

AS we are going to have a series of articles entitled "How the Victoria Cross was Won," it may be well to write, by way of introduction, a short statement of what it is.

A little Maltese cross of bronze. A little insignificant bit of metal measuring less than an inch and a half each way. A little Maltese cross of bronze, worth intrinsically perhaps fourpence, yet of all the distinctions which the Queen can confer, of all the decorations which her royal hand can give, that little piece of bronze, that insignificant bit of metal, is prized beyond all others in the realm.

Distinction men may win in the beaten paths of peace, travelling famewards in a gilded chariot along the smooth asphalted road which leads to the temple of Fame. A title men may achieve, a coronet men may buy, by sedulous devotion and princely munificence to the cause of Party, or it may be inherited, as most titles are, from an ancestor.

Not so, however, the little Maltese cross of bronze depending from a blue or a red riband, its bar appropriately decorated with a laurel bough. No pride of place can gain that simple piece of metal. No pride of birth can claim the privilege of wearing it. No wealth of all the richest in the world can purchase the right to its possession. He who would gain the coveted distinction must have learnt the supreme lesson of the world, he must have cast out fear, he must have looked on death itself.

"For Valour" are the two words enscrolled upon its face. For valour, and for valour alone, is it bestowed, as by valour, and by valour alone it can be won.

"For Valour!" and above the royal crest of England the proud lion crowned standing upon the crown. "For Valour," and to us it seems as if those simple words, written in the blood of heroes who have made our Empire great, must have brought the decoration down to us from the days when England lay a little speck upon the azure sea which cut her off from the rest of the world and

made her name the symbol for nothingness as it is now the standard of supremacy.

It is of our own century, it is almost of our own time, for but little more than forty years have elapsed since that memorable day in January 1856 when the Royal Warrant was issued instituting the decoration and defining the conditions governing its bestowal.

"For Valour."

Not for birth, nor wealth, nor distinction, but "for valour," and appropriately enough the first act for which it was granted was performed, not by a prince, an earl, or titled individual, not by a man of wealth or social distinction, but by the mate of Her Majesty's ship *Hecla*, Charles David Lucas. A shell fired from the fortress of Bomarsund in the Baltic Sea fell on his ship, and though the fuse was hissing in his hand and an explosion might come at any moment and shatter him to pieces, yet without any thought of self, without any thought of life, without any thought

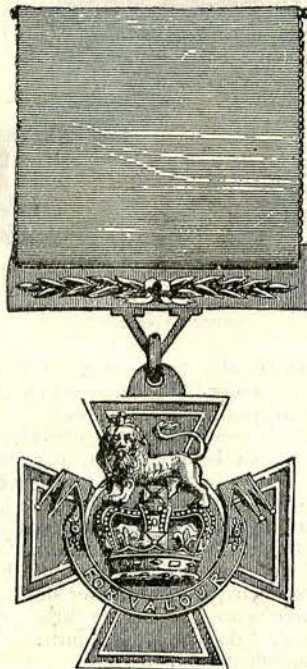
of reward—for it was eighteen months before the Victoria Cross was instituted—thinking only of his duty towards his comrades, even though his life should pay the penalty, he picked up the bomb and hurled it into the sea.

For valour! and the little cross of bronze has been won by soldiers and by sailors fighting for their country and their Queen, by men whose sole profession is the slaying of men.

For valour! and the little cross of bronze has been won by men trained in the arts of peace, whose profession is the guarding of life.

For valour! and the little cross of bronze has been won by a chaplain, whose profession is the saving of souls.

"For Valour!" For valour wherever it may be found in any part of the world. For valour, without consideration of rank or long service, wounds or any circumstance or condition whatever, save the merit of conspicuous bravery. Those are the terms of its bestowal.



THE VICTORIA CROSS.



missing!" and among those who set forth on the quest, once more went Private Henry Hook.

Missing Englishmen were sought, wounded negroes were found. Back to the camp they brought them. In the camp they tended them. Friend and foe, in equal straits, in a common necessity they served alike.

But the sick and wounded need food as well as water. The sick and wounded had to be fed. It was breakfast time. The sun was burning in the sky. Hero of the night, soldier of the Queen, Hook became hospital cook again. Off went his coat, down came his braces, on went the kettle on the fire, and the fighter of many fights was thinking of the meal the hungry sick was needing.

"Lord Chelmsford has arrived! Lord Chelmsford has arrived!" the word rang through the camp.

What did the general's coming matter to the cook? The patients were waiting for their breakfast.

But if the general's coming meant nothing to the cook, the cook meant a great deal to the general.

"Bring Hook before me!" he commanded, when they told him of the defence of the hospital.

With his braces down, without his coat, they took the private before the commander.

"Tell me of the defence of the hospital!" and Hook told what he knew.

"Your hand, my friend."

And private and commander stood face to face and hand in hand, linked by the common bond of bravery.

Then the hero saluted and retired. He had become hospital cook again. Back he went to his pots, his kettles, and his pans, back to the duty which he had to do. Making breakfast for the sick in the morning was as important as fighting through the night, and he did it as thoroughly. The soldier of the Lord, the soldier of the Queen, was the hospital cook once again.

### Prayer in a Police-Court.

A SCENE, probably unique in police-court annals, occurred at the sitting of the Hayward's Heath Petty Sessions on the day after the news of the fall of Khartoum reached England. The chairman, Colonel W. H. Campion, said that some of his brother magistrates had requested him to refer to the glorious victory that we had won in the Soudan.

After referring to the end which had thus been put to a cruel and tyrannous reign, after thirteen years' patient waiting by this country, the chairman added that he felt strongly, as he had a son in one of the regiments which had taken part in both fights. He thought it would not be out of place to offer thanks to the Almighty for the great victory.

Asking the court to rise, the gallant chairman then offered a short prayer of thanksgiving for "the great and glorious victory in the Soudan."

### BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

A THICK-SET, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my account with Old Alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time; and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me; but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up; but he made me go staggering around, and he threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and be the laughing-stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me, sick as a dog."

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up; and I was nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength; and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage."

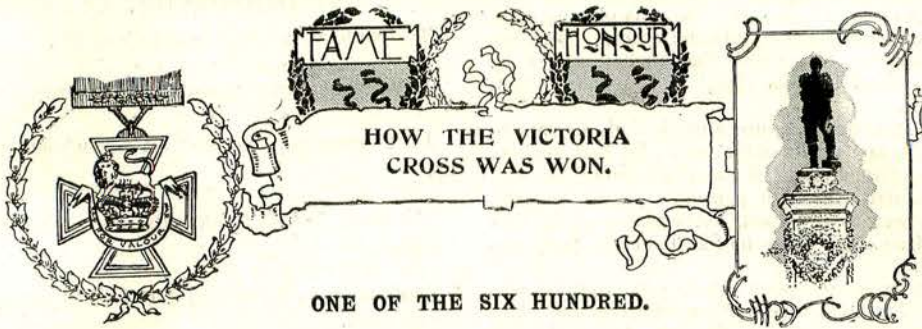
"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward; for I beat my sick wife, and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits; but instead he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me; but he made me a tramp."

### A Unique Church.

THE Central Union Church of Honolulu is a remarkable organisation. Its membership comprises practically all the English-speaking people in the city, including the members of the Government, some 500 families in all. It is, as its name implies, inclusive of various denominations, but belongs to none. It is the oldest and largest church in the Hawaiian Islands, and is, in fact, the mother church of nearly all the rest. Its basis of doctrinal belief is simple and catholic. It owns a steamer, which goes continually to islands far and near with missionaries and their needed supplies, and supports a large number of missionary workers in the Pacific. Last year it expended £6,000 for charitable work and missions, while but £600 went for parish expenses. Its new church edifice, which cost £26,000, is free from debt. The house seats 2,000 people. The Rev. William M. Kincaid, of Minneapolis, has just accepted a call to the pastorate of this unique church, truly a gem on the bosom of the vast Pacific.





## ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

AROUND the heights of Balaclava the battle raged. Cannon answered to cannon, rifle replied to rifle, bullet shrieked to bullet. Their message was death. Death was their reply.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"

The Six Hundred sat close in their saddles, feet in stirrup, hand on rein. They made ready to ride "into the valley of death." In an instant leaped into their minds one thought—one thought made up of three—one thought of home, one thought of duty, one thought of death. One thought of home and those they loved beyond the sea, one thought of duty to the Queen they served, the country for whom they would shed every drop of their blood, the honour of the regiment which was dearer than life itself. One thought of death, for did they not know that "someone had blundered!"

"Forward the Light Brigade!" and the Light Brigade rode forward.

"Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them volleyed and thundered."

"Gallop the Light Brigade," and into the valley of death, rode the Six Hundred.

In the Six Hundred rode John Berryman, Troop-Sergeant-Major in the 17th Lancers.

On they went, helter skelter, pell mell, through the rain of shot and shell. The battery in front roared out its menace of life, its guns doubly shotted, first with shot or shell, and then with case.

Berryman looked up. The whole division on his right was gone—wiped out by the pitiless fire.

"Right incline," cried the captain.

"Keep straight on, Jack, keep straight on," cried a voice from behind.

In the rush John Berryman kept straight on. Well for him that he did, for that "straight on" was in the interval between two batteries, and had he turned to the right or to the left the next round would have blown his body into fragments and hurled his soul before its time before the Judgment Seat of God.

Another roar of cannon, another rattle of musketry.

Berryman's horse suddenly stood still. Berryman jumped off. The horse's leg was broken.

"Shall I put a bullet through your brains and put you out of your misery?" was his thought—his first thought for his horse, not himself. Another instant and his hand was on his leg.

"Wounded, Berryman?" cried his captain, pulling rein.

"Slightly, in the leg, sir, but my horse is shot."

The captain staggered.

"You hurt, sir."

"Yes, I'm wounded, and in the leg too. What shall I do?"

"Keep to your horse, sir, and go back as far as you can."

The captain turned and rode away.

A horse whose rider had been shot came cantering along. Berryman caught the rein. He jumped on its back. A shot. The horse fell under him.

Through the batteries' din and smoke the Light Brigade rode on, "but not, not the Six Hundred."

The Troop-Sergeant-Major looked for another horse. He saw no horse, but, instead, his wounded captain so hurt that he could ride no farther.

There was a lull in the Russian firing. He rushed to the captain's side.

"Help me, lieutenant; stand at the horse's head while I get the captain off," he said to an officer near by.

Tenderly he lifted the wounded man to the ground, then helped the lieutenant mount the captain's horse that he might ride behind the lines to fetch a stretcher.

Over his wounded captain stood the wounded Sergeant-Major.

Boom! rang the Russian guns. Crack! rang the Russian rifles. Still the man stood guarding his wounded officer.

"Separate! separate!" he cried, suddenly, to half-a-dozen men of his regiment he saw gathered together a little way off. "Separate! The firing has begun again."

The word came too late. A shell exploded amongst them. They separated—but not on earth did they meet again.

"What are you shouting at?" asked the Captain.

"Six of the Seventeenth, sir. It was too late; that shell has killed them all."

"What do you think the Russians will do?"

"Pursue us, sir, unless the Heavy Brigade comes down."

"Then consult your own safety," said the Captain, "and leave me."

"No, sir, I can't leave you now—I shan't leave you now."



as though not one lay in that hollow, but a dozen.

Crack! crack! crack! and the enemy was firing in reply in the direction from which the shot was coming.

Crack! and another horseman fell. Crack! crack! crack! and the unequal fight went on.

One man against a dozen—a dozen men against a single one. Their bullets fell around him. They tore up the ground at his right, they tore up the ground at his left, they tore up the ground at his front, they tore up the ground behind.

"There's some fighting over there," cried an English officer.

With his men he came on at a gallop. Another moment and the enemy had fled.

The gunner got up and looked around.

"One soldier against a dozen?" said the General, "you are a gallant young man; your name?"

"Gunner Collis of the E. of B., R.H.A., sir."

The General drew his notebook from his pocket and made a note. Then he rode off. The gunner followed to his gun, and through the fire of the enemy reached Candahar.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days passed.

The gunner was standing by his gun on the rampart of the fort. Three officers came up.

"We've got to communicate with Dewberry in the village, how are we going to do it?"

The gunner advanced and saluted. "I'll take the message, sir."

The officers looked up.

"They're fighting in the village not two hundred yards away."

"I'll take the message, sir, or at all events I'll try."

The officers looked at one another.

"To get out you'll have to go over the wall; you'll be a mark for all the men down there. It's almost certain death."

"I'll take the message, sir, or at all events I'll try."

The officers consulted.

One of them wrote a note.

He handed it to the gunner.

A rope was brought, and from the rampart to the ditch below they let the gunner down.

"Man on the wall," cried one of the enemy's officers. "Make ready, present, fire."

The hot bullets fell around. The British officers looked down in great anxiety. The man looked neither to the right nor left. His comrades on the top let out the rope.

Fire—fire—fire.

As he descended the bullets rained around him. Did he bear a charmed life? Not a shot even grazed his flesh.

He reached the ground.

Out of the ditch he scrambled on to the other side, and right across the open into the village ran the gunner.

In the middle of the village was the officer in command, and all around him the fight was

going on. Through the shot and steel and flame the gunner made his way.

He delivered his note, he got his answer, and he started to return.

Through the shot and steel and flame, out of the village, across the open, back into the ditch.

He fastened the rope about him and gave the signal to ascend.

Slowly, foot by foot and yard by yard, he rose into the air.

He swung clear of the ditch, he swung out into the open.

The enemy's gunners were waiting for his coming, waiting like the officers on the rampart. Waiting—but with a different intent.

Those above were praying for his life, those below were praying for his death. Those above were pulling on the rope, those below were firing at the man.

Rattled once more the guns, rained once more the bullets, but with truer aim. One struck and tore the heel from off the gunner's boot.

They've found their distance now, thought the gunner. Shall I ever deliver the answer?

"Another pull and we've got him safe," cried those above.

"Another round and we've got him safe," cried those below, but before that round was fired, he was safe.

"Wounded?" cried an officer.

"Not a scratch, sir," cried the man.

"A close call," said another.

The gunner saluted, and went back to his post. \* \* \* \* \*

"That's worth the Victoria Cross," said one of the officers.

"We'll recommend him for it," said another.

And he got it.

### YOU CAN NEVER TELL.

YOU can never tell, when you send a word,—

Like an arrow shot from a bow

By an archer blind,—be it cruel or kind,

Just where it will chance to go.

It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,

Tipped with its poison or balm;

To a stranger's heart, in life's great mart,

It may carry its pain or its calm.

You can never tell, when you do an act,

Just what the result will be;

But with every deed you are sowing a seed,

Though its harvest you may not see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped

In God's productive soil;

Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow

And shelter the brows that toil.

You can never tell what your thoughts will do

In bringing you hate or love;

For thoughts are things, and their airy wings

Are swifter than carrier-doves.

They follow the law of the universe,—

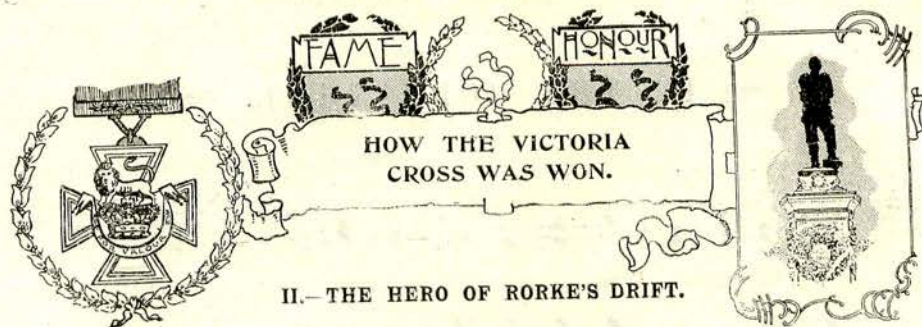
Each thing must create its kind;

And they speed o'er the tract to bring you back

Whatever went out from your mind.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.





## II.—THE HERO OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

IT was tea time at the camp at Rorke's Drift. Overhead the burning sun. Underneath the burning earth, and on the burning earth the stove alight, behind the building which did duty for a hospital for the sick who had been struck down while fighting for Queen and country against the Zulu hordes of Cetewayo.

Busily engaged in his culinary operations was a private of the line. Suddenly he paused and turned his head. There was a clatter of horses hoofs, a sound of human voices, and two men drew rein beside him.

"News from the front," said one.

"Awful news," said the other.

"The force on the other side of the river is cut up to pieces," shouted the first.

"The black devils are coming on like mischief," said the other.

"We're dead beat, but we've got to go on," said both. And on they rode.

The cook put all thought of cooking out of his mind. He was a cook no longer. He was a private of the 2nd battalion of the South Wales Borderers, a soldier of the Queen. From the hospital to the camp was but the matter of a few moments' run.

"News for the officer in command! The force on the other side of the river is cut up, sir. The Zulus are coming on like mad. Two men have just rode up with the news," he said.

The private saluted and retired.

"The Zulus are coming! The Zulus are coming!" The news spread like wildfire through the camp. Another moment and everything was bustle.

"Fall in! Fall in!" was the word, and the men mustered out ready to receive their orders, ready to do and die as British soldiers always are at the call of duty.

"We'll need a barricade against that rush," said Lieutenant Brofthead, who was in command of the forces guarding the ford, the hospital, and the stores.

A barricade was needed, but where were the means to make it? None of the ordinary materials were at hand. Still, a barricade had to be made, for how could a handful of men, even of Englishmen, stand up against a horde of natives? Eighty men against 4,000 savages—thirsting for blood, intoxicated with victory, maddened with hate. Eighty soldiers of the Queen against 4,000 soldiers of the Devil!

A barricade was needed, and invention, child of necessity, rose to the occasion.

"Fetch out the biscuit boxes, fetch out the bags of corn, and build them into a breast-work!"

The mealie bags and the biscuit boxes were brought out, and the breast-work was made.

"Loophole the windows of the buildings!" and in another moment loopholes were being made. There was no time to lose; therefore no time was lost.

Barely was the shelter finished when someone cried, "There they are! There they are!" There was a hill twelve hundred yards away, round which came the niggers.

"To your places!" and silently the men took up their position.

In one of the corner rooms of the hospital, in which three-and-twenty sick were lying, was stationed Henry Hook, private of the South Wales Borderers, hospital cook, soldier of the Queen, to be tried in that fiery ordeal which makes a man a soldier of the Lord.

Standing at his loophole he watched the Zulus come. 600 yards away they stopped and fired, for they were armed with rifles and with muskets. A horde against a handful, almost equally armed. A handful behind biscuit boxes and mealie bags and in wooden buildings, and beyond a countless host of savages. On they came with a rush. The cool man standing at his post began to fire. But what was one man's fire, or the fire of all the men, against those maddened brutes. On they came, closer and closer. Darkness fell swift as the flight of a black-winged rook across the face of the sun.

On came the savages into the barricade. They were driven back. Again they came into the barricade, again they were driven back. Three times, four times, five times, six times they came on. Six times at the bayonet point they were driven back. Then they forced their way. They came up to the side of the hospital. In another moment they had set fire to it.

Through the partition door into the next ward, where several patients lay, the defender of the room was driven. There were several patients to be defended. He stood up to defend them.

"For God's sake help me Harry, I'm wounded." He turned and looked. A private of the 24th was bleeding from a wound in his arm. Down went the gun, and cook and soldier became a surgeon for a moment and bound the wound.



"The Zulus are at the door! we've got to get the patients out."

A hole was made in the partition, and one by one the patients were removed. Henry Hook stood at the door, his rifle in his hand, and as the negroes came he fired or stabbed them with his bayonet. One by one they piled upon the floor dead at his feet. Through the opening came assegais hurled at his head, spears hurtling in the air aimed at his very life. One only touched its mark. He was wounded in the scalp.

He put his hand up to his head. A Zulu, bolder than his brethren, watching his opportunity, made a dash for the rifle. He tried to drag it away. The Englishman resisted. On that rifle depended the fate of those behind. On that rifle, and it had just been discharged, the wrestling match went on. From out his case the soldier drew a cartridge and slipped it in its place. The negro tugged at the rifle, the muzzle of the rifle up against his chest. The soldier fired. The Zulu dropped. His body blocked the way. There was a rush of his comrades. One came through the narrow opening. A bayonet did for him. Another followed suit. Once more the bayonet did its work. A third, a fourth, and still the bayonet did its deadly work, worked by the stalwart arm.

And all the while the men behind were moving their sick comrades into a place of safety. Only one remained, and he with a broken leg. Hook left his post to follow whither his comrades had gone. It was for him to take the injured man. He dragged him through the hole in the partition, and then stood to guard the hole.

Through the next room one by one the sick and wounded were helped and carried, and all the while Henry Hook stood at the new made hole to prevent the Zulus coming on. Out of that room through a window, into the other defences,

the men were taken, the burning hospital they had left furnishing the needful light. Once more the man with the broken leg fell to the charge of Henry Hook. Once more he bore him to a place of safety, this time within the inner line of defence.

Then the hospital cook, ambulance attendant, extemporary surgeon, became a fighting man once more. On came the Zulus through the night, and by the light of the blazing hospital the Englishmen at their posts took aim.

With yell, and shriek, and wild unearthly din the Zulus rushed to the attack. With yell, and shriek, and wild unearthly din they were driven back. The night wore out and the dawn began to break. Then the Zulus retired.

"Oh, for a drink of water!" cried the wounded men lying in their cots. "Water! water! water!"

But in the inner defences there was no water.

"Water! water! water!" cried the wounded.

"There is a watercart at the hospital if we could only get it. But going to get it meant going into the open, going into the open might mean certain death."

"Water! water! water!" cried the wounded, and their burning thirst looked out of their burning eyes.

"We'll go and get the watercart," said the soldiers, and among the volunteers stood Private Henry Hook.

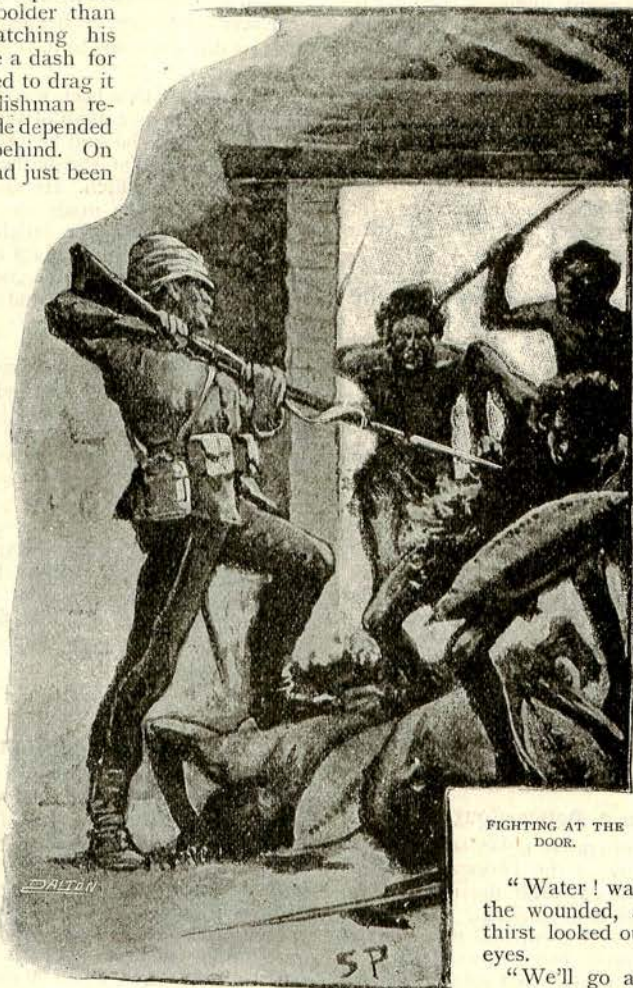
Out of the defences they went, up to the burnt-down hospital where the watercart still stood. With a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together, they brought it back.

"Water! water! water!" cried the wounded.

"Here you are," said the soldiers, and the thirsty lips were wetted, the parching throats were slaked, the burning thirst was quenched.

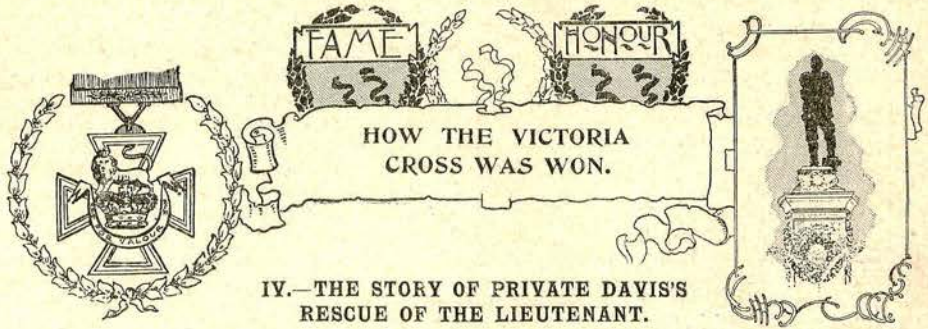
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"Search for the missing! Search for the



FIGHTING AT THE DOOR.





A LAUREL wreath upon a hero's tomb is the story of the deed which won for James Davis a place in the immortal roll call of the army of our country's great ones. A laurel wreath upon the tomb of him whose cross and medals, whose clasps for Alma and Sebastopol, and Balaclava are in the hands of a collector of such "trifles." He may prize the mortal evidence of the hero's deed, but its immortal memory lives on where no alien hands can touch.

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Burning through the blue unclouded sky of India, the noon-day sun beat down upon the little band of Englishmen, beat down too on Fort Ruhiya and the earth beyond. Scorching in the blaze stood the men of the "Black Watch," that famous regiment officially designated the 42nd Royal Highlanders, whose stalwart sons have fought in every land for England, home, and beauty. With skirl of pipe and swinging step the men marched out. The Fort roared out a welcome to death as the men appeared.

"Lie down, my men," the captain cried, "lie down beneath these trees to shelter from the sun."

The men lay down.

"Men to help us make a breach in the walls with the artillery!" cried an officer of engineers, coming up to where the light company were sheltered.

Volunteers stood up, among them Private Davis.

"Form fours. Right about turn. Quick march."

Beneath the walls of the Fort a garden ditch, not high enough to cover their heads, had been dug. Into this ditch the men were marched.

"Lie down!" and in the ditch the men crouched down.

Those in the Fort had seen the manoeuvre. They saw the little band was separated from their comrades who were lying under the trees, and they thought to cut off all possibility of communication.

"Look! Look! Look!" and an arm pointed to the right.

Out of the gate of the Fort a large force was marching to the attack of the few in the ditch.

From the Fort itself the fiery flames were belching forth, the leaden shot was hurtling through the air, death was rushing as swift as

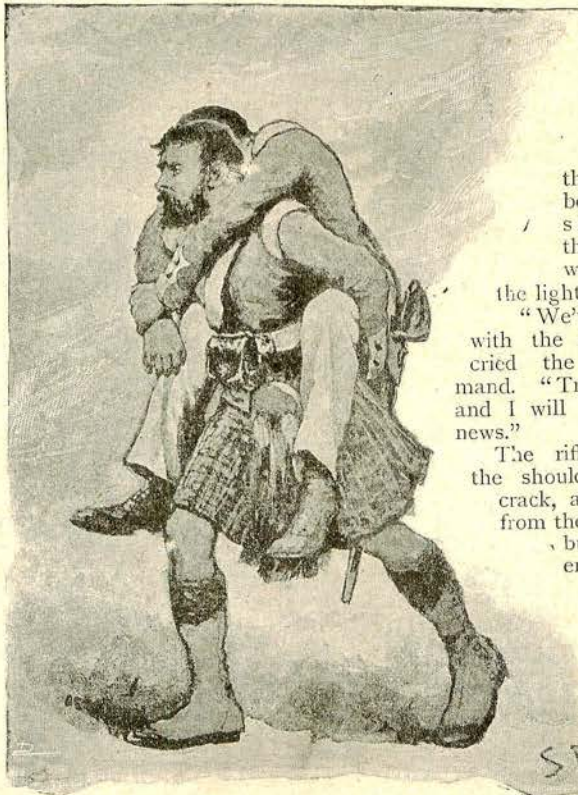
the lightning.

"We've got to communicate with the officer at the rear," cried the lieutenant in command. "Try and shoot the leader, and I will run down with the news."

The rifles were brought to the shoulder. There was a crack, a loud report, a flame from the rifle muzzles, and the bullets had gone on their errand of death.

The leader of the advancing natives fell.

Out of the ditch sprang the lieutenant in command. In another instant he had fallen to the ground. The red blood streamed



HE RAN ACROSS THE OPEN SPACE.



down his face from a pitiless wound in the temple. "He's dead," cried a soldier near at hand.

He moved, he raised his hand.

He was not dead.

"We can't leave him where he is," cried the officer in command. "Who will take him out?"

"I will," said Private Davis, standing forward to his task, "I will."

And again the Fort rang out its menaced mutter of death. Did it not sound like the thunder of applause in the ears of the men who saw their comrade stepping out to what looked like certain death.

"Give me a hand with the lieutenant, Eadie, get him on my back." Davis knelt upon his knee, and between them they placed the lieutenant on his back.

A rifle bullet whizzed through the air. It crashed into Eadie's head, and Davis fell under the sudden unexpected shock. Down his back he felt his comrade's life-blood trickle warm.

"You wounded, Davis?" said the officer.

The private stretched himself. "I don't think I am, sir."

A groan tore through the mouth of the wounded lieutenant.

"We can't lose any more lives," said the officer in command.

"I will take him out, sir," said the private. He stooped upon his knees. He got the young lieutenant on his back. He put his arms about his neck.

"Hold tight, sir, hold me tight," and he held the two nerveless hands in the grasp of his own strong right hand, and steadied the wounded officer from behind with the other.

"Hold tight, sir," and he started to run across the open space to where his comrades were.

Rang out once more the rattle of musketry from the Fort;—rang out once more the plaudits of the guns at their defiance;—rang out once more the voice of death louder than trumpet call.

"They're down!" cried someone in the ditch, "they're down," as Davis came upon his knees on the burning sand, "Davis is wounded and they will both be killed. Davis is wounded."

But Davis was not wounded. In another instant he was on his feet and on again. In his hand something gleamed back the golden glory of the sun.

"My watch," said the lieutenant.

How often had the private heard the young officer tell how he valued that watch. It was a very part of his life, of the life which is dearer than life itself.

Like huge drops of rain from out a summer cloud the bullets fell around them. Still they sped on, still the bullets sped after them. They seemed to bear a charmed life. The bullets did not touch them.

They reached a place of safety, and the private laid the young officer upon the ground.

"Phew," he breathed, and with his finger wiped huge drops of sweat from off his brow, "Phew." He threw his head back, and his eyes

saw the smoke and flame still belching forth from the Fort.

"I must get back," and straight across that fiery plain he ran, through the hail of bullets, through the lightning of the rifles, through the thunder of the cannon. Back to his place in the ditch where lay the man who had been shot upon his very back. Quietly he took him up, quietly he bore him to the rear. Once more he advanced and took his place beside his comrades.

"Make ready! Present! Fire!" cried the officer in command. They fired their volley. Then they retired.

\* \* \* \*

"It was a plucky thing you did this afternoon, Jimmy," said one of the men, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"Plucky," said the hero, and there was a tone of negation in his voice, "you would have done it too. We could not leave the lieutenant where he was, we loved him better than that."

"What on earth ever made you stop to pick up his watch?" said another of the men.

"It was madness," said another.

"It was courting death," said a third.

"Courting death, or madness, call it what you please, you would have stopped too. You know how the lieutenant valued it. I could not leave it behind any more than I could have left him."

"You might have left him all the same," said someone, coming up. "The lieutenant has just died."

Davis passed his hand across his brow again, as he had done when he placed the young lieutenant in safety that afternoon. Drops fell again, but they were not drops of sweat.

"God rest his soul, he is in safety now."

#### RIGHT AT ANY COST.

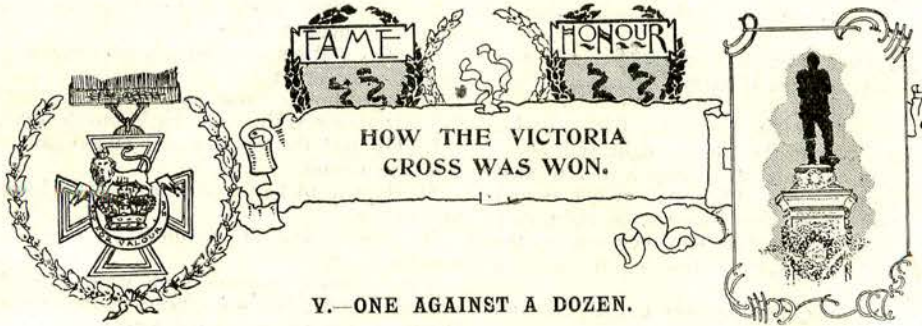
A STRIKING incident was related the other day of a Member of Parliament. "I wish," said a friend who met him—"I wish you would tell me the secret of your perpetual calm. How did you learn this strong, serene way of yours, which makes people leave their old leaders to follow you?"

The statesman smiled, and answered at once, and simply, "That is easily explained. Many years ago I made up my mind that to whatever path of public work I might be led, I would always do fully and completely whatever I honestly believed to be right, and never think of the consequences."

"But tell me," pursued his questioner, "is it not likely that you may err in your own opinion of duty? Suppose your information is wrong and your actions mistaken—what then?"

"Then," said the member, "I shall suffer for my mistakes. For every error I shall have to pay the penalty. But," he added, with an earnest look and graver tones, "I believe that 'all things'—even one's own failures, so long as the will is right behind them—'work together for good to them that love God.'"





## V.—ONE AGAINST A DOZEN.

It was July 27th, 1880. All day long the fight had been going on around the heights of Khushk-i-nakhud, in Afghanistan. At 4 o'clock in the morning the march had begun to meet Ayub Khan. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the fight was hot, and the British were retiring. One of the limber gunners of Battery E, B. Brigade, was James Collis.

"Action front!" was the General's order, and from the right of the battery shells were hurled towards the enemy.

The enemy was not slow in answering the thunder. The very first shot struck Collis's gun. It killed a gunner and wounded two others. Another shell and another struck the gun. Many of its horses were killed, several of its gunners were slain and wounded, until only three men were left to work the gun.

The three men worked the gun.

The enemy pressed on. It was impossible to hold the position.

"Limber up and retire," the major in command ordered.

They limbered up and retired. The battery took up its position again.

"Action rear!" cried the officer in command.

The gunners loaded their guns with shrapnel.

"Give them all you can!" cried one of the men.

"That I will," replied the gunner. "I don't want any of this for myself."

Two rounds they fired, and once more they had to retire.

On came the enemy's cavalry up to the side of the guns. One of the soldiers marked Collis for his own. On he dashed, and as he passed he whirled his sword at the gunner's head. Another instant, and the red blood was pouring from the wound over his eyebrow.

The horseman saw his work was only done in part. He wheeled, and on at the gunner he came again.

This time the gunner was not unprepared. He had snatched his carbine up and was waiting.

On came the horseman till he almost met the gunner. Then he let drive. A bullet hit him in the chest. He fell off his horse. That checked the advance a moment.

Day had waned into evening, evening was waning into dusk. All day long the men had been fighting without a bite of food, without a drink of water.

"Oh, for a drink of water!" cried the wounded lying by the roadside.

"Is it water you're wanting," cried the gunner. "Champagne would be no more hard to get just now I'm thinking: I'll take you on and see if I can't treat you to that drink," and he picked a wounded man up and put him on the gun.

"I am burning up with thirst," cried another lying near.

"I've been burning up all day long with the heat," he answered with a laugh.

"I'll take you on as well," and he picked him up and put him on the gun.

So he served a third and fourth, until ten wounded men were on the limber.

"I think I'm going to die," one of the men groaned out.

"Think better of it before you do, old man."

Even the wounded men could not forbear to smile at his merry mood, his unruffled disposition.

So they went along the road, the gunner with one eye on his horses, one eye on the wounded, and one word in their ear—one word of hope, of cheer, of comfort, one word of promise, until at length they came to a village where there was a well. The gunner went forward to the well despite the danger from the natives.

"Water! Water!" groaned the men, as they had groaned during the weary march.

"Drink then," cried the gunner, returning and holding a pannikin to the parched up mouth, "Here's water."

All the water that he brought the men drank up, and still they cried for more.

"I must go and fetch more water then," said the gunner, and back he went towards the well.

As he moved away a band of the enemy's cavalry rode up. The other gunners whipped up their horses and drove away.

Collis looked up. Close by his side the gun was passing.

"If I go with it the enemy will charge it. If they do, they will kill the men. I must stop them if I can."

He had no thought of himself; he only thought of the wounded. Beyond him passed the gun, and with his rifle in his hand he dropped in a hollow in the road.

Crack! went his rifle, and one of the enemy fell. Crack! went his rifle, and a horse was down. Crack! crack! crack! and it seemed



"Leave me, perhaps they will only take me prisoner."

"Then they will take me too, sir," was the answer.

"Don't mind me, look to yourself."

"Whatever happens, we'll go together, sir."

And the bullets rained around.

A soldier came up at the moment.

"Help me to get the Captain out of this, for we shall be pursued."

The two men made a chair with their hands. They lifted the Captain up, and two hundred yards they carried him towards the rear, while all the time the guns "volleyed and thundered."

stretcher gently, and with careful step they marched them back—back through the raging fire, back through the raging bullets, back through the raging death.

Then they set down their burden.

A French officer rode up. He laid his hand upon the Sergeant's shoulder. The man turned and saluted.

"Your officer?" said the Frenchman, pointing to the wounded man upon the stretcher.

"Yes."

From the wounded man on the ground he looked to the wounded man who had forgotten he was wounded, and who stood before him.

He saw the stripes upon his arm.

"You're a Sergeant?"

"Yes."

"Ah! if you were in the French service you would not be a Sergeant any more; I would make you an officer on the spot."

He held out his right hand. "It was grand—it was magnificent!" Then he rode on.

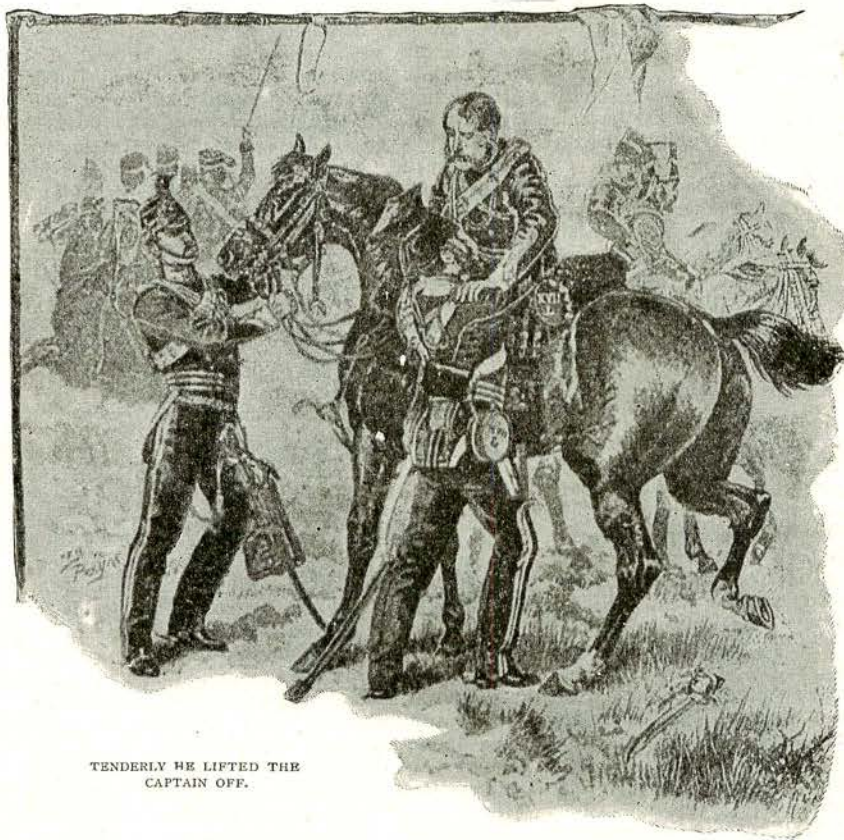
The surgeons took the wounded officer whom the Sergeant had borne "back from the jaws of death," into the line of life; but they could not keep him there for long.

The life that had been risked for him was risked in vain. Within the line of life he did not stay, for his wound was mortal.

The Sergeant left his Captain's side. He found another horse. He mounted, and he rode back to his regiment.

Then he looked to himself, and his own wound—a gaping wound—a hole clean cut through the thick part of his calf, from which the blood had flowed into his boot, so that he had waded almost knee deep in his own life blood.

Waded knee deep in his own blood to do his duty—waded knee deep in his own blood to save another's life, to win a glory which can never fade while England's sons still live to "honour the charge they made, honour the Light Brigade, noble Six Hundred!"



TENDERLY HE LIFTED THE  
CAPTAIN OFF.

"Stop! stop! stop! My wound is too painful to go on like this."

They set him down between them.

There was another soldier near at hand.

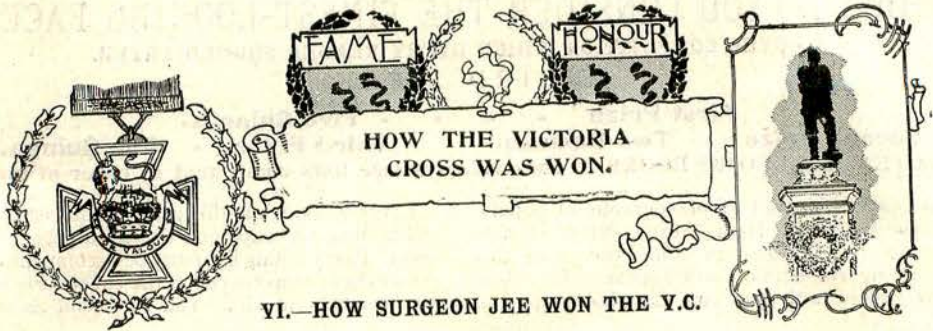
"Support the Captain's leg till we can get a stretcher." And the three went on bearing the wounded officer through the rain of death.

Then they got a stretcher. They laid him on it.

"We must bind up that wound." The jolting had started the blood again. They set down their burden, and then and there the Sergeant-Major bound it up.

"Now we can go on." And they raised the





## VI.—HOW SURGEON JEE WON THE V.C.

THOUGH forty years and more have passed, English hearts still beat faster at the mention of Lucknow—English throats still cheer the names of Havelock and Outram, whose defence and relief of the garrison must always shine out though the blood poured out like water during the troublous times of the Indian mutiny.

Conspicuous in the regiments which formed that expedition was the 78th Highlanders.

"I have selected the 78th Highlanders for covering the retreat of the force. They had the post of honour on the advance, and none were more worthy of the post of honour on leaving it."

That was Outram's order on leaving Lucknow.

And the 78th Highlanders led the way. With them went their surgeon, Joseph Jee.

All the way from Alum Bagh, till they arrived close about the walls of Lucknow, there was heavy fighting.

"Officer severely wounded, sir," cried a soldier coming up.

The surgeon drew rein and dismounted. He bent over the prostrate man and looked into his face.

"The greatest surgeon in the world has cured him of his pain."

The officer was dead.

Was it the last salute to the dead hero that at that instant burst from the enemy's ranks? No. It was a living menace to the heroes that were living.

"In here, sir, here!" and strong hands pulled the surgeon into the bastion gateway of the Char Bagh Palace as the round shot came flying past—winged messengers of death.

Another moment and Captain Havelock rode up.

"We've taken that position at the point of the bayonet," he said to the surgeon, pointing to the bridge over the canal at the entrance to Lucknow.

The surgeon turned his eyes. The heavy guns which defended Lucknow had done their duty well. The dead lay piled in heaps around them. The main body of the force arrived, it crossed to the other side of the bridge.

"The streets in the city leading direct to the Residency are entrenched and barricaded," cried a soldier, coming up to the Generals.

"The 78th must hold the position," declared the officers, "till ordered to advance after the column."

Up the street leading from the bridge two companies were ordered. The firing ceased for a time.

"The enemy are coming down in great numbers," came the message from the advancing party.

"Then charge them," cried the Colonel, "and spike the guns."

No sooner was the order given than it was obeyed.

In a few minutes the surgeon's hands were full. Nearly thirty men had fallen. The surgeon kneeled by the side of one and dressed his wound; he kneeled by the side of another, and dressed his wound, and all the while the firing went on.

"You'll be killed if you stay here. Some of the enemy are firing right down on you," said someone to the surgeon.

"Send to the Colonel and ask for some men to carry the wounded on their backs till we can get the dhoolies up," was all he replied, and he went on to dress the wound of another who was lying on the ground.

For a short time the men were saved, but only for a time. The enemy came up and massacred nearly all the wounded.

"The 78th are to follow the force," cried Captain Havelock, coming up, an arm hanging loosely at his side.

"You're wounded," said the surgeon. He examined the arm. "Badly," he whispered under his breath, as he dressed the hurt.

The 78th Highlanders moved forward. They came into the city; a guide led them into the enemy's battery, where their loss was terrible. Then they got out. Through the suburbs of the city they wandered, through the night under an awful cannonading and shelling from the other side of the Goomtee River. The houses in the streets were loopholed, and from the loopholes the enemy fired at anyone who sought refuge there.

It was too late to attempt a further advance, and in the square courtyard of the Mote-Mahul surrounded with sheds soldiers, camp followers, camels, crowded in, so that it was scarcely possible to move.

All through the night the deafening roar of guns kept on. All through the night the loud beat of gongs went on. All through the night—and no one knew how far the Residency was off.



All through the night, and still the rumour went that all the 78th were killed.

Daylight came, and with the daylight the men made loopholes in the walls of the sheds to shoot the enemy on the other side.

Through these loopholes the enemy returned the fire of the men who were shooting at them.

One man dropped. Surgeon Jee went to him and dressed his wound. Another man, and the surgeon went to him. A third, a fourth, and all the time he had to cross a gateway that was being raked by bullets.

"You can't go, sir," cried the apothecary, as the surgeon started. "It's raining bullets; you can't go, sir."

"It's courting death," said another.

"You'll be needed here as well as there," said a third.

"Stay where you are," cried a fourth.

"Don't go," cried a fifth.

The surgeon heard, but he did not heed. He might be needed where he was in five minutes. He was needed on the other side of the gateway already. What though the bullets were raining down like hail. Were not the wounded to be succoured! Was not his hand the means by which their suffering could be lessened, their agony assuaged? The bleeding mouths of the gaping wounds of the silent men called louder to him than the voices of those near at hand—cried louder to him than the question of his own safety.

"If they stay here the wounded will be killed. I'll try to get them to the Residency," said the surgeon, going up to Captain Halliburton.

"If you succeed in getting there tell General Outram I need reinforcements, or we shall all be killed and the guns lost," said the Captain.

The surgeon started off; he came to a stream; he started to go across. The men on the ramparts saw him and fired. He must have borne a charmed life, for not a bullet struck him, not a hair of his head was hurt. He crossed the stream and ran on. Close under the wall he kept to avoid the firing that was going on around him.

Was it chance that directed his footsteps around that way? Was it mere accident that made him take that road? Not accident, not chance, but inspiration.

That road led straight to the Residency.

He reached the Residency.

He was taken before the General.

"Jee!" cried the General, "why, you're reported dead!"

"Not dead, not hurt, but very much alive. Captain Halliburton needs reinforcements; my wounded must be got up here or they will all be killed. I had to come myself to bring the word."

The Captain got his reinforcements and the surgeon got his wounded men into the Residency.

For the work of that day and the night before

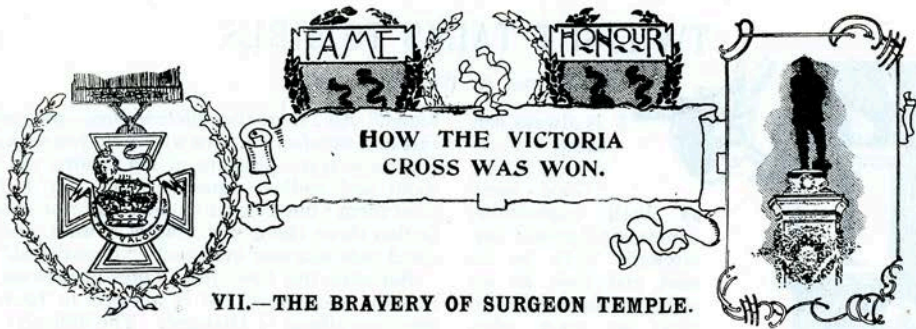


SURGEON JEE DRESSING THE WOUNDED.

he got his cross. Long has he lived to wear it; long may he live to wear it, though his hair be white and forty years have passed away since then.

IT may be of interest to clubs and Sunday schools arranging entertainments for the winter season that lantern slides of the Isle of Man may be borrowed free from the Isle of Man Board of Advertising.





VII.—THE BRAVERY OF SURGEON TEMPLE.

HIS hair and moustache are grey to-day, but they were brown five and thirty years ago on that memorable 20th of November 1863, when William Temple, assistant surgeon of the Royal Artillery, won for himself a place among the immortal wearers of the Victoria Cross.

Five o'clock in the morning! Reveille awoke the sleeping camp to life, sixty miles from Auckland, twelve from Rangiriri, where the day's work was to be done; and death and glory, twin comrades of brave men, were waiting hand in hand to meet the British troops.

Six o'clock, and all fell to breakfast.

Eight o'clock, and all were on the march over the knee-deep fern, infantry, sailors, and artillery following the three 12-pounder guns, each drawn by three yoke of oxen.

Overhead the sun was shining bright, but ever and anon the clouds would gather, and the rain would fall.

All day long they marched. At four o'clock in the afternoon a pelting shower came on.

"Another hour will bring us up to Rangiriri. Another hour and we shall be at the Maori stronghold. Another hour——" and heedless of the wet the men marched on.

Another hour, and the fortress where all the savages had gathered loomed out upon the hill.

"Forward!" and the infantry marched onward to attack the mud fortress, with its three tiers of rifle-pits guarding the strong earthwork which rose above.

"Make ready! Present! Fire!" and the rattle of musketry began.

By one side of the fortress the river ran. The savages were frightened. Some rushed to their canoes in order to retreat. They got into their boats. They started to paddle down the stream.

The officer in command gave the order. There was a boom, a roar, an explosion, and one canoe was shattered.

Flight that way was impossible, as it seemed to the simple native mind. So the cowards retreated back to land.

Soon they re-entered their stronghold, and the fight grew fiercer than before. On came the infantry. Back again it was driven. On came the sailors to meet the selfsame fate. Then the artillery took up the firing. But what use were

the 12-pounders against the splendidly-constructed earthworks!

"Colonel Austin is wounded!" cried a soldier coming into the line of safety from the front. "Colonel Austin is wounded badly!"

William Temple looked up. "May I go at once to see what is the matter?" he asked, of the officer in command.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Two men and a stretcher," said the surgeon; and two men stepped up bearing the stretcher between them. They started to where the wounded officer was lying. As they came up a shot struck one of the bearers on the head, cutting the skin wide open, and he fell senseless to the ground.

Once more the surgeon looked up. "Another bearer for the stretcher," he said, taking in at a glance what had happened, and returned to bind up the colonel's wound.

A new bearer came up as the surgeon had finished. They lifted the wounded man up; they carried him back to a place of safety.

When they returned, they found that the men of the brigade had gone to support the infantry at the front.

To the front went Surgeon Temple, where none knew better than he his services would be sorely needed. They skirted one side of the fort to reach its rear, where the fighting now was thickest.

As they got behind the fort the sergeant-major of the regiment came up, his pistol in his holster, his right hand dangling useless by his side. He stopped before the surgeon.

Temple took out his knife. He cut some branches of the ferns that grew around and made a splint, and, with a bandage from his pocket, he bound the wounded hand and sent the man to the rear.

"Captain Mercer is wounded," said a soldier, coming up.

"Badly wounded?" asked the surgeon.

"Very, sir," replied the man.

"Very good; I'll come."

"Don't go, Temple," said someone standing near.

"You can't go," said another.

"Look at the cross-fire. If you attempt to go you'll be shot down. Look! there goes a man! another! another! They're dead before



they can get across. What has happened to them will happen to you. You mustn't go."

"I must go," said the surgeon. "That's what I'm here for. It's my duty to go."

"I want two men," he said.

Two men advanced. At the very edge of the ditch, close to the wall, he placed them.

"Point your guns into the passage and fire when I give the word," he said.

On the other side of the passage two men took up a similar position.

"Ready!—!" but before he could give the word to fire one of the men fell down. A bullet had pierced a hole right through his forehead, out of his skull, and he fell back dead, having for an instant ventured too far into the presence of the enemy.

Another man took his place. The surgeon mounted on the top of the ditch, heedless of the fire directed at him.

"Fire!" he cried, and the four guns rattled out their message of menace. That moment he bounded forward. Another moment and he dashed into the ditch on the other side of the passage.

Then his work began. Deft fingers bound up wounds, deft fingers stanchied the bleeding, and all the while the little knot of men gathered in that corner could hear the enemy on the other side of the thin earthwork talking loudly of their intention to make a dash and kill them.

The surgeon laid aside the instruments of his calling of mercy and took up a rifle. To aid the wounded he knew how to use the bandage and the tourniquet, to save the wounded he knew also how to use the rifle.

In that little corner they stood waiting for the attack, ready for death. They just stood still and waited; nothing else. That was what they had to do. They did it. Stood still and waited, while all the time bullets were flying overhead, bullets were everywhere outside.

Presently the sailors came up and began storming the fortress with shells. One overshot the mark, and came into the little corner. Before the men knew what had happened, there was an explosion. The surgeon started as a man, not two feet in front of him, fell down with both his legs shattered.

But the wounded man had to be attended to, and his wounds were bound up.

"Water!" the wounded cried, "water! A drink of water!" But the water bottles were all dry.

"We must get water," said the surgeon, and with another officer he exposed himself once more to the fire of the natives in order to supply the needs of the patients.

The midsummer twilight faded into dusk, the dusk sank into night, and still they stayed there until midnight swept over the darkened earth. Then the fort was silenced, and they returned wet through with dew, and after a long day's work came a short night's rest. After that, a long day's



THE SURGEON STARTED AS A MAN, NOT TWO FEET IN FRONT OF HIM, FELL DOWN WITH BOTH HIS LEGS SHATTERED.

toil, and the hero of yesterday, who had risked his life over and over again, became the simple surgeon with deft hands binding up wounds, thinking nought of what he had done, but only of what he had to do.

LIVE for God on earth and you will live with Him in heaven.

PRAYER is the Golden Ladder which stretches from earth to heaven.

WHAT man thinks his necessities to be, and what God knows them to be, are two quite different things.