

**“Greater Love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for
his friends.” — ST. JOHN xv : 13.**

KILLED IN ACTION.

ATKINSON—July 1st, 1916, in France, Thomas Joyce Atkinson, Major, 9th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers.

UNIVERSAL regret has been felt throughout the Parish of Seagoe at the sad intelligence, now officially confirmed, that Major T. J. Atkinson, of Eden Villa, has fallen in action. When we heard early in July that he was reported “missing, believed killed,” there seemed still a slight hope that he might have been taken prisoner by the Germans, but all hope was dispelled when it was announced that his body had been found and laid to rest.

Of the many brave men who have gone forth from this Parish at Duty’s call to fight for King and Country, none were more highly esteemed than Major Atkinson. His manly bearing and unaffected simplicity of manner and speech, his readiness to help in all Parish work, the unfailing regularity of his attendance at Seagoe Church, his constant and reverent presence amongst our communicant worshippers, were the outward and visible signs of the inward spiritual grace which shaped and inspired his whole life.

On the formation of the Ulster Volunteer Force he threw himself heart and soul into that great movement against the Home Rule menace. His energy and diligence went far towards making the Portadown Battalion one of the most efficient in Ulster. Although not a soldier by profession he seemed almost at once to have realised the military instinct, as if he had been a born soldier. When the call came to a wider service on the battlefields of France, he displayed the same keenness and thoroughness, the same readiness and loyalty of spirit.

On the morning of July 1st he crossed the parapet with the same determination to do his duty at all costs. When last seen he was gallantly leading his men across the bullet-swept “No Man’s Land,” “waving them on,” and calling on them to follow him, which they did with unflinching courage.

The deepest sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson and the members of the family in their sad loss. Their consolation is that a noble Christian life has been consecrated afresh by a heroic and unselfish death. His bright example will be, for generations to come, an illustration of that devotion to Duty and spirit of Self-sacrifice, which adorns the life of the Christian warrior.

MONTGOMERY—July 1st, 1916, in France, Robert T. Montgomery, Lieutenant, 9th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers.

INFORMATION recently received has proved it unfortunately too true that, in the Great Advance on July 1st, one of the many who fell in action was Lieutenant Robert T. Montgomery. In him we have lost one of our very best. In youth and early manhood his highest powers of mind and body were consecrated to the noblest purposes. He was, as a boy, a foremost member of Seagoe Church Lads’ Brigade; in attendance at Church and Sunday School he set a splendid example of diligence. For several years he acted as a Sunday School Teacher, both at Morning and Afternoon Sunday School. When a pupil at Seagoe Day School he won the highest distinctions in Religious and General Knowledge. His splendid work in connection with the Physical Culture Class, and, more recently, in the Volunteer Ambulance Class in Edenderry, will not easily be forgotten. When the Ulster crisis became acute he assisted the Volunteer movement in every possible way, and on the outbreak of war joined the 9th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers as a Private, working his way up by sheer efficiency to the honoured privilege of commissioned rank. His success in business life was equally marked, and it seemed as if, had he been spared, that he would have won a distinguished place in commercial life. His interest in the Parish of Seagoe was keen to the very end. On the occasion of his last

visit home, early in May, his parting act was to place in the Rector's hands a generous subscription to our Sunday School Funds, with the condition that the giver's name was not to be published.

As he lived so he died. On the morning of July 1st across the parapet he went, straight towards the enemy's line, regardless of shot and shell. Being severely wounded he lay in a shell hole with a companion, but hearing a cry for water from some poor wounded fellow near at hand, he dragged himself out of his place of shelter to help his wounded comrade. As he stooped to give him a drink from his water bottle he was fatally struck on the head by a fragment of a bursting shell. In Lieutenant Montgomery we have lost from Seago Parish one of our foremost helpers. Pride mingles with our tears as we contemplate the life so brief, and yet so complete, but the blank left in our Parish is as nothing compared with the blank in the home circle, of which he was such a cherished and affectionate member. A quiet trust in the Divine Will, and a confident dependance in the spirit of Faith, that "the life laid down is the life won," will sustain his relatives, with whom in their day of grief the whole Parish and district sympathizes.

Seago in East Africa.

[Seago is fighting on all fronts. Here is a letter from Dr. William Walker, M.B., T.C.D., of Seago Farm, who is doing his bit, and doing it well, in the East African Jungle under General Smuts, driving the Huns out of their last stronghold on the African Continent.]

"I was stationed up at Nairobi, which is in the interior, but got orders to come down to Mombasa to take charge of a Field Ambulance. The country is full of game and wild animals. When going by train to Mombasa you could almost touch them out of the carriage windows. They don't seem to mind the train at all. The reason the game abounds here is because there is very little cover for Lions and Tigers, and

WHEN THEY SEE A LION

on the horizon they scuttle off. I saw Deer, Buffaloes, Bisons, Springbok, Zebras, Giraffes. In fact the place was like an enormous Zoological Gardens. There was one herd of lovely Zebras of about 100 in number. They ran like lightning when they saw our train. Ostriches were there also in hundreds. They reminded me of your turkeys when I saw them by the way they threw out their legs when running. As I came down to the wooded country I saw a male and female lion and a little daughter lion feeding on a young buck. The mother was teaching the little one to feed. In the wooded country we saw nothing but monkeys and birds; the birds were very fine, but, needless to say, I did not know their names. But enough of this. I could write for a week about the animals one sees here.

The only sign of human habitation is the line itself and the native troops one sees here and there guarding the line with a bow and arrow. The whole place is very primitive. The natives wear little or no clothes; they are mostly stark naked. Just as I am writing I am watching

A PROCESSION OF ANTS

across the table. For a long time I could not understand what they were doing as they walk in procession just as the traffic on the streets at home. Those on the right of the procession are going down the leg of the table, whereas those on the left are making their way to a piece of butter, which they are carrying little by little to their holes. Everything is so orderly—no rush or bustle. They can build mounds

of clay higher than myself, and more than you could draw in a horse and cart. I have got

A LITTLE SWAHLI NIGGER.

He is a good boy, but as I told you before it is as good as a panto to hear us talking. I get a dictionary and look up my words. He must think that a white man is a little god, as he will persist in jabbering his lingo to me. They find it very difficult to realise that you do not know what they are talking about.

Their idea of washing is also very original. They get your shirt or article to be washed, steep it in cold water, then make their way to a rough stone, and proceed to rub it or batter it on the stone. He was very disappointed, of course, when I showed my disapproval. However, I am very fond of him, he is so innocent and childish; but once they learn English they get the Englishman's habits, which certainly are not an improvement. When I asked him if he would come down to Mombasa with me, he said he would "if I was not fierce."

The heat just now is awful. We are just at the end of the summer, and March will be the rainy month. To give you an idea how hot it is here—When I stand upright the sweat running off me

WOULD WATER A FLOWER BED.

In fact I have to change two or three times a day, and you never think of wiping off perspiration here. At night it is worse. I wear silk pyjamas, and only sleep on top of my bed. I do not use a sheet, and sometimes the heat is so great that my heart beats very rapidly and I can't sleep. The mosquito net, of course, makes things worse, as it keeps out the breeze, and I don't know which is worst, to be eaten with mosquitoes or melting away with heat.

But don't think that I am not content or happy. On the very contrary, I like the place well, and my C.O. is a regular good sort. He is in the I.M.S., and knew Dr. Hampton Dougan very well.

I have a sort of dispensary every morning and the Indians all round come for treatment. I have had a few dysentery and fever cases, but the majority are not very serious. I helped the Major Illius (my commanding officer) to open an abscess in the neck yesterday, and strange to say I got a case of T.B. this morning.

Well, I'm sorry for the poor censor who will have to read all this rubbish. Send off articles as soon as possible, as there may be a mail as soon as you get this.

Visit of the Misses Dawson.

On Tuesday, August 29th, Miss Mary and Miss Cherry Dawson visited their old friends in Seagoe Parish, after an absence in South America of five years.

They spoke at an afternoon meeting in the Anchor Café, and in the evening they addressed a very large gathering of parishioners in Seagoe Parochial School. The Rector presided. Miss Cherry Dawson spoke first, giving a most interesting account of the hospital work in which she is engaged at Temuco, Chile. A most useful work is done among the native Indians and the Chilian residents. Miss Mary Dawson also gave a most interesting and amusing account of her school and educational work in connection with the Mission. The addresses were listened to with great attention, and at the close a large number of those present gathered round the Misses Dawson, anxious to speak and shake hands with them.

A Sale of Work is to be held at Chol-Chol, near Temuco, next March, in aid of the building Fund of the new Mission Church at Chol-Chol. The Misses Dawson appeal to the people of Seagoe to send some gifts for the Sale. They will bring them with them when they leave this country, as they hope to do next Christmas, for South America. Gifts may be sent at any time for the purpose to Miss Atkinson, Eden Villa, Hon. Sec., S.A.M.S.

A Visitor from Japan.

We hear that the Rev. W. T. Grey, a former Curate of Seagoe, hopes to arrive in Ireland in January from Japan. He comes with his wife and little daughter all the way from the land of the Rising Sun. It is Mrs. Grey's first visit to the West. She was born of English parents in Japan. Mr. Grey is taking up work for a year in the Parish of Kilbride, near Bray, Co. Wicklow. The Rector of Kilbride, the Rev. W. Price, is taking Mr. Grey's place in Japan for the same period. Mr. Grey's many friends in Seagoe will be delighted to welcome him and Mrs. Grey to the old Parish.

Excursion Stall Account.

Account of Stall at Seagoe Sunday School Excursion, June 29th, 1916.—Receipts, £22 10s 10d. Expenditure—Expenses, £6 0s 10d; Paid to S.S. Comforts, £1 10s; Sailors and Soldiers' Rest Room, £7 10s; Mrs. Blacker for 9th Batt Comforts' Fund, £7 10s—Total £22 10s 10d.

Offertories for August, 1916.

Sunday—Mornings,	£5	4	5	
Evenings,	...	1	3	2
Week Days	...	0	8	0
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	£6	15	7	

PARISH REGISTER FOR AUGUST, 1916.

Baptisms.

The following were Baptized on August 5th, 1916.

Carville—Amelia Anna, daughter of Valentine and Amelia Carville, of Killicomain.

Sponsors—Mary Kelly, Amelia Carville.

Watson—Robert Randall, son of James and Elizabeth Watson, of Edenderry.

Sponsors—Mary Jane Stanfield, Elizabeth Watson.

Mullen—Eveline, daughter of Horace Henry and Christina Mullen, of Portadown.

Sponsors—Elizabeth Reid, Christina Mullen.

Trainor—Mary Eveline and James, children of James and Ellen Margaret Trainor, of Drumnagoon.

Sponsors—Seth Roberts, Ellen Margaret Trainor.

Major—23rd August, 1916, Robert Joseph, son of William John and Rebecca Major, of Glasgow.

Sponsors—Emma Major, Rebecca Major.

Marriage.

Kyle and Collins—August 7th, 1916, at St. Luke's Church, Belfast, by the Rev. M. Williams, M.A., Rector, David W. Kyle of Belfast, to Elizabeth Collins of Edenderry, Portadown.

Burials.

Webb—August 17th, Edward Webb, of Knockmena, aged 64 years.

Quaile—August 29th, Sarah Quaile of Balteagh. Interred in Shankill Graveyard.

Astronomical Notes.

[Contributed by Mr. Robert Patterson, Burnbrae Avenue, Portadown]

This month in the East we have Jupiter in the neighbourhood of Taurus (the Bull). He is the only planet visible now, save Mars, but as this planet sets almost with the Sun it is hard to observe owing to the glare of the Solar Glow. In the early morning we may catch a glimpse of Venus in the East. This beautiful planet is the nearest to our Earth, and last Winter created great interest when it came very near Jupiter. But the never varying constellations are worth the notice of everyone. "Canst Thou Bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion," was the interrogation addressed by the Almighty to Job, intended for the instruction and correction of all mankind, and to make them fear his name. Does it not make us think seriously, but humbly, before God, even when a meteor or shooting star falls, as at the opening of the sixth seal. "And the Stars of Heaven fell unto the Earth." Surely all these things are

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine.

"FRITZ."

"Fritz," an Edenderry dog, has an interesting history. He was brought from the front by Private Robert Callison, of the Irish Guards. He is a curly haired white terrier, and came across to the British lines from the German trenches. He is very accomplished and can walk across a room on his hind legs with his forelegs behind his ears. He was evidently a great pet and readily answers to the name Fritz. He is now in the possession of Mr. James Wilson, of Edenderry, and seems to be as much at home in Portadown as he would have been in Potsdam.

ITEMS.

The grass crops in the Parish are very heavy this year. There is also an extraordinary growth of weeds everywhere owing to the moist season. Nettles have, in some places, grown to a height of six feet.

A deeply religious feeling is expressed in most of the letters which have come from the front. One of our lads writes from Salonica "The 91st Psalm has been a great comfort to me when in the trenches." Another writes—"I pray regularly, and whenever I have an opportunity I kneel in the Trench and commend myself to the care of my Heavenly Father." Another writes—"I put my trust in God, and He has kept me safe."

Private W. J. McGrattan, R.I.R., a former pupil of Hacknahay Day School and Sunday School, was killed in action in France, on July 7th. He was a steady and devout Christian lad, and his early death is much regretted.

Private H. Boyce, of Joseph Street, has been suffering from severe shell-shock. For some weeks he lost both hearing and speech, but is now, we are glad to say, almost quite well again.

Charles and Hugh Killow, late of Bachelor's Walk, were both wounded in the recent advance.

Private T. Grimley, 9th Batt. Royal Irish Fusiliers was the first man to return after the recent fight.

Sergeant Cassidy, of Foundry Street, received 9 wounds in the fighting on July 1st, but is recovering and has reached home.

We hear that Private Samuel Gracey of the Canadians, and a resident in Edenderry, has been awarded the Military Medal for bravery in rescuing a wounded soldier. This is a high distinction, and we congratulate Private Gracey very heartily on his success.

A Mr. Cotter, of Drumanway, Co. Cork wants a scutcher at 30/- a week, £1 bonus on leaving and fare paid there and back. Comfortable lodgings.

Animal and bird life seem unusually abundant this year. Hedgehogs, Weasels, Ringdoves, Owls and Hawks are to be seen on all sides. The Bann is alive with Pike. All our Edenderry anglers who used to keep the river clear of Pike are now engaged in the much more formidable task of catching Huns or Tartars in France or Greece.

Some of the grave plots in the Old Seagoe Graveyard are now very bright with flowers. We are glad to notice that much greater care is taken by people in keeping the graves nice than in former years.

The Bell in the Parish Church was tolled for five minutes at noon, on July 12th, in memory of the brave men who fell in the recent fighting.

A fierce thunderstorm broke over Seagoe, on Monday afternoon, July 24th. Enormous hailstones fell in shape like fragments of ice, one peal of thunder sounded like the crash of a bursting shell.

The Harvest Service at Hacknahay, will (D.V.) be held on Sunday, September 24th, at 3-30 p.m., and on Monday, September 25th, at 8 p.m.

Mr. Robert Price, Rector's Churchwarden has greatly improved the appearance of the Church by cutting the ivy on the tower and walls.

Private Robert McKerr, of Upper Seagoe, has been severely wounded in the chest. The Rev. A. H. Grey, C.F., attached to the 17th Highland Light Infantry, writes to say that he is making a good recovery.

A series of Mission Services, extending over ten days, will be held in Seagoe Parish Church early in November, in connection with the National Mission of Repentance and Hope.

Portadown Station is now one of the finest in the Kingdom. A notable addition to its furnishing has recently been made, by decorating it with hanging baskets of flowers, which add greatly to the beauty and brightness of the platforms. Why should our Railway Stations ever be ugly?

Willie Reid, of Lower Seagoe, writes a cheery letter from the States. He has had many exciting experiences, including a trip to distant Alaska.