

ST JOHN'S CHURCH HONOUR ROLL.

TWO HUNDRED BRAVES.

The Honour Roll for the Church of England Parish of Uralla, which has been erected at the Western end of the Parish Church, was unveiled and dedicated on Sunday last, in the presence of a large congregation. The Roll is handsomely executed in oak, with the names in gold. It contains just on 200 names of men who fought in the Great War. A list of these was published in last issue.

The Bishop of the Diocese dedicated the Roll, and Lieut R. H. Blomfield unveiled it.

The Bishop, in his address, took as a basis Saul and his son Jonathan, who lost their lives in battle. They were lovely in life, and in death undivided. He congratulated Uralla. At last the Church had got a Roll of Honour to the memory of the men who fought and came home again, and those who fought and fell in war. In the records few towns in Australia stand out as Uralla. Among the towns which had almost exhausted their man power, Uralla stood in the forefront, and he thanked God they had the men who fought and the women to gird them in the task before them. They had this roll to pay high honor and higher homage to them, and for those who did not return, he asked for them to be remembered before God, in whose presence they live eternally.

Australia's part in the war was the one thing that linked us in the Empire, and Australia as a nation through the sacrifices of her men belonged to a wider world. England, with her five millions of men, had sent the largest proportion to the war; next came New Zealand's splendid contingent; and the next Australian and N.S.W.; but there was surely a thing that never would be

was surely a thing that never would be forgotten, and that was by far the largest percentage of casualties were suffered by Australia. England's was 52 per cent, and Australia's 68 per cent. Our men, he said, did not go for ornament: they were the storm troops of the war.

His Lordship went on to refer to the Australian character. The Australian, he said, loves to stand together. He tells you what he thinks, and put no false value on anything. And the Australians would never have gone to the war unless they had thought it over. They don't take a narrow view of things. When Australia was asked to provide ships for the British navy he refused; but when it was to be a purely Australian fleet, Australians were roused like one man. So when a contingent was suggested for the war, it was on condition that it would be an Australian army, composed of Australians. She wanted to make her own distinct contribution.

Australians pull together in a most interesting way. England was a small country, but the counties were so varied that perhaps a resident of one county would not understand the speech of a different county man, lived perhaps not more than 20 miles away. Australian individuality and initiative were won through the pioneering days. That was where our character was formed, and an Australian would do four times more work than the men of other races and say nothing about it.

They couldn't distinguish between the Australians. They could take men from Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth and Brisbane, and they were all the loose-girt fighting men who had taken the name of the Digger. Mr. Craik had written in his history of the war: "The one thing that distinguished the Australian soldier was just this, he worked with and sacrificed everything for his mate. That sense

Ke: ything for his mate. That sens:
out omradeship prevailed right through
b d. war and made his name so great."
Crap Diggers were chums, mates, and
ber sticking together was the secret of
E success.

Crap Bean quoted another incident
ne Pine. "Are you there, Bill?"
UR. from a young chap. "Right
T Jim," was the reply. Jim came
and the trench and said to the others,
batt. uld you mind moving up? Me
12 C Jim's mates and we're going over
top together."

hey were unveiling a board to-day
... contained 200 names, said the
Bishop. "They're your mates. You
know every one of them, and you'll
never forget them because you've
printed their names. And those
who've fallen, they're your mates still.
Not because they've been called be-
fore God have they ceased to be mates.
If I speak to those who sorrow, let me
say I feel certain they're close to us
they'es with us still, and live with us
in our thoughts. Like Saul and Jona-
than they were lovely in life, and in
death undivided."

During the unveiling of the Honour
Board, the Last Post was sounded by
Band-sergeant E. Pearson.

The solemn service was concluded
by the singing of John S. Arkwright's
glorious hymn, "The Supreme Sacri-
fice," the congregation remaining
kneeling. The hymn is as follows:—

O valiant Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-
flame;

Tranquil you lie, you knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you
loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, a'1 you had, you gave
To save Mankind—yourselves you scorned to
save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender
made,

Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God

Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God
Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same
way.

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour
to this

Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying
eyes

Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His Steps they
trod

Following through death the martyr'd Son
of God,

Victor He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of Sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has brought them and whose
Staff has led—

In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing
Land

Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand,