

Seagoe Parish Magazine.

JUNE, 1918.

Note.

The Rector hopes to return from France towards the end of June. He will have completed his four months' stay in France in the second week of June.

A Day in France.

In the intervals of Hut work opportunities present themselves for recreation of various kinds. Not the least pleasant is that of a walk through this land so full of interest, from a natural as well as an historical point of view, and certainly of fuller interest now than ever before, scored and seared as it is by the blighting pestilence of war. Perhaps my readers would like to follow me through a recent day's experience in France. It being my day off duty I

LEFT THE HUT SHORTLY AFTER 9 A.M

determined if possible before noon to reach my objective, which happened to be on this occasion a renowned historical town of Northern France, well known in the earlier days of the war to many of our Seagoe lads. In a few minutes I got unto the main road near our Hut. The sun was intensely hot, the road was deep in dust, many lorries and motor cars flew past at top speed, raising choking clouds of dust as they bumped in and out of the innumerable ruts and furrows which penetrated deeply into the surface of the road. The rows of polled willows on either side of the road afforded but scant shade from the scorching rays of the sun. Frogs croaked lazily in the water cuts along the road, the eager swallows twittered to each other in a self-satisfied way as they

PERCHED ON THE SLACK TELEPHONE WIRES

which ran from tree to tree. At the end of five kilometres I reached a pretty French village nestling in a dip between forest-clad hills which now began to rise from the levels. The streets of the village were crammed with men of all the Allied nations, with a good sprinkling of the garlic-smelling Chinks, who in their blue linen garments imparted a dash of colour to the all-prevailing Khaki element. Implements of war of all kinds filled every available corner. There was outwardly, to the uninitiated, an atmosphere of confusion, but behind all this coming and going there was the impressive discipline of war, and every movement had a final cause in the winning of the war. Passing out of the crowded streets I regained again a dusty high road along which the traffic of war hurried in an endless series. I began to feel tired so

I HAILED A LORRY DRIVER

and he pulled me up beside him, and the road assumed a new interest, as I saw it from the driver's box. We made good headway, the running was fairly smooth, but occasionally we dipped into ruts

which nearly took one's breath away. After about 15 minutes we turned off the main road into a narrower bye-road. The country on each side was very pretty. The neat French farm houses with their tidy little gardens looked quite perfect in the bright sunshine. Just then we passed some lorries going in the opposite direction, and our lorry drew over to the side of the road, scarcely slackening speed. Suddenly, without warning, we heeled over to an angle of 45 degrees. The bank on the edge of the road had given way under the weight of the lorry, and one of our driving wheels had sunk up to its axle in the soft slush at the side of the road. We slipped off on the upper side, and

PREPARED TO EXTRICATE A TWENTY-TON LORRY

from its bed of mud. We did it, but it took us two solid hours, jacking up, digging out, unloading, loading, levering up, tugging and tilting, and all under the fierce rays of a French sun. It was indeed a relief once again to move forward between the green hedges, our cautious driver giving the water channels a wide berth. We saw on all sides the emblems of armed conflict, but the beauty of spring-time with its fragrant raiment of flowers almost hid from us the iron presence of war.

Every French village is marked by a very fine Church, usually surmounted by a handsome spire which is conspicuous at a long distance. The village through which we passed just here, though consisting of but few houses, possessed a large Church dominated by an imposing square tower. Pursuing our way along roads which seemed to curl round like corkscrews, we reached another pretty village amidst wooded surroundings suggestive of England rather than of France. Here I

DISMOUNTED FROM THE LORRY,

as it went no further in my direction. Dropping into a Y.M.C.A. hut I was most cordially welcomed by the staff and given refreshments, which were very acceptable after the dust and heat of the journey. They directed me which road to take towards my destination. In a few minutes I reached another main road magnificent in its breadth and in its border of stately elm and poplar. I determined to hail the first vehicle going in my direction. It happened to be a Red Cross Ambulance Motor. On making a signal to the driver he kindly stopped the car. A Church of England Chaplain who sat beside him told me to get into the back part of the car. On doing so I found four Chinamen—Chinks they are called out here—seated in the car, and

ON THE FLOOR A COFFIN

containing the body of a Chink who had been killed in an air raid some days before. The coffin was draped in a marvellous variety of red, green, blue, yellow and white material after the burial customs of the Chinese. I took my place among the mourners,

one of whom could speak a little English, and thus journeyed for three or four kilometres. I alighted from the motor quite close to my destination, and walking through an extremely pretty and diversified Park, passed into the busy streets of the town to the Church Army Institute, which occupies a very central position in the most crowded part of the town. A hearty Church Army greeting awaited me, accompanied by a substantial lunch, after which one of the staff brought me through the town to visit the chief places of interest, but the chief centre of interest lay in the military element which for numbers, variety, and efficiency exceeded anything I had witnessed elsewhere. The unity and immensity of the Allied forces came home to me as never before. Through the

STEEP, CROOKED AND NARROW STREETS

of that old-world city the disciplined, uniformed manhood of the world flowed in a constant never-ending stream. It was a sight never to be forgotten. After a second visit to the Church Army Institute, I made my way towards the outskirts of the city intending, if possible, to secure a seat on a passing motor and thus obtain an easy journey home, but the evening was so fine, the heat being tempered by a cooling breeze, I decided to walk home, a distance of some seventeen kilometres (11 miles).

In France there is always a triple highway for traffic, a waterway, a roadway, and a railway, and these three run side by side for very great distances. On my walk homewards the roadway ran between the canal and the railway. The canals in France are splendid waterways, broad and deep, not unlike the Bann near Seagoe. They have been of immense advantage to our forces during this war, and as a means of transport for the wounded have saved much pain and weariness to many a stricken soldier. Pretty little homesteads are scattered along the banks. The houses in the country parts of France, both along roads and canals, are built at right angles to the line of traffic with a small garden in front and here. The bank of the canal was studded with these "maisonettes," while at intervals small villages and hamlets had grown up whose clusters of red-tiled roofs grew redder in the rays of the declining sun. Passing through a larger town a splendid body of U.S.A. men swung past singing their favourite war song "Where do we go to next, boys, Where do we go to next?" After a long and dusty but very interesting walk I reached the Church Army Hut where, refreshed by a cup of good Church Army Tea, I resumed my place behind the counter until closing time at nine o'clock.

Clerical Income Augmentation Fund.

Mr. Small, of Loughbrickland, has been appointed by the Diocesan Committee a Lay Speaker to address the Congregation at Morning Service in Seagoe Church on Sunday, 2nd June, in connection with this Fund.

PARISH REGISTER for MAY, 1918.

Baptisms.

The following were Baptized in Seagoe Church, on 4th May—

Turner—William Alfred Eric, son of William Edward, and the late Anna Mary Turner, of Levaghery.

Sponsors—Mary Anna Turner and Lizzie Quaile.

Gilpin—Wolsey, son of Richard John and Ellen Gilpin, of Tarsan.

Sponsors—Sarah Jane and Ellen Gilpin.

Marriages.

Gilpin and McLoughlin—On 3rd May, Moses Gilpin, of Drumnagoon, to Adelaide McLoughlin, of Drumnagoon.

Reid and White—On 16th May, Samuel John Reid, of Strathmore, Gilford, to Annie White, of Lylo.

Burials.

Shanks—May 5th, Hannah Jane Shanks, of Kernan, aged 63 years.

Gilpin—May 7th, Rebecca Gilpin, of Tamnifiglasson, aged 80 years.

Tedford—May 8th, Samuel Tedford, of 32 Carrick-blacker Road, aged 52. Interred at Tarraraghan.

Cartmill—May 13th, Sarah Cartmill, of 9 Bridge Street, aged 27. Interred at Keady.

Dickson—May 14th, Sarah Ann Dickson, of Tamnifiglasson, aged 27 years.

Atkinson—May 16th, Mary Ann Atkinson, of Seagoe, aged 72 years.

Vaughan—May 20th, Margaret Vaughan, of 26 Florence Court, aged 50 years.

Loney—May 20th, Mary Ann Loney, of 5 Century Street, aged 71 years. Interred at Kilmore.

Holcombe—May 20th, Mary Jane Holcombe, of 78 Blythe Street, Belfast, aged 66 years.

Kennedy—May 23th, William Kennedy, of Kernan, aged 81 years.

Offertories for May.

Sunday Mornings	...	£8 14 8
" Evenings	...	2 1 5
Week-days	...	0 6 0
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		£11 2 1

Including £4 10s 0d for Diocesan Board of Education.

Death of Mrs. Dynes Atkinson.

We regret to record in this issue the death of Mrs. Mary Anne Atkinson, of Upper Seagoe, wife of Mr. Dynes Atkinson, who has for so many years acted as Sexton of Seagoe Church. Mrs. Atkinson had been seriously ill for the past six weeks, but hopes were entertained that she was on the road to recovery. The end came therefore somewhat unexpectedly on May 14th. Mrs. Atkinson will be much missed in the neighbourhood of Seagoe, where her genial presence was so well known. To Mr. Dynes Atkinson we offer the sympathy of the whole parish in his great loss. The blow would be heavy at any time, but on one advanced in years it falls with still greater weight. We trust that in his hours of grief he and all the members of his family will be upheld by the presence of the Divine Comforter, the Lord, and giver of Life.

Seagoe Veteran.

Mr. William Kennedy, whose death appears in this issue had an interesting career. The deceased, who was over 80 years of age, at one time carried on a successful grocery business in Edenderry. He served for a considerable time on the army, being one of those who assisted in quelling the Indian Mutiny; he also was with the troops commanded by Lord Roberts, on his famous march to Khandahar.

Our Prisoners of War.

Remember Sunday, the 9th of June, will be our Monthly Collection for the Prisoners. A very good start was made last month with £5 11s 0d, but the prisoners now number over 70, so the funds will need all possible support. Seagoe Afternoon Bible Class contributed 4/6 per Mrs. Bond.

What a pity Seagoe did not deserve the credit it got in last month's issue of having contributed 204 pairs of socks in a month; it was a printer's error, and as a matter of fact they were the work of 6 months!

ITEMS.

Major the Rev. F. J. Halahan paid a visit to the Rector of Seagoe in France last week. He motored over from Headquarters. Major Halahan is looking very fit and well, notwithstanding the strenuous scenes through which he passed in the recent push.

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The Rector had the pleasure of visiting some of the Ulstermen and members of our local Battalion in France last week. The Red Hand of Ulster is a conspicuous feature in many parts of Northern France.

The Motor Car in which Major Halahan drove to see the Rector of Seagoe bore many signs of War. It had actually been captured by the Germans in the recent push, but by the plucky act of an Ulsterman was recaptured and brought back within our lines.

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The Corncrake, whose note is so familiar to our ears in Ireland, does not apparently visit Northern France, but the croaking Frogs, who frequent the water ways in that country provide a fairly efficient substitute. Their note is heard at all hours of the day and night.

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Local Items.

The annual Choral Festival was held on Saturday, 25th of May, at Banbridge. Seagoe choir was well represented, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, and acquitted itself in a very praiseworthy manner.

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It is quite a common thing now to see Aeroplanes flying over the Parish. Once the humming noise is heard the parishioners immediately turn their gaze upwards, and watch until the "Bird" disappears.

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We are glad to note that owing to the very favourable weather the crops throughout the parish are in a very flourishing condition, and give promise of an abundant harvest, with the exception of the flax crop which in some cases has suffered from the activities of flax fly.

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Now is the time to wage war on the "Blue-bottle" and the "Queen Wasp."

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We are glad to note a marked increase in the Sunday Morning attendance in the Church. We hope that this will not only continue but improve. The attendance at the Wednesday Evening Intercession Service is still highly unsatisfactory.

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The Sermon at the Wednesday Evening Service will be discontinued until further notice.

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£77,322 has been collected for the U.V.F. Hospitals.

Sergeant J. Harpur, a former constable of the R.I.C., who was well known in Edenderry, is a prisoner of war in Germany.

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We regret to announce the death of Private Thomas Flannigan, son of Mr. John Flannigan, Edenderry. Private Flanagan was killed in France whilst doing duty in a British Hospital. We extend our sincere sympathy to his sorrowing parents, who have two other sons serving with the colours.

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Sincere sympathy has been expressed for Mrs. Brew, Rathlin, Edenderry, whose husband, Major J. G. Brew, has died in Germany from wounds received in action.

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In the recent battles in France, nearly 100 of the Church Army Huts, providing recreation and refreshment near the trenches, were destroyed.

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Quite a number of our people passed to their long rest during the month. Death has been very busy in our midst, especially amongst the old inhabitants.

Old Seagoe Notes.

Five Chapters in the History of Seagoe Parish—Chapter I, 540-1172—Five clear divisions are distinguishable in the History of Seagoe as a Parish. The first dates from its origin as the House of Gobhan, about the year 540, and continues until 1172. During this period of 600 years Seagoe was scarcely a Parish in the modern sense of the term. It was rather a Church, drawing its worshippers from an undefined district. These were the old Tribal days, when roads were mere tracks, and hedges, fields, and farmhouses were unknown. Tillage was not practised, and herds of sheep and cattle belonged, not to individuals, but to the tribes. They were driven from pasture to pasture as the tribe wandered through its territories. Inter-tribal wars were frequent, but the Bann, the Blackwater and Lough Neagh proved useful barriers to ward off the inroads of neighbouring tribes. In those primitive days the Church, like the dwellings of the tribesmen, was made of timber interlaced with osiers. The floor of the Church was no doubt strewn with rushes cut from the neighbouring mosses. No glass protected the windows which were merely holes in the wall, through which air as well as light penetrated with equal facility. The rains of winter dripped down upon the worshippers through numerous chinks and crevices. The congregation was rudely clad in home-spun woollen garments. The prayers were said from Parchment Manuscript Rolls. Instead of Printed Bibles, such

as we have at present, the Lessons, Epistles, and Gospels were read from Parchment Strips or Rolls, written in the old Roman lettering such as is seen in the Ancient book of Kells.

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Second Chapter - 1172-1444. A great change took place in the Church of Ireland in 1172. In that year the Synod of Kells was held, and as a result of the Council the system of territorial divisions into Parishes and Dioceses was introduced. The *Parish* of Seagoe was then formally constituted with definite boundaries. The Parish then included what is now the Parish of Ardmore, or the Montiaghs, and part of the Parish of Knocknamuckley. In 1241 the name of the first Rector emerges on the page of history in the person of Andrew, Archdeacon of Dromore. In 1444 a considerable change was made in the boundaries of the Parish by the addition of the Vicarage of Enachloisgy, with its Church and Ecclesiastical Establishment on Oxford Island, now in the townland of Annaloist. This addition made a great change in the shape of the Parish, and was the cause of the curious extension of the Parish into the neighbourhood of Lurgan.

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Chapter III - 1444-1677.—By the addition of the Vicarage of Enachloisgy in the year 1444, the Parish of Seagoe received its final territorial shape and reached its greatest expansion. It stretched along the shores of Lough Neagh, from Bird Island to the Bannfoot. Its boundary then followed the course of the River Bann from Bannfoot to Knock Bridge. From Knock Bridge it ran through the middle of what is now Knocknamuckley Parish to Crossmacaughly, and from thence passing along the borders of Silverwood, almost touched Old Shankhill Graveyard, and ran out to the lake at Bird Island. The Parish retained this shape and extent for over 300 years. When we consider the small size of the Parish Church, as it then was, and its inaccessibility to the Parishioners, and the extent of ground which the Vicar had to cover in his visitation of his flock it becomes a wonder how public worship could be maintained, and the administration of the Sacraments be duly performed. In 1641 the Rebellion wrought havoc in the Parish, and the Parish Church was burnt by the rebels. Apparently it lay derelict for some 20 or 30 years, a blackened ruin amongst the surrounding graves, until Valentine Blacker determined to re-build it, and have it reopened for Public Worship. The work of rebuilding seems to have been completed about the year 1677, or perhaps a few years earlier. This was the Church whose walls are still to be seen in the Old Graveyard built of massive round stones, and even in their state of ruin bearing evidence of the substantial nature of the original structure.