

"AUSTRALIA FOR CHRIST."

The Real Australian

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

No. 52.

MARCH 14, 1934.

1/6 per annum (post free).

THE BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.

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My dear B.C.A. Friends,

It is almost incredible that three months have elapsed since our last issue appeared, and in the meantime Christmas has come and gone and Easter will be here hard on the heels of this issue. First let us be thankful together for many tokens of God's goodness to us, and to the work which is so dear to us all. For many expressions of goodwill toward the Society from those who are feeling the pressure of the times we are deeply thankful. To all the clergy who have so readily and generously opened their pulpits to our appeal we offer our grateful thanks, and so in this atmosphere of thanksgiving we are looking forward to those "greater things" with hope and expectancy. In B.C.A. work there is always the real thrill of expectancy. Sometimes it is new work, or a new burden of responsibility; sometimes a new opening for service, or a door opened when all seems to be shut; but if we are to seek the fulfilment of our motto and to win "Australia for Christ," we must be prepared for the humdrum or the unexpected alike, and so the work is always redolent of freshness and gladness.

To all supporters of our work I would pass on one other note of thanksgiving from our many friends in the back-country of various

The B.C.A. appeals to its many friends for a GENEROUS EASTER GIFT

WE ARE SUFFERING FROM ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT IN OUR WORK, BUT LIBERAL DONATIONS CAN CURE US. THE MAIL-BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL CANNOT CONTINUE ITS INVALUABLE WORK AMONGST THE "OUT-BACK" CHILDREN WITHOUT GREATER SUPPORT.

This work must not lapse !

We are confident that our supporters everywhere will accept the challenge which this need represents,

SO THAT THE WHOLE WORK MAY GO FORWARD UNHINDERED.

States, to whom messages and tokens of goodwill were sent at Christmas-tide. It is interesting to know that in some instances the goods were delayed by heavy rains, so that many of the gifts were not distributed until well after the festive season was past, but the many letters which we have received have been a heart-warming reply to all whose love and goodwill have sent gifts "back of the sunset."

There have been some disappointments already this year in our work, but if we believe in and continue in prayer for God's guidance, we must believe that such happenings are all in His plans, which never go astray. We must all press on more ardently still with increased prayer and effort, and with a more burning faith in our Heavenly Father's blessing and provision—"There hath not failed one word of all His good promise."

For abundant rains in the west of N.S.W., and for rains in the north, we can all join to say fervently "Thank God" on behalf of our brothers and sisters in those places. And so we go forward with glad hearts and in full assurance of faith "from henceforth expecting." Already we are thinking of the Annual Rallies in Melbourne and Sydney, and trust that our many friends will think of them and talk of them, so that their realisation may be far bigger than the expectation.

With every good wish for your blessing and gladness in this year.

Yours in B.C.A. bonds,

T. TERRY.

THE COMING OF ARCHBISHOP MOWLL.

It is the glad privilege of all B.C.A. friends to offer a joyous welcome to the Most Reverend Howard West Kilvinton Mowll, Archbishop of Sydney, Metropolitan of New South Wales, and also to Mrs. Mowll, on the occasion of their arrival in Sydney—this time to stay. Perhaps we are too much given to magnifying the problems of administration which are facing the Archbishop at the beginning of his leadership. We can assume that the problems are here, but if we love our country and are keenly desirous of finding a solution for her many internal problems our chief concern for the Archbishop will be to remember him constantly in prayer, that Divine grace and wisdom may aid him in the big task.

After ten years as Bishop in Western China, the Archbishop comes to Australia deeply enriched by a vision of those wider activities of the Church in the "regions beyond." We rejoice that heroic, self-sacrificing missionary work at home and abroad appeals to Archbishop Mowll as the true work of the Church, and we ask B.C.A. friends everywhere to pray that his coming may be used of God to the enrichment of the life of the Church throughout Australia. The hearts and the hands of Australians go out to Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll in sincere welcome, with the prayer that God will use them and bless them amongst us.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the A.U.S.N. Co. Ltd., to the Adelaide Steamship Co., to Messrs. George Ferguson & Co., Adelaide, we offer our deepest thanks for the free carriage of all our goods during and since the Christmas season. To the Commissioner for Transport, N.S.W., also we offer warm thanks for concessions in the carriage of our goods bound West and North.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE HEART OF THE BIG TIMBER.

From the lights and gaiety of a big city one Christmas Eve, to the heart of the big timber the next, is a great contrast; and perhaps the friends of B.C.A., especially those who live in the city, would like to hear something of a Christmas Eve in the heart of the big timber.

The timber in what is known as the Valley of the Giants is said to be amongst the biggest in the world. Gigantic trees, 200 feet in height, are common, and there is one particular tree in which a motor-car can be parked. A trip through the Valley of the Giants is an experience never to be forgotten.

Christmas Eve being on a Sunday, we plan to leave Denmark on the Saturday, but delay setting out till late in the evening because the boat conveying Christmas mails has been delayed and there is just a chance that the mail will arrive by the train that evening. It does—not only a big bundle for the workers at Nornalup, but many greetings from our friends in the East, warming our hearts and letting us know that though far away we are not forgotten. So off we set on our thirty-eight miles trip just as it is getting dusk.

A good trip and a warm welcome at Nornalup. Great rejoicing at receiving the English mail, which otherwise they would not have received till a few days after Christmas. The evening is spent in happy fellowship with our co-workers, Sister Anderson and Miss Bazett. Perhaps something might be said of their work here. The hospital, under Sister Anderson, is doing a splendid work, and it is difficult to express in words the value of such an institution to the surrounding district. If the hospital were not there, people would again have to travel between fifty and sixty miles to the hospital at Denmark. One mother made the remark to my wife that one of the hardships of living in the bush was due to the fear of sickness or accident. She went on to say that having the hospital gave them a feeling of security. Those who live in the bush will understand and sympathise with this feeling.

Sister Anderson, by her work, has endeared herself to the people of the district, and under her care the hospital is providing practical Christianity where practical Christianity counts for so much. She will be sadly missed when she returns to England in June. Miss Bazett is also leaving us in June, after spending five years in Australia. She has done splendid work, and has had a difficult task. At times helping in the hospital, visiting the sick in their homes, instructing the children in the schools and conducting services every Sunday; every second Sunday journeying to the little Mission House in the

bush and staying there for several days by herself—to save petrol, doing many miles on her bicycle. Difficult work, and not always appreciated at its true value; but we know the seed sown will bear fruit in the future.

Sunday (Christmas Eve) up bright and early for a Celebration at 7.30 a.m. There is no church at Nornalup, so a room is cleared at the hospital. A Table is prepared, the little harmonium is set up, at which Miss Bazett presides. Not a very large gathering, but faithful souls who appreciated the fact of being able to partake of the Lord's Sacrament at Christmas-tide. Amongst the congregation is one who has been confirmed for two years, and this is the first opportunity of having Holy Communion.

After an early lunch the Mission car is packed ready for the journey, and a work of art it is getting everything in. The harmonium must be taken, books, etc., and at the same time room must be left for people along the road coming to the service. Off we set in the two cars. Calling at the Mission House, we go on till about twenty miles from Nornalup we come to the little school. Two groups have united for this service, and there is quite a good gathering, especially a large number of children. It was nice to hear the children singing a Christmas carol which Miss Bazett had taught them. Here we had another Celebration—the first one in this particular centre. After the service, there was great joy amongst the people, and especially the children, when Miss Bazett presented them all with Christmas cards—old ones mostly sent by friends in England, and carefully altered. Please don't throw your old cards away; send them to us, we can use them.

Reluctantly we part from our congregation, and, with expressions of "Come again soon," we made our way back to the Mission House for tea. After tea the car must be packed again, for Miss Bazett decides she must take the bicycle to Nornalup. Sister Anderson thinks a meat-safe at the Mission House would be useful at the hospital, so in they all go into the back of the car—harmonium, books, bicycle, and meat-safe. On to the next school at Group 116 in the midst of the big timber. The teacher is away, and there is no key. Miss Bazett sets off to get one. Then the school lamp won't burn, but neighbours come to the rescue with lamps. The congregation commences to arrive—some in carts and sulkies, but mostly walking, some of them a number of miles. By the time the service starts there is a congregation of nearly fifty people, about twenty of whom are young men. No stately cathedral or fine choir, but the old Christmas hymns ring out heartily and we venture to think were heard in heaven. Then a Celebration at which some of the young men who had been confirmed two or three years made their first Communion.

However, we were not finished yet, for there was a baby to be baptized. Despite the late hour, the little one behaved splendidly, and the whole congregation took part in the service. More Christmas cards and many Christmas greetings, and then we leave Sister Anderson and Miss Bazett to re-pack their car with the harmonium, the bicycle, and the meat-safe, for the return trip to Nornalup,

while my wife and I start on our long journey home, forty miles, and at 11.30 p.m. we see the lights of Denmark. A strenuous day, but once well worth while, and so ends our Christmas Eve in the heart of the big timber. To bed to be ready for the early Celebration at St. Leonard's, Denmark, on Christmas Day.

Cheerio, all co-workers in other parts, and to all B.C.A. friends,

L. M. DUNSTAN.

THE OUTBACK VICARAGE.

The home of a bush minister takes many shapes, and sees many and varied types of visitors in the course of its history. The Clergy House, Werrimull, is no exception to this rule.

Starting in 1926, the Rev. Vernon Williams, B.A., began with a tent, 10 x 8, which he pitched on a convenient spot near the terminus of the railway line. Needless to say, his visitors—human—when they came, were entertained one by one.

Of visitors other than human, who came without invitation and provided their own entertainment, regardless of their host's unwillingness, there were doubtless hordes. Ants, both of the winged and wingless variety, spiders, flies, a stray centipede or so, and it is to be feared even snakes, have secured accommodation in the home of this devoted clergyman, who still carries on his ministry in a different but not less difficult area in the Diocese of St. Arnaud.

Under his successor, the late Rev. Reg. Tuck, of the B.C.A., the tent made way for a weatherboard and iron hut, of slightly larger dimensions, and the problem of the entertainment of visitors was thus rendered a little less acute. Later on, this hut was enlarged upon and divided by a partition, the "guest-room" being now an actuality instead of a dream. Then came the unforeseen call to him to take up his abode in the heavenly mansions.

The Rev. Wm. I. Fleming was chosen to occupy the vacant place, and to act as host on those comparatively rare occasions when it was possible for him to be at home. A vigorous ministry such as he exercised left very little time at home, other than that necessary for sleep. How many times that sleep was broken in upon by unexpected visitors one is not able to say; but that he felt the need for added help in the task of caring for passing guests is shown clearly by further additions that were made to the hut after he had been eighteen months in the district.

These additions consisted of two whole rooms, one a living room and the other a kitchen, the erection of which was made possible by a generous loan from diocesan funds. Thus the Clergy House arrived at its present dimensions. For the remainder of his two years ministry Mr. Fleming was joined in Holy Matrimony, and he and his wife inaugurated a gracious ministry of hospitality by means of the Clergy House thus acquired and utilised.

On our succeeding them, my wife and I felt deeply grateful for all the devoted care that had been bestowed on house, lawn, and garden, and decided that the best way we could express our gratitude would be to carry on the tradition of hospitality. Some only

of the guests who accepted our hospitality are herein delineated, for the twofold purpose of describing the nature of the people and the part played by the missioner's wife.

Let the first guests be introduced. They are two in number, and were waiting for us on our arrival in the heat of New Year's Day, in order to help us with our furniture. They stayed to lunch of their own providing, and we did not learn until some months later that they had forfeited the joys of a shooting party up river for the purpose of helping us in, and that, being both business men in the township, such another opportunity for a break would not occur until Easter. Of such stuff are these two faithful wardens. Thanks to their help, we settled in comfortably and prepared to welcome other guests:

Trains arrive twice weekly, and on train-days the farmers for twenty miles around come in to do their shopping. Many of them only have gigs, and a two hours' drive on a hot day, accompanied by one or two "toddlers" who cannot be left behind at the farm alone, is a trial even to the most robust of women. Therefore the Clergy House becomes a popular "port of call," and on train-days numerous and exacting are the duties both of the missioner and his wife. Lunch at four p.m. is a frequent occurrence, but to see the flagging energies revive under the stimulus of a cup of tea, and to see the tired bodies rested and refreshed after their long journey, is worth these inconveniences. They go home prepared for the road.

Shortly after our arrival the Clergy House was called upon to act as the venue for a marriage. The bride and bridegroom, with the other members of the wedding party, had travelled nearly forty miles by motor lorry over rough roads, so our best bedroom (one half of the hut which had been partitioned) became the dressing-room for the bride (she naturally could not be expected to wear her wedding frock on the journey). The study (the other half of the hut) served a like purpose for the man. Then when all was prepared, the service, which lost none of its joyous solemnity, was held in the living-room. The kitchen played its part in boiling the kettle for the indispensable cup of tea, and thus the whole house shared in the gladsome task of joining these two brave young bush lovers.

But the bush has its tragedies, and the Clergy House on more than one occasion has been used to give comfort to tired souls who have been stunned by the sudden entrance of the Angel of Death upon the scene of their family life. One recalls an occasion shortly after the home-call of my own beloved one, when, after a heavy Sunday's work, there came a knock at the front door, and on opening it I was greeted with the spectacle of a father and his three children, who had driven twenty miles that morning into the local bush nursing hospital, only to find that they were too late by five minutes to hear the last words of the mother.

But because the Lord of Cana is also the Lord of the tomb, the Clergy House once more bore testimony to the power of His Presence, and those guests who came blinded with sorrow went away with the light of the assurance of His perfect love shining through their tear-dimmed eyes.

MAIL-BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL.

On Saturday afternoon, 16th December last, one of the most comprehensive gatherings of the Mail-Bag Sunday School workers was held at a Garden Party held, through the kindness of Rev. Canon and Mrs. Begbie, in the picturesque grounds of the Rectory of St. Stephen's Church, Willoughby.

The main purpose of this happy gathering was to give our two van sisters, Deaconess Harris and Sister Caroline Ross, an opportunity of personally meeting the Mail-Bag Sunday School workers, after their extensive tour through the districts, during which tour these two ardent workers and keen deputies of the Mail-Bag Sunday School did such splendid work in enlisting new scholars and in stimulating the enthusiasm and interest of those with whom they came in contact—they having gone out armed with detailed lists of all the families already linked up with our Sunday School. It was the wish of the two sisters that on their return to Sydney they should be given an opportunity to meet the workers, especially the teachers of the various scholars, so that they would be able still further to interest the children on future tours, by being able to tell them that they had actually seen the teachers, which, of course, the great majority of the children have not.

Rev. T. Terry, in the early part of the afternoon, spoke to the little gathering of about forty teachers, about our Mail-Bag Sunday School, which has, year by year, become a more and more important part of the B.C.A. work, and in which he is so keenly interested.

Miss Huntley then gave a brief outline of the growth of the work since she took over the setting out of the lesson papers and the supervising of the work when the late Rev. A. J. H. Priest relinquished it over eight years ago, after having carried it on for the three years since its inception. She spoke of the steps by which the work had developed, first in the returning of the answer papers sent in by the children, thus encouraging them to answers the papers and stimulating their interest, with the result that the number who now send in the work has grown to about 300, whereas they could have at first been counted on one's hands.

The next step forward was the incorporation in the lesson papers of one paper every month for the small children. The following year this was improved upon by a separate "Little One's Paper" being produced for these younger children for every Sunday. The demand for this paper increased to such an extent that it was found necessary, some five years ago, to make it a separate department, under the supervision of Miss M. Debus, Miss R. Campbell later taking over the setting up of the lesson papers for this Primary Department. In this department was instituted the dividing of the classes, under separate teachers, of the children in the department. This was later adopted also by the older department, the work of correcting and returning the answer papers having become so great that it was found necessary in this way to assist Miss Schofield, who up till then had for over six years carried on indefatigably this very arduous task. This meant the bringing in some thirty to forty teachers into the two departments, and their keen interest

and wise and careful handling of the work, to say nothing of the tremendous benefit of the personal touch kept with the individual children, has been, and still is, of inestimable value to the work. Then the latest step forward, to which reference was made, was the institution of two grades of lessons, with separate stories, etc., in both departments, so that now this year our Mail-Bag is catering separately for children, say, five and six years, seven and eight, nine to eleven, and twelve years and upwards; and the result, so far, has fully justified this step and the necessary extra effort of getting out these papers. In this Miss Doreen Foster is kindly sharing in connection with the beginners, and Miss Debus with the junior paper, although we regret, at least for the sake of the Mail-Bag work, that because she has now gone into missionary training, Miss Debus does not expect to be able to continue with this part of our work. We believe, however, that we have found a good substitute in Miss D. Marrie.

Following on Miss Huntley's remarks, Miss Campbell gave a very interesting outline of the work of the Primary Department, taking as her theme the thought that the day of miracles has not passed, judging by the progress that has been made in this department since she took over the work some four years ago. She also referred to the very important part prayer plays in this work, without which, we all realise, we can do nothing.

Deaconess Harris and Sister Caroline Ross then, in turn, gripped the attention of all present with their vivid accounts of their experiences during their extended tour, and what they told did much to make the workers, one and all, feel that the work was truly worth while.

Rev. W. Gerrard, who, with his wife, are keen supporters and untiring workers as teachers in the Mail-Bag Sunday School, spoke of the value of the work, and of many years' personal experience in parishes out-back in Queensland.

Finally, before pronouncing the Benediction, Rev. T. Terry referred to the great debt the Mail-Bag Sunday School is under to Miss D. Foster for her valuable help in many directions in connection with the work.

The little party then partook of a very enjoyable afternoon tea, which was a very happy time of chatting and comparing notes amongst the various teachers.

The afternoon was voted generally to have been in every way the greatest success, and most helpful and encouraging to all to go on with this by no means small part of the Master's work, with renewed zeal and faith in God to do great things for us.

In connection with the two higher grade papers, the teachers are very happy, thanks to the kindness of a number of sympathetic friends who during the past year contributed towards our prize fund, to be able to award Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books and story books to quite a number of the scholars who worked well last year. Many of these books have already been sent, and it is expected that the rest will shortly go out. We feel that we must mention the splendid fact that about seventy of the children who have been doing the work set on these older grade papers during last year, sent in work for the whole fifty-two Sundays. Considering that

many of these children receive their day-school education by correspondence, which entails much writing and study, in addition to which many of them have to work very hard in helping with the farm work, etc., we can only say that this result is just splendid—in fact magnificent! It speaks volumes for the parents or guardians of most, and for the teachers, to say nothing of the children. Do you wonder, then, how grateful we are, and how delighted we are to be able to send all of these a little recognition of their work? Happily we are able to do more than this, because there are also those who, although not having worked all the year, have indeed done well, and to some of these we are also able to send a little reward. The delight and gratitude of the children and their parents for what we are able to send just make us want to do more.

MISS NITA SMITH.

The staff of the Mail-Bag Sunday School has lost one of its most faithful teachers, in the person of Miss Nita Smith, who died, after a short illness, on December 22nd, 1933.

We missed her from the Teachers' Conference in December, for she was always keen to attend, and anxious to learn more about the work, and was always to be depended upon wherever help was needed.

Miss Smith took the S.K.T.C. Training Course for Sunday School teachers, and for many years was leader of St. James', Croydon, S.S. Kindergarten, in connection with which she held a regular preparation class for the training of her teachers, and thus did much good work in her quiet and effective way.

Miss Smith was always willing to help, not only in the parish, but also outside, although she led a busy home life. As a member of the Primary Workers' Association and as a Voluntary Free Kindergarten worker, she gave valuable service, and of late she undertook the sorting of lessons and mail for the primary grade of the Mail-Bag Sunday School as well as her class work.

Though we grieve for the loss to her dear ones and to ourselves, we feel a glad thankfulness for the life she lived, and her example of quiet, faithful love and work for the Lord Jesus. We feel that her work will not die, and the remembrance of it is a challenge to us to carry on our part of this work more earnestly.

D.F.

NEEDS.

We shall be thankful to any friends who can supply us with **good books and good magazines** for distribution amongst our out-back friends. Any carrier will deliver parcels to our offices in Sydney or Melbourne.

The Rotary Duplicator on which we produce our Sunday School lessons, is old and worn out, but a duplicator is absolutely essential to our work, and we feel sure that an appeal for a new machine will touch hearts among our many warm-hearted friends. Our keen voluntary workers are being hampered very seriously in their big task by this need.

Clean old linen in any quantity is very useful.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

"A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh ;
But why should we sigh as we say ?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings ;
But dark were the world and sad our lot,
If the flowers failed, and the sun shone not ;
And God Who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole."

F. W. Boreham has quoted this lovely stanza in his essay on "The Poppies in the Corn." He gives the name of no author, so if it be the product of his own versatile pen, I would ask pardon for the quoting. The lines seem so truly applicable to many a life lived in the hidden depths of the Australian bush. To those who are given the rare opportunity of contact with these souls comes the realisation of this truth. On the surface the lives may seem indeed "commonplace," but deep down we find the "hidden treasure" of which God forms "His beautiful whole."

Come with me three miles from nowhere, and "Nowhere" itself lies over four hundred miles from Sydney and nearly that number from the sister capital in Victoria. We walk along the little country road, and on our way pass five small homes set, more or less, apart. At the fifth we ask for a Mrs. ——, and are told that her homestead lies at least a mile further on. "She will be glad to see you," adds our informant, "for she seldom gets out, and her house is right off the road, down by the river. Do go and see her, Sister, for she comes from the city and the lonely life comes harder to her than to most of us."

So we set off again up the lovely winding hill, with thick bush bordering the one side and a lovely panorama of farmland, culminating in the West in blue, misty hills, on the other. We follow our directions and at the end of the road turn off into a tiny bush track. No sound is heard but the sweet notes of the bell-birds, or the noisy laugh of the kookaburra, and occasionally the crackling of dead timber and leaves as a kangaroo leaps his way through the bush. We wonder have we missed the way, when suddenly we come upon a rough gate. Through the gate, over a rise, and down a little valley we follow the tiny path, until at length we are knocking at the door of a small wooden cottage. It has just three rooms, so far as we can see, and it is surrounded by a garden which shows signs of care and thought. Even the firewood, cut and neatly stacked, speaks of a commendable orderliness and method. We are welcomed by a bright-faced little woman who takes us in to the living-room with a cheery "How nice of you to come to see me, Sister!" We have not met before, and after the first half-hour of the usual generalities the lonely woman of the bush opens her heart to the sympathetic "other woman." For a woman's heart has great need of the companionship of another of her sex, and Mrs. —— is the mother of three young sons who, with her husband, are the only companions she has. She cannot get about

very much, especially when the weather is warm, and it can be hot in this country, for she is suffering from a bad heart, the result of a long illness and a subsequent operation three years ago. Lonely? "Yes, Sister; it is rather lonely. I felt it especially the first year, for I was not strong enough even to walk up the hill to the gate; and at the end of the twelve months it had so got on my nerves that we simply had to move to a house a few miles nearer the centre, just for two or three months. But I have grown used to it now!"

We glance around the room. The walls are only partly lined. Overhead we see the vault of the galvanized iron roof, and wonder how she stands the concentrated heat which must strike through it. Here and there, at the corners, we can see the blue of the sky, and we shiver at the thought of the intense cold in the depth of winter! However, we remark on the lovely wide fireplace, built to hold the proverbial log fire. Our hostess laughingly replies that she dare not have very big fires there for the chimney-frame is built only of wood, and the sparks have several times set the house on fire.

Three years ago her husband lost his position through the bankruptcy of a big firm where he was employed. Since then there has been no money coming in at all. Here in the country they have suffered floods, bush fires and frosts, and all the hundred and one disappointments so keen to a farmer's heart.

We enquire about dairying, and we learn that they keep just two cows for their own use, but they cannot make butter, for there are no conveniences, and no place to put it where it will keep, so the cream does just as well in its place.

Yes, she is very fond of reading, and we note the just about two dozen books packed carefully on a rough shelf, and we realise there is no money to join a library and none to pay a subscription to a magazine.

On the little harmonium over against the wall are some Bibles and Hymn Books, and we find out that she loves music and sometimes sits down to play and sing a little at the ancient instrument, which is very out of tune, and several notes of which lie dumb. Yes, thank God! she knows a little of what the "friendship of Christ" can mean to her, and the proof of it lies in her quiet, though joyous spirit and her calm resignation of soul, and she speaks of the two little ones who have left her home and gone back to God.

What treasures lie hidden in the depth of the bush! The need of these lonely women is deep and pressing. Will those who have seen with me this picture of hidden beauty give sometimes a loving thought to them in their utter isolation? Will you also send up an earnest prayer to the One "Who studies each separate soul," that they might experience a great comfort and an infinite peace in their lonely and difficult lives?

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.

PERSONAL.

We rejoice that Mrs. Marshall, of the Arncliffe-Bexley centre, is now pronounced to be well on the way to restoration after her long and serious illness. To Mrs. Marshall we offer the assurance of our prayers that God may long spare her to devote her life to His service, and no less than thankfulness felt by her many friends on her wonderful recovery.

The Rev. T. and Mrs. Gee have arrived safely at Werrimull (Vic.) after a most adventurous journey, during which they were bogged no less than four times during the heavy rains that accompanied them.

Sister Sowter has been well established at Penong Memorial Hospital for several weeks, and she has been joined there now by Rev. Herbert and Mrs. Smith. The Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Edwards, of Penong, have returned to Sydney.

Miss Kathleen Granger and Miss Charys Begbie are settled-in at the Cann River Nursing Centre, and are finding much work to do. Deaconess Dorothy Harris and Sister Caroline Ross are working with the van in that parish during the absence of Rev. S. S. and Mrs. Viney on holiday.

Sister Dorothy Todd, of Ceduna Hospital, is now back home at Ryde.

Rev. R. F. C. and Mrs. Bradley are at Lithgow, where the former is acting as locum tenens for Rev. L. Daniels, who, with Mrs. Daniels, has left for England on a year's leave.

Rev. R. T. and Mrs. Hallahan have returned from Werrimull, and are at present at Austinmer, South Coast.

To all our well-tried workers now back from the field, we offer our warmest welcome and the assurance of our gladness to have them near us again.

Congratulations to Rev. R. G. B. Ashcroft on his nomination to the parish of Austinmer.

Sister Agnes McGregor reports intense heat at Meringur (Vic.) over a period of some weeks. Sister states that an egg lying on the dresser in the kitchen was hatched during the hot spell.

We welcome home the Rev. L. Gabbott, one of the B.C.A. Council, after his visit to England.

Rev. T. Jones, Victorian Deputation Secretary, is at present engaged in an extended tour of the Far West Mission in South and West Australia.

A Farewell Service of Holy Communion was celebrated in St. Andrew's Cathedral on Thursday, 25th January, when nine of the outgoing B.C.A. workers, with many friends, attended. A gathering in the C.M.S. rooms followed, when Bishop Kirkby cheerily expressed the goodwill and the prayers of all

present for those who were departing to their fields of labour.

Mrs. W. L. Langley has been elected President of the Women's Auxiliary in the place of Mrs. D'Arcy-Irvine, resigned. To the former we offer warm congratulations and the expression of our gladness, knowing her keenness for all B.C.A. work. To Mrs. D'Arcy-Irvine we wish to express a fervent "God-speed" on her departure for England. She will be greatly missed from the Auxiliary, but we earnestly hope to have her cheery and optimistic presence with us when she returns to Australia.

MELBOURNE NOTES.

Ladies' Auxiliary.—The ladies resumed their meetings on Tuesday, March 13th. We are hoping for big things this year, for our needs are many and varied. If you are not already a member, come along to the next meeting and join up. Meetings are held on the second Tuesday of each month in the Chapter House, Cathedral Buildings.

The Victorian Secretary will be away visiting the B.C.A. fields in South Australia from March 8th to 31st. He will, therefore, be able to come to the various parishes with fresh and up-to-date news of this important and interesting sphere of B.C.A.'s activities.

Needs.—We still require one or two organs for use in some of our out-back centres. The Victorian Secretary will be very pleased to hear from anyone who has one of these instruments, and who will give it for use in outback services.

Bendigo Diocese.—During May and June the Victorian Secretary will be visiting the Diocese of Bendigo on behalf of B.C.A. A full list of his itinerary is appended, and we hope that all friends of B.C.A. will help to make his visit to their districts as widely known as possible and so help to increase the interest in the work.

Sunday, May 20.—Daylesford.
Monday, May 21.—Hepburn Springs.
Tuesday, May 22.—Newstead.
Wednesday, May 23.—Maldon.
Thursday, May 24.—Lanecoorie.
Friday, May 25.—Kangaroo Flat.
Sunday, May 27.—Morning, All Saints', Ben-

digo; evening, St. Paul's, Bendigo.
Monday, May 28.—St. Paul's, Bendigo.

Tuesday, May 29.—All Saints', Bendigo.
Wednesday, May 30.—Raywood.

Thursday, May 31.—Mitiamo.
Friday, June 1.—Pyramid Hill.

Sunday, June 3.—Kerang.

Monday, June 4.—Koondrook.

Tuesday, June 5.—Cohuna.

Wednesday, June 6.—Gumbower.

Thursday, June 7.—Moama.

Sunday, June 10.—Echuca.

Monday, June 11.—Tongala.

Tuesday, June 12.—Kyabram.

Wednesday, June 13.—Tatura.

Thursday, June 14.—Mooroopna.

Friday, June 15.—Elmore.

Sunday, June 17.—Rochester.

Monday, June 18.—Long Gully.

Tuesday, June 19.—Eaglehawk.

Wednesday, June 20.—Golden Square.

Thursday, June 21.—Harcourt.

Friday, June 22.—Taradale.
Sunday, June 24.—Castlemaine.

Monday, June 25.—Malmesbury.

Tuesday, June 26.—Kyneton.

Wednesday, June 27.—Trentham.

Thursday, June 28.—Woodend.

Thanks.—We tender thanks to the following business firms of Melbourne for donations to our Special Christmas Appeal:—Messrs. Richard Allen & Sons, Pty., Ltd., Flinders Lane, Melbourne; Messrs. W. T. Apps & Sons, Fitzroy; Messrs. James Bell Machinery Pty. Ltd., King Street, Melbourne; Messrs. F. Bulley Pty. Ltd., Elizabeth Street, Melbourne; Messrs. Chartres Pty. Ltd., Collins Street, Melbourne; Messrs. G. J. Coles & Co., Melbourne; Colonial Meat Refining Co., Little Collins Street, Melbourne; Coronet Felts Pty. Ltd., Wellington Street, Collingwood, N.5; Messrs. William Crosby & Co., Collins Street, Melbourne; Eagle & Globe Steel Co. Ltd., Swanston Street, Melbourne; Electrolytic Refining and Smelting Co., 360 Collins Street, Melbourne; Messrs. Chas. Gabb & Co., Franklin Street, Melbourne; Messrs. Glover & Good, 185 Little Collins Street, Melbourne; Messrs. J. Kitchens & Sons, Melbournes; Larconia Woollen Mills, South Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Bourke Street, Melbourne; Messrs. Nicholas Pty. Ltd., Princess Bridge, Melbourne.



THE KOOKABURRA BIRTHDAY BAND.

My dear Kookaburras,

The Old Kookaburra has told me that I must make this letter very short, because there are such a lot of things for the "Real Australian" this time that we can only have one column for our letter.

Since our last Kookaburra letter at Christmas, I suppose lots and lots of Kookaburras have been away on holiday, either at the seaside or in the country; I hope you all had a very, very happy time, and that now you are all as brown as berries (though I've never seen a brown berry). The ones I've seen have been red or reddish-brown, and I wouldn't like any of you to be that colour! That would be too awful, wouldn't it!). And I hope you're all feeling well and happy and ready to begin this new 1934 year.

I've been away on holiday, too. I went up the country, and I must tell you about some of the funny things I saw there, and one of them I am sure not very many Kookaburras have seen, or rather heard, because even we

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didn't see him. But this funny thing that we heard was this : The day after we arrived at the little village where we were staying, we went out for a walk, and we had walked a very long way, and we were feeling very tired and very, very hot; and then, quite suddenly, while we were walking slowly along the long road, talking very hard so that we wouldn't know how tired we were, and looking at all the long waving grass with the cows and the horses standing knee-deep in it, and at the spiders' webs stretched across the bushes or between the grasses, all spangled with golden wattle-bells, we saw, first of all, a horse in an orchard and a man who was trying to catch him, and everywhere the man went the horse wouldn't go, and there they were—the man and the horse chasing all over the field, and it was such a hot day, too! The horse was still free when we passed out of sight; and then, just after we had passed the farm with the runaway horse, we heard a kookaburra laughing, only the poor old kookaburra had a cold! Have any of you Kookaburras ever heard a really truly kookaburra coughing? because that is what we heard. He'd start to laugh and have to stop because of his dreadful cough! He did sound such a funny old kookaburra! We couldn't see him, we could only hear him and his bronchial cough—poor old kookaburra!

And another funny thing I saw was a lizard eating ants! There was a nice little stream of ants going from one place to another, and suddenly this old lizard appeared and darted forward, and there was quite a gap in the little stream of ants, and he did eat such a lot. I'm sure those ants must still be looking for some of the missing ones! I think the lizards must be the ant-town dragons, don't you?

Wouldn't it be funny if we were all ants and had to be very careful of the great big dragons who feasted from the fairest and the fattest of us every day! We'd all try to stay thin, wouldn't we? Poor little ants—perhaps some of them had quarrelled with some of the others before they went out that morning, and they would never be able to make it up and be friends again; and perhaps some of them had intended to do something awfully nice, and had put off doing it till too late! It must be a very sad little ant world. Some of these days we'll have to write a book, and we'll describe all about the ants and what they were doing when the dragon carried them off, will we?

Well, the Old Kookaburra says I positively must not write more than a column, and I'll have to close now or I'll be filling all the "Real Australian" with the ants of ant-town!

Lots of love to you all,
Kookaburra Francis John Brerly.

THE KOOKABURRA BIRTHDAY BAND.

As many of our readers are not fully acquainted with the aims and ideals of the Kookaburra Birthday Band, we thought we would take the opportunity in this issue of the "Real Australian" to explain it, so that everyone can share, at least, in the knowledge of it.

It was founded in 1929, primarily for the children, but including all those who wished to become members. Its membership fee is

one shilling annually, its renewal falling due upon the recipient's birthday—I use the term "recipient" advisedly, for every member receives on his or her birthday a very pretty birthday card from all his or her fellow-Kookaburras.

Until now the system has been briefly this : We send each Kookaburra a birthday card, and he in return sends us one shilling to help forward the work of the B.C.A.

We have explained the club thus fully because a good many Kookaburras have not realised their obligations to the club, and some of them have sent us only their original membership shilling, and have failed to renew their membership each year. We have been sending little reminders to those who have not paid up, and quite often have been told that the Kookaburra had not realised that he was meant to renew his membership year by year.

We have felt for some time that this sending of birthday cards is not sufficient to justify our club to its fullest extent, and we are now proposing to extend the club so as to make its activities more interesting for its members, and so that more "Real Australian" subscribers will be prevailed upon to join. Every shilling is one shilling more towards our work, and if our readers only knew how much it costs to keep the flag flying, they would all flock to become Kookaburras, and so help us still more than they are doing now!

In the next issue of the "Real Australian" we will explain more fully the details of our enlarged club and the nature of its newer activities, and in the meantime we will hope for more Kookaburras and still more to join our Birthday Band.

THE SISTER'S "AFTERNOON OUT."

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" The telephone rang in the Sister's little cottage one morning. "Hello! Is that you, Sister?" said a voice at the other end. "Could you come out and see mother to-day? She's not too good, and would like some advice." "How can I get to you?" asked Sister. "Is there anyone who could come for me?"—for the patient was nine miles away and she possessed no means of conveyance. "Oh, yes, that's all fixed up," cried the eager voice. "Mr. X—— will call for you in about an hour's time." So Sister turned from the 'phone to make her simple preparations, and to wait for her charioteer.

She had not been so very long in this country post, but she had already learned in her short stay that **one** hour would probably mean **two**, so she was not alarmed when the hour named for the departure was long past before there drew up before her door an ancient Dodge! Being, more or less, a new resident, the name of her chauffeur, given over the wire, conveyed no special meaning to her, so in perfect confidence she went out to board the car and begin her journey.

It would take the pen of a mightier than I in literary art to describe that car! A Dodge of ancient model and ancient gears, the duco that had once shone and glittered in the sun was a thing of the past. A piece of rough wood was nailed on the running-board to act as a luggage-carrier. This was a fixture, and over it Sister had to climb to her seat. The back seat was fully occupied

with tomatoes, boxes, tin cans, chains, parcels, tools, and a host of other things which jingled and banged a lively tune as the journey continued!

And the driver!—a somewhat silent, sun-tanned and weather-beaten man, his not over-clean country shirt bearing a returned soldiers' badge, covering a kind and willing heart. "This is very good of you, Mr. X——, to come for me," ventured Sister. "Not at all," replied he; "I was comin' in this way." So "all aboard" and the journey began! The break was put on and off again, the clutch let out and let in again, the self-starter roared and subsided, the spark-lever twisted this way and that, and still no sign of life, and in Sister's heart was born a slight misgiving, when suddenly—"Ur-rrrrr! Arrrrr! Oo-o-o-o-o! —with a lurch that sent the tomatoes and tin cans all a-dancing, the Dodge went on its way!

The road lay through the tall forest trees, over many corrugations, which latter, so the driver explained, was the reason of the 15 m.p. hour speed! Although there seemed to be this speed-limit, Sister noted that other traffic regulations were not so rigidly observed, for the Dodge mostly occupied the wrong side of the road, and her heart leaped as the curves were rounded, for fear of meeting one of the many fast touring-cars which passed that way! Once off the main road, though, the journey continued along a lovely country track, through fields of waving maize in full ear, passing herds of grazing cattle and turning once more into the shady forest cuttings of the beautiful timber country of East Victoria.

All of a sudden, on rounding a stiff curve, Sister's fears were realized, for there was a lurch and a jolt, and for a few seconds the car hung in the balance on two wheels before, fortunately, righting itself and bringing down with it some of the bank on the driver's side! "The road's a little bit rough just 'ere" (!) explained the chauffeur. "Later on we'll get a bit better road." But Sister's misgivings had increased to an undercurrent of fear as to the safe completion of that journey.

The homestead was reached at last, the patient examined and advised, the country "cup of tea" prepared and enjoyed, and Sister set out once more in the ramshackle old Dodge on her homeward journey. "We'll go another road home," said Mr. X——. "It's a bit better surface." All went without mishap until they came to a bridge with a double curve—a curve leading downhill on to the tiny wooden crossing, and another on the opposite side, footing a hill. Down sailed the car and missed the bank by a few inches. Round the steering-wheel swept and straight across the bridge went the Dodge, when CRASH!—into the fence on the other side! Fortunately for all parties the speed was still on an average of 15 m.p. hour, or the fence would not have resisted the impact, and all and sundry would have found a resting-place in the culvert below, nine feet deep. Out jumped the driver to ascertain the extent of the damage, when the old Dodge, not appreciating such treatment, began to run backwards. Sister put her foot on the brake (having ascertained that the hand-brake was there only for ornament), and held the car while investigations were made. Fortunately

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no damage was done, and when the car drew up at Sister's gate with a lurch and a thud, several hours after she had left it, her heart gave a bound of real relief, and was lifted up in a note of deep thanksgiving to the loving Heavenly Protector for His care and preservation.

Nevertheless, these experiences are all to be expected in the day's work, and we are thankful to be in the way of service even when service sometimes means danger and difficulty.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that we announce the recent death of Mrs. E. Harvey, a much-valued friend of the B.C.A. Mrs. Harvey was the mother of Miss Hilda Harvey, and of the late Rev. F. W. Harvey, both of whom worked for years in the West Darling Mission, N.S.W., the former as the first B.C.A. padre to be sent out in charge of an outback parish. Mrs. Harvey may have been but little known in public life, but her quiet influence was so real that it was known and felt by all whose lives she touched. With characteristic quiet courage she bore up against advancing tides of illness until the Heavenly Father laid His hand upon her and called her to Himself. Mrs. Harvey had known sorrow and care, but she had also known "a Friend," and that Friend was the secret of her calm and serene life. We grieve for the loved ones, but is there not a triumph in being able to say with conviction, "with Christ, which is far better"?

VAN REPORT.

(March, 1934.)

Croajingalong!—a magic word! Are we so minded we may go back to the days when we delighted in the fairy tales of Grimm? We slip along the mountain road in the rain, through the forest, alert for we know not what. Ah! then there is a giant abroad, for we round a bend and just pull up to avoid a big gum-tree lying right across the road. Our thoughts descend to grim reality as we crawl out into the pouring rain, unpack our blunt axe, and an extra one for emergencies such as this, and commence to assault the tree. It resists our attack nobly, and after an hour of battering, we succeed in dividing the tree in two. With many puffs and gasps we at length drag the lighter (?) end to the side of the road. The primus has done its duty once more, and after partaking of tea, minus milk and sugar, and gingernuts, we climb aboard and go on our wet way rejoicing.

One Sunday, a week or so after these experiences, and when flooded creeks had subsided, we left for a hundred-mile drive and then services. We had to cross a flooded creek, but met no other obstacles until we heard that a culvert had been washed out a mile this side of the school where service was to be held. As we follow the creek road, we often collect our congregation from the scattered homes. This day we had most of our congregation on board when we came to the culvert, which was too dangerous to cross. Two others of the congregation on a motor

bike offered to go and see if there was anybody at the school, but as a bridge had been washed away, nobody could cross the creek from up the valley. We decided to hold service right where we were, in the middle of the road.

The organ was quickly unpacked and set up at the back of the van. A tin of benzine, upon which rested a case covered with a cushion, did service for a table, while the congregation of seven sat upon the seats from the van and camp stools. A cover was hung to disguise the interior of the van, and our service commenced. The scene was one to remember. A hundred yards away the swollen river roared over white and grey rocks. It showed here and there in patches between the trees which lined the white sandy road. Birds called in their happy, unconcerned way, and our constant admirers, the mosquitoes and March flies, joined the party in a friendly way. Sorry to introduce a jarring note, but this is a true story. However, we are all hardened to their attentions, and were not unduly disturbed. We had a very happy and earnest service of prayer and praise to God, which I'm sure those present will never forget. It is inspiring to speak of the redeeming power of Christ and the love of the Father under the trees and open sky as our Lord Himself did so long ago, and to know that He is present in Spirit and in Truth.

D. J. HARRIS,
Deaconess.

FLIES!

It seems absurd to write about flies—at least you might think so; but that is only because you don't know them. You city dwellers see a house-fly, and a poor sort of insect he looks, but you can't visualise flies as your country brother sees them. You see one crawling with intent round the rim of your sugar-bowl, or the top of the milk jug, and you wave your finger and he is gone—for a time. You see one looking pensively over the top of your cup where the sugar ran out with the tea, but even while you raise your hand he has vanished into the air and your hand misses him by yards. One crawls on your bald patch, or maybe he tries to take cover in your front hair, but you can't get him. No, your city house-fly is a frightened creature with no stamina. He can't last the distance. Threaten him, and he goes and hides on a book the same colour as himself, and defies you to find him. Hunt him, and he hides under the furniture, and you can't dislodge him except by a fly-spray, which is about as sporting as shooting a hen on a nest. But come with me out to the Back-o'-beyond and tell me what you think of our flies there.

We arrive at a tiny weatherboard hotel in a place that looks like Goldsmith's "deserted village." All round us are remnants of what were once fine board buildings, which through neglect have fallen into decay. It is evening, and we value the quiet and the respite from insect pests, and so when the bell rings we go into the dining room and seat ourselves and are prepared to forget the past and bury it in strong tea and cold mutton. But we forget the ubiquitous fly. He is there in droves. Very lazy, because he has had a

hard day, and he will persist in coming with his sisters and his cousins whom he reckons up in dozens, and his aunts, and, settling on our hair, our faces, and our mutton; he buries himself in the oily butter and is rescued, not from any sentimental folly, but because churning day is not until the day after to-morrow. We pay for our tea with an uncomfortable feeling that we should be charged amusement tax as well, and push off for bed, knowing full well that we will not need any alarm to awake us in the morning. Why? You have three guesses.

We call at a small bush school and my friend goes in for a lesson, and I go for a walk to learn a lesson. Flies!! Never found anything like them. I could hear them fighting for a place in the sun on my back, but I didn't argue with them. It was only when they came to take up temporary residence in my ears that I was stung to action. I plucked a hefty piece of mallee with leaves on it and swung it threateningly round my head. Poor fool! When the mallee went to my right side the flies hopped round to the left, and when the branch followed them they anticipated it and swept in a cloud on to my right ear. Both my nostrils received busy attention from the bands of flies, and to disturb them simply meant that they would go where I couldn't see them—on me, I mean. I had forty minutes, which seemed like "a whole eternity in bondage," and when my friend at last hove in sight and made for the car, I followed him at a run, dropping the mallee, but was greeted by him with a cheery hail which I have since heard in many places: "Leave your flies behind." Strangely enough, the beggars won't trouble a moving car or the people therein, but just stop for one brief moment—have you left them behind? Nay! here they are again—sisters, cousins, aunts and all—millions of them!

Again, it was a cool, lovely morning and I was at peace with the world. "Would you mind bringing me a couple of tins of water from the well?" said my hostess. I filled the tins leisurely and picked them up to carry them to the house. You would hardly believe it, but though there hadn't been a fly visible a moment before, in one instant two flies crawled into my nose while a couple of others made vicious attacks on my ears. Worst of all, a fly settled on each of my elbows. Now I am peculiarly ticklish on my elbows, so I promptly executed an elephantine caper intended to discourage the insects on my elbows, but succeeded only in spilling about two gallons of water while the flies went on doing autumn manoeuvres on the points of my arms. Eventually I was forced to the indignity of carrying one tin at a time so as to leave a hand free for business purposes.

No, you city dwellers (and I'm one of you), you don't know flies. You can't discourage a country fly. You can't argue with him. There is only one way to deal with him, and that is to kill him—he understands that. And therein one feels that the country fly partakes of those noble attributes of our country brothers and sisters. You can treat him with all sorts of unkindness, you can hurt him, you can give him a good solid knock-down blow, but you will always have the uneasy feeling that he will be back at his job again.

THE MINISTRY OF NURSING.

Cann River (Vic.).

The month of February, 1934—from February 5th to March 5th.)

No. of individuals treated 20
No. of treatments or advice given 55

The first month of our work in the nursing centre, Cann River, is over. It has been a month of varied experiences and sometimes unusual situations, but the "settling in" process is always the most difficult, and we are looking forward to a happy year.

During the first week of our stay, I was called out to set a green-stick fracture of a child's arm. The home was twelve miles away. Fortunately the Deaconesses were here with the van, and kindly took me out, for the people had no means of sending for me, and the little one was in great pain. As it was, she had to wait for one and a half hours before relief came to her. We are glad to report a good progress.

On the way home from this case, we were met by another car whose driver was out looking for me. I went with him some miles back along the road I had traversed, to a lad who was suffering from an acute appendix. He was taken to Orbost Hospital, sixty miles away, some days later, and has successfully weathered the operation. Another visit to Tonghi, some miles away, found a man with a very severely sprained ankle, and there have been numerous other calls to minor and chronic cases both near and far.

A doctor from Orbost visits the centre once a fortnight. Last Saturday he and the dentist arrived together for the purpose of doing some dental extractions. We rigged up a theatre table consisting of our kitchen table and the little table in the dispensary itself, covered it with a camp bed mattress and an old sheet. Doctor's hand-basin was our own toilet one bravely standing upon a kerosene box. However, the general effect was sufficiently professional to enable the doctor to give a general anaesthetic to the patient. So the centre had a lively few hours, but we don't think the reputation has suffered!

The other operation under local anaesthetic was performed in our back garden, a kitchen chair the substitute for the professional dental equipment, and another kerosene box for surgical requirements and the patient's comfort.

And so the days pass on, and we pray that we may learn ever more and more to live in such close touch with Him Whom we love and serve that we may bring comfort and relief to the many with whom we come in contact.

Ceduna (S.A.)

Summary of patients treated in hospital from 1st July to December 31, 1933.

Surgical—Male, 34; Female, 30.

Medical—Male, 9; Female, 17.

Total, 90.

Average number of patients in hospital every day for past six months, 6.

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 re-

minder. May we ask for prompt attention? Eighteenpence a year is the amount. Please send stamps or postal notes to our office. The address is on the front page of this issue. Thank you!

To the following we give thanks for subscriptions received during the past three months:—Miss Styles, Miss M. Pritchard, Mrs. E. W. Hughes, Mrs. Luders, Jack Morse, Miss M. A. Allen, Miss E. Innes, P. A. R. Williams, Sister Kathleen, Mrs. Mackenzie, E. Porter, Miss B. Learmont, Miss I. Stafford, Mrs. H. W. Chapman, Mrs. H. S. Webb, Miss A. H. Alnutt, Mrs. Killinger, Mr. Hain, Mrs. M. J. Glading, Mrs. Baker, Miss A. Boddy, Ethel C. Young, Mrs. P. Watt, Miss Dout, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Chatfield, Mrs. G. Drury, Miss A. E. Riley, Mrs. E. Barker, G. N. Dalgleish, George Dunstan, Miss E. S. Lowe, G. Ansdell, Dorothy D'Arcy Irvine, Miss Barling, Miss K. Allen, Miss H. Robinson, Catherine B. Newmarch, Miss N. Darke, Miss M. Robinson, Mrs. E. A. Brocklebank, Miss E. Spies, Miss E. Coycher, Miss A. M. White, Mrs. Ings, Miss M. Olley, Mrs. W. H. Jarvis, Miss Leckie, Mrs. C. J. Walmsley, Mrs. Hawthorne, Miss G. Cook, Mrs. C. W. Bird, A. L. Short, Miss M. Kemp, Miss I. Dutton, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. M. Rainsford, Mrs. E. Daniels, Miss M. Redfearn, Mrs. J. Withington, A. Southwell, Miss G. Verle, Mrs. Porman, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Furness, Miss E. F. Postlewaite, Miss A. Leet, Mrs. J. Lapish, Miss E. Richards, Mrs. F. Fazakerly, Mrs. Hutchinson, Rev. A. H. Gallop, Miss L. Bank-Smith, Miss M. Todd, Mrs. R. D. Howard, Mrs. M. Gray, Mrs. A. J. Wilson, Mrs. M. J. Huxtable, Mrs. Simms, Miss Vera Cox, Miss V. F. Windon, Miss S. F. Ware, Miss Kaserwurm, Miss E. M. Downham, Mrs. L. Curry, Mrs. E. H. Norris, Miss E. S. Gurney, Mr. F. R. Gurney, Mr. Stammer, Mrs. A. Lindsay, Mrs. L. C. Brock, Miss Bonner, Miss V. G. Edwards, Miss B. Wotton, Miss B. Hansen, Rev. Fowler, Miss Were, Miss E. Childs, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. C. W. Waltham, Mrs. F. Bott, Mrs. Mercer, Miss E. Clifford, Miss F. Scott, Miss A. Stringer, Miss McWhenney, Mrs. Cerini, Miss R. S. Power, Mrs. Garland, Mr. A. G. Smith, Mrs. Littlefield, Miss Slafstein, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. H. O. Watson, Mrs. Dunbar, H. J. Start, A. E. Dandridge, Rev. H. H. Ham, Capt. S. G. Hooper, Miss E. Hooper, Miss R. B. Hill, Mrs. Hill, Miss H. Wilson, Mrs. N. J. Clarke, Mrs. Coogan, Miss Vera Cole, S. Horn, C. A. Crooks, Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Cheffins, Miss M. Dell, Miss F. M. Green, H. Sewell, Miss Kidner, Miss Thornber, H. S. Spurway, J. C. Timms, Miss M. Dawkins, Miss M. Goodshaw, Miss Watson, Miss M. Story, Miss S. Hannah, Rev. G. Stirling Home, Miss Hancock, Mrs. A. Tabeteau, Mrs. Wauchope, Miss C. R. Powell, Miss Beckett, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Vaux, Miss T. Carver, Mrs. M. S. Boyce, J. Connor.

THANKS!

Our warmest thanks are offered to all our B.C.A. friends for their wonderful response to the Christmas appeal. The many letters of thanks should be an eloquent reply to all who answered the appeal by their gifts.

For a large parcel of bandages our deep gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, of Ballmain.

For gifts of books we offer our thanks to Mr. H. Cains, Willoughby, the President and Committee, Beecroft School of Arts, Mrs. Thodey, Mosman, and Rev. H. W. Bader, Vaucluse.

For gifts of gramophones and records we thank Mrs. Johnson, of Chiswick, and Mr. McNeill of Chatswood.

For old linen our gratitude to Miss Walsh, of Northbridge, and also to Rev. M. G. Fielding for tennis balls and books.

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

Pray for—

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

Pray for—

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

Pray for—

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

Pray for—

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

Pray for—

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

Pray for—

The Sisters' Mission Van in its itinerations in unlikely and out-of-the-way places; also for the Sunday School by Post with its Gospel message for little children.

Pray for—

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

Pray for—

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

Pray for—

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

Forget not to give thanks—

For kindly givers who have helped us with their self-denials.

For friends, known and unknown, who have rallied at our call to keep our ministries going.

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

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