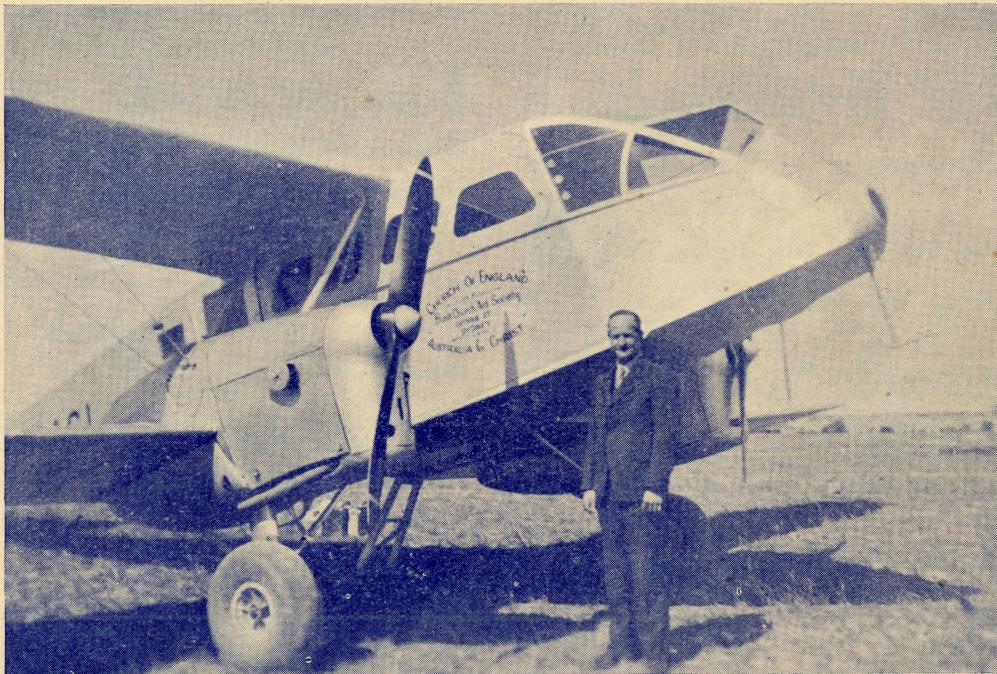


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THE B.C.A. PILOT, Mr. A. CHADWICK

The Bush Church Aid Society for Australia and Tasmania

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How Shall They Hear Without Transport?

Deaconess P. SPRY

Most folk who are working in the outback have their lonely moments, and often we wish for congenial company and someone to talk with about spiritual things. I understand now, as I never did before, what a blessing and help it is to have Christian fellowship. No wonder the New Testament stresses that we should not forsake the assembling of ourselves together; to go on and grow in our Christian lives we must have the help of others. The people out here can't go to church, so the church must go to them; but how can we go without transport? We can't. My work is hopeless without a car, truck or something like that. I can't get to the places, and if I ever should get there I can't get away. The work is at a standstill amongst the people on stations because of "no transport." Really it burdens my heart. I've come over 600 miles to minister to them, and can't go to them because I can't get there, and the stations are only 40, 60, 80 miles, and so on, from where I am. Can you help? Often we have heard the text, "How shall they hear without a preacher?"; but in this case it's how shall they hear without transport?

Don't go getting the idea I'm out here sitting down and crying and doing nothing! I think I told you of the village in my last circular.

We have church every Sunday night.

Every Tuesday I take three classes at school for Religious Instruction, half-hour for each. For ten years they have been without continuous teaching, with the result some of the older ones haven't any time for Godly things. However, they listen well and hear the Word. The younger ones join in with all the zeal and enthusiasm which only children have.

It gave me quite a thrill one day, while doing house to house visiting, to call at a Greek family's place. The man could speak enough English for me to "catch on". He told me how one of the little ones who is in Kindergarten at school had been going around singing for days on end, "The best book to read is the Bible, if you read it every day, it will help you on your way. O, the best book to read is the Bible." The little ones of this particular family don't have any Christian teaching, apart from what I give at school, and here they are taking the message home and singing it to their people. Pray that these words may win the hearts of the adults.

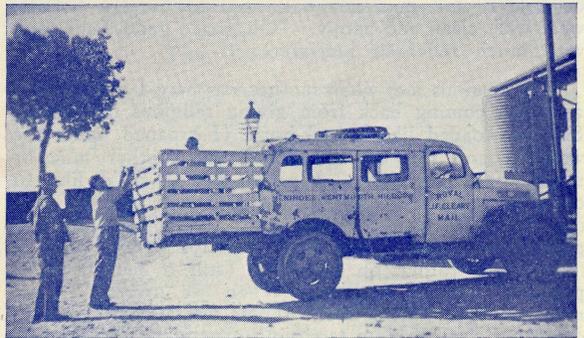
The school has 105 children. I taught 75 the other day; so you see the place is rather an Anglican settlement. Not only are there Australians, but Greeks, Italians, Aborigines, and half-castes—quite a mixture. So we often sing, "Jesus died for all the children, all the children of the world—red and yellow, black and white—all are precious in His sight. Jesus died for all the children of the world."

I started telling you about what is doing in the village. How I drift off! Every fortnight we have a Young Peoples' Fellowship, from 8 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Devotional part follows the business part of the meeting, then a syllabus item, e.g., last week each person was to

represent an advert.; and often these hectic games are played to warm the chilled bones and wear down some of their energy. I don't know, but I always seem to be worn out first! Then, of course, comes supper—good thing.

Am trying to start a Girls' Friendly Society, which isn't taking as well as the mixed gatherings, where we average 19. The G.F.S. is held here in the study, and follows much the same line as the Y.P.F.

Also Saturdays, 2.30 p.m., the children come for Young People's Union. They don't strike! This is one of the bright spots in the work. The kiddies are interested to help send the Gospel to other lands, and are working well. Last Saturday they made brown paper scrap books and alphabets cut out of cardboard. We have had "Pilgrim's Progress" in serial form on flannel graph. Wish you could see their faces and hear their groans as each week we get to an exciting part and stop. Sometimes I stand in fear of my life! It's mostly girls who attend. I do wish there was a man to work amongst the boys. I guess they think it's all a bit sissy a girl being the leader; but Christ didn't die only for women, and I do feel the men are failing very much and not pulling their weight. That is so here, anyway. I am thankful, though, that we have been able to form a committee at the Church of two men (only two regulars), the police sergeant, and a young fellow from the store. Things are being done gradually, but it takes a lot of patience and hard work.



The Royal Mail!

Talking about the Y.P.U. (I was a while ago): We have had two days, at different times, out hiking and playing in super sand hills. Ideal for frolicking—the kiddies have a wonderful time, and I do alright, too! Last time we walked over part of the bottom of Lake Menindee, which is supposed soon to be filled when the water scheme starts. There was a lot of nardoo seed there, which the children delighted in showing me and explaining how the aborigines picked and ground it to eat. Their knowledge of this put me to shame. The leaf is like a four-leaf clover, and seed somewhat like sweet pea seeds. What a task to get enough for a family!

If any of you hear of anyone with children's books suitable for these kiddies to read I'd be glad if you'd tell them that they would be most useful here.

Because of goods trains not running to a schedule, it's prevented my going to fettlers' camps between Ivanhoe and here and Broken Hill and here. So still there are children and adults who are being neglected because I can't get there because of no transport.

Last week I went by "Mail" (just a truck!) to Broken Hill. We left 9.30 a.m. in drizzling rain, the driver, a woman with two grandchildren (ages 3 and 4), and yours truly in the cabin. A load on the back, plus a passenger. The woman and children had travelled until 11.20 the night before from Pooncarri, 80 miles down the river, a five-hour trip at least, in a coach which would shatter your nerves as you contemplated getting into it! We arrived at Broken Hill at 3 p.m., had half an hour break on the way at Quandong, the halfway place—only an hotel, nothing else! It was a seven-mile trip. We called in at a station, which took us off the "highway", a typical outback road. The chains were on for a good distance, and we acquired curtains on the windows of red mud through which one couldn't see. It was a tiring journey, and rather bumpy, though the four-year-old was a help in keeping me down!

While at Broken Hill I stayed at the Rectory. That night I spoke to their G.F.S. of 24 young women, who proved to be a very happy, attentive audience.

Also I visited some Menindee folk who were in hospital, amongst whom was a woman who has been there 14 weeks. Her two boys are out here with "Gran", who is 82. Her daughter is in the Hill, and husband working in between. As soon as this soul saw me she said: "Have you seen my boys?" How glad I was to be able to tell her they had been to Sunday School, were well, clean and happy. "Oh, that's good," she said, with much relief in her voice.

This reminds me: when mother was here I met "Gran" as I was coming back from giving religious instruction. She was loaded like a pack-horse (I groaned under the weight), and she was off home, yet another mile or more down the river. I asked her if she'd like to come in for a cup of tea. (Mother was sure to have the kettle boiling—she did, too!) The old lady was pleased to come. We kept her for lunch, then I loaded her things on the bike (still a faithful companion), and off we set. When we arrived at the river we had to cross over. There was a boat there; so down we clambered—a terrifying experience for "Gran",

as it's so steep, and was so very slippery. I can't say I felt particularly at ease. However, safely in the boat I endeavoured to row across. Home-made oars aren't particularly helpful. The same difficulty of getting into the boat applied in getting out. No wonder Mother greeted me with a questioning look, and "what have you been doing?" as I came in, much the worse for mud. As Menindee is known for its sand, so it is for its mud. Truly, when it rains it would break your heart. As the headmaster of the school said, "I've seen 14 inches of rain, but not as much water as is here with one inch!" It doesn't run away. Just stops. That's more than I can say for anyone who ventures out—a skating rink is not to be compared. One woman met me up the street on one wet day. She is the assistant station master's wife, and said: "Why, it's dangerous. Next time my husband can come and do the shopping!" Husbands have their use! One's shoes are a nightmare: a heavy one at that. Never have I carried so much mud in such a short time for so much energy. But it was good to see the rain, even though no one will dare venture out at night to a meeting.

I have been trying to find out just how far animals could stray away from the town, as most cows and many horses have bells around their necks! As yet I've not found out, but it covers some thousands of acres both sides of the river. We are used to seeing roads with fences on either side; here there aren't those fences, nor are they beside the train lines.

Deaconess Clarke is well and busy. She lives at Ivanhoe and goes to Wilcannia when Rev. E. Fisher-Johnson comes here to take a Communion Service so that Wilcannia will not be without a service. She too is finding the work difficult without transport. We have met twice in a little over three months. We often wish the phone calls were cheaper!

Please pray that the Lord will give to all who serve in the outback all the grace, grit and gumption we need for the task. The work is not easy. People here are no more keen to follow and serve Christ than they are elsewhere, but there is a tremendous work to be done. Please pray, too, that B.C.A. may have its financial needs supplied.

Thank you all for letters, gifts and prayer. Keep on keeping on: we depend on you to uphold us in prayer. Sometimes the largeness of the task is overwhelming; but when one looks from the task to Him who sent us forward, we are encouraged and strengthened. Pray that we all may keep "looking unto Jesus". That is my prayer for each of you.

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**TELL YOUR FRIENDS OF THIS INTERESTING
BROADCAST**

A Visit to the West Darling Mission

THE BISHOP OF RIVERINA.

B.C.A.'s oldest work in Australia is the West Darling Mission, which comprises the parish of Wilcannia in the Diocese of Riverina. Since 1920 it has been continuously ministered to by B.C.A. and the diocese is most grateful for this invaluable help from the wider life of the Church in Australia in its home mission work.

A recent visit has left me with certain memories and impressions which I would like to record, not specifying in every case the people and places with which they are associated.

My wife and I came 200 miles by rail from another parish in the diocese and for six days we carried out a programme, the details of which had been most carefully and thoughtfully planned.

This involved travelling about 400 miles in St. Patrick, the B.C.A. van. We bumped about a little because the roads were very hard after the rains and every rut was clearly and firmly defined. The rector who drove throughout had the hardest part, but his laugh and his good humour never flagged.

Two deaconesses assist the rector. They combine strong Christian conviction, zeal and energy with a natural cheerfulness, common-sense and level headedness, and a great capacity for patience and friendliness. Already these qualities are beginning to tell. In one centre a young woman, after careful preparation, was baptized in the morning, confirmed in the afternoon, and in the evening she received Holy Communion for the first time at a service where the congregation was an interesting cross-section of the local community. This young woman is a waitress at the local hotel. She can neither read nor write. Her life is isolated and she has many difficulties. But she can respond to friendship and be grateful for Christian teaching and guidance, and she has a vital part to play in the life of that small Christian congregation.

In another centre the growing boys and young men find it easier to come to church service, or to a social gathering in the local hall to hear a talk on "England, Lambeth and Amsterdam" because they know the Deaconess. They see her about the township, they are able to talk to her and they meet with her on a week-night to take part in the healthy beginnings of a four square Fellowship programme.

Lambeth and Amsterdam were never more real in my memory than when I spoke to groups of boys and girls who met after school hours as members of the Young People's Union. The pictures of the overseas life of the Anglican Communion published in "Lambeth and You" seemed to be designed specially for them.

In order to make time for a visit to a station-home en route, we planned to be on the road by seven o'clock one morning. What about breakfast? The cafe proprietor rose to the occasion and opened up specially to give us a hot breakfast at 6.30. We were glad of it as the frost was keen.

On the Saturday of our visit we drove more than 60 miles to a small centre where there was to be Divine Service. About half the congregation had to come in from the surrounding district. So it was par-

ticularly pleasant to find that we were all to have lunch together in the hall first. How much more real church worship is when those who worship meet as friends and neighbours.

Our journeyings included visits to homesteads for hospitality and pleasant talk, helping our hosts to realize that in their apparent geographical isolation they are part of the family life of the Church of God. This isolation is only relative. They come into town from time to time. There are religious broadcasts. The Rector or one of the deaconesses visits them. "The Boundary Rider", the local Mission magazine, comes through the post and keeps them in touch. The Mail Bag Lessons of B.C.A. are available for their children. One of the most cheering features of our drive was a meeting of women which bids fair to be the beginning



The West Darling Team

of a Branch of the Mothers' Union, some of whose members will be living a long way from town but will still be kept in touch with the life and activities of M.U.

At the basis of it all are the prayers of the church for her children, young and old in the West Darling. Some of them are more prosperous than others. Some are more keenly interested in Christian faith and life than others. The Church seeks to bring them all to the love of God and call them into the responding love of men to God and to one another.

The rector's enthusiasm and proficiency involved the taking of a good many film "shots". Coming out of church, talking to opal diggers, among groups of children rather self-consciously talking to one another or gazing determinedly at the camera, we made our contribution to a film record of Church life in the country.

Incidental experiences accumulate on these trips, cold nights, very cold mornings, gloriously sunny days, the counting of emus, kangaroos and foxes en route, the great variety of scenery in a landscape that is often thought of as monotonous, meeting with a variety of people, always receiving kindness and sometimes also Christian fellowship. One is thankful for the reality of the Christian Church and the vitality of her life, and grateful for the partnership of fellow workers in her ministry. May their numbers increase and their fruitfulness abound.

The Reflections of a Roamer

Sister G. L. BYRNE

It has recently been my privilege to spend time visiting the B.C.A. hospitals on the West Coast of South Australia, and I would like to share with you all the fellowship, the joys and the lessons learned during that trip to the outback places.

After a long dusty road journey I was met at Ceduna by several of the staff and conveyed in kindly Mrs. Battam's utility to the hospital, where a warm welcome, a hot bath and supper soon banished the tiredness and dust. It was good to renew acquaintance with several sisters whom I had met at various times at our Australian Nurses' Christian Movement room in Adelaide, and the sense of being "one in Christ" soon made me feel at home with those I had not previously met. Truly there is a "tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." Three very happy days were spent at Ceduna, exploring the coast line, resting in the hammock that was Dr. Roy Gibson's last gift to the staff, or chatting to those members of the staff who were free from duty. The days were inevitably busy in the wards but usually there was time for Scripture Union notes and reading and singing after breakfast, and the memories of the evening hour of Bible Study are very precious. I shall not soon forget the first study I shared with the staff—the subject was "Prayer," and it recalled to my mind Albrecht's picture, "Praying Hands," and reminded me afresh of all that we can do for others if we continually lift our hearts in prayer and consecrate our lives and our hands to God for Him to use.

Doreen Nathan, a young physio-therapist from Sydney, was my fellow holiday companion, and we greatly appreciated the opportunity of visiting Cook and Tarcoola, and our thanks go to Sister Dowling for her kindness in making this possible and to Mr. Chadwick, who piloted us so comfortably and safely to Cook and later on the return from Tarcoola to Ceduna. I now feel a proprietary interest in the plane, and like Rev. L. Bakewell, of Tanganyika, feel like saying "OUR plane" when I think of the wonderful service being given through the flying doctor and the medical plane. I now feel no longer an outsider, but a member of the family.

The Bishop Kirkby Memorial Hospital at Cook is, as you know, situated on the Nullarbor Plain, and this vast area needs to be seen before the desolation and barrenness can be imagined. Just miles and miles of flat country with no sign of vegetation. It was refreshing to see a tiny garden flourishing at the Hospital. Two happy days were spent renewing acquaintance with Sisters Thomas and Gillan and sharing their fellowship before leaving on the East West train for Tarcoola.

I was particularly interested to visit Tarcoola, for we of the Adelaide A.N.C.M. thought of and remembered Sr. Phyll Maddern so often when she was serving in the Hostel there. Two visitors filled Sister Page's home to capacity—and we did enjoy the bright com-

panionship of this faithful servant of Christ, and were rather wishful of a longer time with her. We rejoice with her that she continues to be upheld both physically and spiritually by God's love. The hospital is expected to be ready for occupation by the end of this year and will certainly prove a boon to the folk in this part of the outback. A precious memory of Tarcoola will be a visit we paid to a dear old lady of 75 years, who told us that she "always read a chapter each night." It was a privilege to kneel with her before the Throne of Grace, and to realise how serenely she was resting in God's love in the closing days of her life. Our stay at Tarcoola ended with Doctor's visit and we returned to Ceduna for the remainder of my leave.

From there an afternoon trip was made to Penong—a very dusty road but with a warm welcome at the end of it. Doreen was able later in the week to spend several days with Sister Loane and Portch and to visit further afield with the Methodist Minister. Our hoped-for visit to Koonibba Mission Station was cancelled because of an urgent call to return to Ceduna.

A morning of crab catching was much enjoyed—amidst many squeals we learnt how **not** to pick up a live crab, and I am afraid we were not very sympathetic when Sr. Hitchcock demonstrated the wrong method to us.

And so my days with the B.C.A. folk came to an end with an early morning start on the rather tedious train journey to Port Lincoln. The bright spots on that trip were two unexpected meetings. At Minnipa, Mrs. Greenwood, the missionary's wife, came to the train with a cheery word and a welcome cup of tea, and at Wudinna Sisters Holle and Wells were waiting. Truly, "bush wireless" smooths the way.

There is a fascination about these open spaces of our outback and two of God's heavenly pictures were especially beautiful—God's glory in the sky when the sun set at Tarcoola, and an early morning full moon at Ceduna, a great golden ball reflecting a path of radiant light across the sea. Truly lovely pictures. But the beauty most deeply etched on my mind is "the beauty of Jesus" reflected in the faces and lives of those folk who are serving Him in the places I visited. I feel that He has very wonderfully answered their prayers "that people may lose sight of them and see the Christ instead".

I commend them all to your prayer and support and shall we pray with them in the words of the well-known chorus:—

"Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me, all His wondrous compassion and purity.
Oh, Thou Spirit Divine, all my nature refine,
Till the Beauty of Jesus be seen in me."

Through a Hospital Window

Mrs. F. DILLON.

Looking through a window on to the sparkling blue water of Murat Bay on a June morning, one could not help but feel the peace and beauty, and be reminded that "new every morning is His love".

Perhaps only a visitor has time to gaze through a window at 7 a.m. and watch the morning light change the grey water into a sparkling blue. A tap came at the door and a cheery voice said "Are you awake?" A Sister with a cheery smile came in with a breakfast tray. The tasty breakfast consisted of mushrooms on toast, no less! The breakfast tray also contained a small slip of paper on which the words from Psalm 77:14 were written, "Thou art the God that doest wonders". One was able to meditate upon those wonderful words and the leaves of memory went fluttering back to September, 1925, when the "little Hospital on the Hill" was officially opened and dedicated to the service of God and the people of the Ceduna and Thevenard districts.

Yes, God is "the God Who doest wonders". There was wonderful evidence of His love and grace throughout the years, as one realized just what had been accomplished throughout those years.

The original hospital — known as the "Ceduna-Thevenard Hospital" — was opened to meet the needs of the people. When the Gypsum companies were working at top pressure the Shipping Companies needed a qualified, registered doctor in residence at Ceduna. The Gypsum companies had transferred their employees with their wives and families from N.S.W. to Thevenard, and this sudden influx of inhabitants made the services of a hospital essential. The Hulme Pipe Co. of Victoria had the contract to make the pipes for the Todd River Water Scheme, also. The water is now brought from Port Lincoln, 240 miles from Ceduna, by these pipes. To meet the needs of the people generally, the B.C.A. responded to the urgent appeal to "come over and help us". So, from a very small, but urgent, beginning, in a small stone farm house a mile and a half out of the township, the B.C.A. medical service began in the name of the Lord and dedicated to His service and His glory.

Though the beginning was small and crude, with improvised furniture and equipment, we were registered as a ten-bed hospital, and within the first year had ten wonderful hospital beds, four basinettes, necessary Theatre equipment, and many other things (most of which were gifts from friends of B.C.A.) necessary for the care and comfort of the patients.

Obstetric work was constant and a good deal of surgical work had to be done. Thus the little hospital was a very busy spot. As well as the professional side of the work, there was the domestic side, too, but most important of all was the spiritual side. B.C.A. means service to mankind both physically and spiritually, and many lives have been blessed and many have come to know the Lord as their own personal Saviour through the ministry of the Hospital Staff during these years.

So much for reflection — and looking into the past.

What do we see to-day? A splendid Hospital, wonderfully equipped and wonderfully conducted. It is truly a place where the true joy of the Lord is enjoyed and shared. It was most interesting to have the opportunity to chat with the patients, most of whom had known the "first hospital" as they called it. Two of the patients were sons of two patients of the early days of the work. One knew well of the difficulties of those early days — no electric light, and very limited water. God certainly worked wonders — difficulties are always meant to be overcome and that His Grace is sufficient to meet every need, has been proved over and over again.

The Hospital is the centre of the spiritual life of the community and classes for young people, children and older ones are so arranged that all are able to share in fellowship and the study of God's Word. The Wednesday night study has been carried on throughout all these years for staff, patients and those who have been helped during their time in Hospital. The members of the Hospital staff are also able to conduct a Sunday School at Thevenard, which is a combined Sunday School for all children of all denominations. They also have Sunday School on Saturday afternoon at Ceduna to help the country children when they come with their parents to do the shopping, and to see the football match! One member of the Staff helps with the Religious instruction in the Public School.

What of life in the Hospital itself? There is a very happy family spirit enjoyed by all the Staff. The day — at an early hour is commenced — but with consideration for the patients' comfort! The Staff have early breakfast, at which they seek strength, grace and wisdom for the day, by a short word of Prayer and message from the Bible. While the patients enjoy their breakfast the Sisters meet for a short time of singing praises, and how this singing is enjoyed by patients and staff alike! Then all to their various jobs all through the day, and at night again in the sitting room they all meet and have a sing, and last thing is a time of prayer and a closing message from God's Word.

As one was privileged to share this fellowship, one realised afresh the truth of the words from Isaiah 40:31: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength—".

One's heart is full of praise and thanksgiving for all our B.C.A. workers—grand people all of them. Sister Dowling, as the Superintendent of the Medical Service, and Matron of Ceduna Hospital, has an enormous task, and she and Dr. Freda Gibson have often to make quick, important decisions. They will always value our prayers that they may only do those things which are pleasing to God and helpful for the health and comfort of the patients in their care; and for those who work with them.

B.C.A. Medical Service, with its Hospitals, Doctors, aeroplanes and Chemist, is doing all in its power to carry out our Lord's command to "heal the sick, and as you go, preach the Gospel." Surely this is truly the Gospel of Love in action.

One feels it a great privilege to have had a small share in this great work for Him.

Confirmation in the Heytesbury

Rev. E. BEAVAN

The last confirmation here was in 1943. Five and a half years later, in February, 1949, classes were commenced for another Confirmation. Owing to diversities of age and occupation together with distances between homes, it was necessary to take two candidates singly and three others together on another day. Through the assistance given by the lessons compiled by the B.C.A., it was possible to compress the normal dozen lesson periods into six, and finally all the candidates were prepared.

The Bishop agreed to pay us a special visit on Sunday, June 26th, and the preceding week was marked by activity in making arrangements for all those without transport to be picked up and brought into Timboon, and also for the candidates to have practical instruction both for the Confirmation Service itself, and also for the Holy Communion. Unfortunately, all these plans were thrown into confusion by an attack of 'flu, which put me in bed for the first three days of the week, and did not make things any easier for the remainder. However, by constant use of the phone, and a really heart-warming endeavour by all concerned to help in this difficult time, the candidates received their needed instruction, and things were prepared as well as they could be for the Service.

I have waited a long time for a new car, and finally, late in May, as soon as the price had risen £38, it arrived. It is my own, and although it has not been easy to spend more than two years' stipend in order to travel with some degree of comfort and security, it has already served me well, for feeling as ill as I did I could never have got through last week-end with the old Ford, its draughts, rattles and general inclination to dissolve into component parts. As it was early on Sunday morning, I went off to Peterborough to pick up a pianist to play for us. Soon after I returned to Timboon the Bishop arrived and we made a rendezvous at the Public Hall, the Methodist Church not being large enough.

It is a wonderful thing to have a Bishop beloved by his people, and few services have impressed me more than this one conducted by Bishop Johnson of Ballarat. For the candidates it was a worthy introduction into full membership of the Church, and for the rest it gave a sense of renewed dedication, and put us in good heart to go forward with zeal to carry through the task which our heavenly Father has laid on us.

The day was cold but fine and after lunch the Bishop and I went to Princetown, picking up on our way two of the masters from our Consolidated School. The journey from Port Campbell to Princetown is along the ocean Highway, and impresses one with magnificent vistas of land and sea, while far away on the eastern horizon one sees on a fine day the blue hills of the Otways where lies Mr. Pickburn's mission. About seventy-five per cent. of our people at Princetown gathered in the Hall to greet the Bishop, and he with characteristic kindness took the whole service himself, as my voice was very hoarse, while I played the organ. The Bishop was much amused at the organ being

brought along on a truck from our Church, now temporarily closed whilst awaiting repairs. His visit and interest have given new life to our people there in their uphill fight to restore their Church, and having seen the building he has promised assistance, both in obtaining materials and finance towards this restoration.

So back to Timboon, and soon we were all assembled once again in the Hall for the Lantern Service illustrating the work and personalities of the Lambeth Conference. People like myself are glad that we serve under a Bishop who panders to no modern fads. He kept us there for two whole hours, and I, who have spent four years in Newfoundland, have no hesitation in saying it was cold, but I have heard no complaints that it was too long. On the contrary, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and in every way it was exactly what we needed.

It is also worthy of mention that I requested the Bishop to attend to an important matter when he returned to Ballarat, and on Tuesday a telegram arrived to say that it had been done. Such speed and thoughtfulness grows rare in these slipshod days.

Well, that was our Confirmation Sunday, and although composed of simple events which might be duplicated in many other places, it has been the means of bringing home to us that we are not isolated or valueless, but are parts of a mighty whole. This Sunday, too, was the last one in our financial year, and the close of my first year's ministry at Timboon. As this magazine goes out to so many who are helping to maintain a Christian ministry here, I should like you to know that the people here are more and more responding to their obligations, and though for a considerable time yet we must exist on the kindly gifts of you all, we have in one year increased our own offerings three hundred per cent., and with God's help we intend year by year to make more provision for our own expenses.

Everyone to-day is hearing so much about "The Australian Way of Life" but may I be so rash as to state categorically that there is no such thing. There is "The Way of Christ" and there is "The Way of the World." These two ways alter not in any single country, so let us work that more and more young people will come forward publicly to confess their faith in the Way of Christ, and so shall we fulfil our calling.

N.S.W. LISTENERS !

tune in to

2GB

for the B.C.A. "Outback" Session

Now on

FRIDAYS AT 11.15 A.M.

A Sower went forth to Sow

The story of the Sower is so familiar and has been the text for so many sermons that we feel we know all about it. Emphasis is generally placed on that part of the story which tells us that while diligently pursuing his task, some of the seed broadcast by the farmer inevitably fell on the stony boundary of his small field; some managed to get onto the roadway beyond the unfenced paddock, and some of it got into soil that was too shallow to bear a crop.

All this the farmer knew before it happened, because this was not the first time he had broadcast his seed in that same field. No matter how careful he was he knew that if he was to cover the whole of the good ground with his seed, and so get a maximum crop, there would have to be a certain amount of wastage. He knew also that during the time of sowing, while the seed lay on the top of the soil, the birds would come and steal some of it before he could cover it with his primitive harrows. He would sow it a little thicker on the good ground to make up for such loss.

What sort of a farmer would he have been if he had thought only of the wastage? If he had reasoned that as the birds stole some seed, and that other would fall on the road and the rocks, he would stop home and make flour of his seed wheat for bread for his household, how long would it have been before he went bankrupt?

The main fact in this story is surely, that being a farmer, this man sowed his seed. A sower went forth to sow. That's what sowers are for, whether they be sowers of the seed of wheat or sowers of the seed of the Word of God.

A good lady wrote to the "Sydney Morning Herald" recently pointing out that many of those now turning to the Church and its Missions for help and food in these days of difficulty, brought about by the coal strike, never do a thing to help the Church in their days of prosperity, or give the smallest donation to its funds. Indeed, many of them scoff at the Church and its clergy, calling them narrow-minded wowsers, and bigots.

Of course, the lady is quite right. Such indeed is the case. But that is not a good enough reason to fail to minister to them in times of necessity. Maybe there is a great deal of stony ground in the field we call the world. One must sow a little thicker to make up

for what falls upon the stones and that which the ravens eat.

In B.C.A. we find the same thing happens. There are folk in the outback, also, who do not do a thing to help the Missions, Hostels or Medical Service, but if they are in need or if they require their children to attend school, or if they break a leg or have a baby, they are very glad to avail themselves of the ministry provided by the giving of others. When that happens we just sow the seed a little thicker in case such ground is not all stones. It is surprising sometimes what a good harvest comes from such seemingly poor soil.

Then there are those who tell me that we should not send men and women away into the Never-Never where people are few while the church is so short of man and womanpower in the great cities of the continent. I suppose the argument is that such soil can yield but a limited crop. That's bad farming. The sower knows that if each plant has a fair amount of room to develop it will be much stronger and yield better heads. So we often find in bush and plain, sturdy Christians who will travel 50 miles, hail, rain or shine, to get to church. Such are full headed wheat, with each grain plump and of pure gold. So though the crop be thin in the number of plants, the yield is so often a hundred fold.

You and I are sowers and as such it is incumbent upon us to see that the seed is sown unflinchingly every season. Maybe sometimes there will be a drought and no crop whatever is harvested. Sometimes the price of the seed will be high, as it is just now, but don't let us say we will sow less ground for that reason. Rather let us remember that when the seed costs more the yield is much more valuable.

In closing, I should like to say to you all, "Thank you" for the splendid result of the recent appeal made to you to help tide over a very difficult period. The gifts are still coming in, though £800 has already been exceeded.

We are now preparing for the Annual Rally, although by the time you read this it will have been held. But I know that I can safely say thank you now for helping to make the Rally the success that it was.

Yours sincerely,

TOM JONES,
O.M.

When Making your Will Remember the B.C.A.



The Ladies' Auxiliaries have been doing splendidly in their efforts to assist in supplying the cost of St. Brigid's Van. The Sydney Auxiliary has so far raised £90, the Melbourne Auxiliary £24, Moonee Ponds £10, Clovelly £52, and Pennant Hills and Burwood East have other sums in hand. Thank you to everyone for this truly wonderful assistance. Oh, for more auxiliaries! Can you form one in your parish? Write Head Office for details.

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The Society is deeply grateful to a number of people for special gifts and efforts in recent months. Our thanks are expressed to:

Miss S. Molster, of Lakemba, N.S.W., for the gift of a bookcase for Wilcannia Hostel.

Mrs. Crawford, of Northcote, Vic., for a portable font for use in the Minnipa Mission.

Mrs. Boyd and her helpers who arranged a fete at Kogarah, N.S.W., which resulted in £18 being given towards the equipment of St. Brigid's Van.

Mrs. Gerrard and members of the Ladies' Auxiliary at Pennant Hills, N.S.W., for an afternoon which brought in £21 for the same purpose.

To **Mr. Harvey**, who has given some surgical instruments left by his mother, the late Mrs. W. Harvey, who was the wife of the first missionary at Wilcannia.

To **Mr. Chinner**, of Randwick, N.S.W., for the gift of a table model gramophone and records. It will be deeply appreciated outback.

A host of good friends who continue to send in books, magazines, stamps and other gifts.

To **Rev. and Mrs. L. H. Broadley** for the gift of a portable gramophone.

To **St. Paul's Church of England, Woodford, N.S.W.**, for offertory plate.

To **Miss Unwin**, of Croydon, N.S.W., for a portable gramophone and records.

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We regret that **Sister Ruth Gillan**, who has spent four years on the medical staff, has had to give up her work for the time being because of ill-health. We pray that Sister will soon be quite well again.

* * * * *

Dr. Russell and Mrs. Roxburgh recently returned to Sydney after four years at Wudinna in South Australia. The two doctors have done very fine work, and they will be sorely missed by members of the B.C.A. staff and the people whom they served so well. The Society offers them its prayers and best wishes in their new home.

* * * * *

Sister Maud Ross, of Sydney, N.S.W. has joined the nursing staff, and is now stationed at the Bishop Kirkby Memorial Hospital at Cook. We give Sister a warm welcome, and hope that she will have many happy years in B.C.A.

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Remember that December is the next month for opening your Bark Hut Money Box.

The Society has learned with sincere regret of the retirement of **Miss A. Brooke-Anderson**, the Secretary of the Ladies' Association of the Colonial and Continental Church Society. Miss Brooke-Anderson has been a very good friend to B.C.A., and through her inspiring and untiring leadership the Ladies' Association has been a continued source of much practical help through the supply of finance and gifts of materials of many kinds for the furtherance of the work in Australia. We offer Miss Brooke-Anderson the grateful thanks of B.C.A. for all that she has done, and pray that God's blessing will be with her during the coming years.

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Congratulations and best wishes to the **Rev. George and Mrs. Fuhrmeister** upon their recent marriage. They hope to go to a B.C.A. mission early next year.

* * * * *

An Assistant House Mother is urgently needed to help **Miss Beck** with the thirty High School Girls in the Hostel at Port Lincoln in S. Aust. No nursing training is needed. This is a wonderful opportunity to help win these girls for our Lord and His Church. Write the Organising Missioner for details.

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We wish to advise our friends that certain difficulties arise when coins are sent through the post. Please send donations by money order, postal note or cheque.

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Remember the Annual Thanksgiving Day of the Sydney Women's Auxiliary. You will find the details on another page.

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At the request of the Council of B.C.A., the **Organising Missioner** is to go to England on deputation for the Society. Mr. Jones will leave on the "Stratheden", which sails from Sydney on September 30th.

A Farewell Service of Holy Communion will be held in **St. Andrew's Cathedral on Wednesday, September 21st, at 10.15 a.m.** The Archbishop of Sydney will be the Celebrant, and the sermon will be preached by the Rev. E. Cameron, a member of the Council. All friends of Mr. Jones and B.C.A. are cordially invited to attend this Service.

St. Brigid's Van, which is to be based on Ceduna, in South Australia, will be dedicated in the Cathedral grounds immediately afterwards.

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The Society desires to acquire a house in a Sydney Suburb. Please forward particulars to The Organising Missioner, Church House, Sydney

From the Pilot's Log

Mr. A. CHADWICK

As a general rule I have come to regard the climate of South Australia as being aptly described by the term "Sunny South". But there are occasions when it is anything but "sunny", and I recall a few of such occasions now.

We were at Parafield, the Adelaide airport, and the weather report for the return trip was not too promising. Adelaide was covered by a dense dust haze, almost obscuring the sun, strong winds prevailed, and similar conditions were being experienced all along the home-ward route. It was obvious that flying a non-radio controlled aircraft was out of the question while such conditions prevailed, so we waited, hoping for a better report next day. However, for the next three days things got worse instead of better, and rain developed.



Dr. Freda Gibson with Mr. Chadwick and Sister Page at Tarcoola

The fourth day showed some local improvement, and although fairly rough conditions were still being reported along the route, the general opinion was that the flight could be made, so I took off and headed for home. After covering the first 110 miles there was ample evidence of a storm developing ahead which was not indicated by the weather reports, and when the aircraft began to bump violently under an inky sky and be lashed by large driving raindrops, with lightning flashes not far away, I did not hesitate to return to Parafield, as going round the storm was not possible owing to the wide area it covered. What had actually happened was that this storm had developed over Spencer's Gulf between the time the last report had come in, and when I left, and a few minutes after I had landed again, the full force of it struck Adelaide. I was in the control tower reporting my return; the wind-gauge registered 89 m.p.h.; lightning struck a radio aerial, which snapped with a loud report; sheets of iron were torn from buildings and hurled across the aerodrome; and the rain was so heavy that objects at 100 yards distance were invisible. However, the "quiet after the storm" came on the second day, and the flight home was made without further incident.

That section of the air route to Cook, about the Head of the Bight, has caused me a lot of trouble during

our last dry spell. The edge of the Nullarbor Plain got so dry that any sort of a breeze at all would raise the dust. I recall one trip in particular, when we had Sister Tierney on board. Sister was making her first flight to Cook, and her first flight for several months. As we left Fowler's Bay behind, dark clouds were visible ahead, fairly low down. Normally we could have flown above them, but on coming up with them, I saw that it was actually clouds of dust, rolling upwards to a height of many thousands of feet. Visibility down through it was nil; above, the turbulence was violent, almost wrenching the control wheel from my hands. So turning north, I skirted this one, but had to fly 70 miles up to the Transcontinental Railway at Ooldea to get a "fix", and so navigate on to Cook, even then flying through a dust haze extending as far as one could see in every direction. I must say here that Sister proved to be a good traveller, and came up for every meal at Cook, but owing to the rather long duration of the flight, due to our long detour and head winds, I think she had the idea that I was flying non-stop to Sydney—or Perth!

There came a call from Mulgathing Station, 128 miles north from Ceduna. The manager of one of Mulgathing's associated stations, Commonwealth Hill, some 50 miles further north again, had received injuries when he fell on the pipe line, as he was doing maintenance work on one of the windmills on the property. He was brought down to Mulgathing, and Doctor Freda contacted by telephone. We had to go up and treat the patient at the homestead, before bringing him down to Ceduna, where he was in hospital for two weeks. Going up in the morning the weather was fine, but one of our summer thunderstorms developed in the early afternoon and stretched from west to east across our path. Turning slightly south east, I began to fly around the nearest storm centre, and between that and another one to our left. All went well for a few minutes, when quite suddenly, and out of nowhere, so it seemed, another patch of rain and lightning blew up right in front of us. This was rather awkward, for I was now flying in the centre of a triangle of storm centres, and felt much the same as I suppose I would have felt had I been a member of the "gallant Six Hundred" with cannons to the right of them, and cannons to the left of them! There was only one way out, and that was forward, left or right. I chose left; this took me in the same direction as the weather was travelling, and as I consider that the "Dragon" has a better turn of speed than most weather systems, I calculated on squeezing in between the lightning flashes, and coming within sight of the coast before any more trouble bobbed up in front of us. It worked out that way, and although the bright lights were quite close at times, we flew clear, and came within sight of Ceduna some distance east of our usual track.

I could give a repeat description of the flight just mentioned when we went to Tarcoola soon afterwards, and had Sister Wells on board. Sister was another staff member making her first flight with us under doubtful conditions, but I think I recollect some remark being made about enjoying the trip and all that was seen, thunder storms and all thrown in; so I don't think it worries any of them unduly.

On another occasion we were called up to Tarcoola to bring down a railway fettle who was taken suddenly and seriously ill, some 25 miles west of Tarcoola. He was brought in to Tarcoola about midnight. After Sister Page had spoken to Doctor Freda on the phone, it was thought advisable to have him in hospital for further investigation. Doctor operated, and removed several feet of gangrenous bowel which the man had no further use for. Despite his serious condition, and the fact that he had a long history of the illness, his recovery was remarkable. He never looked back, thanks in no small measure to modern methods of surgery, and nursing, skilfully applied. Note: Weather O.K. for this trip. There was, however, an incident concerning the trip I might mention here, the humorous side of which is greatly enhanced by the kindly passage of time. I generally have a look back over my shoulder at odd intervals to see how patients (and passengers, sometimes) are travelling, and when some instinct made me look round quickly once, what I saw was anything but funny. Our patient, evidently realising his need of hospital attention, and desirous of having a look ahead to see if Ceduna was in sight, had propped himself up on one elbow. That was quite all right; but here was the catch: he was steadying himself by holding on to the rip cords, which release the emergency escape panel in the cabin roof! Had he let that go, some little rabbit would have received a mighty big fright down below, and as for the patient, well, his tummy would have been so cold on arrival at Ceduna that he would have needed no anaesthetic for the operation! Of course, a prompt message sent back by the passenger in the front seat,

who happened to be our missionary, Rev. Phil Connell, brought the desired result. (Mental note, since converted to a written one: Must get those rip cords clipped up out of harm's way at the next C. of A.)

We had an elderly patient in hospital at Ceduna, with an internal obstruction that was a case for the Royal Adelaide Hospital. Doctor Freda rang me at the aerodrome one afternoon, and asked if I could take him over next morning. Planning for an early start, we had patient and passengers, who in this case were his wife and sister, all about 70 years of age, aboard soon after daylight. There had been a fog earlier, and as we prepared to leave, it cleared; but only temporarily. In the short time it took to start the engines, and take my seat in the cockpit, the fog descended heavier than before, and I could hardly discern through the misty windscreen the buildings further along the taxiway. There was nothing for it but to switch off again. These conditions held for two hours, after which the sun broke through, the fog dispersed, and all these elderly folk, experiencing their first aerial journey, enjoyed a comfortable flight to Parafield.

May I conclude this letter on a different note. Regarding the very recent departure of Doctor Russell Roxburgh and family, from Wuduna to Sydney, I would record here my appreciation of the friendship which developed between us, as in a spirit of co-operation we carried on the Flying Medical Service, over the large area covered by both the Ceduna and Wudinna bases. Working alone, and at considerable distance from centres of flying activities, this has been a valuable four years of mutual fellowship.

Living Water in the Desert

Miss D. NATHAN.

Would those who have not been to the real Outback of Australia care to travel round with me as I tell of my stay with the B.C.A. in the desert of South Australia?

I was off for four weeks' vacation, to see the desert of Australia and to stay with that happy family of Bush Church Aid Society workers. They told me to come by plane, as it was best and quickest; they told me to bring warm clothes because it was likely to be cold; and they told me (which was a great joy) that I would be their guest.

Being a reasonably obedient soul, I caught a plane from Sydney to Adelaide, stayed there the night, rose early next morning, and flew on to Ceduna on the West Coast. This was to be my headquarters. The flight was most enjoyable. Over St. Vincent's and Spencer's Gulfs we flew, and then over many weary miles of desert. Looking down on this great sand-swept area it seemed to be designed in varying patterns of squares, some dark and some light, the former covered with stunted timber rising from the sand, the others bare, unrelieved by any type of vegetation, and all stretching on endlessly as far as the eye could see.

And so we landed at Ceduna, the scenery here being changed by the low-lying coast line, no big rocks or caves such as we imagine, but the flatness of the desert seems to merge into the flatness of the ocean.

Hopping out of the plane I was met by the well-loved B.C.A. Matron, Sister Dowling, and Mrs. Byrne, who was to be my travelling companion for most of my visit. The day was very hot (they mostly were) as we drove to the hospital in a friend's truck on one of the sandy roads, not in a taxi on a tarred road, as I in my ignorance presumed, for neither are to be found in this part of the country. However, it was not long before I was made welcome by the B.C.A. staff as we sat down to a tasty meal in the hospital dining room as soon as I arrived. Sister Hitchcock, or "Hitch", as she is fondly called, manages the kitchen in a very capable fashion, and having given her and the matron a hand with the dishes, I unpacked my bags and rested in my room. Later in the afternoon we did some shopping. The prices of all goods completely overwhelmed me, for air-freight has to be added to the cost of most articles. I found the main road to the west distinguished from the local scenery by a sign-post of many arms, stating that it is one thousand and something miles to Perth.

After an early tea we gathered round the fire in the sitting-room, as is the usual custom, for Bible-Study and prayer, followed by the singing of lovely hymns, the words of which float through the corridor to the patients as they lie in bed, bearing their message of faith and love. The fires are one of the joys of Ceduna Hospital for the nights get very chilly even though the days are hot. It was here on my first

night that I met Dr. Freda Gibson, the Flying Doctor of B.C.A. Her life is certainly not one of glamour, as many folk imagine, for besides being the only doctor in 80,000 square miles, Dr. Freda has the responsibility of a home and family. This night she was relaxing after a busy day and had to bring her mending with her!

She was off for the 220 mile flight to Cook the next day, and Mrs. Byrne and I were to go with her and stay at the hospital with Sisters Thomas and Gillan for a couple of days.

Supper was brought in by the night nurse. When I made for bed I found waiting for me a hot bath, my jamas laid out, and my bed airing. What hospitality! All they can do for one is not enough. Breakfast in bed was the next item, and a new day was before us, the chief interest being the trip to Cook.

We were due to leave at 1.30 p.m. and were all ready to set off when a casualty case came in. A little girl had broken her arm and the only thing was to X-ray and set it before we went; but, unfortunately, our little Coral had only just eaten her lunch, so the anaesthetic could not be administered for an hour or two. Such is typical of the complications which arise when one doctor has to operate over an area of so many square miles, but Dr. Freda takes it all in her stride. It was 4.15 before she could leave the hospital and our pilot, Mr. Chadwick, was impatiently waiting, for now it meant a race with the sun. As doctor moved the controls, "Chaddy" swung the propellers and it was not long before we were air-borne. As time passed, shadows began to fall over the desert. They were pink and purple as they gently merged into the lowering sky. The sun was disappearing over the lime-stone plain as we taxied to a standstill outside the hospital. The children clustered excitedly around the plane, for the trip to Cook, occurring but once a month, is a red letter day for all. Folk travel in from a hundred miles away and bring all the family with them. An outing is a rare pleasure and besides, there may be mail on board and you know what that means to the people of the Outback.

Cook is a place which must be seen to be believed. The children think its a treat to be taken for a walk round the aerodrome. I am afraid I could see nothing but aerodrome. All was flat, burnt and bare. Except for the few buildings of the township there was nothingness; the dead level plain of the Nullarbor stretched endlessly to the horizon; not a tree, not a bump on the sky-line broke the monotony. If one wanted to go for a walk in any direction, one would only reach a point in space. It was almost frightening in its absolute nothingness and yet the two nurses out there, alone in the small hospital, were completely happy. How could it be? I could not understand at all, until the words from a hymn came to my mind. "To do the will of Jesus, this is peace." Then I understood. It showed so wonderfully that it was God's will for them to work in this most barren of spots and He had fitted them for this work. They were truly content in it.

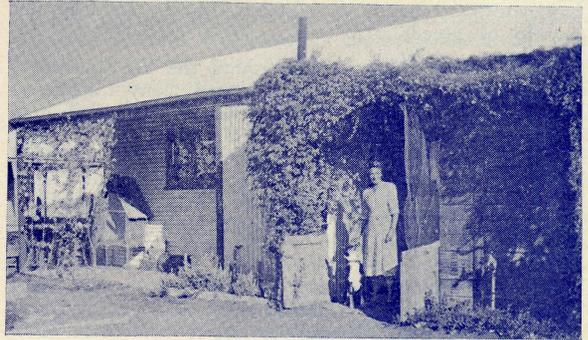
The doctor worked on till well after 10 p.m. that night, and was up and away to Ceduna long before I rose from my bed next day. Mrs. Byrne and I stayed with Sisters Gillan and Thomas and accepted their generous hospitality for several days, enjoying happy Christian fellowship before we went on the next stage of our journey. This was to Tarcoola, 250 miles east along the Trans-Continental Railway, where we were to

meet another B.C.A. nurse rendering her service to God and man in the Outback.

She works in a very humble dwelling, provided by the local people but it is made homely by her love of plants and animals, of which she has a remarkable selection. The train rolled into the station about an hour late, but trains seem to have the bad habit of doing this, and there was Sister Page looking out for us in the evening light. She took us to her home, "The Lady Dugan Hostel", where we partook of tea and biscuits, to the accompaniment of merry laughter, for "Page" has a lovely sense of humour. I felt immediately at home.

One thing about Tarcoola, it is not dead flat. Even though the ground is just as dusty and only slightly more fertile than the Nullarbor itself, one can look up to the hills where the old mines are.

The townsfolk were very good and tried to fatten us up on home made cakes and biscuits, and Mr. Wakeford, the local schoolmaster, very kindly took us for a drive to see the cemetery, the government tank and the mines.



Sister Page and Paddy at the Hostel

As I took my seat in the front of the crowded car my eyes fell on the following notice! "Anyone riding in this vehicle does so at his own risk." This was cheering considering the roughness of the track, but after all, one can't expect to travel in luxury every day of the week, and it is something to own a car in this part of the world.

Saturday afternoon we visited the little church to clean it before the services on the morrow. Mrs. Byrne played our favourite hymns and we all sang lustily as we swept and dusted and noticed the work not at all.

Our next little trip was about 6 p.m. that evening. We were going to call on an old lady who lived by herself in her home near the mines, so having packed a few articles for her we set off on a two mile walk in the cool of the evening, having at our side Sister Page's beloved dog, Paddy. We came in due course to a neatly kept yard and a tiny little tin house, but all was dark and quiet. We tapped at the window for we knew she would not like to think we had called and gone away without a word. The dear old soul had gone to bed but she insisted that we should come in. The house was bare but clean, and we sat and talked in the kitchen with the light of a hurricane lamp on a white damask tablecloth. She was so pleased we had

come and told us how she read her "Chapter" every night, even though we could see that her eyes were sore and dim. We talked together for a short time and then had a word of prayer with her before we left. Sister Page kissed that worn old face and the old lady saw us to the door of that little three-roomed hut with cement floors and furnished with but the barest essentials. God loves us just the same, whether we are rich or poor, young or old, have many friends, or few, providing we are faithful to Him.

Our stay here at Tarcoola came to an end all too soon. It seemed no time before Dr. Freda came for the monthly visit, which meant our return to Ceduna. I am afraid I did not do credit to the pilot on my return trip because I had to take advantage of certain paper bags kept for the unpleasant purpose. However, I was able to take a photo of the landing and was able to eat tea that night.

Next day we went crab-catching. I had heard tell of the famous crab suppers so determined to be in it. We went armed with nets and meat which we fastened to the jetty. The dear little crabs were most co-operative and the water was so still that we watched with bated breath as they decided either to leave or try the tempting bait and woe betide the greedy ones! It does not pay to be greedy.

By 9 p.m. we were sitting round the fire waiting to be fed. The table was covered with many thicknesses of newspaper, instead of linen, with plates piled high with bread and butter. Each person was presented with a large white handkerchief (reserved for the purpose) on which to wipe the fingers. The idea was to take a slice of bread and the odd claw or two and make a sandwich. Was it fun? Wouldn't have missed it for worlds!

Penong Hospital was to be my next home, so I travelled up with Mr. Connell, the missionary, on Easter morning for he had special services to take there. Fortunately for me we did not go in his car, else we would have been covered with a two-inch thickness of dust instead of the normal half-inch gained by travelling in a sedan model. (Mr. Connell's car was in dock. It is showing signs of old age and hard work.)

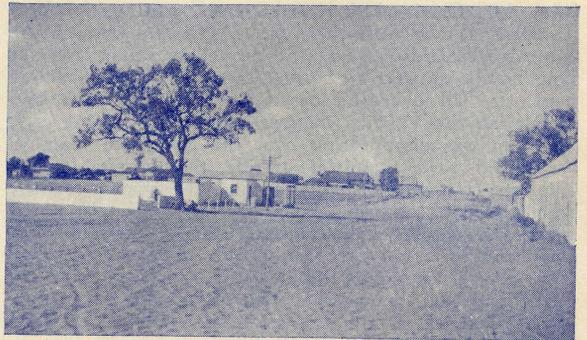
After the fifty-mile drive Sisters Loane and Portch joined us at the Morning Service and welcomed us afterwards to dinner. The local policeman, who acts as ambulance driver, called in that afternoon to see if a couple of natives needed to be taken to Kooniba Aborigine Hospital, thirty miles distant. He offered to take us with him so that we could see over this great Lutheran Aboriginal Mission which does a splendid work amongst the natives, with its own Church, school, hospital, homes, store and farm. I was assured that the intelligence of the natives was high and agreed when shown samples of their school work. Mathematics seems to be their weak point, but then who is good at mathematics?

Next morning news came through that a fellow had fallen out of a car and cut his head open. Could we come and pick them up along the road? In a few minutes Sister Loane and I were off in the policeman's car and enjoyed a thirty-mile run before we found the accident. The man's head was thickly covered in gore, so little could be done till we had him in the operating theatre back at Penong Hospital. The nurses were going to stitch up the wound themselves, but thought it

might be advisable to give Dr. Freda a ring with the result she flew over about an hour later, had dinner with us, fixed up the patient and then returned to Ceduna for a heavy consultation in the afternoon. Such is life in the Outback!

The country is very pretty round Penong, gently rolling plains form most of the landscape and fuel is obtained from the plenteous Mallee scrub. It was a particularly dry period; the grass was brown, the sheep thin, and even some of the horses had to be shot. We bathed in a bucket of water which was then carefully emptied on the garden.

Mr. Wilson called for me that evening. He was off to do some parish visiting and take some family services, and thought it would be interesting for me to visit and stay at some of the typical west coast farms. I thought the suggestion a good one, so did the trip to Bookabie, where a few families gathered together for a service. That night I stayed at one of the farm houses and enjoyed their hospitality till next day when we went to Fowler's Bay, an old whaling centre, and Coorabie. Mr. Wilson was giving religious instruction in the schools here, even though there are only a dozen children on the roll, including half-castes.



Menindee in Western N.S.W.

The lessons being over, we called on more of the farm folk and ended up at Cooringabie, where a final service was to be held in the old hall. It was after 11 p.m. when I returned to Penong Hospital, and who do you think had stayed up for me, but Sisters Portch and Loane, and what do you think they had waiting for me, but a lovely hot cup of cocoa and a lovely hot-water bottle in my bed, for the night was cold.

Can you wonder that one gets really fond of the B.C.A. staff? Next day doctor flew over again and it was time for me to go back to Ceduna and then in a few days to Sydney.

Life seemed to be made up of happy meetings and sad partings. Seeing the Ceduna folk again was great, and living quietly with them for a few days was wonderful. There is not much to see here except the sunrise and the sunset; the nurses work long days and have one off a week, yet the spirit of B.C.A. is one of quiet joy and great peace which is itself from God and I was freely allowed to partake of all.

Could one ask more of a holiday? *Continued on next page*

My First Three Months With B.C.A.

Sister M. HORSBURGH

March 8th saw me aboard an Adelaide-bound Sky-master. It was hard to realise that I was really on my way to take up the work which the Lord had given me to do. Although it was a big break to be going so far from home and loved ones, I was very conscious of the fact that I was not going alone, nor in my own strength, for He has said: "I will never leave thee or forsake thee." With promises such as this, who could fear?

As Mr. Livingstone was also setting out that day on a tour of some of the missions, I had his company all the way, and he was able to tell me quite a bit about the work which I had not heard before.

In Adelaide we enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Dillon. It was a great thrill meeting the first B.C.A. nurse, and to hear of some of her experiences in those early days.

Next morning we were met at Airways House by Sister Bockleburg, who was also bound for Ceduna. Having lived at Minnipa all her life, she, too, was able to further my knowledge of the work. We were met on our arrival by Sister Dowling, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick with two of their children, and Mr. Connell and small Daniel. The weather gave us a hearty welcome too in the form of a cold, bleak wind and clouds of dust. After seeing Mr. Livingstone off once more on his way to Western Australia, we set off for the hospital, Mr. Connell leading the way in his very old Buick, while we followed with Mr. Chadwick, who pointed out to us the first hospital. What a contrast to the present one.

We had arrived at a very busy time, and next morning were introduced to the work with no undue ceremony. We felt very much like two new probationers for the first few days trying to get our bearings, but everyone was most helpful, and we soon felt more at home. Friends, would you remember especially in prayer new workers coming out? Truly, where the Lord's work is going on, there also is Satan; and from my own experience he seems to pay special attention to new recruits during that period of readjustment we all must pass

through in any new place of work. Thank God we can lean heavily upon Him and all His wonderful promises, but I found it, as I am sure others have too, a time of very severe testing, and much prayer support is needed.

Two or three weeks after my arrival I was introduced to the very fascinating pastime of crab-catching. Armed with four crab nets and miscellaneous parts of a bullock's bony structure for bait, we set off for the jetty. Having never seen a crab before, I was rather awe-struck at their size: they were so very much larger than I had imagined them, and, of course, the water magnified them greatly. As the two visitors who accompanied Sister Hitchcock and I had never been crabbing before either, excitement was running high when Sister Hitchcock hauled the first victim up, with much squealing when it landed beside us with all its claws and nippers beating angrily at the air. Sister then proceeded to give us a demonstration of how these ferocious-looking creatures were picked up. Imagine our horror when a large nipper fastened itself in her finger. She had picked up the wrong end!! After catching eighteen beauties we were feeling much more confident, and our remaining qualms were forgotten that night in a sumptuous, if inelegant, crab supper.

It has been my privilege since Sister Fisher's departure to Cook to assist Miss Stokes with the Sunday School at Thevenard. It is most encouraging to see as many as forty-two coming along there, a big majority of which are Greek children.

Although some are most inattentive, it is a joy to be able to tell these little ones of the children's Friend and Saviour, and we have His promise that His word will not return unto Him void.

And so, as I look back over my first three months with B.C.A., I praise God for His very real presence with me in the rough places and the smooth, and look forward to many years in His service, praying that I may always be found faithful and ready to do His Will, and able to say with Paul: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

A Little Stone Farm House

Rev. J. R. GREENWOOD

It was not a very pretentious house, even in these days in which anything at all is eagerly seized, but it had provided a home many years ago for a young family. The stone walls built nearly 30 years before had stood the test of many storms and droughts. The pug from a clay pan had provided the cement for both walls and floors, while the roof of galvanised iron had no lining beneath it to act as a ceiling. The present occupant had spent his early boyhood in that same house and later brought his wife to share the home with him.

The surrounding country was bare as the result of continued dry seasons. A boisterous wind could very soon stir up dust and make the country move about in an alarming manner. Towards this home late one Sunday afternoon St. Columba's van bounced and shook over a road far from good. The corrugations shook the van in intermittent spasms; outcrops of limestone rock called

for quick work on the footbrake and gear lever; gutters and potholes in their turn contributed to a feeling of perpetual motion.

At length a cleared strip of scrub revealed a narrow track leading to the farm gate. The sun had set and the still quietness of the bush evening settled on the countryside. About a mile away over a succession of sandy hills the little stone farmhouse could be seen in the gathering gloom. As St. Columba was turned through the gate evidence of the dry season could be seen on all sides. The track wound over two sandy hills, which called for heavy work by the van, and ultimately finished at the front gate of the house, which was built on the stony outcrop of a third hill.

A warm-hearted welcome was given by the owner and his wife, and soon the business of settling St. Columba for the night was in full progress. Having packed away suitcases and boxes in the cabin, the back portion was

quickly dusted out, the adjustable windows for night ventilation put into place, making the sleeping quarters ready for the missionary.

As there was a decided frosty bite in the air the homely tea beside the fire was much appreciated. Despite the dry season and poor outlook the conversation was quite optimistic as hopes for a break in the season were expressed. The main worry was caused by fears for the stock, which were in a very poor condition, and consequently gave little promise for a good lambing season. A few light showers of rain a short time before had brought up a little grass, which, unfortunately, had no time to strengthen nor grow taller before two days of



Another Type of Farmhouse in The West

duststorms had covered it with driving sand. The sheep, enticed by a faint showing of green were quickly disillusioned when trying to gain sustenance from the sparse growth. The prohibitive cost of hay meant that hand-feeding on a large scale was out of the question. The ever-present crows were reaping a harvest as sheep in poor condition fell and were unable to defend themselves when their enemy swooped down to peck out their eyes. The foxes were also causing havoc amongst the lambs as ewes abandoned them, being unable to provide them with food. This man was striving to maintain 600 sheep, as well as sowing wheat and oats, despite the conditions, but without the rain his task, he knew, would bring very little reward. Nevertheless a true spirit of pioneering was quite apparent as we gathered together around the cheery fire.

However, we could not tarry for long, as this was the

night of the monthly church service. Soon neighbours would assemble in the little farmhouse to join in the fellowship of Christian Worship. All hands turned to the task of clearing up the tea things and arranging the room for the service. The kerosene lamps were lit and chairs set around the wall, with a few boxes placed on the verandah to be handy if wanted as extra seats. A piano was available, which, although a trifle flat, nevertheless provided the accompaniment for hymn-singing.

There was a definite touch of frost in the air as we stood on the front verandah watching for the lights of cars signifying the approach of the congregation. The first to arrive was my host's mother, who lived about a mile away, but whose mode of transport caused me some surprise. Another brother of my host had brought his mother to service in the farm tip-draw with a draft-horse to pull them over the sandy track. This old lady of 73 years told us she had sat near the tail-end of the cart so that she could jump out quickly if it showed any sign of rolling over, as stumps and stones were in the track to add extra bumps to the trip. By this time lights of three cars could be seen piercing the night and soon 14 adults with 6 children under the age of four years had travelled through the cold night to join in worship.

There was no trained choir to lead our singing, but all joined heartily in the singing of the hymns even although a few flat notes on the piano could be heard. The spirit of worship was highly maintained as prayers were offered and the Scriptures read. An attentive congregation showed interest and appreciation as the richness of God's Love was expounded. We were drawn together in the sacred fellowship of worship although the usual aids to worship associated with a Church were entirely lacking. It was a humbling experience for the missionary, as he realised that here were people who, despite the hard conditions prevailing, nevertheless turned to God and overcame difficulties which might constitute excuses for absenting themselves from a Church service.

The hour was late as the quietness of the van was sought for the night's rest, but there was the realisation that One Who is ever present with His Servants would add His Blessing to that which was done in faith.

In summer and winter, through duststorms and the frost of winter this work goes on in places many miles apart. The distances and lack of men contribute their share to the infrequent services. Those who labour plead for the prayers of all interested friends that every opportunity may be seized to proclaim the Christian Message.

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Hostel Highlights

Miss M. J. FARR.

Again it is time to write an article for the R.A., and again one finds it hard to know what to say. The little things of every day that make life so interesting and enjoyable and, at times, so hectic and annoying, seem so usual when reduced to print as to be uninteresting. However, I know how I enjoy the daily doings of others recorded in the R.A., so I will try to tell some of our own.

This year has been a lovely one for our garden, so each boy has had his little plot and takes great care of, and pride in it. The radishes were carefully examined weeks before they could be big enough, and the excitement the first Sunday we had radishes from their own gardens among our salad had to be seen to be believed. They have grown some very nice ones, too. Our baby of just seven was able to give his mother three nice big ones when she came to see him. They grow other things, too, but the radishes give quicker therefore better results, they think. Each week the letters home all report garden progress.

The parents of two of the boys have just gone to live on their own block of land and this brought the conversation around to the things needed there. All the boys have made themselves blocks along one side of the playground. Chips have been knocked in to form fences, boundaries have to be done by both, and such things as houses, sheds, yards, wells, tanks and trucks made with all the rubbish they could find. One boy is the tank sinker and has an old piece of iron which is the scoop. He can be hired by the others, and they must not think of doing such work themselves, although once the tank is started, you often find them all lending a hand. Another one is the mailman and someone else carts the wool. To-day has been a holiday and they played on their blocks nearly all the day.

They even were buying and selling; two boys combined to buy a large block in return for their two smaller ones. The new owner told me the two smaller blocks were better than his big one because they had more water.

In the evening drawing is first favourite. Those who are not artists either trace and colour, or draw designs with compass and ruler and colour them in different shades. Some are very effective. One of our keenest workers with his coloured pencils has had about three weeks in hospital and really thought he was better when he was allowed to sit up and draw.

The help that the hostel can be has been demonstrated again in this lad's case. He used to have sick turns at home, lasting only a day or so, and not very painful. The nearest doctor was seventy miles away, so no notice was taken. Here he was taken to see Doctor, and it was found that he was suffering from a kidney complaint which would have been very serious if left without treatment. He is now much better, and his parents are taking doctor's advice to see a specialist in the holidays.

I mentioned the little annoying things. One to finish up. We have a new boy with us, and if he so much as touches something he should not the others are all giving him good advice: "You don't do that here." Or "We are not allowed to do that". Or "We do it this way." The annoying part is that the speakers are the ones who are always forgetting these and other rules themselves. At least, they cannot now say: "We did not know."

So the days and weeks fly by and we thank our Heavenly Father for all His blessings and pray that these young lives may learn to seek and to find their Saviour. Will you pray for them, too?

The Church is Alive

Rev. T. H. PICKBURN

Since last writing an article for the "Real Australian" many things have happened of interest and importance in the district which deserve to be recorded. Last November saw the installation of a lighting plant to serve the church and vicarage at Beech Forest. The plant is of 32 volt output, and provides ample and excellent lighting for both buildings. In every way the plant gives great pleasure and satisfaction—especially during the long-drawn-out winter, and we have never ceased to be thankful for the benefits derived. The project was a costly one (£200), and involved a large overdraft at the Bank, but confidence in the future of the district is high, and the church committee had no hesitation in taking the step.

Readers of these notes will recall the unfortunate collapse, in a violent storm nearly three years ago, of the Presbyterian Church building at Lavers Hill. This church had for many years been used by Anglicans as a place of worship, and its loss was very keenly felt. So much so, that it was found impossible to carry on

as a worshipping body in the public hall. Eventually a monthly service came to be held in a private home in the town, and this has been maintained ever since. During this period Anglicans and Presbyterians between them raised sufficient money to cover the cost of re-erecting the building, and after many disappointments were at last successful in engaging a builder. The result is now that the building is almost completed and should be ready for use in six weeks' time. Church-people at Lavers Hill are looking forward very much to the re-kindling of church life in the district, and it is hoped to build up a strong cause for God once more. It is most pleasing to record that there should be no debt on the building, and the addition of a new vestry is a big improvement. A fortnightly Sunday School is maintained faithfully at Lavers Hill by two good Christian women, and their work is greatly appreciated. A Consolidated School has now been established in this centre, and the missionary has been asked to give religious instruction regularly to the children. To enable

this to be done with any degree of success, an assistant has to be found, and it is hoped that the work will commence in a short time.

Two new centres are waiting to be opened up for Christian worship. Unfortunately one of them, because of the distance involved, must wait until assistance can be obtained in the parish. With the services of an assistant priest the work of the church in this Mission would expand considerably and could be consolidated in a remarkable way.

A new work started at Hordern Vale (which was opened as an Anglican centre over two years ago), and deserving of mention in these notes is the Sunday School. A young layman, Cyril Marriner, saw the need that existed, and voluntarily took on the work of instructing the children of the district in the Christian Faith. Cyril's work is highly appreciated, and his example should inspire others to go and do likewise wherever the need exists.

The Archdeacon of Ballarat is to visit us at the end of July, and we are hoping to have a big meeting on the Monday night, with all church centres represented. Our main object is to form a Central Council to manage the practical affairs of the parish as a whole, and also to help those in the distant centres to feel that they have a place of importance in this large and scattered family. We hope also to place the financial position of the district on a far more stable footing, and so relieve the B.C.A. of some of its burden. This can be done with the willing co-operation of all who have the interests of the church in this district at heart.

We were able during the summer to paint the church at Beech Forest, and with its red roof and cream walls it now presents a most attractive appearance. A cypress hedge has also been planted along the front of church and vicarage, and in time will afford both shelter and beauty. A gravel car park is proving its worth, and

has eradicated the blackberry and weed problem, which continually worried us.

A successful Scout camp at Apollo Bay was held during January, and the missionary is glad to report on the splendid behaviour of the twelve boys committed to his care and the very happy time that all enjoyed. Plans are already being made for next summer's camp. The boys are all keen, and interest in the movement is being well maintained.

In October the Bishop of the Diocese will visit us for Confirmation and to give his Lambeth Lecture throughout the district. We are all keenly looking forward to his visit, and adults and children are being prepared for the Laying-on of Hands.

These notes would not be complete unless tribute were paid to the work of St. Anselm's Ladies' Guild during the past year. The Church at Beech Forest is always beautifully kept by the members, and their annual effort to raise money for church funds was crowned by great success. The members of the Guild are always anxious to play any part in assuring the welfare of the parish, and their loyal co-operation is greatly appreciated by the missionary and his wife.

This article reads, I know, like a report presented to the annual meeting; but "coming events cast their shadows before!"; and this is the time of the year when our thoughts turn to a review of the past year's activities. If, however, we convey the impression to readers of "R.A." that the church is alive and working in this Mission, then we shall have achieved something of importance. We are alive, but very conscious of the fact that more even than this is required of us. In common with all workers in God's Field we recognise the opportunities that the church has within her reach to-day, and despite the difficulties in the way we press on in the hope that some day the church will really be enabled to fulfil her great task.

You Are Invited to the
ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DAY

of the

SYDNEY WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

to be held on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21st

in the

BIBLE HOUSE, BATHURST STREET, SYDNEY

at 2 p.m.

SPEAKER: DEACONESS P. SPRY

THANKOFFERING

Cakes and other goods for sale

THIS IS ALWAYS A WORTHWHILE MEETING

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 who in 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, Pharmacist, Hostel Workers, Air Pilot, Deaconesses, and Students. Cheer and comfort them in discouragement and loneliness, 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 Cowell; the Missioners, Revs. D. Pugh, J. Greenwood and P. Connell.

EVENING

The West Darling Missions at Wilcannia and Menindee; the N.W. Mallee; the Missioner, Rev. E. W. Fisher-Johnson and Deaconesses P. Spry and B. Clarke.

THURSDAY.

MORNING

For the Mail Bag Sunday School with its Gospel messages for the children. For the Director, Miss R. Campbell, the teachers and helpers, that they may find encouragement in their work.

EVENING

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

MONDAY.

MORNING

The Cann River Mission, the Bonang Mission, the Streaky Bay Mission; the Missioners, Revs. G. Pearson, D. H. Wicking, and T. J. Hayman.

EVENING

The Denmark Settlement, the Kirton Point Mission, the Missioner, Rev. C. N. Sherlock, For the Pharmacist, Miss E. M. Page.

FRIDAY.

MORNING

For the Bishop Kirkby Memorial Hospital and Sisters Fisher and Ross as they minister to the people on the great Nullarbor Plain. For Sister Page and the Tarcoola Medical Hostel.

EVENING

For students and all in training for this work of God. For the Heytesbury Forest Mission, and the Otway Ranges Mission, and the Missioners, Rev. E. G. Beavan and Rev. T. H. Pickburn.

TUESDAY.

MORNING

For Sisters Dowling, Miller, Hitchcock, Holle, L. Loane, B. Tierney, R. Portch, O. Morgan, E. Thomas and Miss Stokes.

For the Bowral Hostel, Deaconess N. Dixon and Miss Michael. For Theological Students of the Society in training.

EVENING

For the Cann River Dispensary, and Sister Gwynne and Wudinna Hospital, and Sisters L. Pritchard, M. Wells, V. Holle, Nurse Barry and Staff.

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.

For the N.S.W., Victorian and South Australian Secretaries.

EVENING

For the "Coorah" Hostel and its workers, Mrs. Mann and Miss Lawtey.

For the Rappville Mission.

WEDNESDAY.

MORNING

For the children in the Mungindi, Wilcannia and Port Lincoln Hostels, and for the workers, the Misses Cheers, M. Farr and I. Beck.

EVENING

For the Flying Medical Services, Mr. Chadwick, and Doctor F. Gibson.

For the wives and families of the Missioners and Air Pilot.

Each day pray that the many needs of the work may be met.

Running expenses of £7 per hour to keep the Medical Planes in the air.

Consecrated clergy missioners and other workers for urgent work in the field.

That our work may continue to progress despite the difficulties of the post-war period.

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 Services.

For the joy of service.

TWELVE MODERN APOSTLES

To the Outback Are Urgently Needed

**THEY MUST BE CLERGY OF GRACE, GRIT AND
GUMPTION**

Many places in Australia which earnestly desire the preaching of the Gospel and the ministrations of the Church are being denied them because sufficient Clergy are not available.

“Go ye into All the World” includes Outback Australia

WILL YOU GO?

*Full particulars will be supplied upon application to
the Organising Missioner.*

Christian Nurses with Two Certificates

ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

IN THE B.C.A. HOSPITALS

REMEMBER THAT OUR LORD SAID:

“Preach the Gospel and Heal the Sick”

IS THIS YOUR CALL TO SERVICE?

Write the Organising Missioner for details