

Seagoe Parish Magazine.

MARCH, 1918.

Easter, 1918.

Before the next issue of the Magazine Easter will have come and gone. During Holy Week, beginning this year on Sunday, March 24th, Services will be held each evening (except Saturday) at 8 o'clock in the Parish Church. On Good Friday, March 29th, there will also be a morning service at 11-30.

The offerings at both services on Good Friday will be in aid of missions to the Jews. On Easter Day the following services will be held—

8 a.m. Holy Communion.

11-30 a.m. Morning Prayer, Sermon and Holy Communion.

7 p.m. Evening Prayer and Sermon.

The offerings on Easter Day will be in aid of our Parochial Sunday Schools.

A Letter from The Rector.

France, February 21st, 1918.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I believe you are expecting a long letter from me and so I take up my pen to describe, if possible, something of what I have seen and felt since I came out to the front. I have so often published in this Magazine letters from our men on active service that I feel quite strange when I come to write one myself.

Let me begin by describing the place where I am writing this letter. It is in

A CHURCH ARMY HUT,

and not very far from where I am many hundreds of fighting men are encamped. The day is clear and fine with quite a hot sun, and many of the Jocks and Tommies are lying stretched at full length on our verandah, some smoking, some reading, and some writing letters to "Blighty," and all enjoying to the full a short space of rest, and the pleasure of a good sunning after several days of intense cold. The room in which I write is small and not by any means tidy. There is a great litter of Illustrated papers in one corner, a pile of wooden soap boxes in another, a very much damaged Piano in another, and in the remaining corner a mingled heap of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish and Capstan Cigarette Tins. A pretty little stove beside me suffices to heat the room, or at least one side of it. Above the stove hang

TWO STEEL HELMETS,

one for Mr Ashe my co-worker, and one for the Rector of Seagoe. When Fritz gets unpleasantly active, and the anti-aircraft guns send up their shrapnel, we don our steel caps and feel fairly secure. If things get still hotter we betake ourselves to a sandbag shelter at the end of the Hut. As I look out through the window of the room I see a pretty stretch of French landscape, very level, and all the trees planted with mathematical precision. Peeping through the trees I detect an immense pile of discarded Petrol tins. Small French urchins smoking impudent cigarettes stroll about selling, from small boxes, chocolates and biscuits, to generous, good-

humoured Tommies. Our day's work begins immediately after breakfast (sometimes before it) with the sweeping out of the Hut. No slight task, for the Hut is large and the dust is dense, but with a stout brush and inspired by the thought that it is

"ALL FOR TOMMY"

we get through it with a good heart. The Hut opens for sales from 11 to 12-15 in the morning. This is a busy hour. The amount of Tea and Cigarettes which the average British warrior can get through cannot be understood except by those who have served their time behind a counter in France. We are short of cups and have had to use small French earthenware bowls, but so long as the tea gets down the right way Tommy doesn't mind how it reaches him. He is always in the best of humour and smiles and jokes are the order of the day. At times one hears a grumble, but it doesn't last, and all comes right in the end. To-day a man said to me "When this war is over I will become the greatest agitator in England," but when he had swallowed a strong

CUP OF OUR CHURCH ARMY TEA

he became a rank Conservative, and said that Socialism was a farce. I have many opportunities of conversation with the men, and they appreciate especially the word of sympathy and cheer. "Blighty" is the magic word out here. It stands for all that is best and highest and holiest to the men. There is something very touching in the way they take from their breast-pockets the photographs of their loved ones whenever you speak to them of home. The Hut opens at 3 for Recreation, and from 5 to 8 for Sales. Sometimes there is a long queue of men waiting to be served, but they are not at all exacting in their demands. We do a big trade in Candles and the various pronunciations of that word by English, Scotch, and Irish is an interesting study in the Psychology of Language. The Scotchman

DEMANDS A "KONDIL,"

the Englishman asks for a "Kaundle," and the Irishman mutters "Kendle." But they all get what they want. There is a scarcity in illuminants so that most of the lighting is done by Candles. Unfortunately the rats made a raid on our stock the other night and left us with a bundle of cotton wicks where formerly there had been as many Candles.

We have services for the men as occasion offers. They are usually taken by the Chaplain, but he has asked me to help him. There is a prettily furnished Chapel at the end of the Hut, and the voluntary services though not largely attended, are very helpful and uplifting. The door of the Hut Chapel is never closed by day or night. There is nothing more inspiring than to hear the men at our Hut services

SINGING THE OLD HYMNS—

"Rock of Ages," or "Abide with me," or "Just as I am." The distance from Home and the uncertainty of life combine to put a new tone into their voices and a new meaning into their words. There is a

Celebration of Holy Communion in the Hut Chapel every Sunday morning at eight o'clock. It is always attended by a fair number of officers and men. The discharge of heavy guns near at hand sometimes shakes the building during the service and makes one realise the proximity of war's destructiveness, but the note of Peace imparted by the service strengthens and reassures and gives a confidence that Right will triumph over Wrong.

One of the most interesting phases of our work here is to note the way in which the

LETTERS TO BLIGHTY

are written by the men so far from home. They come up in such a modest way to ask for "a sheet of paper and an envelope, please." I always suggest two sheets of paper and one envelope, and tell them to write a very long letter. They generally I think act on my advice. The letters are sometimes written with the paper resting on their knee, when the tables are too much crowded, or else they spread themselves over the tables and write as well as they can by the dim light of a candle. If you get a letter from the front that is badly written and hard to read, don't blame Tommy. He does the best he can with the material to hand. A few nights ago we had a Concert here given by Princess Victoria's Concert Party. All the items were by very distinguished performers. When one of the ladies was singing a song with the refrain

"LIFE IS SO SWEET,"

the anti-aircraft guns suddenly blazed out all around us. None of the audience moved and the lady bravely continued her song to the end. Three Gothas had been hovering over our devoted heads, but the guns soon drove them back to their own side of the line and left us in peace to enjoy to the full the delights of harmony and song. With all good wishes,

Your faithful Friend and Pastor,

JAMES E. ARCHER.

The Word "Seagoe."

We have received the following lists of words on the word "Seagoe,"

19 words made out of the letters spelling Seagoe.

Sea, see, go, Sago, age, gas, sage, ages, so, goes, ease, ago, as, ogee, seg, A, O, gee, sag.

Bertie and Mervyn Sweeney, Lower Seagoe.

16 words formed out of the word Seagoe.

As, age, ages, ago, go, goes, ease, gas, sea, see, sago, sag, so, sage, ego, ogee.

Miss Betty Blacker, Carrickblacker.

Thirteen words formed out of the word "Seagoe."

Sea, see, go, ago, ease, age, goes, sage, ages, as, so, sago, gas.

Norman Dickson, Drumnagoon.

PARISH REGISTER for FEBRUARY 1918.

The following were baptised in Seagoe Church on 2nd February, 1918—

Baptisms.

Killops—Mary Florence, daughter of Joseph and Florence Isabella Killops, of 29 Foundry Street.

Sponsors—Florence Isabella Killops, Clara Kirby,

Watson—Joseph, son of Joseph and Annie Watson, of Killicomain.

Sponsors—Annie Watson, Margaret M'Cann.

Mayes—Margaret Ann, daughter of James William and Margaret Mayes, of Levaghery.

Sponsors—James William and Margaret Mayes.

Marriages.

M'Murray & Gregston—On 1st February, 1918, Joseph Edward M'Murray, of Lylo, to Rebecca Gregston, of Drumgor.

Hollinger & Webb—On 22nd February, 1918, James Hollinger, of 15 Bridge Street, Portadown, to Catherine Rachel Webb, of Lylo.

Burials.

Binks—February 6th, Thomas Binks, of Derrymacfall, Parish of Drumcree, aged 66 years.

Dickson—February 9th, Alice Dickson, of Lisniskey, aged 8 years.

Rea—February 18th, William Rea, of Tamniffglassan, aged 37 years.

Stoops—February 20th, Anne Jane Stoops, of Seagoe Upper, aged 79 years.

Malcomson—February 25th, Elizabeth Malcomson, of 16 Joseph Street, aged 68 years.

ITEMS.

Good Friday this year falls on March 29th.

It is the duty of everyone who owns land to get the best crop possible out of it this year.

The recent mild weather seems to betoken an early Spring.

It is hoped in an early issue of the Magazine to insert outlying maps, marking the changes in the boundaries of Seagoe, at 5 different periods in its extended history.

Offertories for February.

Sunday Mornings	...	£7 19 5
„ Evenings	...	1 11 7
Week-days	...	0 7 2
		£9 18 2

Including £2 18s 0d for Foreign Missions ;
£2 6s 0d for Temperance.

Concert at Carne.

On Thursday, 7th February, a very successful concert was held at Carne School at eight o'clock. The success of the concert was due to the indefatigable and painstaking efforts of Mr. D. Murray, the local superintendent, who spares himself no end of trouble in promoting the well-being of the school. A number of performers from Portadown were responsible for the programme, which was first-rate, and lasted two hours and a half, almost every item being encored. Mr. Chambers, of Seagoe, very ably played the accompaniments. The proceeds were towards the outward repairs of the school.

The Easter Vestry.

THE Annual Easter Vestry for the Parish of Seagoe will be held (D.V.) on Thursday, April 4th, 1918, at 8 p.m. It will be preceded by a meeting of the outgoing Select Vestry at 7-30. A full attendance of the Registered Vestrymen of the Parish is requested. The duty of the Easter Vestry is to elect the new Select Vestry, and also the People's Churchwarden. In former days, and up to 100 years ago, the duties of the Vestry were of a much wider kind, and resembled the work which is now carried out by the Urban and Rural Councils. The maintenance of the roads and the relief of the Poor seem to have been the subject of most of their deliberations. Occasionally (indeed at one time frequently) they had to act the part of foster-parents to children who had been deserted and had become a charge on the Parish. But besides this more strictly secular work, as we should now be inclined to describe it, the fabric, upkeep, and pewletting of the Parish Church were under their control. The variety of their duties seems to have resulted in many who were not members of the Church of Ireland being appointed vestrymen, and in the list of those who signed each year the ancient Vestry Records occur many names of non-Churchmen. Great interest and importance seem to have been attached to the Annual Meeting for the election of the members. The meeting was always held in the Vestry of the Church, or in the body of the Church, as in the case of Old Seagoe Church where there was no regular Vestry Room, only the "Robing Room" for the Clergy. It was the custom also to have the Church Bell rung for some time before the meeting began. The Monday or Tuesday in Easter week was the day usually chosen for the meeting, and it was held early in the day about eleven o'clock. The first Easter Vestry held by Archdeacon Saurin after his appointment to Seagoe was rudely disturbed. In the middle of the meeting an urgent message arrived from the Rectory to say that the stables were on fire. Headed by the youthful Rector, the members of the Vestry, young and aged, rushed over to the Rectory, and constituting themselves an amateur Fire Brigade, and using the Rectory pump as a Fire Engine, strove in vain to quell the flames. The present substantial stables were erected in place of those then destroyed. The Records tell us that the Vestry was adjourned to a more convenient date.

So much interesting Parish History surrounds the ancient Vestry of Seagoe that the Registered Vestryman of to-day might naturally feel proud to be associated with such an historic Institution. They will not be called upon to appoint road overseers or to applot rates or dues on Parish acreage, but they will be expected to maintain and develop by their counsel and advice the spiritual and material well-being of the Church in this Parish.

In a Church Army Hut in France.

Boys, do you mind me leaving the bar for half-an-hour? You can go on at what you're at just the same, only please talk softly. We're going to have our Sunday Sing-Song. What shall we start with? (He stands near the piano; not on the platform.) Jones, you can play any tune in the Church Army Hymn Book, can't you? That's right, David, peel in with the cornet when you can, and Joe with the drum in the choruses. We must try and get some of the Band to play the "Lost Chord" next Sunday. Sam wants "Lead, Kindly Light." Aye, that's a favourite in the Old Country; perhaps some are singing it to-night at home. Pass the leaflets round to any who like. Don't stop writing to the wife or the sweetheart. Don't put lights out unless you like. Smoke in some churches means prayers going up for the dear ones. None left the Hut?—good! Tom, as we haven't got enough leaflets, you read out the words of the second verse. Good!—sing up! Who'll read out the last? It makes me think of my mother over there, and poor Jim we buried yesterday—grand chap.

Who'll select the next one? "Holy Father" strike up Jones. We all know the first verse. Scotty, will you read another? (he was asked beforehand), and another?

Now then, you good men at the back shall have a choice. What? "Stand up for Jesus." Jolly rough sometimes in the platoon. Would some like to suit the action to the words? I know you fellows there are tired and busy. Don't you stand, that's good chaps. Before the next verse, shall we all ask God to forgive us our many sins and help us even to forgive the beastly Boches? Words are on the front of the C.A. leaflets. All join in who like to. (General Confession.) Shall we all say the Lord's Prayer? (Nearly every cigarette has gone out and every cap is off.)

Now for a treat. Shall we sit down while Brown, who livened us up last night in the concert, gives us our favourite, "Blue Eyes," with Sunday clothes on. (C.A. War Songs, 1d) Listen to the chorus. Pick it up; let it go. (Superintendent beats time with his hands.) Now again. Brown, go on again. Good! Excuse me explaining what the song means, so as to give it point. (Simple Gospel Messages.) We must have another of Brown's mouth-openers again later on. Give him a bit of applause. Hear, hear! Well done, Brown! (Crowd increases, Superintendent gets on chair; as so hot, takes his coat off.)

I have asked six of the men to give us one good verse each out of the Bible that they used to know

as kids. They don't like the job and are only doing it to oblige me, as I try to oblige them at the Bar. Jack's going to give his experiences for one minute. Tom says it's more democratic-like—not a one-man show. He says the people ought to have votes for Bishops and Parsons, as he says they did in the early days, if they really want all to take a live interest in the Church. Now then, Bill, you start, and Scotty next.

Time for one more sing. What? "Jesus Lover." All right. Perhaps some would like to stand for a bit of a change. Who'll give out the last two verses? Before the last verse, shall we all say what we believe? See second page; all join—"I believe." Doesn't it remind you of the old folks at home and the dear old Church?

While we stand, I am going to ask you to say "God bless" after me. Our wives and sweethearts—God bless. Our kiddies and dear ones—God bless. Boys in Front trenches; Boys in German prisons: Generals and staffs; All our sailors; King and Allies; Parliament and Cabinet; Sick and wounded; Bereaved and anxious; All who have fallen; Belgium, Servia and Roumania; All in distress (God bless, after each), etc.

What shall we end with? "Abide with me." All right. Jones, strike up. It's grand! Smith, read out "I fear no foe." It's splendid! Hallo, time's up. Let's sing the Doxology, and finish with the King and Blessing. Bill, will you explain the War Roll? Join it, boys.

Tom. Why did you cut it so short? Quite right—short and sweet, and leave a taste in the mouth for more. I say, Dad, I have a favour to ask. Twenty of us are off again to the front trenches to-morrow at dawn, and we've been talking all day about having the Sacrament before we go, but couldn't get up our pluck to ask the Padre. Some of us have never been confirmed. He's a good sort and we all like him. He'll do anything to oblige anyone. Did you see that one of our tip-top Chaplains wrote:—

"As a class we find it hard to penetrate the surface of the men—that surface which we can almost see thrust at us like a shield in the suddenly assumed rigidity of men as they salute us.

"We are in an unchristian position, in the sense that we are in a position which Christ would not have occupied. We are often liked, and are thought good fellows, but we are unlike Him and miss what He could discover. He, I am sure, would have been a regimental stretcher-bearer, truly among and of the men."

What do you think? My word, I wouldn't mind being hit to fall into His hands. Can you manage the Sacrament for us, as the Lord told us to "Do this"? It seems easier to ask you, Dad.

Old Seagoe Notes.

Mandate for the Enthronment of the Rt. Rev. Henry Maxwell, in the Cathedral Church of Christ the Redeemer of Dromore, 23rd March, 1775.

Richard Robinson Lord Rokeby, 1765-1794, by Divine Providence Archbishop of Armagh, Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland, to the Rev. Walter Cope, Doctor in Divinity, Dean of the Cathedral Church of Dromore, or to his substitute, greeting, whereas by Letters Patent of the most Serene Prince in Christ our Sovereign Lord George the third by the Grace of God, of Great Britain. France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth. bearing date at Dublin the fifth day of March, in the year of his Reiga, it hath been signified to Us that whereas His most Sacred Majesty had promoted his truly and well-beloved in Christ Henry Maxwell, Doctor in Divinity to the Bishoprick of Dromore within this Kingdom of Ireland, and the sd. Bishoprick on the sd. Henry Maxwell had conferred on account of his manifest good deserts, with all its rights, Prerogatives, Prehemians (?) and Jurisdictions whatsoever, and him the said Henry Maxwell by his Letters Patent had constituted, Nominated, Ordained and created Bishop of the Bishoprick of Dromore, aforesaid.

Wherefore he commanded us that with all convenient speed we should cause and procure him the said Henry Maxwell to be invested with the Episcopal Ensigns and consecrated Bishop of ye Bishoprick aforesaid (the Holy and all other usual decent ceremonies in that behalf being applied), and all things which are requisite in that behalf. We should do or cause to be done and duly executed as it becometh according to the Tenor of the Statute.

And Whereas, we by virtue of ye sd Letters Patent did consecrate the Right Rev. Father in God ye sd. Henry Maxwell Bishop of the Bishoprick of Dromore according to the form, rites and customs of the Church of Ireland in such cases used and observed.

And we being desirous that the sd Letters Patent may in all respects be complied with as far as in us Lyes Do Therefore further by virtue of the aforesaid Letters Patent hereby strictly enjoin and command you that you or your substitute do Induct or Install or Inthron, or cause ye sd Right revd. Father in God Henry Maxwell, Doctor in Divinity, Bishop of the Bishoprick of Dromore as his Proctor in his name, and for him to be Inducted, Installed and Inthroned with effect into the real, actual and Corporal Possession of ye sd Bishoprick of Dromore, and of all and every the Rights, Prerogatives, Preheminencies and Jurisdictions whatsoever thereunto belonging and yt. you place or cause him or his Proctor in his stead to be placed in the Throne or Episcopal Seat in the said Cathedral Church of Dromore, usually and accustomably assigned to the Bishop thereof, saving always and reserving all Rites, Customs, Dignities, and Honours belonging unto Us and our Cathedral and Metropolitan Church of Armagh.

In Testimony whereof we have caused our Archiepiscopal seal of Armagh to be hereunto affixed the sixteenth day of March, in ye year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-five.

RICHARD ARMAGH.