THE GREAT IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING THE TRUTH

The Life of St. Paul One Continued Reiteration of this Fact.

CULTURE VALUELESS WITHOUT RELIGION

Rev. Dr. Benjamin Tilton Statesir Preaches Eloquent and Forceful Sermon Before Reformed Church Congregation in New York State.

Brooklyn, Sept 1.—In the Reformed Church of Fallsburg, which is at Woodbourne, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Tilton Statesir preached a strong sermon on "Knowing the Truth." The text was from Phillipians iii:8: "Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Dr. Statesir said:

Some might say that this was a very unwise conclusion to come to; that it was a judgment that would not be sanctioned by worldly wisdom. And yet the man who wrote these words was one of the most logical and scholarly men of his time. He was not an ignorant man—but a man of considerable culture. He was well versed in all the laws and customs of the Jews, having been brought up, as he said, at the feet of Gamaliel, one of their famous teachers. He was possessed of considerable literary attainments, having been a native of Tarsus; no mean city; a city famous for its schools of philosophy and its polite learning. He was thus, so far as worldly wisdom went, capable of forming a judgment. His standing among his countrymen, the Jews, was high, and his reputation was great. He might have been looked upon as a rising young man among them; one who was certain to attain a prominent place among the leaders. He said of himself that he was "of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." You see, he was a thorough-going Pharisee, with all the Pharisee's pride and self- righteousness. And for that one item of zeal in persecuting the Church, he would be sure to be given great consideration among the leaders of his people. They were so hostile to Jesus and His disciples that anyone who took up the work of persecuting the Church would immediately gain their favor. And Saul of Tarsus had excessive zeal in that direction. Being exceedingly mad against the Christians, he persecuted them even unto strange cities and gave his voice against them when they were condemned to death.

At length he had obtained from the chief priests at Jerusalem letters to Damascus, and was proceeding to that place to ferret out any of that sect who might be there and bring them to justice. But there came a change in Saul of Tarsus." Even as he was on his way to carry out his commission, he came in contact with a power that he had never felt before—the power of Jesus of Nazareth. There was a great light which shone round about him from heaven and a voice which he heard speaking to him, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest," and the power of the Holy Spirit sent to bring the truth home to his heart. All this made a different man of Saul of Tarsus. He went to Damascus, but not as he had hoped. He started to Damascus to persecute the Christians; he reached Damascus to pray and to become a follower of the despised Christ; a subject of the almighty power of divine grace; a sinner turned from enmity to love towards the Lord Jesus Christ. From this soul-searching experience he had come to the deliberate judgment that to know Christ excelled all other knowledge; excelled everything else in its intrinsic value, and that he would not part with that knowledge for all the wide world. "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." That knowledge excelled; was superior to everything else.

And see how closely Paul here identifies himself with Jesus of Nazareth. It seems almost as if one could see him crowding up as close as he could get, pushing closely to Jesus as Him, as an expression of his arms around Him, as a helpless child of his trust in Him does not say, "Christ a Savior. He of the Christians," "Jesus and Lord my Lord." He was one of "Christ Jesus ians now, and he not only the Christ herald that fact, but he wished to and in his knowledge of Christ.

It is the conclusion to which every one of us should come. Whatever may have been our experience in the ways of the world; whatever may be our possessions and our wisdom, if we have experienced the knowledge of Christ, we must come to this conclusion which Paul reached, and we are willing to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. And why is this knowledge so much better than all other knowledge and all other things? What had Paul found when he found this knowledge of Christ?

1. In the first place, in knowing Christ, Paul had come to know the truth; the truth that he needed and did not possess. Jesus said to Himself, "I am the way, the truth and the life." Christ is truth and to know Christ is to know the truth. The truth which Paul would find in Christ was the truth about Christ Himself, the truth of duty, the truth of heaven, the truth about Paul himself. He needed the truth in all these respects and in knowing Christ he would come to the right knowledge of the truth. How sadly was Paul in error with regard to Christ. How much he needed to know about Jesus of Nazareth that he did not know. To him Christ had been nothing more than an impostor who richly deserved the death that came to him; and His disciples were simply a body of misguided men whose influence would likely to increase, and whose numbers would be likely to multiply, unless they were summarily suppressed. And he was one of those who thought they ought to be suppressed at all hazards and personally he did what he could to bring about that result. He persecuted them, hunted them, brought them before rulers, gave his voice against them when they were condemned to death, did all that a prosecuting spirit could lead him to do. How necessary it was for him to learn the truth about Christ. He was hot in his rage against the Christians, but in all this persecution Paul did not show himself to be a cruel man. He hunted Christians as one might hunt criminals who were a menace to society. He was conscientious in it all and that was what gave such a sharp edge to his persecution; he felt that he ought to do it and that he was doing God service. "I verily thought," he said, "that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." A religious fanatic, and showed religious zeal.

It needed something like a moral earthquake to turn Saul of Tarsus from that zeal. It needed something like that light from heaven, that voice speaking to him in no uncertain tones. When he heard Christ, when he became acquainted with Christ, he knew the truth. He was turned completely around; he must follow Christ. And that knowledge of Christ, which had met him on the road from Jerusalem had completely revolutionized his character and his life. He had thought that Jesus was crucified as a malefactor; he had heard a report of His resurrection and ascension, but he believed nothing of that, and yet there was the voice of Jesus speaking to him from heaven, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Then Jesus lived; then Jesus was all he claimed to be, and Paul must say as Thomas had said, "My Lord and my God."

Paul came to know the truth at last. So it must be with us. If we would learn the truth we need to know, we must learn it through the great Teacher from heaven, Jesus Christ, whose spirit is given us. And as we learn the truth from Jesus and His spirit, the truth makes us free from sin and ignorance and prejudice; brings us into a large place where we can see, and see Him who was crucified for us.

II. Paul in knowing Christ had come to know the effect of the truth; the effect that needed to be wrought in him. He had been a persecutor, full of hatred and hostility against Christ and His disciples, yet when he came to know Christ, somehow all that hatred had disappeared. He knew no further feeling of hostility. Somehow he had been turned completely around. His feelings toward Jesus were now far different, for he had seen the truth; he had heard the Lord's voice. Now he was learning to love Jesus. His heart turned toward Him. He had felt the power of the truth, as the truth is in Jesus. And when the scales fell from his eyes, he saw clearly and with more than natural physical vision. He had a clearer spiritual vision. He was conscious of the great change that had taken place in him; that he was no longer an enemy of Jesus, but a friend, a child, a new creature in Christ. He had been made free by the truth. If someone had said to Saul of Tarsus when he set out from Jerusalem that before he reached Damascus he would become a follower of Christ, he would have indignantly resented it; and yet here was the fact. This persecuting Jew, this self-righteous Pharisee, this cultured Hebrew, had become a follower of Christ, through the power of Christ a follower of the truth. To know Christ is to know the truth, and to know the truth is to feel the power of the truth and obey it. Paul knew that he could no more go back to his old persecuting life than he could turn into a dog. Why? Because he felt the power of the new life that was in him; that life which had come to him from knowledge of the Christ and of the truth. So it must be with you and with me. Anyone who has learned Christ and the truth as it is in Him; who has felt the power of the truth to make him a new creature in Christ, cannot get out into the world and live his old life. He is a new man. He cannot go out into the world and cheat his neighbors. He cannot, in his business, practice his old game of over-reaching, taking advantage, deceit, trickery and other dishonest ways of making gain. He is a new creature if he has felt the power of the truth. He has turned his back on all the old evil ways he knew.

III. But, once more: In knowing Christ Paul had come to know the purpose of the truth. Jesus had said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." Paul had found out the great purpose of the truth, which is to save, to bring eternal life. Paul had found that life simply through knowing Jesus and the truth in Him. The purpose of the gospel is to bring men to Christ so they may be saved. The purpose of Christ's mission into the world was to give men eternal life, so they should never perish. Paul had entered into this new life through his knowledge of Jesus Christ. He was an heir of heaven. In becoming a follower of Jesus Christ, he had found the right way. As a Pharisee he had thought he was well on the way toward heaven. He was ready to thank God he was not as other men are. He gloried in his conformity to the law; thought he was blameless. But now he saw that all that was deceptive; that the only way to life was through this de- In knowing Christ, through faith in Him. become one with Christ, then, he had be- Nay, acquainted with the way to life. receiving He had received life in

So we Christ.

wise in to conclude that Paul was the excellent judgment with regard to Jesus Christ of the knowledge of place of it; nothing could take the the lack of it; could make up for knew the truth; knew Christ—he the truth wrought had the effect of possessed eternal himself, and he

Has the work wrought in you? the truth been true knowledge of you come to eth? Have you found of Nazarit will all come to you in Him? Him. For Paul's knowledge was a heart knowledge, a knowledge it was from experience. He knew what Christ had done for him. He gloried in his knowledge of Jesus. And so we, too, should seek and find that knowledge, that we also may be partakers with Paul of that life which is everlasting. As Jesus said in His inimitable prayer: "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Baptist Notes

It is expected that Rev. A. A. Rutledge, of Temperance Vale, will settle in Doaktown.

Rev. O. N. Chipman, of Hampton, has so many "joy riders" in his congregation, who insist on carrying him, that he can scarcely find a chance to take a walk.

The Examiner says:

Elsewhere we give a report from a prominent Methodist minister of the services conducted on a recent Sunday at Ocean Grove by Dr. Cortland Myers, of Tremont Temple, Boston. Every year Dr. Myers goes for a Sunday to Ocean Grove, and his presence always crowds the vast auditorium, which is the largest assembly hall in America. This year he held his audience spellbound as he told, in his vigorous way, the Gospel story which never grows old. Not politics, not socialism, not even social betterment is what the people want to hear from the pulpits. They crave the old, old story of Jesus and His love. In some pulpits, at least, this story would arouse a sensation, for it has been a long time since some congregations heard it. Let the ministers go to their Bibles and find out just what their Master sent them to preach.

The Baptist Times says:

An Illinois brewery failed recently, and as it was unable to pay the taxes due, 3,081 barrels of beer were seized and emptied into the river. The consequence was that thousands of fish were killed and the cattle on the farms along the banks of the river received serious damage. The Chicago Standard says that the farmers are threatening the city authorities for allowing the river to be thus polluted. Our contemporary adds that if the beer had been poured down the throats of the slum-dwellers no one would have made any outcry, but cattle and fish are quite a different matter.

The British Weekly has recently taken a newspaper vote, to determine the ten most useful Englishmen. Of the ten names obtained, three were Baptists. Lloyd George, Dr. John Clifford and Dr. F. B. Meyers.

Rev. Mr. McKay, who recently came from Scotland and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Newcastle Bridge church, was in St. John this week, the guest of Dr. W. E. McIntyre.

According to the American Baptist Year Book, in six States—Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia—one out of every five of the population is a Baptist; in Kentucky, one out of every ten is a Baptist; in Arkansas and Texas, one out of every eight in Tennessee, one out of nine. In the District of Columbia, Missouri and Louisiana the proportion is one to eleven. Then the ratio jumps to one in twenty-one in Oklahoma, one to twenty-eight in West Virginia, and one to thirty-one in Kansas. From that it ranges to one out of every 339 in Utah. In the United tateSs the average is one to seventeen.

It is impossible to declare accurately just what are the particular forces that contribute most to the growth of a denomination. But we are sure of this, that Baptists owe a great deal in this connection to their educational institutions. Where these have abounded and have received adequate support there has been corresponding growth and strength in the denomination. The Baptists of the United States are a striking example of this. They have ten Theological Seminaries, with one hundred and twenty-three students, endowments amounting to about $5,000,000, with an annual income of nearly 5320,000. They have ninety-seven Universities and Colleges having endowments amounting to $35,000 (exclusive of the University of Chicago,) and a combined annual income of $4,200,000. And they have ninety-one Academies, which have endowments of $1,000,000, and annual incomes amounting to $860,000. In the Universities nad Colleges and Academies, in addition to the other students, there are 3,330 ministerial students. That is to say, that along with the students in the Theological Seminaries, the American Baptists have 4,153 students in training for the Gospel ministry. In view of this, we do well to stand by our educational institutions even to a greater extent than we have in the past.

Miss Mabel E. Archibald and Miss Ganner left India on Aug 18th. for the home land. Both are ill and sorely in need of rest.

Mr. R. M. Hobson, formerly at St. Andrews is happily settled as pastor at Titusville and Smithtown.

The Home Mission Board and Provincial Executive met in St. John on Tuesday. The programme for the Association, to be held in the Brussels St., Church, was arranged. A large delegation is expected.

Rev. W. W. McMaster, at one time pastor at Germain St., now of Washington, D. C., has been summering near Toronto. He has supplied the First Church, in Buffalo, for two Sabbaths.

Rev. F. H. Wentworth came down from Oak Point on Friday after a month's holiday.

Rev. S. Johnson, who has been pastor at Chance Harbor, will preach at Chipman next Sunday.

Rev. Mr. McCluckie, of Florenceville, will preach the annual Associational sermon this year.

FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG

The Battle of Minden

August 1, 1759.

The battle of Minden might almost be described as having been won by a blunder, and a blunder about so insignificant a thing as a mere preposition! Prince Ferdinand, who commanded the allied army, had placed the six regiments of British infantry, who formed the flower of his force, in his centre, and had given orders that they were to move forward in attack 'on sound of drum." The British read the order, "with sound of drum." The seventy-five splendid squadrons of horse who formed the French centre were in their immediate front. The British saw their foes before them, line on line of tossing horse-heads and gleaming helmets, of scarlet and steel, and wind-blown crests. What other "signal of battle" was needed? Obeying the warlike impulse in their blood, they at once moved forward "with sound of drum"—every drummer-boy in the regiments, in fact, plying his drum-sticks with furious energy, and those waves of warlike sound stirred the dogged valour of the British to a yet fiercer daring! Prince Ferdinand never contemplated such a movement; it violated all the rules of war. What sane general would have launched 6000 infantry in line to attack 10,000 of the finest cavalry in Europe in ranked squadrons? It is on record that the Hanoverian troops placed in support of the British regiments watched with dumb and amazed alarm the "stupid" British moving serenely forward to a contest so lunatic. But to the confusion of all critics, and to the mingled wrath and shame of the French generals, these astonishing British regiments tumbled Contades' splendid cavalry into mere distracted ruin, and left his wings disconnected military fragments, and won, in the most irregular manner, the great battle of Minden!

Minden is, for Englishmen, not the least glorious fight in that long procession of battles we call the Seven Years' War—a war which, from the English standpoint, has much better moral justification than most people suppose. The Seven Years' War itself was but a sort of bloody postscript to the war of the Austrian Succession; this, in turn, was merely the second act in the great struggle labelled picturesquely from "Jenkins' ear." This again, was but the final syllable in that long dispute, argued with the fierce lips of guns and the glittering edges of swords, which runs back to the days of Drake and of Hawkins, and of "the singeing of the King of Spain's beard." Spain claimed, as the gift of the Pope, the exclusive lordship of the New World. One-half the planet, in brief, was shut, with a bit of ecclesiastical sealing-wax, against everybody but Spaniards! A British ship found trading in the Spanish Main was treated as a smuggler or a pirate or as a combination of both. So it came to pass there was "no peace south of the Line."

But the situation at last grew intolerable. Captain Jenkins, of the goodship Rebecca, sailing innocently, as he declared, from Jamaica to London, was boarded by a guarda-costa off Havana; his ear was slashed or torn off and thrown in his face, and he was bidden "carry it home to his king and tell him how British traders in Spanish waters were treated." Jenkins did so, quite literally; and that little bit of amputated sea-going flesh turned out to be the picturesque and concrete symbol about which the slow-beating British imagination kindled to a white fire of wrath. The statesmen of England were against war; the people were for war; and no one doubts today that the people were wiser than the statesmen. The inarticulate common-sense of the masses divided more truly the real questions whether America was to be developed on the British or on the Spanish type, were amongst the issues involved.

There might, indeed, have been no United States but for that slash at Captain Jenkins' ear! The northern half of the great American continent today might have been, like the south-wrangling half Indian, half Indian half Latin republics.

But another dispute poured its gall into the quarrel. The two branches of the Bourbon House in Paris and Madrid were linked together by the secret and infamous Family Compact, a compact described by Burke as "the most odious and formidable conspiracy against the liberties of Europe" which history records. It was practically a secret alliance for the partition of Europe in the interests of the Bourbons, and it was certainly fraught with deadly peril to England, whose commercial freedom — whose very right to exist—it menaced. The Family Compact brought France into the war, first as a tributory, then as a principal: the war of "Jenkins's ear" expanded into the war of the Austrian Succession; and England, fighting on the Main or the Weser, was really fighting for her colonies, her trade, for the whole future of civilisation, though probably her statesmen very imperfectly understood the real scale of the great drama in which they were taking part. George II. certainly saw Hanover rather than America. The Treasury benches bounded the intellectual horizon of such politicians as Newcastle or Pulteney. Only Pitt, with his kingly brain and piercing vision or the remoter causes and ultimate issues of events, understood the real scale of the great contest in which England was engaged.

On the French side the contest was planned on great lines, and fought over wide area. Belleisle was the French minister of war, and his strategy was almost as spacious and magnificent as that of Napoleon himself. He fed the war in India and America; he menaced England herself with invasion by the mighty armament he assembled at Brest; and with 50,000 choice French troops on the Weser, under Contades and Broglie, he threatened to overrun Hanover. Clive in India, Wolfe at Quebec, Hawke off Quiberon, shattered the armies and fleets and hopes of France. On the Continent, however, England had brave troops, but no general. Pitt, who had a great statesman's gift for choosing fit instruments, determined to borrow a commander for the allied forces. He found his man in Prince Ferdinand—a fine soldier, trained in the school of Frederick the Great. Ferdinand had something of Marlborough's miraculous tact in dealing with men, and much, too of Prince Eugene's gallant fighting quality. A tough, swift-visioned, cool, and high-minded soldier, of unconquerable patience and exhaustless resource, and with a true genius for war. Wellington said a general's business consisted chiefly in guessing "what was happening on the other side of the hill"; and few soldiers have ever surpassed Ferdinand in the faculty for reading the thoughts and plans of the generals with whom he was contending. How serene and invincible must have been the fact that he achieved the feat of successfully commanding a miscellaneous host of Austrians, Prussians, Hanoverians, and British. And if the British soldier of 1759 had all the fighting qualities of his breed—the headlong daring of the men who swept up the great breach at Badajos, the iron valor of the unconquerable infantry who held the squares at Waterloo—yet he had, in addition, a good many of the trouble some qualities of his race. The British soldier is not very docile to a commander who has the bad taste not to be an Englishman himself, and who delivers his orders with a foreign accent.

Carlyle quotes a description, given by Mauvillion, of the British soldier of the last century, as seen through the spectacles of German officers, which shows how enduring are the characteristics of the type. "Braver troops when on the field of battle, and under arms against the enemy," wrote Mauvillon, "you will nowhere find in the world—that is the truth; and with that the sum of their military merits ends." The British infantryman, Mauvillon says, in effect, is sulky and stubborn; the cavalry private has "such a foolish love for his horse" as makes him "astonishingly plunderous of forage." The British officer was totally unequipped with either knowledge of war or fear of death. "They have," says Mauvillon, "a quiet, natural arrogance which tempts them to despise the enemy as well as the danger; and as they very seldom thing of making any surprisal themselves, they generally take it for granted that the enemy will as little." "It is well known," adds Mauvillon, "how much these people despise all foreigners"—especially, it may be added, when they are Hanoverians! Yet Ferdinand managed his British exquisitly. He asked of them only what they could give him, and what a good general most values, magnificent fighting service. Ferdinand subtly flattered them, indeed, by always thrusting them into the place where hard knocks were most abundant. In Contades and Broglie—the "war-god Broglie" of Carlyle, who thirty years afterwards, flitted briefly and tragically across the smoky sky of the French Revolution—he had opponents of very high quality; yet Ferdinand out-generalled them as completely in the strife of wits before Minden as his gallant British regiments overthrew them by actual push of pike and bayonet in the battle itself.

Contades and Broglie, whose united forces were a little short of 70,000 men were threatening Hanover; Ferdinand, with some 54,000 men, had the task of defending it. Contades had taken up a position of great strength in front of Minden. His right wing was on the Weser, his left was covered by a morass, impassable to either cavalry or artillery; the Bastau, a black, slow-creeping stream with treacherous banks, served as a sort of natural wet ditch to his front; and here, with 30,000 men and powerful artillery, Contades sat unassailable, while Broglie, with a force of almost equal strength, was in touch on the farther bank of the Weser. Ferdinand could not attack the position held by the French in front of Minden; he dared not expose his own flank to the counter-stroke of Contades, while he marched off to prevent Broglie overrunning Hanover; it only remained to tempt Contades out of his ring of sheltering morasses. And the story of the cool daring and light-handed skill with which this was done makes a very pretty study in tactics.

In brief, Ferdinand detached 10,000 men under his nephew, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, a gallant, hard-hitting soldier, to make a snatch at Gohfeld, ten miles to the rear of Contades, and so cut off his meal waggons, lumbering slowly down from Cassel. Next he thrust out his left wing, under Wangenheim, leaving an apparently careless and fatal gap of three miles betwixt wing and centre. Ferdinand, that is, committed—or seemed to commit, and with ostentation—under the very eyes of the eagerly watching French generals, two unpardonable military blunders. He divided his force in the presence of the enemy by despatching 10,000 to attack Gohfeld; he permitted his left wing to lie within actual stroke of the foe, and left it with support. Contades resembled, in a word, a wary and much experienced trout at the bottom of a deep pool, and Ferdinand's left wing was the fly with which the trout was being daintily tempted to make a dash out. The 10,000 men marching on Gohfeld, of course, gave the impression that the allied army was divided, as well as ill-placed. On the evening of July 31, 1759, Contades held a council of war, and it was determined to attack, suddenly—before dawn—and with the whole strength of the French army. The sound of the tattoo that night was to be the signal for movement. Contades' army was to cross the Bastau by nineteen bridges, already constructed, form into eight columns, and push, like the thrust of a spear, through the apparent gap betwixt Ferdinand's left wing and his centre. Wangenheim would thus be caught betwixt the main body of the French and the Weser; and Broglie, marching along the banks of the Weser, was to crush that truncated left wing into powder, and then join Contades in a victorious assault on Ferdinand's main body. But Ferdinand divined the plans of the French council of war accurately as though he had assisted to make them. He guessed, indeed, the very hour and method of the attack. At one o'clock that same night his cavalry was saddled; and while the stars yet shone

Continued On Page Thirteen.

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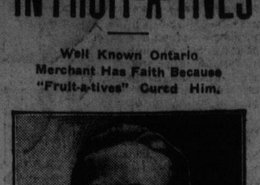

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Rev. Wellington Camp, B. D., Pastor.

Services, 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Sabbath school, 2.30 p. m. Mid-week service, Wednesday, 8 p. m. Subject, 11 a. m., Help and Thanksgiving; 7 p. m., Christ the desire of all nations. Strangers welcome.

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School will re-open on September 17th. R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

FIGHTS

Continued From Page Twelve.

in the misty heavens, and while French, with much confusion and mult, were pouring across their teen bridges, Ferdinand's troops perfect silence and order, march on converging lines, had filled up apparent gap, and stood in order battle ready for the fight.

Day broke, grey and uncertain, fog, and the French moved stumbl ly, and with many halts, across heath, rough with undergrowth, front of Minden. Broglie, with bank of the Weser to guide him, re ed Wangenheim's flank. About o'clock Contades, riding in fron his slowly advancing battali mounted the low empty ridge w marked the apparent gap in Fe and's position, and from which he pected to Wagenheim's undef ed flank, lying open to his stroke. grey mist, slowly lifting and blow to eddies by a faint wind, still str ed over the plain, but through it broke on Contades' astonished vi the outlines of a great army in st fast battle array—far-streiching of solid infantry, punctuated with teries, and edged with ordered sq rons of horse. The "gap" had va ed. Ferdinand's apparently aban ed left wing on the Weser was kn by a chain of marshalled battalion his centre. This was formed of t far-extended lines of British infa a long ribbon of steel and sca while yet farther to the right, ra in menacing squadrons, was the ish and Hanoverian cavalry. Wi stroke Prince Ferdinand had canc all the advantages of position on part of the French, and drawn t out to meet him in the open.

Contades could not retreat; to those nineteen bridges with Ferdi thundering on his rear would have ruinous. He had, after all, great eriority in numbers, and, as qu as might be, he made his dispo for battle. Contades adopted a ominous precedent—the formatio cavalry—a magnificent force of 1 horsemen—in his centre, covered front by the fire of his powerful lery, and formed his infantry on e wing. A small wood screened the ish and Hanoverian cavalry on inand's right; some rough gr served to protect the Hanoverian Prussian battalions that formed left. But the centre was clear. A a narrow interval of heath the c ing squadrons of French horsemé the steadfast lines of British inf gazed at each other. Nothing ated them but a few hundred y of dry heathy soil, across which, thunder of galloping hoofs, anc glitter of 10,000 brandished swor French cavalry might ride in one breathless, overwhelming which would break through those lines of exposed infantry as thro screen of bulrushes. In the opp ity for a sublime and apparent sistless cavalry charge, indeed, M anticipated Waterloo, and exce it; with this further advantage th French horsemen had to hurl selves, not against stubborn and less squares, with their double of steadfast bayonets, and flan musketry fire from four faces. had before them a long slowly-m front of infantry in line. For came the amazing "blunder" makes the wonder the glory of den. This astonishing infantry advancing, with flags uncased, loud roll of drums, and steady of disciplined feet to attack the alry!

The six Minden regiments are 12th (or East Suffolk), the 23r Royal Welsh Fusiliers), the 37th 20th (or East Devonshire), the and the 51st. Of these, flet named, under Co Pole formed the first line; last three under Generals Kin and Waldegrave, formed the s line; they were supported by a overian brigade of three batta According to the "Historical Re of the 12th Foot," at a later st the fight the second line of F foot was formed on the right first line, and the Hanoverian on its left, thus making one far-st ing and slender infantry line. Bu movement is not reported in oth counts of the fight, and must b altered very doubtful. It is a difficult to translate into li terms the tumult and confusio charges and retreats of a great but a hundred years ago the accurately reporting the moveme a great battle had certainly no invented, and what took place the roof of battle-smoke can as details are concerned be only gu On the whole, it must be ccepted Ferdinand's centre, where the di struggle took place, consisted of lines of infantry, of which th and second were British, and th Hanoverian.

Soon after eight o'clock on the ing of August 1, a not too vigoro tack on Hahlen, a hamlet on t treme left of Contades' position made by some Hessian regiment while this splutter of fight was progress, the British regiment formed the centre of the Allie put themselves in movement, an all their drums beating loudly flags uncased , moved forward tack the 10,000 gallant cavalry o to them. Contades had cover centre by the cross-fire of some six guns, and these at once smo steady British lines with a sh iron hail; the British artillery ing quickly to the front, opened fierce energy, on the French ba in reply, and for nearly half-a the great artillery duel raged. calling unto deep from either Presently the English line, ate if on parade, was visible throu artillery smoke. A gust of wind the landscape for a moment cle the French cavalry saw before a stretch of turf, over which slender line of infantry was cooly forward to attack them. French cavalry was under the mand of Prince Xavier of Saxo in its crowded squadrons were of the finest regiments in the of France—the Carbineers, the and Grey and Red Mousquetair Gendarmes—armed like the Life Guards at Waterloo with breastplates and back-pieces. leading division of French consisted of the Carbineers a Black and Grey Mousquetaires with tossing manes and wind plumes, with the ring of scabb stirrup, and the thunder of in able hoofs, the Sarbineers l they swept down on the British

That line halted for a m dressed its front daintily, and from end to end, ran a darting