

ANZAC COMMEMORATION

1921

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MOVEMENT

**Sermons and Addresses**

DELIVERED  
THROUGHOUT QUEENSLAND

*The Immortal Story of the Landing*

(ILLUSTRATED)

*"They shall not grow old, as we who are left grow old;  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning,  
We will remember them."*—BINYON.

COMPILED BY H. J. DIDDAMS

with the approval of

THE ANZAC DAY COMMEMORATION COMMITTEE  
OF QUEENSLAND

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## FOREWORD

---

**T**HE founders of Anzac Day were none other than the gallant boys who landed on the Peninsula of Gallipoli on the 25th April, 1915, and thereafter till the evacuation took place in December of the same year. To their glorious company belong also all who fought in France, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and elsewhere during the Great War. These young stalwarts from the Southern Seas made their heroic entry into the full fury of modern warfare with light and courageous hearts. Never was onset more perilous or more glorious than that famous landing upon the grim bastions of the Dardanelles. Veterans might well have hesitated before making such a mad joust with fortune. But the sheer verve of these eager and disciplined lads carried them into the vitals of the enemy position upon the entrenched crags and plateaux of the greatest natural fortification in the world.

They made Australia's red-letter day for all time. Red with their blood is our new charter of national life and of liberty, the expression of sacrifice which alone can make us a nation worthy of the noblest Commonwealth of Nations. British to the core, they lived and fought and died. From the most ancient seas of heroic history, as became their breed, they sprang in prowess upon a hostile shore. As Minerva issued fully armed from the brain of mighty Jove, so did these warriors issue in their early prime from the great heart of Father Neptune. Far-called, the sons of Britain "arose from out the azure main," and,—no less than

their Mother,—“ at Heaven’s command,” took terrific shape before the astounded foes of the Empire. No less wonderful than their charge was their defence. The long battle-siege was a supreme test of their endurance, and right nobly did they show their grit from start to finish. In the annals of freedom and sacrifice they won for themselves and their country a deathless name. As the Poet Laureate limns them—

“ Stern in onset and defence,  
Terrible in their confidence ”

they proved themselves worthy of their sires and mothers, their country, and their King. Their country has yet to prove herself worthy of them. Australia, remember your sons, your liberators, your hostages to Destiny!

This collection of addresses delivered on Anzac Day in commemoration of the heroic deeds of Australia’s sons in the war, and especially of the brave men who return not for their earthly laurels, will be welcomed by our people as a useful memorial which preserves on the printed page the word of gratitude and the tribute of glory. The aim of the publisher is to preserve by his craft what else would be lost and forgotten. In Wordsworth’s phrase we may say of the publisher—and of each panegyrist of Anzac Day—in aim and intention, at least—

“ Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,  
Here, for the sight of mortal men, hast given  
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time  
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.”

The reader will forget the local colour in the theme of Australia’s most sacred Anniversary (and may it ever be kept sacred!) He will think of those comrades whose souls in their wondrous youth dwell ever in God’s sight, who laid down their lives for their friends.

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MEMORIAL SERVICES

Conducted by the Rev. Canon Garland (late Chaplain A.I.F.) at the Soldiers' Graves in the Toowoong Cemetery, Brisbane, on April 25th, 1921.



## THE CELEBRATION OF ANZAC DAY

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A Short History of the great movement in Queensland.

QUEENSLAND has taken the lead in the celebration of this day, on which Australia, by the valour of her sons, became entitled through an ordeal of blood, fire, and suffering to take her place among the great nations of the world, and to stand on equal terms with those peoples, both past and present, who have given of their best that humanity might benefit. From the first inception of the celebration the keynote was the solemn remembrance before Almighty God of the heroic dead. In addition, the public were urged never to forget the great debt they owed to those who have lost their dear ones, and to those sailors and soldiers who have returned after deeds of unsurpassed courage and daring on every field in which the Empire and her Allies fought for the rights of a free people.

That the day should be suitably commemorated was suggested by Mr. T. A. Ryan to Colonel the Hon. A. J. Thynne, Chairman of the State Recruiting Committee, which body then took the matter up, with the result that a meeting, called by the Mayor (Alderman G. Down), was held in the Brisbane Exhibition Hall on January 12th, 1916, and the citizens then assembled constituted the Anzac Day Commemoration Committee. There were present, among many others, His Excellency the Governor (Sir Hamilton Gould-Adams), the Hon. T. J. Ryan (State Premier); Major-General J. W. M'Cay (Inspector-General of the Commonwealth Forces); the Hon. J. Tolmie (Leader of the Parliamentary Opposition); Archbishop Duhig; Chaplain-Colonel D. J. Garland; the Hon. J. M. Hunter (Minister for Lands); the State Commandant (Colonel G. L. Lee); Colonel the Hon. A. J. Thynne; and Lieut.-Colonel W. D. Rankin.

Of the resolutions passed at this foundation meeting the first, proposed by His Excellency the Governor, and seconded by the Hon. T. J. Ryan, was:—"That the heroic conduct

of our gallant Queensland troops during the present war, and especially on that ever-memorable occasion of the landing at Gallipoli on April 25th last, has earned for them undying fame, and deserves the fullest recognition by the people of this country, whose rights and liberties they have been bravely defending."

The second, proposed by Major-General M'Cay, and seconded by Mr. Tolmie, was:—"That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is desirable that the first anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli shall be suitably celebrated in this State, and that the other States of Australia be invited to consider similar action."

The third, proposed by Chaplain-Colonel Garland, and seconded by Colonel Rankin, was:—"That a committee be appointed to make all the necessary arrangements for and carry out the celebration of Anzac Day, such committee to consist of the Mayors of Brisbane and South Brisbane, the Premier, the Leader of the Opposition, the Chairman and Honorary Secretaries of the Queensland Recruiting Committee, and Alderman H. J. Diddams, C.M.G., representing the Patriotic Fund Committee, with power to add to their number."

These resolutions were carried by the meeting with the utmost enthusiasm.

The first meeting of the Committee was held in the Premier's office—where all subsequent meetings have been held—on February 3rd, 1916, the Premier (the Hon. T. J. Ryan) occupying the chair. It was decided to communicate with the other States in terms of the resolution from the Exhibition meeting and request co-operation on behalf of the State of Queensland. Canon Garland was appointed Honorary Secretary, and was requested to draw up suggestions for the observance.

At the next meeting the original Committee was enlarged by the inclusion of the heads of all religious denominations, the senior Military Chaplains, six Members of Parliament—three to be nominated by the Premier and three by the Leader of the Opposition—the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of the University, the Under Secretary for Public Instruction, the Presidents of the National Societies, St.

George, the Caledonians, the Irish, the Overseas Club, and the Australian Natives' Association, also the Military and Naval Commandants. With a few additions, such as representatives of the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, the Fathers' Association, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Employers' Federation, the representative character of the Committee has remained unchanged, and it can be regarded as a strong endorsement of the form of celebration that this Committee have met regularly and carried out the observances so successfully for five years, maintaining the character of the initial meetings.

At the third meeting, held on February 18th, Canon Garland submitted the proposed form of celebration, which was adopted, and which has remained practically unchanged, this being a striking tribute to the originator, who had so truly gauged the desires of Queenslanders regarding the celebration. The Canon's suggestions included the minute's reverent silence, which has become a feature not only of this observance but also throughout the Empire, a tribute of homage to the glorious dead. The celebrations in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere in London in 1916 were due to representations made by this Committee. The resolutions to be submitted at the various evening meetings were also adopted. With the changing of events these have of course been somewhat varied, but they still express the resolutions which were passed by the first meeting at the Exhibition.

It was decided by the Committee that no collection should be made on Anzac Day, but that badges to commemorate the celebration should be worn; the badge was designed to perpetuate in symbolism the heroism of the Anzacs. Anzac Day falling on St. Mark's Day, the winged lion of St. Mark was chosen as symbolic of super-human strength; the Queensland crest—a cross upon which a crown is imposed, surrounded by laurel leaves—was added as in itself also appropriate. The motto "Audax at Fidelis" ("Brave yet faithful"), Queensland's motto, was adopted as most suitable. The badge is still being sold, and is a replica of that used on the first celebration. Despite the decision to make no profit, it was found that citizens were insistent on paying more than the cost of the badges; the

proceeds of the first celebration were intended to defray the cost of the care of the graves in Gallipoli, a purpose which, by the action of the Graves Commission, has been rendered unnecessary ; other proceeds have been utilised for the care of Queensland graves, except when the day's takings were given to the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League, who were collecting for the building of memorial halls ; and this year the proceeds were handed to the National Anzac Memorial Fund, an object which realises the ideals of the Committee.

The first celebration was marked by the receipt of a message from His Majesty the King, at the expense of the late Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, which message was engraved on marble and erected in the Executive Buildings.

The programme of the celebration gives ample opportunity for everyone, irrespective of creed or politics, to take part in the observance. Requiem or memorial services are held in the early morning by the Church of England and Roman Catholic Churches, and later in the day by every denomination throughout the whole State. The evening meetings, which are of an essentially solemn nature, give an opportunity for people of all denominations to gather together and pay in a solemn manner their tribute to the dead, while renewing their promise to support and show sympathy to the living. This year arrangements were made for the placing of flowers on the graves of soldiers and the holding of a short service in the cemeteries, an innovation which was remarkably successful and detracted in no way from the attendance at services in the churches. In future it will be made a part of the programme for the celebration. From information received by the Committee it would seem that there is no week day in the year on which the churches of all denominations are so well attended as on Anzac Day.

The Committee's attitude on the proclaiming of a public holiday on April 25th has been found by experience to be correct, as it was felt that to allow an unrestricted holiday would cause a day which should be observed most solemnly to become one of amusement and sport. The arrangements have been that all returned soldiers have been allowed the

day off by both Federal and State Governments. Private employers have been equally considerate, their employees being given permission to attend the church service, and business houses and licensed premises have been closed during these morning services. The Committee support a public holiday on the lines recently introduced in New Zealand, where by legislation race meetings and sports gatherings are prohibited, and licensed premises are closed on Anzac Day. The question will be brought before the next Premiers' conference, and as the Imperial League and many other large organisations share the Committee's views, there is no doubt these views will receive the greatest consideration.

Notable in the history of the movement is the request with reference to Anzac Square, embodied in the following resolution, passed at the meeting held on June 30, 1916:—  
“ That this Committee take practical steps to have the proposed Square in front of the railway station called “ Anzac Square,” and to have a place reserved thereon for an Anzac monument; that the Federal Government be asked to make the above a condition of the gift; that the Hon. H. F. Hardacre, the Mayor of Brisbane, and Mr. W. F. Finlayson, M.H.R., be written to accordingly.” Now, after nearly five years, the efforts of Queensland citizens through their representatives appear to be on the eve of success, and the formation of an Anzac Square with a Cenotaph erected in the centre will be a national memorial not unworthy of those who died that their fellow-citizens of this great Empire should live in freedom.

On numerous occasions the Committee have asked the Commonwealth Government to give a definite undertaking that the graves of deceased soldiers will be properly cared for. Those which urgently required attention have been looked after by the Committee, but it is not possible for them to assume so great a responsibility as the care of all Queensland soldiers' graves, especially as the duty rightly belongs to the Commonwealth Government. Our representations promise to be successful, and the Defence Department is collecting the necessary information.

The success of the Committee's effort has been materially assisted by the loyal co-operation of the people of Queensland as a whole, and especially by the action of the churches in providing a religious atmosphere and maintaining a spirit of solemnity. In the opinion of the Committee this is the only manner in which the memory of those who died for us can be commemorated worthily. The Federal and State Governments, in allowing returned soldiers and other employees the necessary time off, made it possible for them to attend the celebrations.

Recognition is due to the State Government, which has not only assisted by providing all necessary printing, but through the Department of Public Instruction makes Anzac Day a day of solemn celebration throughout the schools, the articles in the School Paper proving of great help. Recognition is also due to the Railway Department, which has granted concession tickets and has helped in many other ways. Thanks are also due to the employers, traders, and licensed victuallers, who have given their employees concessions similar to those of the Government, closing their premises during the hours of service; to the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League, which has joined heartily with the Committee; to the Press, both metropolitan and country, which has done yeoman service; to the local authorities and their representatives; to those in every district in the State who have so loyally supported the celebration of Anzac Day in its original form, a form which it is sincerely hoped will remain unchanged, and will become uniform and permanent throughout the Commonwealth.

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“THE LANDING AT GALLIPOLI”

April 25th, 1915.

[From the Original Painting by CHARLES DIXON.]



## THE IMMORTAL STORY OF THE LANDING

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War Birth of Australia—The Glorious 25th April, 1915

**T**HIS faithful, and perhaps the best account of the for ever famous landing of the Australians at Anzac Cove, on Gallipoli Peninsula, on 25th April, 1915, is by Mr. John Masefield, the English sailor, poet, and war correspondent, as he recorded it in his book "Gallipoli," pages 33 and following:—

### THE EMBARKATION.

On Friday, the 23rd of April, the weather cleared so that the work could be begun. In fine weather in Mudros a haze of beauty comes upon the hills and water till their loveliness is unearthly, it is so rare. Then the bay is like a blue jewel, and the hills lose their savagery, and glow, and are gentle, and the sun comes up from Troy, and the peaks of Samothrace change colour, and all the marvellous ships in the harbour are transfigured. The land of Lemnos was beautiful with flowers at that season, in the brief Ægean spring, and to seawards always, in the bay, were the ships, more ships, perhaps, than any port of modern times has known; they seemed like half the ships of the world.

In this crowd of shipping strange beautiful Greek vessels passed, under rigs of old time, with sheep and goats and fish for sale, and the tugs of the Thames and Mersey met again the ships they had towed of old, bearing a new freight of human courage. The transports (all painted black) lay in tiers, well within the harbour, the men-of-war nearer Mudros and the entrance. Now in all that city of ships, so busy with passing picket-boats, and noisy with the labour of men, the getting up of anchors began. Ship after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of harbour in the lovely

day, and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gathering of fine ships has ever been seen upon this earth, and the beauty and the exultation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. All the thousands of men aboard them gathered on deck to see, till each rail was thronged. These men had come from all parts of the British world, from Africa, Australia, Canada, India, the Mother Country, New Zealand, and remote islands in the sea.

#### THE LAST FAREWELL FOR MANY.

They had said good-bye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would have looked their last on the sun, and be a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push. Many of them would have disappeared for ever from the knowledge of man, blotted from the book of life none would know how—by a fall or chance shot in the darkness, in the blast of a shell, or alone, like a hurt beast, in some scrub or gully, far from comrades and the English speech and the English singing. And perhaps a third of them would be mangled, blinded or broken, lamed, made imbecile, or disfigured, with the colour and the taste of life taken from them, so that they would never more move with comrades nor exult in the sun. And those not taken thus would be under the ground, sweating in the trench, carrying sand-bags up the sap, dodging death and danger, without rest or food or drink, in the blazing sun or the frost of the Gallipoli night, till death seemed relaxation and a wound a luxury. But as they moved out these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast.

#### LIKE KINGS IN A PAGEANT THEY WENT TO IMMINENT DEATH.

All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death. As they passed from moorings to the man-of-war anchorage on their way to the

sea, their feeling that they had done with life and were going out to something new welled up in those battalions; they cheered and cheered till the harbour rang with cheering. As each ship crammed with soldiers drew near the battle-ships, the men swung their caps and cheered again, and the sailors answered, and the noise of cheering swelled, and the men in the ships not yet moving joined in, and the men ashore, till all the life in the harbour was giving thanks that it could go to death rejoicing. All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die, but the most moving thing was the greatness of their generous hearts.

#### GLORIOUS SEND-OFF BY THE FRENCH.

As they passed the French ships, the memory of old quarrels healed, and the sense of what sacred France has done and endured in this war, and the pride of having such men as the French for comrades, rose up in their warm souls, and they cheered the French ships more, even, than their own. They left the harbour very, very slowly; this tumult of cheering lasted a long time; no one who heard it will ever forget it, or think of it unshaken. It broke the hearts of all there with pity and pride; it went beyond the guard of the English heart. Presently all were out, and the fleet stood across for Tenedos, and the sun went down with marvellous colour, lighting island after island and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps, knowing that they had been for a little time brought near to the heart of things.

#### HOW THE AUSTRALIANS MADE GOOD THEIR LANDING.

While these operations were securing our hold upon the extreme end of the peninsula, the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps were making good their landing on the Ægean coast, to the north of Gaba Tepe. They sailed from Mudros on the 24th, arrived off the coast of the peninsula at about half-past one on the morning of the 25th, and there under a setting moon, in calm weather, they went on board

the boats which were to take them ashore. At about half-past three the tows left the ships, and proceeded in darkness to the coast.

Gaba or Kaba Tepe is a steep cliff or promontory about 90 feet high, with a whitish nose and something the look of a blunt-nosed torpedo or porpoise. It is a forbidding-looking snout of land, covered with scrub where it is not too steep for roots to hold, and washed by deep water. About a mile to the north of it there is a possible landing-place, and north of that again a long and narrow strip of beach between two little headlands. This latter beach cannot be seen from Gaba Tepe. The ground above these beaches is exceedingly steep sandy cliff, broken by two great gullies or ravines, which run inland. All the ground, except in one patch in the southern ravine, where there is a sort of meadow of grass, is densely covered with scrub, mostly between two and three feet high. Inland from the beach, the land of the peninsula rises in steep, broken hills and spurs, with clumps of pine upon them, and dense undergrowths of scrub. The men selected for this landing were the Third Brigade of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, followed and supported by the First and Second Brigades.

#### ATTACKING THE DEFENCES OF GABA TEPE.

The place selected for the landing was the southern beach, the nearer of the two to Gaba Tepe. This, like the other landing-places near Cape Helles, was strongly defended, and most difficult of approach. Large forces of Turks were entrenched there, well prepared. But in the darkness of the early morning after the moon had set, the tows stood a little farther to the north than they should have done, perhaps because some high ground to their left made a convenient steering mark towards the northern beach against the stars. They headed in between the two little headlands, where the Turks were not expecting them. However, they were soon seen, and very heavy independent rifle fire was concentrated on them. As they neared the beach, "about one battalion of Turks" doubled along the land to intercept them. These men came from nearer Gaba Tepe,

firing, as they ran, into the mass of the boats at short range. A great many men were killed in the boats, but the dead men's oars were taken by survivors, and the boats forced into the shingle. The men jumped out, waded ashore, charged the enemy with the bayonet, and broke the Turk attack to pieces. The Turks scattered and were pursued, and now the steep scrub-covered cliffs became the scene of the most desperate fighting.

TERRIFIC FIGHT BY THE BRITISH SOLDIERS TO SECURE  
THEIR Foothold.

The scattered Turks dropped into the scrub and disappeared. Hidden all over the rough cliffs, under every kind of cover, they sniped the beach or ambushed little parties of the Third Brigade who had rushed the landing. All over the broken hills there were isolated fights to the death, men falling into gullies and being bayoneted; sudden duels, point blank, where men crawling through the scrub met each other, and life went to the quicker finger; heroic deaths, where some half-section which had lost touch were caught by ten times their strength and charged and died. No man of our side knew that cracked and fissured jungle. Men broke through it on to machine guns, or showed up on a crest and were blown to pieces, or leaped down from it into some sap or trench, to catch the bombs flung at them and hurl them at the thrower. Going as they did, up cliffs, through scrub, over ground which would have broken the alignment of the Tenth Legion, they passed many hidden Turks, who were thus left to shoot them in the back or to fire down at the boats from perhaps only 50 yards away.

"AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE."

It was only just light, theirs was the first British survey party of that wild country; only now, as it showed up clear, could they realise its difficulty. They pressed on up the hill; they dropped and fired and died; they drove the Turks back; they flung their packs away, wormed through the bush, and stalked the snipers from the flash. As they went, the words of their song supported them, the ribald

and proud chorus of "Australia will be there," which the men on the torpedoed "Southland" sang as they fell in, expecting death. Presently, as it grew lighter, the Turks' big howitzers began shelling the beach, and their field guns, well hidden, opened on the transports, now busy disembarking the First and Second Brigades. They forced the transports to stand farther out to sea, and shelled the tows as they came in with shrapnel and high explosive.

EVERY TURKISH GUN ON GABA TEPE TOOK  
THEM IN FLANK.

As the boats drew near the shore, every gun on Gaba Tepe took them in flank, and the snipers concentrated on them from the shore. More and more Turks were coming up at the double to stop the attack up the hill. The fighting in the scrub grew fiercer; shells burst continually upon the beach, boats were sunk, men were killed in the water. The boatmen and beach working parties were the unsung heroes of that landing. The boatmen came in with the tows, under fire, waited with them under intense and concentrated fire of every kind until they were unloaded, and then shoved off, and put slowly back for more, and then came back again.

LANDING THE STORES AND MUNITIONS.

The beach parties were wading to and from that shell-smitten beach all day unloading, carrying ashore, and sorting the munitions and necessaries for many thousands of men. They worked in a strip of beach and sea some 500 yards long by 40 broad, and the fire directed on that strip was such that every box brought ashore had one or more shells and not less than 50 bullets directed at it before it was flung upon the sand. More men came in and went up the hill in support; but as yet there were no guns ashore, and the Turks' fire became intenser. By 10 o'clock the Turks had had time to bring up enough men from their prepared positions to hold up the advance.

NO THOUGHT OF SURRENDER ON THE PART OF THESE  
YOUNG MEN.

Scattered parties of our men who had gone too far in the scrub were cut off and killed, for there was no thought of surrender in those marvellous young men; they were the flower of this world's manhood, and died as they had lived, owning no master on this earth. More and more Turks came up with big field artillery, and now our attack had to hold on to what it had won, against more than twice its numbers. We had won a rough bow of ground, in which the beach represented the bow-string, the beach near Gaba Tepe the south end, and the hovel known as Fisherman's Hut the north. Against this position, held by at most 8,000 of our men, who had had no rest and had fought hard since dawn every kind of fire in a savage rough country unknown to them, came an overwhelming army of Turks to drive them into the sea.

REPEATED ONRUSHES OF TURKISH HORDES SUCCESSFULLY  
RESISTED.

For four hours the Turks attacked and again attacked, with a terrific fire of artillery and waves of men in succession. They came fresh from superior positions, with many guns, to break a disorganised line of breathless men not yet dug in. The guns of the ships opened on them, and the scattered units in the scrubs rolled them back again and again by rifle and machine-gun fire, and by charge and counter-charge. More of the Army Corps landed to meet the Turks, the fire upon the beach never slackened, and they came ashore across corpses and wrecked boats and a path like a road in hell with ruin and blasts and burning.

They went up the cliff to their fellows under an ever-growing fire, that lit the scrub, and burned the wounded and the dead. Darkness came, but there was no rest nor lull. Wave after wave of Turks came out of the night, crying the proclamation of their faith; others stole up in the dark through the scrub and shot or stabbed and crept back, or were seen and stalked and killed. Flares went up to light with their blue and ghastly glare the wild glens

peopled by the enemy. Men worked at the digging in till they dropped asleep upon the soil, and more Turks charged, and they woke and fired and again dug.

#### TERRIBLE GLORY OF THE NIGHT STRUGGLE.

It was cruelly cold after the sun had gone, but there was no chance of warmth or proper food; to dig in and beat back the Turk or die were all that men could think of. In the darkness, among the blasts of the shells, men scrambled up and down the pathless cliffs bringing up tins of water and boxes of cartridges, hauling up guns and shells, and bringing down the wounded.

#### THE HEROIC WORK OF THE DOCTORS.

The beach was heaped with wounded, placed as close under the cliff as might be, in such yard or so of dead ground as the cliffs gave. The doctors worked among them and shells fell among them, and doctors and wounded were blown to pieces, and the survivors sang their song of "Australia will be there," and cheered the newcomers still landing on the beach. Sometimes our fire seemed to cease, and then the Turk shells filled the night with their scream and blast and the pattering of their fragments. With all the fury and the crying of the shells, and the shouts and cries and cursing on the beach, the rattle of the small arms, and the cheers and defiance up the hill, and the roar of the great guns far away at sea or in the olive-groves, the night seemed in travail of a new age.

#### WHIMPERING BULLETS, SHRIEKING SHELLS, AND CRAWLING SNAKES OF FIRE.

All the blackness was shot with little spurts of fire, and streaks of fire, and malignant bursts of fire, and arcs and glows and crawling snakes of fire, and the moon rose and looked down upon it all. In the fiercer hours of that night shells fell in that contested mile of ground and on the beach beyond it at the rate of one a second, and the air whimpered with passing bullets, or fluttered with the rush of the big shells, or struck the head of the passer like a moving wall with the shock of the explosion.

## HELLISH TURKISH FIRE OF SHRAPNEL DECIMATES THE AUSTRALIANS.

All through the night the Turks attacked, and in the early hours their fire of shrapnel became so hellish that the Australians soon had not men enough left to hold the line. Orders were given to fall back to a shorter line, but in the darkness, uproar, and confusion, with many sections refusing to fall back, others falling back and losing touch, others losing their way in gully or precipice, and shrapnel hailing on all, as it had hailed for hours, the falling back was mistaken by some for an order to re-embark.

Many men who had lost their officers and non-commissioned officers fell back to the beach, where the confusion of wounded men, boxes of stores, field dressing stations, corpses, and the litter and the waste of battle, had already blocked the going. The shells bursting in this clutter made the beach, in the words of an eye-witness, "like bloody hell, and nothing else." But at this breaking of the wave of victory, this panting moment in the race, when some of the runners had lost their first wind, encouragement reached our men: a message came to the beach from Sir Ian Hamilton to say that help was coming, and that an Australian submarine had entered the Narrows and had sunk a Turkish transport off Chanak.

## EFFECT OF THE HEARTENING WORD OF VICTORY.

This word of victory, coming to men who thought for the moment that their efforts had been made in vain, had the effect of a fresh brigade. The men rallied back up the hill; bearing the news to the firing-line, the new constructed line was made good, and the rest of the night was never anything but continued victory to those weary ones in the scrub. But 24 hours of continual battle exhausts men, and by dawn the Turks, knowing the weariness of our men, resolved to beat them down into the sea. When the sun was well in our men's eyes they attacked again with not less than twice our entire strength of fresh men, and with an overwhelming superiority in field artillery.

DESPERATE ENEMY FIGHTING TO HOLD  
THE PENINSULA.

Something in the Turk commander, and the knowledge that a success there would bring our men across the peninsula in a day, made the Turks more desperate enemies than elsewhere. They came at us with a determination which might have triumphed against other troops. As they came on they opened a terrific fire of shrapnel upon our position, pouring in such a hail that months afterwards one could see their round shrapnel bullets stuck in bare patches of ground, or in earth thrown up from the trenches, as thickly as plums in a pudding. Their multitudes of men pressed through the scrub as skirmishers, and sniped at every moving thing; for they were on higher ground, and could see over most of our position, and every man we had was under direct fire for hours of each day.

OUR WAR SHIPS OPEN ON THE TURKS  
WITH EVERY GUN.

As the attack developed the promised help arrived; our war ships stood in and opened on the Turks with every gun that would bear. Some kept down the guns of Gaba Tepe, others searched the line of the Turk advance, till the hills over which they came were swathed with yellow smoke and dust, the white clouds of shrapnel, and the drifting darkness of conflagration.

All the scrub was in a blaze before them, but they pressed on, falling in heaps and lines; and their guns dropped a never-ceasing rain of shells on trenches, beach, and shipping. The landing of stores and ammunition never ceased during the battle. The work of the beach parties in that scene of burning and massacre was beyond all praise; so was the work of the fatigue parties, who passed up and down the hill with water, ammunition, and food, or dug sheltered roads to the trenches; so was the work of the Medical Service, who got the wounded out of cuts in the earth so narrow and so twisted that there was no using a stretcher, and men had to be carried on stretcher bearers' backs or on improvised chairs made out of packing-cases.

## THE TURKISH ATTACK REACHES ITS HEIGHT.

At a little before noon the Turk attack reached its height in a blaze and uproar of fire and the swaying forward of their multitudes. The guns of the war ships swept them from flank to flank with every engine of death ; they died by hundreds, and the attack withered as it came. Our men saw the enemy fade and slacken and halt ; then with their cheer they charged him and beat him home, seized new ground from him, and dug themselves in in front of him. All through the day there was fighting up and down the line, partial attacks, and never-ceasing shell fire, but no other great attack : the Turks had suffered too much.

## NO FIRE SHOOK OUR MEN.

At night their snipers came out of the scrub in multitudes and shot at anything they could see, and all night long their men dragged up field guns and piles of shrapnel, and worked at the trenches which were to contain ours. When day dawned, they opened with shrapnel upon the beach with a feu de barrage designed to stop all landing of men and stores. They whipped the bay with shrapnel bullets. Where their fire was concentrated the water was lashed as with hail all day long ; but the boats passed through it, and men worked in it, building jetties for the boats to land at, using a big Turk shell as a pile-driver. When they got too hot, they bathed in it, for no fire shook those men. It was said that when a big shell was coming men of other races would go into their dugouts, but that these men paused only to call it a bastard, and then went on with their work.

## WAR BIRTH OF THE ANZACS.

By the night of the second day the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps had won and fortified their position. Men writing or reporting on service about them referred to them as the A.N.Z.A.C., and these letters soon came to mean the place in which they were, unnamed till then, probably, save by some rough Turkish place-name, but now likely to be printed on all English maps, with the other names of Brighton Beach and Hell Spit, which mark a great passage of arms.

## FROM MUDROS BAY

The boats went out from Mudros Bay !

From the French ships there came  
The farewell challenge of the band,  
It touched the soul with flame,  
Warming to certain victories,  
Brown, gallant men from overseas.

The boats went out from Mudros Bay !

Our fleets steamed to the North,  
The boats went out from Mudros Bay,  
To meet the Turkish wrath,  
How many prayers sped, too, that way,  
From women's lips sent forth.

By Gaba Tepe sailed our men,

Into the star white night,  
While overhead a little moon  
Spilled warily her light,  
On some far hill there leapt a spark  
To note that landing in the dark !

The boats went out from Mudros Bay,

Huge transports, ships of war,  
The boats went out from Mudros Bay—  
For some the way seemed far ;  
High beat the hearts that sought the fray—  
Australia's call to war !

The boats went out from Mudros Bay. . . .

The yellow sandstone hill,  
The sand pits down by Chemeh Dagh,  
May keep red memories still,  
And in those valleys black and drear,  
Hide some spent echoes of a cheer.

The boats went out from Mudros Bay. . . .

And many who laughed there  
Shall voyage no more from any bay—  
By frowning Seddel Bahr,  
On leas where yellow poppies sway,  
The graves are everywhere. . . .

There shall be no more dark for them,  
And no more laboured breath,  
For they have climbed the silver heights  
Beyond the shores of death ;  
God makes a wonder of the way  
Of those who went from Mudros Bay !

—M. FORREST.

## AUSTRALIA'S GREAT DAY— ANZAC

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### The Name and its Makers.

IT would be safe to say that there is not one English-speaking citizen of the Empire who, knowing anything of the war, does not know the story of the first Anzac Day (writes F. M. Cutlack in the *Sydney Morning Herald*). It is enshrined for ever in the text-books of military history, in the popular story of British arms, and in the warmest corners of the hearts of at least this present generation in Britain and Australia. The whole landing upon Gallipoli, by the British as well as by Australians and New Zealanders, had about it something of "the Nelson touch." Its impulse was the true heroic fire. No criticism can assail it. Its tale stands in history with full membership in the innermost circle of deathless stories—with Leonidas and his three hundred, with Horatius on the Roman bridge, with the stuff of the legends of Roland and Charlemagne, with Drake's mosquito-fleet attack on the Armada, with Wolfe's night attack at Quebec.

Anzac Day—that is to say, the day of the landing—made the name of the Australian and New Zealand troops famous throughout the world. The deeds of a few short hours were fired as out of great guns to the uttermost parts of the earth. It may be that the world was at some strain of attention, expecting important news from some war theatre, though not perhaps listening so keenly as Australia was for news from just this spot. It may be that the news service from this particular scene of battle was, by fall of circumstances, temporarily a little better and fuller than from elsewhere, and that the heart of the army beat with stronger exultation in success at this time and place than it

did again until the war was nearly over. Whatever the causes, there was no mistaking the result. Gallipoli was an epic within a week.

To the nation as a whole, becoming uneasy at the vista of a long war, the feat was a mighty tonic. The battle of the Marne was equally dramatic as a victory, and much more momentous as regards the fate of the great struggle, but the Marne never received half the publicity which the Anzac landing got almost without effort. Its news sent men tumbling into the recruiting offices eager for a share in a magnificent adventure. What is called the glamour of war was here perfectly exemplified, concentrated, unalloyed. The later casualty lists only hallowed the glory of it. The years following have proved the reputation of Anzac no bubble. Fame, often transitory and fleeting, hovers here permanently. Australian manhood that day won us something imperishable.

As long as the war lasted, wherever Australians afterwards fought, our soldiers marched to battle with a new pride and responsibility. Whatever the difficulty to be overcome of natural or human contrivance, an impregnable position to be assaulted, or intolerable physical misery to be endured—the mud of the Somme, the heart-sickening task of Passchendaele, the grim hand-to-hand fighting of Pozieres and Bullecourt, the unspeakable cruelties of German prison camps, the stern call for the last ounce of effort from exhausted troops at Villers Bretonneux, the amazing daring of Mont St. Quentin, the wresting of victory from the very jaws of disaster in the Hindenburg line—as each call came upon the Australian soldier, individually or in company, an instinctive retrospection upon the first Anzac Day lent him new nerve for the effort. To those who may be inclined to deny this as uniformly impossible in the common soldier, it must be replied that the inspiration was often unconscious, since the measuring of all tests by that first one had become in the A.I.F. a habit. The officers of the A.I.F., high and low, never ceased to expound to their command the moral responsibility of the Anzac performance. Whatever the cost, the force had to live up to the standard of its founda-

tion members. Was some contemplated attack a forlorn hope? So was Gallipoli. Was a trench becoming untenable? Anzac was a copybook example of an untenable position held doggedly for months. Was the line weakening to pressure, half drowned in mud, of unmentionable wretchedness? Remember the trials of the hillsides under Sari Bair. Every reinforcement received into the brotherhood of that tried company was instructed almost religiously in the honour which devolved upon him as a member of this or that battalion, and which henceforth he had to uphold. The foundation of that honour was Anzac. The famous roll lengthened with the campaigns in France and Sinai, but its origin was unforgettable.

The very name itself is one which only the materials of its making could have produced. The British landed just as heroically on the other Gallipoli beaches as the Australians and New Zealanders at Anzac Cove, but they were not, and never quite could be, Anzacs. The British Anzac Day misses the name. We know not precisely whose was the happy inspiration which made the new word. Common opinion gives the honour to General Birdwood himself, and maybe rightly; but many a general has acquired merit from a serving staff-officer's genius. However it may be, Anzac as a name is the triumph of contributing circumstances. It leapt out at once with a fire of its own from the machinery of the mere acrostic. The sound of the word once heard will not lose itself from the ears. It is pitiless as a hurled spear. It cuts like a sword. It rings like the final shout in the rush of a Zulu impi or a charge of Japanese bayonets. It conveys something savagely masculine, ruthless, resolute, clean driven home. It is a war cry—a war cry such as might have raised any warrior who ever fought on the Trojan shore, in any age, and of whatever tongue; a war cry in one short word—and it dropped, perhaps, from the unwitting brain of a tired man writing signal messages against time in a headquarters dugout.

No troops which came to mix with the civilian people in Britain, the "Blighty" of the wounded and the convalescent, attracted quite so much popular interest as the bearers of

this terrible name. For a while the mere cry of "Anzac!" in a music-hall audience would raise a cheer from men who found in it a haunting memory of old primitive days, free of social conventions and the bonds of civilisation.

The war and camp life cut away much effeminate luxury in Britain, and if for a while the Australian soldier was a prodigy there he owed much of it to the name of Anzac. This reputation was not an unmixed enjoyment for the Australian soldier, however much he exulted in it at first. To the last something of it never quite died away from the British public's impressions of the men of the rakish hats and a general devil-may-care bearing, and it certainly revived after the armistice with the first appearance in London streets of the tall, hardened, steel-framed, city-hungry light horsemen from Palestine, newly arrived from four years of the Egyptian and Syrian deserts. They were the most picturesque visitors to London of all the war, and they were in very name Anzacs to the last. By that time the Anzacs of the infantry divisions had separated into Australians or New Zealanders, and did not call themselves anything else.

It would be hard for any men, even veteran troops, to wear unspoiled such a reputation as attached in Britain to "the Anzacs." In themselves the men of the A.I.F. came through the test of character exceedingly well. Generally speaking, it failed—failed, that is to say, to undermine that fundamental sense of humour which saved many an Australian soldier from a false conceit of himself. The Australians carried themselves as men through all of it, and went back to the war as gamely as ever. They were not blind to the slight extravagance among "the civvies" of the Anzac regard, and did not omit to jest about it among themselves, though such license was not permitted with others. No troops ever stepped more gallant, chivalrous, hard-working, undaunted by anything they met. Their memorial is sure in the hearts of every foreign people that learned to know them. Among those people the ineffaceable memory of the grand old Australian divisions, which our own folk at home here have never seen, ensures for Australia and the Australian name a proud and infinite credit.

## HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR

SIR MATTHEW NATHAN. P.C. (*Ire.*), G.C.M.G.

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Address delivered at the great Memorial  
Gathering, held in the Exhibition Hall,  
Brisbane, on Anzac Night, April 25, 1921

THE Governor, who was received with applause, said that the first month of the war went none too well for the Allies, and the days when Von Kluck was manœuvring to outflank the Franco-British army, were days of deep anxiety in England. He did not think that there was fear of losing the war, but there was a growing appreciation of the fact that the whole resources of the Empire were needed to win it. At the time men were heartened by the way the manhood of the Dominions were coming to the aid of the motherland, and it was realised as it had never been before that Australia's tie of Empire was one of loyalty and love to the lands whence the Australians came. In the fourth month of the war, which was to last 40 months, came the first palpable result of Australia's co-operation. The "Emden" was captured and a sigh of relief went up from those of us who realised that not only had she inflicted great material injury on British interests, but that her unchecked ravages were prejudicing British prestige in India and the East.

"In April, 1915," continued his Excellency, "I was in Ireland. The glorious achievements of the Dublin and Munster Fusiliers at Cape Helles were spoken of in one breath with the mighty effort by which the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, in their two days' fighting in the bullet and shell-swept scrub north of Gaba Tepe, made good their landing of the 25th April. By the end of the year men were speaking of this Army Corps and the 11th and 29th Divisions of the British Army, withdrawn from Gallipoli, after sacrifices nearly without parallel in the history of warfare, as having made these sacrifices in vain. They did not realise, as we now do, at a very critical period of the war in the East the men of Gallipoli kept from action, that might

have been fatal to our cause, a large part of the troops of our declared enemies and delayed other hostile forces declaring themselves against us. The first part of 1916 witnessed the assembling of four of the five divisions of Australian infantry in France, and henceforth Australians from hospitals and instruction camps in England or on short leave from the front became a familiar sight in the streets of Westminster.

“ The look of determination and individual capacity on each Australian face impressed us Londoners, and belief in the Australian as a fighter was heightened in many cases by affection for him as a friend. Interest in him grew apace. The part played by the two Australian corps in the long year of 1917, with its advance from the Somme, the great Messines battle, the third battle of Ypres, and the autumn offensive on the Passchendael Ridge was closely watched at home, and the action of Australian troops in front of Amiens during the great German offensive of 1918, which eventually proved the beginning of the winning of the war by us, will always be remembered in England. The forces of the will saying, ‘ hold on ’ to heart, nerve and sinew was then indeed illustrated, and General Birdwood and his Queensland staff-officer, General Brundenell White, had reason to be proud of the Australian troops which they had led so well for so long.

#### LUDENDORFF'S BLACK DAY.

“ As the tide turned in France and pressed steadily forward in Palestine, in the last half year of the war, the Australian efforts, though not greater, became more potent through the concentration of Australians in one body in France, and in the two mounted divisions in Palestine. The 8th August—Ludendorff's black day for the German army—was a red letter day for the army commanded by General Monash, and it was the Australian divisions of General Chauvel's force that took the leading part in the wonderful desert advance, which in a fortnight destroyed the main Turkish force, and on 1st October captured Damascus. I will only refer to the other operations on which Australians were engaged—to the defeat of the Senussi, to the assistance given to the Italians, and to the capture of the enemy's possessions in the Pacific, to say how they added to the

cumulative effect of Australia's war achievement on English minds. I wish I could interpret to you those minds in this connection. But I suffer, as do most of my countrymen, from the difficulty which possibly comes from living under grey skies, in a cold land, of expressing sentiment. There are fortunately others here who, having had through a lifetime or through long years the blessing of an Australian sun, will put to you in moving language what the men from Australia have done, what they have suffered and the sad case of those who loved the boys who will suffer no more.

“ I have had to be content with telling you in a few sentences what it seemed to us in the United Kingdom that these men were doing. We thought it great work. We thought it brought Australia nearer to our hearts than ever before. We believe that this feeling will live, and that if a struggle ever comes in which the independence of Australia and her just ideals are threatened, which God forbid, her cause will be the Empire's cause, and the men of the United Kingdom, of Canada, of South Africa, and the other parts of the Empire will fight for her as they fought and as you fought for the freedom of humanity in the years of the great war.” (Cheers.)

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## ANZAC DAY

Spring with her wand to-day  
 Is making magic in her own sweet way,  
 Round that dear, sacred spot, Gallipoli.  
 Guarded by all the host of memory,  
 Tho' now no stalwart troops the trenches fill—  
 Yet here the winsome wildflowers bloom at will.

A thrill is in the air!  
 A pulse of more than spring throbs everywhere.  
 To-day Australia kneels, and puts aside  
 All lesser cares—all lesser grief and pride,  
 And every heart keeps solemn tryst with thee,  
 And with thy tragic graves, Gallipoli.

And will these sleepers wake,  
 Sensing the anguish of dear hearts that break?  
 Feeling the warmth that reaches even here?  
 The fluttering sigh; the trickling of a tear?  
 And will they stir, forgetting all their pain,  
 Some wild bush fragrance wooing them again?

Ah, never doubt to-day,  
 That they will come in their old boyish way,  
 In life untrammelled, yet in death more free,  
 Their spirits have a larger liberty.  
 So they will join us, tender for our pride,  
 Our glorious ones, now doubly glorified.

And theirs the unseen hands  
 That loose from round our hearts the iron bands  
 That kept us housed with grief—that wipe away  
 The tears that hide them from our sight to-day;  
 Till, with clear eyes, we see them as of old,  
 Feel them more truly ours as years unfold.

So on this day of days  
 A triumph song instead of dirge we raise;  
 Grateful for all the nobleness of youth,  
 That, in the losing, made us rich, in truth;  
 Thus, in their greatness daring, to be great,  
 Our lives to selfless aims we consecrate!

—EMILY BULCOCK.

## Official Services

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MOST REV. ST. C. DONALDSON, D.D.

Archbishop of Brisbane

Preached in St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane,  
Anzac Day, 1921.

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### TEXT.

Fear not ; I am the first and the last ; I am He that liveth and was dead ; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death.  
—Revelation I., 17-18.

**W**HILE I was in England last year three great public funerals took place in London. The first two were connected with the bitter story of Ireland, and they were funerals of persons who in life had been bitterly opposed to one another. The first was the funeral of the Lord Mayor of Cork, who died in prison, an enemy of the British Government ; but while it wound its solemn way through the London streets it was guarded by English police and watched in respectful silence by an English crowd. The second was the funeral of the 16 officers of the same British Government who had been killed in their bedrooms on the previous Sunday morning, and as the procession came from the station to Westminster Abbey it was escorted by the comrades of the dead, and witnessed by thousands of silent respectful citizens. Enemies they had been in life ; but in death these dead found their feuds swallowed up and forgotten in a greater experience, and the impartial respect of the crowds in each case bore witness to the sovereignty of the Great Healer of all strife. The third funeral was of a different nature, and yet pointing the same moral—the funeral of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day. All London seemed to be there ; indeed, the funeral was just the effort of a whole great nation expressing

its sorrow and pride and thankfulness by one great silent act. No words were spoken except the few restrained prayers and the grand familiar words of our burial service. Not a word of exhortation marred the greatness of the occasion. A few silent tears indeed were shed, but the whole act was just a deep solemn tribute of love and remembrance and resolve.

## II.

I think of those three funerals to-day. We are assembled on the Sixth Anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli, and our object too is to pay our solemn tribute of love and remembrance and resolve ; and we stand to-day in the presence of death. After that first baptism of blood on St. Mark's Day, 1915, the roll mounted up from six hundred to sixty thousand slain. And even since the peace death has been busy all the world over through war and famine and pestilence. But those three funerals are in my mind to-day, for they seem to me, taken together, to give a new term to our normal, often weary, thoughts about death, and to show it up in a new light of beneficence and beauty. To our normal thought death is the robber, the devastating invader, who steals our dearest and destroys our happiness. But is that not a narrow and self-centred view to take ? Is it not more true to say that death, since Christ came, has become a servant, an incident, a necessary stop in the development of our highest and most sacred experiences ? Looked at even from the standpoint of this world, and apart from all it opens for us hereafter, death stands as a great beneficent authority in human society.

1. First, by stopping our feuds it becomes one of the great unifying forces of life. When all is said, death remains the real superintendent of human affairs, for she is for ever intervening, like a mother with her calm, cool, hand to stop the quarrels of her children. Our passions are so hot ; our grievances are so urgent ; our hatreds are so fierce, that we cannot ourselves recognise how small they are in the true light of eternity. They seem unquenchable. But then death steps in with an authority none can question, and in place of all the heat and restlessness there is the peace and

coolness of the grave. That is the lesson I learnt from those two funerals in London. Death is a unifying force—it reminds us that our quarrels and our hatreds here upon earth are not incurable, but can be reviewed and changed when men see God face to face.

2. But there is more than that. Here upon earth among us who survive death is a sanctifying force, because it enshrines as in a casket the beauty and the living force of a great example. Who shall deny that in the presence of the Unknown Warrior last November all England was lifted up to a higher plane? We know it was so, because we are conscious to-day of a parallel experience among ourselves. It is the cutting off of those bright young lives, whom we commemorate to-day, that focussed for us their moral achievement. It is their death which sets free the living force of their influence. If they had lived on we might never have felt their power. How many among us to-day are there in whose lives the sacred memory of a brother, a son, a friend, lives as a perpetual appeal? In the busy work of the world, it is true, our thoughts are not, cannot be, continuously with our dead, but at our best moments they come back to us, and our anniversary is intended to stir us to remembrance. It points each mourner individually to that brother, to that son, whose life was given; it brings him before us in the freshness of his youth and in the beauty of his achievement; it commends him to our conscience with an ever fresh moral appeal:—

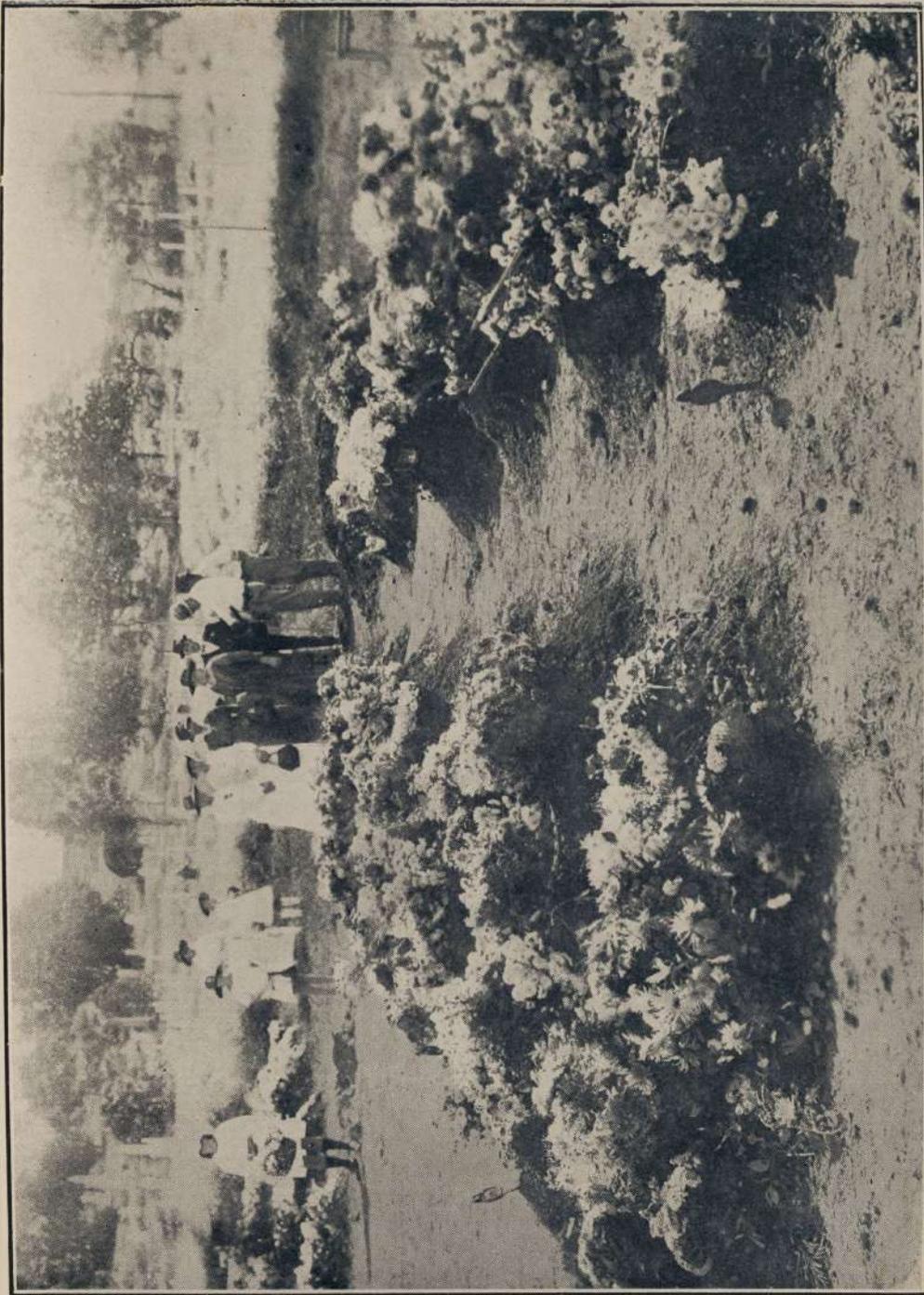
Ye who knew him, loved him, see  
 Ye keep his image faithfully,  
 And in hours when passions throng  
 And flesh is weak and sin is strong,  
 When lethargic slumbers deep  
 Lull the conscience cry to sleep:  
 With him wake, with him refrain,  
 Take him to your heart again  
 So he hath not lived in vain.

3. And death is more than a sanctifying force. It is a constructive force. With you, my friends, who have lost your dearest in the great cataclysm the sorrow remains,

but out of sight. It is the way with human nature that after but a few weeks the affairs of every day overlay the past, and our sorrows are driven underground. So it is with you. But memory is not dead, and love is not dead, and memory and love are invisibly at work in ten thousand homes in Australia to-day with constructive power. Wherever in a home there is the memory of a man's life given for his country, there the great tradition of national character is being enshrined and built up. Wherever, whether in home or school, the young lads' eyes kindle at the stories of their fathers' heroism, there the constructive work is going on. Does this mean that we are teaching them to love war? Not a bit. But it is teaching them to *take for granted* duty and discipline and sacrifice without which no noble career can be maintained. That is the process now silently growing amongst us. Please God it will grow and be fruitful in the nation to be.

Was I not right then in describing death as an incident, an instrument, in the development of our noblest human destiny? She is the healer of our quarrels. She is the lense through which we see great examples focussed and enshrined. She is the means whereby the sacrifice of noble spirits becomes the seed of noble character to those who come after.

And why is this? It is because of the words of the text:—"I am He that liveth and was dead: and I have the keys of hades and of death." They are the words of the Redeemer of the world in the moment of his triumph. By rising from the dead Christ has not only robbed death of its terrors and opened out the larger life beyond; He has also here and now made death the servant of man. To us Christians, however dark the immediate outlook may be, the spirit of hope and joy can never fail. For we know that He who has triumphed over death, sorrow, and sin can lead us out of our present distresses into a purer, nobler, juster world, where war and hatred and weakness will be subdued and the Kingdom of God established supreme. This is the assurance of the text. To you and me it remains to embrace it and go forward with courage and hope.



*FLORAL TRIBUTES*

*Placed on Soldiers' Graves in the Toowong Cemetery, Brisbane, April 25th, 1921.*



## THE REV. CANON GARLAND, V.D.

*Hon. Secretary Anzac Day Commemoration.*

## TEXT.

“ Their name liveth for evermore.” (Ecclesiasticus, 44, 14).

IN each of the battlefield cemeteries in which lie at rest the bodies of those Soldiers of the Empire who laid down their lives for us there is erected as the sole monument a tall cross, visible for miles around, and at its foot an altar in stone. The monument, in its noble dignity proclaiming the great Sacrifice of Calvary, unites thereto the sacrifice of those who also laid down their lives for their friends. No words could have been more aptly chosen for its solitary inscription—no less dignified than the monument itself—“ Their name liveth for evermore.”

It is a matter of congratulation that the Anzac Day Commemoration Committee—the body which originated and has been for the last five years responsible for the observance of Anzac Day in Queensland and, indeed, for creating its observance throughout the Empire—should have chosen these words this year as the motto for Anzac Day. It is to be hoped they will ever so remain. In themselves they are complete, and are all the more dignified and suitable because there is an absence, not merely of jubilation, but also of anything approaching self-adulation. The words direct our attention away from ourselves, our own doings, and exclusively to those who for our sakes, loving not their lives even unto death, we call dead, but who, indeed, are alive unto God, because “ God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto Him.” Their name, written in the Lamb’s book of Life, liveth for evermore before God. There are some of whose heroic deaths we know, the stories of whose self-sacrifice and heroism will be handed down from generation to generation, and in days to come, when Australia has millions upon millions of people, their name will still “ live for evermore ” as the first fruits

of bravery in the annals of the beginning of her history in the nations of the world. In addition to those whose heroic tales are known, there are those who died equally heroic deaths, though no pen has recorded their glory. In the hearts of those who loved them—who are bereaved and still to-day mourn and grieve, their names indeed are deeply engraved—to these mourners we to-day offer the homage and sympathy of our hearts, assuring them that it is no sense of victory or rejoicing at our own deliverance won for us by those who died which brings us together to-day, but grateful reverence for the dead and for those who still mourn them. Though the hearts of the mourners will pass from this world, yet of those who laid down their lives for us it shall be said by the generations who come after us so long as tongue can speak "Their name liveth for evermore." Yes, and somewhere more than even in the long annals of human history—in the Lamb's book of Life, in the presence of God Himself "their name liveth for evermore." As in Scripture the use of the word "name" signifies the person referred to, so it means not merely their memory but that they themselves live for evermore, and so to mourners the Christian faith brings this comfort—and Anzac Day would emphasise its lesson—they are not dead, they live for evermore, and by that faith the assurance also that we shall see them again and know them and hold converse with them, which shall be sweet because without the taint of sin. And because they are not dead we follow them with our prayers into the life beyond, as we followed them o'er land and sea. We gather together on Anzac Day to plead collectively for them that sacrifice on Calvary to which they united themselves by offering themselves a living sacrifice after the example of Him who, by word and from the pulpit of the Cross, taught us that "Greater love hath no man that this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." As this thought brings us comfort, it brings us solemnity also—not the sorrow of those without hope for them that sleep in Him, nor the swamping of our grief in noisy demonstration, but the emphasising in mind and thought of the reality of the future life.

The cause of all these 60,000 deaths of our boys must not be forgotten. It was never the will of God that these, the best of our young men, the flower of our people, should in the prime of life be cut off, and cut off amidst all the horrors of war. God sent them into this world to live the lives of full manhood, to be the fathers of souls created for His glory, to inhabit Heaven for all eternity. It was neither God nor His will that cut them off in their beauty and strength—it was sin. We need not be particular now to say it was all the fault of Germany, though forever Germany and the teaching which drove Germany to her sin will remain a dark page in the history of our race. It was the sin of the whole Christian Church failing to convert the world—failing to inspire men with the true teachings of Jesus Christ. Wherever the blame lies, and however it is apportioned, it was sin—*our* sin—which brought about the war and all these deaths against the will of God. As thus we think of sin being the real cause of their deaths, again there is no room for anything but a solemn observance of Anzac Day—the All-Soul's Day of Australia—and, therefore, we come before God, not in the bright vestments of festival and the joyous music of triumph, but with all the tokens of Christian penitence and sorrow.

## II

“ Their name liveth for evermore.”

As their name liveth for evermore before God, so, too, as long as our hearts shall beat in human flesh their memory will be as fragrant as the incense in the Temple of God; fragrant, because in spite of all their human faults—which, we pray God to pardon and to wash away in the blood of the Immaculate Lamb—there was a beauty which already has begun to overshadow their heroism. They were brave and loved not their lives unto death, but they were more than brave—*audax at fidelis*—faithful to their ideals, faithful to us for whom they died, faithful to one another. Of those ideals and how they maintained them time would fail to tell. Who can ever forget the story of Hulton Sams, especially

those from Queensland's west, who looked upon him as their ideal of religion :—

Moreover as God's priest he stood—  
 Preached in rude camps Thy message free,  
 Gave of Thy Body and Thy Blood  
 Into rough hands held out for Thee.

And the ideal of the highest sacrifice which he thus proclaimed in administering Holy Communion he fulfilled in his own death. The men with whom he had shared the fighting lay wounded out in No Man's Land. They were dying and craving for water. He brought them water ; he had to crawl on his face to do so, and, taking to them the cup of cold water in Christ's name, like Him, whose priest and soldier he was, he was wounded in the side and died. It was not only he from whom as a priest one would expect the exhibition of these ideals, the ordinary Australian soldier was equally ready to sacrifice himself, not only for his comrades, but also for those who had no claim upon him. When capturing Damascus our Australian boys found the hospital in an unspeakable condition. They at once proclaimed that their scanty ration of tinned milk should be given to the hospital, in which lay dying not only some of their comrades, but many of the enemy. Later on as they continued that most marvellous cavalry march, and rode over Syria, where thousands of the natives had died, starved to death by the Turk and German, they found surviving natives, literally living skeletons, skin and bone. Our own Australian boys, short of food themselves, because it could not be brought up quickly enough to keep pace with the rapidity of their movements, went hungrier, and shared their own scanty rations with the starving women and children of Syria. I have seen the tenderness with which they nursed and tended some little deserted child whose language they could not speak, and who could understand nothing of these long, lean-looking Australians, but that they were full of kindness and tenderness. No wonder that the Patriarch of Antioch and Damascus wrote to his fellow-Syrians in Sydney telling them that when the Australian soldiers came home the Syrians were to be good to them, because they

were so kind and gentle. Thus, indeed, "their name liveth for evermore" in the hearts of those to whom they showed this depth of Christian charity, brave to the last degree, yet faithful to their ideals. Their name liveth for evermore for kindness and gentleness. I remember, too, in the Jordan Valley where so many of our Queensland boys, as well as other Australians, lived under the most trying conditions long weary months, when I spoke to those who seemed to me really ill, and urged them to go down the line to hospital; they refused, because they stated they could not desert their mates. I thought of that unselfishness which, to me, stood out more vividly than to them, because I had not long before been in the streets of the capital cities of Australia, where I had seen men sturdy in health leaning against verandah posts as they waited for trams to racecourses. There would have been fewer deaths in the aggregate had those who hung back shown the same spirit of sacrifice as those whose name liveth for evermore. As we think of that additional sacrifice of life made necessary by the selfishness of some, Anzac Day should be kept solemnly and seriously. I blame not only those who refused to go, but even more the whole body of Christian influence which was so weak and feeble that it had not built up the true ideals of sacrifice and duty, and thus again we see that the restrained and chastened spirit of penitence and Christian sorrows and not of rejoicing should occupy our thoughts on Anzac Day.

### III.

"Their name liveth for evermore." Is that to be idle boast and mere talk, the erection of statues symbolic of no ideal, or is it to mean to us the maintenance of those ideals which they fulfilled? Are we to be worthy of them—of the same mettle? "Their name liveth for evermore," not for their bravery only, not for deeds of heroism merely, but also and more because of kindness and gentleness which shall never fade from the memory and heart of enemy and friend alike, and never from the memory and the heart of Australia so long as we prove worthy of them and their sacrifice for us.

## ANZAC CROSSES.

We bring our floral offerings  
 This day of fair renown,  
 Each cross a loving memory  
 Of one young life laid down.

Then kneeling at God's altar,  
 We offer praise and prayer  
 For those no longer with us  
 Who oft had worshipped there.

Thus, year by year we honour  
 The men who fought and fell,  
 And to the wondering children  
 Their deeds of valour tell.

Those sons of fair Australia  
 Who counted life as nought,  
 If only through their conflict  
 The victory might be wrought.

Who, leaving home and country,  
 And all that men hold dear,  
 Went boldly forth to battle,  
 Triumphant over fear.

They bore their cross of suffering  
 Unflinching to the end,  
 And nobly gave their life-blood,  
 Our honour to defend.

Then, standing in God's presence,  
 They laid their crosses down,  
 Through death and anguish gaining  
 An everlasting crown.

And so, we bring our crosses,  
 And offer praise and prayer,  
 In sorrow and rejoicing,  
 For each young life so fair.

—L.E.H.

## REV. E. S. BARRY

*St. Leo's College, Brisbane.*

Late Captain-Chaplain A.I.F. Preached in St. Stephen's  
R.C. Cathedral, Brisbane, April 25, 1920.

## TEXT.

"And one of the ancients answered and said to me :  
These that are clothed in white robes, who are they ?  
And whence come they ? And I said to him, my Lord,  
Thou knowest. And He said to me : Those are they who  
are come out of great tribulation."—(Apoc. 7, 13-14).

ONCE again we meet to celebrate the anniversary, this year the fifth anniversary, of Australia's first great sacrifice on the altar of war, to recall the memory of the fallen, and to offer to the numbers of sorrowing and, maybe, lonely relatives our sympathy and our prayer. Last year, fresh as I was from the scenes of the conflict, I endeavoured to picture for you something of the doings, a little of the privations and risks our Australian boys had to face in the many fights in so many far-away lands, and at the same time to give to the mothers and the fathers, the brothers and the sisters, the wives and the little orphans, some expression of our consolation and encouragement.

Once more we are gathered at the Holy Sacrifice to renew our supplications to the God of Mercy for the souls of those who will never more return ; to beg of Him that He will wipe away from their souls the stains of sin and admit them to the joys of Heaven. We know He loves us all. He loves the sinner, and surely He must love especially those who tried to serve Him under the most terrible conditions, who died—as they believed—in a struggle for His ideals and in conformity with His will. To His love we leave their immortal souls, offering our prayers, our Masses, and our Communions in their favour, never forgetting them but, to-day particularly, remembering them with affection and gratitude. Never do I say my daily Mass without recalling

at the Memento of the Dead the souls of our Australian Catholic boys whom we will never meet again in this life ; the men of the A.I.F. whose bodies rest in foreign soil, but whose souls are ours still to pray for, and God's, we hope, for ever more. What better prayer could we have than that said daily in the Mass at thousands of altars the wide world over :—" To these, O Lord, and to all that rest in Christ, grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light and peace? "

By next Anzac Day we hope to have well in course of erection a magnificent memorial church in honour of the fallen, and recording for future generations the name of every Catholic who enlisted in Queensland. To the sorrowing relatives of the fallen this morning we extend our united sympathy. Theirs has been the sacrifice, theirs the racking suspense and deepest depths of gloom, theirs the burden of loneliness, theirs the legacy of sorrow, theirs to feel the cruel selfishness of the many who have already forgotten the days of Australia's trials and tragic losses. But those who mourn and those for whom they mourn are safe in the hands of the loving Saviour, Who never forgets. We Catholics have suffered as others, and to the multitude of the bereaved, especially to our own, our hearts to-day go out in loving sympathy and with a pledge of our unfailing prayer and supplication.

It is not yet a year and a-half since the great slaughter ended. Practically all of our Australian soldiers are now back home. We are privileged to have with us this morning a large number of them. We rejoice with them at their safe return ; we join with them in gratitude to Almighty God for peace and home once more. The cessation of the war and the coming of peace have been so casual, almost, as to have made little impression on the lives of many amongst us. Already the promises once so frequently and so readily made are being forgotten ; already we have grown accustomed to a world that shows no great change save, perhaps, for the worse, as a result of the war ; already we have accepted as apparently inevitable the increased and increasing burdens of life in place of the better world for

which, we were told so often, the war was fought. But painting at its worst the state of things in the world to-day, still Anzac Day is for us Australians, and should ever be, a day of pride, a day from whose memory, indeed, sorrow cannot be separated, but a day of rejoicing for all who love our bright land beneath the Southern Cross.

Anzac Day is a celebration, of course, of that grey morning in 1915 when our own Australian boys, our very own, conquered sea and land, the shell and the bullet, the organised ingenuity of a cunning and expectant enemy, the terrors of the unknown, the untasted horrors of warfare, even hell and nature itself, in the memorable landing at Gallipoli. It would have been an heroic feat for the most skilled and valiant soldiery; for our young and untried Australian lads it was, in addition, the achievement of the unexpected and the almost impossible. The first Anzac morning they conquered, they looked death in the face, and never flinched, and their glorious feat imprinted with indelible fame the name of Australia upon the map of the world, and the proud title of Anzac upon the pages of history for all time. Truly "their name liveth unto generation and generation."

But though this is the primary and natural meaning of our commemoration to-day, Anzac is more than that—wider and grander. It is, in addition, our celebration of Australia's heroism in the subsequent years of the war in many fields and in many varying climes. And it is, above all, Australia's real birthday, the recalling of that first great event on Gallipoli and of others even greater afterwards, which woke us to the reality of nationhood, and proved that we were in resource, in courage, endurance, and every manly and national quality, the equal of the older nations of the world. This, it appears to me, is the outstanding feature of Anzac Day. Hitherto we had accepted ourselves, our country, and our world position at the valuation of the outsider, and, to say the least of it, that valuation was by no means a generous one. Henceforth and for ever, we know our worth; we have proved it in the face of mankind; and by their own standards and in the lands of

history, east and west, we have won admiring tribute from the older nations and re-echoed the chivalry and the valour of ancient days.

This is, I say, the clarion note of the call of Anzac Day—Australia's birth to nationhood, the vindication by Australian sons of her claim to equality with any people under the sun. This Australian sentiment, practical and real, is worth fostering. It may be crude or exaggerated in its expression as yet, occasionally it may be unconsciously unjust or harsh in its relation to other people—but it will grow and, properly directed, it means a self-contained and contented Australia. Let us never forget, we who love and are proud of this glorious sunny land of ours—that to the men of Anzac, to the men who fought in Flanders and in France, in Palestine, and in Mesopotamia, in the North Sea, and on many waters, under the ocean and in the air—to these we owe a debt which Australia and Australians can never repay. They it was who emblazoned the scroll of Australia's worth and fame; they opened, as with magic key, the eyes of the world to our value and importance; they broke, as with the glowing strength of youthful giants, the bonds of isolation and exclusion which previously had bound us. They deserve our gratitude and our eternal remembrance—for they made Australia what she is to-day before the world.

Now, when we speak of Australia and the work of Australia's soldier sons, it is, I think, apposite to examine the motives which prompted 400,000 of the young life of our country voluntarily to offer everything, even life itself if necessary, in a struggle mainly waged 13,000 miles away. It is also interesting for us to-day to see if the efforts that we made and the sacrifices which we endured have resulted in the attainment of anything worth while. These two considerations open up a wide and debatable field. I am sure we all agree, however, that no matter what our opinions may be on the cause and results of the war, we ought never, never forget or depreciate the ideals, the trials, the horrible sufferings, the frightful wounds, and the deaths abroad of those whose enlistment we encouraged and whom we sent

away with waving flags and sounding cheers, and with the assurance that nothing would be too good for them when they returned. I do believe that the vast majority of our Australian boys went away in the belief that they were going to fight for a better world, for the spread of liberty and justice, and with a touching faith in the protestations of politicians. Let us not forget that. No army, no people who participated in the great war did so with higher ideals and with more confident hopes than did the men of the A.I.F. and the people of Australia. If they were mistaken, it was a glorious mistake, creditable to their love of justice and freedom. And if the war has failed to achieve any of those things which we were told it was going to achieve the fault is not with the men who fought, but with the men who made the war and the men who made the peace.

It is easy, of course, to belittle and besmirch the men who fought ; it is easier still to forget the dead and overlook the sorrowing. Some of those who are wisest now, some of those who foist the horrors of war on those who took part in it, are very eloquent at times on the need for another war—and this one a war between ourselves. I am prepared to admit that the positive results of the war have been disappointing. We are a disappointed people. Looking back, it seems we were foolish to expect so much ; certainly we know now that many of the objects for which the war was professedly waged were mere fictions, pleasantries of propaganda with which the simple populace was beguiled to its cost. The only tangible result that seems clear to most of us is that we prevented Germany from winning, and that, of course, is something. But it is your duty, it is my duty, it is the duty of all who love humanity and peace, to see to it that something more than such a negative result be the heritage of the war. We should at least have learned by this time the futility and the folly of unnecessary and unnatural strife. We may not believe—I suppose none of us do believe—that the war so recently finished was the war which is to end all war, but let us strive, each of us, particularly those who have experienced the hellish horrors of modern war, for the spread of charity and justice among nations and individuals alike.

The fact that we won the war, the fact that certain territorial adjustments have been made—some of them equitable, others not so—the fact that the enemy is at our feet, militarily and commercially—all of these will not justify the slaughter and the misery of the four years of war. The world must have something more than that to show for all its suffering, and the war must produce something more to have justified its malignant existence. And all of this can be done only by and through the people—the individual members of society. What the people will, will be done, and the people in mass can only reflect the predominant characteristics of the men and women who compose it. There is, therefore, a clear obligation on all of us, individually in our private lives, in our character as citizens, with responsibilities and duties one to the other, because of our common humanity. And above all it is our duty, as followers of the prince of Truth, Peace, and Love, to practise that honesty, tolerance and charity which we so much desire in others, and which alone can raise the world to higher things. Systems will avail us nothing, political remedies will be futile if the men who manage and control them be not trustworthy. That is the greatest need to-day—men of principle and sincerity, especially in public life. Rarely have Governments been so lacking in moral influence and, indeed, so condemned as they are at present. It is useless for us to complain of this or of the obvious lack of truth and consistency in much of our daily press if we ourselves are wanting in honorable dealings with one another. And Christians who are not Christians except in name cannot be consistently honourable. If we want to have real peace we must have a real and universal return to Christian principles.

Unfortunately, religion, and especially the grand old Faith which is ours, is with too many the subject of ridicule. The demagogue finds cheap applause in attacking it, and raises the vacuous laugh of the ignorant by deriding it. The Catholic Church is not afraid of attack; she fears not any opposition, however "progressive" or "intellectual" it presumes to be. She has weathered fiercer storms, she will outride all the waves of bigotry and repression which deluded prejudice may hold against her. But you have not need

of that assurance. Many of you listening to me have seen her in action in peace and in war. You know the guidance which she gives in life sure and unfailing as Christ Himself, and in death our grandest consolation.

And now, finally, let us take heart from the reflections that flood our minds on Anzac Day. Much there is of sorrow, but much of pride and encouragement. The Anzac boys gave up self for country, many of them their lives. We, too, can conquer self for God and country in these not less strenuous days of peace. Man's life on earth is a warfare; men are pitted against fellow-men and class against class. Commercial competition, as devoid of conscience as mustard gas, a materialism as destitute of ideals as the prowling submarine, the profiteering callousness of men in regard to their fellow-men, the dismal outlook for the wage-earner in these days of ever-increasing prices and taxation—surely the world needs men of self-sacrifice, men who will lead the nations to better things by the sheer force of unselfish example.

Let us all do our share; let us prove ourselves worthy of peace and of the inspiration of Anzac. To you, my soldier friends, we turn with appreciation this morning. You deserve well of your country, and Australia must do the right thing by you. To the relatives of the fallen I say:—"Be of good heart—they are not dead, but sleeping," and when the days of separation are over you who "have sown in tears shall reap in joy." And as a last word, in all humanity, let us pray for real and enduring peace—the best reward the world can have for its nightmare of war.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind  
 Forgive our foolish ways,  
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
 In purer lives Thy service find,  
 In deeper reverence, praise.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
 Till all our strivings cease;  
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
 And let our ordered lives confess  
 The beauty of Thy Peace.

## AN AUSTRALIAN HYMN.

*[Published during the earlier months of the war (1914), and written to be sung to the old hymn tune " Monmouth."]*

Australia ! Land of Liberty,  
 Bound only by the boundless sea,  
 Among earth's nations late to appear.  
 Rescued from black oblivion's night,  
 She stands to-day in radiant light,  
 Arrayed in robes unspotted, clear,  
 Queen of the Southern Hemisphere.

True born of Britain, mighty sire,  
 Inheriting the quenchless fire,  
 Spirit divine, sweet liberty.  
 Australia calls her sons to share  
 The Empire's travail—hope, despair,  
 Success, defeat. To God's decree  
 We bow in faith submissively.

Ye sons of Austral's dowered land,  
 In humble faith, 'neath God's great hand,  
 Put on your panoply of might.  
 Behold the foe is at the gate,  
 Malignant, treach'rous, filled with hate,  
 Against our freedom, leading, light,  
 And laws based on eternal right.

Australians ! Heirs of Liberty,  
 Rise in defence, while still you're free.  
 Hold the base foe in righteous scorn,  
 Come from the west, east, south and north,  
 From mountains, plains, and coasts come forth,  
 Strike, sons of Austral, men free-born,  
 Lest freedom from your grasp be torn.

God of our Empire, Sovereign, Lord,  
 In equity unsheathe Thy sword,  
 Make Thou Australia's cause Thine own.  
 Build here the fabric of a State,  
 To freedom wholly consecrate  
 A nation loyal to Thy Throne,  
 Thy judgments, and Thy laws alone.

REV. E. N. MERRINGTON, M.A., Ph.D.

*Senior Chaplain (Presbyterian) First Military District*

Preached in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church,  
Brisbane, Anzac Day, 1921.

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TEXT.

"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

(Hebrews XI., 27).

ANZAC Day has become our greatest anniversary. It is more than a holiday—it is a holy day. It is the one day in the year set apart to remind us of the late war, of Australia's part therein, and especially of our glorious dead. It commemorates the pioneers of our true Australian destiny—both the dead and the living. Once more we feel the dread thrill of that irresistible landing. We live the past over again, and watch the tow boats in the chilly dusk of that Spring morning in the Ægean moved stealthily towards the shadowed heights of Gallipoli. We see the signal light flash from the sinister cliff. The rifle-shot rings out in the silence, and the ridges flame with fire and death. The crowded boats are decimated by the murderous fusillade, as the attackers approach the shore. We hear the cheer with which our men meet their grim fortune, while they leap into the cold waters, lay their packs on the beach, and make for the enemy with the bayonet. We see the boats push off with the wounded, while the leaden hail rattles upon the gunwale and hisses into the water. Once more we feel the blood leap in our veins as we watch the terrible onset upon

the entrenched steeps, while the thick scrub is dyed crimson, and the foe is driven from his trenches. The sunrise finds our boys charging towards the East through the valley and up the crags of the second ridge. With ranks sorely thinned by the withering fire of enemy firing-parties, concealed snipers, and devastating shrapnel, our braves press on and court swift death in the heart of the hostile Peninsula. There many of our noblest fell in the cruel and long battle, as the Turks rallied their forces to drive back the adventurers upon their soil. But they failed to crush the invasion; our men were there to stay, and the line of Anzacs formed round the crags of Shrapnel Valley, where our men remained with their backs, not to the wall, but to the abyss and to the sea. They met every attack with unflinching strength, and refused to be driven into the Ægean. To their dash they added determination, and only the equally marvellous evacuation re-called them to fresh field of service.

So the Anzac stands by the Union Jack, torn and scarred with battle, but streaming strongly in the breeze; he stands with his rifle and bayonet at "the ready," his head all bloody but unbowed, the incarnation of faithful courage and grim cheerfulness even unto death; the type of the noblest spirits of our proud race, the first-fruits of a new harvest of blood in the world's dreadful day of ploughing and sowing and reaping. This khaki-clad figure in the thick tunic and the big hat, with the bull-dog face and the clear eyes—this hefty Hercules of latest times, who has bathed in Greek seas where of old Neptune drove his chariot to aid the Greeks against the Trojans, bathed with laughter and shout amid the splashing shells and the hissing bullets—this great-hearted boy who rushed up the steeps of hell and into the jaws of death—and stayed there—stayed for three parts of a year, from Spring to Summer and from Summer to Winter, from the time when the larks sang above the olive groves, and the blue anemones blossomed beside his unburied dead; stayed till the Winter storms made the tortured ground white as a sepulchre, and the Winter gales fell in fury upon his rough caves and saps and trenches in the valleys and the beetling crags, and the wild waves dashed his landing-stage to fragments and unmoored his boats;

stayed till the order inexorably re-called him to an honourable retreat, which, under a kindly Providence, he effected with matchless skill and discipline beneath a veiled moon and a dawning day.

And while we remember the deeds of the Anzacs and their comrades of the British Army and Navy, can we forget our hallowed dead? Far afield they lie in alien soil, but their name liveth for evermore. The valiant all do lie in glory who gave their lives into the keeping of the God of Battles and shed their blood in freedom's cause. Let us honour their names with wreaths of unfading laurel. And let us keep green the memory of every son who was faithful unto death. As Homer put into the mouth of noble Hector fitting words:—

And to his memory raise,  
By the broad Hellespont, a lofty tomb;  
And men in days to come shall say, who urge  
Their full-oar'd bark across the dark blue sea,  
Lo, there a warrior's tomb of days gone by."

—*Iliad VII.*, 100, *Derby's Translations.*

The casualties at Gallipoli showed the deadly nature of the perils constantly and unfalteringly borne by our magnificent troops. Often, in the later days in France, arguments of a friendly sort took place regarding the relative danger of the Gallipoli and French areas. All agreed that the hardships were greater on the Peninsula. Further, there was no respite, the place was like a prison-house. As General Munro said, "the situation had every military and naval disadvantage; all the lines of communication were endangered. From the Turkish trench in Quinn's Post overlooking Shrapnel Valley to the promontory of Gaba Tepe, where hostile gun-fire was directed upon Anzac Beach, our dispositions lay under the enemy's eyes and guns. In addition, there were the perils of waters, storms, and submarines." One remembers the words of King Henry V. incognito on the eve of Agincourt:—

Williams:—"I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?  
King Henry:—Even as men wrecked upon a sand,  
that looked to be washed off the next tide.

But on Anzac, as at Agincourt, the appearance of things did not weaken the resolution of British blood. The voice of sires spake great words, as those with which Ajax rallied the Greeks when driven back by the Trojans to the ships which were already being set on fire by enemy hands:—

Quit ye like men, dear friends, remember now  
Your wonted valour! Think ye in your rear  
To find supporting forces, or some fort  
Whose walls may give you refuge from your foe?  
No city is nigh whose well-appointed towers  
Manned by a friendly race may give us aid;  
But here upon the well-armed Trojan's soil,  
And only resting by the sea, we lie  
Far from our country; not in faint retreat,  
But in our own good arms, our safety lies!

*Iliad, XV., 848-857, Derby's Translations.*

My War Diary on 12th May, the date on which I landed at Gallipoli with the First Light Horse Brigade, contains the following entry:—"I could not sleep for a long time. The fire in the trenches rattled on, and the pounding of bombs was frequent; but there is in every soul a window looking out upon the Infinite, and there is always a relief for the mind, even in circumstances never experienced before and full of uncertainty and danger for the future." Yes, there is "a window looking out upon the Infinite." Was not that the secret of Anzac? Is not this the key to the spirit of the Anzacs and their successors, whose name was a terror to the Germans in Flanders and Picardy? It inspired the "moral" of the Allies; and God sent forth judgment unto victory. Is not this also the consolation of those who mourn brave lives fallen with faces turned to the golden East? And, I ask again, is not this the hope of the future for Australia and the British Empire? As Hamlet exclaims:—

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

And Horatio adds, "That is most certain."

This spirit is the strength of the loyalty of our sons to the mother of our Empire. As Dr. Robert Bridges, the present Poet-Laureate, wrote of the Anzacs:—

Stern in onset or defence,  
Terrible in their confidence.

And again elsewhere :—

Oh hearts so loving, eager and bold,  
Whose praise hath claim to be writ on the sky  
In letter of gold, of fire and gold—  
Never shall prouder tale be told  
Than how ye fought as the knights of old,  
' Against the heathen in Turkey,  
In Flanders, Artois, and Picardie.'\*  
But above all the triumphs that also ye have won,  
This is the goodliest deed ye have done,  
To have sealed with blood in a desperate day  
The love-bond that binds us for ever and aye !

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\* Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

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## REV. J. W. BURTON, M.A.

Preached in Albert Street Methodist Church,  
Brisbane, on Anzac Day, 25th April, 1921

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### TEXT.

“ And these all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect.”

—Hebrews XI., 39-40 (R.V.)

OUR text refers to the nameless and uncounted dead of the Jewish nation. The writer has recounted the deeds of the valiant heroes whose names had become immortal in the proud history of his race, but he calls to mind the fact that there were countless others upon whose brow fame had placed no wreath. These, too, he must honour. They also had died in faith ; they had done their duty and served their nation, though they were unknown by name and unmarked by monumental stone.

Our men too died in faith. That faith was for the most part inarticulate. It could not be cramped into any known and uttered creed, but it was truly faith. It was a

faith passionate and full of wild daring. They believed in freedom with an ardent though unreasoned conviction. Liberty was a flame of passion in their souls, and because these were challenged they leapt to the fight with an unmatched valour and with a spirit that was almost ferocity.

We must be free or die who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold  
That Milton held.

We are met to-day to honour once more the memory of those of our own men who fought against such terrible odds, and who nobly striving fell. They were set what proved to be an almost impossible task; they were asked to perform an incredibly dangerous feat; but they faltered not, though they were untried men, without the hardening experience of war. They laughed defiantly in the very face of death, and when at length by sheer force they overcame them, the smile had not died from their lips. They staked their all—and lost. They put their vision to the test—and had no reward. They made the great leap of faith—into the dark. But just because they had this dauntless faith in the invisible; just because they scorned all counsels of prudence; just because they impetuously believed that liberty and safety for others were dearer than life and happiness for themselves, they have joined that great army of those who, in all ages and in all climes and of all creeds, have been faithful unto death, and thus became the actual saviours of the world.

These men, like the national heroes of our text, had a witness which was borne in upon them through the faith they held. They hated war with the intense loathing of all truly civilized men; so they warred that war might be no more. There was for them no other way, and because the light fell for them on this path they trod it calmly and resolutely. They had no illusions about war; none of the gay trappings of militarism appealed to them; their colour was khaki—the colour of our good mother earth. Theirs was the service uniform, and it was in the spirit of service that they volunteered. There was no conscription in our land. Let us remember that they *chose* death. It was not the

heated choice engendered by the fierce excitement of battle, for each one had faced and accepted the challenge in the quiet of his own soul long before, and had calmly counted the uttermost cost. They knew instinctively that it was all wrong; that the great tragedy should never have been. They felt that this outrage on humanity had been brought about by generations of muddling statesmen, by the clash of rival imperialisms, by the wicked fanning of international jealousies. Many believed that it was the result of foolish ambitions of party leaders, the greed of a sordid and unscrupulous commercialism, and the littleness of great men. And in all these things they had no part, with them no sympathy; but the plain unmistakable fact was that the world's hard-won liberty was threatened; that the strong seemed likely to trample on the weak; so they chose the side they believed to be right, and gave themselves to it in one splendid abandon. So they fell.

On Armistice Day, 1919, I stood, with a million others, uncovered before that great Cenotaph in crowded Whitehall. I saw Lloyd George place a wreath at its base. The representatives of King and Queen laid their tribute before that plain monument. I watched President Poincare make his offering to our nation's dead. Then fell upon London that awful silence for the space of two minutes. For the first time in the long history of that city her heart ceased to beat. The silence was so intense that the flutter of the pigeons' wings away above us in the calm sky seemed to deepen it; and the feeble cry of a child hushed by a mother reverberated (yes, that is the truly descriptive word), down Whitehall to Nelson's statue. Then the base was piled with flowers in memory of the nameless dead. I saw a poor woman, with faded mourning and streaming face, lay her wreath there. She wept for the son that had moved in her side, and with whose death the light of her life went out.

But the nation rose to a yet greater height. A few months ago we buried in that stately Cathedral, that repository of the most precious dust of our race, the Unknown Soldier. It was the nation's tribute to the nameless dead. *He may have been an Anzac*; he represented our dead. No

King nor Emperor had ever so great sepulchre. The greatest of our Empire bowed down before the Unknown.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?  
 Here, in streaming London's central roar.  
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
 And the feet of those he fought for,  
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :  
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :  
 The black earth yawns ; the mortal disappears ;  
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

. . . . .  
 Speak no more of his renown,  
 Lay your earthly fancies down,  
 And in the vast Cathedral leave him,  
 God accept him, Christ receive him !

These died vicariously. " They received not the promise." They died for us. I remember those curious wayside shrines in France and Belgium. At first they rather revolted me ; but gradually a tenderness for them sprang up in my heart. I heard a chaplain tell of one of these. War had surged to and fro, and around the walls of the little shrine, men—Germans, French, Belgians, English—had carved names of mother and sweetheart. At the foot of the crucifix one man had carved a rude diamond, and within it had cut the words :—" In memory of my Mate, who gave his life for me." God only knows what a story was concealed in that sentence. And there was no fitter place to put it than beneath the wounded feet of our Lord. That sacrifice was like unto His—vicarious and redemptive.

They could not complete their task. " Apart from us they should not be made perfect." It is for us to perfect their sacrifice. Unless we do so they will have died in vain.

There was one word that was ever upon the lips of our men. It was the word " Aussie." It was spoken with an accent of tenderness and with a touch of pride they could never conceal. It pictured for them the great gnarled shapeless gums which had been their companions from childhood ; it meant to them the golden wattle which gleamed even in the midst of the horrors of battle ; it meant

great stretches of ripening corn, vast marginless plains, where life was big and free. The last word on their lips, and the vision that held their eyes until death closed them for ever was "Aussie." My God, how they loved it! They hoped, and died, for a free Australia.

Are we faithful to their trust in us? Think of the unseemly wrangle in politics, party against party, and the country falling back while men quarrel over selfish interests. Was it for this our heroes yielded up sweet life? Think of the ugly strife between sectarian groups. On the ridges of Gallipoli and in the awful trenches of France there was neither Catholic nor Protestant. Would they not be ashamed of us to-day.

We must perfect their faith. We have our task—in some sense one harder than theirs—to make the land worthy of the sacrifice. We must translate their dying vision into actual fact. Let us not break faith with them. I read some beautiful words on your tram-cars last week. They are the dying message of our men to us:—

Take up our work, for as we go,  
To you, from falling hands we throw  
The torch.  
Be yours to hold it high.  
If you break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep though poppies blow  
In Flanders Fields."

Our men died that there might be a clean Australia. Clean politics, honest commerce, pure domestic life, just social conditions—for these they died, and for these you and I must live, else we have broken faith with our dead. It is not brass tablets in churches, nor monuments in public squares, nor panegyric poems in gilt-edge books that our dead men demand, but they sternly cry for social justice, for honourable commerce, for stainless national honour, for private purity of motive and clean ambition. Through faith they had a glimpse of these things that God had foreseen for us, and they call to us from the slopes and shores of Gallipoli to perfect their deed of redemption.

## THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

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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, all you had, you gave  
 To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,  
 Into the light that never more shall fade ;  
 Deep your contentment in that blest abode,  
 Who wait the last clear trumpet call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,  
 Rose a loud cry on 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 bought them, and whose Staff hath led ;  
 In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land  
 Commits her children to Thy gracious hand.

REV. W. H. WINGFIELD

*President of the Baptist Association of Queensland, at the United Service, City Tabernacle, Monday, 25th April, 1921.*

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TEXT.

“Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drank of ; and with the baptism that I am baptised of withal shall ye be baptised.” (Mark X, 39).

WE have met this morning to do honour to those gallant men who have written the word Anzac across the glorious page of Empire. Gallipoli and the events which followed proved to us that we had not lost those ancient qualities of race which helped to build up our magnificent world-wide Empire.

Ever since that memorable charge of Balaclava, when the brave men of the famous Light Brigade rode forth to certain death and placed the prestige of the British arms high on the pinnacle of chivalry and glory, have we sung their praises and repeated by book and verse the mighty deeds of that wonderful day, and now the opportunity is given to us to celebrate a charge no less famous ; no less courageous, and no less glorious—the famous charge of the Anzacs.

True, no feat of arms, rich and wonderful as the history of Great Britain is, could excel the landing on Gallipoli and the taking of those heights which were scientifically regarded as impregnable. It meant the opening of a new chapter in Australian history, the history, as Professor Ernest Scott puts it, “Begins with a blank space on the map and ends with a new name, that of Anzac.”

The Anzac glory must not be limited to the men who stormed the heights of Gallipoli. We must also think of those who in other sectors and on other fields walked into the jaws of death, thinking it glorious to die for their country. We would not forget either at this time the part the women of our land played. We honour the mothers who gave of

their best to the Empire's cause, who parted with their most cherished possessions ; the wives, sisters, sweethearts, who heroically marred their own life's happiness that they might ensure the freedom of generations yet unborn. There was no braver section than the women of our Empire, without whom the war could not have been won.

We would not forget that there are 60,000 of our bravest and best who were smitten in the prime of early manhood. As we stand beside those silent graves, with their crude crosses erected above them, let us remember that it was for their King, country, home and loved ones they died. The blessings we enjoy to-day, the blessings the future holds, is in a large measure due to the sacrifice of our gallant dead.

Of the sacred spots where our honoured dead are lying we might apply the words of Abraham Lincoln when he dedicated the field of Gettysburg as a place of public burial :

“ We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. It is for us the living to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us ; that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion, and that we highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.”

Mr. E. W. Bean says that the 60,000 men who gave their lives in Gallipoli and France did so for an ideal to make Australia a country to which one would be proud to belong, and a place which would be ideal to live in. If it is to be that these men have not died in vain. We must carry on and complete the work which they so heroically and successfully began. As they faced the foe from without and kept him from our borders, so we must shoulder arms and face the foe within and compel him to flee. There are forces in our midst that make for the disintegration of our Empire, and the undoing of all that the Anzacs did. There are evils in our midst which are undermining the life of the nations—intemperance, impurity, love of gambling. Unless these are put down they will undermine the moral fibre of

the nation. Depend upon it, nations last usually as long as they are worthy to last. That is as long as God can use them to subserve the higher purposes of humanity. Our beloved Empire will endure as long as it is worthy to endure, and no longer. It is for us, then, to make it worthy. Let us in the face of their great sacrifice, and in the presence of Almighty God, resolve that we shall dedicate our lives to the completion of the work which they so splendidly began.

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### THE OLD GUARD.

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The Old Guard stands on a silent shore, which knows not time nor tide,  
Tattered and torn and battle-worn, but crowned with a country's pride.  
And never the fold of a flaunted flag, nor the blare of a brazen band,  
Will tell the tale of this April day on the shore where the Old Guard  
stand.

The Old Guard sit round a phantom fire with their rifles ready in reach,  
A sentry stands like a silhouette cut clear against the beach ;  
From the years gone by to the years to come their vigil must they keep,  
So the Old Guard take it watch for watch on the shore where their  
comrades sleep.

Then over the oceans that lie between, salute we send this day,  
The big battalions are falling in where the Old Guard marched away ;  
There are gaps in the scroll when they call the roll, they are broken  
and battle-scarred,  
But where you have men of the same old breed you'll have the same  
Old Guard.

They are not dead. There is no death for men of a deathless name,  
Garrison of our glory they—wards of a nation's fame ;  
And if ever there come war's distant drum, then deaf to danger and  
doubt,  
Shoulder to shoulder again we'll stand

Can't you hear them ?—

“ GUARD—TURN OUT ! ”

—“ ORIEL ” in the *Melbourne Argus*.

## Other Sermons preached in Churches

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REV. C. H. MASSEY

Preached in St. Mark's Church of England, Warwick

WE are met together to-day for a solemn service, which, I hope, will never lose its place in our life. This service is a solemn commemoration of all our brave soldiers who fell in the great war, and it is meet that once again we should pay a tribute to their name and fame. It is said, but not always recognised, that the greatest fame to which a man can attain is to die in the honourable service of his country. That place we willingly give to all those, our brethren, who have found a resting place in foreign lands. And it is our earnest prayer that whatever may be the vicissitudes of your national life in this country, their place and influence may never be forgotten.

It is a happy coincidence that Anzac Day is celebrated on the festival of St. Mark, whose symbol is a winged lion, and in close connection with St. George's Day—our patron saint—who is the model of a brave and loyal Christian soldier. These two commemorations strikingly suggest to us two aspects of the great service of our soldiers—the almost superhuman feats of bravery and endurance, and their loyalty and faith to their God, their King, and their country in upholding the ideals of righteousness. In the late great war, as in all wars, glorious deeds were done which have won undying fame. These prove to us that whatever may be the outward veil of an individual's life, the highest ideals of human character are latent—only waiting to be called forth. But the time has come when we should begin to study the true import of these events, both to us as individuals and for our national life. The more we think over them the more we realise that certain great ideals shine out from amidst the crash and horror of the battlefield. We see in these glorious deeds a wonderful courage to which we pay the highest tribute; we see a spirit of sacrifice which calls

forth our reverent attention ; we see a spirit of eager service which demands our fullest response. Many would deny any idealism in their actions. This may be due to modesty, or dislike of public attention, or perhaps principally failure to analyse their motives. We have frequently heard such expressions as " I merely went to do my bit." But in those simple words is contained a great confession of idealism, embodying all we would claim for them. We are not then surprised to find great ideals in practice on the battlefield. Is this spirit and are these ideals to die out ? Is all the bloodshed and the sacrifice of fine lives to be for nothing ? It rests with ourselves. The best commemoration of our fallen soldiers is to emulate their spirit and ideals in our private and public life.

We must inspire this and the coming generations with the desire to aspire to the same ideals and show the same spirit, and thus will we perpetuate their memory in the only true and permanent way. We must all be convinced that we need these ideals more than ever to-day. We are now suffering from the results of a great reaction. The strain, the demand, is now over. Discipline of life is loosened. Sometimes it would seem as if all restraint were thrown aside and all the forces of evil were let loose in the world. But the demand is not over. If we are to pass safely through this dangerous period of transition there is demanded of us the same restraint as was imposed by the discipline of war time, and calls for the same ideals in practice as inspired those on the battlefield. Who will deny the need of a widespread spirit of sacrifice if we are to restore the true balance of life and make our national life worthy of its place in the affairs of the world ? Who will deny the need of a spirit of ready service for God, and King, and country, if each one is to do his full share and we are to steer the Ship of State safely through the troublous waters of the coming years ? Without these ideals—in practice—we must fail, for they are the only permanent foundations of a true national life. It is our earnest hope that these annual commemorations may, while filling a proper place in our national life, help to keep these great ideals fresh before us. It is our duty to those who have fallen fighting for great ideals, practising great ideals,

to perpetuate these in our national life, otherwise their sacrifice will have been in vain. They seem to say to us, in the words of an Australian writer, written early in the war :—

Why do you grieve for us who lie  
 At our lordly ease by the Dardanelles ?  
 We have no need for tears or sighs,  
 We, who passed in the heat of fight  
 Into the soft Elysian light ;  
 Proud of our part in the great surprise,  
 We are content. We had our day,  
 Brief but splendid—crowned with power  
 And brimming with action every hour  
 Shone with a glory none gainsay.

How can you grieve ? We are not alone ;  
 There are other graves by the Dardanelles.  
 Men whom immortal honour sang  
 Come to our ghostly campfires' glow,  
 Greet us as brothers, and tell us : " Lo,  
 So to our deeds old Troy rang."  
 Thus will the ages 'yond our ken  
 Turn to our story, and having read,  
 Will say with proudly uncovered head  
 And reverent breath, " Oh, God, they were men."

That is their message to us. They were men, and call us to play our part in life as men and women in the fullest sense, ready to do our part whenever the call comes in the cause of righteousness in the world.

## REV. A. MAXWELL

Preached in St. Peter's Church of England, Gympie

THE Rector, Rev. A. Maxwell, said that day was the sixth anniversary of the world-famous landing of the Australian troops on Gallipoli. They were gathered to commemorate that great event in Australian history. They desired to remember with reverential pride those who landed and fought and fell on Gallipoli, and had not returned to them; also to remember before God those who had fought and fallen in other battlefields of the great war. What lent special solemnity to their parade and service that day was that they had erected there in God's house a permanent memorial to 60 Church of England boys who gave their lives in defence of all that white men hold dear. Could there have been a finer spirit shown than was displayed on that April morning, six years ago, when those gallant sons of Australia were towed ashore in boat loads from the warships and flung themselves on the Anzac beaches, and stormed the heights in the teeth of a murderous fire. All the world said it was an impossible task, and so it was to all but such men as Australia mourns—the brightest and best of her sons. They fell as fast as they landed; but more and more came pouring on shore behind them, until at last the heights were won. It was no wonder that a British General said to him: "If they had been all like those Anzac men, padre, we should have got through long ago." The dear old flag waves on Gallipoli to-day. The men whom they honoured were living somewhere to-day, although their heroic dust is mingled with the clay of many battlefields.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him,  
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb,  
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim,  
That thou must pass to reach the heights sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear,  
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,  
O, true brave Anzac heart, God bless thee wheresoever  
In this wide universe thou art to-day.

Continuing, Mr. Maxwell said the highest courage was that which shrank from death in every quivering fibre, yet for truth, for love, for man, for God, dared to die—so was it with the Anzac men. What kind of discipline was theirs who dared to do and die so heroically? It was the discipline of great hearted free men. At the landing no less than 4,500 Anzacs fell in two days—many recovered from their wounds and landed a second and even a third time to carry on the great fight for the world's freedom. The 25th April, 1915, was a great day for Australia—it was the birthday of our nation—the greatest day in our history. What was done by Australia's brave lads on that day will not only inspire to noble deeds the present generation, but generations yet unborn.

In St. Peter's Church they had done what they could to honour and perpetuate the splendid Anzac spirit. In all ages men had used stone to mark great events which they did not wish to be forgotten. When all other traces of a great nation were swept away, the solid stones alone remained to speak of ancient and to tell of mighty civilisation long since passed away. The work upon this Anzac memorial they were about to unveil was extensively solid and well done, and he could not praise too highly the faithful workmanship.

The Church of England men formed 50 per cent. of the Australian armies that went to the front in the great war, and in England they formed 75 per cent. Three hundred Church of England men enlisted from the Gympie district of whom 60 made the supreme sacrifice, or, as the Anzacs said, "Went West."

The memorial was undoubtedly the handsomest and most massive of its kind erected in the district, and for many reasons this was a most interesting and historic event. Firstly, because many of those whose memories will be perpetuated were natives of the city and district, grown up in the Sunday schools, baptised and confirmed in the Church where they were assembled. Secondly, they deserved remembrance because they died in foreign lands, far from home and kindred. Thirdly, they deserved remem-

brance because they died a glorious death, fighting for the flag—for the flag that true Britons all the world over hold to be dearer than life itself. For those reasons, good and sufficient to every patriotic and justice loving man, they made those 60 men their heroes, and their heroes they would remain through all time. The memorial would never cease to speak of the dead to the living, and would, he trusted, never cease to inspire all who lived in Gympie, or who would live, visit and worship there after they had gone. Their stone memorial perpetuated the memory of brave men, who fought and bled and died for the great and glorious principles of British justice, British freedom, British fair play in the great world war.

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## REV. C. E. SMITH

*Rector St. John's Church of England, Cairns*

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### TEXT.

“ I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.” (1 Thess., IV., 13-14).

ONE of the most attractive features of the Christian religion to a pagan enquirer into the Christian faith must have been the doctrine of the resurrection to eternal life, which was so insistently preached by St. Paul, and the people to whom St. Paul wrote were largely converts from paganism. In their pagan days death was to them a hideous thing—an evil thing which irrevocably cut them off from their loved ones without leaving them any sort of consolation. It set up a barrier which no prayer could break down. What a contrast was the Christian hope! And the source of that hope was the resurrection of our Lord Jesus

Christ. So St. Paul bids these Thessalonians not to be sorry for those who had fallen asleep as the heathen around them. Sorrow and despair were natural to the heathen, but the Christian must not allow himself to be overcome with grief but rather look upon death as the entrance to a longer and fuller life with Christ.

We, too, have that hope in our hearts on this anniversary of St. Mark's Day, or Anzac Day, as we more familiarly call it. And we have come here this morning to bear witness to our faith in the resurrection of the dead, and to commemorate our fallen comrades who lie in the soil of Gallipoli, or France, or Palestine, or under the sea. We do not sorrow for them as those without hope. During these great forty days of Eastertide the truth of the resurrection of Jesus has been much in our thoughts, and because He rose from the dead we believe we and our fallen brethren will also rise. They have passed out of one chamber of God's kingdom into another. That is how I put it once at Buire just before a "stunt" to a number of our men who had gathered round an altar erected under the trees.

But we are sensible men, and we recognise the imperfections of humanity. An army is made up of all sorts and conditions of men—good, bad and indifferent—men of piety and men in whom piety is conspicuous by its absence. But my experience of four years with the army is that while none are perfect, there is often to be found under a rough exterior a depth of human kindness and many Christian virtues. It is not for us to judge them. Without condoning slackness in Christians, we come here this morning with the hope of eternal life for all, and to plead the Holy Sacrifice of the Eucharist for all our fallen brethren. That is the only reason for our being here to-day. Each one of us can take part in this service and pray for the souls of the fallen. And there is the future. Those who fell made a great sacrifice. This new nation still needs sacrifice. Each of us can give something—our lives dedicated to the service of our country that this country may not only have a place among the nations of the world, but also in the Commonwealth of God. On this Anzac Day dedicate yourselves to His service.

## REV. HENRY GLAZIER

Preached in St. Luke's Church of England, Miles

## TEXT.

"He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

(Matthew X., 39).

**H**OW utterly meaningless these words would be if death were the end of all. Without immortality human life is a colossal enigma, and death an inscrutable mystery. What of those who fought for righteousness and fell in the hour of final victory? Think of the eager brain stilled ere it had done its thinking—the tuneful heart stopped ere it has uttered its melody; the busy hands quiet ere they have finished their task; the keen eyes closed ere they have seen the fruit of their labour. Brethren, what of the lives laid down—is this the end? Christ's answer is an emphatic "No." "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." Here Christ gives us an assurance of the continuity of life.

One of the fruits of this assurance is a new estimate of life. That is to say, the worth of life is in its deeds, rather than its days. "He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." The true estimate of human worth is in its purpose—its intent, rather than its actual achievement. With God the intention is the actual, the ideal is the real. He accepts the sharpened sickle for the gathered harvest, and the drawn sword for the accomplished victory. Christ is also teaching us in this text that the only way to the highest life is by sacrifice. Life becomes fruitful only as it becomes sacrificial. Human love in all its purest and best forms is sacrificial. The highest dignity of womanhood is only reached through the sacrifices and danger of motherhood. Sacrifice is ever the way of life. Battles cannot be won without sacrifice. Nations cannot be saved without sacrifice. Moral progress cannot be achieved without

sacrifice. Christ Himself could not have saved the world by His teaching. He had to die for it. Sacrifice discloses as nothing else does the inherent nobility of character. If any man can be said to have opened his heart to the spirit of Christ—that is, the Spirit of utmost sacrifice—it is the man who gives up his life for the sake of his fellows. The highest expression of life is love. The highest expression of love is sacrifice, and the highest expression of sacrifice is life.

“ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” Christ also teaches us that in the ministry of sacrifice nothing is lost. “ Whosoever loseth his life for My sake shall find it.” The lives laid down in the great battles of the past have not been lost. The fruit of their sacrifice remains to-day in our liberty of worship, our freedom of conscience, and in our rights of citizenship. Sacrifice is the law of progress. What of the lives laid down in the war? Are they lost to civilisation? No! The ideals for which they have died will live in the justice of our rule, the humanity of our policy, and the moral supremacy of our great British Empire. What of the men themselves? Let Christ answer:—“ He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.” And concerning the body inhabited by those who have fought and died for truth and honour and Christ, hear St. Paul speak:—“ It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.” Nothing is lost. The act of sacrifice has set in motion the action of a glorious transformation. Christ came from the tomb with a body that had passed into a higher type—spiritual, majestic, incorruptible—and this to us is the pledge of a splendid perfection. As Christ died for us, so men have been dying for others; and as men have been dying for others, it helps us to understand how Christ died for us. He died for you; He died for me.

Apart from Him all gain is loss,  
 All labour vainly done;  
 The solemn shadow of Thy Cross  
 Is better than the sun.

## REV. FATHER PAUL LYNCH.

*Chaplain-Captain A.I.F.*

Preached in Catholic Church, Roma, April 25, 1921.

I AM glad it was decided on to disassociate from this, the sixth commemoration of Anzac Day, the frivolous settings of a public holiday. To most of our people, I feel sure, a public holiday such as we are used to, without any restrictions, must seem out of keeping with their feelings on such a day as this. If there is to be a public holiday let it be such as I am given to understand exists in New Zealand, with certain reservations calculated to safeguard the sacredness of the day. The memory of this day is too deep and too sacred for anything that smacks of the frivolous, and it would ill become us to associate it with what is vainglorious or noisy, or superficial. How, I ask, does a woman who has loved and been loved with the love of a faithful spouse commemorate the death of her beloved? Not surely in vainglory, nor in shoutings, nor in empty shallow forms. There is love and sorrow so deep and so abiding that words and every form of outward show are powerless to express; there are recesses in our hearts where emotions of love are stirred which are almost too sacred for words. The love our fifty thousand, nay, closer to sixty thousand, dear departed ones have shown us entitles them, does it not, to an abiding place in those recesses of our hearts? We give them that place, and we ourselves take refuge as their beloved ones should in silent though hopeful sorrow, in pride praiseworthy and just without vainglory, and in resolves that are set and inflexible. Advisedly I say it, in a spirit of silent sorrow—why? that so many of them have fallen; in a spirit of just pride—why? that our own flesh and blood proved so brave in life and death; and in a spirit of set inflexible purpose—why? that their spirit of courage and godliness, and patriotism may inspire our own lives.

It is not, believe me, without deep emotion and crowding saddening memories I take my stand here to-night, and with you pay a tribute of love and respect to those sixty

thousand comrades who have given their young and promising lives to their country. Have you paused and pondered on it? Between fifty and sixty thousand. Has the greatness of the sacrifice ever gripped your faculties? Look around you—fifty, we are more than that here; five hundred we may be that; three thousand five hundred is about the population of Roma; multiply that by 18 or 20 and think of 18 or 20 towns of the population of Roma still in death. Then say to yourselves, sixty thousand of the picked sons of this young Commonwealth, sixty thousand young Australians, offered as a holocaust on the altar of their country. In memory sad, yet full of hope and comfort, we stand over their graves in spirit to-day on the shores of the Dardanelles, on the sandy graveyards of Egypt and Palestine, on the blood-drenched and shell-pocked fields of Flanders, and on the sacred soil of France and the homelands.

Your feelings are entirely in unison with mine. Of that I am sure. We cannot express as we would, all that is in our hearts. To-day, above all days, there is sorrow and sympathy for the loss of those whose faces we shall see no more. No more shall we look upon those friends and companions of bygone days. Their lives on earth are ended; they have moved on. For a little while the nation pauses to lay its tribute of love and respect on their graves. We have commended their souls to God; we leave them in His keeping. Where better could we leave them?

For the bereaved ones, is there no word of comfort? Is there not the promise "I will raise them up on the last day?" Bereavements, believe me, can be for all who have faith in God's sweet ministries of love. Does not God assure us He will turn all things to the good of those that love Him? If we could only penetrate to the heart of things we would surely find that those cruel bereavements of the past five years have in very many cases done what little else could do. They have ennobled the family union; they have given tone and character to fatherhood and motherhood, and brotherhood; they have made two worlds real, where there was only one, and, above all, they raised the hearts of

the bereaved to where, we trust, the loved ones are, and to the One who saw fit to take them. As the shepherd, you may have observed, when he can't get the sheep to follow takes the lamb on his shoulder and then the parents follow.

We celebrate this day also in a spirit of just pride, that those of our own flesh and blood proved so brave in life and death. Their deeds of bravery are countless ; the world resounds in praise of their prowess. For four and a-half years I was an eye-witness of many individual and corporate acts of courage and unselfishness on and off the field of battle in Egypt, Gallipoli, and Flanders. The average " digger " knew how to live and die for a cause and for his mate ; his was not an untempered courage rising from a resentment and projects of revenge. The spirit of their race and their cause carried them forward, and despite the difficulties and dangers that bristled in the way, they gained their objective. There is a greater courage than that of the soldier on the battle-field, 'tis that of the soldier in the sick ward. Ask our devoted sisters who nursed these lads back to health and life where they saw the most courage—a courage that won their love and admiration. For close on two years I had an opportunity as a patient in the military hospitals to observe the devotedness of those sisters and the heroism of those men ; previous to that at intervals it was my duty to visit the wards of many a hospital. I dare to say this :—" There was no hero on the battle-field so heroic as these poor, spent, and broken remnants of our armies who often for the space of months and years suffered days and nights, to finally pour out that precious life like a cup of mingled pain and gladness for those they loved."

I want you to be proud, very proud, of what your own flesh and blood have achieved in the late great war. Pride of race and nationality and achievement is just and commendable. I will read to you the words of an Englishman, a very distinguished war correspondent, Ashmead Bartlett :—" I do not suppose that any country in its palmiest days sent forth to the field of battle a finer body of men than these Australian, Maoriland, and Tasmanian troops. Physically, they are the finest lot of men I have seen in

any part of the world. In fact, I had no idea such a race of men existed in the twentieth century. Some of these battalions average 5ft. 10in., and every man seems to be a trained athlete. There are doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, gentlemen of independent means, farmers, and miners in the ranks, ready to fight side by side, each carrying his 70 odd pounds of equipment and ammunition as if he had been born with it on his back."

That description of the Anzacs as I knew them does not strain a point. The manliest and bravest of other nations doffed their hats to these giants and joined in the chorus of praise. What was so well done by the "Bill-Jim" in Gallipoli, Palestine, and France has inspired poet and prose writer; yet all their word paintings do not bring home to us their great qualities as vividly as does the simple testimony of the fierce Gurkha warrior, who almost defies that virtue which commands the respect of all, and which none may dare belittle. That Gurkha proved himself a shrewd observer when he remarked:—"One shell, new chum duck; two shell, French duck; three shell, Gurkha duck; four shell, Australian say, 'one more *blessed* swine,' him no duck." Again the Gurkha gives the "Bill-jim" the palm when, holding out his right arm and putting his left hand on his right shoulder, he says:—"Gurkha that much better than all the world," then, removing his left hand and placing it on the wrist of the right, adds:—"Australia that much better than Gurkha." Add to that the simple testimony of the peasantry and townspeople of France as I witnessed it, particularly on the Somme, when the Hun routed the Fifth Army. The Australians were put in the gap at the most vital points of the battle-line to stem the tide of the enemy's victorious onrush. "Vivent les Australiens," these good people used to shout, "il ne faut pas avoir peur les Australiens viennent" (no need to fear now the Australians are here).

You must feel justly proud of the courage of the "digger," as he was called; of his great chivalry, his wonderful resource and initiative, but what made me, as an Irishman, love him most of all was his vivid sense of humour and that

sturdy independence of the born democrat, who has no stomach for humbug and the relics of feudalism and any form of "kowitzism." In no other race that I know of is Burns' radicalism "a man's a man for a' that," so fully realised.

The "digger's" sense of humour was always keen and quick. Their drollery never deserted them, not even in the front line. This was an experience of mine in the streets of Saily:—I stopped to speak to a "digger" I knew well who had had more drink than he could carry with decency. Thinking there was only French beer procurable in the town at the time, and knowing he could not get drunk on that, I said to him:—"Where did you get it, Warri?" (a contraction of his name). He knew I referred to English beer. "Mum's the word, Father, down at such a place, you know it wouldn't do to tell everyone." "It would be better for you," I said, "to stick to the French beer, 'tis good for the thirst, and you can't go wrong on it." "Do you mind me telling you, Father, what I think of that stuff?" "Carry on," I said. "Well, Father, drinking that stuff is like kissing your sister, there ain't no bite in it." I told this yarn soon after to that sterling friend of the diggers, "Fighting Mac." He didn't laugh a little bit; why, he nearly fell off his perch, he shook with laughter. Such little sallies of fun and humour brightened many a dull spell over there, and proved a tonic to drooping spirits.

Finally, I say, let us also commemorate this day in a spirit of inflexible resolve, determined to keep alight in our souls those ideals that go a long way towards making individuals and nations—those ideals of courage, godliness, and patriotism of which our soldiers have given us such a bright example. They leave behind them, those dear departed ones, a memory, a very precious legacy to all who knew them. We treasure that legacy, that memory, kept green by the presence of their wounded comrades in our midst. Let that memory be ever a trumpet call that we, too, have a great work to do. They died for us; they laid down their lives for their friends. Did you ever think what their message to each of us might be? It might well be

such as this:—"In all things keep up your courage, be conquerors, love God, love Australia."

Conquer what? What I often said to the boys I say to you now:—"The territory under our own hats; put the base things behind our backs; play the man; purge out of our lives the sins that shame and weaken; see to it that Australia will be a better country and Australians a worthier race for our being in it."

Every one of those sixty thousand would din this into our ears also:—"For God's sake, if you love us, look after our mates." How can we say with any sincerity we love them whom we no longer see, if we love not their mates whom we do see? Dear beyond words to them are the mates who shared their joys and sorrows, the lights and shadows, the sunshine and storm of their days in camp and billet and battle-front. Professions of love and loyalty are cheap, and can be a cloak for humbug. The test of these things is deeds or service, certainly not words. Let us, then, on this of all days, face this matter squarely and size it up. What individual and what organised effort are being put forth in each home, in each business, in each society of this town and district to further the interests of our returned boys? Why do some of these men, broken in body and spirit, take refuge in drink and suicide? Only a short time ago a suicide of one such occurred outside this town. Why, also, I ask you, are there so many weekly making their way to parsonage and presbytery unemployed and very often almost bootless, clothesless, and foodless? If during the war we had our Red Cross why not now the Yellow Cross for those in distress, and if the men won't raise the Cross, then I appeal to our noble-hearted women. Could there not be in every large centre with a little goodwill and organised effort on the part of all, and especially our moneyed people, who owe so much to the blood and sufferings of our boys, a returned soldiers' club or if you will, a relief depot?

A parting word. For God's sake let us close our ranks and be united as were the "diggers" over there. Union is the stronghold of true patriotism. 1,750,000,000 is the present population of the world; the white races are only

550,000,000 of that; that leaves 1,200,000,000 of the coloured races. While the white races double only every 80 years, the yellow do so every 60, and the black every 40. I ask you, can we afford disunion? The task has fallen from the nerveless hands of those 60,000 whose memories we cherish. Let their voices ever urge us onwards and upwards that we also may pass triumphantly from these plains of earth to the Paradise of God.

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## REV. FATHER SWEENEY

Preached in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Rockhampton

THE Rev. Father Sweeney said that they had assembled that day before God's holy altar to commemorate the day known to the world as Anzac Day—a day on which the Australian soldier brought honour, glory, and renown to his native land, a day on which Australia proved her undeniable right to be numbered among the household of the nations. They had also met to worship God, to give Him honour, to return Him their deepest gratitude for the safe deliverance of thousands of their stalwart sons, who, having fought for liberty and conquered, had returned to the fair land that bore them. They had also met to implore the God of mercy and compassion for forgiveness for any weakness or faults that might check their glorious dead—who in the battle for freedom fell—in attaining their heavenly reward. To stimulate our worship, honour, and gratitude; to stimulate our appeals for mercy and compassion.

It is not necessary for me to detail the superb and glorious history of Anzac, a history of endurance and self-sacrifice, in many instances of supreme sacrifice, a history assuredly which made the name of Australia a name of honour throughout the world. There is no need for detail. Suffice it to say it was for us, it was for each one of us, that the Anzac risked his life, laid down his life. In truth our soldiers proved our saviours. We indeed owe them a debt

of everlasting gratitude. They fought, suffered, and fell for us that we might continue to be free, so that, after the vicissitude of battle, Australia might rise nobler, purer, more erect, and more glorious than before.

We are indebted to the Anzac for a grand lesson in the virtue of patriotism, a virtue most pleasing to Almighty God. We loved Australia well before the world-wide war; but the Anzac by his deeds of daring, by his sacrifice, has taught us a deeper and more intensified love of our native land. And at what a cost that lesson was taught!

It was demonstrated by fearful suffering, endurance, and sacrifice, demonstrated amidst the smoke of conflagration, in the stream of blood. Patriotism it was that moved the arm of the Anzac, who fought and died for liberty. As Christians, as Catholics, we love first and foremost our God. He is the beginning and end of our love, and, secondly, we love our lovely morning land—Australia. *Pro Deo pro patria* (for God and country) has ever been the motto of all Australian Catholics, and I know it is the motto of all true Australians.

We love God because He is our Creator, because He is our Father, and because He is worthy of our love. We love Him because our hearts were created by Him and because He is the end and object of our love.

We love our country, since that first Anzac Day, with more tenderness, with more intensity. Who can doubt that Australia is worthy, most worthy, of our love; for, from whatever point of view we regard our country, she offers us the sweetest and tenderest incentives to love. She is the blessed spot of our birth; she guards our home, the dear scenes of the times of our childhood, the silent grave, perhaps, wherein repose the bones of our dear father or mother. She is the sweet bond of a family of brothers and sisters that speak the same language, follow the same customs, and share with their whole heart in our joys and in our hopes. Why not, then, love our glorious country?

We certainly do love our country with our whole heart, but we try to love it as it is proper for those to love an earthly country, who look forward to a heavenly country,

always mindful that we have not here a lasting city. As Catholics we can be true to our holy mother the Church, and we can be true to Australia. Neither the doctrine of the Church nor her precepts, nor her counsels interfere with that love of country. As Leo XIII. said, the supernatural love of the church and the natural love of country are twin loves, daughters of the same eternal principle, God Himself being their sole author and originating cause. Should people say that Catholics are disloyal, the Anzac Catholic and non-Catholics, sleeping side by side on the shell-swept battle-fields, give a dignified and reverential answer.

God is my love's first duty,  
 To Whose eternal name,  
 Be praise for all Thy beauty  
 Thy grandeur and Thy fame.  
 But ever have I reckoned  
 Thine native flag my second.

Let us learn the Anzac lesson to thus cherish and love our native land, and, if possible, with greater love and reverence than before. This love of native land has been implanted in our breasts by Almighty God. It is our duty to foster and cherish it, and take care that it does not become dormant. We are deeply thankful for all that the Anzacs have accomplished on behalf of Australia and on our own behalf, but the best thanks are often those which express themselves least in words. Our young men left Australia buoyed with promises of fidelity to fight for freedom.

We pray and trust that those who were loudest in making those promises, if they have not already fulfilled them, will bring about their realisation before it is too late. We owe a debt of gratitude to our glorious dead. It is to pay a portion of this debt that we assemble here this morning. It is the chief reason of our kneeling to-day around God's altar.

What of our dead—those of our Catholic soldiers who fell and now sleep their last long sleep—some on the sandhills of fateful Gallipoli, some in the sanctified land of Palestine,

and some in far-distant France? The consoling doctrine of our Catholic faith—the communion of saints—comes to our assistance. It is one of the most beautiful and divine doctrines that the church teaches and practices.

Death is in reality no separation, no fierce rending asunder of heart from heart, of soul from soul. We are able to assist our dead by our prayers. It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins. Pray for our fallen soldiers that, through your prayers, not only they may be admitted to the glory of God, but also that you may share in the reward which our Lord promised in the words "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all human sorrows, yours is, perhaps, the most worthy of veneration. Stand erect and firm by Mary, the mother of sorrow, at the foot of the cross and hear the words "Oh, all ye who pass by the way attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Saviour, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reached this highest of all degrees of charity.

For our dead soldiers we expect the immortal crown of the elect, for this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity; it cancels a whole lifetime of sins. It transfers a sinful man into a saint.

Their gallant swords may broken lie,  
Their bones may bleach 'neath a foreign sky;  
But their souls we know can never die,  
For they march in a deathless army.

The Anzacs, living and dead, have fought well. They deserve all that we can possibly return them. We honour them, we thank them, we give them the gratitude of our young nation. We pray for the returned men that God will give them long years to continue that glorious work which they began at Gallipoli, perfected in France, and concluded in Australia.

REV. T. HARVEY

Preached in St. Thomas' Presbyterian Church, Dalby

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TEXT.

" Now when Jesus was in Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, there came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat. But when his disciples saw it they had indignation, saying, ' To what purpose is this waste ? ' " (Matthew XXVI., 6, 7, 8).

THE preacher said they had met together to commemorate the heroism and great achievements of our soldiers, not only of those who had taken part in that memorable landing on the barren cliffs of Gallipoli on April 25, 1915, but also all our men who had fought in the great war wherever they happened to be. He drew a parallel between the sacrifice of the woman in pouring the ointment over the head of Jesus and the soldiers of our land in pouring out their life's blood in the noble cause of liberty. The fragrance of their sacrifice, like the fragrance of the ointment, was a precious thing, and one liked to think that this filled our hearts with gratitude for all our men had done for us.

It was perhaps natural that, like the disciples, people were sometimes apt to ask, " To what purpose is this waste ? " There were two answers. One was that there was no purpose ; that the war was the outcome of human folly and madness ; a struggle for world-mastery between the nations. The other answer was that out of this great outpouring of human life there would yet be revealed the divine purpose, and that out of the seeming tragic waste of human life there would rise something great and good. He instanced the death of Jesus Christ on the Cross as an apparently purposeless sacrifice at the time, but the fragrance of the sacrifice had permeated the ages.

The genius of man would be able to replace much in material things that was destroyed in the war, but the one irreparable and irreplaceable thing was the human life that was destroyed. The preacher referred in sympathetic terms to the loss of so many of our bravest and best, and of the

broken hearts and broken bodies left behind. What was the purpose of it all? In the outpouring of the life of Jesus the answer was sacrifice.

Our people died in their thousands for a cause that they believed had the Divine approval, and while many had very crude notions of the thing they were yet willing to shed their blood for their fellow-creatures. It was through war and bloodshed that the Israelites had been delivered from the bondage of slavery; that Zion had been built among the hills of Judea as a holy city.

It was through war and bloodshed that, in the eighth century, the hordes of Mohamed were stopped from over-running the world. It was through war and bloodshed that Napoleon's ambitions had been conquered and an era of peace ushered in on the continent of Europe. It was through war and bloodshed that the nations of the world had been freed from the domination of the greatest military autocracy the world had ever known. It was war and bloodshed that saved our greatest freedom to us.

Under the Union Jack they were the freest people in the world to-day, and for this they had to be grateful for the sacrifice of our own people. We rejoiced in and held their memory sacred as we thought of their great deeds, and we should determine in our hearts to re-consecrate our lives towards helping and building up a nation and a people that would be worthy of the brave Anzacs whose memory we cherish.

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### PEACE AFTER STRIFE

Peace after strife, and after labor—rest.

Who gives himself gives unto God his best.

Now—in war's grim remorseless tragedies—

Soft turf, and fragrant flowers, and whispering trees,

And, in our hearts, undying memories.

Thrice happy you who, freed from mortal care,  
Range God's highways and breathe His nobler air.

All that you had you gave to save life's soul,  
Now you are healed and in His love made whole.

In His vast labors you will have your place,  
And build with Him the Kingdom of His Grace.

REV. WM. JOHNSTON, B.A.

Preached in St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Toowoomba

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Once to every man and nation comes the moment to  
decide

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or  
evil side ;

Some great Cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the  
bloom or blight,

And that Choice goes by for ever, 'twixt that darkness  
and that light.

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**T**HAT moment came, and that cause appealed to us in August, 1914, and we were not deaf to the appeal, nor false to the duty of the hour. There were those who feared for the spirit of the Empire, lest we had grown soft, and there were those who feared for their profits, lest the balance of trade should go against us, but our Empire refused to be traitors to its past, or to count the cost when duty and honour called, and our young men volunteered in millions for service in the trenches, on the high seas, and in the air in response to the call, " England expects every man to do his duty."

Not once or twice in our old Empire's story,  
The path of Duty was the way to Glory.

We meet to-day with sad hearts, for we mourn for the brave who fell, but we meet also with thankful hearts, because in the fateful days of August, 1914, we made that momentous decision to take the hard road of duty and sacrifice and because the flower of the Empire, of this State, of this city, our sons and our brothers, were not found wanting in the day of our testing. We had many dark days, how dark we are only now beginning to learn, days when it seemed that our defeat was certain, right from the beginning

till as late as July, 1918, when our enemies were pressing us hard, and our armies were retreating, and when the onslaught of Germany seemed irresistible. One day when the outlook was blackest a message was brought to the British Cabinet, then in session, a message of defeat and retreat, and almost of despair. One member, with bowed head, said heart-brokenly: "God help us." It was the word needed. The Prime Minister said, "Yes, God help us. Let us kneel and ask His help." And there in that Cabinet room, those men knelt around the table at which Wellington and Peel, Gladstone and Salisbury had sat, and they asked God for help in the hour of our extremity. And God helped. But through all those dark days and nights our young men never failed the Empire. It was by their splendid courage, hardships, and sacrifices—sacrifices that ploughed deep furrows of sorrows through many hearts—that victory at length crowned our efforts. That victory and that peace have cost us dearly, but they will have been worth the cost if the world learns to hate war. If only the nations had acknowledged God in international politics this bloody chapter would never have been written. Europe was an armed camp. Men would not cease to believe in war until it was seen in all its ghastly nakedness. There are those who speak slightingly of the League of Nations as another scrap of paper, but the greatest and most Christian outcome of those months of conference in Paris was not the peace between the Allies and Germany, but the League of Hope. That peace merely attempts to right the past. The League seeks to right the future. Our sons and brothers fought not alone to defeat Germany, or to save the Empire. These were but symbols of a greater conflict and a higher purpose. They knew that no great evil could be overcome except by great sacrifices. The scales of justice were weighed with the sword.

To-day we salute that noble band who gave their lives and that noble band who will carry the marks of the war on their bodies to the grave, and the not less noble band who passed through it without physical injury, but who will ever look on it as on a nightmare. We salute them all, for they gave their lives, endured the hardships, and faced the dangers that we might be safe.

More than 100 years ago Britain was threatened with invasion by Napoleon. He seemed invincible. Men's minds were full of anxiety. In such circumstances Byron wrote :—

Winds blow and waters roll,  
Strength to the brave and power and deity :  
Yet in themselves are nothing. One decree  
Spake laws to them, and said that by the soul  
Only the nations shall be great and free.

Sin is a reproach to many people; it trifles with character, destroys it. Character lies at the basis of all greatness and stability. God does not judge nations at the end of every day, but at last he judges and that nation that is ruthless and tyrannical, and selfish, and dishonourable, and that repudiates solemn covenants, that tolerates vice, or anything that degrades and brutalises men, at last goes down. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." The way of the transgressor is hard, whether the transgressor is an individual or a nation. The great patriot is not necessarily the loud voiced politician. The latter is sometimes his country's enemy. But the man or woman who teaches a little child the way of righteousness is a patriot. Every church that is loyal to Christ tends to strengthen the Empire; every sermon delivered with intelligence and fervour makes for national advancement. Let us look more to our morals and less to politics and pomp and pageantry. People who pray count for more in a nation's history than people of place. The poet was right when he said that "by the soul only shall nations be great and free." When a nation barter away its soul for anything the outward forms of greatness may linger for a time, but the ground on which that nation stands is hollow, and any shock will overturn it. A nation's strength lies not in its material resources, its wealth, or its army, but in the character of its people. The most dangerous foes are not outside but within its own borders. The foes that are most to be feared are of its own household. They are its loafers, schemers, self seekers, the men and women who are living on the degradation of their fellow creatures, and all those who seek to get money by any means except by squarely earning it.

The carnage has ceased, the war has now ended. Let this be a day of consecration for the tasks we have to face. We must see to it that the Empire—this State—consecrated in the blood of our noblest, shall be a land where poverty will not crush the spirit of the honest toiler, where no man shall wring gold at the cost of another's soul, and where the loafer and the vicious will find that loafing and vice do not profit. You young men have saved the world from the tyranny of a ruthless militarism. Will you help to save it from the rot of a godless secularism and moral decay? You are the heritors of a great past; you have proved yourselves to be the guardians of a great present. But you are also the trustess of a great future.

Look to the light with hearts aflame!  
 Fight every evil thing you meet.  
 And never stain your Captain's name  
 Nor suffer Him to know defeat.

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## REV. ROBERT STEWART, D.D.

Preached in the Neil Street Methodist Church, Toowoomba

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### TEXT.

“What mean ye by this service?” (Exodus XII., 26.)

**T**HE service in connection with Anzac Day and called a “Memorial Service,” was held in the Toowoomba (Neil Street) Methodist Church on Monday, 25th April, 1921. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Brisbane, who supplied the Toowoomba Methodist Church pulpit on the previous day.

The address, which was extempore, pointed out (1) That God would have man remember He endowed man with the faculty of calling to mind events, especially those that made or changed nations that man might be warned or encouraged by the remembrance of such things. Man is ennobled and enriched by remembering those events which influence

humanity, change nations, and turn the streams of history into other channels. He would have Israel ever remember how God brought their forefathers out of Egypt and placed them in the land of Canaan. He would have humanity remember in connection with religion the days of Incarnation and Crucifixion of the Son of God. It is only right that such events as the 4th July (Independence Day), should be remembered in America. No American forgets that day, and I am sure not only we, but also our children of the British nation, as well as all the Allies, will call to mind for generations to come "Armistice Day," when the Treaty of Peace began.

The sons of Australia and New Zealand will ne'er forget, we hope, the 25th of April, 1915, when our brave lads landed in the face of shot and shell on Gallipoli's rocky shores. The poet has yet to pen the poem setting forth (as Tennyson set forth the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava) the heroism of the Anzacs, who, in spite of death, rushed on death for Freedom, King, and Empire.

To-day we are met to remind ourselves of this and other great events of the war, which made Australia a nation and helped also to strengthen the bonds of Empire. Enemies declared and hoped that Britain's children would forsake the Motherland from which they sprang, and many not only circulated this slander, but tried to make it true; loud-voiced disloyalty in our midst urged our lads to put on the garments of cowardice and abide at home and leave the Motherland to face the foe, but Gallipoli, Jerusalem, and Flanders were Australia's answers to the propaganda of disloyalty in our midst. Our lads, like those of old, went, saw and conquered.

This service is to us a remembrance of the great danger in which the Empire stood in August, 1914. Almost wholly unprepared for war as far as her military forces were concerned, and only partially prepared on the naval side, yet though anxious and fearful she heard the call of honour and nobly replied. We cannot forget the days and days of anxiety—anxious days and fearsome nights in which the Empire stood as she prepared and fought her way to victory. We cannot forget the trouble, anxiety, sacrifices and losses

sustained during those fateful years acted as purging fires. In the fierce flames of war the Empire's bonds, instead of being as enemies thought consumed, were strengthened, Britain emerged from the conflict more truly united than she had ever been before. Her children of every colour and speech rallied to her aid, and none more enthusiastically than the Anzacs of these southern lands.

This service brings to our minds the heroism of the British Empire. Her leaders, though the nation was unprepared, did not hesitate when the cry for help came from stricken Belgium and threatened France to declare war against the aggressive foe, and the heroism of the nation—men, women and children—awoke and rushed to the support of their leaders. Disloyalty here and there refused to help, but the people of the Empire as a whole arose in freedom's cause, and fought at home and in the trenches for King and Empire. Not one of Britain's dependencies failed her in her hour of need. She called and they answered—we come! we come! The men, many of them only lads from these southern lands, bore a noble part, not only at Gallipoli but at many other danger points in the great strife. They acquitted themselves nobly, and many of them have returned crowned with honours to the quieter walks of life. They are deserving of all praise and consideration at the hands of their fellow countrymen. It is to be hoped that the elements of disloyalty in our midst will not be able to rob our men of their well-earned rewards.

This service also reminds us of those heroes who have not returned to home and friends. They are not forgotten. They live in the lives of others whom they have inspired; they have a sacred place in fathers' and mothers' love; they are enshrined in the nation's heart; they have not returned by the way which they went up, but they have followed, by giving their lives as a sacrifice for others, in the footsteps of Him who bore His cross and was lifted up in death for man. We lay a wreath, in this Memorial Service, on the graves of the 60,000 who have not returned; they died for King and country, and they ask us by their sacrifice even unto death to preserve their land as a place of righteousness, freedom, and loyalty.

## REV. F. J. HARRIS

Preached in the Methodist Church, Cairns

## TEXT.

“ And the three mighty men broke through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David. Nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said :—‘ Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this ; is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives ?’ Therefore, he would not drink of it.”  
(II. Samuel, 23, 16 and 17).

**M**ORE than one beautiful thing rises before the inward eye as this story is told. There is the picture of a man amidst the perils of life looking back to a happy childhood. There is, too, in this story, a picture of heroism. We see three stalwarts of David’s army making their way through the enemies’ lines in the blazing sun, taking their lives in their hands, that their leader might have the desire of his heart. There is also the picture of a man beholding with a swift flash of insight the significant meaning of a simple deed. When David took the water from the well of Bethlehem, which these three stalwarts had risked their lives to obtain, and, without even tasting it, poured it out unto the Lord, he performed one of those sublime deeds that the world in general has never been able fully to understand. What might have appealed to many as a noble act of heroism, in the eyes of David appeared as a sacrificial deed. This had been naught else but sacrificial service. It is this aspect of the narrative that I would have us briefly consider this day.

The assembling of ourselves together in this church is for the express purpose that we might fittingly and reverently commemorate the acts of sacrificial service rendered by the young manhood of Australia upon foreign battlefields. Let us view it then, firstly, as the recognition of sacrificial service. Let us endeavour to link up the story of recent heroic service

with the simple narrative which we have before us. An appeal had been made by a great leader. It was a call to the heroic in man. There was to be found those who were ready to prove their unselfishness, heroism and fidelity. There were those who went in jeopardy of their lives. Prompted by a clear vision of duty, they hesitated not to do that which might mean the sacrifice of their lives. We recall, to-day, the noble response of Australia's sons as answering to the heaven-born impulse within; they were prepared to risk all, and if need be to lay down their lives for those great principles which were the ground-work of civilisation, and the hope of ages to come. Too often was the signal service rendered by our heroes belittled by those who failed to conceive the worth of devoted service. But there were those who understood that there was more than the spirit of adventure and daring in those who rallied to the Empire's standard in the day of her peril. There was the conception that the cause was just, the aims were pure, and that the espousal of such a cause would lead to an ultimate issue—there would be victory, and the preservation of right and justice. It is not by a spirit of opportunism or self-preservation that men win, but by a self-expression of the convictions that are within. Those impulses which cannot find an outlet in deed will soon wither and die. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and the particular course of action is indicative of the feelings within. Too often there has come the dictation to "take the lines of least resistance." This has proved a fatal policy. Australia's sons realised that the great purposes of life are not served by a policy of evasion, or of drifting, but by resistance. Life is energised by endurance. The lesson has been clearly revealed that steadfastness is the winning factor, and they who endure will attain unto the culmination of life's purposes. But there is also the great principle recognised that life is not enriched by selfishness, but by sacrifice. Life only becomes fruitful when it is sacrificial. This is the aspect that we so forcibly realise to-day. We cherish the memory of those who died that we might live. Such memory is blessed. The silent message that is wafted to us from Gallipoli,

Palestine and France is to the effect that life's most cherished ideals can only be secured at the cost of great sacrifice.

Let us for a moment turn to David's viewpoint. David looked at the water of Bethlehem, and lo! it was blood-red in his eyes. This is not water; this is the life's blood of three of my bravest. This is the sacrifice of three brave souls. I am not worthy to drink of this cup. I can but offer it to the God of all beautiful and deathless things. It was an intensely religious act, and it is religion that helps men to see clearly the worth of sacrifice. It only wants the vision of the pure heart, the reverent spirit, to see how that our advantages, our rights, our liberties, our privileges, are being harvested to-day from fields which were one blood-red. Other men bled that we might go unwounded; other men lived their lives in the shadow of death that we might live ours in the light of safety and peace. How, then, shall we recognise such sacrificial service? How shall we reverently enter into the sorrow of the relatives and the honour of the brave who have died for us? We can do so by an appreciation of those privileges which have been secured for us, and by pouring them out unto the Lord. In so doing we recognise such sacrificial services by an act of consecration.

Let us, then, in the second place, view the consecration of sacrificial service. "Nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord." What if this sentence had been "And he drank it"? What if that had been all there was to tell? As far as David himself was concerned it would hardly have been worth telling. It would be in any case a stirring tale of three soldiers ready to lay down their lives for their leader's sake—telling us what earthly love and heroism have told us from the beginning. But should there have been the omission of the act by David the narrative would have lost its divinity, its deathless appeal to the human heart, and its power to set before us life's great goal. As David took the water-skin with its precious burden into his hands, he had in his power the fulfilment or frustration of a splendid deed. It lay with him whether the end of that story should be an act of physical satisfaction or an act of divine worship. Had he raised it to his lips, then selfish pleasure, merely personal

gain, would have won the day. But David showed once and for ever that he knew the hidden and eternal worth of the gift, and he caused its most precious meaning to shine forth in the eyes of men. The future value of any sacrificial service depends upon our manner of recognition. I would utter a warning against any attempt to depreciate the memory of sacrificial service. At the present time there is a strong undertow in existence, which, fortunately, the major portions of the Returned Soldiers' Associations have been able to escape. Should this day, which at the present recalls to us the fadeless memory of sacrificial service, become solely one of pleasure, those very cherished memories will be caught in this strong undertow, and well-nigh swept into the sea of oblivion. Shall your action become the fulfilment or frustration of splendid deeds? Shall this day we commemorate—this Anzac Day—be a holy day or a holiday? There is nothing so tragic as the failure of success. In order that we lose not the deep significance of all that which was procured for us by those we love, let us honour that service and sacrifice by a sublime act of consecration. As the blood of the martyr becomes the seed of the church, so has the blood of Australia's sons become the seed of a new civilisation, whereby great principles, well-nigh crushed by arbitrary power, have again taken root, and shall continue to flourish so long as they are dedicated to the service of the Lord God.

How true do the words applied to our Saviour Christ, as he hung upon the Cross, bear reference to those who have made the supreme sacrifice. "He saved others; himself he cannot save." The Lord Jesus knew what it meant to pour out his life's blood for you and me. His was a sublime act of consecration—yea, it was more, it was the great sacrifice whereby men should ever learn that the things that are to be highly valued can only be won through suffering and through such a course. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. As one suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, so should the remembrance of all that has been endured for us through countless ages bring us closer to Him whose soul was once an offering made for every soul of man. When we see the cross of suffering love

shadowing all human history—when we trace the law of sacrifice through every form of human development and advance—we are better prepared to feel how inevitable was the thought of the cross of Jesus Christ. There is only one means whereby the world can learn the lesson of human suffering and sacrifice, viz., through the vision of the cross. It is in the sight of the Cross of Calvary that our sorrows are healed, our doubts dispelled, and hopes quickened, and our very being made responsible to the overtures of God. May the fragrant memory of the deathless army lead us to yield ourselves willingly to Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us.

The tumult and the shouting dies,  
 The captains and the kings depart ;  
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget ; let we forget !

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## GALLIPOLI

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“Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.”

Wipe from your eyes, brave mourners, dear,  
 The sad commemorative tear,  
 It needs must fail to soothe your pain ;  
 But these who see may feel again  
 Their trials on Gallipoli.

Gallipoli, where wild flowers grow,  
 The richer for that sanguine flow ;  
 Bright petals fall Red, White, and Blue,  
 On grave with incense ever new,  
 Fragrant o'er Gallipoli.

Oh ! Day sublime, immortal day,  
 That swept all doubts and fears away ;  
 A noble sacrifice they gave to earth,  
 Whose passing brought a nation's birth,  
 On sacred, famed Gallipoli.

—H. M. CHALLINOR.

## REV. J. PROWSE

Preached in the Methodist Church, Bundaberg

**R**ETURNED soldiers, members of Friendly Societies, and Fellow Citizens all. I am not going to take a text and preach a sermon; we have only a few minutes at our disposal, and I want to use them in briefly addressing you on the great subject that is uppermost in our thoughts at this hour. The great and terrible war is happily at an end, but though the day of peace has dawned upon the world we cannot forget the awful struggle for sacred and eternal principles through which we have so recently passed. We are met to-day not for the purpose of indulging in a vain spirit of boasting; not for the purpose of stirring up racial feelings of bitterness, but for a solemn act of remembrance and glad thanksgiving. For a brief space of time the wheels of industry have been stopped and the secular activities of the city suspended, that we might meet together in God's house to pay a loving tribute of respect to the memory of those brave men who fought and fell in freedom's cause. We are justly proud of the part Australia played in the great war, and it would ill become us to forget the heroism of men who in the blackest years of our national history stood between us and a powerful confederacy, that we might be saved from the wicked designs of an unscrupulous foe. In thinking about those brave men to-day, whose bodies lie buried away in foreign soil, the first thing that needs to be said about them is:

## THEY DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

The inscription on the photos of our fallen heroes in the homes of the people is tenderly pathetic and beautifully suggestive. "His country called; he answered." The action describes the man. In those days of crisis, when the Empire was caught in the clutch of a great need, those men whose memory we recall to-day, heard the call of a great and sacred duty, and went forth with high hope and splendid courage to fight for principles essential to the solid advance-

ment of the race in the path of true progress. It was not the rash act of men swayed by mere passionate impulse, but the well considered choice of heroes who were fully alive to the danger of the task they were taking. They knew that the war they were entering was a serious business; they knew that it would mean hard fighting, and possible death, and yet, knowing all and seeing all, they went forward and played a true man's part in a great and worthy cause. They did that, not because they were tired of life, life was as sweet to them as it is to us, but they did it because they saw the heritage that was at stake and resolved to defend it. The action cost them their lives, but their sacrifice is not in vain. By giving themselves thus, they have made a contribution to the cause of true progress that is simply invaluable. We mourn their loss, but the suffering that comes in the slaughter of such precious lives is a suffering that is making for the ultimate redemption of the race. It is an inscrutable mystery, but in this way a great saving work is being carried on in the larger life of the world. Such a work as they went out to do is always confronted by a cross, and on that cross some must die that others might be saved. They died for us, and God who knows the worth of things will not underestimate the value of their sacrifice. In His sight the offering is of great price, and the making of it will in no wise lose its reward.

To you whose loved ones have fallen in the great war let me say that there is a sense in which you are to be congratulated. When you gave your sons, and when they gave themselves, both you and they made the most costly gift that could ever be laid on the altar of national good. Australia is sensible of that fact, and in the solemn proceedings of this day it is pausing to express to you and to them its sincerest gratitude. The main purpose of this day is to wreath the brow of our fallen heroes with the crown of highest honour. They died for their country. What is our task? Do we not owe it to them to—

“LIVE FOR OUR COUNTRY?”

To live and work so as to carry forward to a triumphal finish the noble ends they sought to accomplish. They gave

themselves freely and willingly for great ideals and noble ends, and we remain to live for those ideals and to seek those ends anew. If we fail to do that, if we lose sight of the great principles for which 3,000,000 soldiers and 15,000 sailors laid down their lives, we shall prove ourselves unworthy of the great sacrifice of the men whose memory we recall to-day. They died, we have often been told, to put an end to war. Our task is to see that that is done. We must do all that we can to see that our modern civilisation is placed upon some better foundation. We must insist that there shall be set up new international relationships, that will make it possible to discuss and settle international differences without having recourse to arms.

To the honour of our great Empire, be it said, that every effort is being made by British statesmen to accomplish that very thing. The pity is that some nations are not co-operating. It is a sorry comment on the tragic work of the recent great war, to read of the feverish naval and military preparations that are going on in some parts of the world. Our men did not die to perpetuate that kind of thing. They died that wicked war might cease. We must not forget that, we must live and pray and work for a warless world, for the time when—

The war drum throbs no longer,  
And the battle flag is furled ;  
In the Parliament of man,  
The federation of the world.

Our fallen heroes died to make their country great and prosperous and happy. We must live to turn that ideal into reality. We must love our country with a patriotism that will check with a firm hand the disloyal forces at work in our midst. We must make it impossible for men to preach sedition, to stir up bitterness, and to intrigue and plot against the Empire. We must live for our country, it is a duty we owe to the brave men who died for it. The call to-day, the call that comes from those silent graves in Gallipoli, in France, in Flanders, in Palestine, in every part of the far-flung battlefields, is a call to re-dedication to the work of making a new world under the grand old Southern Cross. We must take up the mantle that has fallen from

their shoulders. In the doing of the work let us remember and forget not, that no work of reconstruction can be fully accomplished that is not founded upon the sure foundation of the will and purpose of God ; that only by the power of religion will it be possible for us to do the work our heroic dead have given us to do. Let us re-dedicate ourselves to God and our country in the names of those who challenge us from the dust to-day :—

Heroes gone we love you still,  
 The precious things for which you died,  
 We'll work them out with cheerful will,  
 And meet you on the other side.

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### REQUIESCAT IN PACE

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On sun-kissed slopes they lie, on poppied fields—  
 Their strong young bodies stilled in dreamless sleep.  
 And grasses fragrant from the warm brown earth,  
 Are smiling with their splendour from the deep.

Adown the road—from out the broken years,  
 Their gay young voices float in melody ;  
 And in their song is none of vain regret,  
 But just a throbbing note of memory.

The skies are blue, the little whispering winds  
 Are dancing blithely through the golden day ;  
 And they who once thrilled to its lilting song,  
 Are sleeping 'neath the poppies far away.

Perhaps when summer calls and spring is here—  
 Filling the woods with beauty they had known—  
 Their wistful eyes may yet be watching near,  
 Out of the silence in the Great Alone.

Sleep On ! Sleep On ! For poppies yet will blow,  
 And sun-kissed slopes grow rugged with the years ;  
 And time will pass away to be no more,  
 And mighty nations fall in sullen tears.

But ah ! the long long road which all must tread,  
 Far down its tortuous windings to the end,  
 Will boast of none more valiant than you—  
 The honoured dead.

—ANNA CAREY.

## REV. A. G. WELLER, O.B.E.

*Senior Chaplain United Board First Military District*

Delivered to the children attending the morning service on Anzac Sunday at Nundah Baptist Church, Brisbane, on 24th April, 1921.

## TEXT.

“Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.” (Josuha I., 9).

I HAVE chosen this text because it seems to confirm the courage displayed by the Anzacs in the motto expressed in this beautiful memorial Anzac card before us, “*Audax at Fidelis.*” There is another thought suggested by the cross in the centre—that as there are five letters in the word “Anzac,” so there are five prominent stars in the formation of the Southern Cross. There is a sterling truth in the old motto “By the Cross I conquer.”

## THE ANZACS.

*A ccepted the call from King and Empire—*

A prosperous man, listening to a plea for recruits, was impressed by the speaker's words, “England has done well for you, what will you do for her?” He said to himself, “I will sell out and go.” He went, did his bit, and returned, with honours.

*N othing daunted—*

Followed the lead of General Birdwood and their own splendid leaders up the heights of Gallipoli till the top was gained, and then they went over. One of our brave boys, writing his mother, said:—“As I went up and over I repeated your favourite text, ‘He shall give His angels charge over thee.’”

*Zealous for the right—*

Yes, zealous for good works. A digger writing to his brother in Australia says:—"When the enemy opened fire upon us our O.C. fell wounded. Quick as thought one of our lads picked him up, carried him to the nearest dressing station, and stood by him till he came round, then went out and brought in three others."

*Achieved undying fame—*

"Oft shall the tale be told, yea, when our babes are old." In the scrap of a letter picked up on the field, belonging to a Turkish officer, was transcribed this tribute:—"The Australians are true men; they belong to a great land; they have made a great name; they must win."

*Comrades of the Cross—*

"Nurse," said one of our own Church lads as he was being carried into the base hospital mortally wounded, "the only way to the glory land is through the blood of Christ." It is surely true:—

If the Cross we meekly bear,  
Then the Crown we shall wear.

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## COMRADE GREETINGS

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I stand before the lonely shrine,  
The day has set, the church is dim,  
I hold a chalice filled with wine,  
My hoarded griefs o'erspill the brim.

Oh! rich in sorrow, now I know  
How full and perfect was my gift;  
Here all my tears are gathered anow,  
With faltering palms the cup I lift.

The brimming cup, the bitter lees,  
The small lose in the greater gain!  
Lord! let me learn what mean all these,  
That sacrifice be not in vain.

—SIBYL W. KENDALL.

## United Memorial Services and Meetings

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RIGHT REV. DR. CRICK

*Bishop of Rockhampton.*

Delivered in the Rockhampton Town Hall

**A**T the united service, held on the evening of Anzac Day, 1921, in the Rockhampton Town Hall, Bishop Crick said: "There is laid upon me the duty of submitting to you the second resolution of this evening's meeting. An invitation to do so is in any case a real and great honour. May I say for myself that the fact that such an invitation has been extended to myself after so short a residence in your midst is a token of friendship that I shall not readily forget. And, not only is it an honour to be allowed to speak on this occasion, it is also a grave and responsible duty. The speaker is voicing, as far as he can, the feelings and sentiments of the whole community, is striving to express in words thoughts that, in some cases, are almost too deep and sacred to be capable of translation into forms of speech. It is so easy to miss the mark, so difficult to rise to the inspiration and needs of the occasion, that I am sure I may rely on having your sympathy in my attempt, your forgiveness if I fail to do justice to this great theme.

First, then, I would like to express my sincere gratitude to you, sir, of that you have, if I may say so, rightly and wisely interpreted the central principle which should govern our Anzac Day commemoration in making this evening's meeting a strictly civic one. For very many of us this day has associations other than those connected with our membership of the civic community. The great issues of life and death lie at the heart of men's thoughts about God, so for those in whose life religion has any real place, whether they be Christians, Jews, or of any other faith, their com-

memoration and remembrance of those who gave their lives in the service of their King and their country must inevitably be mediated by their belief in God and their membership of a religious communion. For this obvious fact those responsible for the observance of this day in Queensland have recognised in their suggestion that special services should be held in the morning in all our churches. And it is a matter of profound thankfulness to me, as the representative of one of those churches, to know that this morning, in the churches of every Christian denomination in this town, and approximately at the same hour, the sufferings and the sacrifice of our soldier sons were being remembered before the throne of God. But, however strongly we feel the value to ourselves of this aspect of this day, we must not lose sight of the real object of this evening's meeting, which is conceived from a different, though not from an antagonistic, point of view.

The call came to Australia to stand by the old mother country in the hour of her direst need, and the call was met and answered. How that call was answered the world knows. It is not for Australians, among whom I hope and believe you will allow me to number myself, to extol their own glories. But, if I may speak as though I was still what I was seven years ago—a soldier of the old country—I feel that I must say that scarcely any event of the first moments of the war so deeply stirred the emotions of English men and women as the message that reached the old country almost before the first shot was fired—that Australia was with her mother to the last man and the last shilling. How truly Mr. Fisher had gauged the feeling of those in whose name he spoke we can see in the roll of honour of every town in our land. We meet together here to-night to give solemn witness that, whatever may, in the course of years, pass into oblivion, this memory, as far as in us lies, shall remain.

But I must not allow my own emotions to make me stray from the point that I wish to make. It is this—for many of us, the living and the dead, who had the great privilege of taking our place in the mobilised ranks of the armies of our great family of nations, our service was motivated

very largely, not only by a sense of duty to our country, but by a sense of what we had learned of our duty towards God. But this was not true of all, and it is the service of all that we are here to commemorate. There was, however, one common inspiration, and that was the inspiration of love of our country, of serving her in her hour of need. This inspiration we may call the inspiration of citizenship, and, therefore, I am now speaking to you, not as the representative of our old mother church, but as one citizen speaking to fellow-citizens. And I hope that in this audience that I am addressing there are not only among you members of every Christian denomination, but also men and women who are quite out of touch with the belief and practice of Christianity. It would be a real calamity to our civic life if a meeting of this nature ever assumed such a form that any citizen of this town should find themselves forced in their consciences to weaken the strength of its significance by their absence. And so now, my fellow-citizens, I will address myself more directly to the resolution which I have to submit to you. The terms and the subject are such that they need very few words of mine to commend them to you. Our sympathy goes out to those who mourn the loss of those nearest and dearest to them in full and unstinted measure. Their grief will, we know, be lightened by the knowledge that all men and women of goodwill are mourning with them. And the course of time—though time, perhaps, can never quite heal the wound—will bring with it increasingly a sense of pride that they have given to their country the highest of all gifts, that of their sons, their husbands, or their brothers; pride, too, in the ineffaceable memory that, in the hour of trial their loved ones stood the test and played the man. And to those who have escaped the perils of war we are pledging ourselves to remember with gratitude all that they did for us because they went forth to save our homes and free institutions.

These words give us, I believe, the keynote of their service. They fought to save the liberty which is a special mark and treasure of our race. We are an association of free nations, held together in one vast dominion, not by restraint, but by a deliberate inclination and choice. Our civil and

political life is organised in accordance with our own views. The views of others we respect if we do not copy them ; but we do claim that we shall be let alone to live our lives as we choose. Whether we realised it at the moment or not, we see clearly now that what drove us to arms nearly seven years ago was the threatened violation of this cardinal principle of our lives, the declared wish of the German nation to mould by force the destinies of ours and other free communities. Our soldiers saved for us our freedom. What form shall our gratitude take ? Surely we can express it most worthily by assuring to them in their lives the freedom that by their suffering they have won for ours. So long as there is one of our returned soldiers and sailors to whom we as a community have neglected to offer at least a chance of living his life in a reasonable state of physical comfort, of taking his place as a self-respecting and self-supporting member of our society, so long even a meeting of this nature and a resolution in these terms will have failed in its effect. Time will not allow me to enlarge upon this theme. I merely suggest that on the conscience of every one of us there is a debt of honour that we dare not evade, the debt that we owe to the memory of those who laid down their lives in the war, fought for the freedom of the world that they who have returned, after winning for us the victory, shall not be robbed of a fair share of its fruits. I beg to submit to you the resolution which stands in my name :—“ This meeting voices its heartfelt sympathy with the relatives of those who died, and with those who have suffered on behalf of the Empire, and its assurance that those who have fallen and those who have survived the perils of war will ever be remembered with gratitude by the people whose hearths and homes and free institutions they voluntarily went forth to save.”

## COLONEL MCKENZIE, M.C., C.F.

*(Salvation Army)**Colonel-Chaplain A.I.F.*

A STIRRING address was delivered by Chaplain W. M'Kenzie, M.C., C.F., at the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' United Memorial Service, which was held in the Exhibition grounds, Brisbane.

Chaplain M'Kenzie said that they were there to celebrate the sixth anniversary of the greatest event, the greatest day indeed, in the history of our young country. Anzac Day was the day on which the Australians first entered into nationhood. It was readily agreed by all that Gallipoli was the new and true birthplace of our nation. For a hundred years and more we in this young country had been cared for and protected by our grand old mother of the British Islands. We had drunk at her maternal breast the grand milk of freedom. And on that day when an unscrupulous foe hurled his forces without provocation against a weak and defenceless people, and when Great Britain took up the challenge, then from this Commonwealth of ours and from this part of it, men rallied in magnificent numbers to the standard, feeling the glowing blood of strong young manhood in their veins, and inspired by a love for the dear old motherland, and taking many of the blows that were cruelly aimed at her. And so six years ago the Anzacs—the men of the southern lands, Australia and New Zealand—manifested to a wondering world those great and glorious qualities which they inherited from their forebears, who with characteristic British pluck and determination had tackled the great problems confronting the settlement and development of Australia.

He (Chaplain M'Kenzie) was one of those who were privileged to be present at the landing on Gallipoli. In glowing language the speaker described the events of that history-making day, and extolled the bravery, the powers of initiative and endurance, and the unselfishness of Australia's heroes, and the dangers, sacrifices, and hardships which were uncomplainingly and unflinchingly faced in the

fiery ordeal through which they had to pass to reach the goal. He recalled the fact that amongst those who took part in those deathless deeds of valour were the Queensland Ninth Battalion. (Applause). Although there was a fine healthy sprinkling of South African veterans amongst the Anzacs, the great majority had never been under shell fire before, and yet they faced the inferno just as if nothing unusual was occurring. Many of the Turks, soon realising the fighting quality of these men from peaceful southern lands, were struck with mortal terror, and throwing their arms away rushed up the hillsides yelling, "Allah! Allah!" Many a brave Australian lad fell that day to rise no more. They freely and gladly gave their lives for a noble cause, for the preservation of the birthright of freedom for the present generation and generations yet to come. Many deeds of almost unbelievable heroism, performed on that day, would never be recorded. He instanced the case of a signaller of the First Brigade, who, about an hour and a-half after the landing, was standing on a knoll waving his flags, signalling most important information to General Birdwood's headquarters. There he stood on the sky line, unafraid, undismayed, almost unconcerned, because he felt that the highest thing to do on that fateful morning was to carry out his duty. He stood up to that duty perhaps for six or seven minutes, while the bullest whizzed constantly all about him, until ultimately some of the bullets found their billet, and his lifeless body fell over the edge of the knoll.

The chaplain spoke of the debt of honour and gratitude due to the men who had fallen and to those who had returned, and of the nation's responsibilities towards the dependents of the dead heroes, as well as to the men who having done their duty on the field of battle were back in civil life again, and of the men who were suffering from wounds or other effects of the war. He would not say the Australians won the war, but he would say that they played a great and noble part in bringing about the glorious victory for which they were rejoicing that day. (Applause). From the day of the landing at Gallipoli until the day of the armistice the Australians wherever they fought—and they fought on many fields—continued to gain lustre and fame for their native land.

Chaplain M'Kenzie went on to pay a tribute to the work of the Light Horse in Palestine and the Australian divisions in Flanders and France, and particularly in connection with the saving of Amiens. He referred to the patience and courage of the mothers, wives, and sisters of the Australian soldiers, who were faithful to the last, believing as they did in the righteousness of their cause and confident in the ultimate triumph of their arms. In conclusion he expressed the hope that the spirit of service and sacrifice shown by the Anzacs would live on, and that it would serve to uplift our national and family life, and make Australia a nation worthy of the high ideals for which her sons fought in the war, and of the great heritage of the race.

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## REV. T. HARVEY

*Chaplain Captain A.I.F.*

Delivered at the Anzac Memorial Gathering, Dalby

CHAPLAIN Captain T. Harvey said:—"It is a good thing to take full advantage of this solemn occasion for expressing our loyalty to the Throne. If ever our majestic and glorious Empire fell it would be a black day for civilised humanity. This British Empire of ours is surely the greatest, the most beneficent, the world has ever seen—great not only in its vastness and power, but great because it is based on the principles of freedom and justice and truth. Therefore, if we are not proud of it we certainly ought to be. We hold the inheritance of splendid traditions, and the flag that floats over us is one of which we should be proud, for it is the symbol of things ever to be held dear. There are many shortcomings in the system of the Empire at this stage of development. It is the freest country—the finest unification of peoples on God's earth, and Australia perhaps is the freest of them all.

There were some people who had good words and intense admiration for other countries rather than their own. These people failed to realise the splendid privileges they enjoyed.

It is to us, however, to uphold the old flag that stood for liberty, fraternity, and equality. It is usual on such an occasion as this to pledge our loyalty to the Throne of our King, and to the Empire, and in doing so we pledge our fealty to this glorious free Commonwealth of ours.

The greatest significance of this day is the commemoration of the great deeds of the men who went from Australia's shores and fought and bled and died. The United States had their fourth of July, when they rejoiced in their freedom from a tyranny that had oppressed them. The people of France had their fourteenth of July, to commemorate the falling of the Bastille, which signalled the end of a tyranny and an oppression by an insolent and corrupt power over the great body of the people of a nation. That day when the Bastille fell was a glorious day, not only for France, but for the whole world. But how shall we speak of Anzac Day, Australia's Day, which we to-day commemorate? Six years ago to-day Australia stepped forth and took her place proudly among the nations of the earth, and the welcome she received was because of the marvellous deeds of courage, of heroism, of splendid endurance, of glorious sacrifice, on the part of those men whose memory we cherish to-day—the dead and the living—our boys who had taken part in our everyday life, but who in the hour of dire conflict failed neither their country that sent them nor their own honour. Generations of Australians yet unborn would cherish their memory even more dearly than perhaps we of to-day do. Australia would never forget the deeds performed by her sons, not only at Gallipoli, but throughout the great war right up to the day of the signing of the Armistice that made Australia great. We are as yet too close to obtain a true perspective. The day is coming when the children of Australia will look back and recall with glowing pride the deeds of the men of Anzac.

We like to picture that glorious morning of that 25th April, 1915. It was a dim, grey hour of the morning, just as the dawn was appearing, and these great ships drew near to the high cliffs. They came nearer and nearer. Then the boats were lowered, and into them stepped our gallant men,

who knew that before they reached the beach very many of them would probably meet the end of a cherished life, but undaunted they stepped and men pulled them to the shore. They were met by machine guns and a deadly onslaught, and man after man went to a watery grave, but they drove the Turks back like chaff before the wind and gained the beach, and held on for dear life. Oh! the glorious charge they made. All the world wondered. If we only realised it all our gratitude would be greater. By these deeds our men had engraven Australia on to the map for ever. In a day they turned the eyes of the nations of the earth to Australia. People began to talk about Australia, and wondered what sort of men this new land of the southern hemisphere produced.

The deeds of the Anzacs not only made Australia famous, but created a spirit that influenced every man and battalion that left for the battlefields of France, Flanders, the deserts of Syria, and Palestine. What great men they were! And how Australians should be proud of them! We think of their deeds, their service, their courage, their faithfulness to duty, their faithfulness unto death, and cherish their memory because of that and their faithfulness to one another. Their deeds of faithfulness to one another displayed a spirit that was in close kinship to the greatest sacrifice the world had ever seen. Of our glorious dead it can be said in all true reverence, "They climbed their way to their Calvary when through that deadly hail of fire and shell they scaled the hills of Gallipoli on that grey April morn six years ago. And what shall we say of the living; of those who survived that hurricane of death, and all those fatal months they held their ground until recalled? I wonder to-day where those men are; I wonder can it be possible that some of them are looking for a job? God forbid that any heroic lad of ours who went through that hell and survived the tornadoes of death-dealing fire and shell should have to supplicate for a job. These men should have everything that a grateful country could give them. They have made us famous, and though we may cherish the memory of the mighty deeds performed by our men of Anzac, living and dead, to the extent that we fail in our duty to those that

have returned to us do we dishonour those that gave up their lives that Australia might live.

Those who mourned their loved ones needed no sympathy in order to remember them. Henry Newbolt had given a picture of the father and mother who had heard the death of their son, and the father said :—

It was a great fight, and a great death,  
Trust him, he would not fail."  
But the mother—  
In her heart she rocks her dead child, saying  
" My son, my little son."

To the thousands of women who nursed dead sons in their hearts our sympathy could not be too great. We honour those men and will keep their names before our children, particularly the names of those who died for our freedom."

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## REV. A. B. ROFE

*Rockhampton.*

Address delivered at the United Anzac Memorial Service, held in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Rockhampton.

**T**HE Rev. A. B. Rofe said that, although born in Melbourne, he was proud to call himself an Englishman. He felt glad, in common with so many millions, to be able to say that he owned loyalty to the King, to the kingdom, and to the Empire which represented the element of power in one man who headed their tremendous democracy and acted according to the will of his people, and who could not occupy that position a month unless he voiced the will of the people.

Various churches had united to link hands with the past, and in looking across and down the congregation he felt glad that the youthful element was so well represented. There were boys and girls with them that day who were not born when the awful war broke out upon the plains of northern Europe. Why, it was history already, and as the years passed by this function, now being observed with such gratitude to Almighty God, would become more and more

historical, and, with the Psalmist, they might say more than that: "If the Lord had not been on our side when men rose up against us they would have swallowed us up quickly." There had been 44 years for all the human devilry that the military spirit could provoke, calling into its service those God-given capacities that science had thrown on the world in all its generosity and using them for the most diabolical purpose, for nothing better than to sweep men off the face of the earth, and for the final purpose of depriving the world of liberty and constituting one central power in absolute authority, so that those who boasted of their liberty should go cap-in-hand to a great central autocracy.

England boasted that no slave could live in the British dominions, because she believed that she stood for eternal righteousness, which, in its outcome and evolution, forced each man and woman under God the Almighty power to say, not "I am a Roman citizen," but "I am a citizen of the kingdom which is ruled over by one man—Jesus Christ of Nazareth." That represented the principle for which their brave men had fought. The first contingent of the Australian Imperial Forces marched down Collins Street, Melbourne, to the accompaniment of brass bands, and to the cheers of tens of thousands of throats, but as an eye-witness he could not cheer. Looking at those splendid men, so many of them young, and all full of enthusiasm, he said to himself, "I wonder how many of them will return?" and a lump rose in his throat, and, man as he was, tears came to his eyes, but he recognised, too, that what sent men to their death for King and country, and far more than that, for liberty and religion, was imperishable. That was what they were celebrating, and he thanked God for the men who went, though it meant death, and also that He was pleased in His mercy, though there was a time when Englishmen had their backs against the wall, not knowing what the issue might be, to send so many back to receive a welcome and thanks. That, too, they celebrated that day.

The liberties of the nation, the liberties of the race, depended upon the loyalty of these men, of their conception of the truth, and of their belief in conserving to the fullest the

relationship with God, and, through that, the human relationship of sympathy and help and pity, so that they might all kneel before the one divine footstool of Jesus Christ and acknowledge Him as King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and look forward to the time which John saw in the apocryphal vision, the united forces of heaven singing, "The kingdoms of the world have become the kingdom of our God."

Nearly 350,000 men went from Australia's shores at the call of the mother country, which called them to face what the world had never known before in horrors by a power united in all its complexity to bring about their undoing, and men, in their anxiety to fight a power that threatened the liberties of the motherland, hurled themselves, not only from Australia, but from Canada, South Africa, and India. He firmly believed that their patriotism would fail if they felt that the motherland was untrue and disloyal. As Shakespeare had said:—

This England never did, nor never shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these, her princes, are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them ; nought shall make us rue,  
If England to herself do rest but true.

In 1914 and subsequent years their fathers and brothers stood shoulder to shoulder to maintain the eternal right of man to liberty so long as he maintained his loyalty to God the Father. That was what they stood for to-day. After comparing the liberties of England—and by Englishmen he meant Britishers—with those of foreign nations, Mr. Rofe emphasised that there was no prescriptive right to liberty unless it recognised the giver, and the giver was God, and the personification of that liberty in mankind was Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Therefore, they must prepare untainted and unsullied, as far as possible, their conception of life based upon the Man of Nazareth.

## REV. B. P. WALKER

*Dalby.*

THE Rev. B. P. Walker, at the united public commemoration service, said this was the sixth anniversary of a great day, and it only seemed yesterday that the boys had gone away and the horrible nightmare of war existed, but he had been reminded of the six years only recently when he was teaching a class of small infants and found that they did not know of the landing at Gallipoli. They had not even been born then, and so a new generation was growing up that had not been born on that first Anzac Day. Mr. Walker then read the following resolution:—"On the sixth anniversary of the immortal landing on Gallipoli, this meeting of citizens of Queensland expresses its unalterable loyalty to Throne and Empire, and its admiration of the magnificent heroism, self-sacrifice, and endurance of the sailors and soldiers of Australia and New Zealand, who on the first Anzac Day, and throughout the Great War, conferred a glory on Australia and New Zealand that will never fade. This meeting voices its heartfelt sympathy with the relatives of those who died, and with those who have suffered on behalf of the Empire, and its assurance that those who have fallen, and those who have survived the perils of war, will ever be remembered with gratitude by the people whose hearths and homes and free institutions they voluntarily went forth to save."

In moving the resolution Mr. Walker said that he found four things in the resolution in which they were going to pledge themselves—an expression of loyalty to the Throne and Empire; an expression of admiration of those who had served; heartfelt sympathy to the relatives; and an assurance to those who had made the sacrifice that they would not be forgotten. First, he wanted to pledge an assurance of loyalty to the Throne and Empire. Loyalty to the Empire was the first thing. We talked about it a lot, and there was no doubt that in our hearts we were loyal, rendering allegiance to the Empire. The mayor suggested that there

was a rumour about disloyalty, but if it was looked into all sensible persons must be proud of the Empire and pledge themselves to adhere loyally to it. It was a wonderful thing, this Empire of ours, and a funny bundle of sticks it will prove to be if anyone tried to unbind them. Australians must realise that if they tried to separate the nations that made up the Empire, the units would be very weak. United they stood. They stood for unity. No self-determination for any part of it. They were united in their loyalty to the Throne. Let anyone decry it that dare! Last year we had a royal visitor, and the Australians showed unmistakably what they meant. When the engaging personality of the heir to the Throne was among us, there was not one who was not prepared to come to his feet. Thank God for it! The one thing that bound the nations of the Empire together was the Throne. It was to the monarch in England that we offered our unalterable loyalty when we pledged it to the King and to his Royal Highness the heir to the Throne.

Referring to the admiration of the soldiers, Mr. Walker said admiration was a great word. We did not talk much about it. It was something we felt. The whole world had stood in admiration of all the men who had fought for the Empire and Australia—these men who came from the same breed as the “contemptible little army”—and those who did not go had not much to say, but could only stand in admiration.

Of the heartfelt sympathy to the relatives of those who would not return, Mr. Walker said that true heartfelt sympathy raised a lump in the throat and kept them from talking. That sympathy in years gone by went out to those boys who went forth full of hope, particularly in the days when he, among others, had had to go and break the sad news first to this one, and then to that one, and their sympathy was very deep for those who had lost their men in the war. There was now their fourth pledge of assurance that those who had made the sacrifice would not be forgotten. These men should not be forgotten, and let them look to it that in every case where possible our returned heroes shall not suffer for want of employment, and as each Anzac Day came round let there be heart searchings among us who are

their debtors. This is the sixth anniversary of the mighty Anzac landing, and our sentiments of love and gratitude to our glorious dead have increased rather than diminished. Those who came back often thought they were forgotten. We did not want to only remember the boys in our wills. We had borrowed their strength, their courage, their manhood, and the joy and promise of life, but what were we going to pay? We paid them in verbal sympathy, but to the farthest extent possible our sympathy with our surviving heroes should be practical.

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## REV. J. A. SINCLAIR

*Cairns*

THE Rev. J. A. Sinclair, addressing the gathering in the Oddfellows' Hall at the combined Anzac Memorial Service, taking as the words of his text, "Yea, I have a goodly heritage," Psalm XVI., verse 6, said:—

"The spiritual experience of which these words are the expression was suggested to the Psalmist by his own outward circumstances, namely, the portioning of the land of Canaan amongst the different tribes, and this man's own particular allotment. With the portion of land which he has thus received he is content and highly satisfied, hence his exclamation. We give, however, to his words not only a material or outward application, we give also the inward interpretation. In and by these words he was magnifying and extolling the grace and goodness of God for the bestowal of spiritual blessings. There are many of us here now who can, as blessings in Jesus Christ, make the ancient Psalmist's words our own; who can add Amen to them, and say in very truth, as we ponder over our spiritual inheritance and our heavenly possessions, 'Yea, I have a goodly heritage.'

I want, however, that we should look at the words on this memorial occasion from the physical or material view point, and think as we do so of our own fair land of Aus-

tralia, and of how in this connection these words fittingly and aptly apply to ourselves. If this ancient singer in Israel could use these words in reference to his land, so can we truthfully use them regarding ours. If the Jew was fired with a high and noble sense of patriotism, so may we. We have become the inheritors of a great and a goodly land, our lives have indeed fallen unto us in pleasant places. What a beautiful sunny, free land is ours, prosperous and fair. There are unlimited resources at our disposal, and ample are the opportunities. Our island home is truly a vast continent, a great inheritance. Let us never forget, however, that it is an inheritance, something handed on to us, and that at a great cost. Others have laboured, and we have reaped the reward of their labours and toil and sowing. In this connection, in the heritage which has become ours, I want you to think of two great landings. They are separated by the expanse of years, and by the still greater expanse of land and sea, yet the one is the complement of the other, the latter perhaps of greater value than the former, because the first without the last might have been rendered null, useless and void. The one was as much in the best interests of our own beloved land as was the other.

The first is that landing in Botany Bay, January 18th, 1788, of a company of people, and about a month later their settlement in Sydney Cove. How much they suffered and endured before and after the arrival there, the hardships and loss entailed. To commence with they were only 1,000 strong, but they laid the foundation of the great Australian Commonwealth yet to be, and to-day we are a nation of over 5,000,000 souls scattered over a country 2,400 miles long, and 2,000 miles wide. We know them, these our forefathers—the pioneer settlers of long ago. It was a small beginning, but it had in it the elements which go to make big things, then see what it is to-day.

We are, however, this evening more immediately concerned with the latter one, and, oh, how different in many ways is this. I need hardly tell you this other is the Gallipoli landing, of April 25th, 1915, better known as Anzac Day, in which so many of our brave men took part, and from

which numbers of them never returned home. I need not wait to speak of what they suffered and endured, of their deprivations, dangers, and difficulties; we have heard of them, we have read of them, but I do want to say that then was Australia brought before the world—then did she take her place amongst the nations. Little known or heard of before, now she comes into prominence as a force to be reckoned with. She carved her name upon the world in letters of blood; yea, the high and noble courage of her men, their heroism, their steadfastness, their endurance, thrilled the whole civilised world. Then was Australia in reality born, or should I say re-born. We may have varied feelings as we think of that Gallipoli campaign. To many of us it may be indeed 'The Dardanelles Blunder' but:—

Not unto us O Lord to tell Thy purpose in the blast  
 When these that towered beyond us fell, and we were  
 overpast.  
 We cannot tell how goodness springs from the black  
 tempest's breath,  
 Nor scan the birth of gentle things in these red bursts  
 of death.  
 We only know from good and great, nothing save good  
 can flow,  
 That where the cedar crashed so great no crooked tree  
 shall grow.  
 That from their ruin a taller pride, not for these eyes  
 to see,  
 May clothe one day the valley-side  
*Non Nobis Domine.*

It may have been a crushing defeat, it may have been a glorious victory, but however we may view it the day itself should stand for evermore as 'Australia's National Day,' the 'Red Letter Day' in our history, a day sacred and solemn. That campaign and that day has added glory and lustre to Australia, and made our inheritance a greater thing than ever before.

Now it appears to me there are three things required of us on this anniversary night, and these three things have reference to the three tenses—past, present and future. First of all, there must of necessity be 'Commemoration'—that is the real purpose of our gathering. What is the

deepest meaning of the word 'Commemorate'? It is to celebrate by a special or solemn act. Will we kindly take note of that. Such being so, we are carrying out our idea of commemoration in a fit and proper manner. This service is our special and solemn act of celebration. We are being reminded of deeds of heroism and gallantry performed by our men—deeds unparalleled in history. Many of those heroes have returned to us again, many of them sleep yonder on the slopes of Gallipoli or upon the shores of Anzac. There is a lovely stretch of Anzac:—

There's a lovely stretch of hillocks, there's a beach,  
asleep and drear ;  
There's a battered, broken fort beside the sea.  
There are sunken, trampled graves, and a little rotting  
pier,  
And winding paths that wind unceasingly.

But that spot will be for evermore sacred to many a heart and home, so we commemorate these deeds of the living, and also these of our holy and our beloved dead.

Again, there must be 'Expression.' Expressions of thankfulness for peace and victory, for the establishment of righteousness, for the triumph of right over might, and the Cross over the Crescent. To God be the glory. 'Not unto us, oh God, not unto us be the glory ; but unto Thy name for ever and ever.' We shall not forget to express our thankfulness to Almighty God for the many men who have returned home after the fight, wearing the garlands of victory and the wreaths of honour. We unitedly express our deepest sympathy with those for whom this anniversary day is one of sorrow and sadness. We sorrow with all such, and seek as best we may to help them bear their burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ, but we would also share their joy, when they and we remember with a just pride how these, their loved ones, nobly striving, nobly fell.

There must also be the expression of our loyalty to the British throne and flag, our united devotion to our most gracious sovereign the King, thanking God for the fine example and high ideals His Majesty ever keeps before his people, and praying that he may be spared for many years

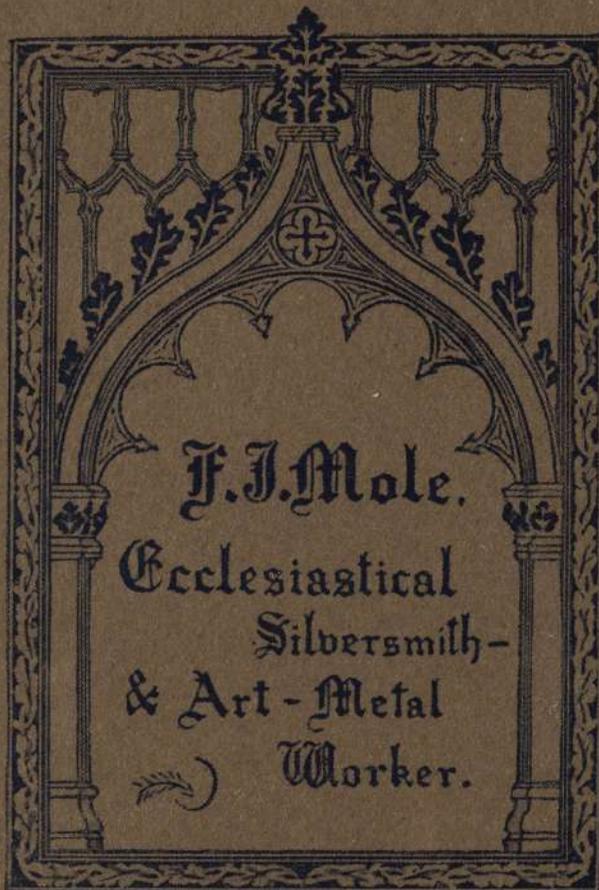
to reign over us. Not only, however, must there be commemoration and expression ; there must also be emulation, and that carries us into the future. We shall enter into the deepest meaning of 'Anzac,' in so far as we emulate our men, and catch a great deal of the spirit which they manifested. Our liberty was well-nigh wrested from us at the hands of a ruthless and cruel foe, but, thanks to the men of Anzac and their comrades, it is ours still under God. They safeguarded our liberty yonder upon mountain and in valley and upon the high seas. They stood between us and thralldom and bondage—that of an outside foe. Is that liberty and that dearly-bought freedom, that glorious heritage, to be wrested from us by foes inside our gates? Then, if not, let us stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. Let our prayer be 'Strengthen, oh God, that which Thou hast wrought for us.' Anzac Day stands as a testimony to the fact that we are a free people."



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