheer us on our lonely way. And when after a very long time and a long journey we arrived in a tiny, lonely town far out in the red dust country, there, sitting on the church roof, was another kookaburra, whose hearty laugh was a splendid welcome into the strange town. And there also we found other Kookaburras who met regularly under the church roof, and who find a real joy in doing it.

And I thought then : "Bellbirds and crows, and kangaroos and rabbits and snakes all have their own places, but the right place for a real Kookaburra is where those wise old birds were found—at the Church ; not on the roof, but under it, where we can all join together to thank and praise the great and good Father of us all, Who has made us and kept us, and has given us that blessed freedom which belongs only to His own beloved children."

Yours happily, THE OLD KOOKABURRA.

P.S.—It will encourage me very much if all my Kookaburras will write to me some' times and will tell me how they spend their time.

**A CEDUNA INTERLUDE.**

Yes, the "Social Equality Express1"'—our famous train from Port Lincoln to Penong and vice-versa—has made history for the first time in its chequered career, for it started before time and a prospective passenger missed it ! It was when Mrs. Fuller, the Federal Secretary of the Mothers' Union, was leaving us, and with her we were taking a patient who was bound for the Adelaide Hos-pital. We all went in Mr. Woolfs car to speed the parting' guests, and on entering the station yard beheld the train sliding away in top gear. All our driver's signals with the headlights were unheeded, and the train was gone. Mr. Woolf, seised by the urgency of the case, determined to chase the train. He backed out of the yard with great spirit, pausing only to ram (backwards) a tele' graph pole which, if it had been erected in any other than West Coast style, would have wrecked us. A very red'faced and irate gentleman inquired wrathfully what we were doing, but, finding that the car would still go, Mr. Woolf "stepped on it," preferring not to waste time explaining what we were doing, but leaving the gentleman to find out by daylight what we had done. The story of that drive is a thrill. Mr. Woolf declares that he was going at only fifty miles per hour, but we were too busy to notice. Sometimes one of us would be in the air, and at other fimes all of us together; but Mr- Wopjf

rode the car rather than drove it, and we arrived at the next siding just as the train was about to leave, but seeing us coming the train people held it for us. We enjoyed Mrs. Fuller's visit very much, but neither she nor we will forget her drive that night to catch the much-criticised "Social Equality."

F.D.

**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 atten-tion ? Eighteen pence a year is the amount. Please send stamps or postal note to our office. The address is on the front page of this issue. THANK YOU !

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We acknowledge with gratitude the fol' lowing gifts : "Anon.," *£5* ; Anonymous, 2A ; Mrs. Bode, 10/- (for text cards) ; Brit­ish and Foreign Bible Society, 2? Bibles for distribution from the Van ; Mrs. H. Arnold (Robertson), a patchwork quilt; the Black family, 10/-.

Two beautiful rugs, both the work and the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, are for sale, and may be inspected at this office. They would make delightful gifts.

Our best thanks are due to the members of the Women's Auxiliary for the thought' ful gift of mattresses for the Van, and not least of all the very fine "skillion" tent to be used in conjunction with the Van at camping places.

To Mr. H. Wharington, of Smith Street, Summer Hill, we offer a very big "Thank you" for his gift of a five'valve wireless set, with loudspeaker, headphones, special batteries and license all complete. This was indeed a very generous gift, and greatly appreciated by the Van Sisters. To Mr. N. Bryson, also of Summer Hill, we owe very warm thanks for his generous kindness in installing the wire less in the Van. It was so ingeniously done that nobody would believe that the Van carries such a complete set. To the same donor we are indebted for a very good road' map.

To St. John's, Darlinghurst, we extend grateful thanks for the gift of a hold'all for use on the Van.

LEADERS WANTED.

Australia to-day needs thoughtful leaders, not heedless followers ; cheerful optimists, not discontented grumblers ; builders, not des­troyers. It takes years of patient thought and scientific experiment by the greatest brains in the world to produce a motor car, and there it stands, a marvellous tribute to human vision and human wisdom ; yet any heedless, drunken fool can wreck it in a few moments. A great tree may. stand in the bush for a century, yet an axeman can des­troy it in less than an hour. It has taken nearly one hundred and fifty years to people our continent, to build cities, to reclaim wil­dernesses, to build up a nation and a destiny ; yet selfishness, and greed, and lack of vision have destroyed much of the fair work gf

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almost a century and a half. Our Empire builders and our nation builders were men and women with a vision of to-morrow rather than of to-day. Our pioneer forefathers be­lieved in the future-^ a future which took God into its pkns—and worked for it, and we, their children, should have the same outlook.

Australia needs not the strife of conflict­ing parties, but the co-operation of parties towards the re-building of the nation's life. We have seen many of our priceless heritages destroyed by selfishness and ill-considered wrangling; let us\*get together now in our spiritual and temporal problems, in an earn­est endeavour to rebuild what has been des­troyed, to repair what has been broken, and for all the future to take God into our plans. It is surely the right way and must produce the right results.

THE MINISTRY OF NURSING.

The Cann River Dispensary.

Last quarter treatment and advice were given to forty people, either at the dis­pensary or in their own homes, or, in a few cases, by telephone. While still attending a mother and her infant, I was called to a place forty miles away to attend an old man who was dying, and with whom- I remained until the end came. His people were most grateful and had not realised what a nurse could mean to the district.

For a few days only minor cases called for attention—poisoned fingers and boils. No anaesthetic for this work, though sometimes an injection of morphia if the -pain is very severe.

Later two cars met in a head-on collision on the Drummer (a mountain with very steep winding roads). One lady was bleeding freely from a wound in the forehead and .received treatment for shock, as well as some stitches in the wound. A few days later came a call to a dear old lady, and one. was able to alleviate her sufferings a good deal before she passed away. Then another call to: a place fifty miles away on the coast to a man needing surgical attention. We ar­ranged a bed in a car and took him another fifty miles to the hospital at 3 a.m. I had been out of my bed for three nights and was somewhat tired, but had to stay awake to keep the driver awake. Later another midnight Call to see a child. We travelled in a car which had neither brakes nor lights, but fortunately there was a moon. Then a patient arrived, having his eye burnt by a spark, which necessitated treatment for a fort­night ; after which happened another car accident on the Drummer, when the car went over the side of the hill and came to rest against a tree sixty feet down the declivity, I was called up at *6* a.m., and went out with' the breakdown truck. Found one man un­conscious with a fractured skull, lacerations of the scalp and chest injuries. He was brought up to the road and taken in a car sixteen miles to the Dispensary, treated, and when slightly improved, taken to hospital sixty miles away. The dispensary at Croa-jingolong is answering a very real need in the district.

Ceduna-Thevenard Hospital.

Last quarter's cases number 42. General cases, 24 ; midwifery cases, 18 ; major opera­tions, 5 ; deaths, 2.

Dr. Hallett, who has been a number of years in the town, is leaving Ceduna and his place will be taken by Dr. Gibson, to whom B.C.A. extends a "Real Australian1' welcome.

Penong Memorial Hospital.

Cases for last quarter began with an old man, very ill indeed, but who recovered and was allowed to go home after more than two months in hospital. Next a woman who had been gored by a. cow—a very nasty wound some inches in depth. When the doctor arrived from fifty miles away the patient was comfortable. She remained in hospital seventeen days. Next a man suffering from spider-bite, and requiring treatment in hos­pital for four days.

During the burning-off period a girl was admitted suffering from sunstroke and hys­teria. Discharged after four days, but later re-admitted for nearly a fortnight. A case of septic finger required constant attention, as well as. general and local anaesthetics. This case was under treatment for nine weeks. A patient from Fowler's Bay, forty miles away, was admitted, but died some days later.

Other activities include five births, one major and one minor operation, and fifteen other cases requiring more or less extended treatment for minor injuries. We had glor­ious Easter weather, and the pleasure of a service in the ward for patients and staff, the Organising Missioner officiating. Not, perhaps, a very busy quarter, but we are thankful for all that we have, been allowed to do.

BOOKS TO READ.

(These may be obtained at B.C.A. Head­quarters.)

"Samuel Marsden, a Pioneer of Civilisa­tion in the Southern Seas." By Rev. S. M. Johnstone, M.A., F.R.H.S. Price, 7/6.

"Parables of Sydney Harbour Bridge." By Rev. Frank Cash, M.A., B.D. Profusely illustrated, at a greatly reduced price. Price, 5/-.

"The Trans-Australian Wonderland." By A. G. Bolam. A wonderful book, well illus­trated. Prices, 2/6 and 3/6.

"The Little Black Princess" and "We of the Never-never." By Mrs. Aneas Gunn. Price,. 1/9 each.

"The Tale of Bluey Vren." By Neville Cayley (for children). Price, 1/6.

"These Ten Years." A story of .B.C.A. beginning and progress, by the Rt. Rev. .Bishop Kirkby. Price, 1/-.

"EvangeLcal Sermons. By a Layman. Price, 1/-.

"The Dawning of that Day." By the late Rev. H. G. J: Howe. Price, 1/6.

FORM OF BEQUEST. I bequeath to the Bush Church Aid So­ciety for Australia and Tasmania the sum

of.. : pounds (free of

legacy 4uty), for the general purposes of the edd Society, and I declare that the re­ceipt of the Treasurer for the time being of the Society shall t?e a sufficient discharge for the said legacy,



^7 THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

All B.C.A. friends are invited earnestly to use in daily prayer the suggestions made in the following list of subjects :—

SUNDAY—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.

MONDAY—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.

TUESDAY—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 one\_s cannot be in vain in the Lord.

WEDNESDAY—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.

THURSDAY—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 seal, and become "able ministers of the New Covenant." Also re­member the Council, Committees, Women's Auxiliary, and workers on the Home Base Staff.

FRIDAY—Pray for:

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

SATURDAY—Pray for:

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

AT ALL TIMES—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 pend\* ing vacancies in our work.

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