



SOUVENIR

FLOWER DAY

1st NOVEMBER, 1918

*In aid of the Repatriation of our Returned Soldiers
and their Dependants.*

POEMS

By A. ALLISON, H.T.

Except where otherwise acknowledged.

Dedication

To the Service of God and Humanity.

Incline Thine ear, O Lord, to him
Who bends before Thy throne,
Make strong his heart, in humble faith,
To trust in Thee alone.

AUSTRALIA

God bless these hills and plains
Where Peace with justice reigns
And Freedom dwells :
The land whose radiant soil
Makes sweet the labourer's toil
With wine and corn and oil—
Australia.

God bless this home of ours,
Protect from foreign powers
Its verdant dells ;
Long may this sacred sod,
The land our fathers trod,
Be honoured of our God—
Australia.

God bless and make us strong
To right the cruel wrong
That peace dispels ;
Advance from sea to sea,
In love and unity,
This kingdom of the free—
Australia.

For Our Soldiers

God of our fathers, at Whose call
We now before Thy footstool fall ;
Whose grace can make our Empire
strong
Through love of right and hate of
wrong ;
We pray Thee in Thy pity shield
Our soldiers on the battlefield.

Asleep beneath Thine ample dome,
With many a tender dream of home ;
Or charging in the dust and glare,
With bullets hurtling through the
air :
We pray Thee in Thy pity shield
Our soldiers on the battlefield.

If wounded in the dreadful fray,
Be Thou their comfort and their
stay ;
If dying, may they in their pain
Behold the Lamb for sinners slain ;
And thus in Thy great pity shield
All soldiers on the battlefield.

—*Dr. Downs.*

THE CHIP THAT DID ITS BIT

I'm only a chip lying doomed in the mire,
With rubbish to rot or to perish by fire.
But once I was part of a mighty tree
That swayed in the breeze from the neighbouring sea.

From the monarch's tough side I was hewn and torn,
But why at my fate should I grumble or mourn?
Despised and rejected, though low I now lie,
My work in the tree helped it up to the sky.

Had the axeman not cut and cast me aside,
How then could the ship have sailed the tide?
Though I mingle with dust or soak in the rain,
I added some strength to the mast on the main.

When thunder clouds flashed and angry winds blew,
And heaving waves dashed o'er the deck and the crew,
Then the stout timber bent, but resisted the strain,
And righted the ship again and again.

So with pride I look back to the days that were,
When I grew with the strength of the earth and the air ;
And I was a rib in the straightest tree
That ever was felled a main mast to be.

HYMN

O Lord, to Whom Thy children look
For guidance day by day,
Console the troubled ones at home,
And pity those away.

May love divine our natures move
To share each others woe,
And on the cheerless fields of life
Some seeds of kindness sow.

If we into a pit should fall,
Or grope in sorrow's night,
How precious then a brother's hand
To raise us into light.

So may we act to all oppressed,
The weary, sick, and sore,
A true, a noble brother's part,
Till frets and pains are o'er.

And when we lay our burdens down
To sleep on nature's breast,
May we with glad contented soul
Then enter into rest.

And as the sun in splendour sinks,
To shine beyond the west,
May we with all Thy children rise
To life among the blest.

MEDITATIONS

When I think of that glad morning
And the blessing it did bring,
Then I bow as did the shepherds
Low in homage to my King.
And I hear again the angels
Singing o'er the starlit plain,
"Peace on earth, goodwill to all men,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign."

When I listen on the mountain
To those wondrous words of Thine,
Then I feel the truth supernal,
Thou art human and divine ;
And the mists of doubt and darkness,
Like the shadows of the night,
Flee before Thy growing glory,
Son of man and Lord of light.

When I look to Thee for guidance,
Seeking God and asking light,
Then I know Thy Holy Spirit
Will direct my steps aright.
In the Gospel Thou dost teach us
Love is life from God above ;
Life is light in strife with darkness ;
God is light and life and love.

When I ponder on the lesson
Taught the woman at the well,
Then I drink of living water
None may purchase, none can sell ;
But it satisfies my longing,
Peace it gives 'mid wars and strife,
'Tis a well of water springing
Into everlasting life.

MEDITATIONS—*Continued*

When I see Thee feed the hungry
By the shores of Galilee,
Then with bread my soul is nourished,
Living bread that comes from Thee ;
And I hear the loving message
To each longing human breast,
“Come to Me, all ye that labour
And are heavy laden, rest.”

When I view Thee 'mid the tempest
Calm the waters at Thy will,
Then I know that when I'm troubled
Thou wilt whisper, “Peace, be still.”
For I stay my mind upon Thee,
I believe the promise true—
“I am with thee in the valley,
I will safely guide thee through.”

When I see Thee, loving Saviour,
Bow in death Thy sinless head,
Then I feel my sins are pardoned,
Thou hast suffered in my stead ;
And the burden and the sorrow
From my heart are borne away ;
Thou hast conquered death for ever ;
I can live and love and pray.

When I think of my Redeemer,
Living Lord o'er death and doom,
Then my soul in faith adoring
Trusts for life beyond the tomb ;
For the promise stands eternal
In this world of sin and strife,
“Whoso on God's Son believeth
Hath in him eternal life.”

PASSING OF THE SWIFT

Bird of passage swiftly flying,
Why thy rapid flight,
Coursing, curving, flashing, dashing
Quickly out of sight ?

While each eye is upward gazing
'Mid the clouds adrift,
Every tongue is welcome saying,
"There, oh, there's the swift."

What thy message, graceful creature,
To us dost thou bring ?
Whence and why, and whither hast'ning
On thy shining wing ?

Glad we meet thee, glad we greet thee,
Though we know full well
Thou dost pay a passing visit
Just to say farewell.

Dost thou tell of Summer going,
Sinking with the sun,
Hieing northwards o'er the tropics
Now her work is done?

Dost thou speak of Autumn coming
O'er the southern seas,
Of the green leaves slowly dying
On the sighing trees?

Yea, thou art the bird of Summer,
Joying where she reigns,
Changing homes in changing weather
With the swans and cranes.

With the pipit and the plover
Thou dost sail away,
Flashing black and white in ether
'Gainst the blue and grey.

Thou dost speak in voice supernal,
Change and death are nigh.
Life and love are still eternal,
Though we say "Good-bye."

Though we say good-bye and wonder
At the flight of breath,
Thou dost teach us to remember
Life is linked with death.

“Till the Day Dawn and the Shadows Flee Away”

When death assails with cruel dart,
And those we love go under,
What solace can we then impart
To hearts thus torn asunder?

'Tis ours to ease the smarting breast,
To soothe a friend in trouble,
And point to One who does what's best,
To whom life's but a bubble.

Though myst'ry may surround the tomb,
The veil of death be o'er us,
A glimm'ring ray shows through the gloom
A prospect bright before us :

That when this flickering light goes out,
And we are summoned thither,
A sacred rest, without a doubt,
Remains beyond the river.

Then let us join with truth and love,
Resolved to work together,
To reach that glorious home above,
The body 'neath the heather.

The world's great Architect is just,
His mercy He discovers,
And life He grants to all who trust
And act as faithful brothers.

While others mourn with heavy sigh
When ties of love dissever,
Be ours to trust the Lord on high,
Who lives and reigns for ever.

HYMN—GOOD NIGHT

Now, O Lord, the day is closing,
And our labours soon must cease,
In Thy loving care reposing
May we rest in perfect peace.

Guard and keep us from all evil,
Fill our hearts with sacred love
Till we meet upon the level
In Thy glorious home above.



War Service Distinction

George Albert Radnell
D.C.M.

Still at the Front.

Son of Henry Radnell.

For conspicuous gallantry during operations. When his gun detachment was buried, he freed himself and then dug his comrades out. He then dug another gun position, which was at once blown in, burying another man, whom he dug out and carried to the dressing station. Finally he dug another gun pit and remained in charge of a new detachment sent up. He has done other fine work. 2nd Machine Gun Company.

George Duncan Radnell
M.M.

Killed. Son of William Radnell.

For courage and initiative in capturing a German post during attack near Zonnecke on 26th September, 1917. Congratulations signed by Major-General E. G. Sinclair MacLagan, C.B., D.S.O., commanding 4th Australian Division.

Joseph Charles Radnell
M.M.

Killed. Son of Ambrose Radnell.

For conspicuous bravery in taking a message under heavy shell fire. The medal was gained on 4th August, 1916. He was killed on the 9th.

Devon Grey, M.M.

Returned. Son of William Grey.

For conspicuous bravery as stretcher bearer; mentioned by General Birdwood.

Harry Akers, D.C.M.

Returned. Son of Harry Akers.

For bravery and devotion to duty. He saved an ammunition dump and machine guns from destruction by extinguishing the fire.

Norman Graham, M.C.

Still at the Front.

Son of William Graham.

For conspicuous gallantry during the battle at Menin.

In Memoriam

PRO PATRIA

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"

THE FALLEN

Blow, golden trumpets, mournfully
For all the golden youth that's fled,
For all the shattered dreams that lie
Where God has laid the quiet dead,
Under an alien sky.
But blow triumphant music, too,
Across the world from sea to sea,
Because the heart of youth was true,
Because our Empire proved to be
Even greater than we knew.

—*Contemporary Review.*

Tarnagulla—

F. Cousins, Lieut.
C. Fitzgerald, Sergt.
G. D. Radnell, L.-Corp., M.M.
W. J. James, Gunner
V. Aspinal
E. J. Biggs
R. Biggs
H. Biggs
J. Brideson
W. S. Brideson
H. Corrie
H. L. Grey
J. Kitto
S. O. Norwood
C. V. Radnell
J. C. Radnell, M.M.
A. Runting
G. Smith
A. Rees
W. C. Whimpey
Alex. Emerson.

Newbridge—

W. H. Jennings, Lieut.
A. S. Twigg, Sergt.
N. R. Simpson, Sergt.
A. Brett
C. Brett
C. Hatt

Rheola—

H. Soulsby

Llanelly—

G. H. Alexander
G. H. Clark
C. Hennessy
H. Hennessy
J. Kitto
H. McLean
V. M. Stubbs

Laanecoorie—

V. Caldwell, Sergt.
W. Waugh, Corp.
J. Hutchinson, Lce.-Corp.
G. Tidd, Lce.-Corp.
C. Dickins
E. Lyon
W. Tidd
A. Duncombe
J. Hinch
A. Scott
P. Sekold
P. Armstrong

Arnold—

N. Graham, Sergt.
A. Stephenson
J. C. Metelman
W. Graham
G. Riordan

Waanyarra—

L. Pallot
T. Lockett