Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.

"AUSTRALIA FOR CHRIST."

**The Real Australian**

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

■No. 50.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1933.

1/6 per annum (post free).

in all arrangements and appointments everything may honour God and His work, and that there may be no mistake made. There are not wanting signs that the Society's work seems likely to develop in new places and in new ways, but our ad­visers in New South Wales and Victoria feel that before launching out into new work we should free ourselves of the ever-present menace of debt. We cannot truly honour God in our work while any debts remain, and I ask your fervent and prayerful co-operation that we may be made free to go forward into **even**

**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.**

My dear B.C.A. Friends,

It is with a very real pleasure that I send you this official greeting and message of goodwill and remembrance for you all, in whatsoever part of Australia you may bo living. Springtime is here with its eternal message of new life and new hope, and already many parts of the continent have had those hopes fulfilled, T ■ pray that the Gracious Giver of all will shower His blessings upon the whole length and breadth of this great land, and that He will crown the promise of Springtime with bounteous harvests everywhere.

We are all facing another Springtime in our B.C.A. work. The Annual Rally in Sydney has been held, thank God, with conspicuous success, and we may look upon each 'Rally as a great spiritual seed­time in our work. Let us join our prayers that this year's s: \/\*ng may lead to ?■<\* fruitful a harvest as those which have preceded it.

I would prepare you all for many changes which must, of necessity, take place in our staff of workers in the near future, "We need very real guidance that

**The B.C.A. is in need**

**ITS WORK MUST NOT FLA®.**

**ITS OUTBACK MINISTRIES MUST NOT DIMINISH,**

**ITS GOSPEL WITNESS MUST NOT SLACKEN.**

*Make this Christmas a* [*\Season*](file:///Season) *of Generous Giving\*

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

FOR 14 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 unfailing in their j labours and travels. HELP IT WITH A BIG AND JOYOUS **GIFT—AND**

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All Donations or Gifts should be in our hands no later than November.

THANK YOU !

"greater things than these7'" that we have already seen. Through more than the last thirteen strenuous years we acknow­ledge with gratitude God >s hand of bless­ing has been upon our work, and we know with deepest assurance that He will not fail us now. Let us not be satisfied with past achievement, but press forward to greater victories of Faith the more earn­estly as we see "the Day approaching.;' Through a good many years of experi­ence of prayer, I **can** say with conviction that I have never known prayer to **fail.** For that reason I ask you all, my friends

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in B.C.A. bonds, to join me every day in a great circle which will girdle Australia with prayer. Thus, and by no other means, can this work be done effectively.

To all our workers in the field I would add a few words of deep appreciation of their faithful and patient service. All our workers everywhere are remembered at the Throne of Grace each day, and all B.C.A. friends are asked to join us daily there. To our army of voluntary workers I offer the same words of deep apprecia­tion of all that they are doing in the various States in Australia. And here a special expression of thanks to all our Mail-Bag Sunday School workers for their services so willingly and so faithfully given. Here is a work which must make a great appeal to us all.

I would thank you all most deeply for the many expressions of affectionate understanding which have come to me during the past month, when the burden has been a very heavy one. Such splen­did fellowship in His service and such a wealth of prayer have meant to me more than I can express, and I can only offer you my humble gratitude for your re­membrance.

Last of all, as our work is nation-wide, I do want you all to get that vision of the Saviour and the Nation, and to pray that we may all be still more and more willing to offer ourselves in lowly service in this day of God's opportunities.

"God give us bases to guard or beleaguer, Games to play out whether earnest or

fun, Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager . . . ''

Your sincere friend,

T. TERRY.

**SYDNEY ANNUAL RALLY.**

In some strange, gripping appeal from the time when it is first announced each year, the Annual Rally has us all looking forward to it as we do to Christmas, and, let it be said, we are never disappointed. We were thankful to note that the Rally in Melbourne last June was a signal suc­cess, and we place on record as an act of gratitude that its companion in Sydney last month was well up to standard, and provided that note of spiritual enthusiasm which must so convincingly assure our supporters that, in spite of many great difficulties, the work still goes on trium­phantly.

First as to the Tea : Mrs. Bragg and her many deft and willing helpers pre­pared a splendid B.C.A. repast in the Lower Hall, and at 6 p.m. every seat was occupied, and after the Blessing was sung and the feast in full swing the cheerful hum of conversation bespoke a happy and harmonious evening. None of your old-fashioned "tea-meeting" Tea about B.C.A. feasts! They are designed to satisfy, and their many patrons are well pleased thereat. We all join to thank most warmly Mrs. Bragg and her willing fellow-workers for the glad enthusiasm

which they breathed into all the arrange­ments connected with the Tea, and, almost needlessly, we assure them of our deep appreciation of the time and thought and service so readily given.

At 7.10 p.m. the Choir of St. James' Church, Croydon, began a very fine musi­cal programme in the Chapter House, under the leadership of Mr. Kerrigan. Those who were privileged to be present during that half-hour lost nothing of the fine items rendered. The Choir was not in the best position, yet despite that fact every item was heard by the growing audience and received with real apprecia­tion. To Mr. Kerrigan and all the mem­bers of his Choir we offer our deepest thanks, no less for their generous service than for the fine programme given.

At 7.45 p.m. the Chapter House was packed in every part, and the opening hymn was sung with great fervour. Prayer followed, and then to Canon Langley, Hon. Clerical Secretary, fell the duty of making some general comments on the year's work. In his inimitable way the Canon gave a brief summary, from every point of view, of the year's sowing and ingathering, of losses here and gains there, and in cheery vein drew his great audience with him to see the golden future before us all in the big work.

The Bishop-Administrator, on rising to give an address as Chairman, was accorded a great reception. He extended a warm B.C.A. welcome to the Hon. the Premier of New South Wales, to the Hon. Mr. Justice Boyce, and to the Rev. John Flynn, better known as "Flynn of the Inland," all of whom were present on the platform. There is no doubt that from the moment the Bishop comes into the B.C.A. atmosphere his thoughts carry him far away to the wind-swept solitudes of inland Australia, and he, too, carried his audience with him as with cheery optim­ism he spoke of the work past, present and future, and of its challenge to spiritual venture.

The Hon. the Premier was given a truly warm ovation, and he spoke with great feeling as one whose earlier life had been spent in the out-back places of the State. -His assured sympathy for this work, and his ready flow of reminiscence, gripped the whole audience.

The Rev. S. S. Viney, of East Gipps-land, touched a deeper chord, and hearts responded to the appealing story, simply told, of personal labours and hardships in parish and dispensary work among the people of Croajingalong. No sinecure this, but just such a work as goes on daily in the B.C.A. sphere.

The Organising Missioner also spoke, emphasising the spiritual challenge in this as in all other branches of Christian work.

A fine collection of work by children of the Mail-Bag Sunday School was displayed for inspection by the audience, and its completeness, and the work of the teachers, were praised' by many present.

The Rally offerings, amounting to £120, were then taken, and a most inspiring gathering closed with the Benediction.

**VICTORIAN NOTES.**

Olinda Parish.—The usual Garden Party held at "Bella Vista" took place in June. We are greatly indebted to Miss McLarty and Miss Lyle for the zeal they show each year on behalf of B.C.A., and also to Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert, who so very kindly loan their home for the purpose. To the Vicar of the parish, the Rev. A.

C. Miles, we also extend our thanks for
his cordial welcome into his parish in
these difficult days.

Travencore.—It was very nice to receive a cheque for nearly £7 from the Treasurer of St. George's recently. It was nicer still to know that the amount had been raised by two young misses of the parish,

D. Kain and G. Pridham, by a concert?
which they managed entirely.

Organ.—a recent appeal at Mentone for an organ for use in the Cann River area wTas very successful, and. we say a very sincere "Thank you! " to Miss Whitehead, who so kindly supplied that need.

Christmas **Fund.**—Christmas will soon be here again with its spirit of love and giving. B.C.A. again desires to make happy the hearts of its boys and girls, yes, and their fathers and mothers, this



Christmastide. Do not be ashamed to send in the small gifts—they are all help­ful; but, please let me say, as kindly as possible, that **second-hand** toys are not acceptable at Christmas. We aim to give to each of our children a new gift. Will you remember also that quite a lot of the boys and girls who live in the out-back are **over** five years of age. Last year about 95 per cent, of the gifts brought were suitable only for children up to five years. The very best way to make your gift is to give in cash and allow us to buy the toys, etc.; we can get them so much cheaper. Please remember the Nurses and Hospital workers, the Hostels and Hospital needs in your giving. Groceries, linen, wool, towels make very acceptable gifts. Bibles, too, are very much needed—not expensive ones. Very suitable Bibles can be bought at the "Bible House" for 1/6; so include a Bible in your gift. We must get all

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cases of gifts away by the second week in November. Don't delay! Bally round and help to make this the best Christmas ever for our bush folk.

Linen Afternoon.—On Tuesday, June 13th, the Ladies' Auxiliary held a very successful afternoon in the Chapter House. Musical items were provided by Misses Bedgood and Ekins. Mrs. A. Langley came along and gave the ladies a very interesting talk on Auxiliary work, which was greatly appreciated; and the Deputa­tion Secretary showed some new and in­teresting slides of B.C.A. Hospital work at Penong and Ceduna. A stall laden with a nice variety of gifts did good business, while the ladies dispensed after­noon tea. A very fine collection of linen goods was received as a result, also some £7 in cash. We offer our congratulations to the Secretary and members of the Ladies' Auxiliary on such a successful be­ginning, and. wish them "Very many happy returns of the day."

Since our last issue we have said fare­well to Miss Eeece. After eight years of faithful service at Cann River, she has gone back to England. On the afternoon of July 7th the ladies entertained Miss Eeece to afternoon tea, and listened to her appeal that the work she had so ably started should continue.

In Melbourne we have the lady who is able and willing to carry on the work at Cann Eiver, but as Miss Eeece gave her services in an entirely honorary capacity, we msut find an additional £130 per year before we can send her successor. Will the friends of B.C.A. in Victoria rally to this need! Are there 130 who will send or promise £1 each? Take up this chal­lenge and send your gifts to the Secretary.

**NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.**

West Darling Mission, Wilcannia.

A cloudy sky! Yes, there's moisture in those clouds, but I wonder whether any will fall upon our dry and thirsty soil! Maybe we'll get rain this time. Maybe God will reward the earnest ap­peals of a few prayerful people with this blessing they have sought for a long time now.

As I stand upon the river bank I have evidence before me that rain has fallen elsewhere. The river has risen several feet! But the rainfall represented there fell hundreds of miles away—oh yes, hun­dreds! Why? Perhaps because God saw someone needed it. Perhaps he has believing people there—people who ask Him for help, and thank Him when they get it. Have we none here like that? Yes, a few! God alone knows how many or how few. Does the mere handful of people who gather here in God's House Sunday by Sunday represent the faithful? How small a band compared with the crowds gathered at the same hour on the tennis courts!

As I gaze across the river I call to my mind a ''day off" a week or two ago. Yes, 'twas the first .pleasure trip for a long time, because our funds do not per-

mit such luxuries nowadays. We drove up the river to a nice sandy spot about one and a half miles from home, and settled down for a quiet rest. It was then we noticed a white object lying in the mud on the opposite river bank. A dead sheep! Poor creature! In its ef­fort to get a drink it had become bogged, and had died slowly from hunger while its limbs became numb in that cold and treacherous mud.

But wait! As we looked, we noticed the sheep's head move. It wasn't.dead —not yet anyway. We couldn't stay there and watch it; so boarding the car once again we sped down to the bridge about one and a half miles away, across the river, and up the other side.

It took about ten minutes' patient dig­ging with my fingers, and then gentle easing and pulling, to free the poor beast's legs. The stiff and filthy mud clung like glue, and I could feel myself rocking perilously as I balanced on an old tin. In due course the sheep was released, and with several heaves we got him on to the bank, stiff-legged and un­able to stand.

Another ten minutes or so cleaning up, and we then proceeded with our day of quiet rest, which would not have been broken thus if there had been rain in recent months, even hundreds of miles up the river.

Back in my tiny office again, I pause to think of it. Rain! Yes, we've needed it for months; but until an earnest believ­ing appeal goes up to God from the hearts of people who need the blessing, we can hardly say we deserve to have rain. Yet, perhaps God will grant it for the sake of the faithful few who pray believing.

Yesterday, while busy watering the garden, I chanced to see a small grey object crouched under a lemon tree. A rabbit! Six months ago such an occur­rence would have excited little interest; but now the rabbit plague is over, we rarely see them. This little chap had escaped my notice as I passed that spot a moment or two before, and now, as I approached him, he crouched low and still. A quick spring and I had him in my hand. Oh yes, quite true! Poor little beggar, he scarcely struggled. Six months ago he'd have beaten me easily, but not so now. He was weak, and went quite limp in my grasp. Thin and hungry, he had risked the garden for a meal.

How like the other animals! Cows and goats that don't come home, but hunt day and night for feed. Yes, and freshly shorn sheep that are little more than skeletons, also hunting, but which fail in many cases to survive the first frosty night. I see their white forms dotted here and there, of no value now, except to the hungry crow who mocks us daily from the tree top.

At night all nature seems hungry. I look out into the dark and see two eyes watching me. A wild cat! Poor wretch, it too wants something to eat.

What a change a fall of rain could bring here! Surely this "wilderness and

solitary place would be glad and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose"!

As I sit and write I hear the sound of rain. Yes, only a drop or two as yet, but still it may be God will grant the blessing of rain now, for the sake of the starving stock, and in answer to those who pray with believing hearts. If not, perhaps 'tis because He is awaiting the prayers of others far away—others whose prayers He would also hear.

Meanwhile the sound of raindrops has ceased. I walk outside and kick a cloud of dust into the air. Before long I might find mud instead. I hope so!

ANON.

East Gippsland.

On a hillside, overlooking the river flats at Bonang, stands the State school. Be­sides its normal use this building is the scene of many of the activities of this scattered district.

Let us go up one night when we see the school lit up. We find it is Church night. The B.C.A. Missioner has come along, as he does each month. On this particular night about a dozen people have gathered; outside is rain and sleet, with the wind howling round the building, but inside is an atmosphere of peace. The fireplace in the corner is a cheerful spot, as the logs burn brightly; the school teacher presides at the organ—a folding one, wdiich serves many centres—and the hymns are well sung. So the peaceful and helpful service proceeds, not without its discomforts, for young and old, long and short, thin and otherwise, must all fit into school desks.

Service is over, and all gather closer to the fire. There is an atmosphere of unusual interest, for something is to be discussed. Now, in quite an informal way, the great subject is talked over—a Church building at Bonang! Why, for years and years Bonang had no services at all, or possibly one in a year, and it was only eighteen months ago that the B.C.A. commenced to supply regular services.

One man has offered' to cut the build­ing blocks, five or six have volunteered to help with the erection, while the miller has promised to make a substantial cut in the price of sawn timber. A site on Crown land is to be applied for. The organ has been given through B.C.A., Melbourne; the Communion linen is pro­mised locally. The cost of materials will be about £100. Can we raise the first £50 straight away by direct giving, and so be able to start straight away with the project?

And so the little meeting closes, all feeling wonderfully confident that it would have to be possible, and that God would send His blessing down upon the building of His House at Bonang. We hope that most of the furniture for the Church may be given by other Churches where articles can be spared through re­placements.

The Bonang district has been settled between 70 and 80 years, the first settlers

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coming in across the Victorian border from New South Wales. The new roads put through by the Victorian Country Roads Board recently have made Bonang the geographical centre for the western side of the Croajingalong Parish, as Cann River is of the eastern.

The endeavour to build this little bush Church is a wonderful witness to the awakening of a desire to do something for God, even in a year of scarcity, the least prosperous for some time. Would all friends pray for these people living in an out-back part *of* Victoria's bush and snow country, that their task may be carried out to a successful conclusion? S." S. VINEY.

Trie Tar West Mission—Ceduna^ S.A.

It is good to look back over the past quarter and record further advancement in the cause of the Kingdom.

Near the end of July two Crusaders of the Church Army, Captain Walker and Sister North, conducted a five days' Mis­sion in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Ceduna. Each night increasing numbers attended, so that, on the final night, a number of additional chairs were placed in the Church, and these, too, were rilled. Two services were held for the children, not in the Church, but near the State School which lies midway between Ceduna and Thevenard. By doing this we were able to reach many children who otherwise would have been missed, and who had hitherto heard very little of the Lord Jesus Christ.

These children have for some time been a problem to me. They live at Thev­enard, which is three miles from Ceduna, and Thevenard has never yet failed to sadden the heart of anyone beholding it. Many children, both Greek and Australian, live there, and only a few were being in­structed in the Christian Faith. In fact, there were quite a number who had no knowledge at all of the Lord Jesus Christ. The problem was how to reach them. Ceduna Sunday School was, and still is, short of teachers, so no help could come from that quarter. The waterside workers very kindly offered me the free use of their hall on Sunday afternoons, but it was useless without teachers. For months we prayed that teachers might be forthcoming. Our prayers were answered, because four ladies, all residents of Thev­enard, have offered their services as teachers, and now there are fifty children attending the Church of England Sunday School in Thevenard. In addition, the teachers are being trained in the art of teaching.

We have also started a choir in Ceduna. Perhaps this does not seem much to record, but it means that thirty young people at­tend choir practice, and thus afford a wonderful opportunity to me to bring them to Christ. After choir practice (which, by the way, is conducted with the aid of a gramophone, our organist being prevented by her work from attending) the young people are taken to the Masonic Hall for the weekly meeting of The Order

of St. Michael Crusaders, which is a new organisation that we have formed. We are compelled to use the Masonic Hall, because we are without a Parish Hall. The Masonic Lodge are allowing us the use of their hall for the low rental of two shillings per night. Besides prayer, Bible reading, and devotional talks, the young people have physical culture, games, and talks of an educational nature. One evening an illuminating talk was given *by* Miss A. Brooke Anderson, of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, who was visiting this Mission on her way back *to England.*

Miss Brooke Anderson also spoke at two of our centres on the Sunday after her arrival. One of these centres was Laura Bay, where Church and Sunday School are held on the beach. The day wTas very cold, and conditions were far from plea­sant. The service, which was Holy Com­munion, made a deep impression on her. The Holy Table was a petrol case, and the people knelt on the cushion which had been removed from the front seat of my car to receive the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Lord. It was deeply impressive, but we hope to discontinue the beach Celebrations shortly, because, hav­ing received a grant and a loan from the Bishop's Home Mission Society, we are purchasing a hall for Laura Bay. This is a real venture of faith by the people, most of whom are really poor; but the hall is really necessary, and we are sure that funds will be forthcoming to enable us to repay our debt, and also to furnish the hall for Church use.

Now, the new activities which have been commenced have created new needs. Wall pictures are needed by both Ceduna and Thevenard Sunday Schools. I must mention also our need of gramophone records of hymns. Would it be possible for you to obtain gifts of Sunday School equipment for us? Our most urgent needs are wall pictures, hymn books (The Church and School Hymnal), catechisms,, prayer books, besides materials for kin­dergarten expression work. Pictures by Shaw or Nelson, particularly the follow­ing, are needed : Shaw—601, 568, 937, 566, 598, 330, 786, 939, 478, 534; Nelson— 76, 187, 45. We can use all the Sunday School equipment that you can possibly send us.

■ In the other side of our work we are also hindered by a lack of equipment. . It may also be possible for you to help us here. Sporting materials, and various games such as carpet bowls, darts, table tennis, quoits, etc., would be most wel­come.

I am asking for quite a lot, but believe me it is all very necessary, and will be put to good use in the service of Christ. GEO. C. WOOLF.

Peinong, S.A.

During the last fe# months the Far West Mission has been honoured by a visit from two representatives of the Church Army to conduct a Mission in the district; and also by Miss Brooke An-

derson, of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, to see the work of the B.C.A. in this portion of Australia.

Both visits have been of great help to the work, and also to the workers. Dur­ing the visit of the Church Army repre­sentatives we had wonderful services in the two centres we were able to visit. It was an experience for the members of the Church Army to drive 50 miles home at night after service. The drive to the other end of the district would have been a greater experience, but time did not permit.

Miss *Brooke* Anderson had only *a* very short stay in the Mission, having to hurry on to Perth to catch a boat back to England. She was able to meet the Penong Ladies > Guild, and give a little talk to the members of the Bible Study Class, and also to visit a few homes in the district. As distances are very great and time was short, we did not see as much of her as we would have liked. Miss Anderson left on Friday for Nu'llar-bor Station, where we visited Fowlers Bay and Station on the way, staying at Nul-larbor Station for the night. Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, of Nullarbor, then took Miss Anderson to the train on Saturday, and I returned to Penong ready for services on Sunday. Great care was taken of Miss Brooke Anderson, and we had a police escort on all long journeys, as it so hap­pened that the police had work to do and accompanied us. Miss Anderston stayed with the Sisters at Ceduna and Penong, so was able to see the work in the Hospitals. It was a short stay, but a very happy and profitable one for all.

Rain has brightened prospects of a harvest, but rabbits are doing their bit to reduce the quantity, and in some cases have succeeded in taking the entire crop from farmers. So far we have had one good year in about eight, so the lot of the farmer is not as bright as it might be.

A "working bee" was held in July. The roof and woodwork of the Church were painted, and we wired the Church down to prevent it being blown over; thank goodness the white ants are not eating the iron yet, otherwise the build­ing would go altogether! In spite of all difficulties we keep smiling, and do our bit for God and His work.

Our Organising Missioner has the deepest sympathy of all in his sorrow. A. H. EDWARDS.

Munginjdi, **N.S.W.**

TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

People living in our great cities seldom realise the disadvantages under which the people in the bush are living. In the Parish of Mungindi one is obliged to travel 43 miles to one branch Church, 21 miles to another, as well as other out­lying centres, the Aboriginal Settlement, 60 miles from Mungindi, being one of them.

In the event of rain, travel is very difficult, because of the roads; in fact,

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one can truthfully say that we have no roads in the whole of this great parish, the size of which is about 1000 square miles.

On the last occasion on which the Bishop paid us a visit I had arranged to go a distance of 40 miles by car to meet him. As we proceeded to one of the branch Churches a storm broke, and very soon the Chev. was waltzing on the black soil track, and I passed the remark to the Bishop that we had named the car *rt* Waltzing Matilda."

It was with difficulty that we got to our objective. I left the Bishop with a parishioner and proceeded to put the chains on the wheels of the car, in order to get to the Church to see if everything was in order for the evening service. Needless to say the service was poorly attended, as it was impossible for the people to come any distance in the rain. The manager of the Bank of New South Wales (one of our Mungindi wardens) left with a car load to attend the service, and got into difficulties a distance of some miles from home.

After service, the Bishop and I left for Mungindi, the car roaring through the mud and water. After travelling about twelve miles we could see several lights ahead of us, and I at once passed 'the remark, "Somebody in trouble! " When we got to the lights we discovered no less than three cars begged; one of them had the Sisters from :he Mungindi Convent, returning home. After giving what as­sistance we could, we proceeded on our journey, and arrived at the Vicarage at about 10 p.m. Yes, cold and hungry, but quite cheerful, as we related our experi­ence over a welcome cup of tea.

Next morning we left for the branch Church at Boomi, 43 miles away, calling at a station home about half way, when it again commenced to rain. Mr. Murphy, the station owner, advised us to turn back, but the Bishop said he would like to keep faith with the people, so on wo went, ar­riving in Boomi in time for tea. It was now pouring, and, of course, impossible to hold a service.

The Bishop's plan was that I was to take him to the adjoining parish next day. As we were doing justice to a good tea in the home of one of the wardens, the Vicar from the adjoining parish rang on the 'phone to ask when we would arrivve in his parish. I told him the only way we could possibly get there (about 65 miles over the black soil) was by boat, and that would have to be specially built! I suggested to the Bishop that I should take him back to Mungindi the next day, where he could catch the train back to Moree.

We left for Mungindi in the morning about 9 o'clock, and travelled in low gear all the way, pulling up every few miles to clean the black mud from the mud­guards. It was an experience which I shall never forget : the Bishop at one wheel and myself at the other, cleaning out wet mud in order to get along. We arrived home wet through and covered with black mud—but still smiling.

It is rather singular that we sometimes go for months without rain, and when we have the Bishop or some other visitor to the parish it rains, and if we attempt to travel it means trouble for all concerned.

It was most unfortunate that it rained for the visit of Miss Brooke Anderson (Secretary of the Ladies' Association, Colonial and Continental Church Society, London). However, she was able to see over the Hostel and take some snaps of the town, etc. .

Even though it is difficult to travel in wet weather, we are always thankful for rain. We have just come through a very dry time, where one could see sheep lying dead in the bush and not a blade of grass to be seen for miles.

R.F.C.B.

The B.C.A. Sisters' Van.

Three months since we left Sydney! Such a lot has happened that it would take ever so long tu give the details of it all. We have bee a in sandy country, muddy country, and even had the fortune to be in the snow. One settlement we visited hadn't had a service for about three years, so we decided to hold a mid week service. The day on which we ar­rived the road provided a thriH for us. It was so dreadfully muddy that the Van skidded all over the road, and at one stage nearly turned right round in the opposite direction. However, we man­aged to get on to a grasy bank, and there we struggled to get the chains on—a some­what greasy job.

Next day we were taken visiting in a sulky, and more thrills for us. The road was too boggy and too full of ruts for us to venture forth in the Van, and so this was the only way we could reach the people. We had numerous gates to go through, and Deaconess Harris had the happy task of climbing out to open them. The horse didn't like standing still, and as soon as Deaconess Harris got one foot on the step of the sulky to g<;t in again, off the horse would go and a general scramble would follow while we tried to get our seats again. Several times we were nearly thrown out, but we eventually reached camp safe and sound, but nearly frozen.

We had service that evening, and 23 people were there. It was held in one of the homesteads, as there was no hall or Church in the district. Everyone joined in most heartily, and said after­wards how much they had enjoyed it. When were we coming again? Couldn't we come the following month? Unfor­tunately, with only one Van on the road we can't tell when we will be back again. Perhaps in two years! Doesn't that seem a long time to wait?

Another place we visited had also had no service for some years, so we visited the families in the district and said we would have one on the Wednesday evening. One family lived about three miles from the hall, and, as times were bad, they had not been able to renew the registration of their car, so said they couldn't come.

We offered to call for them, and accord­ingly about 6.30 o'clock *we* set out to get them. The road crossed three creeks, wound in and out among the bush, and was rather rough, but when we arrived there were father, mother, and two chil­dren waiting for us. We packed them into the Van, and off we started for the hall. Sixteen adults and 25 children came to that service, and although the light was rather dim, there being only one lamp and our hurricane lamp, they joined in the singing and prayers very heartily. After the service we took our passengers home, and they insisted on our staying to have a cup of tea. They were so grateful that we had made it possible for them to attend service that they gave us a donation of 10/- to help on the work of the Van.

One little girl in school the oi her day said that the reason why some people didn't know about Jesus Christ was that those who were Christians wouldn't tell! I wonder if that is true of any of us. We can't all do Van work, but there is something for each one of us to do to help spread the message of God's love. May we each find out what is our share, and be found faithful in aoing the same. CAROLINE ROSS.

**THE MINISTRY OF NURSING'.**

THie Dispensary, Cairn River.

I hope our readers may be interested if I tell them of my journey to a sick child at Cape Everard Lighthouse.

At 9 a.m. comes a ring from the light­house saying a child of one of the keepers is very ill; could I coiae. The child is only 13 months old, and has been ill for 24 hours.

To these people, who are almost unget-atable, we never say no, so it is arranged I am to go in a jinker to the sand hum­mocks.

It takes the owner of the jinker about an hour and a half to find and patch up enough harness for the horse (a big draught which is put into a light jinker), and off we go, a lad of about 16 driving, to go 28 miles—a journey which takes seven hours.

I am not going to try and give you a description of the road, only to say that in places we bogged almost to the axles, and in other places sand hills so steep and heavy we would get out and walk, one hill being about two miles long; and again in places finding holes three feet deep, or making a detour round fallen timber, or jolting over stumps and roots in the so-called road. Once when the horse decided to trot a piece of the har­ness broke, causing the jinker to overturn. I'm sure it would have been worth having on the "movies" if someone had been ready with a camera to see the two of us being thrown head first out, fortunately for our comfort, into the sand. How­ever, the horse was soon brought to a standstill in the timber, and we were able to get the jinker back on to its wheels,

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and with some string to tie up the broken harness, and were able to continue our journey.

The jinker had to be left at the sand hummocks, and so we walked across to the beach, where, after walking along for about one and a half miles, were met with a sleigh. It was dark before we left the beach to cross the sand hills to the lighthouse about one and a half miles away, but the horse knew the track. The sleigh almost capsized twice, so I decided to scramble along on hands as well as feet. At last, after seven hours of travel­ling, we arrived at the home of the sick child.

I wonder if any of our readers who live within a few minutes of a doctor could imagine what it is for these people to see just a nurse arrive! I tell you it is worth all the discomfort and the hours of travel when you see what it means to them. It costs £86 to get a doctor to Everard. I stayed with the sick child for two nights and a day, until I was satisfied he had taken a turn for the better, though of course still *very* sick; but I was able to have a daily report over the 'phone, and my last report was most satisfactory.

On our return journey there was no serious mishap, though at" times we had a few anxious moments.

On arriving at Cann I was told that I was wanted at Genoa, another 33 miles away.

There is a monument to Captain Cook at Cape Everard, this being the first land he sighted in Australia.

Ceduina **Hospital, S.A,**

"We have just enjoy 3d a visit from Miss Brooke Anderson, on her way to Perth. It was very refreshing to have her with us, but we felt so greedy we would have liked it to be longer. Everything at the Hospital seemed so much improved that she did not recognise it from the photo­graphs she had seen of the Hospital. She seemed a little misled, so I took her for a walk up to the building where the old Hospital was, and the lady of the house very kindly showed us through the place. It really is terrible compared with what we have now. The rooms were only par­titioned half-way up; the fireplace would not work, except to smoke the place out; and the kitchen, an old portion of the verandah with earth floor, and the walls open so that the wind and rain could come in through about 12 to 18 inches at the top. There were a couple of old rooms down at the back, which the people use for storing chaff and lumber. The good lady told us that she had wanted her two sons to sleep in one of these rooms, but they refused and said they couldn't sleep in an old barn like that. Whereupon the mother informed them that if it was good enough for the Bishop to sleep in, it was good enough for them; but they would not go into it. Miss Brooke An­derson said that was more like what she expected to .find at Ceduna.

We have been kept very busy for sev­eral weeks now, and our accommodation is being taxed. I am trying to find a suit­able little maid to help us for awhile now we are busy. To-day we had rather a hectic rush. "First we had a little boy who had to have a general anaesthetic to have his broken leg put straight; then a little girl was brought in to have a general anaesthetic to have her dislocated arm put right. Then this afternoon a mother rushed frantically round to the Hospital with her bouncing five months' old baby, and collapsed at the gate. Eventually she was got inside and brought round, and we were told that the baby had swallowed a safety pin. Doctor was able to ex­tricate the safety pin, after having given the child another anaesthetic.

After the rush of these odd cases we had to set to work on the rest of our patients, to fix them up for the night. At present we have two male patients with fractured legs, and I am sure that all the spare timber and iron in Ceduna is in that room. It looks like it, any­how!

We have seven obstetric cases booked for next month, so I am, afraid our ac­commodation is going to be overtaxed a little.

During the last quarter we have had seven births, 21 surgical cases, and 18 medical cases. The majority of them all seem to have come along during the last two or three weeks. The work is all very interesting at present.

DOEOTHY TODD.

**Penong Hospital.**

The three cases arrived last Thursday, and we are more than thankful. Will you kindly thank the givers. It is very wonderful that the groceries we need most should be those sent, and the comfort is to have the tins of biscuits as a standby. There have been times, fairly often, when I have had to cook after 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening—we have all been too busy during the day. We indeed say a big *li* Thank you!" for all things sent.

God does supply our need. We were wondering how we should make about I lb. of butter meet demands for more last week, when an ex-patient paid' a visit, bringing with her 1 lb. of butter and some eggs—just enough to last until the next store day.

The majority of Hospital cases for the past two months have been minor in­juries, admitted one day and able to re­turn home the next, or a few have needed but a few hours in Hospital whilst re­covering from a general anaesthetic. Of these the most interesting is a torn tongue, which required suturing, and a fractured arm—both football accidents; in each case the patient travelled a con­siderable distance to the Hospital. Then a man tangled himself in the dog's chain whilst fox hunting, and dislocated an elbow; he had only to travel 19 miles for treatment. A lad walking out bare­footed for the cows ran a splinter in be-

tween his toes; sounds simple, but that splinter has to be searched for, and sev­eral days have passed since it happened. There is always a septic finger or thumb; the last was very satisfactory. Our major surgical work has been an operation for hernia, and an appendicectomy.

Now I think I should tell you about Mary! Mary's people could not afford to send her in to a public hospital, nor could they pay a doctor's fee, therefore Mary was given time off by her employer to come to Penong for her operation. Sent from, Streaky Bay, here! Her home (?) is in Penong, and you see the Penong Doctor does not worry people for money, and he looks after them just the same whether they pay him or not, and, of course, our doors are always open. Sister Dowling, though they were themselves busy at Ceduna, came up to help, and this saved the need for another doctor. Mary is very fat, and her operation wasn't just a straight ahead one for this reason. We were more than thankful for **our light. It** deserves big letters. It's a wonderful light! Sister Dowling says she thinks it better than their electric, so I hope you will tell the Ladies' Auxiliary this. Poor Mary was terrified before the Op. Pastor saw her, and then just before she went into the theatre I just had a wTee talk with her, and I realised she would trust the dear Lord—and she did. I feel very happy about Mary, for she trusted Him all along. Although she seemed to think it quite likely she'd fall to pieces when her stitches were taken out, and went home holding her aldomen where the in­cision was!

We had the dearest wee girl of 4^, who was very ill. She had pneumonia, but made a good recovery. The next little one in, also pneumonia, was 6£ years; not quite so ill as the last, yet sufficiently ill for Hospital treatment. They were both so good. Another case, a lady from 21 miles out, suspected pneumonia, but which developed into bronchitis, remained in a fortnight, and was not a scrap anxious to hurry home.

It has been most refreshing and enjoy­able to have Sister North and Captain Walker, of the Church Army, and Miss Brooke Anderson visit us, although- their stay was short and we were busy with patients, and saw all too little of them.

U. SELBY.

**THE MAIL-BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL.**

On Monday, July 24th, a Social Gather­ing was held in the School Hall of St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, Sydney, to give our Organising Missioner, Eev. T. Terry, an opportunity of personally meet­ing the workers of our Mail-Bag Sunday School. And although it was probably the stormiest evening Sydney has experi­enced this winter, about forty workers— not far short of the full complement— braved the elements to be present.

Bishop Kirkby, our late Organising Mis­sioner, in spite of his very busy life these days, joined the gathering, and his wil-

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lingness and pleasure at being there were much appreciated by all, and the success of the evening was greatly due to his usual cheerful and entertaining manner. The lantern slides, too, of the B.C.A. work, which Mr. Terry had specially chosen from his splendid collection as be­ing of particular interest to the Mail-Bag Sunday School workers, and which were described by the Bishop in his interesting way, were much enjoyed by all.

During supper time Mr. Terry spoke very earnestly of the very important part he considers the Mail-Bag Sunday School plays in the B.C.A. work, and expressed his deep appreciation of all that is being done in this connection, and his very sin­cere w^orcls did much to prove to the Mail-Bag workers what a true and sympathetic friend and supporter they have in their new Organising Missioner.

. And what about the Mail-Bag work it­self? Well, at the Sunday School and Youth Work Exhibition held in Sydney on July 26th, 27th and 28th, some of the specially good pieces of drawing, paper-cutting, poster-work, and modelling done by our Mail-Bag children in all three grades were exhibited, and were very fav­ourably commented upon by those who in­spected them.

Then, at our own B.C.A. Rally in the Chapter House on August 8th, quite a quantity of handwork by children of all three grades was displayed on a table at the door, and had the parents and those who supervise the doing of the work by>-the children at home seen the keen in­terest displayed by those who inspected the work, and heard the very pleasing comments, they would, we feel sure, have felt more than repaid for the time and patience expended. It was indeed a splendid exhibition of work, and equalled, and in many cases quite surpassed, any­thing that would be seen from any city or suburban Sunday School. The only thing to be regretted was that the chil­dren themselves were not there to receive and enjoy the praise so many of them so richly deserve for the way they do the work week by week so painstakingly, and without a teacher at hand to encourage and help them.

And may we here express our deep ap­preciation of the help of those parents and guardians and older sisters and brothers who supervise the work of the children. We fully realise at what great sacrifice this must often be done, and what patience and perseverance are needed at times, especially with the small chil­dren. With the many duties that de­volve on our bush families, and especially in cases where the children receive their education by correspondence—under the parents' supervision—it is a big thing to supervise Sunday School work as well, yet very many do it untiringly, and we feel it must be because they realise, and rightly so, that, after all, the things of God should come first, even in the education of their children. We do appreciate their help, knowing as we do just how much the answering of the questions, and also the

doing of the handwork, in the older grades, and the carrying out of the ex­pression work given in the Primary Grade papers, helps to impress the stories and their teaching on the minds of the chil­dren. Of course, we know, too, that, under some circumstances, it is almost im-posible for the children to send in any work, and in such cases we are perfectly satisfied to know that the papers are read by or to the children; but we feel that there are other instances where the chil­dren wmo do not send in any work would do so if given a little more help and en­couragement from their parents or older members of the family. We often think this is something that father could under­take at times, and so relieve mother. Not only would he be helping the children to know the big and the right things in life, but he would also be encouraging the Mail-Bag workers in seeing some return for their work, which, after all, is only a natural thing to desire.

We want it to be clearly understood, however, that there is no compulsion about sending in the answers or handwork, neither is the receiving of the papers de­pendent upon the work being returned to Sydney; the sending of the papers is not discontinued at any time unless we are asked to do so, but on the other hand we do ask that the children be encouraged and helped in every way at home to send in the work as regularly as possible, both for their own sakes and for the sakes of those carrying on our Mail-Bag work at this end.

And we feel wTe cannot close without a word of appreciation of the splendid depu­tation work being done by our two Van Sisters in connection with our Mail-Bag Sunday School, as they visit the various out-back centres and link up the children not in touch with any other Sunday School. Not only do they send in new names to be linked up month by month, but they visit, wherever possible, families already linked up, of which they have a list, and these visits, and their reports on the same, do much to strengthen the link between us and our scholars.

The number of scholars on our rolls grows month by month; already for Sep­tember we have sent papers to 21 new families, comprising 42 children, so taking this as an average, we can safely say there are somewhere about 1500 children (probably more) through this Mail-Bag branch of our work who might otherwise have no opportunity of such teaching.

A meeting of the Primary Grade Mail-Bag Sunday School teachers was held in Sydney on August 30th. Miss Doreen Poster presided, and gave a short and very useful Bible study, after which the meeting discussed means by which our teachers can more definitely interpret the needs of the children in their classes, and can come into more real touch with them. The subject- for discussion is an absorb­ing one, and it will probably explain to our readers a good deal of the success of this branch of B.C.A. work, since every one of our teachers undertakes to keep

in personal toudh with every one of the children in her class. *il* Quite an under­taking!'' you say. Yes, it is a big un­dertaking, but the results have been so wonderful that the teachers have been fully repaid.

A fine exhibition of table-work was given by Miss Williams, and the teachers and the Organising Missioner were after­wards set to work to express by table­work the parables of the Sower and of the Good Samaritan. A very good even­ing's work, and we hope to have many more such.

**MATINS.**

"At the core of our personality is a spark lighted at the altar of God in Heaven.''—Dean Inge.

Daily, O' Lord, do I come to Thee pleading Thou wilt restore me the light that is dim, That I may go in the light of it treading Praising with psalmody, raising a hymn. Here at Thine altar, O Lord, come I bringing Laying before Thee the lamp that I, bear, Praying that Thou in Thy love will send winging Light that is glowing Thy love to de­clare. Here at Thine altar when th' last star is setting, When day speeds swiftly to pass o 'er the hill, Come I to Thee that a new love begetting Thou in Thy glory my whole soul shall fill. Here at Thine altar, O Lord in Thy Heaven, Plead I the spark that Thou only canst give, That burning brightly from dawn until even, ITndimmed the light in my lantern shall live. Give me, I pray Thee, one spark from Thine altar, One glowing spark from the fire that is there, That all the way I may tread, nor shall falter, Nor burn less brightly the lamp that I bear.

FRANCIS JOHN BRERLY.

**PERSONAL NOTES.**

Miss Brooke Anderson, of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, spent an extended leave of absence travelling in Australia, and made a special point of visiting every B.C.A. Station. Our visi­tor easily won her way into our hearts, and, though leaving Australia with great regret, has left a host of warm friends behind her. We pray for a full measure of God's blessing upon her as she returns to her work, and express our feelings in a warm invitation—"Come back soon!\*'

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Miss E. M. Reece was accorded a true B.C.A. farewell in both Sydney and Mel­bourne before leaving for England, where, by this time, she should have arrived. We are eagerly waiting for news of her. o o o o

Miss Violet Palmer, also of the C. and C.C.S., sailed for England at the close of August, after working with Miss Eeece in the Cann River district for over a year.

**O O O O**

The Rev. L. M. Dunstan, of the C.M.S. staff, volunteered for service under B.C.A. to fill the very important post at Den­mark, in Western Australia. He will be the first B.C.A. representative to take charge of that parish, and to Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan we offer our warm congratula­tions and a fervent "God-speed" as they go to their new work.

o o o o

Miss E. M. Cheers, of Mungindi Hostel,

after a long convalescence, has made a

splendid recovery following an operation,

and hopes to return to work very soon.

o o o o

Sister Agnes McGregor, who spent seven strenuous years in the West Darling Mis­sion, where she made many friends, has been transferred to Werrimull, in Victoria, where she will work with the Rev. R. A. Hallahan. We earnestly trust that the new sphere will provide her with many friends and fruitful labours.

**WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.**

Since our last report we nave gone steadily on our way. The meetings of Committee have been well attended, and our new venture of two members of Com­mittee being present on the afternoons of the third Wednesday of each month in No. 2 Committee Boom to furnish any member with information, and the ever welcome cup of tea, has justified itself.

The All Saints' Woollahra branch held a most successful afternoon at the Rec­tory. Miss Bennett, the Hon. Secretary, was very pleased with the attendance and the response in kind; Hospital needs and many others were supplied. Mr. Terry, our Organising Missioner, spoke in such **a** way as to deepen the already existing interest. Sister Sowter, of Cann River, spoke, we believe for the first time, but we hope not for the last. Her words made her work a living one to us, and she made many friends as she went from one to another during our tea, which was pro­vided at the close of the meeting.

The Women's Auxiliary having pro­mised, if possible, to reduce a debt owing to a firm in Wilcannia for provisions for the Hostel, fearing the closing of the Hostel and also desirous of lifting the burden from Mr. Terry, gladly accepted Mrs. D'Arcy Irvine's kind invitation to her home, and on August 16th a very happy afternoon was spent. Admission was by silver coin, and so many helped that £15/15/- was the result. Miss Cook

and Miss Angus kindly organised a musi­cal competition, and Miss A. Trindall de­lighted us by her generous singing of sev­eral songs. It was a very hearty vote of thanks, with which we closed our after­noon, to our President.

A further effort to reduce the debt has been made possible by the kindness of Mrs. Trivett, of Mcintosh Street, Gordon, in opening her garden on the first Saturday in November. We ask all our friends to keep that day, and to make the event as widely known as possible. **Tea** can be obtained. Further particulars will be given at a later date.

A fine opportunity was afforded to Mrs. Langley and Miss Ashe by Mrs. Pearce, of St. Augustine \s, Neutral Bay, of ad­dressing her class of leisured girls. They met with a warm response, and have, we hear, already started to help. Such gatherings are of the utmost value to the Women's Auxiliary.

**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.**

**THE KOOKABURRA LETTER.**

My dear Kookaburras,

I am sure you all enjoyed the Old Kookaburra's letter in the last "Real Australian." I know I did! I would have loved to have seen all those kooka­burras sitting on the roofs of the Churches, wouldn't you? Perhaps some of you have; but I have only seen them perched upon the bare branches of dead gum trees, or sometimes hidden amongst the leaves, but they seem to like the open air best of all. I suppose they like the sunshine to fall upon their feathers, and perhaps they enjoy holding on to the trees when the wind is blowing fiercely over the hills.

The Old Kookaburra is feeling very un­happy—oh! just dreadfully unhappy, be­cause such a lot of our kookaburras have flown away from our big kookaburra-tree and they haven't come back yet. We're hoping that they will. Perhaps some of them have got lost in the bush, and they're just trying to find their way back now. So to those kookaburra we are sending little reminder slips with their birthday cards, and we're hoping and hoping they will be able to find their way back to us again; because if they don't our tree is going to look very empty on some branches, and the Old Kookaburra will be so unhappy when he sees what has happened. So if you happen to find **a** little reminder inside your birthday card, you'll hurry and fly back, won't you?

By the time you are all reading this letter it will be Springtime again. The Winter will be past and over, and Spring will be here with nice warm, sunny days and cold nights and mornings, and the country kookaburras will be seeing all the ground becoming green with the promise of the harvest, and little lambs playing about in the green fields; and they'll hear all the calves calling out to their mothers when the cows are being milked, and they'll hear the mother-cows calling back to them that it's quite all right and they'll soon be out with them in the fields again. And the city kookaburras will see the trees that are bare and leafless and cold just now beginning to put forth little green buds, and presently the little buds will open and they'll see beantiful green leaves; and they'll see little pink flowers growing by the roadside wherever there is any grass; and they'll see yellow dandelions all golden in the sunshine; and they'll hear the bees humming as they search in the flowers for the honey, and now and then an early butterfly or a dragonfly glancing in the sun. So we'll all be rejoicing in the Springtime and thinking how beautiful it is that Spring has awakened from her long Winter sleep, and has gone forth with her hands filled with flowers and golden grain, and with little lambs gambolling at her feet.

So, with my best wishes for all kooka­burras everywhere that the joy and glad­ness of God's beautiful Springtime may fill their hearts, and with lots of love from

**Kookaburra Francis John Brerly.** o o o o

The Old Kookaburra was very glad in­deed to receive quite a lot of newsy chatter from Kookaburras in quite a lot of places in answer to his invitation in the June "Real Australian," but he will be even more glad to receive even more letters. All Kookaburra letters will be acknowledged.

"Cheerio, Kookaburras all!" o o o o - We acknowledge with gratitude\* the following donations and gifts:—

"In Memoriam," £5; "Supporter of East-West Nursing Scheme," £5; "A Baker's Dozen," £2; two 1/6 paper sub­scriptions received without names or ad­dresses (postmarks Nowra and Mel­bourne) ; very handsome patchwork rug received from friends at Robertson, N.S.W.; fine assortment of groceries re­ceived from H.O.M., Randwick, per Mrs. Littler; groceries from the Mothers' Union, Arncliffe; a splendid lot of groceries and gifts from the Y.P.TJ. and friends at St. Alban's, Fivedock, also donation towards the purchase of hot water bags; hurricane lamps from Mrs. G. A. Grant, Dalton Road, Mosman; books and magazines from Mr. Thomas Skellett, Miss Doreen Rayment, Mr. W. H. Dibley, and Rev. M. G. Hinsby.

In response to an appeal, we acknow­ledge gratefully donations for hot water bottles from the Misses Young, two hot

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water bottles from Mrs. J. W. Watt ("with good wishes''), and one from L. M. Riley. These have been greatly ap­preciated.

**AN OUT-BACK CHRISTMAS TREE.**

Is there to be a Salt Bush Santa Claus this year? Shall the children in those drought-stricken areas see his red cloak



and flowing whiskers coming over the flat and barren horizon? Shall the areas where the sound of rain is almost forgot­ten hear the happy laughter of little children as they gather round the Mulga Christmas Tree? These are questions for B.C.A. friends to decide.

Honestly, the season is going to be a dreary and colourless one for many families out-back. The prolonged drought, the consequent depression and workless-ness have affected many homes. Stock­ings will remain unfilled and the gaudy, joy-giving toy (and who is so prim that these things do not attract?) will be missed. Christmas will pass by leaving only a wistful memory of happier days past.

But the B.C.A. is determined to redeem the situation. Dry though the season will be, it certainly will not be met with the tears of little ones disappointed in their hopes. We are determined to make Christmas, 1933, as happy and as bright as ever before, **and we** aire **confident that our friends will help us.**

So again we make appeal for interest, donations, and gifts. We shall endeavour to meet the needs of three thousand chil­dren in various lonely areas. We shall be grateful for the following:—New cloth­ing, books, dolls, beads, boats, penknives, school sets, balls, mechanical toys, cricket sets, engines, whistles, trumpets, drums, mouth-organs, stuffed animals, and all those gifts that make little hearts light and little faces lighten. Don't forget sweets, lucky bags, and Christmas stock­ings!

Two things we want to say : **(1) Please send new gifts only.** Used gifts we do appreciate at other times, but at **Christ­mas time** new ones only. (2) If in doubt about the gift, **send us your donation in­stead.** City merchants are kind to us, and sell to us at a most generous discount. We can buy more favourably than the ordinary purchaser. Your donation also helps us with freight and carriage;

All parcels should reach us no later than November 20th. Send them earlier and thus lighten our burden. Of course, we can take them later, but remember we must dispatch all cases and parcels a long time before December 25th. **Thus Nov­ember 20th is a good date for us.**

Friends in New South Wales can send parcels and donations to Headquarters Office : Be v. T. Terry, St. Andrew's Cathedral, George Street, Sydney. Vic­torian friends will keep the Melbourne Office in mind : Rev. T. Jones, St. Paul's Cathedral, Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

**THE BEST *CALENDARS* FOR AUSTRALIANS TO BUY.**

Again, for Christmas, 1933, we are stocking fine and novel Australian Calen­dars suitable for Christmas and New Year gifts. Nothing but designs of merit and distinctly Australian character are being offered, and we ask all B.C.A. friends to help our work by making their purchases from us.

We have a fine selection on display; to see it is to appreciate it. No more attractive memento for friends at home, here or in England and elsewhere, could anyone send. **Make your gift a** B.C.A. **Calendar gift.** Every calendar bought means a donation to our work. Prices range from 9d. to 2/6.

We do commend the foregoing to all readers.. Help is needed, and here is one way of affording it. Visit our offices and see for yourself. At all B.C.A. meetings a stall is stocked. Orders by post will receive prompt attention.

**COWS.**

**Scene** : A backyard in which is B.C.A. Van. **Characters** : A Deaconess (D.).

A Sister (C).

A Householder (Mrs. X.). Time : *7* a.m. Sunday.

Voices are heard in caravan : D. : "Time to get ready for Church."

C. : "Somebody's astir early; they said

they wouldn't be up till 8 o'clock." (Dons dressing gown; goes outside.) "Cows!"

D. : "What?"

C. : "Three of them."

D. : "Where?" (Goes outside.)
C. : "One's in the laundry!"

They go towards laundry and survey the scene in growing horror. Cow backs out of laundry, revealing scene of devas­tation beyond imagining. C. and D. groan in chorus.

C. : "What is it—porridge?"

D. : "Might be" (smells it). "No, it's

pollard. Look at this pumpkin! Did you ever?"

C. : "Just look here! Empty bags (ex-

amines), corn, potatoes; what's been in these?"

D. (amid groans) : "Look at the floor!
that bin! that basket! What a mess!
How did they get in?"

Both go outside, towards double gate. D. : "Just look at the garden!"

C. : "They pushed this in!"

D. : "Isn't it terrible?"

C. : "Here's a wire."

D. : "Well now, I didn't see that, did

you? We should have fixed it."

C. : "We'll look in future."

D. : "We'd better go and clear up the

mess.'' They chase out cows, fix gate, collect spade, little broom, billies, clothes, and return to scene of disaster.

C. (surveying floor softly) : "This sticks;

I'll have to get a knife."

D. (gently scraping path and groaning) :

"Are you fond of cows?"

C. (unintelligible splutters) passes out box,

bin, and basket caked with pollard. Door opens; Mrs. X. emerges.

D. : "Now for it."

Mrs. X. (transfixed with horror) : " What­ever's this?"

D. (tragically): "Cows!"

Mrs. X.: "This is terrible." (Eeturns inside.) C. and D. groan and continue washing

and scraping.

Mrs. X. (reappearing) : "There were big bags of potatoes, turnips, onions, corn and pollard." (Eeturns inside.)

C. and D. (sadly): "Oh!" (Continue washing and scraping.) **Later.** C. : "There! I think that's all."

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THE REAL AUSTRALIAN.

September 19, 1933.

D. : "Yes, that's the best we can do. We'll just have time to dress, break­fast, and get ready for 11 o'clock service." They return to caravan sadder and wiser women.

D. J. H.

"There's a power which man can wield When mortal aid is vain : That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach, That listening Ear to gain.

"That power is Prayer, which soars on high Through Jesus to the Throne, And moves the Hand that moves the

world To bring salvation down."

**A NEED.**

From the beginning of our B.C.A. his­tory one of our most successful ministries has been that of the Mission Van, and the tour in which our Sisters are now occu­pied is proving just as interesting and fruitful as any of those before it. Our agents on the Van are seldom limited as to time in making a tour, a fact which accounts for the thoroughness with which work is done, for homes of every class are visited and lines of communication laid wherever it is possible to do so. Such success has attended this ministry that very earnest consideration is being given to the establishment of a travelling Nurs­ing Ministry, or what might better be named a Travelling Clinic. The great burden of travel and of nursing which fall to the lot of the Dispensary Sister at Cann Elver, the urgent need of the people in the lonely bush areas or even in the more isolated country traversed by the East-West Eailway, the physical burdens which in so many cases could be removed or eased by the help of trained advice— all constitute an eloquent appeal for some such nursing ministry as this. Bishop Kirkby, the Organising Missioner, and every B.C.A. agent who has been "out­back" has returned deeply impressed by this great need. Will our readers then think carefully over this matter and join their prayers for God's guidance and for the opening of the way into this much needed work?

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

**of . pounds (free of**

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

**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 in' creased of God, and that we persevere knowing that such ministry to little ones 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 ^eal, and become **"able** ministers of the New Covenant." \*Also re member 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.C.A. 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 min' istries 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.

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