

## THE "GLEN HUNTLY" PIONEERS.

The memorial stone erected by public subscription over the remains of the "Glen Huntly" pioneers was unveiled in the St. Kilda Cemetery on Sunday last, by his Worship the Mayor of St. Kilda, (Cr. A. V. Kemp) in the presence of an assemblage numbering about 500, which included several councillors of St. Kilda and Prahran, and many prominent citizens. The work of executing the monument was entrusted to the Adamant Monumental Company of Dandenong-road, St. Kilda, and is a splendid piece of work. It was designed by Mr. R. Adamson, C.E. The inscription on the stone reads as follows:—

On December 14th, 1839, the Emigrant ship "Glen Huntly" left Greenock, Scotland, arrived at Hobson's bay on 17th April, 1840. Many of the passengers suffering from fever were landed at the Red Bluff, St. Kilda, on 21th April, 1840, that being the first quarantine station in Victoria. A few days later John Craig, James Mathers and George Armstrong succumbed to the disease and were interred at the Bluff. Owing to the encroachment of the sea their remains were exhumed and removed to the St. Kilda Cemetery on 27th August, 1898, by the Board of Public Health. The memorial was erected by public subscription to mark a notable event in the early history of the colony.

The memorial is a handsomely carved block of Malmesbury blue-stone, surmounted by a scroll cut from a solid block of white marble, and cost £43.

The Mayor said he desired to show that the old pioneers were worthy of such a memorial in a much wider and nobler sense than was apparent. They had raised a memorial to makers of the empire. Australians honor the pioneers as they honored no other class. Every native worthy of the name revered the brave hearts, clear heads, and the strong arms that grappled with the original savage conditions of this continent. But did they realize what the pioneer spirit meant to the British Empire? That spirit was the life of it. The navy, of which we heard so much to day, did not make the empire. We had a first-class empire when we had only a second-class navy. A navy cannot make an empire, although we were proud to know that it could maintain it. Soldiers did not make Greater Britain! Germany had a better army, but where is Greater Germany? Intellectual refinement will not build colonies! France has more of that, and yet where, and in what state, are the French colonies? Germany and France have comparatively failed in colonisation because they lacked pioneers. They cannot breed men like those whose humble remains rest beneath this soil. The sun never sets on the British Empire, the most glorious empire the world has ever seen, and the reason of it is this: The sun never sets on pioneers' graves. When the resurrection

trumpet sounds, British dead will arise from every land under Heaven. Men who fearlessly faced the wilderness and smoothed the road for their nation; men who baptised new lands with English names by their own sweat and blood, and sealed it for ever hers by their graves. This is the work of the pioneers, and we honor ourselves by remembering them. Further, this is a memorial to nation builders. There is no doubt that the nation now swiftly forming in Australasia differs in many respects, and will yet differ more, from the stock from which it sprung. Our politics are freer than those of the old land. The pioneer strain in the blood shows plainly in the vigorous efforts made here to settle the problems that confront and perplex us. The extraordinary liberality of the proposed Federal Constitution when compared with those of older lands, and the acts of parliament passed during the last few years dealing with the people's welfare, these, so novel to dwellers in old lands, stamp us with the pioneer brand. The spirit of the men who did not fear new things and new conditions is with us still. That spirit is to no small extent the life of the Federal Movement to-day. The true sons of the pioneers are on the side of progress; they are willing, yes, eager, to enter into nationhood, even as their fathers entered into this glorious country, and they will enter and subdue every difficulty even as their fathers did. He had that much faith in the pioneer spirit. Cowards dwell among us, the cry of self-interest and luxury is raised against progress, and it always was, and always will be. But the pioneer spirit, which in our nation never sleeps, or grows tired, will carry us onward victoriously. So we have to thank the pioneers for the best qualities of our nation to-day, and have to profit by their example and experience. They have laid in the new land, the foundations of civil and political liberty broadly, deeply and permanently: we do well to honor them. In one sense these graves are a sad comment on the incompleteness of earthy life. If this be all, who would help to build an empire or found a nation? To leave the old home, to face the terrors of the deep, to see the dear familiar mountains fade surely from sight? To scarcely see the fringed shore of the great unknown land, to be forbidden to enter it, and without an effort or achievement, to sink in the agony of death? To have one's wasted body laid to rest in a craggy cliff within sound of the hoarse restless roar of the hungry sea? Alas! If this were all! But this is not all. There is a God who is on the side of the brave. A God who unto the man who gives his life, gives life again, and who, is ever replacing

the idol of men's dreams by better things. These men came to enter and live in the great unknown Australia. They entered instead into the glorious unknown Heaven of God, wherein, we trust, they live and shall live for evermore. May we, being brave and true, be gathered unto them in the fulness of time. As a reminder of their lives, and a memorial to their pioneer spirit, he would unveil the monument.

The following hymn, composed for the occasion by J. F. Daniell, Esq., was sung by the choir of St. Martin's Church, Hawksburn, under the conductorship of Mr. Chas. Truslove.

Almighty Father! Who doth guide

The paths through life Thy children tread,  
Beneath this sacred stone abide,  
Some mournful relics of the dead.

They dared the perils of the sea  
To win with hope the promised land,  
To find new homes was not to let,  
But lonely graves upon its strand.

For almost sixty years they slept,  
Unmindful of the troubled waves,  
Till the encroaching tide o'erstepped,  
The limits of their sea-girt graves.

Beneath this peaceful spot is placed,  
All that remains of them on Earth;  
On this memorial stone is traced  
Our loving tribute to their worth.

Father! 'twas Thy benignant hand  
Set their immortal spirits free,  
We trust, in certain hope to stand,  
On Thy sure Rock—Eternity.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. J. M. McGregor, whose father and brother had been passengers by the "Glen Huntly," thanked the subscribers to the memorial.

the idol of men's dreams by better