

PRESBYTERIAN HONOR ROLL.

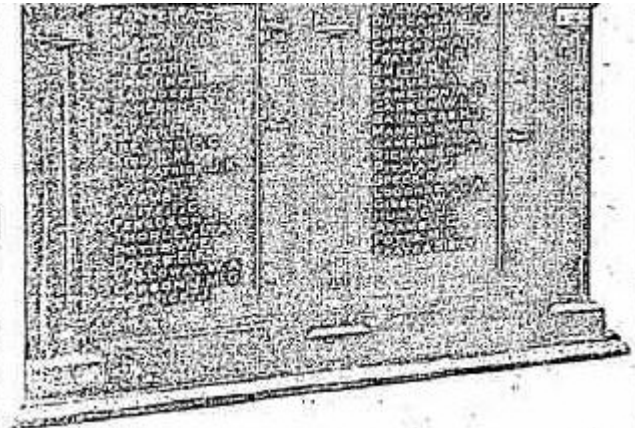
INTERESTING CHURCH CEREMONY.

A very fine Honor Roll, described in our issue of Thursday last, was unveiled at the Narrabri Presbyterian Church on Thursday night. The church was full, and amongst those present were the Rev. J. Hansen, the Rev. H. B. Innes, the Rev. Cantor, and the officers of the local Salvation Army, besides many prominent townsmen. The Rev. A. H. Erskine presided. The proceedings commenced with praise and prayer and was followed by a Scripture reading.

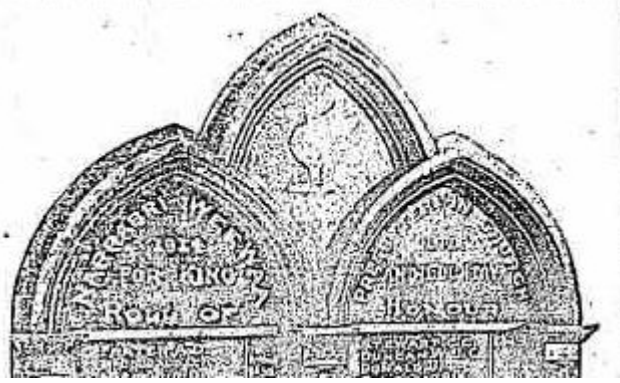
The interior of the building was tastefully decorated, being the work of Mr. Fred Palmer.

The Honor Roll, which was presented to the Church by Mrs. D. Cameron, in memory of her son, Private L. A. Cameron, was then unveiled by that good lady. The roll, which is placed on the northern wall of the building, facing the congregation, is of a design quite suitable for a church building, and will be a continual memory of the part taken in the great war by the young men of the Narrabri-Woolongahong congregation. A few further praise the following address was delivered by the Rev. J. Hansen:

Having his remarks on the words of Christ in Luke xiv., Mr. Hansen said, in part: I am much in sympathy with the old minister who said Aristotle was praised for naming fortitude the first of the cardinal virtues, but he might, with equal propriety, have placed prudence before it, since without prudence, fortitude is madness. The picture presented to us in the words of our Lord is that of the prudent individual who decides to build, but before commencing counts the cost, and after having done so, and being satisfied that he has enough funds to go on with, builds and completes what he planned to do. This as against the individual who makes the decision and without counting the cost, commences, and after having built portion of it, finds that his money is all gone and he is unable to complete it, and consequently becomes a laughing stock. Its meaning in relation to personal and spiritual questions is vitally important. Those who would follow Jesus must be prepared to follow Him whole heartedly, loyally and faithfully paying the cost by forsaking all that is evil and a hindrance to his spiritual welfare. But let us away from these personal reminiscences to the consideration to what it cost God in order to make it possible for us to do this. And here we are in the realm of the infinitely stupendous mysteries of God's grace. What did it cost Him. How slipshodly and lightly and irreverently we answer at times. It cost Him His Son and we forget the sorrow, and suffering, and anguish, and tears, and bloodshed culminating on the Cross. If I may use the expression, God made a plan of a building, He counted the cost and paid it in agony and tears and blood, to free us from the bondage of the enemy of our souls. He finished



His building and if we, in realization of our great need, appreciate, and after counting and paying the cost, follow Him, there shall be Peace in our hearts. What magic there is in that word, what joy takes possession of us, until our souls throb and thrill with joy and gladness. Throughout the British Empire there is great rejoicing because of the glorious victory our Allies have gained, and we can thank God with unusual fervour that our position is not that of the imprudent. There was nothing vague or underhand about the decision arrived at by the British Government during those fateful days of August, 1914. Our honor as a nation was at stake; our prestige and freedom were imperilled; the weakling was being pushed to the wall and cruelly beaten and bullied. There was a cry for help, which was responded to with alacrity. Did we count the cost? And while that was beyond the wildest dreams of all imagination, I believe we did so as far as we could, and signified our intention of paying it, and of following the example of Him, who sacrificed the weak and finally yielded His body a sacrifice for the salvation of the world. Never will the valour, the bravery, the heroism, and devotion to duty of our men be forgotten. Their sacrifice remains unsullied. Who loved, not their lives even unto death, in that effort to defeat the great attempt which was made for negation of Christianity, and all that is noblest and sweetest and best. The cost has been great. 62,536 of Australia's sons have made the great sacrifice. Their remains rest in the blood-soaked fields of France and Belgium and on the slopes of Gallipoli, in the sandy wastes of Palestine, and under the blue waters of the sea, while many have been maimed for life. In counting the cost we must make mention of the glorious part played by the women of our Empire. Those mothers who have borne such noble sons, those wives who have given their all, bearing patiently their awful uncertainty and suspense, and when the sad news came of their loved one killed in action, or having died of wounds, they faced their lonely future and born their burden in the spirit in which their loved ones faced a cruel and merciless foe. And yet again the brave nurses who have gone forth as God's messengers to nurse and comfort our wounded and stricken men. Exposed often to the dangers of the war zone, and yet lovingly, devotedly and patiently, despite all risk and danger, and weariness of body, did their duty. The cost has indeed been great. We have paid it in the sacrifice of bright young lives, in blood and tears and anguish. We have a picture of the same man who



did not count the cost in the German nation to-day. They have lost their dignity and power, and morality, and we see them to-day, reeling and staggering, broken and bleeding, deserted by all, reaping the fruits of greed and vice and imprudence. The German creed of Might is Right, with all its retinue of cruelty, and murder, and villainy, has been defeated. Practising

creed of might is right, with all the
 ruffianism of cruelty, and murder, and vil-
 lany, has been defeated. Prostrating
 her all not for a place in the sun, but
 for all that on the expense of his honor
 and righteousness. She bartered
 her soul and lost. And joy again
 reigns as a result of the great sacrifice
 of the men of our army, our navy
 and air service, some of whose names
 are inscribed on this roll of honor.
 Counting the cost. We did and paid
 it in untold suffering and sacrifice, and
 tears, and our Empire shall go for-
 ward, purged and ennobled, and digni-
 fied, a power for good.

The Rev. H. Innes said they looked
 back over the four years and three
 months of warfare, they thought of the
 amount of sorrow and distress it had
 brought to the world and of the security
 and peace and civilization and prosper-
 ity that existed before the war com-
 menced. In January, 1914, Mr. Gw-
 en Whistler said that if he were to be
 born into the world and had his choice
 he would not choose America, nor Eng-
 land, nor even France, but Germany.
 He saw in Germany a land of flowers,
 yet under these flowers was the wild
 beast lurking, ready to spring. Why
 was the wild beast allowed to lurk
 among the flowers? That was the
 question they had not solved, but was
 one they would have to solve in the
 days of peace. They would remem-
 ber that the German Emperor claimed
 that God was with him and was help-
 ing him; how in 1911 he preached
 about peace and goodwill, while at the
 same time he was spurring his forces
 for war. This man did not respect
 his promise to Belgium, which his
 troops ravaged and outraged. Poland
 and Serbia shared the same fate at
 the hands of his troops, and in Arme-
 nia, out of a population of 2,000,000,
 but 55,000 were left alive. Then
 there were the massacres at sea, the
 sinking of the Lusitania and countless
 other horrors. And despite these
 things this man, called the German
 Emperor, stood up on many occasions
 and said arrogantly that God was on
 his side. They could not call to mind
 an instance in which one of the Allied
 statesmen had said that God was on
 their side; they said that they were
 fighting for right, for liberty and for
 justice, all qualities found in the God-
 head. It was not by their own unaid-
 ed efforts that the Allies won the war.
 All through the horrors of darkness
 and danger and defeat, they realized
 that they were fighting on the side
 of truth and light, and that God was
 behind the clouds. Those present
 would remember Mons, where for ten
 long days 55,000 British soldiers held
 back half a million Germans until the

Allies got behind the Marne. Sudden-
 ly the enemy's pressure stopped for the
 space of three hours. There was
 what was described as the vision of
 the angels, some would call it so, but
 he would call it God. It was true
 that the religious man could see the
 hand of God in it all; woe to the man
 that could not see the hand of God
 in the world. They would remember
 the evacuation of Gallipoli. It was
 undertaken on what might have been
 a bright moonlight night, and at a
 period when storms might be expected
 to sweep across the Mediterranean
 Sea. The troops were got away with-
 out loss, yet the last boat had scarcely
 left the pier when the structure was
 dashed to pieces. He saw in this, as
 in many other occurrences, the hand of
 God. Victory had come to them and
 he thought that if they opened their
 eyes they would be certain that God
 had reaped them to win it. They
 would thank God for it, though they
 did not know fully what it meant. No
 human mind could comprehend its
 full import, but they could bend their
 knees with thankful hearts. They
 would remember, how in March of this
 year, during the great German drive
 200,000 men were sent from England
 with but a month's training and flung
 into the battle line, but the enemy was
 held back and the situation was saved.
 They had to thank God for these noble
 young men of England.

England entered the war with an
 army of 250,000 men and a navy con-
 sisting of 277 vessels. To-day Eng-
 land was the strongest military power
 in the world, having an army of 7,500,
 000 trained veterans, as well as a fleet

of 7,500, 000 trained veterans, as well as a fleet
 of 3000 vessels of war, more than half
 of the fighting strength of the world.
 This progress had been made possible
 because Britain was fighting for the
 right and for God, and for humanity.
 Then we should be thankful for the
 sacrifices made by our own soldiers,
 and of the beautiful services of our
 women. Thank God for all of it; for
 their dead—they called them dead—
 but life never dies. They could thank
 God for those that died walking in the
 footsteps of Christ. They could not
 imagine Christ turning them down on
 the other side. Let them have another
 Christ if He did. As a matter
 of fact all they had of good was gained
 with the blood of noble men, their
 property, their freedom, their institu-
 tions, everything. Many of those
 present had lost heavily; had lost their
 best friends and relatives, and their
 lives had not been the same since, nor
 would they ever be, knowing as they
 did that these men went to fight for
 their protection. When David sent
 his men to the brook for water and
 they risked their lives to procure it
 for him and returned with it, David

poured it out as an oblation to God.
 So with them. They should take the
 lives these men had procured for
 them and dedicate them to the service
 of God.

The Chairman said that some two
 and a half years ago the thought was
 borne in upon them to have a tempo-
 rary honor board erected in the church
 in order that it might act as a prayer
 roll. They took it upon themselves
 to pray for the men that had gone
 from them, and God heard and answer-
 ed their prayers. They did not ask
 that their men should return, but that
 God's will should be done. So, wheth-
 er they came back or whether they
 paid the supreme sacrifice the prayers
 offered up were answered. The Honor
 Board, he might add, was not quite
 complete. The burning bush, which
 was the emblem of the Church, was
 to be placed in the centre Gothic and
 the Scotch thistle underneath.

There were the names of 45 men
 on the roll, and the name of one sister.
 Of this number five had paid the sup-
 reme sacrifice. Two secretaries of
 the Church and one treasurer had re-
 signed their positions at the call of
 their country. Their treasurer, Cap-
 tain W. J. C. Duncan, won his com-
 mission on the field, was promoted
 with the D.S.O. for conspicuous bravery
 and subsequently received a bar to
 his distinction. Then there was young
 G. J. Stewart, who tried on three
 different occasions to enlist and each
 time was rejected; eventually he was
 accepted, and as they know, G. J.
 Stewart was no more. There was also
 a young Scotchman from Narrabri
 West, Alex Samuel; he too was one
 who would never return. There was
 also Private L. A. Cameron, to whose
 memory the honor roll had been erect-
 ed. He (the speaker) would never
 forget the night he went away. He
 attended the farewell gathering at
 which the young soldier was commended
 to the care of God. J. Clark, and
 C. R. McDougald were the other two
 members of the Church, who had died
 at the post of duty, the latter at Lone
 Pine. Twelve of their men had re-
 turned and they looked up at the honor
 roll with a full measure of joy and
 glory knowing that their young men
 had answered the call and gone forth
 at the bidding of the nation to do their
 duty.

Referring to Sister Frater, the speak-
 er went on to mention that she acted
 in a similar capacity at the South Af-
 rican war. They raised their hats
 not only to the good women that went
 to the war but also to all those others
 who since the war commenced had
 given every moment of their time to
 the work on behalf of the soldiers and
 of the nation.

Mr Erskine concluded by apologising
 for the absence of Mr. Cameron, of
 Pidgee, who could not be present.

A few remarks by Mr. Manning was
 followed by the National Anthem and
 the Benediction, and the meeting clos-
 ed.

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 ed.