

KATOOMBA METHODIST CHURCH.**ROLL OF HONOR UNVEILED.**

(From our Mountain Representative.)

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. T. S. Bell unveiled in the Methodist Church, Katoomba, a roll of honor, on which was inscribed in letters of gold the names of those of the congregation who had or were taking part in the "Great War." The roll, which was of handsome and chaste design, and was in solid Spanish mahogany, was the gift of Mrs. Chandler, whilst the work of making it had been done by Ald. Chandler. Twenty-three names figured thereon, these being Eric Bell, Robert Evans, Eric Craig, Philip Stephenson, David Goble, Keith Potts, Reg. Lewin, L. B. Penman, Glen E. P. Chandler, W. Miller, Roy R. Penman, Edgar Powell, L. L. Clark, Alf. Messiter, W. R. and W. F. Campbell, Alex. Robertson, S. C. Thompson, W. B. Trow, W. Downes, Steward Lamond, E. R. Acland, and Allan Thompson.

A military service had been arranged, and in addition to members of the A.I.F., rifle club, cadets, and boy scouts, the town councillors had been invited. Of these Aldermen Dash (Mayor-elect), Tabrott, Bembrick, and Chandler, and Mr. C. P. Hendry, town clerk, were present. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. Appropriate hymns and psalms were read, whilst the lesson was read from Matthew 26, giving an account of Christ's agony from Gethsemane to the Cross. After the hymn, "Abide With Me," was sung, Mrs. Bell, at the request of the Rev. J. B. Penman, unveiled the roll of honor by pulling aside the "Jack" which covered it.

An address was then given by Col. Chaplain Prescott, M.A., principal of Newington College, who commenced by stating that he wished Capt. Chaplain Wilson had been there to again address them. However, they would be glad to know that the chaplain had, after much striving, obtained his heart's desire, and was going to the front. He advised all the young folk to keep their eye on the doings of the Miners' Battalion, the battalion with which was associated Capt. Chaplain Wilson, Col. Pollock, and Major David, the latter two professors of the Sydney University. The battalion was really a remarkable one. Its officers were all University men, trained in engineering schools, whilst its complement was made up of miners from all over Australia. He was glad to be there with them at the unveiling of a roll which contained the name of one of his old Newington boys, Reg. Lewin, who had died on the field. The tablet marked their individual appreciation of the pluck, enterprise, daring, patriotism, and confidence in the justice of the cause showed by those whose names were writ thereon. Those men had heard within them voices bidding them to go. They needed no bill of compulsion or conscription to make them enlist. If ever England drew the sword in the sacred cause of justice, it was when she entered upon this colossal struggle. They had heard at times people saying that the atrocities committed by the Huns were pro-

had heard at times people saying that the atrocities committed by the Huns were probably exaggerated, but Lord Bryce had put his name to a volume which disclosed the fiendish and unnameable atrocities perpetrated in Belgium, and which constituted a damning indictment against Germany for all time. After touching on some aspects of Nurse Cavell's martyrdom and the wholesale murder of 800,000 Armenians, the speaker remarked how awful it was to think that in this year of grace, 1916, men, women, and children, were murdered deliberately and in cold blood, and it made one feel that civilisation was walking on the verge of a ghastly volcano, which might at any time break forth and engulf everyone. If the war had not affected Australia as closely as it had Belgium and France, it was simply because of men like those whose names they were honoring; men who had thrown aside home, comforts, safety, joy, life itself, and had cast themselves into the fray. The speaker reminded his audience that it was always when the hour was blackest that the true spirit of the English race asserted itself. "Last week," continued he, "New South Wales passed through the darkest hour of its history when the men in the two camps temporarily threw aside all discipline. However, they should not be blamed too much; they were only reflecting that spirit of unrest, that first stage of anarchy, that unwillingness to suffer discipline, which unfortunately was to be found in every centre of the Commonwealth, and which, if it gained full sway, would bring about destruction."

The singing of the National Anthem, with the special verse, "God Bless Our Splendid Men," and the benediction, terminated the service.