

The Family Circle.

TO OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

Queen, that from spring to autumn of Thy reign,
Hast taught Thy people how 'tis queenlier far,
Than any golden pomp of peace or war,
Simply . . . be a woman without stain!
Queen whom we love, who lovest us again!
We pray that yonder, by Thy wild Braemar,
The lord of many legions, the White Czar,
At this red hour, hath tarried not in vain,
We dream that from Thy words, perhaps Thy tears,

Ev'n in the King's inscrutable heart shall grow
Harvest of succor, weal, and gentler days!
So shall Thy lofty name to latest years
Still loftier sound, and ever sweeter blow
The rose of Thy imperishable praise.

—William Watson.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care,
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days,
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so
dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent.
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer,
To those around whose lives are now so dear,
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

—Medical Missionary Record.

HEROES OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

COL. LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, V.C.

If one may judge from certain utterances it has, apparently, become the fashion of late years to describe this as a decadent age, and to talk as if Great Britain bred nothing but shopkeepers and stockbroking capitalists. This spirit of pessimism may be in some measure due to the fact that this country has, happily, not been for some time at war with any other great power; but a mere recollection of those who, since the inauguration of the order, have won the Victoria Cross, will serve to remind us that there must be with us a number of men who are prepared, at any moment, to prove their readiness to "scorn delights, to live laborious days" and to risk their lives, if need be, in the service of their Queen and their country.

I think no one, with the slightest pretence to sense or sensibility, can so much as think of war without horror; and whether it be a hand-to-hand conflict with a barbarous race or a desperate struggle with a civilized power, one must realize that it is a terrible responsibility which rests with the prime movers in such a catastrophe. At the same time, one is almost bound to acknowledge that nothing tends more to peace than a thoroughly adequate national defence; and if wars must continue—and they must, I suppose, continue so long as any one nation declines arbitration—it will be admitted that the better provided a nation is for any emergency the better, and an army or navy without its heroes would be hardly more useful than an engine without motive power.

It may be of interest at this point to allude to the Victoria Cross itself. There is, perhaps, no decoration better known or more coveted, but it may be of value to recall one or two facts concerning it. As everyone knows, the decoration consists of a Maltese cross of bronze, similar to

that which surmounts the Royal crown, having in the centre the Royal crest (a crowned lion) and underneath an escroll, bearing the inscription, "For Valour." It is suspended from the left breast by a blue riband for the Navy and red for the Army, and for any second act of heroism—which would otherwise have been recognized by the gift of the cross—a bar is added thereto. This famous decoration was instituted by the Queen just forty years ago, and it is said that the cross originated with, and was designed by, the late Prince Consort. It need only be added that the cross is presented to each hero by the Queen herself where this interesting ceremony is practicable.

There are at the present day three officers living who hold the Victoria Cross, in whose lives I have felt more particularly interested—General Lord Roberts, General Sir Evelyn Wood, and Colonel Lord William Beresford, the subject of this sketch.

My first interview was with Lord William Beresford, and, although I am not permitted to write this article in the conventional "interview" form, I have to thank his lordship for the very kind way in which he furnished me with all the information I needed, and for a portrait.

On first acquaintance with Lord William Beresford, whose town house is Carlton House Terrace, one is most struck with his business-like habits, his energy, and his genuine courtliness.

Lord William has for twenty-two years held the important and exceedingly responsible post of Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India, a position in which his tact and good sense as well as his other soldierly qualities stood him in such excellent stead that it may be safely said that no man has left India with a happier reputation. Although Lord William has for some little time been off the active list, he still has a great deal of private correspondence to get through, and as one watches the dexterous and rapid way in which he dictates letter after letter to his secretary one realizes with some amazement that his business capacity would do credit to the head of a great city house. Lord William rarely leaves a letter unanswered—in itself no slight sign of his natural courtesy, for at least a third of the communications he receives every week are written with the purpose of obtaining some favor.

Lord William is the third son of John, the late Marquis of Waterford, his elder brothers being (Henry) the late Marquis of Waterford, whose sudden death will be fresh in the recollection of many, and Lord Charles Beresford, so well known throughout the country for his work in—and his devotion to—the Navy. There is, of course, another brother, Lord Marcus, some years younger than himself. It is now nearly thirty years ago that Lord William, then a Captain in the Royal (9th) Lancers, went out to Africa under Lord Chelmsford, and in the campaign with the Zulus won his Victoria Cross.

It was on the eve of the battle of Ulundi that Lord William Beresford, when in front of the main army with a special scouting force, fell into an ambush of Zulus, and at Sir Redvers Buller's loud command to fire a volley and retire, Beresford and his men rode back to the main body followed by a shower of bullets and assegais. Two men were killed on the spot, and a third, Sergeant Fitzmaurice, being badly wounded, fell from his horse.

The Zulus were closing round him and his fate was practically sealed, when Beresford looking back, saw that there was a faint chance of saving him. It was but a hope and there was no time for calculation. Without a second's hesitation Beresford wheeled his horse round, and in less time than it takes to relate it, he was by the side of the wounded man, revolver in hand, and urging the half-fainting sergeant to allow himself to be saved. A difficulty presented itself by the fact that the brave sergeant strongly protested against the proceeding, declaring that where one might return, two could not hope to. "Save yourself!" he exclaimed. In spite of the wounded man's protest, however, Beresford succeeded in lifting him into the saddle, and firing a couple of well directed shots at the foremost of the on-coming Zulus, Beresford jumped up behind him and rode after his now retreating troop. Another second's delay would have been fatal. As Lord William admitted to the writer, he did not expect at that juncture to get back to his comrades at all. He received, however, not a little assistance from a brave fellow, Sergeant O'Toole, who while the ride back was being accomplished, succeeded to some extent in keeping the assailants at bay with his revolver whilst running alongside the horse, and when it was subsequently announced that Lord William Beresford was to receive the V.C., it is pleasant to recall the fact that Lord William pressed home the brave work of Sergeant O'Toole, who, he very modestly declared, deserved the honour more than he, and they together received the reward "for valour" at the hands of their Sovereign.

Lord William has been as great a success in society as he has been in the service (and had the privilege of entertaining the Prince a short time ago, at The Deepdene, near Dorking); but he is indeed no carpet knight, and, although it must be said that his lines are cast in pleasant places, he would be one of the first to offer his invaluable services in the field if they were needed.

It is now over a year that the marriage of Lord William Beresford and the Duchess of Marlborough was announced in the papers, and when one thinks of Lord William's high character, and the way in which his charming wife works for others, it would not be too much, or be sycophantic, to say that in themselves they represent much that is best in our aristocracy.

When at Carlton House Terrace it was with a strange thrill of emotion that I examined the thin white coat which Lord William wore at the time of the brave deed, to which I have briefly alluded, and as I observed the dark red stains upon it, caused by the blood of the man he had saved, I was greatly impressed with the way such a brave deed seems to come home to one with the aid of such silent witness, as compared to the mere reading of heroic acts at one's own fireside.

There is just one matter more to which I should like to allude when writing of Lord William Beresford, and that is his fondness for animals. As every one knows, he is a splendid horseman, and it was no doubt in some measure to this that he owed his escape at Ulundi. For many years he had a favourite terrier, and in an honoured place in Lord William's study at Carlton House Terrace one may see a large portrait of the spot in far-away India where all that remains of the little animal lie buried. As Mr. Archibald

Forbes has said, Lord William has in his career disclosed "the rare gift of managing men, of evoking without either friction or fuss the best that was in his rough troopers." In fact, as is so often the case, Lord William combines in his own character not only those qualities which go to make up the true fighting man—determination and personal courage—but also a real consideration, all too rare, for the feelings of others.

It is indeed the fact that in Lord William Beresford real bravery—a carelessness, if one may say so, of his own life—has not been incompatible with a true regard for the lives of others which have made him a hero, and must be the main characteristic of all who have won the Victoria Cross.—Arthur H. Lawrence in *Great Thoughts*.

NO HIRING ABOUT THE MATTER.

Probably one of the neatest bits of sharp bargaining ever enacted took place not long ago between an apparently ignorant German with an abundance of wealth and a sharp dealer in horses. The German wanted a day's outing, and decided that a long drive would suffice for his wants, and applied to the horse-dealer for the hire of his best horse and trap. The dealer, not knowing the applicant, demurred at supplying his wants. The German, determined to have his ride, finally pulled out a huge roll of bills, and offered to buy the horse and rig, provided the dealer would buy them back at the same price. This surprised the dealer, but not wishing to offend the owner of so much ready money and possibly a good future customer, he agreed to the deal.

The German departed with the horse and rig, and at the end of the day returned them in good condition, expressing his satisfaction at the pleasure the drive had afforded him. The dealer, according to the agreement, paid him back the money, and the German started to leave the place.

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed the dealer, "but you have forgotten to pay for the hire, you know."

"Pay for the hire? Why, my dear sir," coolly replied the German, "I fail to see that. If you will exercise your memory a trifle you will agree that I have been driving my own horse and trap all day, and, now you have bought them back, they are yours. There was no hiring about the matter. Good-day, sir." And he left the astonished dealer to reflect.—*From Harper's Round Table*.

Milk may be bought by the brick in summer just the same as some kinds of ice cream. It will be frozen solid, though, and if intended for use as soon as received in the household the lacteal fluid for the tea or coffee will have to be chipped off with the handle of the knife or fork, according to the quantity desired in the drink. From a fad, frozen milk has grown to be more or less of a necessity in the warmer countries in Europe. The Belgian Government designs to increase the trade at an annual outlay of £10,000, and in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, a company has been formed and arrangements have been completed for the regular export of frozen milk. The necessary plant has been erected, and contracts have been made already for the delivery of 110,000 lbs. per week, which will be sent to all parts of the world in bricks or blocks like ice.