

Seagoë Parish Magazine.

AUGUST, 1918.

Special Services.

ON SUNDAY, August 4th, 1918, Special Services will be held in Seagoë Parish Church, to commemorate the Fourth Anniversary of the Declaration of War. The services will be, by the King's suggestion, services of Thanksgiving for past successes and Prayers for Final Victory. Need we say how important it is that all the Parishioners who can attend should be present at these Special Intercessory Services in this great crisis of our Nation's History. Those who are absent from the House of Prayer on that day without due or sufficient cause will have much to answer for when the great Day of Reckoning comes. A call to National Prayer when made by the authorities of Church and State cannot be lightly disregarded. A Special Form of Service will be used, and the collections will be in aid of the Red Cross Society, which has done such great work in ministering to the bodily needs of the sick and wounded among our brave soldiers.

Congratulations.

Seagoë offers its sincere and hearty congratulations to the Rev. George Bloomer, on his unanimous appointment to the Parish of Woods, in the Diocese of Armagh. Mr. Bloomer has done good work in Seagoë and Portadown, first as an occasional Lay Helper, and afterwards as Curate for four years in Seagoë Parish, and since 1915 as Curate of St. Mark's, Portadown. Woods Parish is 11½ square miles in extent, and contains a church population of 580 people. Mr. Bloomer's brother, the Rev. James Bloomer, who is also well known to the people of Seagoë has just been appointed Rector of the important parish of Magherafelt, which borders on Woods parish.

Promotion.

We reproduce with pleasure the following extract from "The Warwick Argus" of Queensland, Australia, under date April, 1918:—"The friends of Captain and Mrs. Costello, of Thane's Creek will be pleased to hear that Captain Costello has been promoted to Major. He has seen considerable service with the Australians at Gallipoli, and in the Palestine Campaign."

Major Edward Costello is a nephew of Mr. Andrew Costello, of Tamnificarbet, and of Mrs. Ramsey, of Kernan in this Parish.

The Rev. W. R. Crichton.

News has come through from India that the Rev. W. R. Crichton is doing good work in our Eastern Empire. The Bishop of Madras has just appointed him to the charge of the Garrison Church (Holy Trinity Church), Bangalore, which is the biggest Military Chaplaincy in Southern India. In this post he has the spiritual oversight of four barracks, two camps, a jail, a cemetery, and a Church of England

Soldiers' Institute, a large hospital, and a parish of considerable size. Enough certainly for one man, even though he possesses the energy and organising capacity of Mr. Crichton. We have heard, indirectly, that the Bishop of Madras was much pleased with Mr. Crichton's work in the position to which he was first appointed on going to India.

Mr. Crichton promised to send us a letter for insertion in the Magazine, describing his experiences in India, but it has not as yet materialized, so if this note should meet his eye we hope he will not keep us any longer in suspense.

A Refreshing Letter.

[Seagoë Magazine, by its method of "peaceful penetration" has, we rejoice to say, been the means of drawing together both at home and abroad all who know and love the old parish. Seldom have we received a more refreshing proof of its influence than in the following letter from one, who, though he has been absent from Seagoë for many years, yet never forgets it. We can assure Mr. James McDowell that his letter and gift are greatly appreciated. We hope others who read of his generous donation will promptly follow his good example.]

THE PAWTUCKET VALLEY DVEING CO.,

PROVIDENCE, R.I., June 20, 1918.

Miss Isobel Atkinson,
c/o. Seagoë Magazine,
Portadown, Ireland.

Dear Madam,

In a recent issue of the Seagoë Parish Magazine, sent me by my father, Mr. Thomas McDowell, of Killicomaine, I note that you are the treasurer of the Prisoners of War Fund for the Seagoë Boys who have been captured.

As I am a native of Seagoë Parish, being baptized and confirmed in Seagoë Church, I feel a keen interest in all the doings of the old parish. I have been 30 years in America, considerably longer than I have been in Ireland, and yet, to-day I feel that I think more of the old home than I did when I lived there.

I am enclosing a Money Order for Five Pounds, to be used at your discretion, for the relief of the Seagoë Boys who are doing their bit for their country. I shall endeavour to subscribe to the fund from time to time in the future, and trusting that everything will turn out for the best in the long run,

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES McDOWELL.

J.McD/F.

I have two sons in the service, one in the U.S. Navy and the other in the Aviation Corps, so we are trying to do our share for humanity.—J. McD.

Seagoe Day School.

Seagoe School Re-Opens (p.v.) after the Summer Holidays on Tuesday, August 6th, at 9-30 a.m. A punctual attendance of all the pupils is requested. During the holidays the School has been painted, renovated, and thoroughly cleaned. New ventilators have been placed in the windows of the Senior School. Mr. S. Rennix, the newly-appointed Principal of the School, is sparing no effort to make the School as efficient as it can be from an educational standpoint. Parents may be assured that everything possible will be done to secure for their children a complete education under the healthiest conditions.

A Fire in Camp.

To be precise it was the afternoon of Saturday, May 15th, 1918. A glorious French sun shone in a cloudless sky. The pleasant chill of spring had not yet given place to the enervating heat of summer. The camp was hard at work, every unit keen on its own special job. The Church Army Hut was no exception to the general rule of work, and the staff were busy behind the counter supplying the needs of successive waves of khaki-clad heroes, who surged two or three rows deep along the counter. Others were seated at the tables enjoying their

STIMULATING CUP OF TEA,

and whiffing in serene contentment their purchase of Woodbines or Navy-Cut. Several were engaged busily writing on broad sheets of Church Army paper, letters to Blighty. A few in one corner were having a game of "Rings," very popular in France, endeavouring to lob tricky elastic circles on to very difficult numbered hooks, fastened into a very highly ornate wooden shield. Suddenly and sharply a bugle note rang out behind the hut. It was the shrill alarm of "a Fire in Camp." Instantly all was changed. Men rushed from the counter trying to swallow, as they ran, cups of scorching tea. Those at the tables reached the door in a couple of strides. The letter writers grasped their half-written sheets, pushing them into the nearest pocket. The players

TREW DOWN THEIR RINGS

in a half-finished game, and in about 30 seconds the Hut was empty, save for the astonished staff behind the counter, who looked at each other in mute astonishment at the rapid exit of the British Army. Our superintendent, an elderly, retired Indian official looked serious (as indeed he generally did), his rugged features, furrowed with the deep lines wrought by a lifelong exposure to tropical suns. We knew he wouldn't leave the hut. He never did. He seemed to have

SOMETHING OF THE NAVY SPIRIT

about him, which won't leave the ship till the ship leaves him. Falling bombs or fire alarms made no difference. He stuck to the old hut. But the staff had no such scrupulous reverence for the half-inch planks, and in another 30 seconds they had joined the British Army in the effort to extinguish the fire. On leaving the hut I saw a column of smoke rising near

at hand, and guessed that the E.F.C. (Expeditionary Force Canteen) was the doomed building. As I reached it, it seemed to be well alight. Dense clouds of smoke were issuing from every crevice, window, and door. The A.O.C. fire engine was the first to arrive, and in a marvellously short time the men had got a hose out and were pouring a copious stream of water from a neighbouring "cut" right into the building. In a second or two later the I.W.T. men came up at the double, and were soon hard at work. The I.W.T. men numbered some of later middle age, and it brought a smile to ones lips to see these grizzly warriors sprinting along as though they were youths just out of school. The arrival of the first Chinese contingent, with their engine and escape ladders, created quite a sensation. When

THE PLACID ORIENTAL

gets excited, it is an excitement which has no parallel even in the more active West. They came along shouting, cheering, clapping their hands, and uttering incoherent ejaculations in their strange language. Stripped of all clothing save their nether garments, they worked the hand pumps until the perspiration flowed off them in streams. Some were so much overcome that they threw themselves down on the roadway and rolled about in the dust. Almost the last engine to come into play was the special steam-driven extinguisher of the R.T.O., which pushed along on a siding near the canteen. It was marvellously camouflaged to represent a little French country house covered with trellised vines. Many other units sent their engines. I had been watching the strenuous efforts of the firemen with admiration, for about twenty minutes, when, on looking round, I saw standing near me the Camp-Commandant, a very important person, an officer of mature years, and

DECORATED WITH MANY WAR RIBBONS.

Near him was a very active little officer, the Camp Adjutant, Captain S. As I watched the sweltering Chinks labouring at the pumps, I ventured to remark to the Commandant, "They think it's a real fire." With a merry twinkle in the corner of his eye, he replied, with emphasis, "I hope they do;" and then looking round and seeing the last Chink Company galloping up after a three-mile run, I heard him say to the Adjutant "Start another smoke-shell," which the aforesaid Adjutant was not slow to do. It was after all a fake, a very realistic and a very necessary fake. The Tommies and the Chinks went back to their quarters, some growling, but many laughing heartily. The Canteen has had a good washing, and still stands unscathed, and the Camp with its vast ammunition stores, feels assured that if a real fire does break out at any moment, it is prepared to cope with it.

Prisoners of War.

The Church Door Collection on the 2nd Sunday of the month (July), amounted to £6 15s 0½d on Sunday morning, and 19s 0d on Sunday evening—Total, £7 14s 0½d.

Hacknahay Sunday School.

The Teachers and Children attending Hacknahay Sunday School have subscribed and purchased for the school an enlarged framed photograph of their late beloved Superintendent, Mr. George Calvert, who for so many years bestowed a large share of his time, energy, and affectionate interest on the welfare of the school. The photograph was hung on the school walls for the first time on Sunday, July 28th, on the occasion of the usual monthly service. The Rector was present, and in a few words expressed his pleasure at the thoughtful and appropriate gift of the Teachers and Children. The enlargement was made by Mr. Moffett, of Edenderry, from a photograph taken a short time before Mr. Calvert's death. It is an excellent likeness, and will for many years recall to the memory of the people of Hacknahay one who was so closely identified with their welfare in material as well as spiritual things.

We are glad to know that the Sunday School at Hacknahay continues to prosper under the kind care and guidance of its Superintendent, Mr. T. E. Maginnis. On a recent Sunday there were 76 pupils present which, we believe, constitutes a record for the School. The School buildings have recently been thoroughly overhauled, repaired and decorated.

The Late Driver Norman Holmes.

[The following was the last letter received by the Rector from Norman Holmes, who, as recorded in our June issue, died of wounds while serving in France. It was received so long ago as last November, but it will be appreciated by his many friends in the parish]

100913, Driver N. Holmes, R.F.A.,
No. 1 Sect. "B" Sub.-Sect.,
15th D A.C.,
B.E.F., 10/11/17.

DEAR SIR,

Just a line in answer to your welcome letter which I received to-day. I was very pleased to hear from you. I called out to see you the day I was leaving to come back to France, but you were away. Perhaps it won't be long to I am home again. Everybody has great hopes of it ending about Christmas, but I'm afraid we will have to spend this Christmas out here, no matter how soon it finishes now. It will be my second one out here, but I trust in God it will be the last one. He has been very good to me since I came out here, and I am putting all my trust in Him to protect me through the rest of it, and return me safely home.

Well, sir, you were saying that the weather was very bad at home. We are having very bad weather here at present. It is raining night and day, but we are in fairly comfortable quarters, so it's not so bad, only it's very miserable when you are out driving, and it raining on you, especially when you are in the saddle for about five or six hours at a stretch, but it's one comfort to have a good billet to come back to.

I would very much like to have been at home to attend your Harvest Service. We never have anything like that out here, but we have a Church Service every Sunday morning, and that is still something. I always make a point of attending it. I have just been preparing for it to-night, as to-morrow is Sunday and we always like to parade as clean and tidy as possible.

Well, sir, I haven't got time to say more at present so I will close, hoping to hear from you in the near future,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

N. HOLMES.

ITEMS.

The Influenza epidemic is subsiding.

* * *

Magazine distributors are asked to kindly send in their returns for sales without delay.

* * *

The Services in Tamnificarbet Hall have been discontinued for the summer months.

* * *

A Scotch subscriber to the Magazine writes—"You had not sent me the June number, so you can send on for June and July together. I know you have a lot of extra work, but I trust you will not think me impatient, but *I just love to get the Magazine.*"

* * *

A correspondent from Canada asks for a Certified Copy of his Confirmation in Seagoe Parish Church. A complete and permanent record of all confirmations in Seagoe has been kept since the year 1879.

* * *

The Mayfly was conspicuous by its absence this year. Clouds of these flies almost darken the air along the shores of Lough Neagh in the later spring, but this year they were scarcely noticeable. What is the cause? Perhaps they have gone to Germany. If so, we hope they will be interned there.

* * *

The crops throughout the Parish are in splendid condition. It looks as if this would be a record year for potatoes.

* * *

Designs of a working-man's house, which appeared in our issues of August and October, 1918, attracted much attention at the time, and may at some time in the near future be reproduced in brick and mortar in this parish.

* * *

In the fields of Flanders hares and partridges are numerous. The British Tommies are not allowed to pursue them (some do), but the French farmers trap and shoot them in large numbers.

PARISH REGISTER for JULY, 1918.

Baptisms.

The following were Baptized on July 6th, 1918—

Wilson—Robert James, son of Leonard and Mary Anne Wilson, of Ballymacrandle.

Sponsors—Anne Heathwood, Mary Anne Wilson.

Magee—Alfred, son of David Alfred (Sapper, R.E., B.E.F., France), and Judith Magee, of Ballymacrandle.

Sponsors—Jane Thompson, Caroline Magee.

Porter—Susan May, daughter of Robert Henry and Jemima Porter, of Edenderry.

Sponsors—Mary Anne Allen, Jemima Porter.

Shanks—On 10th July, 1918, Hannah Jane, daughter of Isaiah and Edith Shanks, of Glasgow.

Sponsors—Eliza Jane Palmer, Elizabeth Anderson.

Marriages.

Lappin and McNeil—11th July, 1918, Samuel Lappin, of Gilford, formerly Lce.-Corp., 1st R.I.R.F., B.E.F., France, to Mary McNeil, of Killicomaine.

Sloane and Cordy—13th July, 1918, James Sloane, of Ballinagone, Parish of Drumree, to Caroline Cordy, of Killicomaine.

Burials.

McMurray—3rd July, 1918, Catherine McMurray, of Drumgor, aged 25 years.

McCullough—7th July, 1918, Jane McCullough, of Belfast, aged 7 years.

Magee—13th July, 1918, Elizabeth Magee, of Portadown, aged 35 years.

Sprint—21st July, Elizabeth Sprint, of Edenderry, aged 77 years.

Death.

"For God and King and Country."

Holland—23rd July, 1918, at Purfleet Military Hospital, Bertram Holland, Sapper R.E., of Fever, contracted on Active Service in France.

Offertories for July.

Sunday Mornings	...	£8 18 10
" Evenings	...	7 7 4
Week-days	...	0 5 10
		£16 12 0

Included in above total—Protestant Orphan Society July 7th, £4 17s 7d ; Enniskillen Fund £6 5s 0d.

Death of Bertram Holland.

We record with deep regret the death of Sapper Bertram Holland, Canadian Engineers, from fever contracted on active service in France. He died on July 23rd, in Purfleet Military Hospital, near London. His funeral took place to Knocknamuckley Graveyard on Saturday, July 27th. The Rev. Canon Archer officiated, and gave a short address at the Service in the Church. A bearer and firing party of the Hants Regiment attended. Full Military Honours were paid to the funeral as it passed through Belfast.

Bertram Holland was well known to all in Seagoe Parish. For many years he had attended Seagoe and Levaghery Sunday Schools, and the Services in the Parish Church. He was also for several years a member of Edenderry Men's Bible Class. He went to Canada in 1913, and when war broke out he at once volunteered and came over with the first Canadian contingent. He took part in all the severe fighting at Vimy Ridge and Messines. being on one occasion slightly wounded. In April last he was here on a visit, and seemed in perfect health.

His fine manly bearing and quiet unassuming manner were typical of the true Christian soldier. He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course. We offer our sincere sympathy to his sorrowing relatives.

Old Seagoe Note.

The History of Seagoe in Four Chapters—

Chapter 4—1677-1890. The rebuilding of Seagoe Church after its destruction in the Rebellion of 1641 marks the beginning of the more modern history of the Parish. The present ruined walls of the Old Church contain, no doubt, many of the stones which formed the Church of the 16th and 17th centuries, and it is more than probable that the present Font had been in use during that earlier period. In 1815 a very radical change occurred in Seagoe Parish. The Old Church had become too small for the Parish, and could not be enlarged owing to the numerous burials which had taken place around it. It was therefore decided to build a New Church, on a new site, and in 1816 this Church was consecrated and opened for Service. In 1834 a proposition was made, and almost carried into effect, by Bishop Saurin, of Dromore, to form a new parish between Seagoe and Shankhill, to be called the Parish of Brownlowderry. The necessary deeds had been drawn up, but for some unexplained reason the project was never carried into effect. In 1862 the Church was re-pewed. The old square box pews being replaced by the more modern type. In 1879 Archdeacon Saurin died, after having been Rector for 53 years, ever since 1826. He was succeeded by Dean Dawson, who in 1890 effected the restoration, almost the re-building, of the Church. Sir Thomas Drew, the premier architect of Ireland, was his adviser, and the present comely and beautiful Church is a testimony to the success of their efforts.