**Registered at die General Poet Office, Sydney, for trantmiMion by po«t m a periodical.**

**"AUSTRALIA FOR CHRIST.**

55

**The Real Australian**

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

No. 54.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1934.

1/6 per annum (post free).

and members to support him with fervent

Yours sincerely,
prayer. I am,

S. J. KTRKB !r Bishop and President.

**TO OUR WOMEN READERS.**

Our great need is to hold more Drawing Room Meetings in the various parishes. We feel that such gatherings do much to further the knowledge of and interest in B.C.A.. Grocery and Linen Afternoons or Evenings help us very considerably in managing our hospitals and hostels.

Will you help in this way? Ring the office and we will be glad to send a speaker. Sydney Office: M-3164; Mel­bourne Office: F-5675.

**THE BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY OP**

**AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.**

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Organising Missioner of **B.C.A.**: Rev. T. TERRY.

Victorian Deputation Secretary: Rev. T.
JONFS/Th.L,, St. Paul's Cathedral,
Melbourne. Tel.: F-5675.

Bush Church Aid Society, Sydney, September 9, 1934 My dear Friends of the B.C.A.,

I readily accept the invitation given me by the Editor to write a letter for this quarter's issue, though I regret the cir­cumstances which have called it forth. It is probably known to many of our friends that a serious and tedious illness has be­fallen Mr. Terry. Necessary will it be for him to rest from his labours for a period, but we, nevertheless, look forward to his return to health and strength. May our Blessed Lord be his healer!

The work of the old B.C.A. must keep growing and expanding. The need of the Gospel of the Redeeming Love of God is always pressing, no matter whether men be in prosperity or adversity. But inas much as the people in the far out-back have burdens heavier than those of others, it is the bounden duty of God's Church to rise to its responsibility and make the Gospel abound more richly in places where ministrations are irregular and infrequent. "How shall they believe in Him Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?'7 is still the strong reminder of God 's Word to us who stand for Christ's Gospel as the need of all men.

**THE B.C.A. IS IN NEED**

ITS **WORK** MUST **NOT** FLAG.

**ITS OUTBACK MINISTRIES MUST NOT DIMINISH.**

**ITS GOSPEL WITNESS MUST NOT SLACKEN.**

Make this Christmas a Season of Generous Giving

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

FOR 15 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 labours and travels. HELP IT WITH A BIG AND JOYOUS GIFT—AND**

**DOIT NOW!**

 **Send to**  —

HEADQUARTERS OFFICE : **DIOCESAN CHURCH HOUSE, GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.**

VICTORIAN OFFICE : **ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS, FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE.**

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

**THANK YOU !**

If I began this letter with a claim that
your prayer and sympathetic thought be
given to Mr. Terry, I close it with an
added commendation of Rev. T. Jones
(Victorian Secretary), who has come to
carry on our work in Sydney for the time
being. Mr. Jones is known personally to
so many of our workers and supporters.
He was trained by the B.C.A.; he took a
B.C.A. field as his first ministerial service;
he has been one of the builders of our
Victorian constituency of support. By

loaning him, our Committee in that State have cheerfully helped us.

Mr. Jones has a message for our people. It should be more widely known. Thus I ask Rectors to give him a welcome as a Deputationist, and I beg of all our read^ra

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From time to time we think of those splendid men and women who, in the early days of our history, developed the resources of our land amid hardships and sacrifice. We are quite naturally proud of them and we are proud that we are of the same stock as they, while we, with you, remember with thankfulness the pioneers of the past, we would have you remember also the pioneers of to-day.

In many parts of our land there are many men, women and children who to­day live and work under conditions very little better than the conditions which greeted the pioneers of our early days.

For fifteen years the Bush Church Aid Society has laboured in these lonely and difficult places in Australia. Its workers are to be found in South Australia, from the Bight to many hundreds of miles in­land, in Gippsland at the Cann River area, in the more closely settled Mallee with its difficulty and hardship, in the far west of New South Wales from Wilcannia to the Queensland border, and also on the black soil plains of New South Wales at Mun-gindi.

In these districts earnest men minister the Word and Sacraments of the Church of God, self sacrificing women serve as deaconesses, teaching the young and min­istering to lonely women. Splendid nurses bring the blessing of medicine to lonely places by hospital and dispensary work. A Mission Van staffed by two women visit the loneliest homes.

In a word, B.C.A. has for fifteen years interpreted the Gospel of Jesus Christ in terms of action to those who dwell in isolation and solitude, entering into their difficulties, ministering to their needs, preaching the Gospel of God. During all the past days of depression and financial difficulty the work has gone on, and we are grateful to you for the loyal support that you have accorded to us in these days of difficulty. We feel that this is a w^orth while work for God and our people.

Towards the end of each year we have asked our friends to remember our work in their Christmas giving. The demands of the past year have been very heavy, but we thank God that in none of our fields have we had to withdraw or re­trench. Will you help us to go forward by a Special Christmas Offering for God and our Church?

**OOADJUTOR-BISHOP OF MELBOURNE.**

All B.C.A. friends offer their congratu­lations to Archdeacon X Booth upon his appointment to the office of Coadjutor-Bishop of Melbourne.

The Archdeacon has always been a good friend to our Society and we would assure him of our prayers that God will guide and keep him in the days that lie ahead.

**B.C.A. RALLY.**

**21st August, 1934.**

A pouring wet night did not damp a splendid attendance in the Chapter House, following a splendidly attended Tea in the Lower Hall,

On the platform were the Archbishop (Chairman), Bishop Kirkby, Archdeacons Langley and Charlton, Revs. R. F. S. Bradley (Lithgow), S. H. Denman and L. A. Pearce, and Messrs. E. H. Swainson, O.B.E. (Gen. Secretary Y.M.C.A.), and Mr. T. S. Holt.

The meeting commenced with the sing­ing of the National Anthem. The hymn "Send forth the Gospel/' was then sung.

Eev. S. H. Denman opened with prayers, and Rev. L. A. Pearce read the Scripture.

Archdeacon Langley read apologies from many clergymen and others. Eev. T. Terry, Organising Secretary, was unable to be present owing to illness, and under doctor's orders was resting. The Arch­deacon said he knew he could assure Mr. Terry of the sincere regards and prayers of those gathered at the meeting in his illnes.

Greetings were then read by the Arch­deacon from Wilcannia, Eev. L. T. Lam­bert; Penong, Rev. H. R, Smith; Ceduna, Sisters Bowling and Hitchcock; Penong, Sister Sowtar; Denmark, W.A., Eev. and Mrs. L. Dunstan; Kurrajong Van Sisters; Townsville, Eev. E. T. Hallahan; Wilcan­nia, Mrs. Mann.

The report was then read by Archdeacon Langley.

The Archbishop then spoke;

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I see to-night we are celebrating the 15th Anniversary of the Bush Church Aid Society and des­pite weather conditions our assembly is much larger than those twenty-six who met in the Lower Hall here fifteen years ago when the B.C.A. was founded; •

We are glad that on the platform to­night there are at least three of those who were here at that first meeting pre­sided over by Bishop Pain, that great-statesman of the Australian Church. I remember well the founding of the B.C.A., because at that time I was in Canada and exceedingly interested in the work in Western Canada. Students of Wycliffe College had gone out and were in charge of many districts. Bishop Kirkby was tramping up and down Australia founding this work. Certainly, for three or four months I was out in Western Canada trav­elling oftentimes on foot, but generally either by train or by buggy. I remember so well correspondence with the Contin­ental Church Society and hearing of the move that was being made in Australia on similar lines through the B.C.A. I read then about the work in Wilcannia and I was thrilled in 1931 in visiting-Gippsland to hear at first hand from not onlv the Bishop, but also a sister of the B.C.A. sent out as one of the first workers into that distant part of the Gir>psland Diocese; and to-day there is still the same good report being given of the workers of the Society. Only to-day Archdeacon Chauvel was lunching with me and spoke of the excellent start Mr. Lambert has made in his district.

B.C.A. is associated with our good Bishop Kirkby. and Bishop Kirkby has never done a better piece of service for the Church and for true religion than when he put his whole heart, soul, mln4 and body into the B.C.A.

Travelling out to Australia I met the Bishop of Willochra, and I was particu­larly interested because of his experience in the Australian bush. As many know, he was connected with the Brotherhood in North Queensland, and then as Bishop of Willochra had also been in touch with the work of the B.C.A. I realise that B.CA. is one of the greatest influences at the present time in the church in regard to the lot of our fellow countrymen. Syd­ney Diocese has this vigorous B.C.A., brought to birth in Sydney, and I certainly trust that with the years the story of the past will be eclipsed by the story of the future. There are strategic things that we can do at the present time by putting our backs into the question as to how we can have the Gospel preached and stab-lished in the hearts of our isolated fellow countrymen in the bush. Bishop Kirkby and I are united in heart in regard to placing our young men in the ministry in these country districts. In Canada, the students in the ministry do a term in the country before doing city work. I do not know if it is possible to work this out in this diocese.

I hope this gathering to-night, which despite the weather conditions is large, is going to see that this B.C.A. founded on these lines, is to go forward, and that we may see rapid advance in the near future.-

Mr. E. H. Swainson, O.B.E., then spoke. "It is almost ten year& since I heard of the kind of work done by the B.C.A. That time I had the privilege of listening to Eev, V. Jenkin, who was in England, and what he told us in the course of his ser­mon I have never forgotten. It had some bearing on my decision when the invita­tion came to me to take some share in Christian service in Australia. We at home had little understood the way our bush-dwellers lived. We heard that one could drive along and enter a gateway and yet be fifty or sixty miles from the lomestead. It was a staggering state­ment. The loneliness was brought home-to us as we heard of one woman who, on going out to meet the missionary's wife met a white woman for the first time for three years. I have certainly not had the slightest doubt of the need of the work.

We have to ask ourselves what utilitar­ian aids are required in this work. Are we doing it in the right way? Is it worth the cost? If we ask if B.C.A. is worth the energy and money, there would be only one answer to-night, but in regard to people outside the confines of the Church, I believe this work done by the agents of the B.C.A. is a far reaching one as morally affecting our Church.

It costs a great deal in energy. The cost is not the great thing. Sacrificing service is very great. We can review with admiration the courage to endure at all times of the workers in this service.

The Eev. E, F. Bradley then spoke of the work at Mungindi, where he had been in charge of the Hostel and the B.C.A. work in that district.

"It is about three months since Mrs. Bradley and I returned from Mungindi. Mungindi is five hundred miles from Syd-

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ney on the black soil plains. I emphas­ize that it is in the black soil country which makes transport so difficult. There are three churches in the parish. One at Boomi, another one twenty-one miles from Mungindi, and one at Mungindi. Besides, we used to conduct a number of services at station homes as well as do important work at the aboriginal settlement sixty miles from Mungindi; perhaps the latter was, shall we say, the most important work whilst we were there. I will give you a Sunday's routine. At Mungindi at 7.30 a.m. a service of Holy Communion was held. Then breakfast, and motor sixty miles to hold a service at the aboriginal settlement at 11 o'clock. Then go back thirty miles to Boombi for afternoon ser­vice. Then motor forty-three miles to Mungindi. During the time when Mrs. Bradley was getting tea, I would go into the church and put out books and prepare for evening service, and later ring the bell. It is a grand and glorious work be­cause we endeavour to take the Word of our Lord Jesus Christ to people. There are about 150 blacks, most of these half-casts, and they do not have services at all unless the Vicar of Mungindi goes there. We tried to go at least once a month. We at times went for public school instruc­tion, and were called upon to conduct weddings and baptisms.

Another side of the work is the Hostel at Mungindi. It was erected in order to house children from the stations through­out the district. Those children must come in to school otherwise they have to receive correspondence lessons. They come in and if they have not the hostel to live in, then they have to live at the Convent, and that was the idea primarily of the B.C.A. in establishing a hostel. It meant that they were able to live there and attend the public school. When we left the district we had a young man as teacher who was a thoroughly Christian man. The children would therefore re­ceive more than a secular education under him. So the children would be enabled to receive a Christian education living at the Hostel.

We have three kinds of work in that great parish of Mungindi — visiting on station homes, speaking a word here and there for the Lord Jesus Christ, the abor­iginal settlement work, and thirdly, there is the work of that Hostel, of bringing those children up to love the Lord Jesus Christ.

I would ask you to support the work with yaur prayers and offerings and G-od's blessing will be on you and on the work of the B.C.A. in the year that lies ahead.

Bishop Elrkby then spoke:

"I find myself very much in the position of a prodigal. I have come back to my old home and received a blessing. I pro­mise I will behave better in the next year. If I have been a neglectful prodigal, it is not that I have been a neglectful son. I have neglected the baby in whose birth 1 had some part. You know the reason why.

It is my privilege to speak a few words of a vote of thanks. I do not know how for fourteen years you endured my long, non-stop speeches at these meetings. I

will have to content myself now with a vote of thanks, and wish very sincerely and heartily to express the thanks of all io the Arcnbishop for presiding. It was his first opportunity or. presiding at a tf.C.A. Bally. It is a typical B.C.A.. Bally-heavy rain. It was in torrents of rain on ^56th May, 1919, that the B.C.A. came in­to being. We have kept up the record.

We had great virtue and wisdom in choosing a man like Be v. T. Terry as the Organising Missioner. Last Bally it was a moonlight night. Mr. Terry is not pre­sent to-night, therefore it is a typical night! *"*

The Bishop referred to the work of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and to Mrs. W. L. Langley as President. He referred to the workers at the Home Base—Archdeacon Langley, one of the "Old Contemptibles" of the B.C.A., and also to Mr. T. S. Holt, of the same band.

Archdeacon Charlton was then called up­on to second the vote of thanks. "In the early days of the B.C.A. up to the present, the quietude of the Church Offices has been broken by visits from Bishop Kirkby and Mr. T. S. Holt. Bishop Kiritby said that in the early days he had so little to do that he nearly had to write letters to him­self to keep himself going. I can't agree with him. I can assure you as one who only had a door between the offices for many years, I know something of what he was doing. When he was missing he was travelling five hundred or six hundred miles away. We used to talk over work and the problems to be solved. In our work we had a common basis when we came to the thought that nothing is im­possible to God and all things are possible to him that believes.

At the C.M.S. Booms I have the priv­ilege of sitting at the top of a lunch table. I hear many stories of the B.C.A. from Mr. Terry—"Tom'' as he is known to us •—and we hear of the Gippsland district, or something that has occurred at Wil-cannia. Then he will disappear and we will hear that he is out at Ceduna. We miss Tom to-night and regret the cause of his absence.

To be interested in B.C.A. is to pray for it and to pray is to give for the extension of Christ's kingdom to the isolated places in Australia, so that they too, may have the privileges we enjoy."

In closing, Archdeacon Charlton seconded the vote of thanks, which was carried by acclamation.

The meeting closed with the singing of the hymn *''* Work for the Day is coming,'' and the Benediction pronounced by the Archbishop.

The offerings amounted to £84/15/0.

The B.C.A. owes a deep debt of grati­tude to Mrs. Bragg and her warm-hearted band of helpers, for all their care and service in connection with the Bally Tea. To them, and to Miss Minnie Keith and her generous musical friends who supplied such a fine programme after the Tea, and to our Moore College students, we offer this expression of very real appreciation and thanks.

DEATH OF MRS. PRICE.

We regret to record the passing of Mrs. Price, of Hiedelberg, since our last issue.

From the earliest days of B.C.A. >s his­tory in Victoria, Mrs. Price had been a staunch supporter of the Society. She will be chiefly remembered for her annual garden party, which, until recently, she held in her beautiful garden at Hiedel­berg; by this means Mrs, Price raised con­siderable sums for B.C.A.

We mourn her passing and shall miss her quiet and winsome character. To her husband and loved ones we tender our sympathy and prayers.

ON THE ROAD.

In Sunlight and Shadow.

It isn't easy to lay one's feelings in writing upon a piece of paper, for in these busy days there is little time for self-analysis, but certairi experiences of the "long long trail'? have left a deep, and possibly a deepening impression upon one's consciousness of the value of the personal touch with those lonely human "ships that pass" in the course of daily exper­ience. It is worth recording here that the personal touch has invariably brought blessing to me, whatever it may have meant to others. During my student days I went to work under a country Bector. I arrived at the country Bailway Station on a pitchy dark night and was met by a man carrying a hurricane lamp. When he learnt my name he put his lamp on the ground, and taking my hand in a warm grip, he placed his other hand on my shoulder and said cheerily, "I'm glad to meet you, old man." Those last two words and the tone in which they were spoken made a deep impression on me which all the years since ordination have never ob-litered, and through all these years of gazing upon the high-lights and low-lights of human life, the remembrance of per­sonal contacts has left behind it a glad­ness which will endure while memory en­dures.

It was in the dustiest, and probably the loneliest part of N.S.W. when I was travelling westward that I met one, trav­elling eastward, who might easily pass for Jeffrey Farnol's educated Tinker. He had not only a swag, but a collection of tin­ware which he had made and was pedd­ling, and a tinker's repair outfit as well. I pulled to the side of the track and he joined me and we sat together under the shadiest tree, not far from a pile of long dead-and-gone rabbits. For an hour I had one of the merriest entertainments I can remember. He was a Cockney, unmistak­ably, and to that fact may be added that he had been nearly everything that a man can be who has wandered over the world —soldier, sailor, pugilist, miner, station rouse-about, and what not. We shared a meal and a billy of tea, after which, feel­ing refreshed, he gave me an exhibition of "shadow sparring" which would have done credit to a professional. Seeking cooler exercises, he sat under the tree again and opened up another avenue of thought by exclaiming, "You wouldn't

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think 1 was a religious man, mister, would you?" "No reason why I shouldn't," said I and so the talk went back to a godly mother and father whose influence had remained through all the years of wandering, and whose love and prayers were still with the tinker in the baek-of-beyond in Australia. We left all our gear where it lay and sought a biggish tree away from the track and there we knelt down together. My dear readers, I doubt if you have ever felt the calm and peace of a Benediction as we felt it there. The heat and the flies and the dust in which we knelt were all forgotten, and if ever the wilderness and the solitary place were glad it was in those few brief minutes when the Glory of the Lord was revealed in the loneliness of the Australian bush. There was no time wasted in farewells, it was only " Good-bye, Padre" and "Good-bye, old chap," and a warm hand clasp, and I drove away followed by a cheery solo with a stick on the bottom of the frying pan. My heart warms to the little tinker whenever I think of him, and I pray that the love which has helped to keep him straight will ever be with him.

I was with a friend and we were trav­elling up the Darling Eiver and had camped overnight at a choice spot right on the river bank. In the strong sunlight next morning I had taken a dish and some linen to find a spot on the bank where I could do a little laundry work, when, from nowhere apparently, a "swaggie" joined us at the camping spot. We exchanged greetings and then I went off to "launder" some distance away. It was not more than an hour when I returned to find the swaggie still there, but on my appearance he soon left for his own camp­ing spot some hundreds of yards along the bank. My friend told me of his long talk with the swaggie who resolutely re­fused to believe in God, having proved to his own satisfaction the futility of such a belief. We had our tucker, and away in the distance I could see the swaggie sit­ting on his heels under a big gum and hav­ing his lonely meal. Something in that lonely figure touched a chord of sympathy in me, and after the meal I strolled along to him to find whether we could share some of our meal with him. But no! He was the most independent swaggie I ever met. There was a quiet courtesy about his "No thank you," which was final But he was a most amazing traveller, hav­ing been on foot for, literally, thousands of miles during the years of industrial distress. He had an honest, tanned face, and an honest straight-forward gaze, and a prictless Irish brogue—"a real man" I thought to myself—and he spoke (with­out a trace of bitterness) of many dis­appointments and of sorrows and reverses in the course of years of wanderings. I felt led to tell him how my friend and I had each felt disappointments and' sor­row, and how we had been with loved ones very close to the valley of the shadow, and of One Who had been our great comfort and joy through all. His only reply was, "Yes, that was real hard luck, but it's great that you can feel that

way." His handgrips at parting con­veyed more tnan speecn. Independent as ever, lie courteously declined a '' lift, *>'* and as we set out again we passed him loaded up and on the track. Ox him, too, l often think with a certain warmth in the heart.

A lonely homestead—one of those places bum oui in the ' \* never-never,;' where \* \* no roads go by.;' The owner ana ms wife and one ox the men were the onxy ones at nome when we arrived, but thei? welcome was one to remember. This was one of tnose rare occasions when the shep­herd visits the flock in those parts, and so when the mid-day meal was over, the owner and ''the hand" disappeared, only to re-appear shortly in the sitting room, clad in their best, for we were aoout to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord;s Supper. You who dwell in the city—you who kneel Sunday by Sunday in a beauti­ful church in the dim light cast through stained glass windows, and who listen to the murmur of organ music—can you enter into the calm and the peace of that lonely homestead sitting room? Often, very often, have I heard those beautiful words, in churches, in lonely bush school build­ings, in isolated farm-houses, and even in the grim fighting area during the war, but tney never fail to toucn me deeply. "The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." A vagrant fly came through the window and droned round the room in the warm sum­mer air, but the peace of the room, was un­broken as just live of us joined together to remember His most precious death. Just five? No! There was a sixth, and it was His gracious Presence and Benediction which sent us out refreshed by the reality of His promise "I am with you AL-VVA Y. *> >*

A DEPIXTATIONIST ON TOUR.

A trip to the West! What a thrill! Pen­
ong, Ceduna, Forest, the trancontinental
train, the Nullabor. Surely enough to

make the blood race through any man's veins in anticipation of things to come.

Adelaide, the stepping off place for the west, was reached by train, but, oh dear, I arrived at the beginning of a terrific heat wave, and day after day the ther­mometer reached 100, 107, 108, 110, 112 and to make things worse, Adelaide's ice supply fell short. I had hoped to go on to Ceduna by the Western Airways Plane and so do in four hours what would other­wise take three days and, of course, I thought it would be much cooler up in the air than in a stuffy rail car, but the plane was already booked up and I had to go to Lincoln per the "Moonta." Here at Lincoln one had the joy of meeting many B.O.A. friends, who kindly enter­tained me while waiting a further day for the rail car to Ceduna. The train journey to Ceduna has improved in the last few years. The old "Social Equality Express" has now been replaced by a rail car, which is simply an ordinary motor bus converted for rail use. 278 miles in

twelve hours was our speed. The ther­mometer said 103 degrees, outside the rail car (we had no thermometer inside). At Cummins and Minnapa one could buy re­freshments, the variety was rather limited —sausage rolls at fourpence each and a nice cup of dishwater at sixpence.

Ceduna was reached at 10.30 p.m., and what a joy to see faces we knew, Eev and Mrs. Woolf, who met us at the station. Then to the hospital where those two stalwarts, Sisters Dowling and Hitchcock, gave us a real B.O.A. welcome, some supper and a very pleasant bed.

\*A day after my arrival we started on the Nullabor trip. Mr. and Mrs. Woolf had the car well loaded, 50 gallons of petrol, water, foodstuffs, blankets, spare springs and lots of other things that we might need, for there are no shops or garages on the Nullabor. Our first port of call was Penong, and Sister Sowter who finds the Penong scenery vastly diff­erent to that of Cann Biver, greeted us warmly. Penong Hospital is something worth seeing. The local folk are very proud of it and have put the very best in­to it. It is easy to forget that one is outback after crossing the threshold of this \* hospital, except that when having a bath one has to use more imagination than water.

After a night spent at Penong we started off for Nullobor. Some seventy miles of travelling over drought smitten country, for there had been no rain for seventeen months, brought us to Colona Homestead, which stands on a property some 1,250,000 acres in extent, but such is the country that it requires sixty acres to feet one sheep. The manager, Mr. Eeid, welcomed us, and Mrs. Eeid provided something good for the inner man, after which, feel­ing much refreshed, we pushed on another eighty-five miles to reach Nullabor home­stead before nightfall.

At Nullabor live Mr. and Mrs. Eoy Brooke and Sammy, who is a full blooded aboriginal, now fourteen years old. Sammy's mother died while he was still a baby and Mrs. Brooke has adopted him. After tea, we gathered for service, just five of us, but it is rather wonderful to remember that here on the edge of the Nullabor, many, many miles from the next house, we are able to partake of the same service and worship as is enjoyed in the greatest Cathedral. Up early in the morn­ing for Holy Communion, again only five of us in a lonely home, yet on such occas­ions God is very near.

The day was spent exploring the caves on the plain and we were able to take the first photographs of some of these caves, seventy to one hundred feet underground. After leaving Nullabor homestead we crossed the plain to Fisher on the East-West line. Fisher consists of just five houses; here live the railway gangers and their families. Hughes, Forest, and Deakin were also visited and finally Cook, the largest of these rail camps. Here at Cook, we had Sunday School and Ser­vices, stopping over the weekend and pay­ing a round of visits. While at Cook, we received a vivid illustration of the need of a nursing service here. A wee baby

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needed a doctor and the quickest method was to put the child on the train and take it five hundred miles to receive medical attention. Please pray that the way may be opened up for B.C.A. to render this Christian service at Cook.

After leaving Cook, Mundabilla and Eucla were visited. At Mundabilla we found that the water shortage was so acute that they were doing the best they could with the salt bore water. After leaving Mundabilla we ran into some welcome rain, though we were afraid of bogs, and at one stage had to plough through a foot of water lying along the road. In order to miss some of the water we drove through the salt bush but soon found that tiie strong spikes of the bush made it nec­essary to repair punctures. We finally landed in a large wombat burrow, when we saw the welcome light of Mr. Symons' truck. Mr. Symons, who is the manager of Eucla station, had become concerned for our safety and had decided to come and look for us, much to our joy, for after all, wombats are not the best bedmates. With the help of the truck we arrived very dirty and hungry at the Homestead and did full justice to the well-cooked plain turkey awaiting us.

Here at Eucla live Mr. and Mrs. Symons and their three children, and the only ministration they receive is when the missioner makes his quarterly call—pray that the people of the Church of God may take a keener interest in B.C.A. >s work— that its ministry may increase.

From Eucla we worked back through Niillabor to Penong after having traveled 950 miles in eight days. Who says that a Bush Parson does not work? It is a wonderful ministry, this of the outback. Services in lonely homes, tiny schoolrooms and disused shepherd's huts may not sound very inspiring, but it is a ministry that counts for much in the outback.

Pray and work for the increase of B.C. A. 's ministry. There is so much still to be done, so many adventures still to be undertaken in the name of God. Finance holds back much that we would do. Pray for the increase of interest and help, that the Kingdom of God may be increased.

T.J.

strength again, in answer to our prayers. Truly we are experiencing that "mar.'s extremity is God's opportunityM and ie has proved it so in all these cases. Jne particular case, our doctor admitted he nad done all in his power, the rest he would have to leave to higher powers. The babe was still-born, and considering the circumstances of the case there was everything against the possibility of sav­ing the mother's life. Definite united prayer was offered for her, and from the first day she went straight ahead, the temperature never rising above normal, and on the eleventh day she was dis­charged from hospital, a living example of answered prayer.

The same has occurred in two other cases. During a quiet talk it is endeav­oured to point out to these people what God has done for them, and to try and make them realise how Christ has been knocking at the door of their hearts dur­ing this crisis in his or her life. During the la&t few months we have received boxes from Sydney and Melbourne, con­taining groceries, linen, babies' clothes, books, etc., all most acceptable gifts. We are very grateful to the givers of these gifts and also to those who packed the boxes and sent them out. It .is quite a bright spot in our lives here receiving these boxes, and the staff automatically ceases work to witness the opening. The people are in great need and do appreciate the groceries, etc., to keep down our bills. The gramophone records sent from Mel­bourne are being enjoyed by the patients and staff.

We must say a big word of thanks to the members of the M.M.A. in Adelaide, who are now assisting our B.C.A. hospitals We have received quite a number of par­cels containing most useful gifts and we are indeed grateful. Sister and I ha,ve as much as we can do to cope with the nurs­ing and it is a tremendous help to us when these Auxiliaries assist us with the linen and sewing, etc. They are having a real definite part in the work.

Please remember us before the Throne of Grace often, for our difficulties are great and we do long to see more definite spiritual work done in the hospital here.

H.D.

Finally she had found the three-roomed cottage and was welcomed by *"a,* bright -facea woman, tne mother oi three sons, wno with her husband, are ner only com­panions. She has heart trouble and so cannot get about, and feels the extremes oi neat and cold in the little house whose roof is of galvanised iron and between wnica and tne wails the sky could be seen in places. There is a big fireplace, but tne Hostess told her visitor with a smile tnat sne dare not have big fires, because tne chimney frame is of wood, and already tne house has been set on fire several times.

This woman, whose husband lost every­thing three years ago in the city, and who has suffered floods, fires, and frosts, and has had no money coming in since he took up the land, admits to loneliness. "Yes, 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 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."

They keep two cows at the little farm, but cannot make butter, as there are no facilities and no place to put it where it will keep. They use cream in its place. This lonely delicate woman loves reading but cannot afford to subscribe to a library. She has a handful of books of her own and that is all. She loves music and has a little harmonium, but it is sadly out of tune and out of repair. And two of her children have died.

This case is only one of many where women suffer and work and live a life of courage and patience which we are not called upon to practise. Of them we may look for example and inspiration, and per­haps in gratitude for the lessons they teach us of faith and self-abnegation and courage, we may find some way of help­ing them that we may share with each other, taking some of the loneliness per­haps, from a brave soul in the bush, and giving her in return, thoughts, letters, parcels. A little time given, a little trouble taken, involving no great effort on our part, may make a world of difference to some lonely woman as this.

Ceduna Hospital,

South Australia.

The hearts of the settlers out here have been gladdened by the answer to the prayers for rain. During this month the dry spell has broken and already we are seeing the green appearing in places that have been dry for so long. One can really appreciate rain when living among people whose very living depends on it, and the first sound of rain drops on the iron roofs after a dry spell, is indeed music to the ears.

We had a very busy time in the hospital, there are times we winder where we will put the next admission. There has been a remarkable run of abnormalities not ex­perienced in the hospital before, and our hearts are full of gratitude and praise to Almighty God for the wonderful way He has restored these cases to health and

LOOKING **OUT AND NOT IN.**

Prom the "Bendigo Advertiser.*''*

Life presses heavily upon us all at times, and wise people advise us then to look out and not in, to forget ourselves in thoughts of others, and to let a glimpse of other lives give us a truer perspective of our own. Perhaps this story, told by a sister who works outback, of the life of one woman whom she met, may help us to that self-forgetfulness wThich we are con­scious we lack.

She had been a city woman and had married before her husband went on the land. To reach her little home, the sister had to go through bush in which were kangaroos, kooka burras and bell-birds, and along a track so over-grown that she won­dered whether she had missed the way.

**NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS. OANN RIVER (VICTORIA.)**

**THE CHIiLDREN'S HOUR.**

Will our B.C.A. friends come with me and take a peep into our little dining-room here at the Nursing Centre, Cann Eiver? It is Sunday afternoon. A glow­ing log fire is burning in the hearth, the lovely vivid flames casting dancing shadows on the small expectant faces gathered round. The time is half past five, and for quite half-an-hour the eager children have been playing about outside, anxiously waiting for the appointed mo­ment when the Bible Class of bigger boys and girls will have dispersed and the door will be opened for their welcome. Now they have come tumbling in, coats and hats are thrown off, and often boots and

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shoes as well; for Cann lliver lias had much more than its share of rain, and wet feet will not be countenanced by Sister, whose heart is not only set on curing, but preventing coughs and colds. So little feet are stretched out to the comforting blaze, eager eyes are turned to "Little Sister" (as Sister's companion is termed), for it is " story time,'' and for half-an-hour, wonderful tales of far-away Africa, poems and stories coaxed from the recesses of childhood's memories, little helpful Heavenly parables hold nearly twenty pairs of eyes fixed on the narrator's face until six o'clock chimes.

Then comes the wonder of the wireless, and Sister tunes into 3 LO, where Mr. Trevor Morris and his "Optimists' Chorus Singers" are sending out the lovely Gos­pel messages of song, interspersed with their leader's beautiful words of comfort and appeal. The children have their little chorus books and turn up each one as the number is announced, and I feel sure that the singing in the studio is not more lusty than that which floats out of our window across the flats of Cann River.

We wish you could actually see the look of wonder, delight and incredulity cte-picted upon the excited faces as the leader of the Children's Session says : "And now let us have *No.* 162 for the children of the Cann River School! Come along, Cann River! Let us hear how you can sing! I do hope you are all just shining for Jesus all the time — every day and in every way!" "Sister," says a little voice, "Could he hear if we spoke to him?" And the reply in the negative is very difficult to understand, for if we can hear **him,** why can he not hear US, is the thought in every heart.

At 6.30 p.m. the little ones troop home, reluctant to leave, sad at the thought that their hour is over once more, but looking forward to the following Sunday week, when they hope to come again to join with the happy Melbourne children who are privileged to bring such sunshine into the hearts of these boys and girls "out-back."

Will our friends pray with us that their little hearts may be won for Christ in the freshness of their youth? Their privileges and opportunities are not many; their temptations and drawbacks are innumer­able. They need the Saviour so, and He needs them. Pray that each one may truly mean the words of one of their favourite choruses, one which they sing on their knees every Sunday, as an opening prayer in Sunday School :

"Into my heart, into my heart, Come into my heart Lord Jesus; Come in to-day, come in to stay, Come into my heart, Lord Jesus."

! C.E.B.

PEACE BE STILL.

A lovely log fire was burning in the little living-room of the Nursing Centre. Outside, the night had wrapped a thick white blanket of fog and mist over the tiny village and the great vastness of the timber forest beyond. A deeper, denser whiteness picked out the course of the river, like a great serpent winding its way

through the small pasture-lands.

Gathered round tne fire inside with the Sister and her companion, were four girls. The scene was very peaceful and pleasant to look upon. Five of the group were either sewing or knitting, while the sixth was reading aloud one of John Oxenham's lovely books of uplifting thoughts and comeliness of diction. in the heart of each was no thought of raging battle of anguished hearts or cry of over-burdentd souls. In the quiet peace of country-side, the hush of the restful night, the stillness of nature and world asleep can such things be?

But hark! What is that? A knock at the door, a knock which has within it the sound of anxious hurry. Sister answers the summons. "Will you come to Mother, Sister? Father is away; she is alone but for us boys. Something has upset her and she seems sick with worry.'' A hasty con­sultation within, and the lad goes off to solicit the help of a friend with a car, while the two within both prepare to go the four miles to the little bush home, leaving their fireside to the care of their visitors.

The car moves slowly through the tur-tuous winding road, for the fog blanket makes the going hazardous, until at length, the Sister and her companion are standing wdthin the tiny bedroom. A burst of tears is their welcome, and the big sobs of an over-burdened heart break the stillness of the night. The sound of a sympathetic "other woman's" voice, the clasp of a hand, the ear ready to hear whatever wants to be told, and the skil­ful professional help that Sister can bring, all help to steady the tortured nerves and quieten the throbbing pulse. But after ten minutes, the realisation comes that one must stay and spend the night with the broken-hearted mother. So Sister, who is anxious over another patient near the Centre, goes back into the fog and her companion stays behind to keep vigil with the needy, lonely heart. All night long the battle raged. There seemed to be nothing one could do but lie down beside the suffering heart, to let the comfort of another's presence do what work it could, and to pray that the Christ would stand upon the crest of the angry wave and say, "Peace be still." Midnight came and went, then the small hours. Now and again a fresh burst of sobs or another bit of the pitiful story of anxiety and sorrow would be told, and so shared, and the mother-heart would grow calmer, and the one who kept watch with her, prayed that God wTould prove His mighty power to still the storm. And in the morning, as the dawn came slowly over the eastern sky, a semblance of peace came to the an­guished soul.

The morning broke in cloudless glory. Little by little, the great curtain of fog lifted, giving way to the magnetic warmth of the rosy fingers of dawn. Other duties called in the early morning, so back to the village went the watcher of the night, walking along in the dripping freshness of the country's awakening. In her heart wras a great thanksgiving that to storm-tossed souls can come the lovely message of the Prince of Peace.

"Pray not alone for those by sickness

worn, But pray for those with souls in anguish

torn." C.E.B.

THE FAR WEST MISSION.

(H.R.S.)

Some time ago an article appeared in the "Sydney Morning Herald" with the above as a sub-heading. Being written by a former student in the university and a fellow worker for the Lord Jesus Christ in open air work as well as otherwise, it was of particular interest to the present writer. In many ways the Par West Mission of Tanganyika is vastly different to that of South Australia, yet the same , Lord is over all wrho believe in Him, and the same glorious Gospel of His Grace is the only message of Salvation to African and alike to Australian. White skins can­not conceal hearts black with sin from Him who "searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins'' nor can black skins be a plea for leniency from God for all the horrors of heathenism. Perhaps in the very deep­est essentials concerning the soul of man and his reconciliation to God, there is more in common between the two missions than many of our readers will realise.

From time to time articles have appeared in the \*' Real Australian'' de­picting the work in the Far West and in­cidents have been muliplied in an endeav­our to acquaint readers with different aspects. The greatest need is a strong up­holding of praying people, men and women who will be prepared to sacrifice time and energy to plead fervently till God pours out His abundant blessing upon the work and glorifies the Lord Jesus Christ. We crave your prayers. Even though we are deeply conscious that many are daily up­holding us before the Throne of Grace, wTe beseech you—not for us, but for the dear Lord's sake—brethren pray for us in our work. For the purpose of setting out a little clearer some aspects of the vision of the work which you already have, that you might see where our need of uphold­ing lies stronger, and where there is much cause for praise, has this article been written.

In the first instance, the work is not spectacular. The total number of families in the whole area is very small and the centres are so scattered that services and meetings are very small—in places deeply in earnest, in places rather cold and formal. In general it seems that individ­ual work is more needed than any other. Conversions are few because the people are few, but still the message of "Ye must be born again" is unheeded by many. There is real encouragement, how­ever, in parts. In my labours before leav­ing Sydney, one dear Christian lady of eighty years of age would walk one and a half miles to and from service, while pro­fessing church members living opposite the church were seldom there, and the same is abundantly true here. Those wTho love the Lord Jesus or else are seeking Him are not deterred by circumstances and their presence makes the atmosphere warm.

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A cause for much praise and deep thank­fulness is the general absence of denom-inationalism. There are exceptions, of course, those who put the church before Christ, but they are exceptions. Luther­ans, Methodists, Anglicans—all those who love the Lord have forgotten to cry *"I* am of Paul; I am of Apollos; I am of Cephas," but rather the earnest plea is, "All one in Christ Jesus.*"* Give God much praise for this. I am especially thankful for the friendship of the Luth­eran pastors. A glance at their official report or a heart to heart talk with them­selves reveals the fact of their allegiance to the Word of God and their earnest de­sire for the Lord Jesus Christ to be ex­alted.

Again I would ask for very definite prayer concerning the work amongst the children. There are only two Sunday Schools in the Penong section, namely, Penong and Cook. Children's missions after the method of the C.S.S.M. seems to commend itself as the only effective method of reaching most of the other centres. We have introduced the C.S.S.M. lesson book on Genisis and John and the children are most keen about the questions with each lesson. The small branch of the Scripture Union is very keen and some dearly love the Lord.

In conclusion let me remember that the work is the Lord's work—not the work of the B.C.A. or the minister, but rather just simply His. Pray that He might be honoured, that hearts might be opened to His incoming, that He might have all the praise.

PENONG.

At Penong things go along much as usual. For seven months we have been without a doctor, which means that num­bers of people have to go on to Ceduna, while for many the expenses of such a journey is too much and again there are those too ill to travel, some having already travelled forty to fifty miles by the time they arrive at Penong, and for'the urgent cases it is necessary to call the doctor from Ceduna.

We do look forward to the day when Penong will have a resident doctor.

Meanwhile, the Sister ever looking to God for guidance, does what she can.

^ Some few weeks ago a man of seventy-eight years was admitted to hospital here in a semi-conscious condition, from a farm some forty miles up the coast.

His dear old wife of eighty told how he had been sick for several days but would not consent to come to hospital, and when he became worse she had watched all day for a passing car that she might send for help, their nearest neighbour being four miles distant. Imagine if you can, the old lady watching by her loved one all night, and when morning came, setting out to harness the old horse into the buggy and driving four miles to get help, and while she does this, the sick man is alone but quite unconscious of the fact.

The neighbours lost no time in getting aim away to hospital. From which, praise God, he has again returned to his home with a fair awount of health and strength.

The same man tells many tales of hard­ships and of long distances travelled to doctors and how once, after travelling one hundred miles in a buggy with a badly fractured ankle, the Medical Board de­manded a fee of £20 before they would allow the doctor to touch him.

Many and varied are tlie tales of suffer­ing and anxiety one hears of in the years before there were neither doctors or nurses in these out of the way places.

We do thank God that through the med­ium of the Bush Church Aid and other Christian societies, that in many places much of the suffering and anxiety has been alleviated.

Above all, we thank God for those who were sick spiritually and have been brought to Christ for healing.

Miss M. Vaughan Jenkins, of Sydney, has been making a tcnr of the Tar West Mission country and sends the following interesting and appealing facts.

I arrived at Cook on July 26, and re­ceived a very warm welcome. I was able to rent one of the single men's camps, and Mr. Hammond fixed me up with a table and chair and his wife is giving me a hot dinner every day. I am able to get evey-thing else I need at the store. I have been very busy ever since I arrived and the days have passed quickly. I have never been without one or more patients from the moment I got off the train and was t^ken straight to see a child of eighteen months who had been badly scalded about the neck, chest and arms six weeks pre­viously. However, I found that the most expert First-Aid woman in the camp had the case well in hand. From then on­wards, there has always been some work to do. At present I have a man under my care suffering from one of the worst car­buncles on the back of his neck that I have ever seen. For a wreek past I have given this an hour's attention every morn­ing and evening, probing and opening it up, fomenting it every three minutes for an hour, and then applying a dressing till his next visit. This is responding to treat­ment very well now, but it has been left too long and was very deep-seated. I am quite sure that if I had not happened to come along he would have suffered from a peptic condition, which he was beginning to show signs of when I got hold of him, and he undoubtedly would have had to take the five hundred mile journey either way to obtain medical assistance.

The people here feel the need of a hos­pital very greatly and are very keen about having one.

WEST DARLING MISSION.

Wilcannia, N.S.W.

Perhaps the greatest encouragement one receives in the work of the ministry in the back country, is the intense eagerness with which the people listen to the old, old story of the Love of God. In city par­ishes, very often the story becomes so fam­iliar that it loses to some extent its fresh­ness and appeal, but it is entirely different in the far west.

It was my privilege recently, to take a

service at the house of a lonely selector, sixty miles from the nearest town. There were -six bonny children- in the home and not one of them had ever been to a ser­vice before. It was years since the mother had taken part in worship, and what an inspiration it was to see the way those people listened as one spoke of the ex­ceeding greatness of God's Love for man­kind. It is in cases like this that the Mail Bag Sunday School is such a bless­ing, as it is not only instruction for the children but also serves to keep the adults in touch with spiritual things.

Another lonely woman I visited had not been away from her house for six months, and then it was only to visit a neighbour seven miles away. She did not complain about her lot but confided tc me that though she did get a little tired some­times of the same old scenery, yet she was deeply thankful to God that she had a roof over her head.

There is no lack of incident in travel out here, for in dry weather it is quite easy to get stuck in the sand, and in wet weather it is still easier to get well and truly bogged. After about an inch of rain a few weeks back, about 2 p.m. one after­noon I landed in a beautiful hole. After much shovelling of black mud and attempt­ing to pack the wheels, I found the posi­tion hopeless, and so set out to walk back to the nearest house, four miles away. Arriving there, I found all the men away out back and no vehicle available to give me a tow and so perforce had to go back to the car and imitate the inimitable Micawber and wait for something to turn up. I slept in the car, but as there was a heavy frost, didn't altogether enjoy it and spent some time in the morning ascertain­ing whether I had any feet.

About three o'clock next afternoon, the mail lorry arrived but couldn't get near enough to pull the car out and so took me on some miles to a farm house where I was able to obtain help in the shape of six horses which were successful in extricat­ing my mud bespattered vehicle.

Punctuality is certainly not one of the vices of the country folk, especially when far away from trains and the rush of modern civilization. I visited a far west town the other day for service, but at the advertised time for service there was no one there. After frantic ringings of a large dinner bell in the street, we were able to start the service with a tolerable attendance, just three quarters of an hour late! However, time was no object and we had a very inspiring service in spite of the delay, filling in the waiting time by teaching the children choruses.

L.T.L.

KOOKABURRA LETTER.

My dear Kookaburras,

Everyone of us has some work to do, whether we go out into the world of work each day or whether we go to school, or even if our work lies right at home, and' in the doing of that work we can always find many an opportunity of bein^f glad and cheerful and of passing our good cheer on to others, even though the sun is not always shining.

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As I write I am up in a mountain top, and the day is very cold. There is not even a passing gleam of sunshine,\* and thick mountain mists are blowing past my window—altogether, a day when you might feel inclined to grumble and to complain because everything is damp and walking is unpleasant, and there is no warmth at all in the air. And yet, just a few min­utes ago we all sat up and listened while a kookaburra out in the bush began to laugh. And how he did laugh! He laughed and cackled until through sheer infection we all began to laugh, too. And somehow that laugh seems to have made us feel that we don't care whether the sun shines or not. And you can take it from me, Kookaburras, that there will al­ways be some who will be better and gladder for your cheery word and smile. The sunshine of gladness doesn't always shine upon everybody, but if the sunshine of God's Love is stored in your heart it must always show itself in a glad and cheerful and useful life. I can only say what I said in my last letter to you, TRY IT!

Yours affectionately,

THE OLD KOOKABURRA.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS OF "REAL

AUSTRALIAN'» SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

20th SEPTEMBER, 1934.

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We acknowledge with thanks the follow­ing donations:—

"In Memoriam," £5; A.Y.Z., £2; from Douglas Park, 2/6.

The following gifts are thankfully ac­knowledged:—

Two boxes of books from Beecroft School of Arts (per Mr. T. Skellett); clothing per Mrs. B. B. O'Connor; Gramo­phone reeords from Mrs. Johnson, Chis-wick; magazines from Miss Divies, Parra-matta; books and magazines from Mrs. and Miss Keith, Parramatta; hand-made woollen clothing from Parramatta friends per (Miss Keith); old linen from Miss Fry, Manly; medical gifts and clothes, and a further gift of two boxes of groceries and a parcel of clothing from Y.P.U., Five Dock; groceries from Mothers7 Union, Mortlake; groceries from Mrs. Shearman and friends, Manly; groceries and money gifts from All Saints', Peter­sham; five Bibles for Far Back Children from A Friend.

Our warmest thanks to all friends for their kind and thoughtful gifts.

REMEMBEK, THE KIDDIES.

Another Christmans. Another opportun­ity to bring joy and gladness into the lives of our boys and girls out-back. Do not be ashamed to send in your small gifts—they are all very helpful, but let me say, as kindly as possible, that second-hand toys are not acceptable at Christmas. Our aim is to give a new toy to each child. The very best way to make your gift is to give cash and allow us to buy the toys, etc., we can buy ever so much cheaper.

Please remember the Nurses and Hospital workers, the Hostels and Hospital needs in your giving. Groceries, linen, wool, towels, all make very acceptable gifts.

We must get all gifts away early in November—DON ;T DELAY!

THE PLACE OP 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; the Missioners of B.C.A. as they minister of the Word and Sacraments, Rev. G. Woolf, at Ced-una.; Rev. H. Smith, at Penong; Rev.L. T. Lambert, at Wilcannia; Rev. L, Dun-stan, at Denmark; Rev. S. Viney, at Cann River.

MONDAY—Pray for :

B.C.A. Hospital work in the Far West country, where patients must be re­ceived in spite of their inability to make any return for service. Pray that God \s good cheer may be with Sisters Dowling and Hitchcock at Ceduna, Sister Sow-ter at Penong, Sisters Grainger and Begbie at Cann River. TUESDAY—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. Re­member by name Mrs. Mann and Sister Winifred at Wilcannia and Matron Cheers at Mungindi.

WEDNESDAY—Pray for :

Sisters Caroline Ross and Harris on Mis­sion Van in their itineration 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 zeal, and be­come '' able ministers of the New Cov­enant." Also remember the Council, Committees, Women's Auxiliary, and workers on the Home Base Staff.

FRIDAY—Pray for :

The Organising 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 dent.

AT ALL TIMES—Forget not to give thanks: for kindly givers who have helped us with their self-denials. For friends, known and unknown, who have rallied at our call to keep our min­istries going.

For cheering reports from fields that God's Word is still with power. For offers of service for the filling of pending vacancies in our work.

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