

55 William Street,

Melbourne 12th May 1896

My dear Andrew

I am not celebrated for celerity in any department, and my promptitude in answering letters is not excused from that lack of fame - you will however admit that my last production (the letter to Mrs C) was a bit of a hummer in the way of length, and I was entitled to graze and lie down in the meadow after that for awhile.

With this letter I send an "Australasian" to Mrs Clark, and I have taken the liberty to enclose in it a Conservative attack on the G.O.M. which has tickled my midriff considerably and a programme of the Australasian Social Union for this year of grace - the latter will give you

some idea of what is going
on in regard to one aspect
of the Liberal South community
here. In regard to the Sunday
services I may say (and I say
it with much satisfaction) Walters
has improved in style. This
improvement has been noticeable
since the death of his wife.

Soow is a great educator -
He lately delivered an address
on "Prayer" having special reference
to the Anglican Bishop of Adelaide's
recent deliverances thereon. You
will have noticed that this
hierarchy enjoins requests and
suggestions to the All Wise, as
to how much better ^{the} can
in the opinion of ^{the} creature,
uphold the Universe; and further
than that this dabbler in the
owl-droppings announces that the
drought is brought about in
consequence of the displeasure
of God in the system of secular
education pursued by the people.
As a legitimate sequel to this,

he had better, if the drought
continues to a certain date in
defiance of orthodox hint
cause an image of the offending
deity to be brought out into
King-William St and soundly
hounded for contumacy by the
public flagellator. It would
be all of a piece - Heavens &
Earth! when are these
Shovelhatisms and Quackhoods
to shuffle off ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ amid a
noticeable concourse of dry eyes,
and rest in Chaos for evermore.

A Melbourne Congregational
Minister rejoicing in the name
of Hoaggar assailed Waeters'
address in the press, and
complained that his "description
was a travesty of the intelligent
faith of orthodoxy". As Waeters
pointed out in reply, ^{he knows} liberalism
he knows and orthodoxy, but what
is this hybrid liberal-orthodoxy?
He pleaded for an "intelligent

faith" and unless a man were
ashamed of his orthodoxy he
could hardly complain of an
attack upon an intelligent faith
- that is a faith orthodox in
name but which really lit its
fires with the torch of rationalism
and had tacitly abandoned ^{many of} the
early standards of its creed.
The attitude taken by Taggar
shows the utter weakness of
the ecclesiastical myths. They
compromise so largely that it
really becomes not orthodox they
seek to defend, but a creed
touched by the Ironical spear of
Modernity and being slowly
transformed under the steps of
the new intellectual and emotional
needs of men. To me it is
undisputably true that Man creates
God in his own image. "The One
remains, the many change and pass".
We all feel this Awful Unity.
It was always felt. Goaded to
expression of some thought concerning

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this Unknown God, the successive generations have embroidered upon this seamless garment a representation of the Great Unity which was consonant with their best and highest conception. That conception has received an exaltation within the last 30 years and it so dominates the thought of men that even the champion of the prior conception is insensibly drawn into the wake of the Time-Spirit, and the heaven that is to leave the whole is visibly fermenting in him -

Our friend J. G. Winkle rushed into this discussion and shook his Scientific Club at the half-hearted Haggard. His letter is principally interesting to me from the fact that he proclaims himself an Unitarian.

You will be pleased to learn that the arrangements for the election

of the new Unitarian meeting-house are bravely progressing and we may look soon for a building which will architecturally and, I dare assert, spiritually adorn this City.

I think I forgot to mention to you that I ordered the life of Paine you enquired about some time ago. I arranged with Seroy to send the book direct to you so soon as it arrived from America.

I was very much surprised to learn that Mr. Munro and Henry were coming to Melbourne. I met them last Sunday at the Melb Coffee Palace where they are staying, and spent the day with them. In the morning we visited the old cemetery where Batman is buried; in the afternoon we went to Brighton; and in the evening we went to the Theatre Royal where Rev. S. Chapman, Minister of the Baptist Church Collins St delivered an address to a house cram-

jammed from floor to ceiling.
As we were a little late we
had to go right atop to the
gallery of the gods, and I got
Mrs M a seat in front where
she could look down on the
great mass of humanity -
I fancy Mrs Minnie doing
the Royal on a Sunday and
in such a part of the house too.
When I have thought of the
dear little woman since I
have laughed not a little -
The weather is rather cold at
present but they both appear
to like it, and having that
Mrs M's thoughts have a habit
of frequently reverting homewards,
and that she experiences a
shrinkng of her shy nature in
these interminable crowds and
noises, I feel certain they will
derive no little benefit and
enjoyment from their trip.

Much as I should like
to be at the ^{next} 4th of July celebration
I cannot express the least hope
that I shall be able to come.
Legal matters are bush at this

period and I cannot ask for
leave of absence in view of
my recent engagement in the
Office - I have spoken to Walter
on this subject and he is equally
certain that he cannot come -
We can only ask that you will
give us a thought on that evening
Ours will be with you. You will
not doubt that.

I have not seen much of
Walter of late - He has been
very much occupied and my
official labors absorb much of my
attention - I like my present office
and the people in it - After so
many years I am able to work
with men who are human in
their relations and do not shackle
you with foolish mannerisms -
There is a wonderful freedom in
this office and it is a pleasure
for me to work with such a man
as Whiting. He deserves to be kindly
remembered to you & Mrs Clark.

Remember me in the old time way
to all the boys, and bestow some
kisses on the 'Knuckers' for me -
Give my affectionate regards to Mrs
and tell her I shall be happy when
her time permits her to write ever so
short a letter - With best wishes believe me
bear Andrew always affectionately
G. S. Patton