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"Australia for Christ"

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

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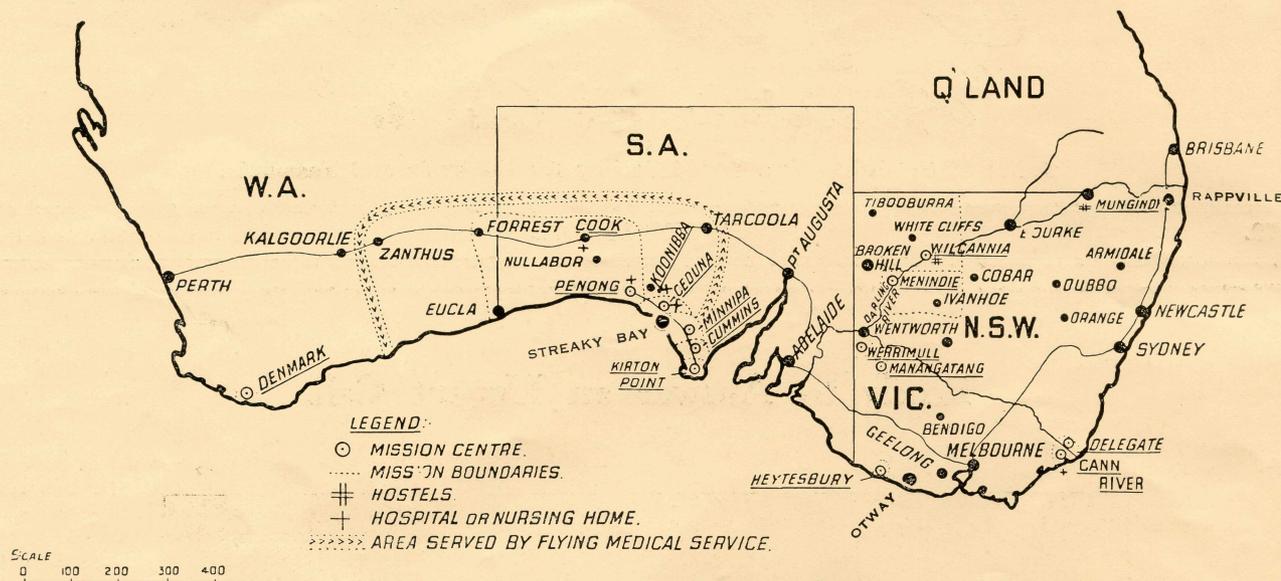
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THE O.M's. LETTER.

"There'll always be an England."

Yes, that's true; they may smash her buildings, ruin her churches, cripple her industries and kill many of her people, but "There will always be an England," because England is not made of buildings, industries or even churches—England is the spirit of free men. The spirit that stands in the world for right, justice, freedom and God.

That does not mean she it at all times righteous or that she is the one nation in the world without sin and evil—there are plenty of both in England. But it does mean that deep down in the roots of her being, in the inmost heart of her people, there is righteousness, justice, freedom, **and God**, and when it seems that these are in real danger of being removed from the world, her people will die to maintain them.

Australia—yes, and what about we in Australia? We are of the same stock. There is plenty of sin and evil amongst us, justice is often mocked in our midst and righteous living oftentimes gives place to expediency. Nevertheless, deep down in the hearts of most of our people is the love of justice, freedom, liberty **and God**, and when these seem to be in danger of being removed from the world we too will fight and if necessary die to maintain them.

It is a splendid thing that men and women will fight and die for their ideals, especially when they are Christian ideals of love, freedom, justice and God Himself. At such times we are reminded that the world is not quite the evil place some would have us think.

But why should it ever be necessary for men to die to maintain the sweetest and best in life? Maybe because we have not lived for them. When the fight is over, when the wounds are healed, and the dead all but forgotten—what shall we do? Will God and His "way of life" again be relegated to the bottom of our life, preserved as a beautiful ideal to be fought for when again it is threatened with extinction? God forbid! Let us live for freedom, justice, liberty **and God**, not in the future, only, but now.

In the world to-day, here in this Australia, the Church of God struggles to keep going. It seeks to spread throughout our land and other lands the "Way of Life." The Church not only does this by ministers, missions and missionaries who by word of mouth and earnestness of heart, seek to reveal to men and women how best to live by God's grace, but the Church is intensely practical also. You will find highly-developed organisations, built up and maintained by the Christian Church which enter into every part of human life and seek to make it better, sweeter and more God-like.

The Bush Church Aid is one of those many organisations which seeks by its various ministries to spread the "Way of Life" amongst our people.

The B.C.A. first seeks to influence men and women by preaching the message of righteous living as revealed by God Himself in His Word. Because we feel that men and women are oftentimes neglected in lonely and far-scattered places, we have, by God's grace, built up an organisation which caters solely for them and their needs. Young men standing on the threshold of their ministry as ministers in the Church of England are induced to give the early years of their ministerial life with all its keenness and zeal to the people of Australia who live in lonely places.

As a result, we find that in many places of our land in N.S.W., Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, keen young men are to be found earnestly ministering in immense areas to people who otherwise might be forgotten. The B.C.A. also realises that

the young children of our land, for whom we are now fighting to maintain Christian living, must needs grow up and live for this same thing. How shall they live unless they know the Way? They must be taught its principles, their early steps must be guided along its path, they must be introduced to the power which enables men to "run and not be weary, to walk and not faint." These children live in the bush and the great plains of our land. Many of their homes are to be found in isolated and remote places, and in consequence a special organisation has to be created to deal with their problems and the necessary finance must be arranged to cover the great cost of ministering to folk scattered over three million square miles of country. The B.C.A. has built up such an organisation known as the B.C.A. Mail-Bag Sunday School. Its lessons are sent for every week to six thousand kiddies in our great continent. Seventy volunteers attend to the huge amount of work involved in the service.

As I have already said, the Church is intensely practical in her outlook and methods; she realises that life cannot be split up into the spiritual and material, but that each must blend with the other. As a result, she is interested and ready to help in the problem of daily living realising that if God can permeate and guide **all** our life then life will be a better thing.

The B.C.A., therefore, is anxious that as many as possible of our children of the outback places shall have the opportunity of attending the schools of the State. In consequence, the Society has established and maintains hostels for these children at Mungindi, Wilcannia and Wentworth Falls. In these homes the kiddies live and learn from Christian workers something of the "Way of Life" in the home.

True living also demands that the body shall be cared for and that pain and suffering shall be reduced to a minimum. Medicine, surgery, and child welfare are sciences given to us to develop and use that man might live in peace and happiness. In the hands of the Christian Church they can and ought to be powerful influences to guide men along the road of God's way of life.

The Bush Church Aid has in this field also built up an organisation of splendid efficiency. Women with the highest qualifications in nursing and child welfare give splendid service in excellently equipped hospitals and nursing homes in the more difficult places in our land. Doctors to whom medicine represents a channel of service to human souls, give the best that modern teaching can make available. An air-pilot to whom flying an ambulance medical plane is a means of expressing the gospel of the "Way of Life," gives all his knowledge and ability to save and help men and women in the out-back.

So the Church goes on day by day, year by year, struggling to maintain its ministries. Comparatively small bands of people in this and similar organisations seek to live day by day in order that freedom, liberty, justice, righteousness and God Himself shall be preserved for ever in our lives as a nation, and guide us day by day in our living as individuals.

Many others who cannot go to remote places keep the flame alive in their homes and suburbs, and at the same time find the necessary finance to do the work in the more far-flung places.

Let us then, with this England which we love, fight with all our being for God, Righteousness and Peace—but let us, above all things, so live that this "Way of Life" may spread to the uttermost parts of the earth.

FROM THE MISSIONS.

KIRTON POINT.

Rev. R. T. Hallahan.

There are four centres at which service is held in the parochial district of Kirton Point. One (St. Nicolas') is the Missions to Seamen Hall at Kirton Point, where the willing and able assistance of three honorary lay-readers makes it possible for morning and evening prayer to be said each Sunday. The other three centres are at places along the West Road, the nearest being St. Matthew's Church, Lake Wangarry, thirty miles distant; then comes Coultas Hall, ten miles on; next is Mount Hope Hall, a further twenty-two miles. Service at each of these places is taken by the B.C.A. priest-in-charge on the second and fourth Sundays in each month.

As a general rule this should be adhered to. On special occasions such as the three great festivals and, as recently, the day of the King's Call to Prayer, the effort is made to give both town and country a celebration of Holy Communion or a service at which the ordained minister presides.

The programme this year on the National Day of Prayer worked out: 8 a.m., Holy Communion, Kirton Point; 11.15 a.m., family worship, Kirton Point (this is a monthly observance when children, instead of coming to Sunday School at 10 a.m., bring their parents with them to Morning Prayer); 3 p.m., Evening Prayer and Sermon at Lake Wangarry; 7 p.m., Evening Prayer, Kirton Point.

Being the first Sunday in the month, there would normally have been no "country" services, and the experiment of holding a combined service for all country centres at Lake Wangarry was amply justified. Fifty people were present, some of whom had come forty miles from homes the other side of Mount Hope, and in these days of petrol rationing that meant something.

The area where cars park at St. Matthias' cannot be seen from the road because of a hill, and it was with some trepidation that I approached the curve at its base a few minutes before the hour appointed for service. Would there be a worthwhile response to the experiment? Had I asked too much of the folk? Judge my feelings of elation and pride in them when the fourteen vehicles came into view. Varied were the makes and ages of cars and trucks, and varied were the personalities of their occupants. The faithful regular worshippers were there—some who had been present at the consecration of the church forty-one years ago; mothers and fathers whose sons were at the war. Again there were those who stirred from their usual lethargic attitude towards the things of God, had come to His house of prayer. Though many of them had used substitute fuel in place of the usual motor spirit in their trucks and cars, they realised—or at least we trust they realised—that there were no substitutes for the Spirit of God in the life of prayer. We could only pray aright when our relationship with God was right. When in response to our faith in Jesus Christ, His Son, He sent forth His Spirit into our hearts whereby we cry Abba! (Father). This thought was given them in the sermon based on the text in 2 Samuel 19: "Because the King is near of kin to us." Not so much racial as spiritual kinship was the secret of our response to His Majesty's call to prayer.

As varied as the models of trucks and cars, as varied as the ages of the worshippers may be, there was provision in the infinite wisdom and love of God our Father to supply every need of each one of His children who called upon Him in the day of trouble. The need of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, hope for the future and courage for the present, the need of more God-honouring farmers and graziers as well as politicians and leaders of commerce and industry, these God would supply in answer to our believing prayer.

After the service the question arose, "What is to be done with the offertory?" It did not really belong to the Lake Wangarry funds for there were so many whose contributions would

have gone normally to their own church funds at Coultas and Mount Hope. The suggestion from the B.C.A. minister that it would make a valuable addition to the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund met with instant acquiescence from the wardens and whole-hearted approval of the congregation, and the journey back to Kirton Point was lightened by the reflection on the gratifying response made by these loyal people of the land to their King's call to prayer.

CANN RIVER.

Sister Gwynne.

Some time ago a friend, in writing to me, asked for an outline of, say, "one day's work" in the life of a Bush Nurse. What a question!—and how to answer it is rather a problem, for, practically speaking, no two days are alike. However, we shall make an attempt; but then which day shall be taken? Shall it be Sunday, Monday, or just Saturday, which is generally cleaning-up day both for the cottage and the church—that is if not called away, in which case we get someone else to do the church. But occasionally, even at one's "at home" day on Saturday, someone (or maybe more than one) will call with some trouble to be attended to. Or maybe some local patient requiring treatment.

There are always the multitudinous duties of housekeeping, for a Bush Nurse is her own housekeeper, general, cook, bottle-washer, etc., etc. Oh, yes! **bottle-washer** in the truest sense of the word, for oftentimes there are bottles of simple mixtures, tonics, lotions, etc., to be given. As the motto of a Bush Nurse is "Always Ready" (no matter how busy), one has to be "on the job" all the time. Being one's own laundress (no Jap. laundries handy) it means much washing and ironing has to be done, as one endeavours to live up to the noblest ideals of the profession—and look "spic and span" in a clean, white uniform. Very often these jobs have to be fitted in where and when they will, sometimes even at night. Yes, there is gardening, too—for we must keep the place looking as though someone lived here and cared for the place. Then, too, we do try to grow flowers to decorate "God's House." To me, this being a B.C.A. centre, the cottage is regarded just as much "God's House" as the church is; so we endeavour to make it so in every way.

Another day a friendly soul may call in on the way to Orbost and suggest that the nurse might like a half-day's outing—a little run in the car and some fresh air (even though it is raining on that particular day); also knowing that she delights (?) at looking at all the pretty things in the shop windows—which she cannot buy. One or two patients to see—yes, but not urgent, so we can see them on returning. Being a wet day enhances the pleasure of the outing. "Always ready" means that on such occasions one is not given half-an-hour in which to "dress up." A Bush Nurse travels in uniform, so is always more or less "always ready."

But now, let us go for a real trip, and a "day's work." There has been an epidemic of measles (not just recently), and as the majority of cases are eleven or twelve or more miles away, one felt it advisable to stay in that vicinity. Well, are you ready? Rise at 6 a.m. Being away from home, and treated right royally, one gets a cup of tea in bed (luxury indeed!). Then at least one hour spent in Bible-reading and prayer, more than an hour if possible. 'Tis well spent. Then breakfast and help wash-up. The telephone rings. A young man broke his arm cranking a car. Very well, I shall be there as soon as possible. A hasty re-arrangement of the programme and we set off, eleven miles to Cann River, to find that the anxious father had already started off to take the lad to the doctor, 56 miles away. However, we visit four other patients locally—measles and various other troubles, and then start the return journey. After being treated right royally to lunch

at bachelors' headquarters, we continue the round of visiting the sick. Next case, a bachelor living alone, in bed with measles—at least he should have been in bed, but this particular day he was wandering round. Next case, a mother in bed with measles, two babies to look after. Next, six members of one household down with measles, including the mother; so we are a little longer here. Next home, husband and wife down with measles; a kind friend came to take charge and tend to their wants and to the four children. Whilst here, sponging the mother, another car called. "Sister here?" "Yes." "A man has cut his foot, is at Cann River and wants the Sister." So off we go eleven miles back to Cann River. The man has a nasty cut on his foot, between the big toe and the next one, one inch deep. We can only bandage up his foot and treat for shock; he has lost a lot of blood. Being too collapsed to travel by truck—the only means of transport—we advise that he wait till next morning. Thus we get the man to bed and give an injection, and ensure warmth, etc., and arrange to see him in the morning prior to continuing the journey to Bairnsdale, to the doctor and his home. By this time the day is well advanced, and we arrive back home in the vicinity of 8 p.m. for tea. Then there are reports to write, and, being the beginning of another month, there is book-keeping to be done and accounts to get out. But I think you have had enough for one day, so we will retire to bed reasonably early, for to-morrow we must be astir early—it is a busy day.

Another day? Very well—an entire change. Up early? Oh, yes!—6 a.m., if not earlier. First of all, just the various duties about the house, then after breakfast collect the mail, etc., etc., and any shopping; and then we go to see a local patient who has ear trouble—an abscess in the ear and requiring treatment twice a day. (For a week or more we attended her three times a day.) On the way, after making one or two necessary calls, one is arrested by the words, "What happened?" On looking round one comes face to face with a young man whose face is covered with blood. He had been thrown from a horse. Sister being right on the spot, he is taken in and treated—face bathed with dettol, etc. Severe gravel-rash on forehead, nose and chin. Having treated him, and advising further treatment, we continue our journey, and tend to the other patient. Back home—but I think after dinner, for we had dinner out that day. During the afternoon one makes the best of the opportunity to get a few odd jobs done: ironing, mending, gardening, or preparing dressings, etc., etc., as the case may be. In the midst a patient comes in; got a cut on the instep of one foot with a pick. Treatment given and advise what to do further. After tea we again visit and treat the patient with ear trouble. There not being a meeting of any kind on this particular night we attend to the books. 'Tis going on for 11 p.m. and one is seriously considering retiring, when lo! a car pulls up at the gate. "So-and-so's baby is very ill and they want you to see it." So, picking up a bag which one endeavours to keep "always ready" for emergencies, off we set. It is quickly seen that this is a case for the doctor, and we so advise. Very well. After getting grandma to come and stay with the other children, mother and baby (seven months old) and nurse and driver start off for Orbost soon after midnight, arriving at the doctor's shortly before 2 a.m. We rouse the doctor, and, after looking at the baby, advises us to take him straight to the hospital. He will follow. Just then the doctor's 'phone rings. Wanted urgently at the hospital. We arrived at the hospital to learn that a girlie of thirteen years, whom we had taken in only the previous Saturday, had just breathed her last. What a night! After getting the babe fixed up, and hearing doctor's report, the staff being very busy, doctor introduces the bush nurse to the kitchen to get a cup of tea for self and two others. After having "morning tea," we start the return journey home, only 56 miles, arriving somewhere round about 6 a.m. A **day's work** did you say? Well, I hope you are not too tired.

Did I hear you say, "Who'd be a doctor"? "Who'd be a bush nurse?" Called out at all hours. Ah! but it is abundantly worthwhile. Following in the footsteps of the Master, Who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. 6 a.m., yes. And now

we start another day, for there are relations to be told the sad news; so after a quiet hour, a wash and a brush-up and breakfast, we start off again. But lo and behold! here I must stop, for the hour is fast getting round to midnight. Good-night!

DENMARK NOTES.

During the last year much of the work already done has been consolidated. Attendances at the services have been well maintained in spite of the loss of many men and their families through enlistment in the fighting forces and removal of their families to Albany and Perth. We have been able to purchase a new organ for St. Leonard's Church here in Denmark, as well as curtains for the sanctuary. Various gifts have been made liberally by loving hands to adorn the church. A new hymn-board and new hymn and prayer book shelves by Mr. S. Wrighton, and a new organ stool by Mr. Whittakers. The envelope system has been well taken up and various outside centres have guaranteed small annual amounts. This is important as it marks a beginning in local responsibility with sub-centres.

We have been offered St. Oswald's Church at North Albany for removal to Torbay. We are very hopeful of being able to take advantage of this offer. The mission house at Group 116 has been moved and added to in the Walpole township. This is 45 miles from Denmark and will be the beginning of a new parish. At present it needs an occupant, either a nurse or catechist, but this does not seem possible till after the war. In order to eke out the petrol allowed, a small car has had to be obtained. The "Bluebird," now in its twelfth year, which appeared on the cover of an issue of this paper, will do the long trips and the "Ladybird" the shorter ones around the centre. A convention is to be held by the Bishop of Bunbury and other speakers here in Denmark from the 8th to 12th October. We are praying for and expecting much blessing from this venture of faith.

Mr. B. P. Wrightson, from this parish, is doing a noble work with the Church Army at their hut in Darwin, N.T. Several other missionaries have gone from this district with other churches. We hope that some of our promising confirmees will be volunteering later on if more training facilities are available.

CEDUNA.

Sister Dowling.

If the O.M. finds it a good tonic to come out here amongst the work which is being carried on, so we also find it the same to go from here to the different States and contact the folk who are doing so much towards supporting and working for the extension of the work in the different parts of Australia.

We have had the pleasure of welcoming in to our midst Sister Firman, of Melbourne. Sister is going to take charge of Penong Hospital. Sister Branford comes to us from Adelaide; we are glad to have another representative of the Adelaide N.C.M. on our staff. Sister C. Ross, of Melbourne, is relieving at Koonibba while Sister Hitchcock is on leave. We commend each one of these newcomers to your prayers, that God will graciously bless them in their work for Him.

Sister Goodwin, who has been in charge of Penong for the last three years, is leaving this week. Sister has been much appreciated by the folk at Penong, and all will be sorry to lose her. We wish her God-speed and much blessing for the future.

With her goes our little friend, Sydney James Cook, who is going to make his new home with our friends, the Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Constable, at Adelaide.

All will be pleased to hear that at last Dr. Freda has been able to get away for a holiday. It has been a heavy job for her to do on her own, and we pray that she may have a time of refreshment and blessing.

We welcome to our midst Dr. Rodriguez, who is doing the locum for Dr. Freda. She comes to us from Malay, and certainly

is finding things a bit different in this part of the world. The welcome consisted of two dust-storms in a week and a two-hundred-mile trip the second day with a gale blowing, so the trip had to be made by car instead of the plane. The first fifty miles was all right, but after that we struck the road which had been ploughed up by the military authorities and it was dirty going for many miles. The car had just returned from being rebored, so in the heat it developed a great thirst, which meant Mr. Chadwick getting out every now and then when the radiator boiled and serving cool drinks. We finally reached our destination hot and dusty. We were not a little surprised to be greeted by the patient herself, up and dressed. Thinking of the afternoon's consultations back at Penong, and already running two-and-a-half hours late, there was the temptation to feel a bit impatient at this moment. However, on examination of the patient it was evident that she should have been in bed—an old soul of 83 with a failing heart. "You must go straight to bed and stop there," says doctor. With a twinkle in her eye the patient replies, "I'll try to!" Looking at this old soul, one who belongs to the Lord, one tried to picture the past years of toil and hardship on that farm where they have lived for many long years. The isolation of the place and the struggle to keep going and make ends meet, and at the age of 83 with a failing heart, she says, probably with little intention of exciting much effort in the trying, "I'll try to stay in bed." When we were leaving, the daughter came out and said, "We feel dreadful dragging you all this way upon such a terrible day; but you don't know how relieved we are to see you and have mother examined." Yes, there is that side of it, too.

Will you, reader, please remember to pray for our need of someone to do the cooking; not someone just looking for a job, but one who will be willing to do it for Him and His work.

Boxes arrived from Sydney recently, and we send our thanks to those who were responsible for the contents, and also to those who did the packing. We are all very grateful to the one who has given us such a beautiful sewing machine. It will be much appreciated in the work.

Sister Bossley.

As we look around us during these difficult days we see those about us drifting heedlessly on in the pleasures and temptations of this world; giving no (or little) thought to the things of God. Somehow the evil one seems to be doing his work well, sowing the seed of indifference in the hearts of the people of this land. This is true of most parts, and it is certainly true of conditions out here. We only need to go into our Churches and Sunday Schools to see how very few have that desire to meet together on the Lord's Day to praise and worship Him, to draw near to Him in prayer and fellowship, and to learn of Him from His Word.

On the other hand, the dance halls, picture shows, and card parties, etc., are crowded out, and all manner of sports are carried on on the Lord's Day, and the beaches and other places of pleasure and amusement are crowded. The forces of evil are continually at work to draw people away from God, and to prevent others turning from the things of this world unto God.

We know this has been the case all down the ages, but have the forces of evil ever been more strong than they are to-day? Has there been that desecration of the Lord's Day, that absolute indifference and apathy to God and His claims, and among our so-called Christians that lack of life and zeal that is needed to build up a healthy and progressive spiritual Church?

When we consider these things and realise just how great the need is and how little the response to the Word of God as it is now, we are inclined to become disheartened. But should we be so? Is not that one way in which the devil hinders our work and witness for the Lord?

Our Lord was saddened, and even wept over Jerusalem when the people of that city and nation would not turn to Him. But did He relinquish His pleadings? He continued pleading with them even at the cost of His life. What are we doing? What is it costing us? We each need to ask ourselves this question as

we look upon those unsaved ones round about us to-day. The need for the preaching of the Gospel of Salvation is so great and urgent, we cannot leave it for our ministers and missionaries to do alone, or even for those who have had training as Bible students, or hold official positions in our Church-life; but we each have a duty and a privilege as a humble follower of Christ, to seek to make His saving grace known to those with whom we come into contact day by day. We will meet with disinterest and rebuff, and even opposition, but Christ has promised to make us fishers of men if we follow Him. May we be ready to do as He bids when He says, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." Like Peter, perhaps, we may have to answer: "Master, we have toiled all the night and taken nothing," but may we know that it is His will and His time for us, and may we not hesitate, but may we again, like Peter, say: "Nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net." We know what followed (Luke 5:4-6). It will be the same with us if we obey the Lord Jesus, and are at one with Him, and in accordance with His will.

We all have a tremendous task ahead of us, and we realise our own weaknesses and failures; but, praise God! it is when we are weak in our own eyes that He can make us strong, and use us to His glory. His power is sufficient! May we each one see and use the opportunities God gives us to speak for Him.

Here in Ceduna there seems a spiritual deadness which is hard to penetrate. People are not awake to their need of salvation, and we are very indifferent to the Word of God; and many professed believers are "luke-warm," making work amongst and with them very hard. But we know that with God all things are possible. His Holy Spirit can work in their hearts, and break down those barriers of indifference and self-righteousness. We do count on your prayers for our work amongst these people. We are not able to make contact with very many people other than those who are patients in our hospital from time to time, but may we be found faithful in proclaiming the Word of Life to them; and may the Holy Spirit use each word to His glory.

We would also ask your prayers for the Sunday School children. Just recently three or four of the bigger children have left, although at the age of twelve or thirteen years only. They think they are too old to come to Sunday School now, and their home life is not helpful to them. Their parents keep them away from Sunday School to go out pleasuring. May something they have learned of the Lord Jesus and His love remain in their thoughts and hearts, and may they be drawn unto Him. Some of the younger kiddies are very keenly interested. We have recently been given some Bibles to give to the Sunday School and Bible Class children. Do pray that they may read them, and that they may come to a living knowledge of the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and Friend.

At present there is a little boy of ten years in hospital, who has never been to Sunday School. We are teaching Him to sing choruses, and telling him the "old, old story of Jesus and His love."

We would ask you to remember those who have come to a knowledge of the Lord during these past few years. Some seem to be slipping back to the things of the world, and we find it difficult to reach them now. Others live out-back and have no help and fellowship, and now that the petrol rationing is so severe they are not able to attend church very often, and in any case most places do not have more than one service a month, which is little enough if the people are able to go each time. We try to encourage them to read their Bible, and to quite a few we send the "Daily Notes" on the Scripture reading for each day. But apart from that, we are unable to do anything but pray, and we ask you to be partners with us in this, probably the greatest and most important part of our work. May there be more souls won to His glory, and may each one go on to know Him more fully in all His love and power.

Sister L. Loane.

From time to time we have heard and read of all the work that B.C.A. is doing. Work amongst the children in the hostels, work in the hospitals, and work of missioners over vast areas. We have seen how the message of life has been carried into most dis-

tant quarters and how lonely lives have been cheered and helped. Now and again we have heard of some soul being won for Christ, and of others seeking; and we have heard how much the work of the Society is appreciated by so many of those it serves. Yes, we know all this and no doubt we approve. We are glad; we think it is all worthwhile, and we go on working, praying, giving. Much undoubtedly is being done, but much is not being done. We are rather apt to think that one special sphere of service for Christ is all that is necessary, and, when we see results, to rest on them as trophies won. No doubt they are, but what becomes of them if they go away to a different district, or for some other reason we lose touch with them.

Think now of a young mother who brings a sick baby to hospital and there it dies. The mother is told of Him Who "has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," and she comes to Him and accepts Him as a greater gift than that which has been taken away from her. She goes home, but to what does she go? She has her husband to share her sorrow, but no one who understands her joy or with whom she can have any fellowship. What about her? What are we doing to help her grow in her spiritual life? What can we do? It is very hard for a "babe in Christ" if she has no fellowship and no help from other Christians, and often it proves too hard and that soul just drifts away.

Think again of another mother. She has five young children, she lives on one of the scattered farms, her husband has gone abroad with the A.I.F., and she is left to run the farm and train the children. She asked us how best she could teach them the Bible stories, so we suggested the Sunday School by Post, and now she receives their lessons. That is a help, but is it enough? The work needs following up, but there is no one to do it. The missionary has no time and the hospital staff, if it has time, has no means of conveyance, except bikes, and we can't go very far on these roads in one afternoon.

Then again there is that old man of whom you have read in previous issues of the "Real Australian." He was in hospital again a few weeks ago, and was very miserable. Yes, he believes the message of the Gospel. He knows that Jesus Christ has died to save sinners, and that in Him alone is life and joy and peace. Yes, he knows and believes all this but lacks assurance. How can he be sure it is for him? He reads his Bible, but it is difficult to understand, and parts almost impossible to believe. His difficulties are so many and he has no one to help him. What are we doing about it? What can we do? It is no good just waiting till he comes into hospital again, the work needs following up now—but how?

Not so long ago we had a patient in for a few days. He was a strange sort of man, and we never knew quite how to take him. He seldom said much about the reading, but joined in and enjoyed the singing. It made him think of what he learned when he was young, and he said he would teach the hymns to his children, and he and his wife would sing them with them. He has gone home now. We wonder will he be as good as his word, or will he forget and these children continue without any help or teaching in the things that matter? The seed has been sown, but it will not grow unless it is watered, it never does; but how water it? True, there is a service there in the district once a month, but that is not very much for a man who has known and cared so little for so many years. He and his family need personal and regular help.

It is the same here in the town. We see those who once came out on the Lord's side slipping back, losing interest, and sometimes we wonder have they really been born again? Do we wonder why there is such a deadness; why there is a lack of enthusiasm among the Christians? It is because there is a real lack of fellowship for them and local helps are put off because there is no time and too much else to do. They are little better off than those on the isolated farms. If only there were someone, man or woman, who would be willing to give their life to the Lord's service here and work wholly and solely amongst this type of person, that they might be taught and helped and encouraged in their lives, and that they might go on to live and work for the

Lord instead of slipping back into a state of disinterest. Will you pray for some help in this way and believe that your prayer will be answered, for "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," and He would not have us doubt His word and power. It is His work and He must provide.

INTERRUPTIONS.

Sister Hitchcock.

There is a saying that "occupation is work chosen, but interruptions are work sent." I sometimes wonder if this is quite true. Each individual has his or her share of interruptions, whether in public or private life. The suburban housewife is interrupted all day with either the telephone to answer, or if it is not the butcher at the back door it is a hawk at the front.

Koonibba Mission Station is beset by incessant interruptions; there are well over 200 natives on the mission to just a mere handful of "whites," but natives have not got any heads for arithmetic, so it does not occur to them they may be a trifle much to cope with at times. Each official on the mission can give account of ceaseless knocks at the door at any old hour of the day.

The Pastor and Superintendent have requests varying from a desire for ration tobacco to a request for a loan of money in advance that has not yet been earned. This is, of course, refused; but the requests go on just the same. The two workers in the Children's Home, with over forty children to look after, are beset with demands for butter, dripping, clothing, etc. The mission farmer's wife is also repeatedly answering knocks at the door with requests for anything from milk and butter up to hessian bags, soldering outfit, etc. The schoolteacher and his wife (who also voluntarily attend to the mission store) are persistently pestered to go over to the shop for sugar, flour, tea, anything at all at any old time of the day, regardless of the fact that the store is open at least three nights a week and a couple of hours on certain afternoons. (However, a firm stand has had to be taken in this direction, and unless extremely urgent, they must wait till store-night.)

"Mummy wants some medicine, 'cos baby's swallowed a button." "A bottle did cut me, and my foot's bleeding." "A nail did poke me." "Lena wants some newspapers to put on the mantel-piece," or "My daddy would like some papers to set his traps with." "I put some cardboard in my ear and I can't get it out." "I have got sore eyes." These are just a very few of the varied interruptions we get at the hospital. Asleep one night, awoken with a start to see a woman's face at the window. "My baby has a pain, can I give her some castor-oil?" Another night a man's face made me nearly jump out of bed. "Florence is bad and wants you." So it is a case of get dressed and go over, only to rouse the whole mission station by the loud barking of dogs.

At times the interruptions are so exasperating—not so much from one's own point of view as from the fact that they do not give one a chance to attend to, say, three or four in-patients who may need a lot of attention—that one goes to the door prepared to roar, and is presented with a kangaroo-tail "for soup for the patients," or with the remark, "I brought you some flowers," and a small boy with a grin presents one with some of the beautiful flowers called the "desert rose," or it may be mushrooms, or occasionally a rabbit, or perhaps wild peaches.

Despite their exasperating ways, the natives are a likeable lot, and although one may growl and think they will take a bit of notice, unfortunately they seem to have too good an intuition and know that "the bark is worse than the bite."

One of the most common ailments of the natives is ear-ache, or "a grass-seed or a spider went in my ear." This remark used to fill me with disgust, for although we have a head-mirror and spotlight, it took much time before I could focuss the light in the ear, and when this was done the child would move and the light would dodge over the other side of the theatre. Not long ago I received a letter from the Sydney Women's Auxiliary stating that they would like to give the hospital something it needed. I immediately thought of a decent instrument for examining ears and

SPECIAL PRAYERS FOR YOUR USE.

For Church Life in Country Districts.

○ LORD, Who art present when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name, bless, we beseech Thee, the little far-scattered groups of brethren who in our wide land meet together to worship Thee. Give them a perpetual freshness of spirit, and the power to inspire in each other holiness, helpfulness, and understanding of Thy help. Refresh with the joy of enthusiasm those who endure weary journeys to Thy trysting place. Grant that these little companies of Thy servants may be united in the spirit of Christian charity, awaiting in love the time when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. Grant that the common life of all communities may be purified by this spirit of charity from all meanness, falsehood, malice and idle gossip, and grant that they who share a common lot may draw strength from each other's virtues, and in their weakness help one another, through our one Lord, Jesus Christ.

For Country Doctors and Bush Nurses.

○ GOD, Who didst choose a beloved physician to set forth the life of Him Who went about doing good, grant that Thy strong tenderness and compassion may be manifest in the work of country doctors and bush nurses. Make them at all times alert to be faithful, as those whom Thou hast burdened and inspired with the honour of their calling. In lonely emergencies strengthen them with confidence that, having done all they can, they may with good conscience leave the issue to Thy power working within Thy law. Make them resourceful and of sound judgment, and hearten their labours with the energy of compassion and the firmness of duty that conquers weariness. Through Him Whose power is called forth by suffering, Jesus Christ our Lord.

For Drovers, Shearers, Stockmen, Dairy Workers, and all whose work is the care of animals.

○ GOD, Who called Thy Son Jesus to be the Good Shepherd, grant to all who are charged with the care of animals the spirit of understanding, care and compassion, and reverence for life. Preserve them from the unfeeling selfishness of "the hireling who fleeth because he is an hireling," and grant that they may do their work in the spirit of honourable responsibility, as those who will account to Thee for their stewardship of Thy creatures. Thou Who hast ordained that all living things shall minister to each other, grant that we may receive the service of Thy humbler creation with the skill of sympathy and conscience. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Prayer in Times of Bush Fires.

○ GOD, Who was with Thy servants, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, in the midst of the burning fiery furnace: Be with our brethren in the bush from year to year, in the perils and hardships of bush fires. Endue them with physical strength in the heat and stress of fire-fighting. Give consolation and courage to those who suffer loss, especially the women and children who loyally support and minister to them. Be with them in the re-building of farm and home, cleanse their hearts with the fire of Thy gracious Spirit; and help them to realise that all things work together for good to them that love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

A Prayer for Use with Our Prayer List.

O Lord God of our nation, Who has commanded men to subdue and replenish the earth : Look in Thy love upon all those who in the distant parts of our land are striving against many difficulties, and are deprived the access of the means of grace. Strengthen and guide the Bush Church Aid Society and its Clergy, Nurses, Doctors and Air Pilot, and Students. Cheer and comfort them in discouragements and loneliness, and bless their ministrations to the good of those they serve, and grant that the message of redeeming love may thus be rooted and grounded in our national life, to the glory of Thy Great Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SUNDAY.

MORNING.

The Far West Missions at Penong, Ceduna, Minnipa and Cummins ; the Missioners, N. Chambers, T. R. Fleming and L. Morris.

EVENING.

The West Darling Missions at Wilcannia and Menindie ; the N.W. Mallee ; and the Missioners, G. B. Calderwood and E. J. Dorrell.

MONDAY.

MORNING.

The Cann River Mission, the Bonang Mission, Rev. W. A. McLeod, the Streaky Bay Mission and the Rev. D. Livingstone.

EVENING.

The Denmark Settlement, the Kirton Point Missions and the Missioners, the Revs. B. Lousada and R. T. Hallahan.

TUESDAY.

MORNING.

For Sisters Dowling, Bossley, Page, Eglitzky, Loane and Branford at Ceduna ; Sister Firmin and Miss Millar at Penong.

EVENING.

For the Cann River Dispensary and Koonibba Mission Hospital ; and Sisters I. Gwynne and C. Ross.

WEDNESDAY.

MORNING.

For the children in the Mungindi and Wilcannia Hostels, and for the workers, Miss Cheers, and Misses Gurrier Jones.

EVENING.

For the Flying Medical Service, Mr. Chadwick, and Doctors R. and F. Gibson.
For the wives and families of the Missioners and Air Pilot.

THURSDAY.

MORNING.

For the Mail-Bag Sunday School with its Gospel message for the children. For the teachers and helpers, that they may find encouragement in their work.

EVENING.

For the Organising Missioner, that he may be strengthened and guided in all his endeavours for the good of the work and in his relationships with his fellow-workers.

FRIDAY.

MORNING.

For the Bishop Kirkby Memorial Hospital and Sister Pritchard and Miss D. Dykes as they minister to the people on the great Nullarbor Plain. For Sister Symons and the Tarcoola Medical Hostel.

EVENING.

For students and all in training for this work of God. For Rev. W. Duffy and the Heytesbury Forest Mission. For Rev. T. H. Pickburn and the Otway Ranges Mission.

SATURDAY.

MORNING.

For the President and Council of the Society, that they may be guided by His wisdom.
For the Home Base Staffs, Auxiliaries, and parochial workers.

EVENING.

For the "Coorah" Hostel and its workers, Miss E. Hawkins.
For the Rappville Mission and the Missioner, the Rev. K. Luders.

Each day pray that the many needs of the work may be met. Running expenses of 40/- per hour to keep the Medical Plane in the air.

Consecrated clergy missioners for urgent work in the field. That our work may continue to progress despite the difficulties of wartime.

Give Thanks—

For the rich blessing and wonderful growth of the Society's work.
For all the kindly givers who have helped with their self-denials.
For the Flying Medical Service.
For new workers in Hospitals and Missions.
For the joy of service.

said "auroscope, please." Without any delay, back came the auroscope by the next mail, and so our work is made very much easier, and in future, when a foreign body gets into someone's ear it will be a pleasure to be able to at least see the object clearly. We are at times apt to become disheartened in work of this kind, and it is thoughtfulness of others in providing for our work in this way that encourages us to go on. We also value the prayers of our friends in the city who uphold us in prayer. Pray for us that we may have more patience to be able to look on each interruption, if not always as actually "sent" by the Lord, as an opportunity of witnessing that we are His servants.

A BIKE HIKE.

Miss Dykes.

Although we do live on the Nullarbor Plain, we managed to spend Eight-Hour Day in the approved style. The morning proved to be fine, with just a slight southerly breeze. It is no use making arrangements beforehand in this place as the weather changes so much, and if it is blowing at all hard early in the morning it is almost sure to be a gale before the day is very old. So, having decided that the day looked as though it would behave, we hastened to get the place straight and hoped no one would become sick, finally managing to get away at 10.30 a.m. Four young girls who have bikes came with us, so we were a party of six. There are four roads out of Cook—north, south, east and west; as we had heard reports of flowers at the "Donga" in the north, we decided to go in search of same.

We managed the journey without mishap and in quite good time. The run proved a bit warm, and we were all starting to look a bit red. The first trees we met were eight miles out, and after exploring around a bit we went on a further three miles to our destination, the "Donga." These are really like oases in a desert, just slight depressions where there are a few stumpy trees, plenty of spear-grass and an abundance of flowers—quite a variety, too—and the whole is very pleasing and a bit of a change to the flat, almost barren, plain around Cook.

We boiled the billy and cooked our chops and were just ready to partake when we were joined by a car-load of picnickers from Cook; they were en route further north, in search of big game—rabbits are abundant, and sometimes one may be fortunate enough to bag a wild turkey, which is considered a great prize here. They stayed and had lunch with us, four adults and two children, so we were a very happy party. After lunch they departed, and we went in search of our favourite flowers of the Nullarbor, the Sturt pea. They are a gorgeous, bright-red colour with black centres, and grow trailing on the ground. Our search was rewarded and we soon had a lovely lot collected. We also saw many varieties of birds, bright yellows and reds, and found several nests. We spent an hour under and in a lovely tree, which was rather a thrill for us all, as the only trees we see in Cook are the ten peppercorns growing along the line by the station. Leaving our flowers and some luggage to be picked up by the car party, we started on the home-ward trail. The day was just gorgeous, and the wind had very obligingly stayed down, so we had an excellent ride home, which we managed once more without mishap, and, as one of the girls said, it had been a lovely day, and although we did twenty-three miles, the worst complication was the sunburn; we all looked a bit like lobsters, but enjoyed ourselves immensely.

THE FLYING MEDICAL SERVICE.

Pilot Chadwick.

Well, to continue from last issue, we arrived home from Penong at mid-day, after driving through a good deal of fine, drizzling rain during the early morning. It had been arranged for me to fly our major operation case, now fully convalescent, back to Cook Hospital that morning, from where she would be discharged in due course; but our early morning car journey intervened.

However, as the weather had settled down again, I decided to make the trip straight after lunch. So telephone calls were put through and telegrams despatched, and after picking up the patient at Penong, we continued on to Cook against a strong head-wind. Flying at a low altitude under these conditions is far less comfortable than flying high; but still we arrived safely at Cook, and therefore have much to be thankful for.

Coming home next day with some of the B.C.A. family who had had an enforced stay at Cook during the meningitis scare, we called in on our Colona Station friends for fuel and morning tea, and arrived home ten minutes ahead of a heavy dust-storm.

A few days later, towards the end of April, an urgent call came from the now familiar station of Miller's Creek, 240 miles north-east of here. This time, from the symptoms given to the doctor over the radio and telephone, it looked as though we had an infectious case to deal with; and, on arrival there, sure enough it was—an outbreak of diphtheria with one definite and two possible cases. The need was that a trained nurse be in the house to care for the case before doctor could leave. So, as the nursing hostel at Tarcoola had recently been brought within the B.C.A. administration, doctor rang the sister there and asked her to come up to Kingoonya that night, and be ready to fly back to Miller's Creek with me in the morning.

I had a very busy day to look forward to, so retired early; and, being called at daylight by the station manager, together we set about refuelling VH-AAA, and getting breakfast over so that I could make an early start for Kingoonya.

I took off from Miller's Creek at 8.35 a.m., flew down to Kingoonya and picked up Sister Kelly, and was back at Miller's Creek by 10.30 a.m. after covering 180 miles. This quick flight was made possible by the favourable wind that was blowing at the time and the fact that I did not switch the engine off at Kingoonya, but only stayed long enough to pick up my passenger and explain to the people who came out to meet the plane that the trip was an urgent one.

We left Miller's Creek after lunch, and made a call at Mt. Eba. Here, doctor saw a couple of patients, one of whom had sprained his thumb, and it was only the work of a few minutes for doctor to strap that up for him, using the petrol depôt as a consulting room and a 44-gallon drum for a table. The trip home from Mt. Eba was a very smooth one, and, flying at 6000-ft., doctor was obliged to don his leather coat and wrap himself up in a rug, while I was glad to have the collar of my heavy flying-suit buttoned right up.

Cook is always in the news, for the hospital is there, and a township which is growing very rapidly at the present time, for a team of builders is there erecting a new row of houses that will provide Cook with a second street, both unnamed so far—officially that is, although I understand that the residents have their own names for them. The town is half-way between Pt. Augusta and Kalgoorlie, the east-west train always stops there to change engines: there is the post office, store, station, and school. In fact Cook is a busy place for that part of the world, and the Flying Medical Service was to pay a relay of daily visits there at the time of which I am writing.

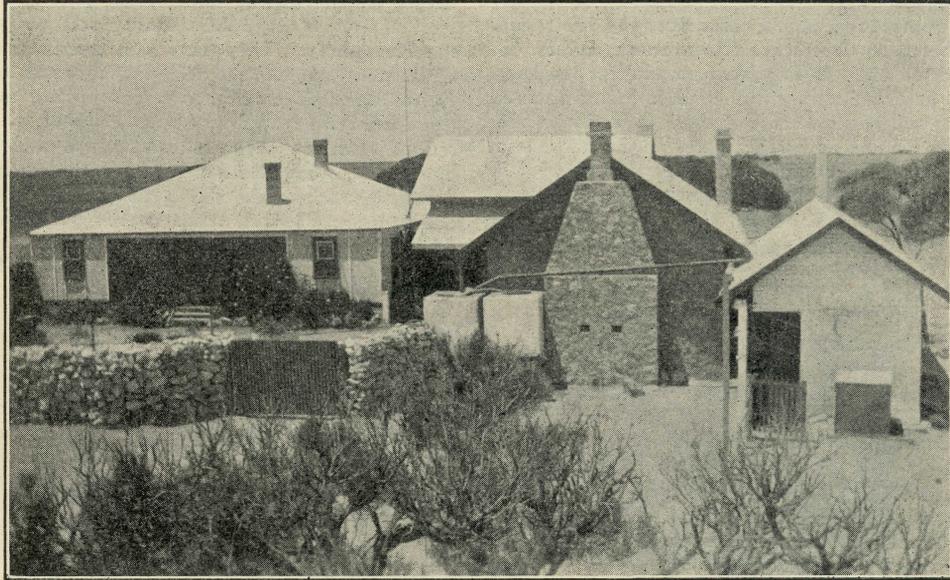
It so happened that when the west-bound express drew into Cook one night Sister Pritchard received a message to say that a passenger was coughing up blood. Did she think he ought to receive treatment in hospital? After making the necessary enquiries, Sister decided that the train was not the place for him, and the hospital was, so he was duly transferred by a team of railway stretcher-bearers.

As he did not respond to any preliminary treatment, doctor was sent for immediately, and, leaving here early in the morning, we flew direct to Cook, taking up with us all the necessary delicate apparatus for giving the patient a blood transfusion. In the meantime Sister had called for blood donors, and when we arrived there several men from the railway workshops were waiting to be tested. A full record of this and the following three days of flying to and from Cook to administer treatment to the patient has been given

by Dr. Freda herself in our last issue of the "R.A." Therefore, I trust you will permit me to skip those details here and ask you to refer to page ten of our July number.

After over three years of work over here on the West Coast, our Flying Medical Service has become fairly widely known. Just how widely we are known we do not fully realise, until an emergency call comes from a place we have never heard of before. We received this reminder early in June last when doctor received a call from a large sheep station thirty-five miles north of the Trans-railway, called Macathie's, a distance of 296 miles from here. By referring to my maps and applying the directions doctor had received over the telephone, I was able to locate the place and then

plan my flight accordingly. When flying out on these long trips there are times when a deviation has to be made to pick up fuel supplies, and also to follow what is more often than not the only landmark that will lead us safely to our destination. This was one of those occasions, and we had to fly first to Kingoonya and follow the railway until we picked up the telephone line leading from Malgooma to Macathie's, where we arrived at sundown. Australia is a big place with wide open spaces, plenty of room to get lost in, and in the outback has a scarcity of prominent landmarks, and experience has shown that on these first flights into the unknown the old adage that "the longest way round is the sweetest way home" still holds good.



COLONA HOMESTEAD, IN THE PENONG MISSION.

POSTS AND RAILS.

The Rev. G. and Mrs. Betty returned from Timboon and have taken up their new work at Kensington, where Mr. Beatty has been appointed locum tenens. On another page is a tribute paid by the Bishop of Ballarat to Mr. Beatty's effective work at Timboon. We shall miss them both and pray that they will be much blessed in their new sphere.

During the past few months three nurses have been added to our staff. Sister Branford comes to us as relieving nurse from Tumby Bay; Sister Firmin, from Melbourne, takes charge at Penong; and Sister C. Ross is doing duty at Koonibba while Sister Hitchcock enjoys her long leave.

Sister Ross is an old B.C.A. worker, known to many for her work on our women's van with Deaconess Harris, now in India. Sister has spent the intervening years doing her nursing training with a view to serving in B.C.A. fields in that capacity. We extend to each a warm welcome and pray for blessing on their work.

Sister G. Hitchcock has completed three years at Koonibba, and is now in Melbourne taking a course in infant welfare, after which she will take three months' holiday before returning to Koonibba. Sister has been with us now for eight years.

All our friends will rejoice to know that at long last a locum has been secured to relieve Dr. Freda Gibson, at Ceduna. We

have been anxious for a long time about the big strain upon the doctor, and we are glad that it has been possible to relieve her and give her a much-needed holiday.

The Rev. W. I. Fleming, our late Victorian Secretary and now an army chaplain in Malaya, has recently undergone an operation. We learn that he is now much improved and on the road to full health. Our friends are asked to remember both Mr. Fleming and his family in their prayers.

Sister D. Goodwin, who for three years has capably looked after things at Penong, has returned to Sydney. We thank Sister for her loyal service and pray she may find much blessing in the work she intends to take up in Sydney.

Sister M. Symons has taken up residence at Tarcoola and thus becomes the first member of the B.C.A. staff to be posted at that place. Sister has a specially difficult and lonely job and it will cheer her greatly to know that she is constantly remembered in your prayers.

Have you remembered B.C.A. in your will? The correct designation of the Society for this purpose is "The Bush Church Aid Society for Australia and Tasmania."

Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Marshall, of Bexley, in the recent death of her husband. Mrs. Marshall has for a great many years been an energetic collector for B.C.A. funds. Sickness and the passing years have not diminished her keenness. Mrs. Marshall will greatly miss her loved one and we pray that Almighty God will be very near her in the coming days.



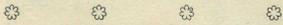
On October 15th our Sydney Ladies' Auxiliary held their Annual Thanksgiving Service in the Bible House. Though not as well attended as in previous years owing to the many new activities which are making increasing demands upon our members, a happy afternoon was enjoyed by those present. The amount of the offering was £50.



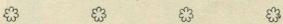
On Saturday, October 25th, Mrs. Fairfax Ross and her friends held a fête in her home at Cremorne. As a result, B.C.A. has benefited to the extent of £50. We are very grateful for the keenness and zeal of Mrs. Fairfax Ross and her band of friends in these days of so very many calls on time and giving. We would offer our thanks also to the Rectors and parishioners of the parishes of St. Chad's, Cremorne, and St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay, who by their assistance helped to make the effort a success.



Send your used postage stamps into B.C.A.—they are worth money.



We need an organ (portable or otherwise), and two wireless sets—one electric and one battery model.



Do you really enjoy the "Real Australia"? If so, why not get your friends to become subscribers. Will you endeavour to obtain six new subscribers in the next twelve months?



We regret to record the passing of an old friend of B.C.A., in the person of Mr. McKern, of Mosman. Mr. McKern was an earnest supporter of all mission activities and will be greatly missed. We extend our sympathy to his family.

THE HEYTESBURY FOREST.

Announcement by the Bishop.

There is news about the Church's work in the Heytesbury Forest which I want to pass on to the clergy and lay-people of the diocese. When I came as your Bishop, Archdeacon Bennett told me that he was anxious that I should visit the Otway and the Heytesbury Forest at an early date, as the needs of those parts, so far as the Church's ministry was concerned, were peculiar and urgent. I therefore went with the Archdeacon on a tour of those parts as soon as I possibly could. That tour convinced me that the work in those parts was the kind of work which the splendid organisation known as the Bush Church Aid Society was out to help. I therefore wrote to the Organising Missioner of the Bush Church Aid Society, the Rev. T. Jones, and put the case of the Otway and the Heytesbury before him. Mr. Jones paid us a visit and subsequently put the matter before his council in Sydney. The result was that the Bush Church Aid Society undertook to provide the stipend for a missioner in the Otway and the stipend and travelling allowance of a missioner in the Heytesbury. This the B.C.A. has most generously done for the past three years, and is continuing to do.

Rev. G. R. Beatty.

The particular news which I have to give you now is in regard to the Heytesbury Forest. The priest whom the B.C.A. sent to us as missioner for the Forest was the Rev. G. R. Beatty. Mr. Beatty was given two years' leave of absence by the Archbishop of Sydney, to whose diocese he belongs. As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Beatty and their little son arrived I realised that we had the right people for the task. There was nothing for them to go to in the Heytesbury—I mean no vicarage and no church building.

For some time they rented a house in Port Campbell. Since then a small vicarage has been built in Timboon, in which Mr. and Mrs. Beatty and their little family, which now includes three dear children, have been very comfortable and happy.

Mr. Beatty's Departure.

The life and work of the Church prospered so well under Mr. Beatty's leadership, and he was so happy in it, that the Archbishop very kindly acceded to the request to give him twelve months' extension of leave, making three years in all. Now, with real sadness of heart, I have to state that his term is up and that by the time these words appear in print he will be on his way to take charge of a parish in the Diocese of Sydney. I am most deeply grateful for the work he has done and I part with him with real regret. He and Mrs. Beatty will not soon be forgotten in the Heytesbury. They have won the affection and confidence of all sections of the people. During their time there the Penal Department has established a prison farm in the Forest, and on my nomination Mr. Beatty was appointed a Chaplain of this institution. Perhaps the most striking work which Mr. Beatty has done is the work he has carried out among the men in that prison farm. I have spoken of this work in my broadcasts on more than one occasion. I have written to the Archbishop of Sydney stating that Mr. Beatty has such a gift for this kind of work that it is to be hoped that an opportunity will be found for him to do similar work in the future.

One Disappointment.

My one disappointment is that it has not been possible to erect a little church in the Heytesbury during Mr. Beatty's ministry. The people have worked loyally to that end so that they have £150 in hand. But while they were paying for the little vicarage it was not possible for them to incur a further debt in building a church; and most unfortunately the state of diocesan finances has not been such as to make it possible for us to make them a grant towards the building of a church. However, it is my earnest hope that the day is not far distant when it will be possible to do something in that direction.

Appointment of a Successor.

This brings me to what I want to say about the future. I cannot hide the fact that I have been caused much anxiety in this connection. For although the Bush Church Aid Society has been working assiduously to find a successor to Mr. Beatty, its efforts have been without avail. The difficulty has been caused by the shortage of priests, since so many are serving as chaplains in the forces. There were men ready to come to us, but to have accepted them would have been to increase already acute difficulties of other dioceses. Meanwhile we were determined that the Church's work in the Heytesbury must not be allowed to languish. I decided, therefore, to send for one of our experienced priests and to ask him to step down from a parish and to return to pioneering work at the call of the Church. The priest for whom I sent is the Rev. Walter Duffy, Vicar of Linton, who was ordained ten years ago, and who during the years 1932-35 worked with marked success in the Otway. I knew that Mr. Duffy was anxious to go as chaplain in the forces. I knew too that as he had advanced to a charge of the status of a parish I was asking him to make a real sacrifice in putting this proposal to him. But, loyal priest as he is, Mr. Duffy did not hesitate to respond to the call. His attitude was that what mattered was not his advancement, but the advancement of the Kingdom of our Lord. He put himself in my hands and said: "If you, as my Bishop, say it is my duty to go to the Heytesbury, I will go." So is it that I have appointed the Rev. Walter Duffy, as missioner in the Heytesbury. The Bush Church Aid Society has generously consented to give the same assistance as it has been giving for the past three years.

Plans for the Future.

As I write this I am at Edenhope and will not be home for some days. Consequently, I am not in a position to finalise arrange-

ments for the commencement of Mr. Duffy's work in the Heytesbury. This I will do as soon as I return to Ballarat. Meanwhile, I wish I were free to visit the parish of Linton, which is called to share in the sacrifice by losing its vicar. But I know the good church-people of Linton well enough to be sure that they will regard it as an honour that a parish so long established as Linton should give its vicar for the work of building up the Church among the settlers in the newly-opened areas of the Heytesbury.

That this work should be remembered throughout the diocese, that thanksgiving should be offered for the way in which God has blessed the labours of the retiring missionary, and that He will abundantly bless the labours of the new missionary who is to succeed him, is the request of your Bishop,

WILLIAM BALLARAT.

of our South Australian medical organisation, and without it we would be compelled to cease much of our work. Like many other useful and necessary things, the aeroplane requires a good deal of £.s.d. to keep it in effective use, and very soon we are to be faced with two large bills in connection with it.

Each year we are required to meet an amount of £180 for insurance, and this will be due early in the New Year. This year an additional expense must be met. The Civil Aviation authorities require that the machine must undergo a complete overhaul of engine and 'plane during the month of January, before the necessary Certificate of Airworthiness can be renewed. In other words, unless we can pay for this important safety measure the machine must stay on the ground. We do not know until the overhaul is completed how much it will cost, but estimate that



View from verandah, B.C.A. Hostel Wentworth Falls.

CHRISTMAS.

The season of Christmas is almost upon us. What is it going to mean for all of us this year—a drawing-in of expense to a minimum or a time of generous giving in thankfulness for the great event of history the season commemorates?

Recent legislation has limited tax exemptions on charitable giving to a small amount. Will this mean that we shall not give or that our giving will become truly sacrificial?

At this season B.C.A. asks all its friends to help clean the slate for the year by giving as generously as possible to our Christmas appeal. Maybe that is too much to ask for this year, for we would require nearly £4,000 between now and December 31st to balance our accounts.

Will you pray about it and give as generously as possible to bring the amount down.

FOR YOUR SPECIAL NOTICE.

All our friends realise the value of the work done by Mr. Chadwick and the Society's Medical Aeroplane. By means of this special service between three and four thousand patients have received regular and speedy medical service, and the 'plane has covered 70,000 miles. The aeroplane has become an integral part

£200-£250 will be needed. Will you pray earnestly about both these big and urgent needs?

VICTORIAN NOTES.

An Australian Tea was held on the 6th September at the home of Miss Rowe. The many patriotic efforts affected the attendance, but a pleasant and profitable afternoon was spent. The Victorian Secretary gave a talk on "B.C.A.—Its Opportunities and Needs." We hope to gain at least one new member as a result of the tea.

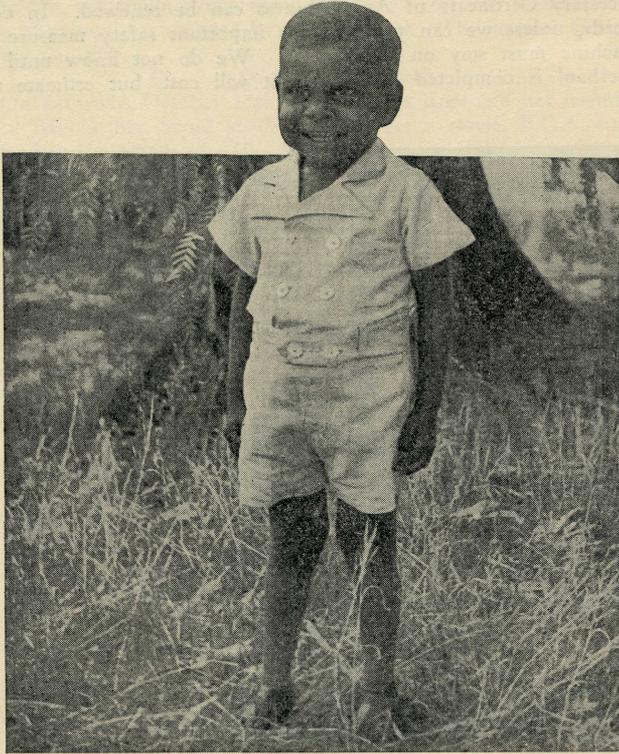
Temple Day arrangements are well in hand. The date is Tuesday, 18th November. The service will be held at 2.30 p.m. at the Cathedral, when the address will be given by the Rev. A. Law, D.D., the Victorian Chairman.

Our Victorian Secretary has been elected to the General Committee of the Victorian branch of C.M.S.

Our Bark Huts play an ever-increasingly important part in providing Victoria's B.C.A. contribution. Owing to the war, most sources of income bring in less than usual, but our Bark Hut contribution grows. To all our helpers we say, "Thank you very much." Our special thanks are due to the box secretary who gained eleven new subscribers in four months.

TO BOX SECRETARIES.

The B.C.A. owes a great debt to those keen friends who act as Collecting Box Secretaries in the various parishes. The assistance derived from boxes is of immense value to our work, and without such support it would be very difficult to go on. We well realise that the task of collecting boxes is not an easy one. While thanking our good friends for this valuable help, may we also ask that they will endeavour to get as many new boxes out in their parish as possible. Quite often a request from one in the parish to support B.C.A. in this way bears more fruit than the work of any deputation. Do try, please; it is so very valuable.



Sydney James Cook, 3 years and 4 months.
Healthy and happy!

SYDNEY JAMES COOK.

Sydney James is now four years old. It does not seem long since the tiny black mite was picked up on the Nullarbor Plain only a few hours old. Since that day he has been carefully and lovingly brought up at Penong Hospital by B.C.A. staff. This has been no easy task, especially when Sydney James learned to walk. Like most children he is full of life and mischief, and to keep an eye on him and look after sick patients is sometimes a trying experience.

We therefore felt that he was becoming somewhat of a problem, and some suggested that he be adopted by one of the aboriginal families.

However, we felt that God had given him to us for some special purpose and that in due time a solution would present itself. That solution duly came when one day recently the O.M. received a letter from the Rev. and Mrs. Constable, sometime B.C.A. workers at Penong, and now at Magill in South Australia. These friends of B.C.A. wrote saying that after due consideration and prayer they had decided to offer to provide a home for Sydney James until he was old enough to go to school. This was just the solution needed and is a very big piece of service for the Kingdom of God. We therefore ask our friends to remember Mr. and Mrs. Constable and Sydney James in their prayers that they may be guided and blessed as they seek to teach this small black child of God something of his Father in Heaven.

SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE NOT RECEIVED RECEIPTS.

Mrs. P. D. Brady, Mrs. S. Maddocks, Miss L. Arnet, Miss Clode, Mrs. J. B. Bulley, Mrs. C. Hill, A. Ellis, Mrs. C. F. Cocks, Miss M. Walsh, Rev. J. B. Montgomerie, Mrs. A. R. Campbell, Mrs. Nicholas, Mrs. Dunbar, Mrs. H. C. Jennings, Mr. Keirman, Mrs. Moir, Mrs. H. C. Kendall, M. Symons, Miss Hill, Master W. Peard, Mrs. Handel, Mrs. A. Jenkyn, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Bursill, Mr. Single, Mr. W. Windle, Mrs. G. Chambers, Miss McGrath, Mr. W. Smith, Mrs. B. Wilkinson, Miss Hilliard, Mr. J. Vockler, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Hodgkins, Mrs. M. R. Shannon, Mr. A. J. Green, Mr. E. G. Mortley, Miss L. Blades, Miss Cox, Mrs. G. Williams, Mrs. G. H. Jones, Miss Ridgway, Miss Rofe, Miss Tribe, Mrs. Millie Taylor, Rev. H. T. Fowler, Mrs. J. R. Forster, Miss Coburn, Miss Slade, Mrs. Dougherty, Mrs. Purbrick, Miss Vear, Mr. Hulett, Rev. P. M. Connell, Miss M. Williams, Rev. S. O. Seward, Miss B. Glascode, Mrs. Dandridge, Miss Jessop, Mrs. R. H. Green, Mr. Were, Miss Barrowclough, Mr. Metherell, Miss I. Brown, Miss Goodshaw, Mrs. F. C. Smith, Mrs. Williams, Miss Massie, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Moore, Rev. Canon Batten, Miss Parsons, Mrs. A. Muir, Mrs. Staneby, Mrs. Finlay, Mrs. A. S. Kendall Miss Pike, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. A. S. Smith, Miss P. May, Miss V. McKinnon, Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. M. Hopkins, Mr. J. W. Boyer, Mrs. S. Wilson, Mrs. Sedgley, Mrs. Frazer, Mrs. Bannerman, Mrs. Baker, Miss M. Wiggins, Miss Elrington.

3/11/41, Anonymous, McKinnon, £1; 3/11/41, 10/- don.; 14/10/41, B. R. Voss, £2/2/-; 14/10/41, 10/- anonymous; 17/10/41, 2/6, Xmas; 5/9/41, 5/- anonymous; H.W.L., 2/- Rally; Anonymous, 5/- Rally; 8/9/41, money order 10/- Rally; F. A. Coombs, £5; 12/9/41, 10/-, 2/-; 15/9/41, 5/- don.; 31/8/41, Sister Kathleen, 4/-; 3/9/41, £4 don; 23/9/41, 3/- don.; 25/9/41, 5/- don.; 7/8/41, 10/- don; 25/8/41, 10/- Miss Luck.

Anonymous War Savings Certificates, G-66726, F-272620.

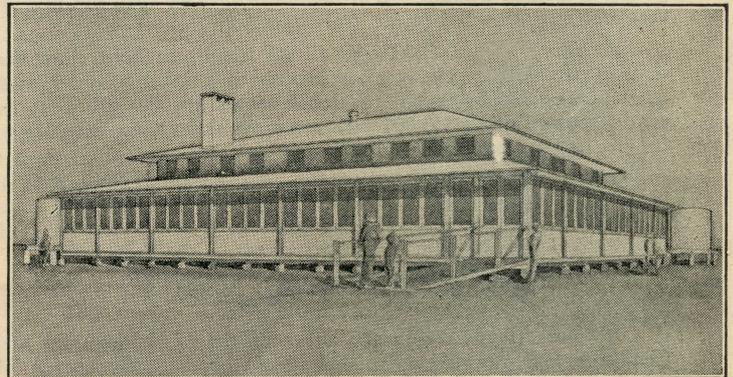
FRIENDSHIP:

*I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have have been to me,
I'd like to be the help that you are always glad to be,
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day,
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way.*

*I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for you,
To brush the grey from out your skies and leave them only blue,
I'd like to say the kind of things that I so oft have heard,
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine you've stirred.*

*I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given to me,
Yet that were wishing you a need, I hope will never be,
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I who travel on
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.*

*I'm wishing at this very time that I could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you have strewn along my way,
And could I have one wish this year, this only would it be,
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me.*



The Bishop Kirkby Memorial Hospital at Cook, S.A.

Make a Christmas Gift to B.C.A. and help your Country too.



The Bush Church Aid Society

SUGGESTS THAT YOU

Help
Australia

by
purchasing
War
Savings
Certificates.



Our Parish

Help
B. C. A.

by donating
War
Savings
Certificates.
to the Society.

Certificates can be purchased for :

- 16s. for each £1 Certificate.
- £4 for each £5 Certificate.
- £8 for each £10 Certificate.

Buying them helps Australia in the World War. Donating them to B.C.A. helps the Kingdom of God in the fight against the evils which cause all wars.

The certificates will be used to build up a fund to assist in the purchase of a new medical plane when that becomes necessary.

You can do any of the following:

Arrange a Grocery Evening.

Arrange a Drawing-room Meeting.

Give an Annual Donation.

Give one or more War Savings Certificates.

Take a "Bark Hut" Collecting Box.

Arrange a Lantern Lecture.

Arrange for Addresses to Mothers' Union, G.F.S., and C.E.M.S.

Subscribe to and read the "Real Australian."

Distribute some of our Literature.

Join or form a Branch of our Women's Auxiliary.

Arrange for a Retiring Offertory at one Church Service.

Arrange a Street Stall.

THEN you may **PRAY** in the **CERTAINTY** that God will send the £12,000 we need for each year

TO KEEP GOING:

15 Missions, 5 Hospitals, 3 Hostels, 2 Nursing Homes,
Mail-Bag Sunday School, Medical Aeroplane, Motor Cars,
and pay the salaries of 38 workers.