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## THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

### JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

To inaugurate the new year and the new century a service was held in All Saints' Church on the night of Dec. 31st, beginning at 11 o'clock, and closing a few minutes after 12. Thus those present began a fresh stage on life's journey and another period of the world's course with earnest thanksgiving for past mercies and with solemn prayer for future guidance. The bell was tolled precisely at the change from one year and century to another.

A somewhat similar service was conducted in St. Paul's church at 10.30 on New Year's day. At this, as at midnight service, the incumbent spoke on Retrospect and Prospect, reviewing the distinguishing marks of the nineteenth century, and pointing out the things to be aimed at by the church and society during the twentieth century.

During the week beginning with Epiphany, Rev. P. L. Spencer was present at the annual meeting of the Trinity College theological alumni held in the college building, Toronto. He was re-elected diocesan secretary of the Missionary Association. The attendance was over 70, and the papers read were of great interest. Mr. Spencer had an opportunity for recommending to the clergy a *Deanery Magazine* as a means of doing good.

On the evening of Jan. 15th the adults of the Hagersville congregation joined with the Sunday School children in a parish tea and entertainment. The attendance was remarkably large, and every person seemed to be the happier for the occasion. Before the excellent programme was concluded the children were presented with prize books, according to the marks they had earned during the year 1900.

Rev. Henry Softley of Toronto recently paid a second visit to the parish and took orders for a large number of S. P. O. K. books among the rural parishioners. He expects to finish the canvass of this field in the early summer.

On Saturday, Jan. 26th, the incumbent united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. William W. Robertson, of Paris Plains, and Miss Margaret A. Kelly, of Walpole Township. The ceremony was performed in All Saints' church in the presence of more than the legal number of witnesses. Mr. Spencer, having been spending the previous four days in the city of Brantford for the purpose of aiding the Trinity College Japan mission, found that on account of lack of connection between trains at Caledonia it was necessary to proceed

from the latter place to Hagersville on foot in order to be in time for the marriage. The distance, nine miles, was accomplished without undue fatigue, an emergency ration being taken on the march.

On Sunday, Jan. 27th, there was used for the first time in All Saints' church, a very fine brass altar desk, which was purchased with money given by the parishioners partly in the form of offerings received by the incumbent at his lantern lectures. He hopes that members of the congregation will present other articles, such as an alms dish and altar vases. Gifts like these are beautiful and useful. They may be presented as thanksgiving or memorial offerings. Remember the Lord's commendation, "She hath done what she could." Miss Blanche Park, having on account of the urgency of other duties, resigned her position as organist of St. Paul's church, Mrs. Spencer has been persuaded by the church wardens and the choir to accept the position. All members of the choir are earnestly asked to attend the weekly practice. The service of praise needs careful preparation. We should not offer to the Lord that which costs us no labor, or time or thought.

The incumbent has sent to the Synod office \$18.82 for Foreign Missions—\$6.82 from Hagersville and \$6.50 from Jarvis.

### NANTICOKE AND CHEAPSIDE.

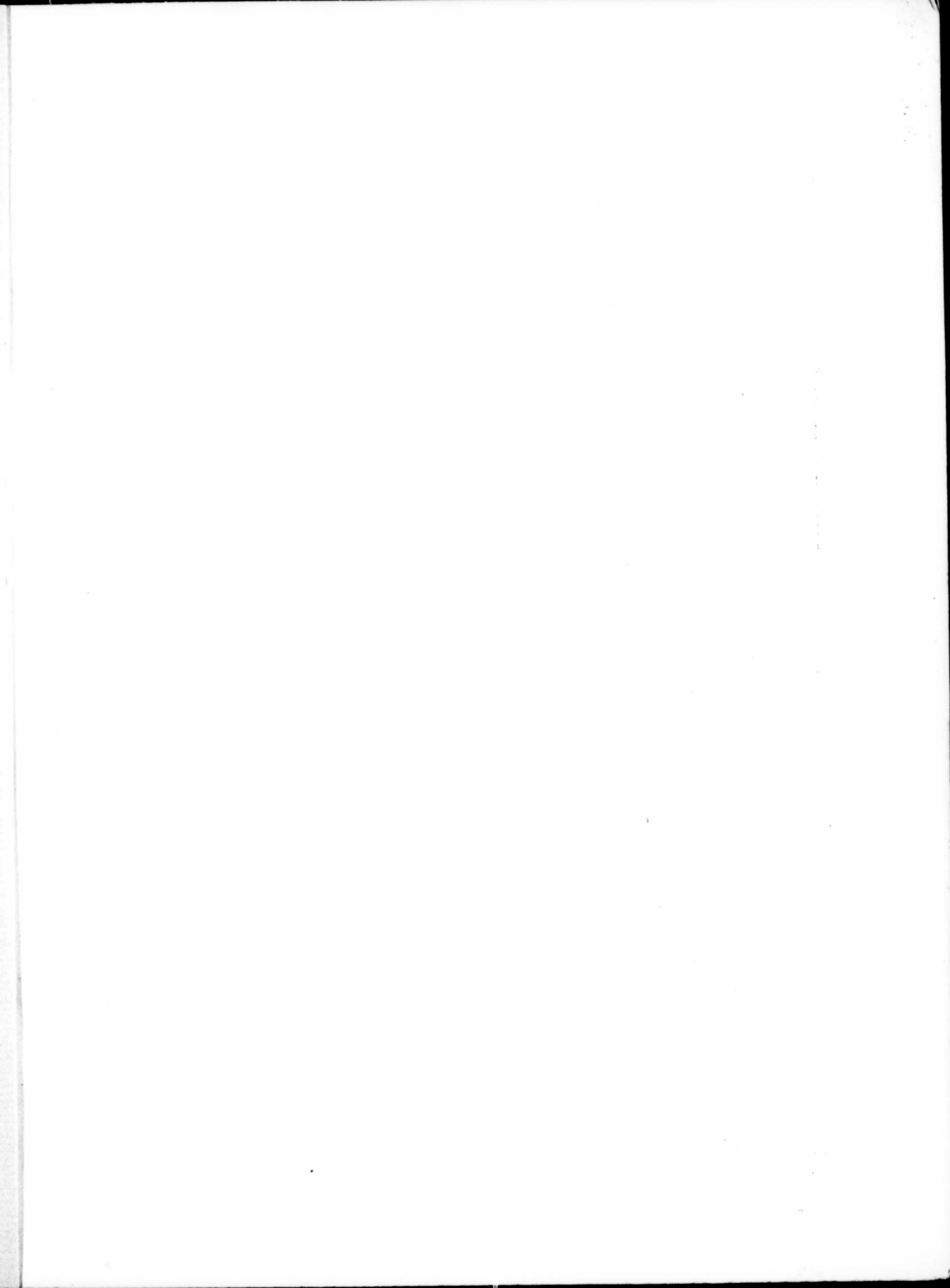
Some time ago there appeared in your columns news from this parish. We wish all to know that this part of God's vineyard is fruitful yet, and the work in it progressing, even though very little is heard concerning it.

Mr. Malouy left us last June. From the first of July until the middle of September, the services were conducted by our lay readers, Mr. A. R. Low, and Mr. S. A. Thompson. Since that time the work has been taken by a student from Wycliffe College, J. D. Hull, who will stay with us until May, when it is to be hoped that an ordained man will be found who will continue the good work. Through the kindness of Rev. Mr. Herbert of Port Dover, and Rev. Mr. Spencer of Jarvis, we have administered to us the Sacraments of our Church.

The Rev. A. W. H. Francis of Port Maitland and South Cayuga was here on the 27th of January. He preached an impressive sermon in behalf of the Diocesan Missions. Mr. Hull went to Port Maitland and South Cayuga for this Sunday.

Our W. A. with Mrs. W. H. Davidson as president, is progressing favorably. On January 31st, the ladies of this arm of our church gave a Parlor Social in the Parsonage. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and the sum of \$14.60 was realized to assist in furnishing material for the bale.

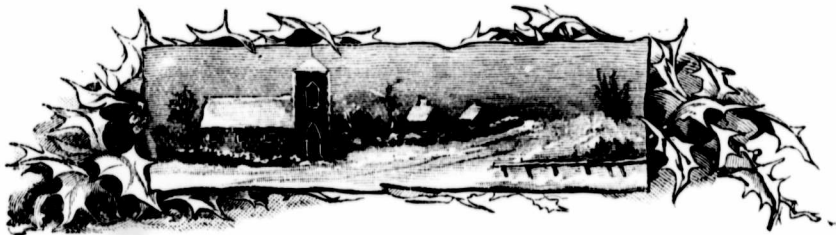
DIED.—On January 11th, Mr. Wilson Jackson of Nanticoke. The remains were interred in Christ Church cemetery, Nanticoke.





THE SISTERS.

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by K. STREET.*



## IN CHURCH, AND AFTER: A LENTEN LESSON.

BY THE VEN. G. R. WYNNE, D.D.,

*Archdeacon of Aghadoc and Rector of Killarney.*

**D**ID ever any man make so long a journey to attend public worship as that treasurer of Queen Candace of Ethiopia about whom we read in the eighth chapter of the Acts? The distance he travelled cannot have been much less than thirteen hundred miles. He truly set a high value on public worship. His previous history is hidden in darkness: scarcely a ray of light reveals the events of his after-life. The Ethiopian tradition preserves his name as *Indich*, and other authorities speak of him as having propagated the Gospel in either Ethiopia or Arabia Felix, or even distant Ceylon. But for us the light is concentrated on one brief hour or two of an otherwise unrecorded life. Yet in the events of that hour or two our interest in this remarkable man is swiftly awakened, and from the far-off time he has something to say to us to-day.

As the curtain lifts, we seem to see a panting traveller on foot overtaking the chariot, drawn by horses just then at a slow, plodding pace across the sands. We hear Philip's question and the reply. The weary deacon is welcomed to a seat beside the dark-skinned eunuch. The passage in Isaiah is coned together, as two earnest faces bend over the Greek script on the parchment roll. Soon the whole longed-for truth about Christ's Atonement is told and warmly welcomed; the occurrence of a stream suggests immediate Baptism, and the teacher, who now understands why he had been called away from his flourishing and beloved labours in Samaria, consents to receive this African convert into the Church of Christ, and the rejoicing foreigner is quickly borne away southward, while the Spirit of God calls away Philip to another place and work, and these two friends of an hour part to meet no more till they greet in Paradise.

Our thoughts rest with some wondering inquiry on the motive which had drawn the eunuch to abandon his official duties for some weeks while he makes this long and costly journey. He did not come for any political purpose, on an embassy, or for trade. He did not come, probably, because it was his custom. It may have been his first and last visit to the sacred

city. He did not come, as it would appear, even for instruction. He came "*for to worship.*" He knew, most likely, nothing, when he started, of the recent religious ferment in Jerusalem which the preaching of the new Faith had caused. Divine Providence had led him to the holy city at the most interesting moment which he could have chosen, had he designed it with full intent as an opportunity for examining the Christian evidence. He came as one of those half-Judaized heathen whom a mysterious attraction towards the Hebrew faith induced to become proselytes of the gate; and his wishes were much more than gratified. Never was the desire to worship rewarded with a more precious gift.

If we select out of the vivid story recorded by St. Luke in Acts viii. only two verses, the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth, we have much which throws light, from this man's conduct, on our own duty. He had "*come for to worship*" (ver. 27), and "*as he was returning, sitting in his chariot, he read Esaias the prophet*" (ver. 28).

In other words, you have here a clear light thrown on the chief motive for Church-going, and on the necessity for guarding the heart and soul afterwards by the private means of grace.

The chief motive for Church-going. To worship. Does that seem commonplace? I do not think it is superfluous to emphasize this, the chief motive for Church-going. The word *worship* does not mean hearing God's Word, or even asking for benefits for body or soul. Worship is the lowly offering of heart homage, expressed or unexpressed, to Him Who is Most High. It is the lowliest act in which a man can be engaged, but at the same time the act in which he is made most nearly one with the unfallen angels. The lowliest worship need not be akin to fear. It may be a joy and a delight; but lowly it must be, reverent, humble, self-effacing, concentrating the thought on the Lord most holy. And (whatever may be lawful in private worship), when the Church is met together, worship demands *expression* by the most reverent gestures, the most humble words, and

is not to be confined to inward thought and feeling. True worship embraces self-humiliation and confession, self-surrender, awed and subdued thought of the great Being adored. It is not to be ignorantly offered; it demands some instruction in the truths of the Faith. Worship *may* be paid with vague awe to the great Creator of the earth and stars; but *Christian* worship draws its strength and fervour, its joy and lowly confidence, from a grasp of Revelation, from a certainty that there is One Mediator Who stands, our great Representative, in the presence of God for us.

The humility, the love, the up-looking trustfulness, the willingness to obey, to receive chastisement, to be sent on messages, to forget self in the service of the Master, all of which are comprised in the meaning of *worship*, are condensed in the one word used in the New Testament for "worship." The thought seems originally to have come from the idea of a faithful, loving dog at his master's feet. And though it may not be judicious to press the image too far, every one who loves one of these trustful, dumb, devoted companions will learn many useful lessons in worship and obedience from his lowly and affectionate four-footed friend.

Such devotion, such love, such readiness, such desire to honour and obey, were at work in the eunuch's mind, and drew him all those many leagues from the Soudan to Syria, "for to worship."

How is it with ourselves? What are our motives in coming to Church? Are our motives unworthy ones? Are we thoughtless, heedless, absent-minded, even wanting in reverence? Or do we come to Church to pray for benefits, to join in sweet singing or listen to it, to receive instruction in the Faith? There is a nobler motive even than these, and may my readers never be satisfied with one less pure—to come to God's House "for to worship."

The Ethiopian had passed some days in the Temple court, the outer court fenced off for Gentiles and proselytes of the gate by a low wall. His days seemed all too short. The absorbed, happy soul was refreshed, and the Lord, beholding, filled his longing heart with joy. But the closing day of the feast had come. He must leave this sacred city and this holy place. The business of his mistress must be done. The last prayer is said, the last lowly hymn of praise is ringing in his ears. The chariot and the driver wait, and he must be on his long road once more. But while he was in Jerusalem deep impressions had been made on his soul. He was impressed, and he loved to be impressed. Fear, hope, love, desire, were now absorbing him. But there was the busy world before him, the crowded court of the Nubian queen, the handling of much gold, the trading in ivory, the buying and selling of slaves, the world's bustle and temptation. He must face it all, and what will become of these beloved impressions? He feared to lose them. So he did a wise thing. Something told him that the

one great secret of retaining the blessings of public means of grace is to use to the fullest extent the private means. The long, steep road which bore him by a zigzag course from the lofty hills of Jerusalem to the level Philistine plain, two thousand feet below, afforded lovely views—the flashing Mediterranean shining beyond Joppa in the setting sun, the gleam of red sands beyond the verdant slopes of young corn. He scarce noted these. In his hands was a precious roll of the Prophets, purchased at great cost in Jerusalem. And, absorbed in studying this new treasure, league after league passed. The horses were watered at the rare streams. At the wayside caravanserai he himself ate and drank ere the lonely desert road was entered. But he scarcely laid aside his book even for bodily refreshment; and resuming the journey, he read on and on. We know with what result.

For us the striking lesson is here—that there are duties, means of grace, which belong to "after Church," as well as those to be observed "in Church."

I fear that "after Church" is, with many of us, a time of reaction. We have had our attention arrested, our souls somewhat strained. The tendency to levity, leading to spiritual loss, is inevitable. The fowls of the air are numerous, near, and ready. Perhaps this tendency to reaction is most common when we have been present at some solemnizing Lenten Service. The searching preaching, the penitential hymn, the earnest confession of sin, the renewed vow—how often these are followed by a quick rebound when the service is over! Let us examine ourselves strictly about this. Have we without resistance yielded to this temptation?

There is a way to guard the soul "after Church." Silence, or at least a careful avoidance of trifling conversation, a desire to be alone for a time, the handy pocket Bible ready to be taken out and used as a sword of the Spirit to keep foes at arm's-length, the heart uplifted by ejaculatory prayer. I shall not enlarge on it all. It is a duty less noted than the duty of Church-going. If it is your duty to go to Church in a worshipping spirit, it is as solemn a duty to return from Church with a guarded heart. And for both duties we have a bright example—may we never forget it!—in the unnamed and faithful treasurer of Queen Candace, who went to Jerusalem "for to worship," and, "as he returned, read Esaias the prophet."

CHARLES DICKENS TO HIS SON.—"I put a New Testament among your books for the same reasons and with the very same hopes that made me write an account of it for you when you were a little child—because it is the best Book that ever was or ever will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided. I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion, as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly and heartily respect it."

## For Queen and Country.

THE STORY OF HORACE SEYMOUR, C.I.V.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "The Gold Ship," etc.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MOTHER'S HEART STOOD STILL.

"**I** WAS reading a letter from my brother, the lieutenant," exclaimed Mabel. "He was at Talana Hill, and I fear his graphic description has been almost too much for dear Mrs. Seymour."

And she gently but forcibly led the lady to her chair.

"Yes, it is very, very dreadful! What must those people feel who have relatives there?"

"Aye, and missus is so afraid Mr. Horace will be called upon," remarked Nurse from the doorway; "he is so clever at shootin'."

"Oh, surely they cannot order him out!" exclaimed Alice, with traces of tremor in her voice; "he is a Volunteer." Then she added in more steady tones as she advanced to Mrs. Seymour, "I am so sorry if I disturbed you. I wanted to know how you were; I had not seen you for so long a time. Do pray go on with your reading, Miss Melbury; you will not mind me."

And she took a chair near Mrs. Seymour and prepared to listen.

"Well, I will leave out all the most gruesome part," replied Mabel, "and Miss Maynard will excuse me from repeating what I have read."

"Oh, certainly," said Alice, her eyes wandering to a fine portrait of Horace on the wall.

"My brother is describing the battle of Talana Hill," said Mabel, "and he continues,— 'While we were waiting in the donga I surveyed the ground before us. It sloped up for about a mile to the top of Talana Hill. Part of the way, up to a plantation, the slope was not steep; but beyond it the ascent was much steeper, and was rocky; then came a stone wall, then open ground, and lastly a very steep climb up to the Boers. I saw it would be a tough bit of work to storm their position, because all the time we were crossing this difficult ground the Boers would be firing at us.

"Well, when the Boers ceased working their big guns, General Symons gave the word to advance. We left the donga at double pace, in extended order—that is, not all close together—and rushed the slope up to the plantation. The bullets fell about us like hail, and I saw a man drop here and there—

but not many, and we got to the wood. It was here that General Symons was badly wounded, and I fear he will die. He had always a Lancer with him carrying a red flag, and exposed himself, I think, too much.

"By about mid-day we had got up to the stone wall I told you of, and here we lay for a time. The Boers fired an appalling storm of bullets upon us. If any one had lifted his head above that wall, he would have been killed at once. It was a pretty bad position: instant death if we showed ourselves above the wall, and beyond it a deadly rush to a hand-to-hand fight at the top of the hill.

"My mind would go to all you I love at home; but I strove not to think of anything else except doing my duty. Our artillery was firing shrapnel shell—that is, shells which burst and discharge bullets—at the Boers on the hill-top, and it must have proved very destructive to them. So we waited.

"At last the Boer fire lulled, or partly ceased. Now was the time. Signals were sent to our artillery to stop firing; the order was given to us, and away we went, helter-skelter over the wall and up to the steep ascent of the hill. It was so steep that many of us had to climb up on hand and knees, while the enemy's rifles rang out death and wounds for some of us. It was here our losses were the greatest, as you may suppose, and I saw Colonel Gunning fall, shot through the head.

"But I had no time to think; I had to do my part. I had only one thought, 'Oh! on, no matter what happens, get to the top of the kopje.' It must be done. And it was done; though, bless me, I hardly know how. We fixed bayonets and rushed the last part of the ascent. But the flashing bayonet seemed to frighten the Boers. They can't stand the terrible



"DO PRAY GO ON WITH YOUR READING,"

British bayonet. They can hide behind stones and pot shots at you when they are in comparative safety ; but when they saw the bayonet near, off they went. Only a few stood their ground till near the last, and when I reached the top I saw them flying fast. Many dead Boers were lying about, also rifles, three dismantled guns, and cases of ammunition, while behind was a field hospital with seventy wounded.

“Down below we could see the retreating Boers—a regular rabble, spread over three or four miles, and trekking—as they call it—for a ford on the Buffalo river. Our artillery came up, and could have done them great damage; but they showed the white flag—we supposed to surrender—and our officer in command respected it ; though the treacherous beggars never surrendered after all, but escaped. This may be thought very smart ; but if they are going to abuse the white flag like this, we shall take no notice of it.

“We lost very heavily ; but, thank God, I am unhurt. I did what I could for those poor fellows who were wounded, and some of the sights nearly turned me sick again ; but after a time I got more used to it. The weather was cold and raining, and the downright courage of our fellows in bearing their pain and wounds was wonderful. A squadron of our Hussars—the 18th—got captured on the other side of Talana Hill, where they tried to cut off the Boers’ retreat ; they were surrounded, and their ammunition was well-nigh gone ; but when the Hussars put up the white flag they respected it. The Boers may make much of that ; but the other two squadrons pursued the enemy, and we cleared them out of their position, so that I say we won the first battle of the war.

“Some call it the battle of Dundee, others talk of it as Glencoe ; but I call it the battle of Talana Hill. I shall never forget that hill to my dying day. The troops were a battalion each of the King’s Royal Rifles, the Dublin Fusiliers (whom we call the “Dubs”), and the Irish Fusiliers. A battalion of the Leicesters and the 67th Field Battery guarded the camp. The downright bravery and tenacity and endurance displayed by our troops were, I am sure, equal to anything the British army has ever shown.”

“Oh yes, they were very brave,” exclaimed Mrs. Seymour ; “but I cannot help thinking of the poor mothers at home on both sides. How should I feel if my bright, handsome, open-faced boy, the very joy and comfort of my life, were lying wounded there in the cruel rain !”

“You would be proud he was doing his duty like a good soldier,” cried Mabel briskly. “But excuse me if I hurry on with the letter. It does help us to understand the war. My brother says,—

“Some of the soldiers are very religious men, and some are thorough-going teetotallers. The constant nearness of death steadies some men very much. Well, we had beaten off the enemy on the east ; but large bodies of Boers continued to move forward from

the north and north-west. General Yule succeeded to our command, as General Symons was so badly wounded, and on the day after the battle he decided to move our little camp to a better position for defence farther south. But the enemy, who must be in overwhelming numbers compared with our little force, got up some big guns on to a mountain called the “Impati” Mountain, and General Yule thought it better to move still farther south. Finally, on Sunday, the 22nd—Talana Hill, you remember, was fought on Friday, the 20th—he decided to join the troops at Ladysmith. The Pass of Glencoe was most strongly held by the enemy, and the General ordered us to move by the Helpmakaar road. It was a most masterly march, not a life being lost, and it occupied us four days. Meanwhile, we heard that others of our troops had been engaged. You remember I said just now that a third Boer force had marched behind us, and had cut the railway between Dundee and Ladysmith. General French, moving forward—I suppose from Ladysmith, where a great quantity of stores had been accumulated—found Elandslaagte station to have been seized by the enemy. On the 19th it had been decided to get through two train-loads of military stores to Dundee from Ladysmith. One got through only just in time, and the other was seized. The brave station-master was able to telegraph back the bad news to Ladysmith—a telegram which must have showed the General there how serious the situation was becoming. There is no doubt the Boers planned to surround us at Dundee and take us all prisoners, or pound us to pieces.

“But French was on their track. He had only a small force—namely, four squadrons of Imperial Light Horse and a battery of the Natal Field Artillery (that is, half a dozen seventeen-pounder mountain guns, with a range of over 4,500 yards), while in an armoured train was a half-battalion of the Manchester Regiment. General French’s idea was to free the railway from the Boers, and cover its repair and the renewal of the telegraph ; also to prevent the enemy from placing themselves across the communications between Dundee and Ladysmith.

“About half-past nine the British shells began to scream and crash amongst the Boers. But before this hour our Light Horse scouts had come into touch with the enemy’s outposts not far from Modder Spruit station. The Boers, hidden behind big stones, shot safely at our men, and then as they came on scuttled away.

“The main body of the Boers seems to have been camped near Elandslaagte Pass ; and towards this point French’s force, after capturing some high ground between, made its way. The Boers were surprised at the sudden approach of the British, and hurried away to the hills near the station. Our gunners got to work, but one of the very powerful guns which the Boers have evidently been secretly



obtaining was posted behind the station, and sent shells into our midst. As our guns were not strong enough to reply effectively they retired, and indeed all our force held back until reinforcements came. The clever telegraphists of the Natal Government had kept French in communication with headquarters all the time, and a body of the 1st Devons and another of the Gordons were smartly sent up by train; also some squadrons of Lancers and a battery of the Field Artillery trotted up. Our fellows must have been glad to see these fine soldiers come up to the front. The cavalry were then pushed forward, and cleared some high ground parallel to the enemy's position. Other soldiers came up, including some of the 5th Dragoon Guards; and these, with a squadron of the Natal Mounted Rifles and a squadron of Lancers, were sent forward to turn the Boers' right flank and harass their rear.

"Ground having been cleared for the artillery to take up a suitable position, the guns were pushed on about half-past three in the afternoon, at which time Sir George White himself came up. At four o'clock our guns got into action at a range of

4,400 yards, and the Boers' guns ceased to reply: some of the enemy were also driven back, apparently by the guns alone. It looks to me as though the Artillery are going to score heavily in this war, for the shooting of our men is splendid.

"It must have been an impressive scene. Thunder-clouds gathered about the hills, while our guns went on firing to prepare the way for an attack by the infantry. Then our men were ordered forward.

"They had to cross a ridge in pouring rain, and attack a steep and stony hill which rose almost precipitously from a hollow in the veldt. The Boers

know well how to pick their positions on stony ground, where they can hide and shoot in safety with their long-range, quick-firing rifles. It was so here; their position being covered with stones, behind which they could lie in safety and deliberately aim at our fellows as they advanced. On the other hand, our terrible shrapnell shells bursting among the stones might reach them; but they kept up a hailstorm of bullets at our men as they moved forward. Me cover, at one point rose a barbed wire fence, and it was there that the Gordons and Manchesters lost heavily. The Light Horse were on their right, and they lost Colonel Chisholm, who was among the killed. He was waving a scarf bearing the colours of the 5th Lancers when he fell.

"But the regiments, mingling together, pressed forward up the steep slope, and General Hamilton, who had command of the infantry attack, ordered the charge to be sounded. The bayonets glittered in

the twilight, and our fellows seemed on the very verge of victory, when to their astonishment the bugles rang out the "Cease Fire" and "Retire." The soldiers, accustomed to obey orders implicitly, paused in astonishment. The Boers reopened fire, and a dozen or more brave men fell. But a



"THIS IS YOUR DOING."

boy-bugler of the Gordons, not having heard his general give the order, pluckily called out, "Retire? Never!" and, dashing forward again, sounded the charge.

"Forward dashed the soldiers—all the four regiments mingling together—and charged for the Boer laager in the dip below. It must have been a terrible few minutes. Then the recall sounded in truth, and the Lancers, who had got round the Boer position, rode through and through the retreating enemy. The Boers cannot stand the bayonets or the lances, and, truth to tell, it must be awful to have the sharp steel

plunged into your stomach or your back. We now know that the "Retire" at the critical moment was craftily sounded by the Boers, who copied our bugle calls, and but for that plucky boy-bugler the issue might have been different.

"The night that followed was dreadful. The rain seems to have poured in torrents, and the wounded had to be out in the wet. Ben Viljoen, a Boer commander bitterly opposed to us, was killed, and Colonel Schiel, a German artillerist, was taken prisoner.

"Well, that battle was on October 21st. On the 24th Sir George White fought another at Rietfontein, and drove the enemy from the hills; and by this means General Yule was helped to lead us in safety to Ladysmith. I cannot write much more now. Sir George White evidently saw the Boers then meant to surround us in Ladysmith and besiege us. He tried to prevent it by the battle of Lombard's Kop; but a disaster has happened by which nine hundred or so of our men were taken prisoners at a beastly place called Nicholson's Nek.

"Sir George's plan was this. He sent out on the evening of the 29th a flying column intended to co-operate in the battle next day; for he had decided to push back the enemy and prevent the Boers from besieging us. The column, composed of Irish Fusiliers and Gloucesters and a mountain battery, was intended to outflank the Boers or cut off some of them. Our fellows started at night, and they might have been successful, but in the darkness some boulders fell or were rolled down the hill-side by treacherous spies (we do not know the correct details), and the mountain battery mules were frightened and galloped off, taking nearly the whole of the reserve rifle ammunition with them. In the morning our men found themselves surrounded and attacked by

Boers; and after fighting until all, or nearly all, their ammunition was gone, somebody hoisted the white flag, and they surrendered. They would not, of course, abuse the white flag as the Boers do so often. But it was just as the Colonel of the Fusiliers had bayonets fixed to charge the slopes whence the rifle fire came so remorselessly.

"Meantime Sir George White was trying to push back the Boers at Lombard's Kop. We soon

found they were greatly reinforced and had some remarkably powerful guns. There is one great gun our fellows have already called "Long Tom," and its shells were hitting many men of the King's Royal Rifles (60th), when suddenly, to our pleasant surprise, we saw a shell explode just in front of "Long Tom," and presently the big gun was for a time put out of action. We had just been reinforced by some Naval gunners from H.M.S. *Powerful*, with some of their splendid guns, and they had got to work in surprisingly quick time.

"Well, we could not or did not clear all the Boers away. We afterwards found they were in great force only six miles from Ladysmith; and General French, having been called to command the cavalry in the Cape Colony, leaves us on November 22nd. It looks as though we are going to be besieged after all. But we shall hold out to the last. Archdeacon Barker declares he will stay whatever happens. Heaven bless you all!"

"There! Is not that a nice letter?" exclaimed Mabel proudly. "I never understood what went on in Natal early in the war so well before. He makes everything so clear."

"And they have been shut up in Ladysmith ever since," said Mrs. Seymour; "and, for all you know, he may be dead. Oh, I hope not; it is very, very dreadful. I do feel so sad for those who have relatives there."

"I do not feel quite like that," said Mabel briskly. "Of course I do not want him to die, but we must be proud that he is a soldier and is doing his duty."

"And God can take care of him on the battle-field as well as at home, if we trust in Him," said Alice gently.

"Aye, there's something in that," remarked Nurse Johnson, who had returned again in time to hear the last few sentences and held a letter in her hand. "And they do look so 'andsome and brave, too, in their uniforms, don't they, Miss Mabel? I agree with you in some things, you see, miss, though maybe not in all."

Mabel flashed a glance of scorn and anger at the old Nurse and her black twinkling eyes, and then with what the Nurse called a "supercilious" look on her keen face turned to Mrs. Seymour.

But before she could speak Nurse came forward and said, "A letter in Mr. Horace's writin', mum, to say p'raps he'll be a little late to-night."

Mrs. Seymour caught at the letter and tore it open with feverish eagerness. Quickly she scanned the pages with wild, startled eyes, and then crying aloud in a sharp, agonized voice, "He is going! He is going to the war!" she fell back senseless.

Alice rose to her feet, her sweet face pale and rigid with determination, and her eyes stern with anger. "This is your doing," she said to Mabel Melbury. "It is your doing; you wicked, cruel girl!"



## CHAPTER IV.

## "STALEMATE."

FOR one brief moment: the brisk and self-assertive young woman was abashed. Then she quickly recovered herself, like a bent bow, flying back when unstrung. She drew herself proudly up, and with flashing eyes she exclaimed in a tone that struck like a blow, it was so sharp and hard, "I



shall take no notice of lies and insults from you!"

Then she bent over the unconscious Mrs. Seymour, and began to loosen the neck of her dress, while she called to Nurse to bring restoratives at once.

But Nurse had already gone, and was even now returning. With an adroit movement of her elbow she suddenly pushed Mabel aside. "Leave her to me," she said sternly, as she began her remedial work.

Soon the good lady showed signs of recovery. She slowly opened her eyes and heaved a deep sigh. Then, as she caught sight of the letter, the terrible news came back to her in a moment, and she struggled to her feet, exclaiming in a voice piteous with anguish, "He must not go! he shall not go! I will hasten to him at once!"

"Nay, nay, you stop here, my lady," said Nurse, pushing her mistress back gently but firmly into her chair. "He will be home to-night, I suppose, and you can speak with him then."

"He says, No, he may not be home until late; he will have to go to that horrid drill-hall. I cannot think what has made him volunteer. He cannot want to leave me."

"But he was such a good shot, you see," said Mabel; and she added, with some trace of sarcasm in her voice, "They would call him a coward if he stayed behind."

The tone and the words stung the old lady like a lash. "My son is no coward!" she exclaimed vehemently. "It is not cowardice to take care of his lonely mother."

"But others might say it was a pretence," retorted Mabel, in a tone that was still stinging and bitter even, as though the poison of asps were indeed on her tongue. "I should be proud that he was chosen, if I were you."

"You ain't Mrs. Seymour," remarked Nurse proudly, and with a vigorous nod of her head.

"But there, it ain't no use talkin'; if he's boun' to go, he *is* boun' to go, and I shouldn't be surprised if he comes back a baronite."

"But he will be killed; I know he will!" wailed Mrs. Seymour.

"Nonsense, mum; don't think of sich things. The Queen will make him a baronite—that's what I say; and somebody who's goin' to marry him"—and here she partly turned and looked at Alice—"will be my lady afore many months is over. Fancy, mum," turning again to Mrs. Seymour, "your son bein' Sir Horace Seymour, K.C.P., or whatever it is; and I shall be as proud of him as you, for I nursed him when he was a baby. Now, young ladies—"

"Oh, I was forgetting!" exclaimed Alice, rising to her feet. "I am afraid I have stayed too long. You must not take Mr. Horace's going too much to heart, Mrs. Seymour. Thousands go, and he will come back, as Nurse says, quite distinguished."

And she held out her hand, and bent down as though to kiss the elder lady on the forehead. Her face was deathly pale; and if Mrs. Seymour had not been so absorbed in her own grief, she would have seen that the girl was suffering acutely, and yet endeavouring by her manner and voice to hide her pain. She had been sitting quietly, with this agonized expression on her face, a keenly interested spectator of all that passed, and looking, moreover, as though she were confronted with a perplexing puzzle, which she partly, but not entirely, could understand.

"Good-bye, dear Mrs. Seymour," she murmured in a tremulous voice. "Will you not come and see my mother? She is very sympathetic and comforting when any one is in distress. I—I do feel very, very sorry for you. I—I fear—I am not a good comforter."

As she raised her face a tear fell on Mrs. Seymour's hand, and her lips were working convulsively.

Mrs. Seymour was touched by her kindness, and said gently, "I will certainly come soon."

But the mocking, scornful smile that Alice saw on Mabel's face, as she coldly bade her farewell, seemed to stimulate her to keep back her tears, and her voice was steady again as she bade Nurse good-morning and asked her not to attend her to the door.

"La, it won't take me a minute, Miss!" exclaimed Nurse cheerfully, as she followed her out of the room. But at the street door she whispered significantly as Alice was on the step, "I heard what you said to that supercilibus Miss Mabel just now, when Mistress was a-faintin'; I shan't forgit it. Good-mornin', Miss!" she exclaimed aloud, as, with a warning frown to Alice to be silent, she closed the door and returned to Mrs. Seymour.

Her caution was justified, for as she turned she saw Mabel Melbury quitting Mrs. Seymour's room and standing in the hall.

"Ha, you going too, Miss?" exclaimed Nurse lightly. "Well, I daresay you have a goodish bit to do at

home. Good-mornin', Miss"; and she smiled and nodded her head perkily, perhaps too familiarly, as Mabel passed her with the slightest bow of farewell and left the house.

It was a dark day at Mrs. Seymour's home. The weather was dull outside, and hearts were very sore within. Nurse's sorrow, which was chiefly for her mistress's sake, was, however, tempered by the curiosity raised in her mind by Alice's remark, "This is your doing, you wicked, cruel girl." How could Horace's departure be Mabel's doing? How could she have influenced Horace to volunteer for the war? Nurse was obliged for the present to leave the question unanswered.

But if the weather was gloomy the country was all astir. Mabel Melbury had spoken quite truly. The disasters of the Black Week had fully aroused the country and the Government, and the newspapers and the public were full of the preparations being made to meet the crisis. "Lord Roberts is to go, and Kitchener—the hero of Omdurman—is to be his chief of staff! All the Reserves are being called out, the Militia is being mobilized, and will be allowed to serve abroad. More remarkable still, the Volunteers are to go to the front, and the City of London will send out a thousand, while employers have promised the men part of their salaries. Another force is being formed, called the 'Imperial Yeomanry,' and stirring offers are pouring in from the Colonies. It is a wonderful time we live in!"

These were some of the items of talk which were passed around from mouth to mouth in those dark December days, and the excitement and interest in the Volunteer companies ran high.

It was so at the drill-hall which Horace Seymour attended, and amid all the excitement and bustle his heart thrilled with pride and joy at being selected. But as he returned home, and the excitement passed, the thought of his mother returned to him.

"Lucky dog, you are," said one of his friends to him, as they walked part of the way together.

"Think so," said Horace. "Yes, I suppose I am. It will be a rough time, no doubt."

"Oh, you won't care for that. I wish I had been selected. Smith said I should be if they increase the numbers."

"I wish they would; it would be all right if you and I were going together. But if you were in the party, then I could not ask you what I am going to ask you now."

"Oh! what is that?" exclaimed the other, laughing. "To look after your sweetheart, eh? Dangerous thing to ask another fellow to look after your sweetheart."

"No, it is not that by any means," said Horace gravely. "I want you, when I am gone—if you don't mind—to look in pretty often on my mother, and cheer her up, you know. She will be awfully lonely, I fear."

"Is she much cut up about your going?"

"I have not seen her since I told her. In fact, I put off telling her for a day or two, and wrote this morning, when I could put it off no longer."

"Oh! I see. Yes, of course, I will look in often, and do what I can to make her cheerful. But how contrary things are! Now, if I were going nobody would miss me."

"Yes, your people would miss you terribly."

"Ah! there are a lot of us, but only one of you. Well, good-night, Seymour; of course I will do my best for your mother. She is quite a dear old lady. Ah! there is my 'bus."

And he hurried down another road to catch the restless vehicle which, in spite of so much competition, still serves so many Londoners in getting about their big city.

Horace walked more slowly as he approached his home. The enthusiasm and excitement had passed as he thought of seeing his mother, but his stern determination to do his duty remained as inflexible as ever. Nevertheless, he shrank from meeting his mother's tears and her beseeching entreaties to him to stay. He knew that she would urge him not to go. And yet he could not remain and be stigmatized as a coward. Once that word had been uttered to him, and it had stung him like a lash and cut him like a knife. Besides, he argued with himself, he would not be gone for long; he had seen that his mother was amply provided for during his absence, and she would be surrounded by friends. The time would soon pass, and the results, he fondly hoped, would fully justify his going. In any case it was too late now to turn back.

In another minute he opened the door of his home, and his mother, hearing him, hurried to meet him at once, and threw her arms about him. "How could you? How could you decide to go and leave me?" she wailed.

"I was obliged to do so, mother. I could not help it."

The words may seem commonplace; but the most commonplace words may sometimes prove vehicles of the intensest feeling.

"Obliged! obliged!" she repeated, as though she could not understand the word. "What could oblige you to leave me?"

But the ever-watchful Nurse was near to promote a diversion, and prevent Missis, as she said, from weak eyes.

"And 'ave you got your uniform yet?" she interrupted. "I want to see you in your uniform. What hossifer have you been made?"

"Officer, Nurse! No, I am not an-officer—not yet!"

"Umph! what are they a-thinkin' of, not to make you a hossifer, Mist' 'Orace? I should change into another ridgment, if I was you, where they would make me one."



“HOW COULD YOU?”

“We don’t do things like that in the army, Nurse ; discipline must come first.”

“Oh my ! ain’t he proud to talk about bein’ in the army? Well, you just tell me who to see, and I’ll go round and see ‘em, and tell ‘em what a grand young hossifer you would make. La, sakes, Missis, don’t let’s have no more weak heyas now, there’s a dear. Why, I should feel proud and honoured at ‘avin’ my son chose out amongst a crowd to go and fight them they Bores. My ! wouldn’t I give ‘em a wallop in if I was to go, after they bein’ so sly and tricky with our men. It’s that there Krooger—that’s who it is ! Mind you go for ‘im, first charnce, Mist’ ‘Orace. Nab ‘im, and you nab the lot—that’s what I say !”

“Why, Nurse, you are getting quite warlike !” exclaimed Horace, laughing, as he led his mother into the dining-room. “What a delicious supper you have prepared, mother dear ! How good you are to me !”

“Warlike !” echoed Nurse, catching up his word. “Who can help being warlike these times. Heverybody’s talkin’ about it. I niver did see sich times—not in all my born days, I didn’t. Why, there’s even that little milksof of a man round the corner—he started off to hoffer himself for to go, till his wife heard of it and ran after him, and brought him back by his ear to help dress the baby !”

“Oh, Nurse, how you do make one laugh !” exclaimed Mrs. Seymour. “The idea of that Mr. Whitestick going for a soldier !”

“He has not even been a Volunteer !” cried Horace.

“No, but that is what I say ; heverybody is thinkin’ and talkin’ of the war,” remarked Nurse, “so that I s’pose his little head was turned. Why, I shouldn’t be surprised if that supercilibus Miss Melbury was to try and go. She is more like a bad man in petticoats than anything else.”

“Nurse, Nurse !” cried Mrs. Seymour in a warning voice.

“Well, my dear, it’s real truth. But now I see you bright and smiling, let me give you some supper. I know, if I go, you will take a little slimping bit that wouldn’t feed a fly.”

At that moment a loud, double knock sounded at the door, and Nurse herself hastened to open it. “At last !” she muttered in a whisper aside, as she passed into the hall. “At last ! I thought he was never coming.”

It was the clergyman of the church which Mrs. Seymour attended, and who had come in response to a private request from Nurse. He had long known Mrs. Seymour as one of his parishioners, and of the great trouble through which she had passed.

“Say somethin’ comfortin’ to her, Mister Parson,” whispered Nurse, as he entered ; “but not too comfortin’—not too much, ye know, to make her eyes weak, but somethin’ to hearten her up a bit.”

Mr. Sabine, the clergyman, knew Nurse, and knew she was not disrespectful, and he took in the situation at a glance.

“I have come to congratulate you,” said he heartily, as he was ushered into the room. “I hear your son has been chosen to go to the front. This outburst of patriotism in the country is really splendid.”

“Oh ! but there is another side to it, Mr. Sabine. Think of the grief of the poor mothers who are left behind.”

“I do think of it,” said the good man. “My wife and I have relations at the front, and we have to bear the terrible anxiety ; we have to sacrifice ourselves and our feelings for the good of our country. We must remember the great heroic women of the Bible. I am going to preach about them on Sunday nights—quite a series of sermons : the heroines of the Bible.”

“Oh, that will be very interesting,” said Mrs. Seymour. “But,” shaking her head sadly, “I am not an heroic woman, Mr. Sabine. I am not a heroine.”

“Is there any fresh news to-night ?” asked Horace. It was a question constantly on many tongues in those dark days.

“Nothing of any great importance,” returned the clergyman. “It is reported that the Generals have been advised to pause until Lord Roberts arrives ; but whether the rumour be true I cannot say. He will leave for Capetown by the *Dunottar Castle* on December 23rd, and Lord Kitchener will join him at Gibraltar. Just think ! Kitchener was at a place

called Shenal, up the Nile, when he was apprised of his appointment, and he is hurrying night and day, they say, to meet his chief."

"And no news from Ladysmith, where Miss Melbury's brother is shut up?"

"Nothing at present. The place is so closely invested that little news can be got through, except by native runners, as they are called, making their way through the Boer lines."

"Yes, I have heard of that part of the war from Miss Melbury," said Mrs. Seymour. "Where are the other parts?—I mean, of course, where are the other British soldiers?"

"Lord Methuen has been forcing his way up by the Western Border of the Orange Free State and the Cape Colony to relieve Kimberley, and afterwards to reach gallant little Mafeking. This part of the war is, I suppose, the Western Border. Mafeking is only eight miles from the west of the Transvaal, but no less than eight hundred and seventy-five miles north-east from Capetown. South Africa is a place of tremendous distances, you see; and these enormous distances form one of the great difficulties which we have to encounter. Mafeking is holding out bravely under Colonel Baden-Powell, and is quite a bright little spot. Then there is Kimberley, an important place, where the diamond-fields are, and about six hundred and fifty miles north-east of Capetown. Colonel Kekewich is in command there, and has a composite force of some four thousand or more men under him. They include four hundred and twenty men of the Royal North Lancashire regiment, who, they say, have been knocking about the world for seventeen years without seeing a shot fired."

"They have seen plenty now," said Horace.

"I fear they have indeed," replied the clergyman. "The Boers are fighting hard to get Kimberley, and they are opposing Lord Methuen strenuously in his efforts to relieve the town. He beat them, as you know, at Belmont, and Graspan, and the Modder River—one victory after another, on the way up—but their extraordinary entrenchments and defences at Magersfontein have checked his advance. We do not know the details yet."

"Oh no, please do not tell me anything dreadful, Mr. Sabine. Then where was that Stormberg disaster—what was that?"

"Stormberg is on the Southern Border—or some might call it the Northern Border—that is, it is south of the Orange Free State, and in the north of the Cape Colony. We might call it the third part of the war; or if we described Mafeking the third, we might speak of Stormberg as the fourth. The Boers have invaded the Cape Colony in this district, and by about November 18th General Gatacre, who had been appointed to the command here, was at Queenstown, just south of the Stormberg region.

But many of the troops had been sent on to Ladysmith, and the plan of campaign was no doubt largely altered, the attack not being closely pressed in this direction. Some say this is a mistake, but of course Ladysmith must be relieved. After waiting some time for reinforcements, General Gatacre's little force was somewhat strengthened, and then, when attacking the Boers on December 9th and 10th, was led—apparently by a treacherous guide—after an exhausting night march, into a perfect death-trap among the hills, and was obliged to retire, leaving nearly six hundred and fifty officers and men prisoners, as well as a number killed on the fatal field."

"Shocking! shocking!" exclaimed the poor lady, who was painfully anxious to hear something of the exact state of affairs, and yet refused to hear any dreadful details, as her son was going.

"Oh, but there is a bright spot," continued the clergyman. "General French, who you remember just got out of Ladysmith in time, is in command at Colesberg—that is on the south-west district of the Orange Free State—where he is holding the enemy in check by brilliant manœuvring. They say that he is the only General who has not yet suffered a disaster, and he certainly seems an ideal Briton in action, cautious and yet enterprising, prudent and yet full of dash and 'go.'"

"The Generals ought to be careful!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour. "They have so many precious lives at stake."

"Still, they have to fight," said the clergyman. But the direct frontal attacks on strong positions, defended with modern quick-firing rifles, are very deadly. They say Lord Roberts will change all that. In any case he has a big problem before him. You see the Boers are invading us on almost every side; our colonies lie almost all round them, and they are attacking us from east, north, and west; and we are only just holding them in check a little way within our territory."

"It seems as though neither side can move forward," exclaimed Horace. "It is an extraordinary position."

"Yes, quite stalemate all round," remarked Mr. Sabine. "That is what the *Daily News* calls it, and most appropriately so, I think; the expression exactly describes the position—Stalemate."

"Ah! stalemate is better than dreadful slaughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour. "I look at things from the mother's point of view, you see, Mr. Sabine. Oh, Horace, when you are gone, I shall pray every hour that the shot and shell may not strike you! Are a mother's prayers effective, Mr. Sabine? Oh, to think of my boy's limbs being torn and mangled!"

"Mother, mother, do not dwell on such dreadful things!" cried Horace hurriedly.

"We are all in the Lord's hands wherever we may be," said the clergyman solemnly. "He can preserve

us on the battle-field as well as in the crowded city street. Our part is to do our duty and to trust to Him for the rest."

And then with a cheery farewell the clergyman took his leave.

"Stalemate!" exclaimed Nurse presently; "what did Mr. Sabine mean by stalemate? I heard him as I was passing by the door?"

"Stalemate means that neither side in a game of chess can gain the victory," explained Horace.

"Umph! that's like that supercilibus Miss Melbury and me just now," replied Nurse, looking keenly at Horace without appearing to do so, as some women know so well how to do. "It is stalemate atween us. And what do you do at chess when it's stalemate?"

"Clear the board and begin again," remarked Horace, without a change in his face, which was now quite motionless, as though carved in marble.

"Oh! begin again, do you?" said Nurse. "Then Lord Roberts will begin a new game, you reckon?"

"I do not know what he will do," said Horace; "but I have no doubt but that he will eventually win the victory."

"Umph! then I have got to be Lord Roberts here," muttered Nurse. "I can't let that supercilibus Miss Mabel get the better o' me."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FIRST FOR THE FRONT.



FROM the quiet home in the pleasant suburb to the bustling activity of the brigade's headquarters was a striking change which Horace frequently experienced in those busy December days. At home his heart smote him, when he saw his tender, patient mother so grief-stricken and so broken, and knew how keenly she suffered, and yet

how bravely she endeavoured to hide her grief.

She must have been the type of many a mother in Britain that winter. Some, perchance, might have felt the pride and honour of having sons at the front

more keenly than the anxiety and the suffering for their safety or their loss, but with others the case was different. Many a loving heart must have been torn with care, and have ached with unutterable longing for only one word or one look from some dearly loved one—never, perhaps, so dearly loved as now, and yet so far away and in such grave danger. But notwithstanding all the individual sorrow and public distress, England never showed more bravery, and more fortitude, and more determination.

It was the time when the repulse at the Tugela River was in everybody's mind and on everybody's lip. Great things had been expected of General Buller, who had landed in Natal on November 25th, six weeks after war had been declared; and now, here he was severely repulsed on his way to relieve Ladysmith.

The public could hardly understand it. The telegrams were necessarily brief, and gave but little information. But understand it or not, suffering or angry, the nation made up its mind to fight all the harder. Some went so far as to say that if South Africa were lost the Empire would fall to pieces.

On landing at Durban, General Buller went at once to the front. The Boers had not only surrounded Ladysmith, but had advanced some little distance to the south-east. Some fighting had taken place at a spot called Beacon Hill, and after wrecking a railway bridge over the Blauwkranz River, the enemy retired to a position of considerable strength on the Tugela, not far from the town of Colenso, on the south bank of the river.

While the British engineers were building a new bridge, troops and guns continued to arrive at the front. The camp was pitched in a large hollow or basin, and all round extended the green veldt. In the distance boomed the Boer guns against Ladysmith, and north and west could be seen the huge Drakensberg Mountains. The halt was at Frere Camp, and by December 11th nearly twenty thousand men had been concentrated there.

The number of the enemy was unknown. Being mounted, they could move rapidly from one part of the field to another, and this fact may have caused them to appear more numerous than they really were. Their position was well-nigh impregnable. They occupied a line of steep hills or kopjes, about half a mile in extent, from east to west beyond the river, but behind these hills rose other hills, until they culminated in two tall and strong heights, one of which was called Grobelaar's Kloof, and which commanded the advance to Colenso.

The advance—supposing the British troops made a frontal attack—lay over a sloping plain, which gradually descended to the river; and should the British be able to cross, the Boers could retreat from one row of hills to another, and all the time the

British would be under fire from the two great heights behind.

Further, a little distance east of Colenso, the river bent abruptly to the north, and beside the bend on the south side rose Hlangwane Hill, which was also held by the enemy. It was known afterwards that this hill commanded many of the hills held by the Boers on the north; so that if Hlangwane had been held by the British, they could have made many of the Boer positions untenable. Clearly, therefore, the British should first have seized this hill. Presumably, however, General Buller's information concerning it was at that time not sufficient, and he had decided on a direct frontal attack. It is also very questionable if he had an adequate number of men for any great turning movement, that is to get round on the sides or the rear of the enemy's position.

On December 12th General Barton's brigade moved forward, and on the 13th bombarded the Boer trenches, but no reply was made.

On the 14th the remainder of the force advanced as far as Chieveley, and the bombardment continued. Still the Boers made no reply. That night the British soldiers whispered to one another that the attack was to be made on the morrow. Many a man, if he thought at all, must have questioned in his secret heart if he would survive, but no one could have had any prevision of the disastrous circumstances which actually occurred.

Day dawned—the dawn of December 15th, a day ever memorable in the history of the Boer War. At four o'clock the troops moved forward to force the crossing of the Tugela. General Buller's plan

was to pass at one of two places which were about a couple of miles apart. General Hart was to advance to a ford about three miles from Colenso, and, if he succeeded, was to move eastward on the other side up to the bridge. The Boers had destroyed the railway bridge, but had left the road bridge untouched.

On the east General Hildyard was to advance toward the bridge, supported by three batteries under Colonel Long; while General Lyttelton was to advance between the two divisions of Generals Hart and Hildyard, and support either if necessary. Again, on the other side of General Hildyard was placed General Barton, with instructions to co-operate with

him, and to support Lord Dundonald in an attack on Hlangwane Hill.

These were the dispositions for attack, but the actual occurrences are not clear. The salient fact is, that the Boers had hidden themselves in entrenchments in the bed of the river or quite close to it, and from these invisible positions maintained

a most deadly fire upon the advancing British. General Hart's men, however, actually crossed the stream, but found themselves under a worse fire from practically invisible foes, and were obliged to withdraw.

The attack on Hlangwane was also unsuccessful, numbers of the enemy being again invisible in hidden entrenchments; while in the centre occurred the most crushing repulse of all. General Hildyard's men advanced under a perfect storm of bullets from Boers concealed in the bed of the river, and actually succeeded in gaining Colenso station and the houses near to the bridge, and also rushed a Boer trench which seems to have been dug on the south side of



"I HAVE COME TO CONGRATULATE YOU."



the river. But Colonel Long, commanding the artillery, had, it is said, been instructed to fire at a range of two thousand yards to cover the infantry advance; but desiring to gain a more effective range, he approached, General Buller states, as close as three hundred yards' range, quite unaware that Boer marksmen were hidden either in the bed of the river or entrenched on the bank.

The result was most disastrous. At this close range a murderous fire was poured in, which at once killed or disabled the artillery horses, also many of the gunners. Bravely they strove to save the guns, and appear to have actually silenced a Boer position called Fort Wylie, but they were practically put out of action before very long, the Colonel being unfortunately wounded early in the action.

It became clear that the position could not be maintained; and further, that General Hildyard's attack could not be continued without the support of these guns. The Boer fire became so severe that no troops could live in that fatal spot, and it was decided to withdraw the guns. Both Generals Buller and Clery were present, exposed to the heavy fire, and General Buller was struck with a piece of broken shell, but beyond a severe bruise was not dangerously wounded.

Then were performed prodigies of valour in attempting to save the guns. Two were actually withdrawn; but the enemy concentrated such a murderous fire on the spot, that, to use General Buller's words, "although several attempts were made to cover the fatal five hundred yards, either horses or men, or both, were killed before they got to the guns." Lieutenant Roberts—son of Lord Roberts—was unfortunately killed. A brilliant final attempt was made by Captain H. L. Reed, with thirteen men and twenty-two horses; but Captain Reed himself and five men were wounded, while thirteen horses and one man were killed before they got half-way. Thereupon General Buller forbade any further attempts, and he gave the order to retire all along the line.

No one can fully understand the Boer War, or realize the state of feeling in Britain, and indeed in the Empire at large, who does not grasp the significance of this check on the Tugela. It did not stand alone, for it came after Stormberg and Magersfontein. The troops were brave enough—everybody knew that; but could not more brains, more intelligence, be shown in the dispositions for attack and in the conduct of the campaign? The use of deadly quick-firing guns surely called for some other method of warfare than these disastrous frontal attacks!

Then it was clear that more men and more artillery must be sent, also more mounted troops. The extraordinary mobility of the Boers with their horses gave them an immense advantage over the unmounted British troops, and this advantage must be met. It is difficult to say if any one really believed that the

Empire was in danger; but it was seen that if Britain lost South Africa the consequences to the whole of the Empire might become very serious.

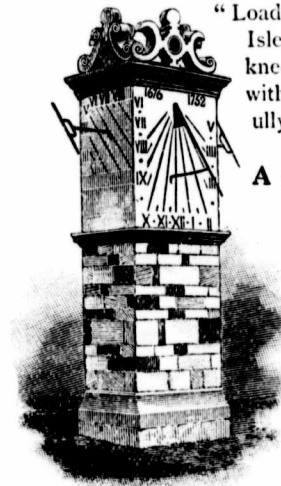
Lost South Africa! The idea was not to be thought of for a moment. If the wily Boers, with their numbers of foreign mercenaries, and helped by the extraordinary difficulties of the country, did check her advance, England would still keep on till she won. That was the predominant feeling, together with the resolute determination to put forth greater effort. It was this feeling which called forth volunteers from all parts of the Empire, and which led to the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry, and of the well-known London regiment, the City Imperial Volunteers. The Lord Mayor's Own they were sometimes called; and the title soon became shortened to the afterwards familiar initials, C.I.V.

(To be continued.)



### A CURIOUS ROCK.

IT is doubtful whether the visitor to the Scilly Isles, where curious rock formations abound, will discover a more perfect resemblance than the "Loaded Camel" on St. Mary's Isle, where the likeness to the kneeling beast, heavily laden with merchandise, is wonderfully exact.



### A CURIOUS SUNDIAL.

AT Wimborne Minster stands the ancient sundial of which we give an illustration. It dates from 1676, and originally stood in the gable in the south transept, whence it was removed to its present position in 1891.

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

II.—SWAFFHAM PRIOR, CAMBRIDGESHIRE,  
OTHERWISE CALLED SWAFFHAM TWO CHURCHES :  
ST. MARY WITH ST. CYRIAC.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by RICHARD TAYLOR & CO.

**S**WAFFHAM PRIOR is one of the most extensive of the large parishes in the fen district of Cambridgeshire. The village, clinging closely to the narrow street, nearly a mile long, cuts across the middle of the parish, dividing "fen" from "field," as the two different kinds of country are called which comprise the flat, low-lying north and the high, undulating south sections of the parish. Northwards, "down fen," the parish is bounded, at Upware, "five miles from anywhere," by the river Cam, the intervening ground being the well-known black fen soil, which contains in places rich supplies of peat, or "turf" (as it is here called). This is still much used in these parts as fuel.

The south side of the parish, "the field," extends far enough to include a considerable part of the Newmarket racecourse, the Cesarewitch being one of the big races run on Swaffham Prior soil.

Until the year 1667 there were two parishes of Swaffham Prior—the one that of St. Mary, the other that of St. Cyriac and St. Julitta. The two parishes were closely interlaced, and at the time of the Commonwealth "the auintient evidences feild bookes and other writings . . . were plundered all and imbeziled . . . whereby the perticular limitts and bounds of the said parishes" became "quite obscured and confounded." So says the Act of Parliament by which the two parsonages were consolidated. Although the limits and bounds were thenceforward unknown, yet by the provisions of this Act each parish was still to separately bear its taxes and other demands. At some later time this arrangement was altered, and the union of the two parishes was completed; Cole in his MS. in the British Museum (A.D. 1744) says that he thinks the union was perfected in the incumbency of Dr. Allix (1712-1753), an ancestor of the present squire, who was also Dean of Ely and Rector of Castle Camps at the same time. Originally each parish had its own church and its own vicar. The two churches stand side by side in the same churchyard "upon a very high hill, and are seen a vast way all about this country, to which they are a great ornament as well as landmark" (Cole's MS.); the floor of the present St. Cyriac's, though less than a hundred paces distant, is quite thirty feet above the level of the village street.

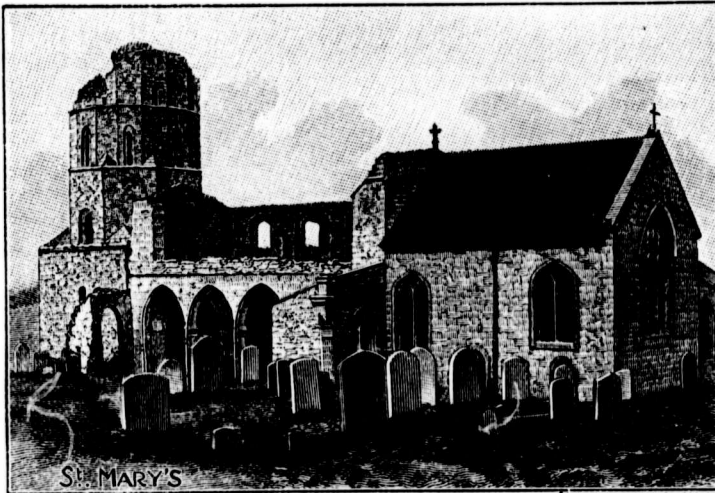
Old pictures show that both churches had Norman architecture, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century St. Mary's was in use as the parish church.

One Sunday when Divine Service was in progress the spire was struck by lightning, with the result that what was considered an ominous-looking crack appeared in the masonry. This alarmed the parishioners of that time, more than it need have done, as it turned out afterwards. However, it was decided to hew down not only the whole of this grand church, but also the ruins of the beautiful sister church standing close by; and so would have been obliterated all signs not only of the Norman work in both churches, but also all their other beautiful architecture. Providentially the demolition of St. Mary's was found to be too great an undertaking, and by the timely help of the grandfather of the present squire a part of the church was secured from destruction, and for seventy years the ruin of the church stood as a witness to the ruthless vandalism of the early days of the century. No part, however, of the ruined Church of SS. Cyriac and Julitta escaped, except the tower, which is itself much dilapidated through the wear of the weather and the neglect of former generations. After pulling down the whole of the old body of this church, a parochial rate of twenty-two shillings in the pound was raised for the erection of a new body to the old tower. The result was altogether disastrous; many of the parishioners were so exasperated at this heavy tax upon their purses that they left the worship of the Church, and the building which was erected is of a most debased kind of architecture—a large ceiled room, with wooden pillars and mullions, no chancel, and a tiny boarded and wainscoted annexe for a sanctuary. The buttresses are indeed made of stone, many of which probably came from the spire and other parts of St. Mary's. There are also in the floor some very good brasses and other interesting monuments which came from the other church.

In the year 1878 a faculty was granted for the restoration of St. Mary's and the removal of the present ugly body of St. Cyriac's, and in that year the chancel of St. Mary's was restored. The engraving shows the state of the church as it has been from that date till now. An appeal is now being circulated for subscriptions towards £1,000 which are required before the second section of the work can be taken in hand—namely, the restoration of the nave and aisles. Of the total sum required (£3,800), about £2,800 is in hand or promised.

The following report of the architects (Sir Arthur Blomfield & Sons), which is dated June 25th, 1900, shows how pressing is the need of proceeding with the work as soon as possible:—

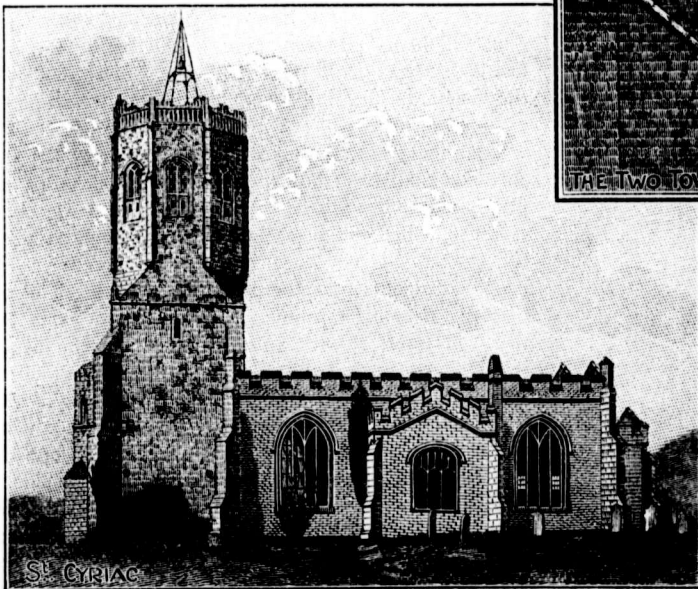
"The chancel of this interesting church was restored in 1878 by the late Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A. The portion still standing, the restoration of which it is now proposed to undertake, consists of the 'Perpendicular' or fifteenth-century nave arcade, with the



ST. MARY'S

north clerestory wall, the north aisle wall, and the east wall of the nave with its parapet. A considerable portion of the tower, the lower part of which is Norman, but the upper part Early English, or 'Transitional' to that period, is also still standing.

"At the west end of the tower are the remains of a fine fifteenth-century porch. Gradual decay of this beautiful church has been going on, the greater portion being, undoubtedly, in a much worse condition than at the time the chancel was restored. A great effort should therefore be made to carry out a complete restoration before further disintegration and decay of the portions still standing render such work difficult or impracticable. Sufficient details still exist to

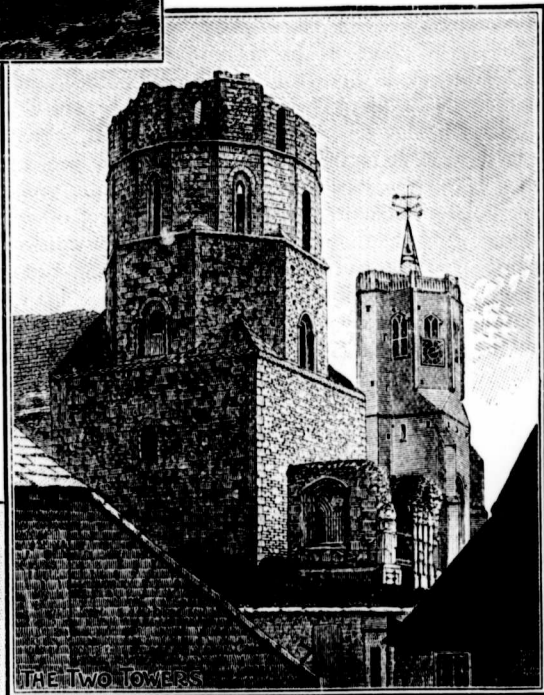


ST. CYPRIAN

render a tolerably faithful restoration of the greater portion of the stonework feasible.

"None of the fifteenth-century nave roof remains, but a typical roof of that period, of which there are so many admirable examples existing in the eastern counties, will be provided. The 'pitch' of this roof will be settled by the existing parapet wall.

"If funds will not for a time permit of the restoration of the tower with its spire, steps should be taken to provide some form of temporary roof or covering to make good the upper portions of the walls, and to tie in



THE TWO TOWERS

such parts which will be likely, if not attended to, to be a source of danger."

An account of Swaffham Prior would not be complete without some notice of the Chapelry of Reach, which lies to the north-east of the village. The ancient "cittie of Reche" was once an important place; and tradition has it that there were seven churches there. It is now a hamlet of about two hundred and fifty people, and lies mainly in Swaffham Prior, and is cared for by the Vicar of that parish. The only

ecclesiastical relic now standing is the east wall and window opening of the Chapel of St. Etheldreda. This is situate a few feet distant from, and to the east of, the apse of the present School Church, a well-built edifice erected in 1860, which has more the appearance of a church than a school, though it is used for both. This site, originally part of the glebe-land of the neighbouring parish of Burwell (within the bounds of which it stands), was by deed made over to the Vicar of Swaffham Prior, who manages it in both its ecclesiastical and educational capacities. On Rogation Monday a large horse fair is held on the green at Reach, which is attended by dealers and others from far and near. The Mayor and members of the Corporation of Cambridge drive out the twelve miles from the county town, arrayed in their robes of office, to declare the fair open,—a proceeding which takes place with much ceremony at two points of the main road of the hamlet, the town clerk first calling order in the good old way with his "Oyez! oyez! oyez!" On the occasion of this fair, from time immemorial, it has been the custom of the Mayor to throw new pennies from his carriage *en route* to Reach, to the great delight of the children and entertainment of others who assemble by the roadsides to see the procession go by. In the days before the drainage of the Fens, Reach was an important landing-place, and ships of considerable size unloaded their burdens there. It still has somewhat of a maritime air about it; the cottages have the look of seaside houses; it has its Hythe, its docks, its Ship Inn, and its Uncle Tom's Cabin. At Reach starts the famous Devil's Ditch, which dates, it is supposed, from the days of the Iceni. This marvellous earthwork runs in a straight line across country for seven miles, it being in a large part of its length the eastern boundary of Swaffham Prior Parish.

The present Vicar of this parish is the Rev. Lawrence Fisher, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, who was appointed in 1897 by the Dean and Chapter of Ely (patrons alternately with the Bishop).

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### CURIOUS BEETLES.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

*Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Some Out-of-the-way Pets,"  
"Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.*

The illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY  
by A. T. ELWES.

**T**HOSE who see a collection of beetles for the first time usually make two discoveries, which surprise them very greatly. The first is that these insects are far more plentiful than they had ever imagined. They had thought, perhaps, that there might be half a dozen different kinds altogether.

They find that in Great Britain alone there are between three and four thousand, and that at least twenty times as many more have been found in other parts of the world.

And the second discovery is that many of these insects are very beautiful. They had judged of them only by the so-called "black beetles" which infest our kitchens. They find that those troublesome creatures are not really beetles at all, and that many of the true beetles are so exquisite that words fail altogether to describe their exceeding beauty.

A third discovery, however, awaits those who study their habits, and that is that many beetles are exceedingly curious. You take a stroll, for example, along a river-bank; you turn over a large stone which lies in a damp spot near the margin of the water; and a pretty red-and-blue beetle, about half an inch long, runs hurriedly away. Suddenly, as it does so, a little puff of bluish white smoke spurts out from the end of its body, and there is a tiny explosion, just like the report of a microscopical gun. You touch the beetle, and there is another puff of smoke, accompanied by another explosion. For this is a Bombardier Beetle, and at the tip of its tail it is furnished with a number of little glands, which contain a highly volatile liquid. By compressing these glands it can expel the contents into the air, and the moment that it does so the liquid passes into vapour, just as gun-powder does when it takes fire. Hence the explosion.

And the reason why this strange power is possessed by the beetle is a very curious one. All the small beetles of the river-bank are persecuted by much bigger beetles, the lions and tigers of the insect world; and many of them fall victims to their savage and powerful enemies. When the bombardier is chased by such a foe, however, it fires off one of its guns full in its pursuer's face. And before the big beetle has recovered from the surprise and shock of the discharge, the little beetle has made its escape to a place of safety.

Then there is that singular insect known as the Oil Beetle. You may find it crawling slowly about in grassy places in spring—a bluish-black, clumsily built creature, which can scarcely drag its huge body over the ground. If you pick it up, an evil-smelling oily liquid oozes out from the joints of its legs. This is evidently a means of protection. No bird, for example, will ever interfere with an oil beetle. But the insect is still more remarkable for the manner in which it spends the earlier part of its life. That bulky body, which hampers its movements so greatly, is filled with thousands upon thousands of eggs. These it deposits in holes in the ground—five or six thousand in a single hole. And out of each egg there comes an odd little grub, with six very long legs. As soon as it is hatched it sets out in search of a flower. When it finds one, it climbs up the stem, and hides away among the petals. Before long a humble-bee visits the flower in

quest of honey. No sooner does it settle than the grub springs upon it and clings to its hairy body. The bee is none the wiser. The grub is so small that its presence is never noticed. And, still clinging to the bee, it is carried back to the nest, where it feeds upon the provisions that had been so carefully stored up for the young.

There is a beetle, too, which actually spends its whole life half buried in a bee's body. It is called the *Stylops*, or "stalk-eye," because its eyes are situated on the tips of little footstalks; and the strange thing is that the bee seems very little the worse for its presence, although the beetle is actually feeding upon its juices. All that one notices is that it flies a little heavily. Yet the proportionate



CLAVIGER CARESSSED BY AN ANT.



STYLOPS.

They fondle it, and caress it, very much as we stroke a favourite dog or cat. And if the nest is opened, their very first care is for its safety. They will pick up the little beetle, and carry it off down some underground passage, even before they remove their own eggs and young.

And could a more curious beetle be found than our common English Glow-worm? For the glow-worm is a beetle, although it looks so much more like a grub.

Here is a mystery which puzzles us all. How is the light produced? We do not know. What is it for? We do not know. How is the insect enabled to turn it on, so to speak, and shut it off at will? We do not know. We know how many millions of tons the sun weighs; we know the rate at which the planets are speeding through space; we know the very day, the very hour, the very moment at which the moon will be eclipsed ten thousand years hence; but we are utterly and entirely baffled by

the problem which is set us by this common English beetle.



BOMBARDIER REPULSING AN ENEMY.

size of the beetle to the bee is very much the same as that of a ferret to a human being!

Then there is a very odd little beetle indeed, which has no popular name, but is known to men of science as the *Claviger*. This insect has no eyes, and—stranger still—is without the smallest vestige of a mouth. The consequence is that it can take no food at all. This, however, matters little, for it lays up a store of fat while it is a grub, and lives for the rest of its days upon that, just as the camel, during its long journeys through the desert, subsists principally upon the fat contained in its own hump.

The situation in which this little beetle lives is almost more singular still, for it is never found except in the nests of the yellow ant. The ants, indeed, seem to make a pet of it.



GLOW-WORM.

## IN DEFENCE OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

(Continued from page 8.)

III. Is it said that the religious history and ecclesiastical circumstances of the people of England have in recent times so much altered that the Church of England ought no longer be allowed to maintain her dominant position over all other religious bodies, even though they have sprung from her communion?

The answer is, the Church is not dominant over, nor does she seek to dominate over, any of them. They went out from her, and remain separated from her of their own free will, and her doors are always open to them to return to her fold when they choose so to do. But because they, in the exercise of their choice, have either separated themselves from her fellowship, or have of their own free will continued in the state of separation in which they found themselves by birth, that certainly is no reason why their fellow-citizens who are loyal Churchmen, deeply attached to the ancient Church of their fathers, and who regard as of the highest value the religious services and ministrations which the Church in her present position renders to the whole people of England who will avail themselves of them, should be subjected to any religious loss by a deposition of the Church from her present position.

The position that the Church holds in this country—call it National or Established, or what you will—is a position which she originally gained by religious conquest over the ancient heathenism of the land; it is a position which she has inherited from the Church of the past, and a position which we trust she will hand down intact to the Church of the future.

The Church of England only asks to be permitted, in quietness and peace, to carry on her own parochial, pastoral, and evangelistic work throughout all her parishes in the land, leaving all the religious bodies outside her communion free to do their religious work in the way that they think best.

IV. Is it said that to deprive the Church of her present position in the country by subjecting her to disestablishment would result in much good to herself as a Church, to her members, and to the nation at large?

The answer is, all such statements are the result of mere conjecture on the part of the Church's opponents, whose wish for disestablishment is father to the thought. There is no actual data on which such assertions can be founded. The people of England have never had any experience of the Church occupying any other position than that of the Church of the people and of the kingdom—the National Church. The kingdom and people of England have never

been without their National Church, and it would be impossible for them to predict what better state of things would follow disestablishment. It is a somewhat singular characteristic of the opponents of the Church that, while they make every effort to depose the Church from her present legal position by disestablishment, they themselves try to extend and consolidate the legal position of all the dissenting denominations by getting as many Acts of Parliament as possible passed in their favour.

V. Is it said that if the Church of England were by disestablishment deposed from her present established position, the people of the country would not thereby suffer any great loss, as the various religious bodies have already made provision for public worship in nearly all the parishes of the kingdom?

The answer is, that the various religious bodies have made no public and parochial provision for public worship whatever, in the sense in which the Church has done so in every parish in the land by means of her parish and other churches, which are consecrated and dedicated to the religious uses of all the parishioners for ever, while dissenting places of worship are not dedicated to the use of the public or the parishioners at all, but only to the use of such people as profess to believe the creed set forth in each chapel trust deed.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

## IV.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

**T**AKE eleven from twenty-two, so that twenty remains.

## V.—SQUARE WORD.

1. A raised and decorated platform. 2. Our gallant defenders. 3. What a schoolboy dislikes. 4. An ancient house on the River Thames.

## VI.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials read downwards name a month, and my finals read downwards something which a proverb connects with it. 1. What a young chicken is said to be clothed with. 2. A man's name. 3. Something which people should quickly pay. 4. Genuine. 5. Joined together. 6. A girl's name. 7. A mass of stone. 8. The old name for Christmas.

## HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART.

(Certificated Teacher of Cookery.)

## III.—Potato Pudding.

**B**OIL potatoes sufficient to make half a pound when mashed, add two ounces of butter, two eggs, half a pint of milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  saltspoonful of salt, and two ounces of sugar; beat all well together, put the pudding into a buttered pie-dish, and bake for half an hour.

## IV.—Cod-Fish.

Take two pounds of cod-fish; wash the fish, and let it soak in water all night; boil it slowly for about an hour.

# A Hymn for Lent.

Words by J. CUMMINS.

Music by HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

1. Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from Heav'n Thy gra-cious ear; While our wait-ing souls a - dore Thee,  
2. From the depths of na-ture's blind-ness, From the hard-ning pow'r of sin, From all ma-lice and un-kind-ness,

Friend of help-less sin-ners, hear: By Thy mer-cy, O de-liv-er us, good Lord. A - men.  
From the pride that lurks with-in, By Thy mer-cy, O de-liv-er us, good Lord. A - men.

3. When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

4. When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

5. In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the times of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When the creature's help is vain,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

6. In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our Hope and Stay:  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

## Key F.

d : - r   m : s	f : m   r : d	r : m   f : m	r : m   r : -	d : - r   m : s	f : m   r : d
1. Je - sus, Lord of	life and glo - ry,	Bend from Heav'n Thy	gra-cious ear;	While our wait-ing	souls a - dore Thee
d : - d   d : d	d : d   t <sub>1</sub> : d	l <sub>1</sub> : de   r : de	r : d   t <sub>1</sub> : -	d : - d   d : d	d : d   t <sub>1</sub> : d
m : - f   s : m	l : s   f : m	f : s   l : s	l : l   r : -	m : - f   s : ta	l : s   f : m
2. From the depths of	na-ture's blind-ness,	From the hard-ning	pow'r of sin,	From all ma-lice	and un-kind-ness,
d : - d   d : d	d : d   s <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> : m <sub>1</sub>   r <sub>1</sub> : m <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> : fe <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : -	d : - d   d : d	d : d   s <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub>

r : l   s : f	m : r   d : -	f : s   f : m	l : s   t <sub>1</sub> : d	m : -   r : -	d : -   - : -	d : -   d : -
Friend of help-less	sin-ners, hear:	By Thy mer-cy,	O de-liv-er	us,	good	Lord.
l <sub>1</sub> : t <sub>1</sub>   d : d	d : t <sub>1</sub>   d : -	d : r   d : d	t <sub>1</sub> : d   f <sub>1</sub> : m <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> : -   t <sub>1</sub> : -	d : -   - : -	d : -   d : -
f : f   s : l	s : f   m : -	d : s   l : s	f : m   r : d	d : -   f : -	m : -   - : -	f : -   m : -
From the pride that	lurks within,	By Thy mer-cy,	O de-liv-er	us,	good	Lord.
f <sub>1</sub> : r <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> : s <sub>1</sub>   d : -	l <sub>1</sub> : t <sub>1</sub>   d : d	r <sub>1</sub> : m <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> : -   s <sub>1</sub> : -	d : -   - : -	f <sub>1</sub> : -   d : -

## A REMINISCENCE OF CHARLES KINGSLEY.



READERS of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" will remember Salvation Yeo. The bowl here represented belonged to the original of this character, and is now in the possession of a descendant living at Clovelly. The name of "Salvation," we may add, was a fictitious one; the "Yeo" actual. Our illustration has been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. H. B. Woodburn.



CHARLES BURNEY, MUS. DOC. OXON., F.R.S.,  
Author of "The History of Music."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from the painting by  
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

### A SHORT ACCOUNT OF OUR GREAT CHURCH MUSICIANS (1540 1876).

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.

BY AGNES E. DONE\*

(Of Worcester).

**M**ANY of us are probably aware that the first Prayer Book in English was brought out in Edward VI.'s reign in 1549; but perhaps it is not so well known that a musical setting to this book was written by John Marbecke—in fact, a full Cathedral Service, with the exception of the Litany. This service was not such as we have in use now, for the first Prayer Book differed considerably from ours of the present day; also, the chants and responses were for unison singing only, as the composer had arranged the old Plain-song of the Roman Church to the English words of the Reformed Service. By Plain-song, or Gregorian chant as now called, we mean the Greek modes adapted by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in A.D. 384, for the use of the Western Church, and two centuries later reformed by Gregory the Great.† "How ancient these chants are!" you will say. Yes, indeed; but perhaps not so ecclesiastical as some think: for does not Sir George Macfarren, in his lectures on harmony, tell us that these Greek

\* Miss Done is a daughter of the late Dr. W. Done, who was Organist of Worcester Cathedral for upwards of fifty-one years.—EDITOR.

† See also Barney's "History," vol. ii., pp. 8, 9.

modes were the popular melodies of the country and essentially of Pagan origin? Be this as it may, we who are brought up in our cathedrals to sing the Anglican chants think them, and probably justly, more beautiful and better suited to English words than the Gregorian tones, be they never so ancient.

But, returning to John Marbecke's Service, it is well to remark that, though as a whole it is seldom heard, it is acknowledged to be a powerful work, the Nicene Creed being especially fine. Dr. Burney, in his "History of Music," gives a comprehensive account of this work, with the "Te Deum" printed in full. There is also a description of the different notes, as follows: "The first is called a strene note, and is a breve; the second a square note, and is a semibreve; the third a pyke, and is a mynymme; and so on." What strikes us as most curious is that the whole of the service is written on a stave of four lines only, instead of five, to which we are accustomed.

Lastly, of John Marbecke let it be said that to him a deep debt of gratitude is owed, for his compositions laid the foundation of our great school of Church music, a school of which England has every reason to be proud.

### OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT,

Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."

7. **W**HO was it who asked Our Saviour to give great honours to her sons? 8. Show from Our Saviour's own words the value of prayer. 9. Where do we read of a man being bound hand and foot because he refused to answer a question? 10. When did the betrayal of Our Saviour take place, and by whom was He betrayed? 11. What rich man was a disciple of Our Saviour? 12. Who were very much afraid, and yet filled with great joy?

### GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

Author of "My Garden in Winter and Summer," etc.

**I**N mild weather autumn-sown annuals may be transplanted this month. Roses should have a liberal top dressing; all hardy varieties may be planted. Raspberries should be pruned without delay; new plantations of strawberries may be made, and old plants should be well cleaned and mulched; early carrots may be sown, also broad beans, parsley, onions, and leeks.

**THE BOOK.**—The Bible has been a quarry for sculptors, a gallery for painters, a text-book for orators, a standard for poets, and a dictionary of quotations for everybody. It was a fountain of melody to Handel, to Mendelssohn, to Haydn; a field of phantasmagoria to Dante; a spectrum of human life to Goethe; a consecrating oil to Shakespeare; a window in Heaven and a light upon earth to Bunyan; a mystery of mysteries to Byron; and a pocket companion to Scott. A book as well as a man is known by the company he keeps; and this Book has kept the grandest company the world ever saw. Written by men of all classes, it comes to men of all conditions, and meets the needs of the universal human heart.





### AN ANCIENT FONT.

**N**ANCHESTER Cathedral contains a very fine twelfth-century font, the gift of Bishop Henry de Blois, brother to King Stephen. The font is said to be of Belgian workmanship, and the sculpture represents incidents in the life of St. Nicholas of Myra. Our illustration is from a photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. George Harrison, of Nottingham.



### A CURIOUS COTTAGE.

**A** ROUND house is not a common building in England. The one illustrated is at Little Thetford, a remote, out-of-the-way village just off the main road leading from Ely to Cambridge. It consists of two tenements, inhabited by two separate families, and was probably, some centuries back, either a dove-cote or something similar. It will be noticed that the walls are far from upright, and seem to indicate that it might have been part of an old windmill, many of which are to be found in Cambridgeshire. Our illustration has been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. H. B. Woodburn.

## GENTLE WORDS.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY RUTH LAMB,

Author of "Poor Lil's Baby," etc.

**H**OW beautiful winter is when the snow is on the ground, the air is clear, and the trees are sparkling in the sunshine, and when the walls of the poorest cottages seem spread with diamond stars! When do the real stars glitter as they do on a frosty night?

Healthy children love Jack Frost. What matters it if he gives their fingers a pinch or tweaks their small noses now and again? They have only to bestir themselves in a game at snowballing, and he spreads such a colour on their round cheeks as even the summer sun cannot produce.

For the old, the poor and feeble, winter has terrors. They cannot leap about, like you dear children do, to bring colour to their withered cheeks; and winter pinches them more sharply than you would think. Still, every season is beautiful; and as we look at God's wonderful works we say, "In wisdom hast Thou made them all. The earth is full of Thy riches."

Winter brings many pleasures; but when enjoying these, boys do not always remember that what is play to them may bring harm to others.

Let me show you a picture I saw in the street some time ago.

There had been a fall of snow, then a sharp frost, which had made it almost as firm as ice. It was hard work to keep from slipping, and the older people were almost afraid to take a step without the help of a stick.

Right on the pavement four lads had been making slides, though they knew they were forbidden. They thought only of pleasing themselves, and they glided merrily along, one after another, but always on the watch lest a policeman should come in sight.

They had no fear of being caught—not they. They knew they should be off in as many different directions as there were boys. He who would catch one must have a light pair of heels.

In the midst of their fun an old gentleman came slowly along, taking cautious steps and leaning on his stick. On seeing the boys his face became purple with anger, and he shouted, "You young rascals! How dare you slide on the pavement? Go away, or I'll have you taken up by the police and put in prison."

Instead of running away, one boy ran for the longest slide, and, as he glided past the angry old gentleman, called out, "Shall I fetch a policeman for you, sir? Hold those other three while I'm gone, so's they don't get away. I may be a good while, for they say you can never find a policeman when you want him. Which way must I go, sir?"

The saucy words and grinning face of the boy made the old gentleman more angry than ever, and he

stormed and scolded, whilst the lads went from slide to slide, enjoying their fun all the more.

At this moment a policeman came in sight, and the old gentleman said, "You'll change your tone now, young sirs." He did not realize that the lads were as slippery to catch as the ice was on which they were sliding.

The policeman understood all about it, and made a grab at one of the boys, but missed him and came down on the ice. Before he regained his feet all four were off like the wind. No use trying to catch them; and the poor policeman, shaken by his fall, rubbed first his knee, then his elbow, looking rather rueful as he did so.

"I hope you are not much hurt," said the old gentleman. "Just think what it would be for a man of my age to fall in such a way. What a shame these slides are allowed! They ought to be put a stop to and the boys punished."

"Easier said than done, sir. The police are willing; but they are only round their beats once an hour, and it would want a man for each boy," was the answer.

"Then there is no remedy, and the police are of no use," said the old gentleman angrily, as he hobbled away.

The policeman felt aggrieved, and said he "couldn't do impossibilities, or be in twenty places at once."

He was angry about his fall, and he wanted to catch one of the culprits, so he lingered about the place, but in vain. Four pairs of sharp eyes were watching, and as soon as he was at a safe distance the owners of them resumed their sport on the slides.

Was there to be no remedy? Were the old and feeble or the young and careless to risk their limbs on those slides after nightfall?

There was a remedy, but the old gentleman had not thought of it, neither had the policeman.

A few minutes later a girl passed along the same street. She had a kind face, all aglow with health and seeming to reflect a happy temper.

She stopped and smiled at the lads, who smiled back again as they glided past her.

"Boys," she said, "I want to speak to you. Will you stop sliding for a minute?"

Almost as she finished speaking, they stood round her.

"I want to ask if any of you have had a broken limb or a joint put out of place?"

Two said "No." A third told her his little brother's

arm had been broken; and the fourth said, "I put my ankle out once by falling downstairs."

"Then one of you has known a good deal of pain. So have I, and I'll tell you how it happened. I was coming home on a night like this two years ago. Boys had been making slides like yours, never thinking of hurting any one any more than you did when you made this"; and she touched the nearest with her foot.

Perhaps the lads guessed what was coming; but the speaker looked so kind they would not interrupt her, and she went on,—

"A little snow had covered the slide, which I trod upon, not seeing it, and I fell. I was sadly hurt. My shoulder and wrist were put out of joint, and I was bruised and my face cut on a loose stone. There was nobody near, and I felt very faint; but I crawled to a doorstep and sat there till the gentleman of the house found me there, and I was taken home."

"Is that all real true?" asked one boy.

"Yes. I had great pain and was in bed for a long time through the shock. As I lay there I used to think how sorry the boys who made that slide would be if they knew."

The boys looked uneasy, but did not speak.

"You would not like to be the means of giving anybody such pain, would you?" she asked.

"No," shouted all four at once.

"It is such a little way to the brick Croft, and all the pools there are frozen hard. You could slide there merrily and neither vex nor risk hurting anybody."

"Let's go," said one and all.

"Wouldn't it be better to spoil these slides first?"

"I'll run for mother's chopper," said one.

"No need. Here are some coppers. Buy some salt at the corner shop, and it will melt the ice."

The lads ran, the salt was brought and duly sprinkled, and with a merry shout the lads prepared to go to the brick Croft.

"Good-bye, boys, and thank you. I hope you'll have good fun. I was sure you were not unkind boys," said the girl, waving her hand to them.

"We'd do anything to please you, because you speak so kindly," was the answer.

The girl turned homeward, her bright face brighter still, for her gentle words had gone home with power and done good.

Truly "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—February 2, Purification of *M. V. Mary*; 3, Septuagesima Sunday, *Basilius, Bishop and Martyr*; 5, *Kaatba, Virgin and Martyr*; 10, Sexagesima Sunday; 14, *Valentine, Bishop*; 17, Quinquagesima Sunday; 20, *Ash Wednesday*; 24, 1st Sunday in Lent, *St. Matthias, Apostle and Martyr*; 27, *Ember Day*.

**Jesus said: "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."**

ST. LUKE vi. 37.

## THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

### CALEDONIA.

On Sunday, January, 20th, the parish receive a visit from the Rural Dean, who conducted the services and preached, the Rev. Wm. Bevan being absent at South Cayuga, Port Maitland and Dunnville. The congregation throughly appreciated the excellent sermons of the Rural Dean.

The concluding days of January have been made sad by the news of the Queen's death. On Sunday, January 27th, the services were of a memorial character for the late Queen, and sermons were delivered on the life's work and noble character of our late beloved Sovereign. The congregations entered reverently and earnestly into the spirit of the services. The church had been draped in black by the ladies of the congregation, and completely harmonized with pervading emotions of the people. A solemn service of commemoration, as directed by the Lord Bishop, took place on Saturday, February 2nd, at 11 a. m.

This parish has sustained a great loss in the death of the late Richard Ince, Esq. He had been ill for some time, but was not thought so near his departure. "His end was peace."

On the 18th of December, 1900, Mr. George Avery and Miss Ellena May Ince were married. The service was performed by the rector of the parish. The young bride had the sympathy of the whole community on the unexpected death of her father but a few days after her marriage.

A "Ladies' Guild" has just been formed. The ladies are most enthusiastic, and are all heartily working in connection with their new society.

### PORT MAITLAND & SOUTH CAYUGA.

A brass plate bearing the inscription "Given by the congregation to mark the close of the 19th Century," was affixed to the pulpit desk in St. John's church before the first Sunday in the New Year and Century.

In accordance with the arrangement made at the last Deanery meeting for the annual Missionary address, the Rev. W. Bevan of Caledonia conducted the services on Sunday, Jan. 20th, and was at Dunnville in the evening. Mr. Francis officiated at York in a similar capacity on the same Sunday, and at Nanticoke and Cheapside on the following one.

Each branch of the Women's Auxiliary held its regular monthly meeting and two sewing meetings during January. The February monthly

meetings will be held on the 6th and 7th, when arrangements will be made for the annual meetings. It is hoped that every member of the society will endeavour to attend the latter.

The collectors for the "Apportionment Fund" will make their house to house visitation some time during the next few weeks. The amount "apportioned" by the Synod to this parish is \$50 (\$25 from each congregation). The collections in church during the year for the four objects included in the fund have been as follows :

	ST. J.	C. C.
May 27th, Algoma & N. W. Missions	\$4.62	\$2.07
Sept. 9th, W. & O. Fund	3.45	3.50
Dec. 2nd, Div. Students' Fund	50	50
Jan. 20th, Diocesan Missions	3.00	2.55
Totals	\$11.57	\$8.62

Subtracting each of these sums from \$25, it will be readily seen that \$13.43 and \$16.38 are the minimum amounts to be raised by the house to house collection in order that we may meet our apportionment. It would be appropriate—not to say just and fair—that those who were not at church on the Sundays mentioned, and thus gave nothing through the offertory, should think of this when visited by the collectors, and make their contribution through this channel such as to make up for the neglect of the other one.

### DUNNVILLE.

One of the parishes within the Deanery of Haldimand of which little has been seen in the pages of this magazine is St. Paul's, Dunnville. For the benefit of those readers who may be interested in our welfare we may state that many things have been happening within the last few weeks that show a good deal of life in the church, and a pleasing degree of interest on the part of many of its members in its work. This will be evident if you will allow me to go back over a few weeks and trace in brief outline a few of the more prominent events.

1st—In October the Bishop was here, and confirmed 16 in their baptismal vows. This was within a year of his former visit for a similar purpose.

2nd—In November a Junior branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was organized, and became at once a flourishing society of some 23 members. With a good deal of enthusiasm they commenced their duties, and seeking first how they might be of service to their own parish they decided to pre-

## THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

pare for a bazaar. This, after a good deal of work was held on Dec. 15th, and the net proceeds amounted to about \$80. You will hear of them again, and in the meantime we will wish them in the very best sense a prosperous life.

3rd—Before this was over preparations were made for our annual Sunday School entertainment. Many difficulties and disappointments came to us, but they were all surmounted, and on Jan. 1st, 1901, we had an entertainment in the Opera House that was enjoyed by those present. It reflected credit on those who took part, and their trainers, and was a financial success.

4th—In the meantime another important step had been taken in our Sunday School work, in the founding of a library. This was a need we had felt for a long time, but only now have we been able to satisfy it. We have started with over 300 books, and the eagerness with which the children look for their books on Sunday afternoon speaks volumes for their appreciation of it, and its erstwhile need. It is a good thing accomplished not too soon. It has renewed the interest of the scholars, and we hope also of their parents, and their teachers in the Sunday School; an interest which we hope will continue and in due time bring forth much good fruit.

But this brief summary would not be quite complete without some notice of a very pretty and interesting event, which happened at the church on Xmas afternoon. It was the marriage of Miss Minnie Galbraith and Mr. Dilly Bell. The bride was one of our popular young ladies, and our only regret is that it was necessary for us to lose, in order that he might gain. A great many of her friends were present at the wedding, and she takes with her to her new home in Minneapolis the best wishes of a host of Dunnville friends.

### In Memoriam, Victoria R. I.

On Jan. 22nd our beloved Queen passed away, aged 81 years.

A special memorial service was held in St. Paul's Church, Dunnville, on Saturday, Feb. 2nd, at 11.30 a. m. The church had been fittingly draped in purple and black, and very sombre it all seemed, this solemn drapery of death. The gloom seemed to envelop us and penetrate our hearts as the Queen's death was forced home upon us. Some flowers upon the altar alone relieved the scene and seemed to speak of hope in the midst of despair, of joy in the midst of sorrow, of life in the midst of death—a life that knows no death, neither sorrow nor crying. Over the entrance had been placed the Union Jack, draped in black under which we had all to pass to render our last sad homage to England's Queen. About 55 of the L. O. I. formed part of the 325 or more who crowded the church for this service.

The organist played Beethoven's Funeral March, and then after a few opening sentences the congregation upon their knees sang hymn 548.

When our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

Full of meaning for us seemed this beautiful church hymn, as it was sung on bended knee. Psalm 90 followed; the lesson I Cor. 15:20; Prayers (Collects for Easter Sunday, 4th Sunday after Trinity, and All Saints' Day); Hymn 515, and then an address by the Rev. Thos. Motherwell, Hymn 479, Prayers from the Burial Service, Hymn 446, and then the very impressive service closed with Chopin's Funeral March. Very sad yet full of hope seemed the beautiful burial service of our church.

In his address the rector spoke of the good Queen: her life, with its sorrows and its joys; her life's work for her people, sympathizing with them, seeking to improve their condition, to assure their welfare, and to maintain peace. He spoke of the many changes that have taken place in the course of her long and beneficent reign; of the marvellous growth of the empire of which we form a part, and better still of the growth of that feeling of sympathy, of unity, of brotherhood between the different parts of her vast empire—of the drawing together of the bonds of the empire, while the bounds are ever widening. He spoke of the vast strides of commerce, the wonderful discoveries of science, the wonderful growth of christian missions, the progress of art, the addition to the world's permanent literature, and the improvement of laws, morals and politics in her reign. She had solved the problem of how to reign, and how to reign constitutionally. She had proved herself a true mother in Israel, like Deborah of old. The world had known a number of glorious epochs; the age of Pericles, when Grecian art flourished; the age of Augustus, when the splendour of Roman Imperialism was at its height; the age of Elizabeth, resplendent with its galaxy of names great in literature, adventure and war; but these all paled before the multiplied glories of the age in which we live—the Victorian era. She wrought her people lasting good. Her influence was at all times great and was ever exerted on the side of peace, purity and righteousness. In her youth she put her trust in the great Ruler of all men, and prayed to Him for wisdom to rule her people. Riches and glory and power were added unto her, and long life, far more than the allotted time. Never Queen reigned over so vast an empire. Never was Queen of a vast Empire so loved. We loved her, we honored her, and she is gone. She is dead, and our hearts are bowed down in grief. She is dead, but England still lives, and in her strength will go forward still, and accomplish her mission in the world.

The Rev. Arthur Francis of the neighboring parish of Port Maitland and South Cayuga was present and took part in the service.