

came home at twenty minutes past seven. How anxious we felt, I need not say ; but we tried not to give way. Only the ladies dined with us.

I prayed earnestly for my darling child, and longed for the morrow to arrive. Read Körner's beautiful "Gebet vor der Schlacht," "Vater, ich rufe Dich" (Prayer before the Battle, "Father, I call on Thee"). My beloved husband used to sing it often. My thoughts were entirely fixed on *Egypt* and the coming battle. My nerves were strained to such a pitch by the intensity of my anxiety and suspense that they seemed to feel as though they were all alive.

*Wednesday, September 13.*

Woke very often. Raw and dull. Took my short walk, and breakfasted in the cottage. Had a telegram that the army marched out last night. What an anxious moment ! We walked afterwards as far as the arch for Leopold's reception, which was a very pretty one, and placed as nearly where it had been on previous occasions, only rather nearer Middleton's lodge, and thence back to the cottage, where I sat and wrote and signed, etc.

Another telegram, also from Reuter, saying