PROVIDENTIAL CHANNELS

by

RETTA LONG
AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE OF ABORIGINAL AND TORRES STRAIT ISLANDER STUDIES
Providential Channels

By RETTA LONG

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The centuries go by, and now THEY say
The age of miracles is wholly PAST;
When did it pass, we ask,
And who are THEY?

—Selected.

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The Great Barrier Reef is one of the wonderplaces of the world, and, as with our Aboriginal Race, the outside world regards it with greater interest than we do ourselves. We think of it as a low, coral wall, somewhat of a menace to shipping, or maybe we have enjoyed the calm waters between the Reef and the Australian coast, and we are thankful for its protection.

It contains no less an area than 80,000 miles! It is 1,500 miles long, and compasses thousands of islands in its channels and lanes.

The work of the Aborigines’ Inland Mission takes us into this interesting region.

A group of islands, said to be discovered by Captain Cook on Palm Sunday, provides for us one of our most productive fields. The largest of these is Palm Island—25 miles in circumference, and, with Fantome, it is occupied as a Government Settlement of over 1,000 Aborigines.

To pursue our work amongst the natives on Palm and Fantome Islands, the A.I.M. leased Curacao, another of the group, from the Queensland Government, as a place of residence for its missionaries.

Curacao, like each other island, is coral-ringed.

One day, in a flat-bottomed dinghy, we explored the surrounding waters. Looking through shimmering pale green depths, we could see beds of coral—puce and purple, pink and maroon, orange and yellow, grey,
tender blues. Truly a gorgeous garden of exquisite colouring, in which multicoloured fish, red and black, blue and black, vivid blues and greens of indescribable hues, played hide-and-seek. The beauty of it all was fascinating beyond description.

Captain Cook passed up the whole length of the Great Barrier Reef from the site of Bundaberg, till he came to Torres Straits, then into the Arafura Sea. He knew not his danger until, with sudden shock, his good ship “Endeavour” bumped, and he found they had run upon a reef. It was a terrible plight, and it was only by great seamanship and Herculean effort, that he got his ship afloat; then by drawing a sail under her the crew managed to stop the leak, and to get her to the mainland, at the spot which is now called Cooktown.

When the “Endeavour” was repaired, Captain Cook climbed the hill, and was horrified to see, as far as eye could reach, the ocean criss-crossed with countless reefs. However, with consummate skill, he found a track to the open sea, and felt the freedom it afforded.

But a few days later a wind sprang up, and blew him back upon the outer reef, and again he found himself in imminent peril. Closer and closer he was thrown, until, to use the words of his great diary, “between us and destruction was only a dismal valley—the breadth of one wave. A small air of wind,” he continued, “sprang up,” and of this he took the full advantage, as only a man of Cook’s proved seamanship could.

In that moment of dire extremity, he saw a narrow channel, and through it he drove his vessel into the
calm waters inside the Barrier. Captain Cook named this passage *Providential Channel*.

Our lives are criss-crossed by countless trials, but it is super-eminently true that we have a Captain who is able to pilot us through every dangerous reef until we are safe “on the other side.” How often, with tempests raging, and waves beating high, we are all but lost, when, lo! in the fourth watch, the Son of God comes riding upon the storm, using the very waves which threaten to overwhelm us: He steps into the boat and, immediately—we are at the land we set out to reach.

Again, the way grows long and tortuous, with scarcely room to pass without being scratched and torn and bruised, so narrow is the passage; and, suddenly—He appears, and immediately we are in a large place, the sunshine of His delivering presence cheering us after the weary battle through.

Formidable mountains may block our way, mighty seas threaten to overwhelm us, iron gates obstruct our progress, but at “Wit’s-end-Corner,” He puts forth His hand, and mountains become a plain, the seas part, “the iron gate swings open of its own accord,” and we march forward with songs of victory.

After every such experience, we find ourselves upon higher ground, and we feel the freedom it affords; we breathe rarer air, and take longer views. Thus, we pass onward and upward to the Father’s House, where none of the pressure of life will ever touch us again.
Each of our log-books holds records of Divine interpositions on our journey Homewards, and in the succeeding chapters, are transcribed from mine, a few instances of how the Lord appeared in the moments of dire extremity, when there was but a wave between us and destruction, and made for us a Providential Channel.
Leave the Miracle to Him

“Whatso’er HE bids you, do it,”
Though you may not understand;
Yield to Him complete obedience,
Then you’ll see His mighty hand.

“Fill the waterpots with water,”
Fill them to the very brim;
He will honour all your trusting—
Leave the miracle to Him.

Bring to Christ your loaves and fishes,
Though they be both few and small,
He will use the weakest vessels—
Give to Him your little all.

Do you ask how many thousands
Can be fed with food so slim?
Listen to the Master’s blessing—
Leave the miracle to Him.

Oh, ye Christians, learn the lesson;
Are you struggling all the way?
Cease your trying, change to trusting,
Then you’ll triumph every day.

“Whatso’er HE bids you do it.”
Fill the waterpots to brim,
But remember, ’tis His battle—
Leave the miracle to Him.

Christian worker, looking forward
To the ripened harvest field,
Does the task seem great before you?
Think how rich will be the yield.
Bravely enter with your Master,
Though the prospect may be dim,
Preach the word with holy fervour,
Leave the miracle to HIM.
Through—Into a Wealthy Place

“We went through fire, and through water; but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place” (Psalm 66: 12).

ONE hundred and sixty-five years have passed since the never-to-be forgotten day, when an unsuspecting tribe of Australian Aborigines were terrified by the appearance of a strange object, entering the portal of our present Botany Bay.

This momentous event was recorded, very simply, by Captain Cook, in the log of H.M.S. Endeavour, under date of April 29, 1770:

“Gentle breezes and settled weather. At 3 p.m. anchored in 7 fathoms of water, in a place which I called Sting-ray Harbour. We saw several natives, on each side of the harbour, as we came in, and a few huts, women and children on the north side, opposite where we anchored, and where I soon after landed, with a party of men, accompanied by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander.”

Very different was the experience on shore. In the native camp there was great consternation.

What was this strange apparition approaching them with folding wings?

In a torrent of language they discussed the unknown monster, then, as it drew nearer, they were held, as by magic spell, till someone whispered, “Moomiga!”

The word leapt from lip to lip, and, with one wild cry, they fled to the scrub, in a terror unknown before.
“Moomiga”—the great, evil spirit, of whom they were all their life-time held in fear—had actually appeared, and nothing but destruction awaited them! How true was the latter part of their surmise!

Presently two brave warriors, with poised spears, ventured to return to meet the intruder, and history tells us of the friendly relations which began that day between Captain Cook and our gentle, Australian race.

I was destined to become acquainted, nearly a century and a quarter later, with a son of one who witnessed the landing of Captain Cook.

Old Jimmy, who was nearing the century mark, was grandfather of the camp where I began my missionary service. He is one of the many Aborigines we have known, whose long lives have run the course of from ninety to one hundred and fourteen years. These old black men had wonderful tales to tell, and knew how to tell them. Jimmy’s “old people” had graphically rehearsed, again and again, the story, which he passed on, of their scare of “Moomiga,” and what he told was verified by others, whose grandparents were amongst those who looked from the shore, at the oncoming vessel—the forerunner of a civilisation which has well-nigh destroyed a branch of the oldest stock of the human race.

Jimmy lived to see a great city rising, less than a score of miles away, from whence civilisation’s backwash had reached his camp, and the white men’s gambling, drinking and immorality had done their deadly work. The weaker race became degraded, almost beyond recognition, and was despised and looked upon as refuse, fit only for destruction.
He prepared some breakfast for me, and then he took up a position outside the Mission house, and in a loud voice challenged anyone to do or say another thing. "The one who dares to do so," he said, "must first kill me."

This was an outward relief, but a greater conflict was raging within, a conflict beyond the help of man, and, until it was settled, I could not go on. With breaking heart, I slipped away to my secret place in the bush, a space I had cleared for the purpose, and fell down before God, on the spot which for many days had been my "Cherith," but which had become my "Juniper Tree."

I cried in the agony of my soul—"O, God, let me die; let me die. I have failed. All that people told me, is true. I can do nothing with this people—let me die—I cannot go home, and say I have failed. Oh, let me die. I’m no better than all who have tried before me. I can do nothing with these Aborigines. Let me die!". I lay there, exhausted, in my great distress.

Then, the Captain of our salvation drew near, in tenderest love, and bowed Himself to talk with me.

"Who was it saved you? How were you saved? Was there anything in you that saved you?" He asked, oh, so gently.

"No, Lord, nothing," I replied. "Thou didst save me, Thy grace alone saved me. I was but a little child of six. I could do nothing."

"Tell Me," He said, "is there anything in a Chinaman that can save him?"

"No, Lord," I could only say.
“Anything in an Indian? Anything in an Hottentot that can save him? Or in an Islander?

“No Lord, nothing. Thou alone canst save,” was my only answer.

Thus, with infinite skill, the blessed Lord revealed what I had been doing. I had been limiting the Holy One of God.

Yes, truly, there was nothing worthy in the Aborigines of Australia. They were utterly bankrupt, beyond human aid, sunk in the horrible pit. Nor was there anything more in me, or in any other child of Adam’s race. Jesus Christ—the Son of God incarnate, the Saviour who died on Calvary’s tree, the risen, exalted Lord—could save an Aboriginal as surely as He could a man of any other race. It was “all of grace—not of works, lest any man should boast.” The material did not count, for those who were in Christ were a “new creation.”

Weeping afresh, but this time with hallowed tears of repentance, I begged forgiveness of Him whom I had limited. I saw I had not belittled the Aboriginal, but HIM, my Almighty Lord. HIS hand was not shortened. He had “all power in heaven and in earth.”

There came into my heart the unassailable assurance that Christ the Son of God had sent me into the world, for the Aborigines of Australia, to make known to them, and to demonstrate to the world, that He could save to the uttermost all who come to the Father by Him.

Henceforth:

“Mine the mighty ordination
Of the pierced hands.”
Back to the camp I went, as if on winged feet—back to the same conditions, for the same fire to play upon me, and the same waters to roll at my feet, but I walked through, according to His promise.

Within a week, fourteen souls were saved, some of them great sinners, who became powerful witnesses for the Lord who bought them. Born in the fire they stood the test of the first, stirring days of opposition, and, soon the transforming grace of God changed them so completely that many saw it, and feared, and trusted in the Lord.

Some of them, who were visitors, went back to their own camps to spread the gospel tidings, and soon I was called to go to them to confirm those who had believed through their testimony.

This was but “the beginning of miracles” through which the Lord “manifested forth His glory.”

What loss would have been mine had not my Captain been all-sufficient in the moment of dire extremity, when in a dismal valley there was “but a wave between me and destruction?”

With the skilfulness of His hands He brought me “into a wealthy place,” and gave me overwhelming evidence that “the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation, to everyone that believeth.”
The Aboriginal fishermen who netted the Providential haul of fish.
A Providential Haul of Fish

Fear not . . . thou shalt not be ashamed.

A MONTH'S absence at our nearest outpost, 40 miles distant, proved to be a test for our infant work, at the centre. The month for me had been a glorious one—a small church building had been opened amid much rejoicing, the third, of many, which I have seen built by the loving, willing hands of our Aboriginal people. It was, in the first place, a half-finished building, given by one of the men with the half-acre of ground on which it stood. The remainder of the material required was sent up by the Mission and the dark people turned out a creditable and comfortable structure, quite sufficient for the needs of the work.

I had stayed on after the opening to set the spiritual work in order. Out of the population of 64, 30 in that brief month were added to the Kingdom, and took advantage of every opportunity to be built up in the faith. I left them in His keeping, and, returning three weeks later, found that the Lord had raised up a leader from amongst themselves.

I discovered, on reaching my home station, that a change of experience awaited me. I was emptied into another vessel, for everything had been "muddled" by the enemy of souls, and time and patience were required to lead the flock back to green pastures.

At such times the missionary turns with tearful eyes to look into the face of Him, who changes not, and is
brought into new fellowship of His sufferings, over the wayward children of men.

The faith of some had been overthrown, and, on my first Sunday at home, our men went a-fishing.

They had, when they confessed Christ, voluntarily pulled up their boats, and nets, on Saturdays, and held Sunday free to attend the services. This was at some sacrifice, as they were in competition with white fishermen, who did not regard the Lord's Day. The dark men's boats took rank with those of the white men. When a school of fish appeared, the first boat would shoot its net, land its haul, and retire to the last place. When they pulled up their boats on Saturday, they would take last place Monday morning.

The first Sunday found the dark men's boats leading. Most of the men came to the morning service, but left one or two to watch, and give the signal when fish were sighted. A man would be posted high up in a tree or on a specially constructed pole with a forked top, and at, to us, an impossible distance away, the watcher would discern, under the surface of the water, the oncoming shoal, and tell, accurately, the kind of fish of which it was composed.

At a sign, during the service, some of the men filed out of church, and went down to "shoot the net."

It was a great blow to me, and—to show the seriousness of their action—I closed the service immediately with prayer, crying to the Lord for them, that they might be given strength to again "Leave all" and honour Him. Afterwards, I pointed out that they were robbing God of His due, and He would not prosper them.
Albert Murphy—one of the earliest Converts of the A.I.M.—who often waded dangerous creeks to help his missionary.
From that day onward, for over a month, their efforts were fruitless; they failed to catch a fish; this was very serious, as it was their means of livelihood.

Soon their darkened faces and averted looks told that the blame was laid upon their missionary. "She has put her curse on the fish, as she has on other things," they said, "and there is no use whatever trying to catch any more fish."

Passing one of their galvanised iron huts, one day, I heard loud talking in their Aboriginal tongue, with which, by that time, I was well acquainted.

Turning in, I found men and women crouched over the fire, looking very angry. A woman darted a fiery glance at me, and continued to puff her pipe. Another time, she would have hurriedly hidden it. "So you think I have put my curse on the fish," I queried.

A sullen "Yes" was the reply, "just as you have done on other things." I told them it was not in my power, or desire, to do such a thing. It was useless talking to them. They were settled in their belief.

Then, there came to me a strengthening from the Lord, and a remembrance of His undertaking in other extremities. "Well, you have tried your way, and failed—now try my way. Knowing what I do of my God, I dare to guarantee, that, if you will pull up your boats and nets, and come to church and worship the Lord, and set fishing aside for His day, giving God the honour due to His name, that He will honour and prosper you, and, next week, He will send all the fish you require, to supply your daily needs."

They laughed incredulously. "I see—you think I can put my curse on the fish, and not my blessing.
Well I can do neither, but my God can, and He will give you plenty of fish, as I have promised you in His name.”

They decided to try it, so on the following Sunday, we had a full church, and there was no fishing that day. Outside there was a great nudging of each other, and peels of hearty laughter, and our dark people can laugh at the credulity of the white people! I have seen them telling white visitors the most serious stories, which were accepted in all good faith, and after the visitors had left, the dark men rolling on the ground in fits of laughter at the “silly white fellas.”

My own experience was one of deep exulting joy all through the day, for I knew well the Lord would not let me down.

“Fear not!” He said to me, through His word on Monday morning, “Thou shalt not be ashamed” (Isa. 54: 4). And I answered Him, “It is well, Lord, I trust Thee,” and went on with my work.

Shortly after breakfast, when I was busy about my housework, one of the men came hurrying to the door. He was one who had not joined, at any time, in the Sunday fishing. He was very excited, his face beaming with joy. He sat on the Mission House step, shaking with happy laughter, for when Charlie laughed, he “laughed all over himself.”

Charlie was very fat, and had a mass of short, curly hair. He was clad in his fisherman’s garb, which ran with water, and he was all covered in sand, and, as he laughed, a shower of sand fell from his curly hair.

“What’s the matter, Charlie?”
When he could speak, he said, "We've got such a haul of fish—we've never seen the like." And, bit by bit, he told the fishermen's story.

In the effort of hauling in the over-full net, he had been thrown on the beach, and rolled in the sand. The shoal was quite unexpected, and the fish were caught a little before their time or season—94 great king fish, which, when sold at the market, realised £5/15/0.

The danger was passed, I was saved, and, sailing through Providential Channel, I gave glory to God and rejoiced.

Next Sunday, they came to church, but, at intervals, during the day, followed their pursuit. Again, that next week, not a fish was caught. Seeing God's way was best, the following Sunday they went all the way with Him.

The week brought an even better result than before, for every day they netted a splendid haul, and God was glorified in our midst.
Trust Also

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass" (Ps. 37: 5).

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and trust!"
There is an "also" we too oft forget,
And so are plagued and worried. Oh! we must
"Trust also," then our soul
Shall cease to roll
Its restlessness, and reason and regret.

Commit! and then committed, trust His word!
Has He not said that He will bring thee through?
Trust His strong arm, and when wild storms are heard,
Believe He holds them still
By His strong will.
Trust Him, the Wise, the Faithful, and the True.

Trust Him to manage all that thou dost now
Commit to Him: the ship, the sails, the sea,
The sailors, thy strange crew. And ask not how
He will do all for thee,
But trustful be.
Lie down and rest from anxious worry free.

William Luff
The Red Marked Testament

"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

For several weeks special prayer had been made unto God, that, in His love and mercy toward us, He would prevent the establishment of a hotel just outside our camp. The proprietor of the refreshment room and dance hall was making application for a publican’s license, and we recognised in it a new manoeuvre of the evil one, to damage the work of God amongst the Aborigines.

More than this, the applicant had, in a state of intoxication, come up to the Mission house, withstood me to the face, and demanded my departure, drawing from his pocket his authority as special constable. I, in turn, requested him to leave the Reserve, and he questioned my right to do so—I declared that I had my authority from “The Lord God of Hosts,” and although he blasphemed the Name, he left me watching him retire—and this was not the only time he did so.

He would stop at nothing to gain his objective, and should he succeed, he would jeeringly ask me, “Where is your Lord God of Hosts now?”

In the little Mission Hall, on the Reserve, morning by morning, the Christian natives met to plead their cause before God—while, away in the City, a few friends of the Mission met as often as possible for prayer, asking for guidance and victory in the efforts being made against the granting of the license.

With prayer ascending at both centres, I spent two or three weeks gaining support in our opposition, then the day of the eventful hearing of the case had arrived.
When leaving the Mission station for the Court on the first day, one of our dear, old, native Christians, who had prayed earnestly and believingly, that a death trap might not be set up for her poor people, gave me rich, assuring promises, from God’s Word: “Whatsoever thou doest, it shall prosper.” “Thou shalt have good success.” “Not a man shall be able to stand before thee.”

The applicant’s side of the case was heard and, humanly speaking, it was strong and convincing, and there seemed “but a wave between us and destruction.” But our eyes were upon the Lord, who alone could guide us to victory.

As I started from the Mission station on the second day (the case for the opposition to the license was set down for 2 p.m.) the faithful, old Aboriginal prayer-warrior came triumphantly to us, with her last message from God—“The righteous shall see their fall,” and, that day, before hearing the result, she hoisted a flag of victory on one of the trees, so confident was she that God was working, and that we would come off more than conquerors.

After a morning’s further efforts to strengthen our position, and only a brief while before the momentous hour, I entered a railway carriage, and sat down, wearied in body and mind. I felt my weakness, and longed for a new strengthening message from the Scriptures. For once, I had not even a New Testament with me. I closed my eyes, and turned to the Lord, and breathed to Him my heart’s longing, “Oh, Lord, if only I could look into Thy Word for a few minutes!”

I looked up again, and was thrilled at what I saw. Down at the other end of the car, sat an elderly
g gentleman, in clerical garb, and I could see he was reading a *Red-marked Testament*. Immediately, as I looked, he closed the book, placed it in his bag, rose, walked the length of the carriage, and sat next to me —then spoke, saying he fancied he knew me. I explained who I was, and we found we were perfect strangers to each other.

In a few minutes, he took the Testament from his bag, and opening the cover, leaned toward me, and said—“Is this not a beautiful dedication?”

Oh, Lord, I present *myself* to Thee

My Will—
My Time—
My Talents—
My Property—
My Reputation—
My Entire Being—

*To be and to do* anything Thou requirest of me.

I read it, and said, “Yes, that is beautiful.” He turned over to the back of the Testament, and asked me to read:—

**NOW**

As I have given myself to Thee, I am no longer *my own*, but all the Lord’s.

I believe
That Thou wilt accept the offering I bring
I trust Thee
To work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will.

I am willing
To receive what Thou givest
To lack what Thou withholdest
To relinquish what Thou takest
To surrender what Thou claimest
To suffer what Thou ordainest
To wait till Thou sayest—Go.

I read as he asked, and when I had finished he remarked with joyful earnestness, "That is the perfect abandonment of the Bride to the Bridegroom."

He took the Testament and closed it and as he did, I said in my heart, "Oh, Lord, if I could only look inside." Immediately, instead of putting it into his opened bag, he spoke, "Here, I'll give you this Testament."

I said, "Praise the Lord," and told him how I had longed to look into it. And, before I could recover from my delighted surprise, he had left me and resumed his former seat. It was all over quicker than I have told it.

With an over-flowing heart I thanked God, and having but a brief time left, I went into the waiting room, with the fear in my mind, that the solicitors would tangle me, when in the witness box, and so lifting my heart to God, I asked for a message. My Lord gave it at once—Luke 12: 11-12.

I have just looked it up, for the Testament remains with me to this day, as one of the many evidences of God's faithfulness. I find the leaf turned down as I turned it that day, and beside the verse in the margin, "T.P. 21/1/02." (T.P. standing for Tried and Proved) "And . . . when they bring you . . . unto magistrates and powers take no thought how and what ye shall answer, or what ye shall say, for the Holy
Ghost will give you in that same hour what ye shall say.”

I closed the book, and arose, wondering, yet rejoicing greatly, having been strengthened by the Master’s own word, and with the joy of answered prayer, for such an hour as the one ahead.

I found two or three friends at the court, and, while we stood together, I opened the precious Testament for a last assuring word. (Again, as I write, I turn the leaves, and find a P. beside the verse). Luke 12: 32. “Fear not little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.”

With such a wonderful manifestation of our Heavenly Father’s love in answering the cry of His needy child, and of the Holy Spirit’s power to give just the word in season needed to strengthen my wavering faith, there is scarcely any need to add that the Lord said, that day, by the decision of the magistrate: “Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

When I was called to the witness box the applicant’s solicitor, in a loud voice, sarcastically remarked, “Here comes the old warrior again!” and a laugh went round the court. He tried otherwise to disconcert, but, according to the Lord’s promise, we were given “a mouth of wisdom; our adversaries were unable to gainsay or resist.”

The license was refused. Victory was ours.

In the vestibule of the court, with the joy of victory in our hearts, we sang the Doxology, and then gave thanks, in prayer, to Him, who, by the greatness of His excellency, had triumphed gloriously.
Our God is Able

"THROW us away! Throw us away! Oh, you people, why don't you throw us away? We are no more good, me and my poor little sister. We have no one to give us a piece of bread, now our poor mammie's gone. Throw us away! Why don't you throw us away?"

Such was the wild cry of a half-caste, Aboriginal girl of twelve years, who, sitting nursing her little, full-black sister, had watched her mother die.

We looked on the scene, and up to the Lord, who, with us, had heard the heart-breaking appeal, saying "Lord, what shall I do?"

A few hours before, the mother had sent for all her people, and the camp had gathered at the door. "I'm going to leave you fellas to-night, and go away to Jesus. I want all you fellas to see me die." She spoke triumphantly.

The missionary had lately come with the message of salvation, to this remnant of native people, living in the folds of a network of creeks, under the shadow of a lovely mountain, which gave the central thought to many of their legends.

The gospel had brought new light, new hope, new freedom, and the people who sat in darkness had seen a heavenly light. They were no longer afraid of death, so they heeded Bella's summons, and came to sing and pray with their sister, as she entered the Valley of
the Shadow, to pass through to the eternal glory, “washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

Bella had joined in the singing, and had given fragments of testimony, as her flickering strength allowed, until she fell “on sleep,” while we sang:

“Be thou Thyself, before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O, Lord, abide with me.”

In the depths of the awful cry, which sprang from the elder girl’s lips, I heard the tender, strong command of the Son of God, “Take these children, and train them for Me.” “I will, Lord,” was the trembling reply.

With a sore heart, I placed the mother’s body gently down on the improvised bed, and putting my arms around the motherless girls, I said, “Never mind, Bid­die dear, and Lil, I will take care of you, now—and give you bread—come home with me.”

I took them to my home, a narrow platform of the little slab church, which had been partitioned off with hessian, as my living quarters, and, that night the forlorn, little girls slept on the uneven floor with the warmest covering I could provide for them.

We laid poor Bella’s body to rest, amid the graves of a growing company of redeemed Aborigines of Australia, in the “sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.”

As soon as possible, I rode to the town 13½ miles distant, where a band of Christian friends were getting ready to do the Lord’s will, as revealed to them, regarding their responsibility to our Native Race.
When they heard the story, they endorsed my decision to make provision for these, and other equally destitute children—this, at our Lord's command.

We would require a house, and the renting of one seemed to our company a very difficult proposition, as a house “to let” in those days, in this town of 3,000 inhabitants, had been an unusual occurrence for some years. Reminding one another, that “Our God IS Able,” we took the matter to the Lord in prayer, asking Him, in faith, to do the impossible, and to provide us with a house, in which to carry out His command to train little, dark children for Him.

The next morning, we discovered our Providential Channel.

Standing on the verandah of the home in which I had spent the night, we saw a dray deposit a load of bricks, and later, another and another on a vacant allotment of ground opposite. We resolved to watch developments.

The next time I came to town, I found our friends had solved the situation. There had been a big fire some little while before, an unusual happening. One of the newspaper offices had been burnt out, and the proprietor’s brother was injured by a falling wall. They decided to pull down what remained of the building, and sell the bricks.

A widow purchased them, and they were delivered, as we witnessed on the former occasion. Further, we now saw rising before us, a cottage of four rooms, and a kitchen, etc., exactly as we pictured would meet our requirements.

Had God so ordered, that, out of these extraordinary
Sandy, the witch doctor, arrayed for the Death Corroboree.
Decorated for a Corroboree.
circumstances He was building us a home? Would it be right to incur the liability of a rental, when we had no human resources whatever? It would be a new venture. Was there anything in God’s word to warrant such an undertaking?

We turned to search it, and see, Yes, in Acts 28:30, 31 we read, “And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things, which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.”

If Paul, a prisoner, with no resources, could rent a house and find himself able to continue for two whole years, could not we trust the same, living, loving Lord?

Thus assured, I called upon the widow, who was a Christian, and placed our project before her, asking her if she would let us have the cottage, and at what rental? It was quite possible, we knew, that we would meet with a refusal. With the prevailing antipathy toward our poor, dark people, she would, in all probability, be unable to procure another tenant, should we vacate, as white people would not live in a house once occupied by Aborigines.

But our God-prepared friend was willing, and named the rent at 10/- per week, and that day, August 2, the day after the launching of the A.I.M., we made this advance of faith, and secured the God-provided cottage. The Lord didn’t forget the landlady’s faith, for the cottage was quickly re-tenanted after our removal a few months later.
My fellow-worker, who became the first matron, went home to Newcastle on a brief visit, and came back with all the furniture needed to furnish, simply, four rooms and a kitchen.

Friends from afar, sent us necessary bedding and clothing for the children, and the rent came in without fail every week, all supplied by our God, who had said, "Surely I will not leave thee, till I have done all that which I have spoken to thee."

In the course of four or five months, we outgrew the accommodation of our first God-provided home, and this, together with Mr. Long's entry to the work, and our subsequent marriage, compelled us to seek larger premises, and a house of fourteen rooms became available, to which we removed, and again set up our banner in the Name of the Lord.

With the progress of the work, we had much need to draw upon our unchanging Lord, who, in our first extremity proved that "His hand was not shortened" or His resources limited, for, out of a destructive fire, He provided for us a comfortable dwelling place for our first orphans, and a suitable centre "for preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ."
They Forsook All

From the glass door of our “Home” kitchen, we looked out upon a street, which led a long way in the mile and a half walk to the railway station.

One day, nine months after the founding of the A.I.M., we noticed a straggling party of people making their way along this street toward us. Someone’s quick eyes saw that they were barefooted, which, at once, decided the question as to whether they were black or white. “Coories,” a little girl excitedly exclaimed. They were a party of ten, and had been on the road for more than a week, walking toward us from their Mission station, 60 miles away.

Meetings had been held on the way, and they had been well received at various churches, the hand of the Lord was upon them for good, and several white people had professed to be born again, through their testimony.

Filled with gladness and joy, they told us why they had come.

One of the two first converts of Karuah had a New Testament given him the day he was pointed to Christ, in this self-same town, to which they had now come. He read often the stories of the Lord’s dealings with His fishermen-disciples, for these people, too, were fishermen! Then one day, as they sat mending their nets, he read about the two ships, “standing, and the fishermen were gone out of them, and were mending
their nets," and on, down through the story, till he came to its last phrase—"They forsook all and followed Him."

Then, they had dropped their nets, and, with the disciples of old, had left all, and started to the Mission Headquarters, to offer themselves to go forth "to catch men."

We tested them in various ways, and sifted them out till four remained—a man and his wife, and two single young men. We sent the three men forth to St. Clair, to build a mission house for our first accepted missionary. These dark men set out, as the disciples of old, taking neither gold, or silver, or brass, in their purses, nor wallet for their journey—neither two coats, neither shoes, etc.

They at once, entered into the spiritual work, and soon several of the people came out, and declared themselves openly for the Lord.

The incoming of this fresh life proved a stimulus to us all. With them, we launched out into the open air, and our Aboriginal Christians began to preach the gospel on Friday and Sunday evenings, to the white people in the main streets of the town.

Five weeks later, on returning from the Sunday night open-air meeting, we spent a wonderful time in prayer.

The next camp north was laid strongly on our hearts, and the fact of an excursion train leaving for that part the next week, influenced us to decide to send out our three Native workers.

All caught the spirit, and were led to pray with great earnestness, that, before the next Lord's day, the
gospel light might break in this place, and, before we separated, gifts were promised by these almost penniless people, towards travelling expenses.

Thus assured, we sent for the three men. They arrived on Wednesday, and hurried preparations were made for them to leave that night, although we had but 3/- in hand. Our little band of Christians rallied to the occasion, and poured out all the money they possessed, every penny of it, and the amount slowly rose to 22/-.

“How much more do you want for the three fares?” someone asked.

“Five shillings,” was the answer.

“Then let us pray,” said one of our dark Christians, “I’m sure the Lord means them to go, and He will send us the money.”

Everyone got to prayer, silently.

It was a critical moment. Would these young believers see the Red Sea part before them or a Providential Channel open through the impassable reef?

There was a knock at the outside door, and we left the room to attend to the visitor, and found a member of our A.I.M. Council, who had been constrained to come with 4/-, although she did not know for what it was required. We told her what was going on inside, and she was filled with amazement at her own part in it.

But why 4/-, and not 5/-.

We announced to the praying men and women and children, kneeling and crouching all over the room, in silent intercession, “A friend has brought 4/- to the
"Praise the Lord!" was the heartfelt response, "Only 1/- more required—Lord send that too!"

Then, somehow, it became known that one of the girls still had a shilling left. She had given 6d.—three, dear, little girls had only ½d. each to give—our own names or initials appear in the list with 3½d. after them, but it was our all. This girl of all the company had not given her all.

Prayer again went up from all hearts, but not a word was audible. "Lord, touch her heart." "Lord, make her give the 1/-.

Her brother left the room, and went out by the chimney, so that he might speak at least in a whisper, and there down on his knees, hitting one hand with the other fist, he kept saying, "Lord break her heart; Lord, make her give that 1/-.

The girl was away in another room, quite unconcerned at first, dangling her legs as she sat on a table. Suddenly, she jumped down, and hurried to the praying people, and threw her 1/- before them. "There's the 1/-. I can't keep it."

"Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord." went up from all around, and rising to our feet, the men picked up their small bundles, and away we went singing, the mile and a half to the station, reaching it with a few minutes to spare.

Outside its fence, our little band prayed and sang softly—everyone deeply moved by God's spirit, and some were even sobbing. We commended the three brothers to the Lord, and, as the train moved out, we sang, "God be with you." They caught the line, "By His counsel guide, uphold you,"—these words continually rang in their ears until their return.
After six days, we had the joy of hearing their story. The people they visited were steeped in sin and wickedness, and in dense ignorance—they knew nothing of Jesus and His love, and as our brothers faithfully told the story of the Cross, some received the message gladly—others with anger and threatenings. Their lives were in danger, so great was the devil’s opposition.

But the seed had been sown, and three, happy Aboriginal disciples returned to rehearse to their praying partners, how a door had been opened to the gospel, and how great had been their joy in service. Then, those at home, who had tasted of the pleasures of spontaneous, sacrificial giving, received their first impetus in this direction, which grew upon them, until “the riches of their liberality out of their deep poverty” became the rejoicing of the newly formed Mission.

The three men were set apart as Native workers, the first, and for a long time, the only members of a band, which now numbers nearly 40, scattered all over our A.I.M. field, doing valiant service for our blessed Lord.
Before They Call

ONE Easter Thursday, a little dark girl of eleven years, slipped into the Orphan Home, while we were away on an errand.

We had been asked two or three times to take her, but our bedding accommodation was fully taxed. Now she had come herself, clad in a woman's skirt and torn blouse, with neither hat nor shoes nor change of garments. So eager were her entreaties in which the other girls joined, that we could not say her nay.

By the girls "sharing," we managed to fix her up a bed with a jumble of coverings, but had not a blanket to complete it.

Until now, we had purchased all our blankets, not having received one as a gift.

We drew aside to pray unto the Lord, and asked Him to please send the needed blanket, and some clothing for the new arrival, whose name was Bunnie, and we arose with assurance that our prayer was heard. No wonder, for we were to prove the promise, as so often before and since, that "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

The next day was Good Friday, with no mail. On Saturday, we received a letter asking us to call at the railway station for a parcel containing a blanket!

The Leichhardt District Junior C. E. Union, had that week held a Rally at which a dialogue was rendered—entitled "The Missionary Ship." Real cargo
was contributed by each Society of the Union, and at the close, each item was allocated to various missions and institutions. The Presbyterian Society had supplied the blanket, and voted it to the Aborigines Inland Mission Children’s Home.

When the parcel was brought in, Bunnie jumped and hopped about with joy, and we all, with her, praised God exceedingly.

On opening the parcel, we found another answer to prayer, for wrapped within the folds of the blanket were three new Bibles. On the night of Bunnie’s admission, three Aboriginal men, who had lately yielded to Christ, called upon us with a request for Bibles. Having none to give we knelt down with them then and there, and asked our Heavenly Father to send us three copies of His Word. And here was the answer.

Hardly had our rejoicings subsided, when a buggy drew up at the gate, and a friend carried in two large parcels. We were, by this time, ready for anything, we thought, but our delight was unbounded to find that the parcels contained an ample outfit, with seemingly nothing forgotten, for a girl of Bunnie’s height and build.

How real was our Heavenly Father to us all, as, in glad thanksgiving we sang the Doxology, and offered praise to Him, who loves and cares. The newcomer soon found such experiences of God’s provision were as constant as the trials of faith, which came to all in the Home, which had opened its doors to her.

One morning, the long tables were set for breakfast, the kettle boiling, and the bell time was almost due. All knew we were penniless, and the flour was
exhausted. Leaving a message with the cook to say to the baker, "Nothing to-day, thank you," for we didn’t run an account, my husband and I retired to our room, and, kneeling before the Lord, asked Him please to send bread for our large household’s morning meal.

At the call, "Baker," the cook (one of the older girls) said, "Nothing to-day, thank you baker." He replied, "Please tell Mrs. Long I want to see her."

I went out to him.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Long, a lady in the town has asked me to leave daily the bread you require, and she will pay for it."

"That is lovely," fell from my lips.

He held the well-filled basket before me. "How many will you take?"

"How many does the lady wish me to take?"

"As many as you require."

Very diffidently, yet with glad, beating heart, I took two loaves, afraid to presume, yet knowing we needed many more than two. "Take more," he said. I did so. "Take more," he said, again. I took one more. "Take more." Some of the girls had drawn excitedly around, and I passed on the beautiful, hot loaves to them, until the basket was empty.

Soon the happy family were enjoying the tangible evidence of answered prayer, and morning worship that day was a session of praise.

For many weeks this continued, till our financial drought was broken, and then our unknown friend curtailed her gift to two loaves a day.

We were in our office a little later in the morning,
when the cook came up the long verandah, calling out, before she reached the door, "Say, Praise the Lord, say, Praise the Lord."

We rose to meet her—her arms were heavily laden with meat, and other provisions, a part of a gift left by someone passing in that day, from the country to the market.

According to our custom, when the Lord heard our cry, and supplied our needs, we gathered in the dining-room, and offered joyful thanks to our Heavenly Father, singing together, ere we turned again to the day's duties:

How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide as safe Home,
We praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.
A WAY in her lonely little sphere, our first mis­sionary was experiencing a time of peculiar strain and trial. The creeks, by which the Mission station was surrounded, had begun to rise through the excessive rains.

One of her flock was lying very ill a mile and a half away, and another friend dying—a mile in another direction. Her time was taken up caring for the sick both night and day.

Crossing and re-crossing the swollen creeks in the pouring rain on improvised bridges, she fell in several times. Then they became impassable, and she was shut in with God. But—the Lord tenderly remembered His child.

Just before she was shut off, the mailman brought her a letter with a P.O. order enclosed, and with it a wonderful little story of sacrifice and guidance, which cheered and strengthened her faith for the coming days.

It was this:

One of God’s afflicted ones, 700 miles away, bed-ridden for eleven years, desired the Lord to enable her to raise a little money to be devoted to His work.

She had but three or four fowls.

The Lord laid it on her heart to sell the eggs instead of keeping them for her own use. From that time on, every hen laid every day, and she obtained the best prices for her eggs.

When the appointed time had ended, she had exactly
ten shillings. Then followed a beautiful chain of
guidance, with not one link missing.

She asked the Lord what to do with the ten shillings.
He told her to send it to a lady, who had only called on
her once, and had been introduced as “A sister in the
Lord.” The Lord brought the lady’s name, which was
an uncommon one, to her mind, and she pronounced it
as correctly as she who bore it.

Not knowing this lady’s address, she again enquired
of the Lord, and He told her to send it through a
friend who had introduced them to one another. More
waiting on Him followed, until He directed the one
entrusted to send it to a missionary of the A.I.M.

The friend procured a P.O. order, and when about
to fill it in, found she did not know the missionary’s
christian name. Feeling it necessary to insert an in-
itial, she looked up again to the Lord, and was guided
to put down “M.” She was just a little concerned until
she remembered that the whole of this business trans-
action, from beginning to end, was the work of the
Lord. To their joy, they found a little later that the
right initial had been used.

When the letter, with its enclosure, arrived, the iso-
lated missionary, with wonder and thanksgiving, lifted
her heart to the Lord, and rested in the loving care of
Him, who had thus directed His servants in another
State, so minutely concerning her.

For nearly a week, no mailman came (he delivered
groceries and goods from the town 14 miles away),
and as no horseman dared cross the creeks supplies
were thus quite cut off.

One of the dark men swam the creeks, and ventured
to town for food, but, on his return, he found the
water too high to re-cross. He had to sleep in a farm stable, and, the next day, walked miles around the hills to the Reserve, with the small quantity of provisions he had purchased in town—but these could do so little toward supplying the 50 or 60 of his people awaiting relief.

Day by day, prayer was being made for the missionary and her people. Nothing could be done. Her fare was reduced, for a couple of days, to roast quinces, and fried corn.

She had just spent a little time in prayer, as to what step to take, and was frying the last of her corn for her evening meal, feeling, humanly speaking, that there was "but a wave between her and destruction," when she heard the trot of a horse, and ran out to see who was the first to brave the danger of creek-crossing. To her surprise, a horseman trotted up, and handed her a basket of what seemed to her most beautiful provisions, and, before she had time to recover, he was away down the road, and across the creek again.

The Lord had delivered His child.

A little later, a dark man arrived, having walked fourteen miles with flour and tea and sugar, which he had balanced on his head, as he plunged through water often up to his chin.

Another day or two passed, and, to the excitement of all, the mailman hove in sight, escorted by a dozen horsemen, ready, in case of emergency, to save the precious freight.

The strain was over.

The next day, there was abundance of food. The first mail to town, carried this precious story, and it soon spread to fellow-workers, to whom it proved a stimulus for many a future day.
No Weapon—Shall Prosper

ONE night in the early days of the A.I.M. an influential meeting was called in the Mechanic's Institute of the town in which we were working.

God had blessed our efforts, and we had a fine band of Aboriginal Christians, who went with us into the open air and preached the gospel to gatherings of 300 to 400 white people. We had rented the Temperance Hall for Sunday morning services, where our Native Christians gathered with us around the Table of the Lord.

All was going well, when, unexpectedly, this meeting of citizens was called, to which we were invited. We found the object of the meeting was to devise means to put us out of the town.

The chairman was a prominent officer of one of the churches, and his main supporters were the minister of another, and a church-warden of a third.

Accusations were brought against us and our people, and the objections which could be put in concrete form were: Our dark people's children attended the public school, and we used on Sunday morning a hall which was used as a private school during the week.

Some very cruel, unwarranted remarks were made. The minister exclaimed—"I would rather bury my child than that she should sit on a seat in school occupied by an Aboriginal on Sunday." A church officer announced that, "I would rather take my child
The marquee which was uprooted by the whirlwind.
The L. W. Long Memorial Van
and put her in a coffin and bury her, than that she
should sit next to an Aboriginal at School.”

Feeling ran high, and there seemed but a “short
wave between us and destruction.”

Just something was needed to bring all to finality.
I had found it hard to sit still, and when I would
have broken in my husband put his strong, calm hand
upon me.

The chairman thought he had the final club safely
in his hand. He called upon the Sergeant of Police,
whom, he said, all would agree, knew better than any
other person, what a menace these people were to the
town and community. There was a chorus of “Hear,
Hear.”

We were close upon the reef now, and we waited
almost breathlessly.

The Sergeant, brave man that he was, dared to
stand alone. “I want to ask you citizens one or two
questions. Can any of you stand up and tell me, that
any Aboriginal has come to your door begging in the
last two or three years since Mr. and Mrs. Long
came to this town?”

There was dead silence.

“Well,” he said, “Before the Mission was started
you were constantly coming to me with complaints
about these beggars. The Mission has ridded the town
of beggars.”

Several other questions of a kindred nature were
asked, and remained unanswered.

Then he added: “I have with my own hands put
one of these Aboriginal men in gaol nineteen times
for various terms. For a couple of years, he has
been a changed man, and is now living with his wife
and family in his own rented, nicely furnished cottage in High Street, a thoroughly respectable and respected citizen."

"Another man who was a constant source of annoyance with his drunken, disorderly conduct, and his petty thieving, and who was very often imprisoned, is now a completely changed man, earning his living and supporting his wife and family, and, in every way, leading a decent life. I can tell you of many others."

He closed by earnestly asserting facts and acclaiming the work the Mission had done, paying tribute to the splendid behaviour of the dark people.

He sat down amid another dead silence.

We waited.

The chairman spoke—

"This meeting is dismissed."

We were saved and passed through Providential Channel into a large place.

The man who would rather have put his child in a coffin and bury her, came on the Monday morning to our home, with tears streaming down his cheeks, acknowledging that he had not slept for two nights. He begged our forgiveness, telling us the Sergeant's words had convinced him completely, and he wanted to know what he could do to help us.

He distributed lollies amongst the little Aborigines of our Orphan Home, and gave 1/- to little "Lil"—the wee, dark girl, with whom the Home was opened.

We gave glory to our God who once again had kept His promise, and delivered us from our enemies, and turned, at least, one of them into a friend.
At the Place of the Sea

Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life,
   Where, in spite of all you can do,
There is no way out, there is no way back,
   There is no other way but thro?
Then wait on the Lord with a trust serene,
   Till the night of your fear is gone
He will send the wind, He will heap the floods,
   When He says to your soul, “Go on.”

And His hand will lead you through—clear through—
   Ere the wintry walls roll down,
No foe can reach you, no wave can touch,
   No mightiest sea can drown;
The tossing billows may rear their crests,
   Their foam at your feet may break,
But over their bed you shall walk dry shod
   In the path that your Lord will make.

In the morning watch, 'neath the lifted cloud,
   You shall see the Lord alone,
When He leads you on from the place of the sea
   To a land that you have not known;
And your fears shall pass as your foes have passed,
   You shall be no more afraid;
You shall sing His praise in a better place,
   A place that His hand hath made.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT
The God of the Impossible

The things which are impossible with man, are possible with God (Luke 18: 27).

HEARING the Macedonian Call from the 20,000 Aborigines of Queensland, we went to Brisbane, in August, 1909, to take part in a Missionary Exhibition, with the view of opening up work in the Northern State.

Though well received by many of God's children, and afforded openings to tell of the work of the Gospel in N.S.W., and the great need of the yet unevangelised Aborigines, we experienced several months of adversity, being sorely tried on every side. This has been a common experience with us, and, no doubt, has its parallel in the warfare of all who invade the enemy's territory.

Satan has held bound for so long a time the Natives of our fair country, gloating over his possession, and smiling on the lethargy of the Church of God, that, when anyone dares to attempt to plant the Standard of the Cross in such a long secured Satanic stronghold, he sets forces, seen and unseen, against them.

We had with us our little daughter, and a dark girl, Corra—who was most faithful and unselfish, suffering many things with us, at that time, and for years afterwards.

We had been occupying a furnished house. Through a dear friend, who has faithfully succoured us, and many other missionaries, we had been brought into touch with a lady, lately widowed, who felt she could
no longer live in her lonely home. She went to the country for a few weeks, and let it to us for £1 a week.

The owner had now returned, and was breaking up the home, and we had to move elsewhere. We had paid the rent each week, regularly, and for the first time we were unable to meet it.

The last morning arrived, we had everything packed, and we were dressed ready to go, but were without the £1 for the rent. The lady was in the dining-room waiting for us to move.

My husband and I had been pleading with the Lord to send us the necessary money. It had not come, and we must go.

The postman had passed, and very rarely anyone called to see us, and there seemed no way out. We felt that should we leave the house without paying the rent, our testimony would be gone, our witness spoiled.

I suggested that perhaps the Lord wanted us to be humiliated, and we knelt again, and told Him we were willing. I wanted to go and see the owner, as she was a woman, but my husband, who always spared me, would not let me. He always did the hard things, and, when he was taken from me a while ago, I felt as if a covering had been rudely torn away, and I was forlorn—but the Lord showed me His promise, “to be a Judge of the widows” and I found “Judge” meant “Protector,” “Covering,” and I was comforted.

Well, this day in Brisbane, there was “but a wave between us and destruction.” Mr. Long stepped out of our room, and I remained to pray for him.
He passed into the hall, and, as he did, the sister-in-law of the owner came in by the open, front door, shook hands with Mr. Long, and pressed a sovereign into his hand! He proceeded to the dining-room, not to be humiliated, but, with joy of heart, to pay the needed rent, having proved our God again to be the God of the impossible.

My husband had been sufficiently long in the work for his well-stocked wardrobe to be, by this time, almost depleted. The wear and tear of long out-back journeys had hastened this, and, now, he stood with only one suit decent enough for town wear.

Soon, above the knee, the web gave way, and only woof remained. Careful darning staved off the worst only for a little while, and soon a good-sized patch had to be applied as neatly as love could do it.

Love can cover "a multitude of sins," but it could not cover that nasty patch. It had to be endured "for His dear sake and the gospel's."

Kneeling before the Lord, we told him we were willing for this or anything He might ordain, but soon clothes would be an absolute necessity in order to pursue His work, and had He not said, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

In a day or two, we received a letter from my father in Sydney, who, of course, knew nothing whatever of our circumstances or our prayer. It was to tell us, that a tailor had asked him where we were, and told him to ask Mr. Long to call at his business house the
next time we were in Sydney, that he might take his measurements, and supply him with suits of clothes, this to be his contribution to the support of the work.

He was one of the Lord's children, and the Lord had got his ear, and instructed him what to do, that we might be delivered from our distress, and this good tailor became God's provider of clothing for the Lord's servant, until well on to the middle of the Great War, when, through a robbery of his goods, and reduction of business, he was no longer able to continue this ministry, but right up to the last the Lord so ordered the need and supply, in the case of both provider and provided for, that the latter was enabled from then on to order, and purchase, when required, from the kindly benefactor of many years.
Wit's End Corner

Are you standing at "Wit's-End Corner," Christian with troubled brow?
Are you thinking of what is before you,
    And all you are bearing now?
Does all the world seem against you,
    And you in the battle alone?
Remember, at "Wit's-End Corner"
    Is just where God's power is shown.

Are you standing at "Wit's-End Corner,"
    Blinded with wearying pain,
Feeling you cannot endure it,
    You cannot bear the strain,
Bruised through the constant suffering,
    Dizzy and dazed and numb?
Remember, to "Wit's-End Corner,"
    Is where Jesus loves to come.

Are you standing at "Wit's-End Corner,"
    The work before you spread,
All lying, begun, unfinished,
    And pressing on heart and head.
Longing for strength to do it,
    Stretching out trembling hands?
Remember, at "Wit's-End Corner,"
    The Burden Bearer stands.

Are you standing at "Wit's-End Corner,"
    Then you're just on the very spot
To learn the wondrous resources
    Of Him who faileth not.
No doubt to a brighter pathway
    Your footsteps will soon be moved,
But only at "Wit's-End Corner"
    Is "the God who is able" proved.

Antoinette Wilson.
None Other Burden

"Pressed out of measure and pressed to all length,
Pressed so intensely that it seemed beyond strength,
Pressed in the body, pressed in the soul,
Pressed in the mind till the dark surges roll,
Pressure by foes and pressure by friends,
Pressure on pressure till life nearly ends."

Such had been a week’s experience, which had followed others in painful succession, toward the end of 1910. A few months before we had left Singleton, a town 150 miles north of Sydney, which had been the birthplace of our Mission.

The work in N.S.W. had spread from camp to camp, until work had been commenced at Karuah, Walcha, Brungle, Cummeragunja, Yass, Moonah Cullah, Gulargambone, Terry Hie Hie, in addition to St. Clair and Redbournebury, near Singleton, and the Orphan Home in the latter town.

Such expansion of the work resulted in a new crisis, for we found ourselves unable to do justice to our own particular station, and, at the same time, supervise the new work, and pioneer the regions beyond.

This led to the consideration of removing our headquarters from the northern town, where we had had such experiences of the Lord’s guidance and Fatherly care, to the City of Sydney.

Gathering assuredly that it was the Lord’s will, we made provision for the Orphan Home and local work, lifted our cables and came to the Metropolis.

Here we speedily fell in with contrary winds. There seemed at first little place for us, or the great work to which God had called us. We were poor and lonely
and practically unheeded in this great city, and often there seemed "but a wave between us and destruction."

We once again found at what great cost must each new field be purchased. However, we pressed on behind our Leader, believing that, presently, He would set us in a large place.

By this time little children gladdened our home; the first one was with God, and a serious illness had overtaken the other two. Supplies had been sure, but it had been daily bread; difficulties had arisen on various parts of the field, rent was due for Mission premises, writing had to be done in spite of tired brain and body, and many other things pressed in till there seemed no way out.

Just when the pressure was heaviest, we had to claim 1 Cor. 10: 13, that we might "be able to bear it," "and not faint," The Lord came near with a strengthening message.

At my dear husband's suggestion, I had taken a few minutes away from it all, with the Lord. I turned to my Bible, and read, "I will put upon you none other burden but which thou hast already. Hold fast till I come." Rev. 2, Verses 24 (last clause) and 25. However historical and prophetical this may be, that morning the message was a present one for me. It was enough.

The Lord had spoken and I grew strong again, as I listened and believed, then the Lord began to do.

The next day was Saturday, and, during the morning, my husband said to me. "It would be nice for you to go to the C.I.M. Prayer Meeting this afternoon. The prayer atmosphere will do you good."
I felt I would like to go, and decided to do so, when lo! on counting our money, and ascertaining the household needs, I found I had not the tram fares.

Disappointed, I turned to take up the baby, who was crying. To pacify him, I crossed the room to find a plaything, and, as I did, I turned to the Lord, and said, "Remember, Lord, thou didst say, 'I will put upon you none other burden.'" Opening a box, I took out a purse, which had been lying there for a month, and, thinking it was empty, I gave it to the child, who shook it with delight—the catch parted, and there I saw one shilling and one half-penny! The sight of it filled me with joy, for I saw in it the hand of the Lord, making a channel for me.

An hour or two later, I was one of a company of intercessors, who met in the Y.W.C.A. to pray for the China Inland Mission.

That night we placed our needs once more before God in prayer.

We asked for £9 to meet immediate requirements at Singleton, some money for personal use, some for each missionary, and some for other things.

The Lord's Day brought the beginning of the answer. In the afternoon a friend called with £2, "thinking it might be useful, as the children are sick." At night 10/- was given by a friend, and 2/- sent by another. Monday morning's mail brought £1 from Queensland.

Then a brother wrote: "I have a feeling you need help in your work for Him; herewith, I send you a cheque for £1."
Another letter read: "Enclosed please find cheque (£5), to be disposed of in any way you think best; you may require it for your private account." Praise God we did not need it privately; our needs had been met in other ways—with joy of heart we applied it to the Singleton need.

£1/10/0 came from another dear sister, and, in a day or two, eight guineas came from one whose interest had never taken a practical shape before.

In short, before the next week was half through, each amount asked for was given by our Father, who knew what things we had need of.

But the financial burden was not the only one lifted. The prospect of new spirit-filled workers was given to us. Our two greatest difficulties in the field were turned into victories, the little ones were restored, new prayer partners were raised up, and, on every hand, we saw how truly God was working with us, and we were once more through the channel into a large place, and it became evident that Sydney would become established as the Mission's headquarters.
I Will Carry—I Will Deliver You

The power of the Lord to intervene on behalf of His “Little ones” in the hour of extremity is not confined to missionaries. We have seen Him many times make a path through the sea for a poor Australian Aborigine, who had put his trust in Him, as surely as for us. “He bears their weight across the uncrossable, and before them the Red Seas divide, and for them He accomplishes the impossible.”

There had been several unusual deaths on Palm Island, concluding with the death of a young man from sunstroke. When a near relative returned from elsewhere, he stirred up the old-time spirit and belief, that someone must have “Done something,” by evil magic or witchcraft; the deceased did not die a natural death.

This “dark deed” was fixed on a dear old man named T-O-B-Y. (If you asked him his name he would not answer Toby, but T-O-B-Y, so that he was called, and not Toby.)

T-O-B-Y was once a witch doctor, or medicine man, and, as such, could cause a sickness and death by “Pointing” sticks and bones, and could bring rain, etc. Very evil and sinister had he been, but now he was a delivered, humble child of God. He had done with all the old sinful deeds, had put away all his implements and instruments of sorcery, and was
“clean” through the precious blood, and was walking simply and trustfully every day with Jesus.

A fortnight after the man’s death from sunstroke, T-O-B-Y was decoyed to a clump of trees at the entrance of the Settlement farm, and set upon by six or seven men, knocked senseless, and a steak of flesh taken from his shoulder with a blunt knife, the blood drunk and the flesh eaten, and the poor mutilated man was thrown over the fence.

Such were the bare facts of the blood revenge, elicited by the police inquiry. It is one of the dark practices of our poor Aboriginal people, who sit in darkness in the far away recesses of our Continent.

Alec Brown, a Herberton (N.Q.) Aboriginal, died in June, 1934, in the Herberton hospital, from the results of the same shocking savagery. He had lived all his life in the district. Some time before, he had joined the tribe living beyond Mt. Garnet, where he was the eldest and most civilised amongst them. The others discussed his habits, and decided to resort to their old tribal custom of “cleaning” a warrior to make him a better and wilder man.

The tribesmen decoyed him into the bush, and a blow from a tomahawk rendered him unconscious. Then the blacks began a scene of primitive barbarity. They hacked five pieces of flesh from his back, and took turns at drinking the blood, which flowed from his gaping wounds. Then they stitched the flesh with fibre, and plastered the wounds with mud.

Someone brought the poor man back to the camp on the cattle station, where details were told the owner, and the victim was taken in to the hospital.
The Aborigines then fled, and the police had a difficult task to follow them through the precipitous uninhabited Herbert Gorge, but, eventually, five men were captured and punished for their deed, perpetuated "in the habitations of cruelty," where yet no Gospel light had shone.

In T-O-B-Y's case he miraculously recovered. Some time after the dreadful butchering he regained consciousness, and walked a mile to the Cooktown Camp. From there, some of the men took him to the hospital, where a doctor, deeply moved by the mutilation, attended to him, and, to the amazement of all, T-O-B-Y did not die.

No! For there was another side to it.

The Lord Himself appeared in T-O-B-Y's behalf. His missionary went to the poor old fellow as soon as he could be seen. "Jesus will help you," said the loving missionary voice.

T-O-B-Y looked up with heaven-lit eyes. "He DID help me; He was THERE last night. I saw Him. He had a red dress on, and a light, and He led me safely to Cooktown camp, and I said to me-self, That's Him! He's come to help me! Yes, Jesus helped me."

How like our precious, living Lord Jesus to meet His trusting child in such an hour, when Satan was taking a diabolical vengeance on one who had left his employ.

"I see Jesus STANDING at the right hand of God," said Stephen, and as truly did T-O-B-Y see
Him, for, only as led by Him, could he have accomplished that superhuman task of walking a mile in such a mutilated condition.

T-O-B-Y belonged to Sun-down camp, and nearly all its members had been converted. The natural course would have been to take vengeance on T-O-B-Y’s enemies. All the old-time feelings were revived—the passion and blood lust, and evil desire were stirred up amongst the people in other camps, and they talked and threatened, but Sun-down camp remained firm in the Lord.

"Now is the time," said their spokesman, "to show our faith. We will keep our enemies away by prayer."

In the awful, depressing darkness of the affair, there was much to call forth praise to our worthy Lord, who stood by His own, and preserved them in the midst of their foes.

Clearest of all, stood out T-O-B-Y’s testimony, who, while recovering, was wonderfully bright in the Lord, and so simply and naturally gave all glory to his loving Saviour, Who had delivered him first from the chains of sorcery, and then met him in the hour of terrible need, and filled his vision with His own empowering presence.
Baptism of native Christians at Barambah Creek, Q.
Group of believers at Woorabinda, Central Queensland.
He Guideth My Way in Perfectness

WHEN the Missionary Council gathered together after the sudden Home-call of Leonard Wm. Long, co-director of the A.I.M., they prayerfully considered what form of memorial to adopt to perpetuate his twenty-three years' loving and devoted service in the Mission. Their suggestion, under the guidance of the Lord, was a suitably equipped motor van, to traverse our field and to help in the evangelisation of the regions beyond, where 50,000 Aborigines still lie in the hands of the wicked one.

In loving response, friends far and near made this possible, and for five years the "Memorial Van" has been hastening the answer to Mr. Long's unceasing prayers for the evangelisation of our Aborigines.

From the first journey the blessing of God has attended its work, and rich trophies have been won through its visits to all points of the field. It has covered many thousands of miles, touching almost the whole of our work in N.S.W., Queensland and Victoria. Great and many have been the instances of God's providential care, while on its wide journeyings to the remote corners of our land.

During one of its tours, in South and Central Western N.S.W., the van was headed for Carowra Tank, to prepare the way for two lady workers who were appointed to this Station.
Carowra Tank Aboriginal Station of those days was fifty miles from the nearest town, in an isolated position near a large Government tank, or excavation, which resembles a small lake in the bush, on the main stock route from Queensland to Victoria.

The last lap of the journey led most of the way through thick Mallee scrub, and was a longer one than was anticipated. In the gathering darkness of the evening, it was not easy, in places, to find the track. Sighting a house in the distance, the driver, Mr. W. A. Long, stopped to enquire the way, and was directed to a turn which he certainly would not otherwise have taken. Had he not followed the directions, he would have soon been stranded, as the petrol supply was running low, and, being in the bush, there was no means of replenishing it.

Soon the lights of the camp came into view, and, with a “Hallelujah” of delight, the van was driven to a suitable spot for camping.

The next morning, the petrol tank was found to be as empty as the driver’s purse, yet what it had contained had proved sufficient for the need of the hour.

Ordinarily, the next mail would reach Carowra Tank from the nearest railway town in a week’s time, but the School Inspector and the Policeman paid a surprise visit, and brought the Station mail out with them, and with it a letter for the missionary, enclosing the gift of £1.

But there was no bowser or store in this far-away place, and how to get petrol was just another problem to commit to our never-failing Lord; He so ordered matters, that the manager had occasion to drive into the town, and invited Mr. Long to accom-
pany him, and petrol and other necessities were brought back on the return trip.

Desiring to make some furniture for the missionaries, and seeking guidance as to how to procure material in this isolated place, where even a kerosene case was at a premium, he was led to dismantle the Chev. truck, and take it in pieces to Sydney, in the Memorial Van. It had been used by previous missionaries, who had been young men, and for some time it had lain idle and now needed repairs, and many new parts. The "afterwards" proved how perfectly the Lord had guided.

It was soon pulled to pieces, the bodywork being used to make tables and a dresser, and other useful things, for the new missionaries. The remainder was dismantled, and all but the bare chassis frame was piled into the Memorial Van, and brought to Sydney—the van has carried no heavier load.

Later, all the parts of any use were reassembled on another chassis, and new ones added, the engine reconditioned, etc., and, to-day, a very useful utility truck for North Queensland is the result. Moreover, not very long after this, quite unexpectedly, the Station, with its buildings, equipment and people, was removed by the Government to Menindee, on the Darling River, and it would have been a difficult task to save anything of the Chev., had it not previously been removed under the unerring guidance of God, who knew the future.

Many other incidents have occurred, which reveal a wonderful network of Providential provision and guidance, woven around circumstances which are con-
stantly illustrating the truth of the text carried in the front of the Memorial Van—"He guideth my way in perfectness."

Still another incident of this journey demonstrated the undertaking of our God in an unusual way.

The driver was anxious to travel straight through with his heavy load, after a few days' stay on a station, which was the last place of call. He calculated what it would cost to reach Sydney. "Ten shillings more," he thought, "and I will move on."

Turning aside into the bush, he knelt and made his need known to his Heavenly Father, and then rose to stroll back to the van. His attention was attracted to something in a low roly poly bush, a round shrub found on many of the open plains of Australia, growing in some places to the height of one foot, and, in others, to as much as three feet; in appearance it is as if it were just stuck in the ground. The roly poly breaks off when the seeds are ripe, and is carried away by the first high wind.

As a plaything of the wind, it may be carried for miles across the plains, and it often happens that it gathers to itself others of its kind, becoming like a giant's football, until it is, at last, brought to a standstill by a tree or a fence.

Bending down, he saw, to his astonishment, that the "something" in this roly poly bush was a ten-shilling note, somewhat weather-beaten, but still good. How long it had been in this rolling bush, and from whence it was first picked up, will never be known.

Thus, in a totally unexpected way, and perhaps never to be repeated in a lifetime, was the need of the hour met.
On reaching Sydney, it was considered by the A.I.M. Council that the time had come for the Memorial Van to have a complete overhaul. This would cost a considerable sum, and, roughly calculating the probable repairs and renovations to be effected, Mr. Long remarked that he would need £50 before he could start out again.

Shortly after this, a brother in the Lord asked him to call at his City office. He did so, and the friend drew from his pocket five ten-pound notes, telling, as he handed them to him, that he had saved them for him for the Memorial Van.

The ten-shilling note and the five ten-pound notes came alike from the hand of Him “Whose way is perfect,” whether that way relates to provision for needs temporal or spiritual, to deliverance from danger or distress, to guidance of any description, or to any other blessing required.

He, our El Shaddai, “Who hangeth the earth upon nothing,” is independent of circumstances, and, in Himself, can meet and cover every emergency of life and service.

As C. A. Fox once aptly wrote:—

“God’s path is in the sea—just where we would expect it to be! So, when He leads us by unexpected ways, off the strong, solid land, out upon the changing sea, then we may expect to see His ways. We are with One who finds a path as He goes. That is better than having a path ready marked out, for it makes us perfectly independent of circumstances.”
Rivers on Bare Heights

TWO young missionaries neared the camp, eager and ready for their day’s work. It was the Lord’s Day, and the first for one of the two who had arrived during the week, fresh from her home, to enter this new field of service.

Strange uncanny sounds reached them within a quarter of a mile of their destination. What could it be?

“The wail for the dead” was breaking upon their ears for the first time. They would never, never forget it.

They were on the far-away Tablelands of North Queensland, a hundred miles in from Cairns. The natives of this district, in old times, did not bury their dead, but, after performing an operation upon the body, smoked it, and placed the remains in a bag. Someone was allotted the task of carrying the gruesome bundle about with them for a certain length of time, at least three weeks, but which sometimes lengthened into months. At intervals, some of the men ate certain parts of the body to make them brave warriors. The remains were ultimately rolled in bark, and placed up the fork of a tree.

But, although this custom had been abandoned, they were still very lothe to put away their dead, and the
Is Anything Too Hard for The Lord?

THE mistress of a large Girls’ Seminary in U.S.A. desired information regarding Australian Aborigines. She wrote to likely authorities in Sydney, asking for the name and address of one who could supply first-hand knowledge, and, unknown to me, my name was forwarded. In due course, the letter of enquiry reached me, and the reply sped on its way, with a parcel of pamphlets, etc., added.

A dollar was enclosed in the usual letter of thanks, which followed. This called for acknowledgement, and into the envelope with our letter we slipped a handbill announcing farewell meetings to three Missionaries—Miss F. Wheeler, who was designated to Western N.S.W., Miss A. Cavanagh to Southern Queensland, and Miss R. G. Long to Northern Queensland.

The handbill was passed around amongst the girls, and a discussion arose as to the initials of the last named of the three. Of the “R” there was little doubt. It must stand for “Retta,” her mother’s name, they concluded (and, by the way, probably a well-known name to them, as it came, in the first place, from America), but the “G” was a puzzle—Geraldine, Georgina, Gertrude, and others were suggested as likely, but the teacher said, “I think it must be ‘Grace’.” This called for another letter to settle the question, and, in it, the mistress asked would the
owner of the name write and tell the girls some of the features of Australia's north country, as she found them. Again the request was complied with.

They were told of the wild beauty of the surrounding country, the numerous waterfalls (the highest in Australia being only seventeen miles away), the deep ravines, and the gorgeous colouring of the tropical undergrowth which forms a thick wall on either side of the roads, many of which are impassable in the wet season.

They heard of the numerous pests that abound—the stinging trees (a sting from one of these would sometimes last months), the wait-a-while vines, the rock pythons, leeches, centipedes, and dingoes.

They also heard of the spiritual darkness of these simple primitive folk, and of the work that had been commenced only 12 months before.

An urgent need arose in our work at Cherbourg, and the young missionary was asked to leave her happy, interesting sphere in the north, and proceed southward. Farewells were said, and cases packed, and all but the last things in readiness, and there remained but one mail before the day of departure, but, so far, there was not a penny in hand, toward the expensive move. "Some way or other the Lord will provide," was the assurance of her fellow-worker and herself, for had not her fare been sent to her to go to North Queensland in a way that put the mark of God upon it? And, to the young sister with her, had been given a vivid experience of God's deliverance at the last moment, just a few months before, for—she had fixed upon a date to leave for North
Queensland, and had reached it with all in readiness, minus her fare. We could give her nothing else but encouragement to rely upon God's Promises, when she rang, on the proposed day of departure, to tell us her circumstances. Scarcely half an hour later, a friend came in unexpectedly from Melbourne, and, hearing she was going to Queensland, without knowing her need, offered to pay her expenses right through to her station, and, with overflowing joy, she had learnt that "God is faithful."

Encouraged thus in remembering God's faithfulness, the one who was about to travel went down to collect her last mail, which she found included a letter from U.S.A. The girls of the school had been working, and the result was enclosed. Could it be true? No less than a sum of fifty-five dollars! Four shillings had to be paid for a telephone call to Townsville, enquiring the rate of exchange, and £17 was handed over to the missionary; this was more than twice enough to cover all travelling expenses.

With feet winged with joy, she hastened to tell her glad story, and left by the appointed train for the coast, and, in due time, reached her new station.

She took with her, to all the vicissitudes of such a large centre, with the demands of the heavy labour entailed, the unanswerable argument of the knowledge of God's appearance in her behalf, along the pathway of the impossible.
"The Lord Hath His Way in the Whirlwind."

WITH an hour to wait, as we were changing service cars at Bendigo, Vic., on the way to Cummeragunja (our Mission station on the Murray), I took the tram to Long Gully, and called at the home where our monthly prayer meeting is held on behalf of the Aborigines.

The visit occupied less than a quarter of an hour, but long enough for some of our prayer-partners to assemble, and spend a brief season in prayer.

On leaving, an envelope was handed to me, enclosing a £10 note. Written on the envelope were the donor's instructions: "For building purposes for Miss Cash and Miss Byron, Menindee; if not needed there, then, wherever it is most needed."

This designation of the gift puzzled me a little, but in the course of a week or two, it transpired that the Lord, who knew the state of affairs at Menindee, had definitely guided His child in her giving. He was acting true to fact, and faithful to promise. On reaching home, a letter awaited us from this far Western station telling of a marvellous deliverance from imminent danger.

"It was a beautiful day—very hot but calm, with no wind blowing," wrote Miss Cash. "About 12 o'clock I lit the primus and put some chops on to cook. I went outside to talk with Miss Byron, who
had been in bed for a few days with influenza, and
who, although she was far from well that day, had
felt constrained to get up.

"Just then we saw a whirlwind travelling along the
flat, and as we watched, it turned and came toward
us. It was the most powerful thing we had yet seen.
It rushed upon us, and, in a moment or two, had
struck the bush shelter where we were.

"We held on to our books, papers, and other things,
lest they should be carried away, and rejoiced when
we thought it had passed on. Strange to say, it turned
right round again, and made straight for us, and
struck us with greater force than before, almost
sweeping us off our feet, and it took all our strength
to hold on to things. But—that was not all!

"It entered the door of our large marquee, and ab-
solutely uprooted it. It was a terrifying ordeal to see
the tent, uprights, centre-poles, pegs, flattened kero-
sene tins, papers, and books all flying heavenwards.
One upright fell on top of our sleeping tent, pierced
it, and fell near our feet. The roof was swung in
all directions, not a pole stood, and all the tent pegs
but two were wrenched from the ground.

"It was the Lord's Delivering Hand, which had
brought us both out of the tent in time. Another
marvellous thing was that nothing but a small pea-
nut butter jar was broken. The dresser swayed back-
ward, but was prevented from falling by the canvas
partition of the tent.

"The clock and some plates fell to the ground, but
were not broken. The lamp, which stood on the book-
case, fell on the dresser. I picked the globe up from the floor on the other side of the marquee, and, can you imagine it, it was not broken! The primus was overturned, and we praised God that it went out. The chops were scattered everywhere, and well covered in sand. The small safe being thrown over, the contents were in a fine mess.

"Several of our people ran to our assistance, and helped us sort out our belongings from among the debris. Little damage was done to the tent, which did not go up in smoke, but in wind. A rip only, and some small holes made through being pierced by the poles, required repair. Four or five young, dark men helped us, and by 5 p.m. the tent was well up and again secure.

"The Lord, whose way was in the whirlwind," had some lessons to teach us.

"Two days before, new tent pegs had been put in to take the place of those which were badly ant-eaten, and, I'm afraid I trusted in those new tent pegs, and not in the Lord. It seemed a hard way to have the lesson enforced, but we'll never forget it. 'Some trust in chariots, and some in horses (as we did in the new tent pegs), but we will remember the Name of the Lord.'

"The wonderful part of it is that the Lord did not allow harm to come to our bodies, or lasting harm to our belongings. It was all a miracle, and we could not cease praising Him all that afternoon, and for many days afterwards."

Under these circumstances, the God-directed £10 given at Bendigo brought great encouragement, and,
Curacao Island, looking across from Palm Island,
After a Scripture lesson on Palm Island, N.Q.
taken with the whirlwind, gave the missionaries a two-fold impetus in a decision to build at least one substantial room to shelter them from the winds. Tent life in far-west dust storms is anything but enviable.

Little success attended the one-room project. The hindrances proved to be from the Lord, whose omniscient eye was upon His little ones. Further donations of £2 and £5, and other amounts with which to purchase materials, encouraged them to enter an opening door at Broken Hill, and, during a visit to this city, 73 miles distant, fresh possibilities broke upon them. A gift of timber, a stove, and other things by the mine manager, useful articles from others, and the offer of a carpenter to come and erect the house, were all joyfully accepted.

In August, 1934, we had the privilege of dedicating a four-roomed house, lined with hessian, painted in deep chocolate, and comfortably furnished, not only with what the missionaries considered ordinary requirements, but with two upholstered easy chairs, and other et ceteras. A verandah and small laundry have since been added, and, better still, a spiritual building is rising, composed of men and women and children who have turned “to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven.”
"Bring Ye of the Fishes Which Ye Have Now Caught."

In connection with The Great Barrier Reef are prolific fishing grounds, where fish of great weight and size are caught. The thrill of a fighting fish making a desperate effort to escape is a not soon-forgotten experience. To watch our Aborigines deftly at work in these waters is something worth going far to witness. Seldom do they fail in their purpose. Taking dexterous aim, poised on a boat, or stalking their prey in the water, they land "a beauty" with an earnest air of competence and assurance.

Captain Cook doubtless feasted upon fish caught in these bountiful waters—for in his log book we read of the "yawl returning from fishing."

To-day a 48 ft. tourist launch will return in two days with a catch of "big game," aggregating two tons. Spanish Mackerel (one may weigh up to 80lbs. or more), King Fish, Groper, Trevalli, Red Emperor, Rainbow Trout, Morwong, Coral, and Sword Fish, are but a few of the "great" fish, which frequent these waters.

"Of great fishes, one hundred and fifty and three" was the disciples' haul on that memorable morning, when the Risen Lord stood on the shore, and directed their movements. Ninety-four great King Fish filled the nets of the Aboriginal fishermen, when the Lord stood by and honoured the promise of His trusting handmaiden.
Countless thousands, which no man can number, have filled the nets, weighted the line, freighted the spear, of those who left all, since the day He promised His first disciples, “I will make you to become fishers of men.” The yawl eventually returns laden with abundance of fish. The Australian Aboriginal fishing ground has yielded “great fish,” and with joy we can obey our Lord’s command and “bring of the fishes which ye have now caught.” (John 21:10.)

I attended a service a little while ago at an outpost of our Palm Island Mission Centre. Black men and women, drawn from all parts of North Queensland, by the Government authorities, and placed on this large settlement, gathered into a barn belonging to “the farm,” where vegetables and fruits are grown for the 1,000 or more Aboriginal residents of Palm Island. Rough long seats, an improvised table, all clean and orderly, and made to look as well as possible, were the outward furnishings of this sanctuary, upon which shone the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, through the lives of this company of redeemed Australian Aborigines, who were a little while ago in heathen darkness in their far-away Northern camps. Their native worker, looking upon them with shining face, said, “These are all believers.”

Drawing up to another man, I remarked upon this fact, and he, with evident joy, replied, pointing to the native helper, “Yes, he won all them.” He was a “great fish.”

A few days later, I climbed the Sun-down Hill, another part of Palm Island, where the Aborigines from the west of Queensland make their homes. As
I passed from hut to hut, one of the men joined me, and introduced me to one and another. He said, "She's a Christian," "He's saved," "He's a believer," till I could plainly see almost every person in that camp was saved. In fact there remains in my mind to-day, the well-defined picture of the only one there, whom I saw as an unsaved man. He had a hideous, hellish look in his old black wrinkled face, and there was no response when we spoke to him. He was smoking leaves in a long-stemmed pipe arrangement in lieu of opium, to the smoking of which he was addicted, but which he could not obtain. I saw in him some portrayal of the depths from which the others had been brought. How did it all come about? Surely "a great haul of fish" this!

Back of the transformation of the others was a dark man named Fred Lucas. He came under the sound of the Gospel at 60, and soon yielded to the Saviour of Whom he proved a most devoted follower. He became a great soul winner, and in ten weeks won eighteen heathen to Christ.

He had but one eye, and little sight in the other, yet, at that age, he learned to read, and became a teacher of others. At 63 he was baptised and received into fellowship with the visible church on Palm Island, and at 65 finished his course. He left this testimony, that he won almost his whole camp for Christ. A "great fish" surely was Fred!

At the close of a Sunday night Gospel Service of one of our Native Christian Conventions in N.S.W. on a Station, where God has greatly used the missionaries in the establishment of a beautiful Church
of living Aboriginal members, a man came forward with hanging head, unkempt hair, and slouching gait. He had been the object of his wife’s prayers for many days, and now—he had come.

We pointed him in all his sin to the Lamb of God, and in true repentance he accepted the Saviour.

Next morning, as we assembled for the early-morning prayer-meeting, a tall upstanding man of clean appearance and smoothly brushed hair, walked straight to the front seat. “Good-morning,” I said, “I’ve not met you before.” “Yes, you did, last night. I was saved last night!” he said.

What a change had been wrought inside ten hours!

The next year a leader was being selected for the Christians’ special meeting, and, with one consent the tall man, saved a year before, was chosen by his fellow believers.

A year later, a storekeeper in one of our large cities wrote to our headquarters to tell us of a wonderful meeting held in the main street when a dense crowd of white people were held spellbound for an hour and a half, while three Aborigines preached the Gospel with such power and pathos, that many eyes were dimmed with tears. One of the three was the tall man saved just two years before.

A native woman, bereaved of her baby boy, some time after her conversion, yielded her empty hands to the Lord, and commenced to work for Him. The Holy Ghost came upon her, and in a short time she won eighty souls for Christ. Each day, she walked

85
4 1/2 miles to town, did a day's washing and cleaning and walked back the 4 1/2 miles, and from then on into the night went from home to home preaching the "unsearchable riches of Christ," till she became too hoarse to speak any more.

She had gone on from grace to grace, till she is the acknowledged leader of a wonderful band of Aboriginal native workers.

The conversion of the native king of Karuah, with that of twelve others, as told in "The Corn of Wheat," lifted him "from an horrible pit, and established his goings," and he became a strong man, who developed into a fearless leader of his people in righteousness, an example of industry and enterprise, and glorified his Lord in his day and generation.

Then, the native deaconess of the Erambie Church—the beauty of her home and Church life—shed a fragrance recognised by one and all. It was hers to pass through a long and weary illness, but she was enabled to so trust her Heavenly Father in relation to husband and family, that a perfect peace was hers, and, at last, she passed triumphantly through the gates into the "city, whose maker and builder is God."

These are but a few of "the great haul of fish," which He has enabled us by His mighty power to bring to Him.

Amongst our Aboriginal Church members, who gather around the Lord's Table, are those who were witch-doctors, sorcerers, devil-worshippers, murderers, scoffers, gamblers, drunkards, profane persons, and those who were immoral, besides many
simple-minded children of nature whose lives were lived in strict accord with the old native laws; all won from the depths—trophies of the Cross.

Is it any wonder, with fish such as these, that we have often had to strain every nerve in the landing of them! Where, to-day—shimmering trophies cheer the fishermen, yesterday, stiff battles were fought. The watch was long and wearying, and often, when almost in despair, He appeared and bid us "cast the net on the right side of the ship," then the net enclosed the much-sought-for fish.

Every inch of fishing ground has been searched by the eye of faith—every fish caught has been angled for with an agony of expectation, and, now—successful at His command in happy realisation, we bring each trophy to the hands of the Master, who stands on the shore ready to receive the catch.
The Way of Faith

“One generation shall praise Thy works to another and shall declare Thy mighty acts.”

It has come home to me, that I am not the proprietor of that which I have gained. Although honoured servants of God, much more able than I, have discussed “the way of faith,” yet, I owe it to those coming after me, to pass on a few fragments gathered, as I have traversed a roadway as criss-crossed as the Great Barrier Reef.

The Great Captain of our Salvation has ever known the clue, and, following Him, “Who plants His footsteps in the sea,” we find a highway, safer than that now charted between The Reef and our Australian Coast. What He has taught me, as I have followed, may help “another battler with life’s troubled sea.”

So—for His sake, and theirs—I pass it on.

One of the first lessons I learned in the pathway of faith was that temperament does not count in this surrendered life.

The only persons whom I met for a long time, who had launched out on so-called Faith lines, were slow, thoughtful, careful Christians, to whom it seemed natural to wait upon, and for God. I was quick, impetuous and enthusiastic, and it seemed waste of time to me to be “waiting.” I said, once, in my impatience, to one of these dear children of God—“God always answers me quickly, and tells me what to do.”
Native Christians at the Goolagong Aboriginal Convention
I found out afterwards, that while the Lord meets us where we meet Him, He does not always answer quickly. It was not till I met the Rev. Lockart Morton of Adelaide in 1901, and spent several seasons in company with him, and finding him to be an extraordinarily “quick” man, getting much from God, and doing much for God, that I was convinced that the “Life of Faith” could be worked out by the Lord in me, with all my limitations.

I found, next—that I must be willing to surrender everybody, and everything that I could cling to, or call mine, entirely to the Lord, and be willing to stand alone for Him.

I made that surrender, but it took a considerable time, before I could dare to let everything go, and launch out on Him. Surrender is a process as well as a crisis. In the meantime, I had to go through a burning fiery furnace, for which I had to be willing, and in which I had to rejoice in the presence of the Son of God.

Then, I learned—that there were steps, one by one to be taken in the Life of Faith, in order to experience deliverances, and to get from God material supplies.

I think the first way I obtained from God temporal supplies, was by coming as a child to a loving Father, and in the Name of Jesus, asking him for what I wanted—each thing as I needed it, and He gave simply as a Father to His child.

Then, He taught me to plead His promises. That is, to get a definite promise in each particular case, and cling to it until it is fulfilled. I found, that when
He was just about to fulfil His Word faith would almost go. The pressure would be keener, and, if possible, the need greater, and it would be the last little bit of holding on that would tell, and bring the deliverance.

This I did not see at first, but, as time and again, I had to “go through,” I noticed it, and accordingly fought on when things were most desperate and faith all but gone.

I have found, as I have journeyed on, that different promises can be pleaded at different stages of life and experience. For instance, since my beloved husband was taken by the Lord, I can plead with my God “as the Father of the fatherless” and get answers for my children, because of their condition. Again, a new ground of approach to Him is mine, in that He has promised relief and protection to the widow.

An early lesson was, “If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me.” I would search my heart and life for anything He would show me as displeasing, and confess it, and put it from me—but, I think it was the last part of the verse which often comforted me, when Satan vaunted—“But verily He hath heard me.” God hearing and answering comforted me often, when people spoke evil of me, and separated me from their company.

Then, we had to learn to look past the postman, and every previous way of supply. Sometimes, when a testing lasted day after day, we forgot there was such a person as the postman, and then God would deliver by that very means. Again, we had to get our eyes off every person who had helped, or was likely to help and seek unto the Lord alone.
One of the severest tests in seeking supplies from the Lord, and deliverance from financial and other difficulties has been to be brought to a place of humiliation, where it looked as if we would be disgraced, our testimony spoiled, and the Lord dishonoured, and to be willing to become of no reputation as those professing Faith Lines, casting the whole position upon the Lord.

Such a test has often come, immediately before some special provision God is making for us, and just ahead of some special blessing He is about to give.

Again, we put into practice, in times of sore need, Matt. 6: 13—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you." We put it to the test by examining our service for the Lord, looking to see if we are as earnest and diligent as we should be, whether we are working as hard as we should do in personal work, in the visitation of our people, in due preparation of our messages, and, in other ways, seeking, before all else, the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness.

The result of such examination would often be that we would get up from our knees, go out from our house, and get amongst the people in the Name of the Lord. More than once, in fact, I think, every time the Lord ever brought this to our remembrance, deliverance came—"all these things," food and raiment, etc., were added.

I have found, at times, during a test, a slackness come over me, regarding letter writing. No money
for stamps became an excuse, or was, I thought, an indication not to write, and, I have sometimes had to give myself to it. On one occasion, I remember writing the 60th letter before deliverance came, and made it possible for me to post what I had written.

Sometimes in times of protracted testing, we have had to go right through, and tread all the ground I have described, stage by stage, and much else not mentioned, and still the answer has tarried, and we have cried to our God to show us what else was there left we could do, and, as a very last contest, we have been led to grapple with Satan, and we have often wondered why we have been so blind. It would suddenly come to us, revealed by the Spirit of God, that Satan was holding back the money or relief, that he was blocking the deliverance coming through to us.

We would then pray the Lord, Who has said, “I will give you power over the enemy,” to break Satan’s power, to loose his hold, to liberate the gold and silver, or to work the deliverance which he was hindering reaching us, and to silence his whispers against sending us help. I have found that this position of claiming victory over Satan’s power, through Him Who overcame him on Calvary, almost invariably brings quick deliverance.

In every phase of the Fight of Faith the Holy Spirit, in His office of guiding our prayers, and His co-operation therein, is a very real Person, and He brings us to a moment when the conviction is borne upon us that God has heard. There is no mistaking it. We know our Heavenly Father has heard, that Christ our Lord is acting, and the answer is on its
way. Then, as we thank Him in faith, the experience of joy and peace and rest and blessed anticipation is wonderful. Sometimes, the whole thing asked comes in one big answer. Other times our blessed Lord sends us a sweet little token, and we know by it the drought has broken, the first fruits of a harvest, the droppings of a shower, have reached us, and we count on the full, abundant answer to our cries and prayers, intercessions and longings, our faith and thanksgivings.

There are exercises which accompany the simple act of faith in asking, and right on through the stages of wrestling, which are helpful in the conflict.

*Remember*: recall former occasions when the Lord heard your cry and verified His promises. When a promise is proved, put the date of its fulfilment in your experience beside it. Count on the promises of the Old Testament, as well as the New, as being all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Remember just how He delivered you before, and (speaking humanly) remind the Lord of it.

Humble yourself before God. The prayer of faith will take you into His presence. As you get a vision of the Lord in all His power, you will feel your own unworthiness, and vileness. This is as great a requisite in prayer, as any other, to approach the Lord in all humility, acknowledging unworthiness of any mercy or blessing, and much less, the one we are asking for.

Another helpful exercise is to apply the whole trend of God’s Word to your present position, and
remember He has said, "I am the Lord, I change not." Take the stories of God's deliverances, and remember that the God of Moses and Elijah, of David and Elisha, or Peter and Paul, is just the same to-day. His resources have not been exhausted, and, besides this, He is ever manifesting Himself in some new relationship, or in some new way to His people. His name is, "I Am that I Am"—and there is more in this majestic, mighty, covering statement of the Godhead, than has ever yet entered into the mind and heart of man. Lastly, remember that He chooses to hide these things from the wise and prudent, and reveal them "unto babes."
The Aborigines Inland Mission was founded in 1905 in Singleton, N.S.W. The work now extends throughout the whole length and breadth of Eastern Australia, embracing 11,000 Aborigines in its spiritual care.

Its workers, in three classes—Missionaries, Associates, and Native—number over 100.

The work is strictly evangelistic in character—the salvation of the Aborigines and their rooting and grounding in the faith being the one aim of the Mission, no industrial work is undertaken. Missionaries, money, time and strength are concentrated upon the purpose of bringing Australia's original people to a knowledge of Christ.

The work is supported by voluntary contributions from God's people, the missionaries going forth without guarantee of remuneration, to live lives of dependence upon God. The Mission seeks to faithfully distribute toward their needs as funds allow. Contributions may be forwarded to Mr. A. L. Perry, General Treasurer.

The A.I.M. publishes two monthly magazines—"Our Aim," 2/- per annum, giving reports of the work, is always alive with fresh news. "The Australian Evangel," containing Gospel messages and other features, with contributions from the Aborigines themselves, is circulated amongst the coloured people on our stations and elsewhere.
The Mission is interdenominational, and accepts suitable candidates who have absolute faith in the Deity of the three Persons of the Trinity, and in the full inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures.

Applications should be made to the Director or Secretary, by whom also general information regarding the work will be readily given.

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