



ARTHUR MALE

Fragments of a life



Arthur Male

Army Chaplains' Department Museum
Amport House, Andover, Hampshire

INTRODUCTION

Dear Readers (If any there be !)

This compendium of Notices and Articles came about as a result of being made aware of the Wesleyan Methodist Historic Roll and the financial contribution made to it by members of the High Street Methodist Church in Maidenhead, Berkshire.

The contribution made by the then unknown (at least to me) Arthur Male on behalf of himself and deceased members of his family prompted me to discover who he was.

The contents in the following pages comprise, in the main, transcriptions of newspaper articles discovered mainly with the help of: Internet searches, The British Library on-line Newspaper Catalogue, Kingswood School records, The Army Chaplains' Museum at Amport House, Maidenhead Public Library, Portsmouth Public Library and Oxford Centre for Methodism and Church History. The results of the transcriptions of documentary records, and any errors subsequent therein, are mine. Little or no attempt has been made to extract from the documents those portions pertaining to Arthur Male so that they are presented within their context.

Public notices regarding Arthur Male's preaching appointments have been omitted but those relating to his lecture appointments have been included to attempt to show that he traveled widely to lecture on his war experiences. It is quite certain that was there both the time and the opportunity to search through the complete record of British newspapers, that one would really appreciate the the full extent of his lecture circuit.

For me the lasting impression gained from these pages is Arthur Male's overwhelming sense of the hand of God being instrumental in the expansion of the British Empire in its mission to spread Christianity to the "heathen" world and the part that the character and example of the British soldier had to play within it.

S J Barker
Methodist Local Preacher
Maidenhead
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ARTHUR MALE

My research into the background of Job Frampton (High Street Magazine December 2012) led me to transcribe and identify all the Maidenhead High Street contributors to the Wesleyan Methodist "Million Guinea Fund". The results are contained in a small booklet - which is still now available (from me) - at a (minimum !) cost of One Guinea with all proceeds going to the current "HUG" project. Most of those so identified were, and still are, unknown to me but trying to trace one of them, namely **Arthur Male**, has led me digging in some unexpected places. So here goes !

HIS LIFE

Arthur Hodson Male was the minister here at High Street from 1897 to 1900. He was the fourth child of Matthew Trevan and Catherine Male. Matthew Trevan Male was a Wesleyan Methodist minister and missionary who with his wife had spent twenty years or so of his ministry in India where their three eldest children were born - as was Arthur's younger sister Fanny who died in infancy. Arthur however was born in Luton in 1851 during his father's spell at home between his two overseas appointments. Arthur's mother, died in India in 1865 and was buried in Agram cemetery but at that time Arthur was in England finishing his education at Kingswood, the Methodist Boarding School near Bristol. Arthur's two older brothers Matthew and William had also both been educated at Kingswood but had completed their studies in 1862 and 1863 respectively so Arthur, then aged 15, would have felt his mother's death particularly keenly. His brother Matthew died the following year aged 20. Arthur first became a master at Kingswood from 1870 until 1872 (the year his father died) before spending three years at Richmond College and then being ordained into the Methodist ministry in 1874. He straightway followed in his father's footsteps overseas being first appointed to Calcutta and then to Lucknow during which period he became Chaplain to the Forces and accompanied the British Army under Lord Roberts on the Afghan Campaign to Kandahar. He subsequently removed his chaplaincy to the island of Malta before accompanying the Army on its Egyptian Campaign under Lord Wolsey. He returned to England in 1883 to his first Circuit in Bury St Edmunds. He did not enjoy good health and was probably invalided home. He never married. and subsequently moved to Bolton, Manchester, Birmingham, Trowbridge and Brentford before coming to the Windsor circuit in 1897. During his stay in Maidenhead he lectured publicly and extensively about his experiences abroad. When his appointment to Maidenhead came to an end he was given a Public Testimonial and a "gold purse" by the Mayor, public officials and well-wishers of the town; as far as I can ascertain this was **an event that without parallel in Maidenhead's history**. On leaving Maidenhead in 1900 he had a short time in Portsmouth where he died "peacefully after long suffering" in November 1902 at the age of 52. Among the mourners at his funeral were the Rev George Byles, husband of Arthur's elder sister Mary Ann and the Rev John Gostick, husband of Arthur's younger sister Emily.

A TALE TO TELL

The Kingswood School magazine for December 1890 records:

"The Rev A H Male, an O.K. boy, has just written a book entitled "Scenes through the Battle Smoke" relating his experiences as an army chaplain at Lucknow, and in the Egyptian and Afghan campaigns. It is described by the Methodist Times as *'a book that a boy would give any tooth in his head to get hold of just for a day'*".

This sounds like real “Boy’s Own stuff (!). It was an account of the 1879/80 Afghan Campaign brought about by the assassination of the British envoy in Kabul plus the brief campaign into Egypt in 1882. In particular it includes Arthur’s account of his pilgrimage, along with the war photographer John Burke, to Gundamuck – which came to be known as the “Hill of Bones” - where the remnant of the 44th Regiment of Foot was slaughtered following it’s retreat from Kabul in 1842. **A retreat that started with 4,500 fighting men and 12,000 non-combatants (wives, children, servants, porters etc) !.** A description of the events is dramatically described by Lady Florentia Sale (“*The Grenadier in Petticoats*”), the wife of the Commanding Officer Sir Robert (“*Fighting Bob*”) Henry Sale, in her published diaries “*Journal of the First Afghan War*”.

Arthur dedicated his book as follows::

“To the British Soldier – of all ranks – ever reliable – never knowing when he is beaten – saving his country in a crisis – when statesmen have failed – yet oft misunderstood – these pages of narrative - are dedicated – by an old comrade and true friend”.

Arthur was much in demand as a speaker on his life and experiences in Afghanistan and Egypt as he traveled from one Circuit to another and when he arrived here in Maidenhead in 1889. During his time back in England he inspired the boys of Kingswood School in several visits until he became a School Governor in the late 1890s. The Slough Observer of the time records several instances of his public lectures. A statue of Arthur Male stands today in the Army Chaplain’s Museum at Amport House as an archetypical example of Army Chaplains of his and subsequent generations.

WHAT OTHERS HAD TO SAY

Corporal Pearce, Abdin Barracks, Cairo in a letter dated March 1883.

The letter expressed his great affection for his chaplain and the deepest regret on the failure of his health, with the hope that he would soon be able to return to them and said “ *He is a good minister, and a kind man to all of us.*”

Frederick Villiers (freelance war artist).

“One man always stands out clear in my mind, out of the many excellent workers I have met that is the Rev. Arthur Male, a Wesleyan minister, whom I met first of all in Afghanistan. He was always at the front whenever he could get a chance, ministering to the spiritual comfort of the fallen soldier. He, like the surgeons of the British army, not only risked his life in actual battle, but in the more dangerous duty of the cholera camp, or the numerous infectious diseases of the Base Hospital. He was always to the fore and better testimony it would be impossible to bring”

The Slough Observer (August 27 1898)

Presentation. The Rev Arthur Male who frequently officiates at the Slough Wesleyan Chapel has been presented by his Hounslow friends with a new bicycle of the latest design with all the necessary accessories. The machine will doubtless to the rev gentleman in his circuit work.

The Maidenhead Public Testimonial 27 August 1900

Rev J F Pyle (Methodist Circuit Superintendent) said he “*had never been associated with a more helpful, kindly and genial colleague during the whole of his life and it was with the deepest regret that he was now obliged to be parted from him*”.

Alderman Silver had heard Mr Male preach on several occasions and had greatly enjoyed his discourses. In fact if Mr Male were staying in Maidenhead much longer he believed he would be making a Methodist of him!

Mr A A Bromley (Circuit Steward) said that “*when three years ago they heard that Mr Male was coming to maidenhead, they were very glad because they knew that they would have a good pulpit supply, and since Mr Male had been here they had experienced no difficulty in filling their church!*”

Councillor J Truscott said that “*now and again, all too infrequently, there came amongst them a man superior to the narrow divisions of party and creed that often divided them – a man too large of heart and soul to be kept within narrow lines, a man who served not only his particular sect or party, but his native land – his countrymen. Such a man - a patriot – was the Rev Arthur Male – a born preacher – an orator – a true parson*”.

AND WHAT NOW ?

Along has come the home computer, the Internet and Google – so, as they say, the rest is HIS STORY !

Sid Barker

Should any readers be interested in learning more about Arthur Male, I have transcribed reports from the Maidenhead Advertiser of two of his sermons and accounts of his public lectures. Copies are available from me (price one guinea in aid of H.U.G.)

THROUGH THE BATTLE SMOKE.

Daring Deeds Told by an Army Chaplain.

IT is not alone the war-worn, battle-scarred warrior who can relate deeds of personal daring-do in "the tented field." Come down with me, in fancy, to Hounslow (mainly remarkable for its extensive cavalry barracks) and let me show you a hero.

The officer, to whom I am about to introduce you in fancy, does not bear upon him any trace of wounds—being, strictly speaking, a non-combatant. But, inasmuch as he has seen much of actual fighting; has been under fire many a time; has suffered greatly from cholera, fever, cold, heat, hunger, thirst, privation, and other results of his services in the face of the enemies of our Queen; has carried despatches upon the field of battle, and has earned (though not obtained) the much-coveted V.C., the Editor agrees with me that a slight sketch of the career of the Rev. Arthur Male, military chaplain, will prove to you of thrilling interest.

To a preliminary question, Mr. Male most kindly and pleasantly stated:—

"My father was a missionary in India for nearly twenty years; and I have been somewhat similarly engaged since 1875. For two years I was stationed in Calcutta, and with the soldiers at Barrackpur and Dum Dum. Then I went to the large garrison, nearly 2,500 strong, at Lucknow. Thence to the Afghan War, and back again to India. Afterwards in the midst of leave in England, suddenly to the Egyptian campaign, against Arabi Pasha. Then, in due course, and very much the worse for wear, to the Holy Land, and home to England."

"And next, Mr. Male?"

"Oh, I am waiting for orders to proceed to Thibet, or any other outlandish place where Tommy Atkins, whom I love and admire, may have to plant his 'ammunition' boots."

"Then you have done some soldiering?"

"Oh, yes; but nothing like Villiers, the famous artist and war correspondent, nor a man of mine campaigns. He is a person and very intimate chum of mine. We have lived and marched and adventured together in many strange spots, and keep up a warm friendship."

Here I may interpolate—as I shall again have occasion to do—something which our subject was too modest to tell me with his own lips. In an interview, published not so long ago, Mr. Frederick Villiers says:—"One man always stands out clear in my mind out of the many excellent workers I have met—that is the Rev. Arthur Male, whom I met in Afghanistan. He was always at the front whenever he could get a chance, ministering to the spiritual comfort of the fallen soldier. He, like the surgeons of the British army, not only risked his life in actual battle, but in the more dangerous duty of the cholera camp, or the numerous infectious diseases of the base hospital. He was always to the fore, and better testimony it would be impossible to bring."

I asked for a recital of incidents and adventures, such as would be calculated to interest you, my readers; and I got it—enough to fill a bound volume of "Curios." Such a thrilling series of hair-breadth escapes from the hands and murderous weapons of hillside marauders in and about the ill-named Khyber Pass; of wolves howling and prowling round the camp; of bullets whistling through the canvas as the wreny chaplain lay by night in his tent; of winter's piercing cold in Afghanistan, thousands of feet above the sea level, and of a blazing summer sun in the deserts of Egypt.

All these things, and many more, did our good and brave chaplain recount; but, alas! they will have to be presented to you in greatly abbreviated form.

Firstly, then, I begged Mr. Male to narrate any instances of gallantry on the part of juvenile warriors which had come under his notice. To this he replied, speaking of the tough and hardened veterans who won the glorious victories of Tel-el-Kebir and Kassassin, "Boy soldiers will doubtless have the pluck and dash for the charge as English boys over will have." Then he proceeded to relate some incidents of exceptional valour on the part of officers and soldiers so young that they might well be termed "youths."

"Thus," said our parson, "after Major Birch,

heading the 87th Punjab, was killed before Fort Ali Maseid, on the road to Cabul—down he went thickly full his man; then, the remnant falling back, Birch's subaltern, young Fitzgerald, would not brook that his chief's body should lie there. He called for volunteers from his own Punjab to bring in the body of their leader. Half-way up the slope of death Fitzgerald was struck, but with heroic resolution he still pressed onward, intent upon his task of rescue. He reached the body of Birch, raised it in his arms, when a second bullet struck him and he fell dead. The two friends thus lay side by side in the sleep of death, almost within touch of the Afghan guns."

"But continuing about these young officers and men, Mr. Male?"

"Well, one morning, in Jumrood Camp, I heard



THE REV. A. R. MALE.
(From a Photograph by Studios Inc., Froedridge.)

young Hart of the Engineers exclaim, 'I'm going for the V.C. to-day.' Not boastfully, but half-jocosely, and with a ring of determination in the boyish voice were these words said. And he got his Cross, too. Appleyard was just taking a force up the Tugh Valley, and this force Reginald Hart managed to accompany. Suddenly from the hills on either side armed Afridis rushed down into the dells, and their long sword-like knives flashed in the air as they attacked the devoted three—two sevens, or native cavalry, and a man carrying mails under their escort. But Hart, swift-footed as the Greeks of old, and celebrated in the athletic annals of Woolwich, was already well on his way. Down went one seven before the fierce attack of the Afridis. But Hart had reached the spot, and as the man lay prone upon the ground and sore wounded, he stood over him, and with deft skill warded off blow after blow till further help came, and the rescues were driven off with more than they bargained for. It was a right gallant deed, for it saved the man's life, and deservedly the Victoria Cross was subsequently awarded to the young Lieutenant of Engineers."

Changing the scene from Asia to Africa—from Afghanistan and India to Egypt and the valley of the Nile—Mr. Male referred to the glorious cavalry engagement at Mahasnah, in which the Life Guards greatly distinguished themselves. "One of our lads—Lipscombe by name—during the charge met with an incident having a comic side, but, alas! with a

tragic ending. Away to our left he pursued an Egyptian mounted officer making off as hard as his horse could carry him. Away went Lipscombe in pursuit. The eager chase was not a long one. As the young soldier ranged alongside, the Egyptian, over his left shoulder, levelled his revolver point-blank at the youth. But ere he could pull the trigger the Englishman dashed forward, seized the weapon by the muzzle, and turned it against the enemy. The result need not be told."

After this came a host of personal adventures of the chaplain, both in India and Egypt, including a marvellous ride of twenty-five miles, he being grievously ill with cholera, and literally riding for his life, in search of a doctor. Humourously he described his shifts and discomforts in camp, and how vicious and troublesome are camels. "When your servants proceed to load these beasts, they keep on grumbling—a kind of cross between a gobble and a growl. But mules are worse. They are creatures positively diabolical in their wickedness; especially one, on the ridge of Safer Saug, in Afghanistan. After he was loaded up with a part of my baggage, I beheld a vision of hells in the air—higher than I ever believed it possible for mules' heels to reach; and I was dimly conscious of my effects, in portmanteau, raining down from the skies, towards which they had been redly propelled. Such a meat-looking mule, too! How we all loved him! I had to return this treasure, however, to the commissariat department."

"Now, Mr. Male, what about that time when, as I happen to know, your hobby carried the V.C., in connection with that exceedingly cool and plucky young Guardsman, Sheppard?"

"Well, I was 'mentioned' for what I did for Sheppard. Undoubtedly the man's life was happily saved, presumably by what I was fortunate enough to do for him, under fire. He is now a commissaire in London—with a cork leg."

"But the details?"

"It was during the cavalry fight at Mahasnah. Alas, as I thought, in a part of the field whence the desert side of the fight had rolled away, though the Egyptian shells and bullets fell about us pretty thickly, quickly I rode along, getting near to the battery, and watching some of our men who were across the desert in the distance galloping towards the Egyptian lines. Suddenly I started at a little group lying in ghastly irregularity just in front of me. A tall, slim lad, a trooper of the Life Guards, lay stretched, pale as death, on the field, his leg torn and lacerated with a horrible wound; close by his side lay the body of a comrade, or all that remained of him, for he was frightfully shattered; and three dead horses around them. Another trooper, who had been hit in the foot, but not severely wounded, was near at hand. It was a group of horrors! I dismounted, and bent down by the living man to see what I could do for him.

It appeared that a handful of the Guards had been halted and dismounted at this spot; they were standing by their horses when one of the enemy's shells had fallen right in the midst of them. The shell struck the leg of the first man and exploded, tearing the limb to pieces. I gave the chief sufferer a drop of brandy, and bound his leg above the wound, stopping the bleeding. A broken sabre and a tattered cavalry jacket served to rig up a little shade over the wounded man's head. This done, it was a case of waiting.

"Suddenly a group appeared in the distance. Earnestly I tried to make them out through my glass; finally concluding that they were Egyptians, and that we were consequently in a dreadful case. I could not leave the poor boy in whose body I had kept life for the last two hours. He was in my charge. Parson or no parson, perforce I must show fight. I examined my revolver, and placed it ready to my hand; then mounted Solim, my good Arab horse, and looked again at the on-comers. I said nothing to my man; regarding him as only half-conscious. Nearer and nearer approached the party, talking through the hot sand. How long the moments seemed! At last I made out the advancing group to be Europeans. They were a young surgeon and a few men of the Beanoir Company. And so my poor fellow was rescued.

"I never thought to see him again; but I did. He lost his injured limb. Some years after, a great, big commissaire limped up to me from the doors of a

large public building. With pride and gratitude he welcomed me, and told me that the Prince of Wales had given him a new mechanical leg, thereby enabling him to earn his livelihood. It was my old (or young) Guardsman, Sheppard. He told me that he thought it was all up with both of us when those fellows were seen coming, and I drew my revolver. He was watching all the time, though he said nothing. Like me, he thought they were Egyptians, and that we were both "done for"—so he put it."

CHURCHMAN.

Added a Reason.

A class in mental arithmetic was questioned concerning the number of men required to perform a certain piece of work in a specified time. The answer given was:—

"Twelve men and two-thirds."

A sharp lad, perceiving the oddity of two-thirds of a man, amended it hastily:—

"Twelve men and a boy fourteen years old"—fourteen, he explained, being two-thirds of twenty-one, the legal age of manhood.

THAD'S BUNCH OF BULRUSHES.

And How It Baffled the Sioux.



"THE Indians easily tricked!" repeated Thad Brinkridge. "Well, I always considered a white man was more than a match for any two redskins; but then, perhaps, I was especially lucky." And, indeed, in the early days of Minnesota, not one of the trappers was more renowned or feared than he, the Sioux who inhabit all those regions being forced to account for his success and readiness by ascribing that he must be in league with evil spirits.

"I suppose you've often had to trust your life to your ingenuity rather than to your strength?" asked one of his auditors.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "and I've generally got the best of it; and though I say it, I dodged them finely sometimes." There was one trick I played on a couple of Sioux one summer in the 'forties."

Half a dozen voices immediately clamoured for the yarn, which Thad, nowise leth and still chuckling at the remembrance of it, proceeded to narrate with an accent and expression which it is impossible to reproduce.

I had frozen my feet the winter before (he began) and was not well able to get about on the prairie, so I made up my mind to take a good rest and prepare for the autumn trapping. With that idea I rigged up a brush camp on the creek that joins the two big lakes in the Park district, and took things easy.

I had been having a nice quiet time all by myself for a month before I knew there was an Indian within fifty miles.

Not that I troubled myself much about them. I had had so many brushes with the Sioux, and had always made them suffer so much and had them got out of their way so mysteriously, that they thought me a great "medicine man" and preferred to keep out of my way.

All the same, though, I didn't go round with my eyes shut.

One warm morning I got into my canoe and started for the upper lake, to get some bulrushes to stop the leaks in my cabin roof.

After I had cut a lot of the bulrushes and tied them in bundles about as big round as my body, I laid them in the bottom of the canoe and paddled farther up the lake for a little fishing.

I cut a rod from one of the willows on the island and tied a big stone fast to the rope at the bow of my canoe. Then I paddled close to the island, threw the stone over for an anchor, and began fishing.

It was about the lat of July, and the hot sun made me sleepy. But caution prevented me from falling completely asleep, and I occasionally opened

my eyes and took a good look round. On one of those occasions I caught sight of a canoe with two redskins in it, crossing the upper end of the lake about half a mile away.

I knew they had their eyes on me, and that it wouldn't do to let them know that I had sighted them. So I pretended to keep on fishing while I watched them. The shores of the lake were all prairie excepting the island and the big wooded point between which I was anchored. The Indians evidently meant to sneak into the mainland woods and shoot me from there.

"Didn't you feel rather nervous?" asked one of his listeners.

"I had no time for that; I was too busy thinking out a plan that I had hit upon," answered Thad, before proceeding with his story.

Well, those two made their paddles fly till they reached shore. Then they pulled their canoe up into the bulrushes out of sight. Next they ran across the prairie, bending so low that I could see nothing of them in the tall grass except their backs now and then.

I sat still as a mouse till they went out of sight behind the trees. By that time I was ready for them, of course. I might have paddled behind the island and got off, but I didn't feel like running away from two Indians. Besides, I knew that I'd soon have a whole tribe of Sioux after me if I let those two spread the news that they had seen me.

"Much obliged to you, my friends, for going behind the bushes while I make my toilet," said I to myself. "If you will just wait a little longer, I'll surprise you."

The minute they went out of sight I pulled up my anchor-stone, and put it into one of my bundles of bulrushes. I did not take the anchor rope off but just tied the bulrushes firmly round the stone.

Next I took off my buckskin coat and buttoned it round the handle. Then I propped it up solidly in the middle of the canoe, and clapped my old hat on top of it.

Finally, I stuck the butt of my fishing-pole among the other bundles of bulrushes, and set it standing out over the water in front of the dummy.

In my pocket I had a heavy two-hundred-foot line. I tied one end of this to the dummy, and took the other end in my teeth. I had intended to swim ashore, but as I was about to do so I reflected that the boat was not now anchored, and I might as well paddle the distance, because the Indians certainly could not see me from where they must now be.

I paddled to the island. Then I took out my old double-barrel and my powder-horn, and gave the canoe a shove outward. The line paid out nicely. When the canoe, with the dummy in it, had gone out to where it had been with me, I stopped it by holding the line.

When I saw that the dummy and fish-pole looked all right, I dodged back among the willows out of sight.

There it was facing me—as straight as a judge, holding that pole as natural as life.

I lay in the bushes a long time looking at the opposite shore before I saw another sign of the two Indians. The dummy was about fifty yards from me, and about the same from the opposite bushes, to which I expected the Indians to crawl.

By-and-by I saw one of them put out his head from behind a tree a good way back from the lake. They knew whom they were after, and that made them so cautious. Now and then I saw them dodging from tree to tree. At last they reached the edge, and I could watch them peeping out from among the bushes.

Soon afterwards both of them poked out their rifles and took steady aim. Just as their guns cracked I gave such a pull on my line that the canoe nearly capsize, and the dummy fell out head-first on the side of the canoe that had swung round nearest to me. As the bowline was tied to the stone in the dummy, the canoe was now anchored, and hid the trouble from the Indians.

The weight of that stone kept the dummy at the bottom, but my old hat came off and rose to the top, where it floated with the fishing-pole.

Still the two Sioux made no move. They thought I might have jumped overboard, and was hiding behind the canoe. But after a while the wind turned the canoe round so that they could see both sides of it.

That satisfied them, and they came jumping out of the bushes to the edge of the water.

They were both young fellows, and were naturally overjoyed at their success. When they got tired of yelling and dancing they took off their powder-horns and bullet-pouches, and hid them on the beach with their rifles. Then they went to the canoe.

As soon as they reached it both of them climbed into it, and began looking for their victim. The water was clear as crystal, but just at that place the bottom is covered with water-weeds two feet deep.

The weight of that stone had sunk the dummy so far down that the Indians could see no sign of it.

After peering down into the water for a long time, one of them took hold of the rope and began to pull up the anchor. I kept my gun aimed at them all the time, and might have fired, but I knew I'd have as good a shot at them when they pulled up that dummy.

I wasn't sorry I waited, for I never saw anything to beat the look of terror and superstition on their faces when that bundle of bulrushes appeared.

"Ugh! Ugh!" they both grunted, and their knees knocked together so that they nearly fell out of the canoe.

Though I enjoyed the fun of watching them, I knew it wouldn't do to give them too much time, or they'd be sure to jump out and swim ashore.

I didn't mean to kill either of them, but to save myself it was necessary to wound and capture them. So I aimed at the shoulder of the biggest one.

At the crack of my gun both fell. The one I had hit came slop down in the canoe, the other fellow jumped head-first into the water before I could fire at him with the other barrel.

I ran down to the beach and watched for the swimmer to come up. I could hear the one in the canoe grunting with the pain of the bullet in his shoulder. Sometimes he lifted his head and looked at me. But what had become of the other?

While I was waiting I jammed a charge into the barrel I had fired.

Just as I opened my eye-box I saw a black head close to the canoe. The unwounded one meant to hide behind it till he could make up his mind what to do. But he rose up on the wrong side.

He was down again immediately; but in that instant I had fired.

I missed him on purpose, for I reckoned he would think my double-barrel unloaded by the two shots.

Next moment I had the cap fairly on the newly-loaded barrel, and up he came with a yell. He laid his two hands on the canoe from behind, and lifted himself in. Then he untied the anchor rope, and threw the end over.

Next he picked up a paddle. I was afraid I'd have to shoot him, but I waited to see what he meant to do. To my surprise, instead of making off, he came straight ashore at me! You see, he believed that I had not another shot ready, and he had my hatchet and knife. When he was within five yards I lifted my gun and put the butt to my shoulder.

He laughed in ridicule, and shoved the canoe ashore. For an instant I didn't know what to do except shoot him; but the other Indian gave a warning cry. He had seen me loading; and his word told the young brave the fix he was in.

That word and my hesitation were nearly the end of me, for he swung my hatchet so suddenly at my head that I only just managed to dodge it. Next instant he sprang at me with the knife.

But he jumped straight on to the muzzle of my gun; and the force of the blow that he received knocked the breath out of him. Before he could pick himself up I struck him senseless with the butt of the gun. Then I loosened the line from the dummy and with it tied the hands of the one I had struck behind his back, fastened his legs, and left him to come to his senses.

When I went to the other fellow in the canoe, I found he had fainted. I lifted him out and tied him too, so that he could not move in case he revived, while I went for their guns.

By the time I came back they had both recovered their senses. I carried the one that I had hit on the head over to where the other one was, and explained to them, as well as I could, what I intended to do. Then I put them into my canoe, and made for my cabin.

I got the bullet out of the wounded redskin, and nursed and fed him for more than two weeks before he was able to sit up. Meanwhile I kept the other one firmly bound. I wished I had not felt it necessary to do so, but I knew there was no trusting him.

As soon as I thought the wounded one was strong enough, I put them both in their own canoe, which I had recovered. I gave them enough to eat for a week, and placed beside them their rifles, unloaded and without ammunition. Then I cut the thongs that bound the unwounded one.

"Young braves," said I, "go back to your people and tell them the white man is their friend. If Indian does not try to kill white man, white man will not kill Indian. Tell your brothers how you

SCENES THROUGH THE BATTLE SMOKE.

Personal memoir of the 1878-80 Afghan War and the 1882 Egyptian War by the Army Chaplain, the Rev. Arthur Male.

An account of the second of Britain's unhappy engagements with Afghanistan, which followed the disaster of its 1842 retreat from Kabul when most of its expeditionary force was slaughtered. Despite this lesson, Disraeli's Tory Government in 1878 were anxious to counter Russian influence in Afghanistan and demanded that Kabul match the arrival of an uninvited Russian military mission by receiving a British one too. When the Afghan ruler, Sher Ali, refused, Britain mounted an expedition to compel his submission. Sher Ali died after vainly appealing to Russia for help, and was succeeded by his son Yuqub who made terms with Britain, giving London control of Afghan foreign affairs. In 1879, the British Resident in Kabul was assassinated, and Britain sent another expedition to the Afghan capital, which compelled Yuqub's abdication. In 1880 Gladstone's Liberals succeeded Disraeli's Tories, and the Tory 'Forward Policy' of controlling Afghanistan up to the Hindu Kush mountain range, was abandoned. This book is an account of the 1879-80 campaign, plus the brief campaign in Egypt in 1882 that ended with Britain's victory at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir and the occupation of Alexandria, as seen through the eyes of Arthur Male, an army chaplain in both campaigns. Briskly written, it gives a good idea of Victorian colonial warfare, and is illustrated with some evocative line drawings. The book is especially topical given the current efforts to impose western order on the unruly Afghans.

THE SKETCHER. (Otago Witness , Putanga 1851)

A War Chaplain's Experiences.

Few men of peace have passed through so many wars as the Rev. Arthur Male, the well-known army chaplain. Mr Male is honoured by members of both the military and naval services of this country as that of a man who has ever laboured for the spiritual and bodily welfare of those with whom he has been connected. Only those who have passed through the horrors of a campaign have any notion of the work of an army chaplain; of its self-denials, its untiring devotion to the wounded and dying, its continual exhortation to courage, to gentleness to the defeated, and for self-command in all circumstances. Mr Male, in his books "Scenes through the Battle Smoke," of which a new edition has just been issued, well puts on record some of his experiences.

The Afghan war produced many triumphs and many horrors. But few things were liner than Captain Fitzgerald's attempt to save his senior officer, Major Birch, in the attack on Ali Musjid. Major Birch, in answer to the appeal for the support of Captain Maclean, Mr Male graphically says, brought forward his 27th Punjabis, under the fiercest fire from rifle and battery. Down went Birch, shot dead, his face towards the foe, and round him thickly fell his men. They wavered, then fell back, with the remnant of Sikhs and the wounded Maclean. Birch's subaltern, young Fitzgerald, would not brook that his chief's body should lie there exposed to the wanton ferocity of the barbarous foe. He called for volunteers from his own Punjabis to bring in the body of their leader. But alas I the Afghan fire still fiercely swept the slope, and there was no response. Turning to the Sikhs, who were forming up again near by, their one

officer lying desperately wounded, he shouted for some of them to follow him; and 15 gallant fellows rushed forward to climb again the slope of death.

Up they went, step by step, one and another falling here and there. Half way up, continues Mr Male, Fitzgerald was struck, but with heroic resolution he still pressed on, intent on his task of rescue. He reached the body of Birch, raised it in his arms, when a bullet again struck him, and he fell dead ; the two friends thus fell side by side in the sleep of death, almost within touch of the Afghan guns. The 15 Sikhs fell almost to a man.

From Afghanistan to Egypt is a long jump, but sometimes a war chaplain is compelled to even take longer strides. Mr Mate accompanied the British troops on the Egyptian campaign, and narrates some telling incidents of Tel-el-Kebab, Assassin, and many another fierce fight. Describing the fight at Mahsameh, the story of Trooper Browning's feat is well retold. A gigantic trooper of the Lifeguards, says Mr Male, named Browning, seeing one of his officers in some peril from a crowd of Egyptians who had surrounded him, galloped to his assistance. Most of the crowd cleared off at once, but some of them stood, and Browning presently found himself pretty hard pressed by three, who thought that the odds of three to one were good enough to secure them the victory. Browning dismounted and laid about him with Yorkshire vigour. Two of the men, thinking that discretion was the better part of valour, took to their heels. The third, however, stuck to his man, and succeeded in wounding the Englishman in the wrist with the point of his bayonet, when Browning, with a sweep of his great sword, cut him down. When telling the story to his comrades, Browning said " the Egyptian " prodded me in the arm and got my monkey up." "What did you do then, Browning ? " said the listeners. "Why," said he, " I up with my sword and just halved him!"

The charge of cavalry at Mohamed must have been something worth seeing. One of our lads, Mr Male says — Liposome by name — during the charge met with an incident having a comic side, but with a tragic ending. Away to the left he perceived an Egyptian mounted officer making off as hard as his horse could carry him. Away went Liposome in pursuit. The eager chase was not a long one. As he ranged alongside, however, the Egyptian, over his left shoulder, levelled his revolver point-blank at him. But ere he could pull the trigger the Englishman dashed forward, seized the weapon by the muzzle, and turned it against the enemy. The result need not be told. A plucky thing on the part of some of the hospital men came to Mr Male's knowledge. Some of the 1st Bearer Company of the Army Hospital Corps had the wounded under care in a certain part of the field, which presently, by the movements of the troops, became isolated. However, the surgeon in charge would not allow any change in position lest the wounded should suffer. So the 10 men, filling their haversacks with sand, made a little defence with them, and then, with the rifles of the wounded, defended the spot until the cavalry had scattered their foe.

Of Tel-el-Kebab there is a graphic account, and here may be again read the story of Lord St. Vincent's beautiful self-denial. When he fell, and was carried to the doctors who were at work in the square, he said to them, "Examine me, and tell me if there is

any chance." They did so, and then told him he could not recover. "Very well," he said, "that is all I want. Go and attend to the others who need your help, and leave me in peace." And so, crossing His hands and closing his eyes, he waited there calmly for death to release him from his sufferings. Then there were young Brookes, of the "■ Gordon's," who, when the men were halted, in some way mislaid and lost his claymore. In the darkness search was difficult and without result. "Never mind," said the plucky fellow, seizing a pioneer's spade that was handy, "I'm going right in with this; and Arabic has no bullet that will touch me to-day!" A few hours after, just inside the trenches, amongst the thick of the dead, his body was found, the locked fingers still clutching the shovel, bent and dented, telling of the deadly work it had done, but himself: pierced with no less than seven bullets.

— The Million,

Rev. Arthur Male: The Hill of Bones, Afghania 1878

[Tappan Introduction] AFGHANISTAN was conquered by Alexander the Great, and from his time until the middle of the eighteenth century, indeed, almost to the present day, it has been constantly changing masters. The conqueror of the eighteenth century, Nadir Shah, was assassinated, and succeeded by one of his officers. Since that time the country has been independent, but her annals have been a story of anarchy, revolt, and warfare. In 1838, England restored an exiled shah. The result was a bitter war between the Afghans and the British, followed a few years later by a second struggle, in which the British were successful. An Afghan revolt was put down by General Roberts's march to Kandahar, which won for him his title of Lord Roberts of Kandahar. Since then the land had been practically under British control. In 1838 war broke out between Afghanistan and England. Four years later, the British army was destroyed while retreating through the Kurd-Kabul Pass. The visit to the "Hill of Bones," described in the text, took place in 1878, during the second war.

WHILE we lay at Gundamak it was but natural that our thoughts often went back to the sad episodes of the former Afghan campaigns of 1841 and 1842. Not very far from our camp, perhaps four or five miles, the people of the country still pointed out the remains of "Burnes Sahib's" camp, a few mud walls standing to mark the spot where our forces, when going up to Kabul, were cantoned for a while. Among them were Sir Alexander Burnes, Macnaughten, Elphinstone, and others. Then, after a period of garrison in Kabul, there came the sudden and fierce rising of November 2, 1841, when Macnaughten was treacherously slain while holding a parley with Akbar Khan in view of the British garrison who were on the walls of the city. After this came the episode of retreat. The force, diminished in number and weakened by sickness, were promised safe conduct through the passes if they would give up the city they had defended so long and retire to India. They did so, or essayed to do so. And then the arch-traitor, Akbar Khan, who knew no honour, lined the cliffs en route with his overwhelming numbers. They hung upon the flanks of the retreating army, harrying them, and cutting off the stragglers day after day. Some sixteen thousand souls, of whom perhaps forty-five hundred were fighting men, the rest servants and camp-followers, left Kabul. On they struggled with desperate valour, almost at the outset having

to abandon their baggage. It was winter-time, and the snow lay thickly on the road. Thus while the multitudes dropped under the fire which ever poured upon them from the high rocks which lined the Pass, many, very many, perished from the cold, lying down at night in their bed of snow, and rising not again at morning dawn. At last, when bullet, sword, and cold had ended the struggles of almost all the native soldiers and camp-followers, the miserable remnant of the force, consisting mainly of men of the Forty-fourth, a few Artillery men, and a score or so of officers, and numbering, all told, barely a hundred fighting men, with two or three hundred camp-followers, reached the vicinity of Gundamak, or at least a spot some eight miles from our present camp. The day before they had crossed the stream called the Surkh Ab, or "Red Water," fighting hand-to-hand with their foe for the passage. And now what more could they do? Strength was gone, and hope was almost dead. Six officers were chosen and sent to ride as hard as their miserable ponies would carry them to Jellalabad, some thirty-five miles off, where Sale and Havelock were gallantly holding out, to seek help. It was a forlorn hope, for the journey was fraught with fearful peril. How could six worn-out men ever anticipate a safe ride through a wild country swarming with fierce tribesmen?

But they started. Meanwhile the handful of fighting men who remained gathered on the summit of a round-topped hill. And there, a desperate band, they resolved to fight, and, if no help came, to die, selling their lives as dearly as possible. And they did it. Standing shoulder to shoulder in old heroic British fashion, surrounded by a perfect sea of Ghilzai tribesmen, and the fierce warriors of Akbar, they held their foe at bay till all their ammunition was gone. Then the waves of the sea closed in and swept on and over them, for every man had fallen in his tracks.

And what about the forlorn hope? For a while fortune seemed to favour them. Half the distance had been accomplished without molestation. But at the village of Futtehabad (nigh unto the spot of our fight with the Kujianis a few weeks since) they turned aside, fatal mistake, and sought milk and refreshment from some of the villages. It was given. But while partaking of it, all unsuspecting of treachery, the false villagers attacked them; and though they defended themselves with desperate courage, five were slain. One only, Dr. Brydon, an army surgeon, escaped. Fighting his way through the traitors, he gained the open path, and though pursued for many a mile, with his broken sword he managed to beat off his assailants and then distance them.

About midday on January 13, 1842, a sentry pacing the walls of Jellalabad called aloud that he saw a mounted man slowly wending his way across the barren plain towards the city. Many glasses were levelled, and they could just discern a European supporting himself on a miserable country pony, faint with travel, and perhaps wounded too. Who could he be? they asked one another, as a thrill passed over them; for the very sight of the solitary stranger seemed to bring them forebodings of disaster. Slowly they led him through the city gate, faint, bleeding, covered with wounds, grasping still the fragment of sword which had been shattered in the conflict for life. It was Brydon, the sole survivor of the force which had left Kabul to return to India, and, with the exception of the hostages who were in captivity, the only living remnant of Elphinstone's army. Riding over the very same pathway as poor Brydon, when I was going back to India, how vividly did I recall Miss Thompson's marvellous picture, where with such strange fidelity she depicts the weary, wounded man clinging to his worn-out, gasping pony. It is the same path today, as you look out from the Kabul gate of Peshawar, with the selfsame solitary tree standing at the corner where it bends away to the left.

With the various remembrances of this old dark page in our history all around us, it was not strange that some of us desired to see a little more closely the very spots where some of these events had taken place.

One morning accordingly two of us rode out beyond our lines, and towards the Juqdullok Pass, accompanied by an old Kujiani who knew the country around, and every spot of interest. The old fellow professed to remember well the time of the last campaign from 1839 to 1842. The names of our leaders then were familiar to him, Pollock and Sale, Elphinstone, Burnes, and Macnaughten. For six miles he led us across the stony plain, and by tortuous hill-paths, until we came out upon a broad stretch of country which led away, we could see, to the entrance of one of the passes. And here on the flat ground, the hills away in the distance, and no cover or protection near, we found the remains of the old mud walls, and even the remnants of huts, which had once formed part of the cantonments of Burnes. He was our envoy to the Court of Kabul, and a most distinguished Oriental scholar and traveller. But for some time before proceeding to the capital he had been permanently "cantonned" in this spot. With sad interest we moved along the broken walls, and tried to imagine the scene of thirty-nine years ago, when in this spot the little European force were located and lived, surrounded by tribes who were at any rate hostile in heart, aliens in a strange land.

But there was more than this to see, and so we turned to our old guide, one of whose accomplishments, very important to us, was that he could understand a little Hindustani. "Larai ki jagah kahan hai, buddha?" "Where is the place of fight, old man?" said we. And the old man said not a word, but pointing with his finger forward, silently led us on. Away to our right, perhaps two miles off, we could see a conical hill rising out of the plain, round-topped and solitary. The hill ranges were around it, but distant. It stood alone, a monument itself! We did not say much as we neared it. Both my companion and myself were thinking of the old tragedy and its consummation on that hilltop. We thought of the devoted band who had struggled down the passes from Kabul, fighting every inch of the way; men, women, camp-followers, and soldiers dropping in their tracks under murderous fire or savage attack; or perchance lying down at night, weary of life, to rise no more. We thought of them, a diminished band, indeed, sixteen thousand souls reduced to about five hundred; forty-five hundred soldiers to a bare hundred, reaching the river four miles ahead and finding the ford and bridge barred by an overwhelming host of savage foes. But they cut their way through, and came on, thus far. And here they paused awhile, and then climbed the hill yonder to die. We could see it all again after a lapse of thirty-seven years. The little band toiling with painful effort up the hillside, and forming up on the top shoulder to shoulder, at bay. The fierce tribesmen gathering round, closing in more and more, the band of heroes lessening moment by moment; and then the great wave of the human sea around surging over them and burying them away out of sight unshaken in discipline, undaunted in spirit, faithful unto death!

We reached the bottom of the hill. My companion, who had brought his photographic apparatus with him, and was anxious to get a view first from the base, waited to do it, the Kujiani with him. I slowly ascended; my horse, which belonged to a hill breed, climbing like a cat among the big rocks that covered the side. Soon I reached the summit, and prepared to look upon the very spot where our gallant fellows had made their death-stand. There it must be, I thought, towards the centre. And I made my way towards it. The summit of the hill was of fairly large extent; but as I came nearer the middle, I saw that there the surface seemed strangely white. What could it be? I hurried forward; and to my horror there I saw gathered together in a great heap the skeleton bones of that heroic band. There, where the men had fallen, their remains had been lying for thirty-seven long years, bleached by the sun, and swept by every tempest which had broken on

that hilltop. It was a ghastly sight. But it was not the ghastliness so much as the sadness of it that struck me most of all. Alien feet had trodden around that hill summit; the wild shepherds who tended their mountain sheep and goats, Kujiani and Ghilzai tribesmen, all had looked upon that open sepulchre; but never before had foot of brother Englishman been there, nor had friendly eyes lighted on the unburied remains. Here were truly the "relics of a lost army." I shouted to my companion, who was still at the bottom of the hill manipulating his camera, and waiting for a peep of brighter light to get a good view.

The day had been gloomy, in consonance, I seemed to feel, with the sad sight on which I had been gazing. I understood now why our Kujiani friend had been quite content to stay below, while I went up alone. He knew what I should find; but he had told us nothing to prepare us for the sight. In response to my shout, Burke, leaving his camera, came hastily up, and looked with horror and amazement on what again revealed itself, as we together came to the centre of the hill. They were truly the remains of our poor fellows. Probably when Pollock's avenging force, after relieving the "Illustrious Garrison" at Jellalabad, had marched on up the passes towards Kabul, they had found the bodies here and had buried them out of sight by covering them with a great stone cairn. This, no doubt, had been subsequently rudely cast down by the Afghans belonging to the tribes around, and the bodies left shamefully exposed; the Mussulman creed allowing them to desecrate the place of sepulchre, but not the dead bodies themselves. This was the general opinion. And, indeed, in connection with our own campaign we had cases where graves in which we had laid some of our men to rest were rudely broken open, outrage enough, indeed, but the remains within not otherwise disturbed.

Burke brought up his camera, and from the top of a neighbouring height took a picture of the "Hill of Bones," as it afterward came to be called. It was a gloomy, weird picture enough! All around were the mountain spurs reaching down to the barren plain, the furthestmost peaks still capped with snow. Yonder away the dark entrance to the Juqdukk Pass. And here in the middle the one solitary round-topped hill monument and grave at once. Two human forms could be discerned, myself and the old Kujiani, who had now been induced to come up too; we two looking down sadly on the gathered bones of the brave men, as they lay resting on God's earth, and looking up into the face of God's heaven.

When we returned to camp we unfolded the tale of what we had found, and arrangements were made soon after for the reverent burial of the bones. A detachment was sent out, and over the great grave they raised a tall obelisk, which no doubt still marks the spot.

Source

From: Eva March Tappan, ed., *The World's Story: A History of the World in Story, Song and Art*, (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1914), Vol. II: *India, Persia, Mesopotamia, and Palestine*, pp. 275-282.

Scanned by Jerome S. Arkenberg, Cal. State Fullerton. The text has been modernized by Prof. Arkenberg

Note: Many Western sources about Islamic countries exhibit what has come to be known as orientalism. The terms used ("Mohammedan" for instance rather than "Muslim"), and the attitudes exhibited by the writers need to be questioned by modern readers.

This text is part of the Internet Islamic History Sourcebook - a collection of public domain and copy-permitted texts for introductory level classes in modern European and world history

FUNERAL OF A MINISTER AT BATH.

The Rev. M. T. Male, who for three years has been one of the Wesleyan ministers in Bath, died last Wednesday night at the age of 61. He was educated at Hoxton, and has been connected with the Wesleyan body since 1835, and for 20 years was a missionary in India. He leaves a family of six children, his wife having predeceased him a few months. On Saturday the funeral of the rev. gentleman took place, the first part of the ceremony being performed in New King Street Chapel, where the deceased was wont to officiate. The Revs. W. H. Sargent (governor of New Kingswood College), M. Gallienne (Walcot Chapel), D. Wassell (Baptist), and W. D. Ground (Congregationalist), took part in the service. As the congregation quitted the chapel Mr Macfarlane played the Dead March in Saul. The funeral *cortege* was then arranged, and passed in the following order to the Cemetery attached to Walcot Chapel, where the interment took place:—

First Carriage.

The Rev. M. Gallienne (ministerial colleague of the deceased),
Dr. Cole, Messrs Batchelor and Turner.

THE HEARSE.

Second Carriage.

The Rev. W. H. Sargent, the Rev. A. H. Male (son of the deceased), Mr P. C. Male (brother), and Mr Davey (brother-in-law).

Third Carriage.

The Rev. D. Wassell, Rev. R. Hornabrook, Rev. J. Keightley,
and Mr W. Freeman.

Fourth Carriage.

Messrs T. G. Osborne (headmaster of New Kingswood School),
T. Cox, W. H. Brumby, and E. Wood.

Fifth Carriage.

The Rev. J. Davis, Rev. T. Wallace, Rev. G. Mitchell, and
Rev. W. D. Ground.

The carriages were followed by a walking procession, consisting of the principal members of the Wesleyan body and the senior pupils of the New Kingswood College, with their teachers. The service at the grave was read by Mr Gallienne. The arrangements of the funeral were efficiently carried out by Mr Short, of Westgate Street.

RECOGNITION OF RETURNED WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES.

Last night a meeting was held at the Wesleyan Chapel, Micklegate, Pontefract, for the recognition of returned Wesleyan missionaries, and a large congregation attended. The Rev. Jno. Kilner (General Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society) presided, and he was accompanied on the platform by the following returned missionaries: - The Revs. J. Hocart, France; D. Hill, China; R Stephenson, Madras ; T. Kirkby, South Africa; J. E. Symons South India; A. H. Male, North India; G Baugh, North India; J Sansom, West Indies; M. Goodman, West Africa; R. Bolitor, Madras ; A. Brigg, South Africa; J Hutchison, M.A., South India; F. D. Mason, South Africa; and A. Pearce, West Indies. After the usual devotional exercises, the Rev. Arthur Brigg, who has had 26 years experience in South Africa, spoke of the work which he had been engaged in, he observed that it was very inspiring to be able to preach to a congregation consisting of members of many nationalities, knowing that these would go away amongst their own people and preach the Gospel in their own tongue. (Applause.)

The Rev. Arthur H Male (North India) also spoke and said they, as returned missionaries, felt it a pleasant thing to be recognised in any way. He represented a small pioneer district in connection with the mission at Lucknow. They had five schools at Lucknow, which were attended, weekday and Sunday, by 300 children, and who first of all were taught the truths of Christianity and secondly secular education. They had come to think that their educational work was one of their most important agencies. The Mahometans were intensely bitter against all that was Christian in its teaching, and many of them would only hear them to scoff at them. But they tried to get the little ones into their schools, who were quite willing to receive Christian education, in order that they might obtain also secular instruction, for which there seems to be such a great craving all over India. Benares was a great stronghold of heathenism, the people seeming to be entirely given up to idolatry. One-tenth of the inhabitants of the city were Brahmins; there were 5,000 heathen pagodas and 350 Mahometan mosques in the city; and every day crowds of pilgrims entered to gain a view of the city which act was supposed to give them a passport to paradise; whilst it was wonderful to see the people go down every morning before they touched food to bathe in the holy river Ganges, to have, as they thought, their sins washed away. Although the youngest Missionary Society in this district, they had been able to gather 400 children into their schools. They knew that although they were not Christians they would go away with the germs of truth in their hearts to their various occupations, and thus carry the little seed which they hoped would become exceedingly fruitful in after life. The most encouraging sign of success was the undercurrent of inquiry now and again observed amongst the young men of Northern India. Their unscientific system of science was so wonderfully interwoven with their religious creed, that if the former were broken down it must destroy a great deal of what was considered sacred. This was what they were trying to do, especially in Benares. Hundreds of young men, utterly disgusted with the Mohometan creeds, were looking for something more than they had got, and it was in these instances where it was hoped good impressions would be made. (Applause.)

The Rev Thomas Kirby who was sent out to South Africa in 1863 gave particulars of the work he had been able to do in Durban, where he was able to lay the foundation of what was now one of the most important and one of the largest circuits in South Africa, and also in the Poudo district where great advances had been made under circumstances of exceptional difficulty among the Kaffirs. Other speeches followed.

Western Daily Press - Monday 31st July 1882

It was announced that the Secretary of State for war had accepted the names of the Rev A H Male and Jabez Parkyn as Wesleyan chaplains to the troops, and they will proceed to the troopships for Egypt. Mr Parkyn to remain at the base in Alexandria, and Mr Male to go forward with the troops to action

LeedsMercury - Monday 31st July 1882

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE

One of the duties of the Wesleyan Conference in the last few days has been to nominate, at the request of I the War Office, two army chaplains to proceed with the forces to Egypt. The Rev. B. Broadley, a native of Ackworth, who has seen eighteen years of service with the army in India and Malta, was asked to accept one of the nominations; but, on the score of his family claims, he declined. The selection has fallen upon the Rev Arthur H Male, who carries the medal of the late Afghan campaign, and the Rev. Jabez Parkyn, who has been for some time chaplain at Aldershot. Mr. Male has already received his appointment from the "War Office" and expects to join the army during the present week. At the outbreak of the Afghan war Mr Male was stationed at Lucknow, and in January, 1879, was ordered up to Jellalabad to join the Staff of General Sir Samuel Brown. From Peshawar he rode through the Khyber Pass, accompanied only by his syce, sleeping at the Ali Musjid and other camps; but in the daytime running the gauntlet of the fortified villages of the hostile tribes. At Lundi Khotal he was joined by another officer (the chaplain has the grade of Major), and in his company performed the last fifty miles of the journey. Mr. Male returned to Lucknow in what was called the "March of Death" that fatal return march in the summer, with the heat at 120 deg in the tents, when 450 of our English troops died from cholera. For some time, owing to the illness of the Episcopalian and Presbyterian ministers, he was the sole Protestant chaplain with the forces, and at the close of the campaign he received a letter of thanks from General Brown and the officers for his services.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT.

It was announced that the Secretary of State for War had accepted the names of the Rev. Jabez Parkyn, of Aldershot, and the Rev. Arthur H. Male, recently of Lucknow, Calcutta, as Wesleyan chaplains to the troops about to proceed to Egypt. The Rev. Jabez Parkyn to remain at the base of operations in Alexandria, and the Rev. Arthur Male to go forward with the troops as they advance. Mr. Male is the son of the late Rev. Matthew T. Male, a well-known and highly successful Indian Missionary, who died some ten years ago. Mr. Arthur H. Male inherits many of the fine qualities of his father, and greatly distinguished himself by the devotion and bravery he displayed in accompanying the British troops in the Afghanistan campaign and through the Khyber Pass, being decorated for the signal services he rendered at that time.

York Herald - Wednesday 2nd August 1882

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE

The representative session of the above Conference commenced on Tuesday in the Brunswick Chapel, Leeds. The President (Rev. C. Garrett) was in the chair and the official appointments were the same as during the pastoral session. After prayer had been offered by Mr Harrison and the Rev A W Arthur, the Secretary (Rev. A. S. Young) called over the roll of representatives. The number is limited to 480 half of whom are ministers and half laymen. Mr. Alderman Mc Arthur M.P. late Lord Mayor of London, Mr A Mc Arthur. M.P., and Mr. Alderman Agar, Lord Mayor of York, were in their places. Mr. J. C. Clarke J P., sent his apologies for not being present and asked for leave of absence on the ground of the pressure of his Parliamentary duties

The Rev A H Male, who his been appointed to proceed to Egypt to act as chaplain to her Majesty's troops, having received a telegram from the War Office ordering him to start at once, took leave of the Conference, the President wishing him God speed.

Bury and Norwich Post - Tuesday 8th July 1884

Lecture. – On Friday evening, under the auspices of the Wesleyan Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, the Rev A H Male delivered a most interesting lecture the Egyptian campaign in the Town Hall. The Rev J Preston presided, and there was a large attendance. Mr Male, who was chaplain to her majesty's forces in Egypt, at first briefly alluded to the forces which took part in the expedition, contending the men were by no means like toy soldiers. He gave vivid description of the principal incidents of the expedition - such as the charge at Kassassin, the battle Tel-E1-Kebir, and finally the wonderful ride of General Lowe's cavalry across the desert to Cairo. The lecture was as interspersed with appropriate anecdotes, and feeling allusion was made to the horrors of the battlefield. In conclusion, the lecturer said that Arabi's trial showed that he had the whole nation at his back. The revolt was a national protest against the government by another nation, and had Arabi succeeded he would base been a second Cromwell. England had assumed certain responsibilities in Egypt, and it rested with her to institute some system of government which would free the fellaheen from the tyranny of alien and despotic rulers. At the conclusion of the lecture a collection was made in aid of the funds of the Association.

Birmingham Daily Post - Thursday 15th April 1886

Wesleyan Methodist Foreign Missions

Meetings in Birmingham

..... Mr Male proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies who had organised the meeting. In the course of a missionary address he gave some interesting accounts of what had been done in Lucknow and Calcutta, and referred to the immense influence exercised by women over the heathen. The missionaries in India were not discouraged in their work, and the Eastern Mission glowed even in the light and brightness of the East; it was a gloriously romantic history of absolute fact. (Applause.) There was a state of seething unquiet amongst the Hindoos; and although it took a great deal of that seething unquiet to produce a convert, converts were coming in. The missionary sky had been dark for ages, but the stars were beginning to come out, and the calm night would yet be serene and beautiful until the daybreak, and the shadows fled away for ever. (Applause) The stream of living truth was flowing on, very tiny as yet, but constantly increasing in volume and depth, so that the magnificent temple erected to heathen superstition must feel its loosening effect, and would one day fall in utter ruin under its influence. (Loud applause.)

WESLEYAN FOREIGN MISSIONS

The annual sermons in connection with the Wesleyan Foreign Missions, were preached on Sunday in the Wesleyan Chapel St John Street; and the Wesleyan Chapel, City road, Chester, by Rev J. O. Sowerbutts (late missionary in India) and Rev A.H. Male (late Army Chaplain in Egypt). There were large congregations at both places of worship. On Monday evening the usual patio meeting was held in St John Street Chapel Mr W T Davies presiding over a large audience. Accompanying him on the platform were Rev I E. Page, Rev A. H. Vine Rev T. B. Goodwin, Rev - Humphreys, Rev J O Sowerbutts, Rev A H. Male, Rev F. Jewell, Mr G. E Clarke, Mr J. D. Rowers, Mr H. R. Bowers, &s

Rev A. H Vine submitted the annual report giving a brief view of the foreign missionary operations during the past year. The report stated that there were missions planted in different parts of Europe, India, China, West Africa, the Transvaal, British Honduras, the Bahamas,. British North America, the South Seas, South Africa, and the West Indies, which had in the course of the last few years become self-governing. In those great territories where missionary operations were carried on under the direction of the society at home there were 290 principal stations, the headquarters in many instances, of large provinces; 1,273 chapels and preaching places; 804 missionaries and assistant missionaries; 1,710 catechists, interpreters, and day school teachers; together with a voluntary staff of 3,519 local preachers and Sunday school teachers. There was a membership on those stations of 30,878, with 4,274 on trials and 55,608 scholars in their schools. The total income of the society was £138,165, leaving a deficiency of £4,618. Excluding the amount received from the mission stations themselves, and the amount received from legacies and funded money, the total ordinary receipts at home reached the sum of £102,248, and the general secretaries of the Mission Home remarked that to carry on the missionary work with due regard to existing claims the home receipts should be raised to £110,000, and that "an average total contribution of one half-penny per week from each hearer in the Wesleyan Methodist congregations of Great Britain would not only supply this amount, but add £20,000 thereto". It appeared, therefore that the average contribution of their people was about three-fourths of a half-penny per week.

Mr G. K CLARKE, circuit missionary secretary, read the financial statement, from which it appeared that the amounts verified were as follows: - Chester, £18. 19s 1d; branches, £113 8s 7d; juveniles, £32 4s 10d Christmas offerings, £8 1s 6d; total, £337 14s, being an increase of £1 17s 3d on last year's contributions.

The CHAIRMAN, in commenting on the annual report said missionary work so far from being accomplished had as yet but barely commenced. "There were 856,000 000 heathen requiring conversion, and according to the rate of missionary work during the past 100 years it would take 2,850 years to evangelise the whole mass. They must not however despair when they were brought face to face with this fact. He had been looking over a recent publication to see the amount of money contributed by the aristocracy of this country for the conversion of the heathen. We spend £11,000,000 on education and only £1,000,000 on missionary enterprise. There was this important statement made that the titled and aristocratic people of this country contributed only a sum of £1,065 towards missionary enterprise, and how was the world ever to be converted at that rate of progress? It appeared to him that what was to be done at all would have to be done, as the scriptures said, "by the poor." (Applause)

Rev F. JEWELL proposed the first resolution, "That this meeting rejoices in the continued progress of missionary work especially among our fellow subjects in India, and recognises in the spread of civilisation and the growing life of nations the call of God to a loftier faith and more forward movement on the part of Methodist churches." The object which brought them together, he said, was the highest that could unite men and he was glad there was a union of heart and purpose - a purpose that would never die. He was sure that this part of the Methodist Church would not be slow to obey such a forward order as was contained in the resolution. They were not incompetent to move on with all the array of forces mentioned to them in the report, the beautiful details of labour, and the stirring and encouraging tale of finance. (Applause.)

Rev A. H. MALE, in seconding, said he should address them chiefly about our soldiers, and he needed not apologise for introducing the military theme, seeing that such a large proportion of the British army was constantly engaged in service in the most remote parts of our possessions. Whatever might be their thoughts and opinions as to the lawfulness of war, they could not help feeling sympathetically and yet proudly towards our soldiers, who at duty's call were ready to brave a thousand hardships for the honour of the old flag. It was our bounden duty to provide for the spiritual as well as the temporal wants of our soldiers. This military work of ours was essentially missionary in spirit and results; our soldiers were continually on the move, and from time to time located in the most distant parts of the empire. Every Christian soldier in India (he could speak from experience) was a most valuable missionary, and every soldier there who led a bad, ungodly life was a missionary for evil, and a great hindrance to the spread of truth and Christianity in that great country. He was glad to testify amid many remarks to the contrary to the grand qualities which went to make the British soldier the noble fellow that he is. He had lived with the British soldier in various parts of the world and had found him always the same, whether under India's burning sun at Lucknow, in the cold frosts of the Khyber Pass, or in the deserts of Lower Egypt. The speaker then proceeded to give an eloquent and thrilling account of his experiences with the British army in the late Egyptian campaign, and alluding to the distressed condition of that country, said that both parties of the State, both Mr Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, wished to get rid of Egypt, but God would not let them, and some unseen influence was keeping us there. (Applause) It was a disgrace to us that there was no English missionary work in Egypt except the Presbyterian American Mission, especially in view of the fact that no part of the world was more urgently calling for evangelisation than the regions where the degrading Mohammedan religion held its sway. (Applause)

Rev I. E. PAGE moved the next resolution, which read, "That this meeting expresses its devout thanksgiving to God for His manifest blessing upon our missionary agencies, for the steadfastness of the native converts, for those who have died in the faith, for our missionary brethren who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and for the young men who willingly offer themselves, and pledges itself to do its utmost to sustain the great work"

Rev J C. Sowerbutts seconded the motion: and gave an interesting account of the work carried on in the Mysore Province of India in which district he commenced to labour in 1872. He concluded by strongly appealing for large contributions to ensure the successful continuance of the work. The resolution was carried. A vote of thanks was accorded to the chairman, officers, and collectors, on the motion of Rev T. B. Goodwin, seconded by Mr J. D. Bowers. The collections on Sunday and Monday amounted to £95 83.

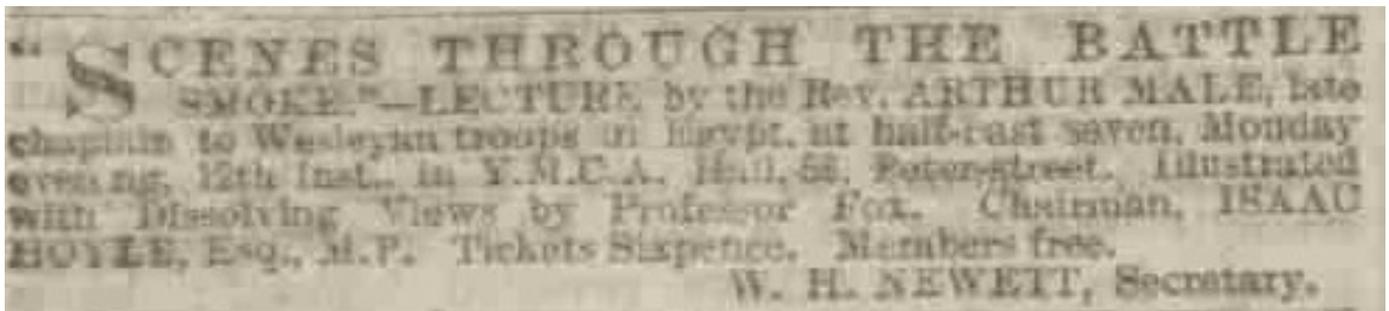
Sunderland Echo - Thursday 10th November 1887

BURN PARK CHAPEL

On Tuesday night, the annual anniversary meeting in connection with Burn Park Wesleyan Chapel was held, and was presided over by Mr T. C. Squance. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, there was a large attendance.

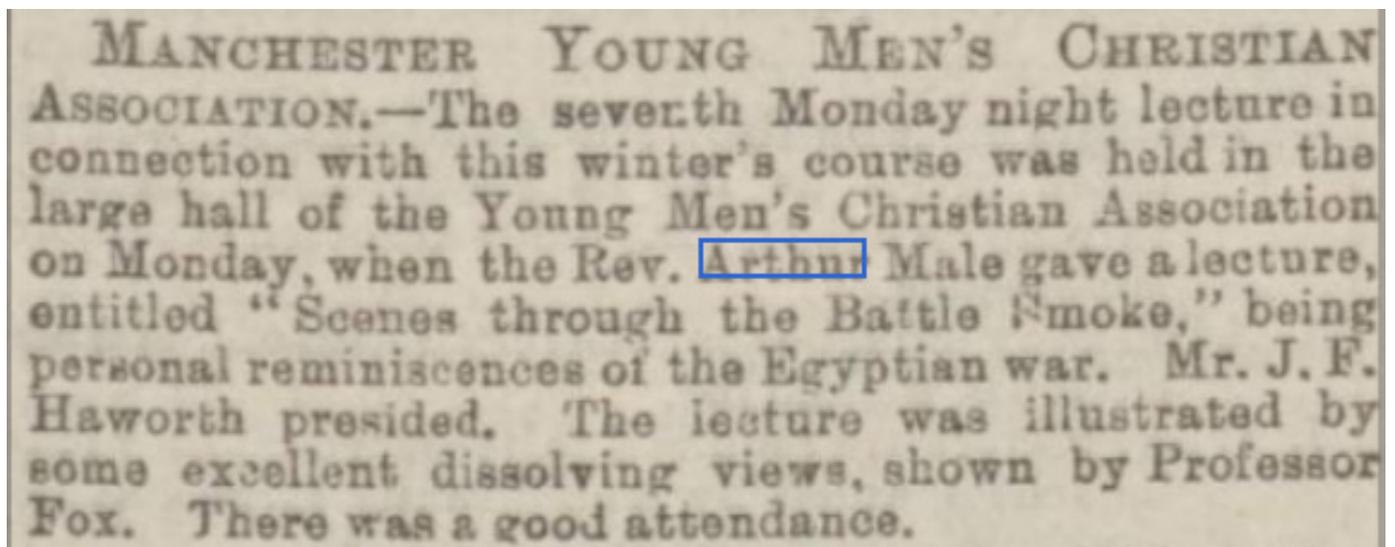
The Rev. J. Jenkins opened the meeting with prayer, and afterwards the Rev. B. Male gave an interesting address, dealing with his personal reminiscences in Afghanistan and with the Egyptian campaign. Mr Male gave a very graphic description of one of the battles in the Soudan, when he had the opportunity of speaking some comforting words to the wounded and the dying. He was also at the battle of Tel el Kebir as chaplain, and spoke of the British soldier as representing and sustaining England's religion in foreign parts. It had been stated that the army's sojourn in Cairo had caused a greater number of drinking houses to be opened there. He denied, however, that the soldiers had been the means of having these places established, and he was able to speak from his own knowledge that the drinking houses existed: before the soldiers went to Egypt. Mr Male also alluded to Mohammedanism and Hindooism, and he had seen some of the grossest of those beliefs in Cairo. The Rev. T. Wheatley afterwards read the report of the Missionary Society, which was of a satisfactory character.

Manchester Evening News - Saturday 10th December 1887



SCENES THROUGH THE BATTLE SMOKE—LECTURE by the Rev. ARTHUR MALE, late chaplain to Wesleyan troops in Egypt, at half-past seven, Monday evening, 12th Inst., in Y.M.C.A. Hall, 52, Peter-street. Illustrated with Dissolving Views by Professor Fox. Chairman, ISAAC HOYLE, Esq., M.P. Tickets Sixpence. Members free. W. H. NEWETT, Secretary.

Manchester Courier and Lancashire General Advertiser - Saturday 17th December 1887



MANCHESTER YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The seventh Monday night lecture in connection with this winter's course was held in the large hall of the Young Men's Christian Association on Monday, when the Rev. **Arthur** Male gave a lecture, entitled "Scenes through the Battle Smoke," being personal reminiscences of the Egyptian war. Mr. J. F. Haworth presided. The lecture was illustrated by some excellent dissolving views, shown by Professor Fox. There was a good attendance.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS

A meeting in support of Wesleyan Missions was held on Monday evening in the Brunswick Chapel, Leeds. Mr. Benjamin Whitaker (of Horsforth) presided, and he was accompanied on the platform by the Revs A. H Male, (formerly Wesleyan chaplain to the British forces in Afghanistan and Egypt); J S Banks (formerly missionary in India); J C Wright, W. C Kewish, and J W Burrow; Mr Jas Walker, Mr Moses Atkinson, Mr W B Mason, Mr Farrar Smith, Mr J W Roadhouse, Mr J H Oates, Mr J W Campbell and Mr George Walker. Mr Oates read a statement relating to missionary work, which, he said, although very encouraging, showed reasons for further advancement.

The Rev J S Banks said the present century might be regarded as the age of missionary enterprise. He would not say that it was the sole glory of the century, but it might certainly be looked upon as one of its chief developments. The founding of the great missionary societies now in existence had taken place within the last eighty or ninety years, and the amount of ground now covered by them showed that they had the approval of God. It had been said that the heathen in this country ought to be sought after before sending missionaries abroad, and that the work in one sphere hindered the progress of the Gospel in the other. He was of opinion that the one helped the other. One of the recommendations of foreign missions was that they kept before our eyes the universality of the Gospel, and it was a distinct gain to Christianity to have extended fields of labour.

The Rev A H Male, in referring to his labours as military chaplain, said he conceived that such work was essentially missionary both in its spirit and in its results. The power of example was as effective abroad as at home, and the conduct of our soldiers when brought into contact with other nations was a help or a hindrance to the great work of civilisation. He had seen many instances in which the good example of our soldiers had been of great benefit, and having dwelt among them abroad, he was able to testify to their really grand qualities. He believed that if we were faithful in carrying the Gospel to soldiers, they would accomplish a grand work. He recounted his experiences in the late Egyptian campaign, during which he found many golden opportunities for pushing forward the work he had in hand.

A collection was made in aid of the Missionary fund.

WESLEYAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.
YORK WESLEY CIRCUIT.

A crowded meeting was held in the Wesley Chapel Priory street, York, under the presidency of Mr J.F.Taylor, in connection with the above missions, on Monday evening. Besides the deputation, there were present on the platform Mr P. Falconer, Mr G. Mosley, Mr Ald D.Wright, Mr Henry Creaser, Dr Petch, Mr J. Daniel, and another gentlemen. After the opening remarks by the Chairman, the meeting was addressed by the Rev. G Mackenzie Cobban, Rev. A. H. Male and an Indian gentleman named Guanamuthu, who severally related their experiences whilst preaching the Gospel in foreign lands to the heathen. During the evening the report was read and showed that the work was going on successfully. In Spain and France it was slowly progressive. In India and Ceylon the word was bearing fruit, but there exists a great want of efficient native ministry. The schools established in many places did incalculable good. The preaching of the missionaries in China made the followers of Confucius embrace the Christian religion. The hospital stationed at Fatashan under the charge of Dr Wenyon proved a great success, for as well as relieving their bodily sufferings, the welfare of their souls received attention. Plans were being prepared for the erection of a similar institution at Hankow. In Western Africa. since the unjustifiable and cowardly attack upon Mr Halligery and his attendants, no further disturbance had been made, and the missionaries work unmolested. At the goldfields of South Central Africa the good work is marred and impeded by the baneful influence of some discreditable Englishmen exercised over the natives. From every field of labour came reports of fresh openings, but although there was not a scarcity of men, the means to send them were not forthcoming, and necessity prevented many an inviting field from being brought under spiritual culture.

A collection was made, which amounted to £36 8s

WESLEYAN MEETING AT WORCESTER.

On Monday evening the annual meeting in promotion of the Wesleyan Foreign Missions was held in Pump Street Chapel, Worcester. The Rev, O. Wood, presided, and was supported by the Rev. J. Micky, A. H. Male (Indian Missionary), Mr E B. Storm and Mr S. Barriball. Members of the congregation and friends were present in great numbers. The meeting commenced with singing and prayer.

The Rev. J. Hanby (local Secretary), read the 73rd Annual Report of the Society. Reference was made to the efforts of the Society during 1887 in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, South Ceylon, India, Burma, China, and South, Central, and Western Africa. The number of existing stations was given as 1,050; of chapels and other preaching places 7,456; of missionaries and assistant missionaries 1,746. The total income for the past year was £131,867 2s. 6d; and the total expenditure £137 10s. 3d, leaving a deficiency on the year, including the debt of 1866, of £16,869 7s 8d. The income of the Birmingham and Shrewsbury District for 1887 (including a legacy of £25 from the Birmingham Wesley Circuit.) was £4,374 16s 9d, being a nett increase of £127 18s 1d., of which the Worcester Circuit contributed one tenth. The committee were much gratified to find that the decrease in the income, reported annually for many years, has at length been arrested. In that portion of the financial statement which gave the amounts that have been raised by the various circuits on behalf of the Society, it was shown that £79 13s had been raised by the Worcester Circuit, of which sum £37 3s 2d stood to the credit of the Pump-Street Society.

The Chairman observed that he would have liked to see more of their friends present but he thought that, considering the inclement weather, the attendance was very encouraging. Referring to the future of their missions, the Chairman said many people were prophesying as to what would become of Wesleyan Missionary Societies and of Wesleyan Methodism itself; but the Wesleyans looked forward with confidence to the future, hoping that continued and increased success would crown their efforts. (Applause).

The Rev. Arthur Male, in commencing a very eloquent address, observed that the army work referred to in the report was closely linked with foreign mission work. Our soldiers were constantly on the move, and were at times made to live for a season amongst those who were aliens to their religion. The power of example was greater than that of precept, and therefore every soldier who lived a good, pure, Christian life, must of necessity become an earnest missionary of the truth in the midst of heathenism. The sterling qualities displayed by thy British soldier made him a noble type of Christian when he took Christ as his Captain. Soldiers, the speaker went on to say, were men who liked religions truths to be brought before them in a plain, straightforward manner. He did not think they troubled themselves much about the fact that people held different theological views (Laughter).

He never had more attentive congregations than those that gathered on the quarter-deck of the ship in which he sailed out from Liverpool for Sunday morning service. They preached the plain truth to the soldiers on board, who listened to it with marked interest. Mr. Male, who was an eye witness of the battle of Tel el Kebir, went on to speak of his encouraging experiences in the hospitals and elsewhere in Egypt. He often accompanied the men on their marches, in order to find opportunities of minister to them when they most needed it. The first time he did this it involved an all-night's march and a fast of many hours. Mr Male spoke of other discomforts he had to endure in carrying on his ministry among the soldiers, and of the romantic incidents of the battle of Tel el Kebir, where he was present to give the last ministrations to the dying soldiers, and of which battle he gave a most graphic and vivid description. He then gave a description of Cairo where, he said our soldiers were stationed, not only representing the power of England, but bearing testimony to her religion. Speaking of the grossness of Mahommedan superstition, Mr Male observed that that was yet the religion which, according to Canon Taylor, was going to be a mighty influence to elevate morally some of the people of our globe. It had been said by someone who had travelled a little that wherever the British soldier went the grog-shop followed. He did not think the character of our British soldiers abroad ought to be blackened in that way. Cairo had been instanced in proof of the assertion but he went into Cairo with the British soldiers and could testify that Wine shops were there before them. Mr Male concluded by saying that while they hoped and looked for the day of universal peace, if they were faithful in doing their duty to their soldiers, it would be found that the sword of England had not been uplifted in vain if through her soldiers kingdoms and men had been won for Christ.

On the motion of the Rev. J Hanby seconded by Mr. Storm, a vote of thanks was accorded to Mr Male for his address. A similar vote was passed to the Chairman, and the proceedings then terminated.

RELICS FROM AFGHANISTAN AND EGYPT.

THE FATE OF GORDON.

Some relics of the Afghan and Egyptian Campaigns of mournful interest, were shown last night at the Central Hall, Corporation Street, by the Rev. Arthur Male, a Wesleyan Army Chaplain. The occasion was a missionary conference and conversazione and Mr. Male, in the costume of an Arab Sheikh, was in charge of a number of rooms filled with curios which have been collected by ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist persuasion who have done service abroad. Among the many strange and precious objects which Mr. Male had brought to England from Afghanistan are some bleached and crumbling bones which have a melancholy but glorious history. They were picked up in the fatal pass of Jugdulluk, where, after occupying Kabul, the remnant of the British force was brought to its last stand on the way down, and annihilated. When that desperate remnant formed square on a round hill some twelve miles beyond Jugdulluk, it numbered 100 men, chiefly of the 44th Regiment. One man alone, Dr. Hayden lived to tell to the garrison of Jellalabad the thrilling story of their heroism. Thirty seven years later, when another British force was encamped at Gundamuk, the Rev. Arthur Male visited the round hill where this little band perished. A few scattered bones, half buried in the sand, attested the terrible veracity of Dr. Hayden's account, and he brought away a handful of these almost sacred remains. The pilgrimage was not without peril, for Mr. Male was fired at by Ghilzai tribesman, but happily escaped injury. On the field of Tel-el-Kebir he picked up some Arab arms, and took possession of the deserted tent of an Egyptian officer. He has photographs of the entrenchments and some of the rude graves in which gallant Englishmen are buried. He was present at the cavalry charge at Massanneh and at the second battle of Kassasin, as well as at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. But the most interesting of Mr. Male's recollections are associated with Gordon. Him he met in Palestine in 1882. *"I did not know who he was for a little while," he states, "but he impressed at once as a noteworthy man. I think it was his eyes at once mild and commanding, which attracted my attention. Afterwards he joined our company, and I came to know him a little but he was extremely quiet - almost taciturn. He had scarcely anything to say at mealtimes and would sometimes quit the table to retire to another room and pray. Yet he was not, when in company, absorbed in thought, for he closely observed the people who were about him"* Mr. Male is among those who have not given up hope of seeing Gordon in the flesh once more. No two stories of his death, he points out, have tallied with each other, and the discrepancies have not been slight or immaterial. "Besides, Gordon had seven steamers at Khartoum. Four came down the Nile, but three are not accounted for - not seen, indeed, when our men came in sight of Khartoum. Well, we know that Gordon had a programme. He regarded himself as a Christian Mahdi. He had a mission to those central African tribes. What is more likely than that, when Khartoum fell by treachery, he retreated further into the interior with those steamers consoling himself with the prospect of fulfilling his mission". It is for those who have studied the character of Gordon to say whether they believe that he died at his post, or, having resisted to the last, saved his life for a higher purpose than that of dying for a Government which, had drawn from his pen the singular declaration that he would never return to England. Mr. Male met at Liverpool

Mr. Egmont Hake, Gordon's cousin, and mentioned to him the theory to which we have given publicity. "*That*," said Mr. Hake "*is exactly my belief*". The recent rumours about a "white Pasha," whom competent authorities refuse to believe to be either Emirs or Stanley, have strengthened Mr. Male's opinion: and as to the very circumstantial story of Gordon's death last published, he shares the belief that it was probably inspired by the Mahdi, for the purpose of shifting the blame of Gordon's supposed murder from his own shoulders to those of his officers. "*It would be curious*," he adds, "*if Stanley should unearth him.*" Passing from conjectures to actualities, Mr. Male has something to say about the troubles which German policy seems to have brought upon some of the mission stations. He is English enough, though a cosmopolitan, to believe that we are the only nation which is fitted for the work of colonisation. The French, he testifies, have become almost as filthy and degraded as the Arabs with whom they have mingled. The Germans have filled the native heart in East Africa with resentment, by tyrannical treatment which was not less dishonest than over-bearing. On the other hand, it is our English habit to give uncivilised peoples a little credit for manliness and rational feelings and ideas, to buy from them instead of robbing them, and not to oppress them in other ways. Even in India, where the wrongdoing that preceded the Mutiny was a shameful exception to this rule, the English colony is not disliked by the natives, and in Africa we have only to become known in order to be welcomed wherever our pioneer traders and missionaries may choose to wander.

NORTHGATE **W**ESLEYAN **S**UNDAY **S**CHOOL.
SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

ON SUNDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1889, the REV. **A** H MALE
(of BIRMINGHAM), late Army Chaplain in the Egyptian
and Afghan Wars, will preach at 10.45 and 6.30.

JUVENILE SERVICE AT THREE,

Conducted by REV. **H** Rowe, when Prizes to the Children will
be distributed.

ON MONDAY, MARCH 11TH,

THE **A** N N U A L **T** E A

Will be held at Six o'clock, to be followed by a Lecture, which
will be delivered by REV. **A** H. MALE, entitled, "A Chaplain's
Work among the Red Coats in the Egyptian War." Chair
taken at Seven o'clock by Mr. G. ALDENBOR. Tickets 1s.
each, including Tea and Lecture. Lecture only, 6d.

REV. **A**RTHUR MALE, Wesleyan Army
Chaplain,

has commenced a Series of Articles
in the WEEKLY SUPPLEMENT of the
MANCHESTER COURIER,

describing

EXCITING SCENES THROUGH THE
BATTLE-SMOKE.

Amongst the events narrated are incidents in Lucknow,
the Afghan War, and at Tel-el-Kebir.

MANCHESTER COURIER WEEKLY SUPPLEMENT.

Scenes through the Battle Smoke by the Rev. ARTHUR MALE, army chaplain at Lucknow, and in the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns London: Dean and Son, 160A Fleet-street, E.C.

It is seldom that we obtain a description of war from an army chaplain's standpoint. As a rule the gentlemen so employed have little experience of the "rapture of the fight." Their duties confining them to the lugubrious offices of consoling the dying or reading prayers over the dead. A priori then, it might be surmised that a chaplain's account of a campaign would be merely a record of attendance on the wounded. As far as Mr. Male's book is concerned such a surmise would be whimsically incorrect. It is a record not so much of hard praying as of hard knocks. With a slight alteration one of Thackeray's verses would petty fairly describe the method pursued:

From first to last his page is filled
With stirring tales new blows were struck
He shows how we the "niggers" killed,
And praises God for our good luck.

When it is remembered, too, that this song of carnage and triumph and set to the familiar air of Rule Britannia," it will be admitted that to a person of cosmopolitan instincts the reading may become a little heavy. Another cause for irritation from the reader's point of view is the frequent appearance of nice moral maxims when least expected. This irritation is but natural. It resembles the feeling that comes over a sedate reader of a paragraph advertisement who has just begun to take an interest in the information, only to discover a few lines lower that his time has been given to learning the peculiarities of a new pill. Thus on seeing a detachment of the 10th Hussars riding merrily by, Mr. Male observes sententiously, "*To know too much of what awaits us on the morrow would paralyse our efforts of to-day.*" The reader resents this, much as a child resents the medicine given to him in the guise of candy. He - the reader - recognises an old enemy with a new face and begins to lose faith in a writer who can do nothing better to do than lie in wait for the unwary and riddle them with reflections like the foregoing. Again, the author seems to think that most soldiers, either during an action or on the eve of one, are taken up with thoughts of home - of the cottage with roses growing in front and honeysuckle at the sides; of the mother knitting on the step, while the parson's wife opens the gate to ask about her rheumatism; of the neat English village, with the old church at one end, and an agnostic shoemaker cheering for Bradlaugh at the other. It is doubtful, however, whether the first thoughts of a soldier, whether on going into action or when in the thick of it, are not occupied with the much more commonplace reflection, concerning the best method of getting well out of it. "*Tommy Atkins is no heathen, and one of the privileges which belong to his profession is that he is allowed to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience*" says Mr Male. This is as it should be, Private Atkins has had so many hard things said about him that it is reassuring to know he at all events does not bow down to wood and stone. The author thinks a 15 minutes' sermon enough at camp services - especially when the enemy a. lurking in the vicinity - a view with which we are disposed to coincide. The untrustworthiness of some of the Hindoo servants may be gleaned from the fact that Mr. Male once got off his jaded horse and handed the poor animal to a burly camp follower to be led during the remainder of the march. This matter-of-fact unbeliever - the master's back being turned - mounted the tired creature himself and was only discovered when the day's journey was nearly over. The work deals with the operations in Afghanistan against Yikuo Khan and in Egypt against Arabi Pasha. During both campaigns the author accompanied the troops, and has much to say regarding the gallant behaviour of the British and the native soldiers.

THE WINTER GARDENS LECTURES,

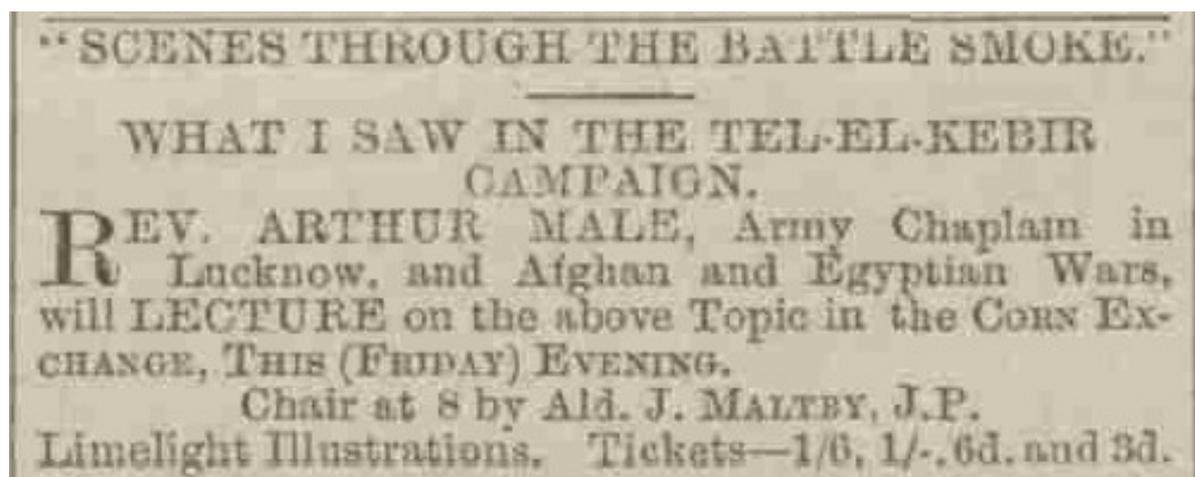
The first of the series of lectures arranged by the Bournemouth Corporation for alternate Friday evenings in the pavilion of the Winter Gardens was delivered on Friday, when the weather was very unpropitious and the attendance consequently small. This is much to be regretted, as the lecture was of a very popular and interesting character, the lecturer being the Rev. Arthur Male, the well-known Army chaplain, and his subject, "Scenes through the Battle Smoke," having special reference to the Egyptian war, or "Military Operations" which culminated in the defeat of Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. The Mayor (A. G. M. Hirus) presided, and the other members of the Corporation present included Aldermen H. Newlyn and J. H. Moore, Councillor S. Cutler and A. Davis, and the Town Clerk (Mr. J. Druitt, jun.). Notwithstanding the cold state of the weather, the manager (Mr. S. A. Foreman) had been successful in putting the interior of the building into a very warm and comfortable condition. The MAYOR in introducing the lecturer, said the Gilchrist Lectures which had been delivered at the Mont Dore having been so thoroughly appreciated by the public of Bournemouth, the Corporation of which he was a representative arranged to have a somewhat similar course of lectures delivered in that pavilion, and that night's very eminent lecturer was present to give the first lecture of the series. The subject which he would deal with was a very interesting one, especially to those who belonged to Bournemouth, because it would be remembered that two of the officers who played such important parts in the campaign of 1882 were at that time very intimately connected with Bournemouth and Christchurch. He alluded to Lord Charles Beresford and General Drury Lowe. (Applause.) Lord Charles Beresford had a residence near Christchurch and General Drury Lowe had a residence near Bournemouth. He felt sure the lecturer would not be able to describe the scenes which he witnessed without saying, a great deal about those two gentlemen. He was sorry to see so many empty chairs that night, but he thought it was easy to account for them. Probably some people had not finished their Christmas festivities, and others had been deterred from attending by the extraordinary weather which had prevailed during the day, weather which at Bournemouth they were not accustomed to and did not expect. However, he felt sure that those who had braved the elements would be rewarded for their trouble. Mr. Male was not only a brave Army chaplain who had seen a great deal of service but was also a very accomplished orator, and he was sure that the account he would give them of the way in which their gallant defenders acquitted themselves in Egypt would send them all home very well pleased. The other lectures of the course would be delivered every alternate Friday, and he hoped that at the future lectures the building would be thoroughly filled, and that the people of Bournemouth would show that they recognised the ability of the lecturers who had been engaged, and that they approved of the course which had been adopted by the Corporation. (Applause.)

Mr. MALE then proceeded with his lecture, which was admirably illustrated by means of a large number of limelight pictures. He prefaced his remarks by stating that if he succeeded in increasing in the hearts of his audience sympathy towards their soldier lads he would feel himself well rewarded. He always felt it a privilege when he had the opportunity of saying a word on behalf of men who had not a great deal to say for themselves, for a soldier's life was a life of deeds rather than of words, and as he believed they were sometimes misunderstood by those for whom they fought and for whom they sometimes fell, whenever he had an opportunity to place the British soldier in a fair light before the people of England he was always glad to take advantage of it. He was not there that night to doubt or deny the lawfulness of the surgeon's art. Doctors did not as a rule cut a man's leg off but if the man's life was in danger, mortification had set in, and there was no alternative, the surgeon who understood his duty would use his knife and other instruments and not sparingly either. In such a case they did not condemn the knife or the doctor who used it, but the disease which was the cause of this extreme measure. Therefore it seemed to him that what Christian men ought to condemn was not the war or the warrior, but rather the vengefulness hatred, aggression, and tyranny which sometimes made war necessary and forced brave, honest men to fight, (Applause.) They regarded with dislike wrong-doing, grasping aggression, and grinding tyranny, and they believed God hated them and used the stern instrumentality of war to stay that which was hateful to Himself or harmful to His people. A war of aggression was bad, and meant tyranny and oppression to others; but a war for the vindication of the right, for the stamping out of some vile slave trade, or for the deliverance of the captive, must, he thought, be right in the sight of the great Ruler of the Universe. (Applause). He did not wish to be misunderstood. It seemed to him that at this point the lawfulness of war ceased, and they could not but regard it as a crying scandal that in this nineteenth century neighbouring countries could not settle their merely political differences by arbitration rather than by blood-shed. Very great indeed was the responsibility of proclaiming war, and it was a responsibility not likely to be undertaken by any statesman or by any Government; but any condemnation which they felt was deserving to the statesmen or the Government could not apply to the soldier, before whom was only one fixed path of duty. (Applause).

The lecture was listened to with great interest throughout, and was frequently applauded.

Lincolnshire Chronicle - Friday 23rd February 1894

Lecture. - A most thrilling and instructive lecture is to be given in the Corn Exchange this (Friday) evening, the last lecture but one of the 12th course. Rev. Arthur Male, Army Chaplain in Lucknow and in the Afghan and Egyptian Wars, is the lecturer, and is taking as his topic "Scenes through the Battle Smoke" a narration of his experiences of the famous Tel-el-Kebir Campaign. Ald. Joseph Maltby J.P., in to preside and the oxy-hydrogen views will be thrown on the screen by the Rev H.J. Watney, M.A. A most enjoyable. as well as instructive evening, may be expected, and tickets should be secured immediately.



Hampshire Advertiser - Saturday 10th March 1894

SOUTHAMPTON POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.- On Wednesday evening, at the Hartley Hall, a lecture was given by the Rev. Arthur Male, army chaplain in Lucknow and the Afghan and Egyptian wars, on "Scenes through the Battle Smoke." There was a large attendance, and the rev. gentleman interested his hearers with a graphic account of the Tel-el-Kebir campaign, his description of the scenes on the battlefield, etc. being illustrated by views shown by the aid of a powerful lantern.

Wrexham Advertiser - Saturday 28th April 1894

SCENES THROUGH THE BATTLE SMOKE.

The Cosmopolitan Society. which meets at the Town Hall weekly, had arranged for a lecture by Mr Frederic Villiers, artist and war correspondent to the "Graphic" for a lecture on the Russo-Turkish and the Egyptian Wars, and the Nile Expedition, a lecture which was looked forward to with a great deal of interest. However, at the last moment he was taken ill, and the Agency sent in his stead ex-army chaplain, the Rev. Arthur Male who delivered a lecture on the Tel-el-Kebir campaign. The hall was crowded, and the chair was taken by Mr Edwin Roberts, of the National Provincial Bank. The lecture was illustrated by lime light with lantern views, and was highly interesting.

Hampshire Advertiser - Saturday 10th May 1894

SOUTHAMPTON POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION

On Wednesday evening, at the Hartley Hall, a lecture was given by the Rev. Arthur Male, army chaplain in Lucknow and the Afghan and Egyptian wars, on "Scenes through the Battle Smoke". There was a large attendance, and the rev, gentleman interested his hearers with a graphic account of the Tel-el-Kebir campaign, his description of the scenes on the battlefield, etc being illustrated by views shown by the aid of a powerful lantern.

Cheshire Observer - Saturday 28th April 1894

"SCENES THROUGH THE BATTLE. SMOKE."

Tuesday evening was the occasion fixed for the lecture by Mr. Frederic Villiers, F.R.G.S., delivered under the auspices of the Mold Cosmopolitan Society, and, as was anticipated, the Town Hall Assembly Room was filled by an audience numbering upwards of 500 persons. The chair was occupied by Mr. Edwin Roberts, the Hon. Treasurer of the society, who in opening the proceedings announced with regret that, owing to serious indisposition, Mr. Villiers was unable to fulfil his engagement. The Lecture Agency, Limited, had, however, secured the services of the Rev. Arthur Male, who would deliver his popular lecture entitled, "Scenes through the Battle Smoke" Mr. Male was for five years an Army chaplain in Lucknow, afterwards serving as a Government chaplain during the Afghan and Egyptian wars. His lecture on the present occasion was illustrated by limelight views, and was a graphic description of his experience in the Tel-el-Kebir campaign. A vote of thanks was passed to the Rev. Mr. Male, on the motion of the Rev. Father Dowling, seconded by Alderman Thomas Parry.

Gloucester Citizen - Tuesday 18th September 1894

GLOUCESTER LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION

Messrs. Davies and Son, booksellers, Northgate street, are open to dispose of subscribers' tickets for the ensuing session of the above Association. An interesting programme has been arranged:

Mr Whitworth Wallis, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., will lecture on "Across the Apennines";

the Rev. Charles Clarke on "Oliver Goldsmith";

Mr F. Enock, F.L.S., F.E.S., on "Insect Life";

Mr Carl Armbruster on "Eminent Italian and French Composers",

the President (Mr Oscar Clark, M.A., M.B.) on "Chaucer and his Times";

the Rev. Arthur Male on the "Tel-el-Kebir Campaign";

Mr W.R. May on the "Chemistry of Combustion" (with experiments);

and Mr H. W. Bruton on "George Cruikshank";

while Mr E. Denny will give recitals from Shakespeare, Sheridan, Jerome etc.

Luton Times and Advertiser - Friday 22nd November 1895

Wesleyan Foreign Missions at Luton (extract)

The Rev. Arthur Male, formerly missionary to the forces in India and Afghanistan, said it was necessary to do something to stem the tide of carelessness and godlessness in the European life in India. All the world over, example was better than precept. The intellectual natives asked where was the practical outcome of our sublime Christianity when they saw our own people leading sinful lives. Our own civilians and soldiers were to often an obstacle to the conversion of Hindoos, who were thus tempted to say they would rather stick to the faith of their fathers. Such work as his was missionary work of the truest character. Mr. Male related many anecdotes of the Indian mutiny, and of work among our soldiers in our Eastern Empire. Some of the grandest qualities in man were exemplified in the British soldier, and he asked them not to forget what England owed to them. By the converted lives of Christian soldiers, the heathen were influenced towards the truth of Christianity.

Birmingham Daily Post - Friday 29th November 1895

WEST BROMWICH
Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society

Last night a lecture, in connection with the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society, was delivered in the Beeches Road Chapel, West Bromwich, by the Rev Arthur Male (of Hounslow), before a large audience. His address was on "India, the Land of Romance" which was illustrated by limelight views.

Aberdeen Journal - Saturday 7th December 1895

ABERDEEN CITY LECTURES. Last night the Rev Arthur male, army chaplain, India, delivered a lecture in the Mitchell Hall, under the auspices of the Town Council, on "India, Land of Romance". Rev Dr Danson presided, and there was a large attendance. The lecture was a most interesting one, and its value was enhanced by a large number of limelight views, which were much appreciated. The chairman, in introducing the lecturer, remarked that he was worthy of the subject, for in Afghanistan and India his name was a household word. Mr Male, having described the physical features of the country and the various tribes which peopled it, referred at some length to the religions of India, and said our Queen was the greatest Mohammedan ruler in the world. Views were then shown of Mahommedan life in Lucknow, Delhi and Agra. Next came a view of the headquarters of the Hindoo faith, Benares, and the succeeding pictures showed the remarkable carving in some of the temples. From the scenes they had before them, Mr Male remarked, they would see the baleful influence of idolatry upon the Hindoos. A view was afterwards exhibited of Mr Male's old church in Lucknow, which he said had always been well attended by Scotch and English soldiers, and he concluded by referring to the wonderful collection of architecture to be seen in the country. On the motion of Dr Danson, Mr Male was cordially thanked, and a similar compliment to the chairman, proposed by Councillor Henderson, terminated the proceedings.

Bristol Mercury - Monday 3rd February 1896

**YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION LARGE HALL,
TO-NIGHT (MONDAY), February 3rd, LECTURE on
"SCENES THROUGH THE BATTLE SMOKE,"
(With Limelight Illustrations)
By the REV. ARTHUR MALE
(Wesleyan Chaplain in the Afghan and Egyptian Campaign)
Chair to be taken at Eight p.m. by
F. W. GEDYE, Esq.
MONDAY, February 17th, LECTURE by
Dr E. F. HORTON, of London.
Subject—"RELIGION IN ELIZABETH'S REIGN."
Tickets 6d Each Lecture. 3293**

Aberdeen Journal Thursday 10th December 1896

Aberdeen City Lectures. – Rev. Arthur Male, who is the city lecturer for tonight, it will be remembered, one of the most successful of those engaged for last season's course. Possessing a graphic and picturesque style, Mr Male relates with wonderful vividness the many stirring incidents of his striking career. That he has a story worthy telling may be gathered from a brief outline of his connection with events that will be writ large in the history of recent years. For five years Mr Male was a Wesleyan Chaplain at Lucknow, and afterwards acted as a Government Chaplain during the Afghan and Egyptian wars. He was associated with the taking of Futtehabad, the signing of the Treaty of Gundamuk, the disaster of the 10th Huzzars in the Cabul river etc. He discovered the bleached bones of the annihilated army of 1842, the victims of a disaster immortalised in Mrs Thompson's celebrated picture, "Relics of a Lost Army". Mr Male also, it will be remembered, made a solitary march through the Khyber Pass during the hostilities. He was in the "March of Death" when cholera smote the British forces with such direful results while en route back to India. His lecture this time will be "Scenes through the Battle Smoke: what I Saw in the Tel el Kebir Campaign", and in this connection it may be mentioned that he was associated personally with the cavalry action at Massemah, the "moonlight charge" at Kassassia, and the final conflict at Tel El Kebir. His zeal in attending soldiers while under fire in the latter engagement led to his being dubbed "the fighting parson". He is understood to have been mentioned for the Victoria Cross in connection with a daring act which saved the life of a gallant Lifeguardsman. It is of interest to note that while in Jerusalem Mr Male made the acquaintance of "Chinese" Gordon, and that he holds strange but possible theories as to the fate of the hero of the Soudan. The lecture will be illustrated by excellent lantern slides.

Aberdeen Journal - Friday 11th December 1896

The City Lectures. – The fifth of the present series of city lectures was delivered in the Music Hall last night by Rev. Arthur Male, The hall was crowded in every part. The Rev. R.H.Fisher B.D, who presided, in introducing Mr Male, referred to the recent address by the Commander in Chief, and said that, particularly at this Christmas time – when men's minds turn to peace - they much regretted the causes that kept in existence the terrible necessity of warfare. Mr Male prefaced his lecture "Scenes through the Battle smoke" by stating that though he could not perhaps go as far as Lord Wolseley in glorifying war, still it was not in war itself that the chief objection lay, but in the hatreds and bitter strifes that led nations to take the field against one another. The lecturer, who is a fluent and brilliant speaker, then proceeded with a graphic description of the Egyptian campaign of 1882, which was rendered all the more realistic and interesting by the aid of limelight illustrations. On the motion of the Chairman, Mr Male was cordially thanked for his excellent lecture. On the motion of Rev. W. S. Swanson Free Melville Church, a vote of thanks was passed to Mr Fisher for presiding,

Western Daily Press - Thursday 14th January 1897

THROUGH THE WILD KHYBER PASS.

Last night there was a large audience at the Merchant Venturers' Technical College at the lecture given in connection with the Bristol popular series, by the Rev. Arthur Male, army chaplain, who dealt with the events of the Afghan Campaign of twenty years ago, in a style that was most fascinating, and gave incidents that came well within the comprehensive title of "Through the Wild Khyber Pass". The lecturer was not new to Bristol as he sometime since gave a similar and equally enjoyable lecture at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, and now, as then, he at all times commanded the sympathies and interest of his audience, as he displayed a knowledge of the events he was talking about that was born of experience. Occasionally in dealing with certain scenes of bloodshed, he gave details that bordered on the gruesome, but there was such a patriotic ring in his portrayals that the heroic side of the story was easily the one that eventually remained, and pride, indeed, was felt in many of the acts that had led the participators to the Victoria Cross. The story of how Richard Hart, of the Royal Engineers, won his "V.C." was essentially popular, whilst feelings of admiration for deeds of valour were only too often supplanted by sadder thoughts at the fates of those who had lost their lives under circumstances that the lecturer detailed with delicacy and pathos. About the hillmen and other ferocious natives Mr Male had many stirring tales to tell, and one that fascinated the audience was that in which he and a friend nearly lost their lives paying an unlucky visit to the local Burlington Arcade. The anecdotes of camp life and of the private side of the soldier's character were charmingly alternated with the drier detail of progress through the land of Afghanistan, and approving applause was heard when the lecturer said he had yet to find the soldier who scoffed at good things: he scorns the humbug, but not the true man.

Reading Mercury - Saturday 20th November 1897

THE CORPORATION AT CHURCH.

On Sunday morning, in accordance with custom, the Mayor and Corporation attended Divine Service at St Mary's church. In addition to the Mayor (Ald. Cox), and Town Council and Officials, a number of the Borough Magistrates, the local Fire Brigade and the Town Band took part in the procession, which started from the Town Hall, and was witnessed by a large number of people. The preacher was the Rev C. H. Nash (vicar of St Mary's) who is chaplain to the Mayor and Corporation. He took as his text 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. The musical portion of the service was well rendered under Mr C. S. Banwell, L.A.M. In the evening the Mayor and Corporation attended the service at the Wesleyan Chapel when the sermon was preached by the Rev. A. H. Male, resident minister.

During the service in the Wesleyan Chapel on Sunday evening (attended by the Mayor and Corporation) a young woman named Woodford, of North Town, was seized with a fit in one of the galleries. She was removed to the vestry, where she became very violent. Dr Thomas attended to the sufferer, who was conveyed to the Cottage Hospital, where she remained for two or three days in a more or less unconscious condition.

The Hampshire Advertiser - Saturday 4th December 1897

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

There was a good gathering of the members and friends at Guildhall on Wednesday evening, to hear an illustrated lecture, "Scenes Through the Battle Smoke", from the Rev Arthur Male, army chaplain at Luc-know, and in the Afghan and Egyptian wars. He is certainly a most capable lecturer, and his relation of his experiences in the Tel El Kebir campaign, illustrated as they were with capital views shown through the fine lantern of Mr F G Dexter, were a really high class and instructive entertainment.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A WAR CHAPLAIN IN INDIA

REV ARTHUR MALE'S VISIT to BARNSTAPLE

At this time, when so much attention is being directed to the position of affairs in India, and especially to the military operations on the Indian frontier, it is fortunate to be able to receive local illustrations from what is now the "seat of war". We are pleased to learn that the Rev Arthur Male, a distinguished Army Chaplain, is expected to be on a visit to his brother-in-law, Rev G Vipond Byles, of Barnstaple, next week and will relate his experiences in the last Afghan War in the Wesleyan Central Hall, Boutport street, next Wednesday evening. Mr Male was Wesleyan Chaplain for five years in Lucknow, a place of great historic interest, and afterwards was Chaplain through the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns. He was associated with the taking of Fort Ali Musjid, the battle of Futtehabad, the signing of the Treaty of Gundamuk, the disaster of the 10th Huzzars in the Cabul River etc and is able to relate a thrilling narrative of a solitary march through the lonely Khyber Pass during the time of the hostilities. He was also in the "March of Death", when cholera smote the English forces on their march back to India. The Advertiser of Maidenhead, where the Rev Arthur Male is now stationed, says of him – *"Mr Male is able to give thrilling accounts of hairbreadth escapes from the hands and murderous weapons of the wild tribesmen in and about the ill-omened Khyber Pass, of wolves howling and prowling around the camp, of bullets whistling through the canvas as the weary Chaplain lay by night in his tent, of winter's piercing cold in Afghanistan, and of a blazing sun in the Deserts of Egypt His experience of military work in India, and especially in Lucknow, are calculated to vividly portray both Indian and Soldier Life and to awaken the enthusiasm of every Englishman. As a preacher, public speaker and lecturer, Rev Arthur Male is well known in London and the provinces. His picturesque and graphic style have given him a reputation both as a scholar and as a public orator"*. For bravery and services rendered to a Guardsman named Sheppard, Mr Male was "mentioned" for the Victoria Cross decoration. Although not receiving this distinguished honour, he has nevertheless been awarded three medals – the Afghan, the Egyptian, and the Khedive's Star, also the clasp for Tel-El-Kebir. The famous war correspondent Mr Frederick Villiers, is a personal friend of Mr Male. Speaking of him, Mr Villiers says – *"One man always stands out clear in my mind out of the many excellent workers I have met, that is the Rev Arthur Male, whom I met in Afghanistan. He was always to the fore whenever he could get a chance, ministering to the spiritual comfort of the fallen soldier. He not only risked his life in actual battle, but in the more dangerous duty of the cholera camp or the numerous infectious diseases of the Base Hospital. He was always to the fore, and better testimony it would be impossible to bring"*. We shall be greatly surprised if Mr Male's lecture on the Wild Khyber Pass next Wednesday evening does not attract a great deal of interest and prove very instructive at the present moment.

There now follow two accounts of this lecture from different Newspapers.

Both accounts are full of praise but one has to read carefully to realise that they refer to the same lecture !

This illustrates how difficult it is to find a true picture from recorded accounts that reflect, probably without intention, the perceptions or prejudices of the recorder.

“THE WILD KHYBER PASS”

“**The Wild Khyber Pass**” in and around which Anglo-Indian troops are now operating against the Afridis, was the subject of a most interesting lecture in the Wesleyan School Room on Monday evening, by the Rev Arthur Male, the engagement being under the auspices of the Wesleyan Young Men’s and Young Women’s Institute. Mr J Poooley was in the chair and in introducing the lecturer, referred to the special interest attaching at the present time to his subject, and gave Mr Male a hearty welcome to the town. Mr Male obtained his experience of the “Valley of the Shadow of Death” in 1878, when as a chaplain (Wesleyan) he accompanied one of the three British columns which then entered Afghanistan consequent upon Shere Ali, the Ameer, having welcomed a Russian mission in Cabul, and refused to receive one from Great Britain – provocation which was held to justify a declaration of war. To the column in which Mr Male was attached was delegated the work of forcing the Pass, which, at Ali Musjid, was strongly held by Afghans, who, rumour said, had been trained by Russian officers. The battle which ensued was of a sanguinary character, but the enemy abandoned their position under cover of night, and Ali Musjid, the key to India’s Northern gateway was once more occupied by a British force. Moving forward the column encamped before Jellalabad, but the death of Shere Ali witnessed the close of hostilities, and with the signing of the treaty of Gundamak, under which Yakoob Khan, the new Ameer, agreed to a British envoy residing in Cabul, the British commenced their return across the frontier. Such in brief was the origin and outcome of the campaign in which Mr Male took part, but these bare historic facts received an added interest from the lecturer’s thrilling descriptions of the several battles fought, the deeds of heroism which were witnessed, his own escape from death, and the perils which beset the traveller through the Great Khyber, the strange gloom and grandeur of which he said defied imagination. He recalled the grim horrors of 1842 when a British force of 25,000 soldiers, camp followers, women, and children, who set out from Cabul in winter to return to India, nearly the whole were massacred or taken prisoner by the treacherous Afghans, and mentioned that when 36 years later he visited the scene of the disaster – he was the first Englishman to do so – he found the bleaching bones of the slain lying in heaps on the hill sides. The lecturer briefly recapitulated the stirring events which ensued upon the assassination of Sir Louis Cavagnari and his escort at Cabul in ’78 and which culminated in the battle of Candahar, following upon General Roberts’ march memorable march from Cabul. *“As to the results of Great Britain’s whole action in Afghanistan”,* said the lecturer in conclusion, *“it would be more possible to speculate on what was prevented rather than what was gained. What new departures were being stealthily initiated, as the end of the wedge driven in, were known specially to those most conversant with Afghan and Russian affairs. One thing appears evident; The Russian Bear turns not back. He only pauses and bides his time. Whether that opportunity, so patiently waited for, will come soon, the future alone can disclose. Meanwhile let England be vigilant always, and doubly vigorous in smiting should the moment of dire necessity arise – (applause) – for most surely Afghanistan is not the final goal of the that military Power which has been marching on with steady foot over the wide expanse of the Steppes, crossing the dark Caspian, traversing the great deserts of Turkey and Bokhara, and which pauses today, as for a moment of breathing time, on the banks of the Oxus. May we not fear at least that the eye of Russia is upon India ? India is*

the fairest jewel in the diadem of our Empress Queen. (Applause) We hold her, and with her, a burden of vast responsibility from the Great King of Kings, the Ruler of Earth's nations. We cannot lose our hold, and we dare not betray our trust. (Applause) We guard her from outside perils, and having done that it is for us to bring increasingly to India the elevating influences of our western civilisation. (Hear, Hear) But above all it is for us to make the bright jewel brighter still with the light of Christianity; this fair land fairer yet with the "beauty of holiness". It is my profound conviction that this is "the far off Divine event" towards which we are moving in India; and that in the vast brotherhood of nations, which belongs to the golden age of the future, India will stand by Britain's side, transformed into a new beauty, and girdled with a nobler might than have been her's in the long ages, the darker ages, of the past. (Loud applause)

The interest in the lecture, which was greatly appreciated by a crowded audience, was enhanced by the exhibition, by means of a lantern lent by the Rev F B Westcott, of a number of illustrative views.

The lecturer was accorded a vote of thanks at the close, and, in briefly responding, thanked the Rev F B Westcott for the use of the lantern.

THRILLING STORY BY A MILITARY CHAPLAIN
LECTURE BY THE REV. ARTHUR MALE

The Wesleyan Central hall in Boutport street, Barnstaple, was filled to overflowing on the evening of January 12 to hear a lecture by the Rev. Arthur Male on his experiences in the wild Khyber Pass. As we have previously stated, Mr Male is well known in military circles, having been personally associated with some distinguished men, including the late General Gordon, on whose fate he holds some strange but possible theories. He is also a distinguished Freemason, and has sat in Lodge with many eminent members of the craft, including the Duke of Connaught and the late Khedive of Egypt. Both as a Methodist Minister at home and a missionary abroad, Mr Male has laboured with considerable success, while his experience as a public speaker and lecturer have procured him a still wider eminence. The lecture on Wednesday evening was of a very high order, being couched in eloquent language and very effectively delivered. Some passages of harrowing and pathetic details greatly moved the audience, while not infrequent humour called forth some merriment. Acts of heroism and deeds of glory and honour performed by our men and their gallant leaders elicited loud and repeated applause. The lecturer commenced by explaining how it was that he, a Minister of the Gospel, came into association with such scenes of war and carnage as he was about to depict – “simply because the English nation” said he “when it sends its gallant soldiers into the field credits them with something more than physical frames to be kept strong and in good fighting trim. “Tommy Atkins” while he has a strong arm to fight for his country, has also a heart to sympathise; he is a man and has needs other than those to be met by his daily rations. ‘We like to know we’ve got a parson with us in the field’ said one of my men “we don’t like, when we’re knocked down, to die without a prayer, or to be buried in a hole without a word’ And so our nation has her Chaplain’s Department in connection with her Army, and where our soldiers are found here is the Methodist, as well as the Episcopal, Roman Catholic, or Presbyterian Chaplain”. Then followed a description of Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Lahore, with eloquent tributes to the valour of our men in the dark Mutiny days, and then commenced the real point of interest – the journey to the Front, and the long march across the Frontier through the wild Khyber Pass, over heights of 3,000 feet above the sea level, registering from 10 to 20 degrees of frost, into the heart of Afghanistan, the storming of Fort Ali Musjid, in which “Manderson’s battery came galloping round the bend of the hill and, getting into position, opened fire upon the guns of the Fort” the name of Colonel Manderson (who is well-known at Barnstaple) being greeted with cheers. Camp life at Jellalabad, with all its dangers and discomforts was next described, and all the stirring events of victory and disaster, heroism and tragic deaths, were graphically pictured, on to the signing of the Treaty of Gundamak, which ended the campaign. The “March of Death” when cholera smote the forces, the “ride for life” with the grip of the terrible disease upon him, dangers from the hands of Afghans, Afridis and Ghazis, hill robbers and wolves, all were pathetically described; and then India, with the Chaplain’s Mission Church, and the hope that with humane treatment and the spread of Christian light and truth, India duly protected from foreign aggression might become the fairest part of our great and glorious Empire. The lecture was illustrated by striking limelight views that greatly helped to render more vivid the scenes described. The chair was occupied by J G Hamling Esq, whose very fitting words were heartily appreciated. A vote of thanks to the lecturer and to the Chairman proposed by Mr W O Smith and seconded by Mr Knill, was carried by acclamation. The collection realised £6 12 6d. It is hoped that at some future time Mr Male will visit Barnstaple again, and relate the incidents of his second campaign in Egypt, in the more capacious Music Hall.

“LUCKNOW AND ITS MUTINY MEMORIES”

LECTURE BY REV. ARTHUR MALE.

On Thursday evening last the Rev. Arthur Male (Wesleyan Minister) delivered another of his popular lectures in the Town Hall, to a large audience, the spacious room being practically filled. The subject was "Lucknow and its Mutiny Memories," upon which Mr. Male was especially qualified to speak, having been an Army Chaplain in Lucknow. The Rev. lecturer wore the medals awarded him as Chaplain to the Forces in the Afghan and Egyptian Campaigns; it may be remembered that he has lectured on these wars in Maidenhead to crowded audiences. In connection with his lecture on Thursday, he was fortunate in having as Chairman Colonel R. C. B. Lawrence (a nephew of the late Sir Henry Lawrence, the hero of the Residency) who is now Professor of Military Topography at the Staff College, Camberley. He won his spurs in the Egyptian Campaign, and became at the early age of 25 the youngest major in the Army. He held the command of the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, the Emperor of Austria's regiment, and one of the Emperor's Orders has been conferred upon him, as also the Turkish Order of the Merit.

The Chairman and Lecturer were accompanied on to the platform by Col. Worsley, C.B. Amongst those for whom seats were reserved were:—The Mayor (J. I. Truscott, Esq.), Mr. Aid. C. W. Cox, J.P., Capt. L. Butler, Dr. A. Playne, J.P., Mr. and Mrs. Cowpor, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Symmons, Mrs. Cope, Mr. Wilton. Mrs. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, Miss Jay, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rose, Mrs. Mount, Mrs. Hewitt. Mr. and Mrs. Westlake, Mr. Peto, Mr. D. Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. Bidmead, Mr. and Mrs. Hussey, and many others.

Col. Lawrence, who was received with applause, said that he was exceedingly pleased to attend and take the chair at that lecture. One of the chief reasons that he was there was he believed that he had the honour to belong to the family of Lawrence - (applause) - and another was that he and the Rev. Arthur Male were old comrades in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and he did not forget that when he was sick in the hospital in Cairo for some weeks he was well looked after by Mr. Male, who acted the part of the Good Samaritan to him. (Applause). He had known Mr. Male for many years, and he was sure that they would be very greatly interested in the lecture which he was about to deliver. (Applause).

The Rev. Arthur Male now proceeded with his lecture, "Lucknow and its Mutiny Memories." He had to speak, he said, of a spot where he had the honour to live for some years, the very name of which was enshrined in every Briton's heart, haloed with the glory the radiance of which no time could possibly dim. Forty long years had rolled away since there took place on the far-away plains of north-west India deeds of blood which made a civilised world stand aghast, and greater deeds of heroism, which aroused an enthusiasm and an undying admiration in the hearts of the whole British people (Applause) and Lucknow was still today a name to conjure by. Speak of Lucknow to a young soldier and he would tell them what he had heard and read of that spot made an inspiration for all his life of stern duty. ("Hear, hear"). Utter that name to an old warrior, whose early years of service, perchance, were spent, amid scenes connected with the place, and his eye would kindle as he called up the undying memories of heroic patience, gallant deeds and fidelity unto death. (Applause) To him, as to our country, Lucknow was a hallowed spot. None of them could forget that their heritage there was purchased with blood: the blood of tender women and innocent children, as well as of brave men consecrated that whole district of the Indian Empire to them all. The page of our history which recorded the heroic deeds which were done they could not afford to turn down. While the imperishable names of those grand and noble men, whose lives were so closely interwoven with

the doing of those deeds, were names which were emblazoned on the scroll of fame, they were names which were writ for ever, and writ deeply, in the grateful hearts of those who felt it an honour to claim them as brother Britons. (Applause) Need he remind them of those names — Havelock and Lawrence and Colin Campbell and Neill, and half a score of others - whose fame might be less because their opportunities were, but whose earnest purpose was as good, and whose glorious deeds, though not so conspicuous, were as full of heroic self – sacrifice. ("Hear, hear"). The lecturer went on to describe Lucknow, and gave a vivid picture of the corruption of the court and its attendant vice and the general wickedness that prevailed in Lucknow and district. He then detailed the leading incidents which preceded the terrible Mutiny - a mutiny which, while it stood out before them as in lurid colours of treachery and slaughter had nevertheless added a bright piece of imperishable record to the annals of British fidelity and heroism.

Referring to Sir Henry Lawrence, the mention of whose name and a portrait of whom on the screen evoked hearty applause, Mr. Male described the heroic Commissioner in the following words :- "*He was a man of pure transparent nature; and to a simple manliness and truthfulness of character were joined high intellectual powers and personal energies which no earthly task could subdue; and, above all, an infinite sympathy with the people in their wants and woes. In his appearance there was, perhaps, not much to indicate the truly noble soul, the grand personality that was there. Above the middle height, of spare, gaunt frame, his worn face bearing traces of mental toil and bodily suffering, he impressed you as a man of resolution and energy. And then when you came to know him, you found beneath the rugged exterior the gentle heart; and in his manner that kindliness of nature which won the affections of all who came within its reach.*" A splendid description followed of the Residency - the attacks on which and the gallant conduct of the defenders being described - in a manner that thrilled the audience and again and again elicited outbursts of enthusiastic applause. Referring to a picture on the screen of the church and churchyard, Mr. Male said: - "*See, there, the churchyard, where so many of the truest and bravest sons of England are resting, after weary toil and hard fighting. There lies Henry Lawrence, and, near him, the gentle and Christ-like, Chaplain Polehampton, who truly lived-out those divine doctrines which he so earnestly and eloquently set forth from the pulpit of the church. He was shot through the body first, and subsequently was stricken by cholera and died. There, too, rests the body of the brave Major Banks, who for so brief a time held the position of Chief Commissioner, bequeathed to him by Sir Henry in his dying moments, and who during that period won the deep regard of every man in the Garrison by his skill and devotion. He was shot through the head while reconnoitering from the top of one of the houses. There, too, are slumbering many women and children; some shot, some smitten with disease, privation and pestilence. Many times have I wandered among the graves in this most sacred spot, the very atmosphere, around seeming to breathe of noble heroism, and unquenchable fidelity even unto death.*". In showing the havoc caused by the shelling of the Residency by the mutineers, Mr. Male raised a laugh when depicting the shattered billiard room in which lay many cannon balls, by stating that the billiard-room was situated on the upper story, where it received many more balls than could possibly be required in any game of pool. By the way, he added that when the table was shattered the cloth was requisitioned by some enterprising member of the garrison who presently appealed in a startling uniform of Lincoln green, forming a corps entirely by himself. The very extensive mining operations by the enemy were illustrated and described, and also the skillful and effective counter - mining of our men. Of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, Mr. Male said: "*The siege proper, you will remember, commenced on July 1st, the day after our disastrous defeat at Chinhut. The very next day the most terrible blow which could possibly happen fell upon the beleaguered garrison. Sir Henry Lawrence, that truly great and good man, whose admirable skill and foresight had rendered the immortal defence of the Residency possible, and whose splendid*

courage seemed to animate and inspire every member of the little band, was stricken unto death. On the first day of July, as he sat in his little room conversing with his secretary, an 8 inch shell had crashed through the wall, without, however, doing injury to either. Entreated to change his quarters at once, he replied that it was impossible for another shell to pitch just in the same spot. Alas the next day, as he lay there on his couch dictating orders, a second missile penetrated the wall, and bursting, inflicted a frightful and fatal wound on him. He was removed across the way to Dr. Fayrer's house, and here for 48 hours he lingered. And in those last hours, all that was so really noble in the soldier, the Statesman, the Christian, shone forth with a grandeur and beauty that impressed the hearts of all who were in his presence. He was thankful that death did not steal upon him as a thief in the night, for he had still work to do and he set about the doing of it. Major Banks he appointed (the sanction of Government having previously been obtained) his successor as Chief Commissioner, while on Col. Inglis was conferred the chief military command. And then, as if the old watchword of Derry were ringing in his dying ears, he gave his last, emphatic counsel, "No surrender! Let every man die at his post! But never make terms. And God help the poor women and children!" He thought and spoke of his kindred and friends, and of the Lawrence Orphan Asylum for Soldiers' Children, which he had founded. He said 'good-bye' to his comrades and asked forgiveness of any whom he might have offended by a sharp word, and unto whom he testified of the vanity of all human greatness and the sufficiency of Christ as a Saviour. His own shortcomings he made much of. "Let no word," said he, "be put upon my grave but this - 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty'" - adding the whispered prayer "May the Lord have mercy on his soul" Then, in those final moments of life, the character of soldier, statesman, and even father, seemed to fall away from him, and there was only the humble child of God, wearily turning his face towards his Father's House and presently passing into the Eternal Rest of that Home, in great peace. When the shades of night had fallen, his grave was prepared, by which hallowed spot I have many a time stood and read, and read again, the simple humble inscription on the stone. There was no pomp of warlike funeral, but as the few European soldiers bore away the body of their dead chief, they lifted the coverlet and reverently kissed his forehead. And so passed away, after toil and sacrifice, and faithful service unto death, Henry Lawrence, one of England's noblest, truest sons." Mr. Male dealt at length with subsequent events and in eloquent and thrilling terms described the long and anxious waiting in the Residency and the latter's ultimate relief by Havelock. Later he gave an equally vivid description of the final relief of the garrison by General Sir Colin Campbell, the veteran Highland soldier. The incident of the drummer boy is worth reproducing here:- "From the topmost dome of the captured Mosque, Sir Colin signalled to the Residency, by means of flags and bugle calls. And the story is told of little Drummer Ross, an imp of 12 years, and small at that, who, when the signalling was over, must needs climb the dome again and after sounding a bugle blast of defiance at the rebels, calmly tooted the American tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' When peremptorily ordered down, he explained, by way of excuse, that he had been born in the States, and he only wanted to excite the envy of his Yankee cousins when they heard that the little drummer boy had sung 'Yankee Doodle' under a hail of fire, on the dome of the highest mosque in Lucknow". The meeting of Colin Campbell, Havelock, and Outram on the 17th of November, and the subsequent death of Havelock - "faithful soldier of his Queen and country, heroic saviour of his countrymen and country-women, but, above all, true man of God" - were dwelt upon and described with much pathos, and Havelock's last words to General Outram, whom he regarded almost as his brother, were quoted: "I die happy and contented. For 49 years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear.". "The Sikh soldier" said Mr. Male, "proved themselves adept in discovering and dividing the 'loot' but indeed our lads were not far behind them. Dr. Russell, then the Times correspondent, passing through the rooms where they were hard at work in this way, had offered to him an armlet of huge diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, for 100 rupees (about £10). "Yes," said Russell, "I'll give you that, but I must tell you that they are worth a great

deal more. Come to my tent to-night, and I'll give you the money." "Oh, faith" said the man, who hailed from the Green Isle, "and where may be this blessed night : I'll take 2 gold mohurs (about £3) for them on the spot; but. shure it's not safe to have any but ready-money transactions these times". And so Dr. Russel having nothing in his pocket at the time, saw his fortune vanish. The stones were afterwards sold to a jeweller for £7.000. Mr. Male concluded by saying: "The mutiny memories of Lucknow can never fade from the heart of a grateful nation. But it is well for us now and again to turn up the actual record, that those memories may be kept keenly alive within us. Not unto us, as unto those heroes of the Residency comes a pathway of such peril, heroism, and sacrifice. But while upon us the lesser duties of life devolve, from us the same spirit of faithfulness is required. May their fidelity unto death, of which that grand old shattered pile is the standing monument to-day, be to us a living inspiration to higher, purposes and a nobler life,"

The lecture was admirably delivered and was punctuated by frequent applause. It occupied upwards of an hour and a half, and was instructive as well as interesting. The limelight pictures were first class and were shown by Mr Taylor, of Windsor, by the aid of powerful lanterns.

Colonel Worsley, C.H., rose and said that been asked to propose a vote of thanks to his old friend Colonel Lawrence for presiding. ("hear, hear"). He was a gallant descendant of an illustrious family, to whom the nation owed a debt of gratitude and of whom the nation was proud. (Applause). Colonel Lawrence was now imparting military instruction in one of their Staff Colleges, and it was partly owing to the instruction which he had given there that England was able to command the valuable services of some of those who were now engaged in the campaign in South Africa. ("Hear, hear"). He would also like to propose a vote of thanks to Mr Male for his very instructive lecture. (Applause).

Rev. Arthur Male said that he esteemed it a great kindness that Colonel Lawrence should have come over and supported an old comrade in the little toil in which he had been engaged that evening, and he begged most heartily to second the first part of the resolution. He thought that no apology was needed from him for bringing over Colonel Lawrence, considering the very close connection between him and the gallant defender of that historic Residency, about which they had been thinking so much that evening (" Hear, hear.") He very heartily seconded the vote of thanks to the Chairman. The proposition was carried by acclamation.

The Mayor said that he should like to have the pleasure of seconding the last part of Colonel Worsley's proposition - a vote of thanks to the Rev. Arthur Male for his marvelous lecture, a tale of which he was sure they would never forget as long as they lived. (Applause). This proposition was carried by acclamation.

Colonel Lawrence thanked the audience for the vote accorded him, and for the kind way in which he had been received. He was only too glad to come there and give his old friend Mr. Male all the assistance he could. He predicted that they would hear much that was interesting from Mr. Male, and they had done so. (" Hear, hear.") They were in the midst of stirring times now. but he was sure that they would agree with him that their soldiers in South Africa would act up to the motto of his (Colonel Lawrence's) uncle, which was " Never give in !" (Applause).

The Rev. Arthur Male also acknowledged the compliment paid him. If, he said, he could enkindle afresh and intensify in their hearts sympathy with their gallant soldiers, that would be to him a sufficient reward. (Applause).

The proceedings then terminated.

At the Wesleyan Church

A large, number of the members of the Corporation and Borough officials and others attended the evening service at the Wesleyan Church of which the Mayor is a prominent member. The Mayor and Corporation assembled at the Council Chamber at 6.15 and the same order of procession was observed as in the morning. There were present the Mayor (J Truscott Esq. J.P.), the Deputy Mayor (Mr. Councillor W F Good), the ex-Mayor (Mr. Alderman C W Cox J.P.), Alderman R Silver and Councillors F Hewitt, H D Tilly, W Tripp, J Meeks, A Upson and W Grierson, Mr. E Lovegrove J P, Mr. J Kick (Town Clerk), Mr. C R Thomas (Clerk to the Trustees), Mr J Markham (Borough Collector, Mr. R Webster (Borough Auditor), Mr. Theo Hewitt (Borough Auditor), Mr. H Glover (School Attendance Officer) Mr. J Hews (Overseer), Mr. Percy Johns (Borough Surveyor), Mr H J Mount (Borough Treasurer), Mr. J H Barford (Sanitary Inspector) and Mr. M J Taylor (Sergeant at Arms). The last named, as in the morning, carried the Mayor's mace. Supt Dorrell had charge of the Recorder's mace, and Sgt Varney bore the Borough banner. There was again a large muster of members of the Fire Brigade under the command of Capt (Councillor) D Wilson. The Town Band (under Instructor L P Connor) headed the procession, which on arriving at the entrance to the Church, opened out, and the Mayor, Deputy Mayor and Town Clerk marched up the centre and firstly entered the sacred edifice, followed by the Corporation and others. As the civic procession entered the church, the choir and congregation rose and sang with much heartiness the National Anthem. The distinguished visitors were conducted to seats specially reserved for them by the stewards and sidesmen. The church was crowded with a congregation over 600, many of whom had to be content with standing room in the lobbies, while a very large number could not obtain admission. The service was conducted throughout by the resident minister Rev Arthur Male. It was commenced by hymn 607 ("All people that on earth do dwell"). The other hymns before the sermon were 467 ("On all the earth Thy Spirit shower") and 856 ("A safe stronghold our God is still"). The anthem was taken from 1 Chron xxix 11 "Thine O Lord is the greatness" and it was capitally sung by a strong choir. The lessons were: Joel ii from verse 21 and John iii from verse 22.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Arthur Male who chose as his text: 1 Samuel Chap x part of verse 24: "And all the people shouted and said 'God Save the King'". He said: "It has seemed to me that there are certain special occasions when it is permitted us as a people belonging to a great nation to consider the privileges which flow to us under the particular form of government which belongs to our country; and perhaps especially those which are inseparably associated with the well-beloved monarch under whose gracious sway we delight to live. And surely on an occasion like the present, an occasion of civic interest, it is pre-eminently fitting that we should think upon those forceful factors which make for righteousness in our land, and which, at the same time, afford us ground for legitimate pride and heartfelt thankfulness. It is in no spirit of smug satisfaction and self-complacency that we would do this, but rather that by recalling the past and rejoicing in the present we may ourselves, whether civic functionaries, municipal Councillors, or simple members of a community, do our personal part to render our country richer and stronger in those forces which make for righteousness. And may I not say that one of the first potent cause for national pride and rejoicing lies in the fact that we are called to live under that special form of rule and constitution which seems so particularly fitted to the British people. Saved alike from the restless turbulence and capricious changefulness which so frequently mark a republican form of government and from the tyranny which has too often in the past laid its hand on a people owning a despotic monarchy, we are privileged to live under a supremacy whose powers are wisely limited by a healthful national constitution and which is embodied, in these happy days in the person of one who loves her people, and whose people love her. Surely this is not the least of our national blessings. For a moment let us turn back to the words of our text. Naturally, it is not my purpose tonight to speak at any length of old King Saul, a man of ancient day, but rather of our own gracious and beloved Queen Victoria who lives still, thank God, enthroned in the hearts of her loyal and affectionate subjects. Suffice it to say, with regard to the former, that he was made a king by the selection of God and by the will of the people. God had been the supreme ruler of Israel and

Samuel the judge, and those who had preceded him in that office, had been God's vice-regents. The people acknowledged their theocratic government. And though that would not be destroyed by the appointment of a visible king, yet it would certainly tend to throw out of sight and thought the unseen Head and Ruler whose authority was supreme. Anyway they were determined to be like other nations. 'Give us a king' said they, and a king they would have at all hazards. This fickle and criminal disposition God exposed and reprobated. Yet He did not exercise a resistless control as He might have done. He did not chain down their free will. He commanded the prophet solemnly to protest and to warn and when the demand was persisted in, it was awarded "and the Lord said to Samuel 'hearken unto their cries and make them a king'". God reserved to Himself the right of selection and the people were content for it to be so. And it was upon Saul, the son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin that the selection fell. He was 'a choice young man and godly', a man of gigantic stature, little under seven feet high, a man of athletic frame, a man of presence which would recommend him to his people and one who would go out before them and fight their battles. Such was Saul the chosen of God, anointed of Samuel by God's command, and his appearance before the people was hailed with triumphant joy, for when Samuel said "Hear ye him whom the Lord has chosen, that there is none like him among all the peoples" they shouted and said "God save the king"

We have but to change a single word and the text voices the joyful applause of a great empire. Very few hearts will be found but are ready to breathe out with the warmest sincerity, the most loyal affection, the prayer "God save the Queen". We think of the vast empire over which our Queen rules. But we think of the noble woman - who has for over sixty years ruled over that ever-developing empire - as womanly as a woman as truly regal as a Queen. It is the benign and gracious personality that has knit itself so closely to the hearts of her people in every land. We love the woman who was born and nurtured among us: the woman who has herself known the joys and sorrows, the cares of English home life: and who with her womanly heart has entered with tenderest sympathy into the sorrows which have from time to time so smitten her people whether in the family, the community or in the nation at large. But this is not all. In the picture of this wife, this mother, this widow, where we have found a most noble pattern for every English home, we may have been tempted to lose sight of the august ruler sometimes. But she herself never has, on her part there has been no shirking of the high responsibilities of her exalted position. On the contrary the Queen has ruled with a singular discretion, a marvellous judgement, a firm hand, not as a despot but as a constitutional monarch governing not by personal will but by the statutes of this realm. Noble woman and noble Queen as a woman living in the hearts of her people. As a Queen occupying a throne of regal sway which is 'Broad based upon the people's will'. Christian women and men we have much to be thankful for today. We have much to be lawfully proud of. We are proud of our growth of empire but we are thankful for it also. I am no political partisan bitten with the greed of territory whose stand on empire is summed up in:

The good old rule, the simple plan
That he who has the power should take
And he should keep who can.

Not me indeed. But neither am I a 'Little Englander' to crave for my country a back seat on the stage of earth's nation, I am proud and thankful to acknowledge the marvellous growth of Britain's empire because I dare to recognise in this the hand of the great Omnipotent Ruler, the King of Kings. And I am not unmindful of the immense burden of responsibility which this divine ordering of human events entails on us as a ruling race. I might point you to our multitudinous Crown Colonies some of which have sprung into existence during the life of many of us, and all of which have advanced in importance and value: Gibraltar a fortress of the first rank and strategically next in importance as a position to the Cape of Good Hope: Malta the headquarters of our power in the Mediterranean, a repairing station for our fleet in these waters and an entrepot for British trade with the countries around; Cyprus coming

Cyprus coming under our administration only some 20 years ago but strategically of much possible value. Crossing the Indian Ocean we come to Ceylon, truly a gem of the Southern seas. Then to the Straights Settlements of Singapore, Penang, and Malacca. And then lastly to Hong Kong the British Headquarters in the China Seas ceded to Great Britain in 1842. See what a marvellous line of military and commercial communication especially if we include Aden at the entrance to the Red Sea. These Crown Colonies constitute between England and the Far East a complete chain of strong defensive posts guarding our Empire and our trade along this route, over 6,000 miles of sea and land. Passing on we touch British North Borneo with its Labuan and Sarawak colonies under chartered companies. Then we come to our colony of British New Guinea, only ten years old, then to the Fiji Islands over which by the desire of the Chief and people the British flag was hoisted in 1874. Sixty years ago the inhabitants of these islands were cannibals; today under our influence and the faithful work of God's missionaries they are a more Sabbath-keeping and Christian people than the people of the very land that gave them the gospel. Passing on again we come to the Pacific and Falkland Islands. Sailing westward still we reach, in mid - Atlantic, the West Indian Islands; and on the mainland the Settlements of Honduras and British Guyana. Most of these, as Crown Colonies, are older than the present age but, rich in natural wealth and beauty, they have developed wonderfully in late years. Then lastly we have Mauritius and its dependencies - strategically so important because of its position midway between Australia and South Africa. And what shall we say of the colonies that have an internal autonomy under the designation of Responsible Government? There are Canada and Newfoundland in North America, Cape Colony and Natal in South Africa, Queensland and New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand in Australasia. Technically the tie that binds them to the mother country may be slight, for practically they are self - governing, but the bond of union, of sentiment and affection grows stronger every day. They rightly claim a share in the Imperial cares and anxiety of the old country, and are ready to stand by our side in any field of fight if we were smitten by foes. A recent writer has said that "In no quarter of the globe has the progress of the British Empire during the age been so enormous, so far reaching, so conclusive to future possibilities as in Africa". And he has spoken truly.

At the beginning of the Queen's reign we had Cape Colony, Natal and some Settlements on the Gold Coast and Guinea on the west and an area of a little over a million square miles and a population of a million and a half. Now our possessions in Africa cover nearly two and a half million square miles with a population of no less than 44 millions. In all they constitute about a quarter of the whole African continent. A very large portion of this Imperial possession comes within the limits of Central and South Central Africa where the discoveries of the hitherto veiled interior have been associated with the immortal names of our own Livingstone, Speke, Grant Samuel Baker, Laird, Thompson and Stanley. The growth of our Empire on the Dark Continent constitutes one of the proudest monuments of the reign; and it is growing still until presently the projected railway from Cape Town to Cairo will be an accomplished fact. Turning to India the most marvellous of all our Dependencies, and, as I think, the brightest jewel in the crown of our Queen Empress, the growth of British influence and growth here has been positively startling. The Hon East India Company, incorporated by the Queen Elizabeth in the year 1600 for trading purposes only, and the greatest private Corporation known to history, was abolished in the year 1857. Within its two and a half centuries of its existence it had an auspicious morning, a troublous forenoon, a glorious afternoon, a stormy evening and a bloodied sunset. The dark shadows of the mutiny period were merged in the dawn of a new kingdom when the Crown took over the direct government, the Governor General being the Queen's Viceroy. In the early days of 1876 I had the honour of being one of the British residents in Calcutta to receive and welcome the Queen's son, our own Prince of Wales, to the shores of this eastern land of romance; and a year later I stood with others - a vast exultant crowd - on the neat green expanse of the Maidan of Calcutta when Lord Lytton proclaimed the Queen Empress of all India. There were gathered in addition to the British residents, a vast concourse of native chiefs, rajahs and wealthy land-owners from every part of the land gloriously costumed in silken robes, sparkling with jewels and attended by their gay retinues and richly caparisoned elephants, and I believe that the joyous acclaim when they hailed the Queen Empress of all India came not only from lips that were exultant but from hearts that were loyal. The British governance of India is, I take it, the

chief marvel of the latter part of the 19th century. In it I dare to see the hand of God. Of the nearly 103 millions of inhabitants all of whom come directly or indirectly under our sway, the vast majority are Hindus, but nearly 60 million are Mohammedans. Our Queen therefore is far the greatest Mahomedan ruler, by numbers, in the world. The improvements in the country with its ever increasing prosperity, have wrought their own moral effects upon the native mind, this vast people of many nationalities showing certainly contentment under our rule. The railway system has advanced by 500 miles a year until now there are 20,000 miles of lineage. A gigantic system of irrigation canals has been established to protect the cultivation of the land at a cost of no less than 25 millions of money and works of sanitation and drainage have been extensively set on foot. A system of public instruction and national education has been introduced for there are now elementary schools, colleges and universities and, thank God, female education has, despite old prejudices, made a fair beginning. Is not this truly one of the great landmarks of the reign? A municipal elective franchise has been introduced into the principal cities and in some cases District Councils have been chosen. The Press too both English and native has been freed. And lastly the revenues have increased more than fourfold from 21 millions to 95 millions sterling. As to the advance in extent and prosperity of the work of the Christian missionary I may perhaps be to some extent competent to speak. My father went to India as a missionary in the first year of the Queen's reign and though I was not with him then, have I not heard from his lips of the almost insurmountable difficulties and the terribly slow progress of those early days. But during the years just past 'What hath God wrought!' And wrought very largely through the instrumentality of a benevolent British government. For if under our rule, and by means of it, the population has grown in numbers and agriculture has extended and trade has expanded and wealth has accumulated and people have advanced intellectually and morally, so have they advanced in their sympathy with Christian truth and their readiness to accept the teachings of the Bible – God's Eternal Word. I say therefore that we as British subjects are lawfully proud of our great British Empire - an Empire which has grown during the Queen's reign in extent from 8 million to 12 million square miles and which in this year 1898 covers a vast area equal to the whole of Europe three times over and so the little United Kingdom where the throne itself is established no less than 93 times over: and whose population has grown from 168 million in 1837 to 40 millions or one third of the whole earth's inhabitants in 1898, 'Unto whom much is given from them much will be required'. And surely that is God's purpose. May He grant us grace to be faithful in the vast responsibilities of so vast an Empire!

Turning from the growth of Empire it would be easy to speak at length on the material progress that has marked this glorious reign in the British Isles alone. Suffice it to say that the population has doubled and now numbers at least 40 million: while if our own people in the colonies be added that white population under the Queen numbers at least 51 million. The population of London alone has grown from 2 million to 4 1/2 million and indeed to 6 million if suburban districts are included. The railway system has developed from very small proportions until now it has a length of 21,000 miles with a capital outlay 1,000 million pounds. Manufacturers have grown in value from 200 millions to 800 millions: commercial exports and imports from 100 million of tonnage to 650 millions and our shipping from 2 3/4 million or tonnage to 8 millions till the British flag waves over nearly half the sea-carrying power of the world. The National Debt has been diminished by 150 millions sterling while the National income has increased fourfold until it is now estimated at 400 million pounds and the accumulated wealth of the nation at over 10,000 millions sterling. And the moral and social programme has been as marked and marvellous as the material progress. A system of elementary education has been established and developed at a State expenditure rising from almost nothing to 8 millions of pounds annually while from 6 to 7 million children are at school. Technical instruction has been introduced with a grant of a million sterling. New Universities and libraries have been established and while the number of new books published annually used to be in 1837 only about 1,000 it now amounts to 7,000. The amendment of the Poor law has decreased pauperism. The introducing of the Penny Postage has amazingly

correspondence until the number of letters per day amounts to no less than 6 million. The introduction of the electric telegraph system with its 33,000 miles of lines in the United Kingdom, the extension of the franchise to the working masses together with voting by ballot and the establishment of an elective system for local government have all been landmarks in this wonderful march of progress. And I am bold to say that during this reign national growth in regard to things that are greatest and best has not been wanting. I have no sympathy with the sentimental talk about the "Good old days". They were days of drunken riot or duelling, profanity and profligacy when parliament was unreformed and cities seethed with sedition among the fever-smitten masses, when the rich man was too often the tyrant and the poor man the slave. When the spirit of indifference had paralysed the church, public worship was brought into ridicule and religion was at a discount. 'Good Old Days' indeed! God save us from such evermore. And I believe He is saving us from them. And surely among the potent agencies which He has used to effect His gracious purpose to this end is the benign influence of a good Queen and of a pure Court. You point me to plague spots in our land and I know they exist still. But our nation does not today exalt evil and call it good, pure things are held to be pure and good things are held to be good. The spread of morality and religion is sufficiently marked to be noted by those at least whose sympathy with 'whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report' has made their vision keen to see and read the signs of the times. I have said nothing of the bright names which shine out in the annals of this glorious reign like stars in a fair sky. In the kingdom of literature - Dickens and Ruskin, Carlyle and George Elliot, Darwin and Tennyson; and others belonging to more strenuous fields such as those whose memories are evolved from the storm and stress of the dark Mutiny days - the Lawrences of India and Havelock, the Puritan soldier, soldiers of Christ first but faithful to Queen and country afterwards; and later on Gordon, the unique figure of the 19th century, the God-made man, whom God raised up, just one in many ages, to show what a noble personality He can make out of mere human material when a man permits God to have His own way with him: Gordon - who has lately been so grandly avenged, not in a spirit of revenge but in such a way as he would have chosen - the smiting and slaying of a black villainous tyranny, which had crushed down the Sudan for nearly 14 years and the opening up of that strange land to the influences of civilisation and, as I believe, presently to Christianity. These are our "forebears" brethren and they seem to be standing looking down on us from the illimitable fields of glory pointing us, even the humblest of us, to our sphere of personal responsibility and high duty. We thank God for a Throne established in righteousness, for a pure Court, for a noble Queen - nay for a good Queen - that is better far. The fierce light that beats upon a throne has revealed no fault worth reckoning with in Victoria the Good, and the gracious and healthful influence of such a life has permeated all ranks of society and penetrated to the most distant corners of her vast Empire. Again, I say, "Thank God for this"

But the Empire is composed of multitudinous parts; the nation is made up of units; and the righteousness of a nation comes about through the righteousness of individuals, however humble, who belong to that nation. Women and men of England you are citizens of no mean Empire! The eyes of the world are upon you. Nay the 'great cloud of witnesses' who are beyond the world are watching to see how you will demean yourselves in the crucial testing time that is coming. Be faithful to your high calling, in view of your high privileges, and the righteousness of your land will be increased, and the kingdom of Jesus in the whole earth will be advanced. Humanity is surely going forward, ever forward; and it is for you my brother to help in the advance. Be not discouraged because the progress to common eyes is all but imperceptible. So it is often with the ebb and flow of the sea, the wave sweeps in and falls back again and the process is repeated again and again and to a casual gazer it seems fruitless. But watch and you will see that a little advance is made every time - only a little - but it is sure and presently the great sea-shore, a while ago slimy, oozy, begrimed with all evil things is beautiful with the 'many twinkling smile' of ocean when the great sea sweeps in. So shall the glory of God cover the earth "as the waters cover the face of the great deep".

“Say not 'The struggle nought availeth
The labour and the wounds are vain
The enemy faints not nor faileth
And as things have been they remain':
For while the tired waves vainly breaking
Seem here no painful inch to gain
Far back through creeks and inlets making
Comes silent flooding in the main.
And not thro Eastern windows only
When daylight dawns comes in the light
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly
But Westward look the land is bright!"

Citizens of this great Empire, we love our Queen, we love our Christ even more. We thank God that our Queen is one that loves God and works righteousness. We believe that her highest joy would be to see her people a godly people, her Empire one where righteousness abounds. Will you not help to give her this most coveted joy? By personally enrolling yourselves as "good soldiers of Jesus Christ" first and then by faithful fighting and service in the cause of Queen and Country and God.

Mr. Mayor, members of this council, and other officials associated with you - I do not hesitate to make a personal appeal to you. You constitute a unit in this great Empire. What is it that exalts a nation and a realm? Is it the pride of Empire and of dominance? I say no, though I do not belittle that for a moment. That means increased responsibility. That which exalteth a nation is, above all, righteousness. And if there is to be righteousness in the realm, there must be righteousness in the unit, that is in the municipalities, that is in the individual members of the municipalities. I say to you then, putting aside all selfishness and self-seeking, let your lives be shaped upon principles of highest honour and rectitude. Putting aside all that is little and paltry and mean, seek after those things that are "pure and honest and of good report". And in this spirit of humility seeking and following a greater Leader than your own gracious Sovereign even the lord Jesus Christ, you will give glory to One who is above all human kings and princes. But you will also do your part in crowning our Queen with richest diadem. May the eventide of her life be one in which there are no shadows, but bright and ever brighter, with Divine blessings. God save the Queen!.

The sermon was well delivered and the preacher was followed with manifest interest and appreciation.

During the taking of the Offertory hymn 972 "Abide with me" was sung and after the Benediction had been pronounced and while the choir and congregation were still bowed, the beautiful Vesper hymn "God keep us safe this night" was reverently sung. Mr J W Walker J.P. ably presided at the organ and the musical portion of the service was capitally delivered.

The civic procession was reformed outside at church and returned in the same order to the Council Chamber where the Mayor cordially thanked all who had accompanied him to the church. The procession was admirably marshalled both morning and evening by the Captain of the Fire Brigade (Mr Councillor D Wilton). The Town Band played in excellent style the following selections: Morning - Sacred quick marches "Until we meet again", "Wondrous Story" and the sacred fantasia "Conquerors Palm" all arranged by E Newton: evening: Quick march; "Peace with honour" (E Newton), Quick marches: "Starlit Dell" (R Smith) and "Wondrous Story" (R Newton). The music was much appreciated the band having greatly improved under Mr. LR Connor.

SHERBORNE

"Through the battle Smoke" - This was the title of a very interesting lecture delivered in the large School-room on Tuesday night by the Rev. A. H. Male who has acted as Army chaplain in Lucknow, and also went through the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns. The lecture was under the auspices of the Wesleyan Institute and the gathering was presided over by the Rev. J. Ogle. The lecturer dealt with the campaign, in which the battle of Tel-el-Kebir was such a prominent feature, in a thrilling manner, the lecture being well illustrated with limelight views. The lantern was in charge of Mr A. Scott.

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TO-DAY.

Sir M. Hicks Beach speaks at Bristol.

Earl Carrington attends a Liberal Demonstration at High Wycombe.

Lord G. Hamilton, M.P., addresses his constituents at the Priory Schools, Acton, 8.30.

Lord Glenesk presides at a dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation, Holborn Restaurant; annual Court of Governors, Corporation Hall, 1.0.

Royal Society dinner, Hôtel Métropole, Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener to be present, 7.0; anniversary meeting, 4.0.

Billiard Association of Great Britain, annual meeting, 140, Fleet-street, 5.30.

Birkbeck Institute, the Rev. Arthur Male on "Through the Wild Khyber Pass."

The Duchess of Newcastle opens a Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition at Newark.

Princess Henry of Battenberg opens a sale of the Working Ladies' Guild, Stafford House, 3.0 to 6.0.

Consecration of the Bishop Designate of Calcutta, St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.0.

Lord Coleridge opens a debate on "The House of Lords." National Liberal Club, Sir R. Reid, M.P., presiding.

The Marchioness of Lansdowne opens a sale of work in aid of the Qu'Appelle Clergy Endowment Fund, 24, Park-lane, 2.50.

The Archbishop of Canterbury takes the chair at the inaugural lecture in connection with the Lees and Raper Memorial Fund, the Dean of Canterbury on "Temperance Reform," Church House, Westminster.

Society of Arts, Mr. C. H. Bothamley on "Photographic Developers and Development," 8.0.

Foreign Dog Show, Royal Aquarium.

Racing.—Newmarket Steeplechase Meeting.

Company's Meeting.—Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Cannon-street Hotel, 12.0.

THROUGH THE WILD KHYBER PASS

Lecture by the Rev Arthur Male

As mentioned by us last week The Rev Arthur Male (resident Wesleyan minister), gave in the Town Hall Maidenhead on Monday evening, the 5th inst, a very able, interesting and instructive lecture entitled "Through the wild Khyber Pass". The lecture was illustrated with by some fine limelight pictures, the lantern being manipulated by Mr Thos Timberlake. The Mayor (Mr. J. Truscott J.P.) presided, and in introducing Mr Male said that the latter was now well known to a Maidenhead audience, since he had by his sermons, lectures and addresses, endeared himself to all classes of the community.

Mr, Male (who was received with loud applause) in his prefatory remarks said it might be asked at the outset how it came about that he was to a position to unfold the sanguinary incidents of blood and battle which were more than hinted at in the picture that was before them. He might answer that question first of all by saying that the British nation when it sent its gallant soldiers into the field credited them with something more than mere physical frames to be kept strong and in good fighting trim. "Tommy Atkins, while he had a strong arm to fight for his country, had a heart also to feel and sympathise and to be sympathised with. He was a man and not a machine (applause) - and had needs other than those which could be met by the daily meet ration, the third of an ounce of tea, or even the rum ration. "We like to know we've got a parson with us in the field" said a man to him, one day, in plain blunt words "we don't like, when we get knocked over, to be buried away like a dog without any prayer." (Applause). And thus our country, recognising these deeper needs of her soldier sons - needs which might not be always apparent on the outside - but which are none the less real - had her Chaplain's Department in connection with the Army. And there were never wanting men who in the path of duty, were proud to go forth under her standard not to fight unless some stern necessity should arise, but rather to enhearten the men and keep them in touch with that higher duty which embraced all the lesser, but essential duties of their soldier life. The men were none the less unshaken in duty and plucky in fight, because their Sunday morning parade service or the quiet word of comfort and friendly sympathy in the hospital tent, or the knowledge that if they fell words of Christian prayer would be reverently spoken at their graveside when they were laid away to rest in a far off land. (Applause)

FLIRTED WITH RUSSIA AND SNUBBED ENGLAND

Mr Male went on to say that it was in the year 1878 when he was stationed as one of the chaplains at Lucknow that it was rumoured that they were about to fight in Afghanistan. The Ameer, who had flirted with Russia and snubbed England, was to be straightway dealt with and British dignity vindicated, even within the walls of Kabul if need be. And they knew in Lucknow that it would be no mere frontier fighting, for it was known that Shere Ali had fortified positions and a force to some extent disciplined - trained, rumour said, by Russian officers. Lucknow was a big military station and everyone was on the qui vive as to who would have to go. He could well re-call his own feelings when one morning he was officially notified that he was to proceed at once to the Commander in Chiefs office at Lahore and there await orders for the front. In the proverbial " Good old days " a man would have started off in an hour, burdened only with a carpet-bag. Alas their wants had grown apace as the years had rolled on. Two or three days, however were all he needed to get together what he regarded as a very useful assortment of necessary articles. He was bound to say that most of these were afterwards left behind at their base of operations, where he had the pleasure of picking them up again when he, re-crossed the frontier at the end of the campaign (Laughter). Some of his men of the 13th Hussars were especially solicitous of his comfort, one going so far as to construct for him a huge pair of fur gloves with the hair inside. Another friend produced a cap, which was "fearfully and wonderfully made" with big lappets to cover the ears. He, (Mr. Male) laughed at the time, but he forgot all grotesqueness afterwards, when in the Afghan Passes the glass was registering ten and twenty degrees of frost, and they had to do all they knew to get a little warmth into their finger ends and ear tips.

In most graphic style the lecturer described his journey to Lahore and, putting a picture on the screen of the Cawnpore Well, referred to the awful massacre of '57 and paid a deserved tribute to the memories of those who perished in those terrible mutiny days. It was while waiting at Lahore, he said, that it was his pleasant fortune to meet for the first time with Mr. Fred. Villiers, the celebrated War Artist and Correspondent, who addressed a Maidenhead audience a short time since (Applause) - and to commence a friendship, strengthened afterward, in the Egyptian War, which had continued, he was happy to say, to the present time, for he regarded Villiers as a very fine fellow (Applause). A vivid description was given by the lecturer of the attack on and capture of Ali Musjid, and Mr. Male spoke as follows :

THE KYBER PASS

“No words of mine can adequately depict the wonderful impressiveness of nature there. After a little stretch of open but rough road, you begin to pass into the shadow of the solemn gloom of the great Khyber; and its strange wild grandeur simply defies imagination. On actually entering it, it seems as if you were passing the giant gateway of an immensely rugged country, where earthquakes and convulsions had torn the solid ground and heaped the mountains in grotesque immensity on either hand. There they are towering away in rough cliffs and ragged peaks, sometimes a thousand feet or more. Now and again the pathway is so narrow that you almost imagine that this towering height which had once barred onward progress had been simply cleft by some Omnipotent hand leaving a tiny crevice through which the traveller, oppressed with awe at the Infinite Power which has manifestly wrought here, just threads his way. Presently the Pass widens a little; then a quarter of a mile ahead you see it narrowing into a second black gateway whence a mountain torrent, some two or three feet deep, dashes forth bounding along, in endless eddies, and with many a cavernous roar, over the broken rocks and boulders which would block its waterway. Quickly I made my way along; taking in as many of these details of grandeur as was compatible with carefulness and vigilance. Sometimes the narrow path wound along the very face of the black cliff, where the going on horseback was exceedingly ticklish. The cliff, too was pierced with many caves, where the Alfridi or hill-robbers sheltered, and whence they issued to plunder and kill the passing traveller. When I first met some of these gentry, their appearance, to me was peculiarly impressive. There they were, wild lawless ruffians with long black hair, Jezial or gun in hand, and with the usual assortment of knives in their waist-bell. They eyed me as I eyed them. 'Salaam Alaikoom" I said hastily summoning up the usual Persian salutation among the Mahommedans, 'Peace be with you!. In surly surprise they were compelled to give me the usual Mahommedan response, and moved on. So did I - very quickly, giving a surreptitious touch with the spur to my horse. I saw them looking back after me, apparently not well pleased with themselves for having let the 'infidel ' go on his way without levying ' black mail.' “

MR MALE HAS A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE

Having given some interesting details of camp life on active service, the lecturer said “In the early part of our stay at Jelalabad an adventure happened to me which well-nigh cost me my life. One bright afternoon a friend put his head in at my tent and said 'Come let us have a run into the city'. Now I knew that this was not a very safe thing to do. For in a population where every man was armed, many fanatics were found; and attacks on our men had been somewhat frequent of late. Indeed, general orders were out that no man was to go unarmed or singly to the city. But my friend wasn't the foolhardy sort; he was a married man (and surely that indicates pluck if not prudence [loud laughter] if anything does!). I could not conceive of him running into danger heedlessly. So we buckled on our revolvers, and set out. Soon we had passed our line of sentries, and were moving on towards the city gate. As we drew near it was evident to us that something unusual was taking place. A crowd had gathered about the gateway, and standing in their midst were two hill-men, gesticulating wildly and working up themselves and those

around them to a state of strange excitement. Their cummerbunds full of knives, one had a long jezail, and another a big horse pistol which he flourished threateningly in the air. We hoped to get into the city without observation. This however, was not to be. As they saw us their wild gestures became more threatening than ever. Quickly, however, we passed on and entered the city gate. I do not think our stroll the day among the stalls of the bazaar afforded us all that we anticipated. We could not lose sight of the episode at the gateway and we knew that we should have to pass those men again as we wended our way back to our lines. And our anticipation was verified. As we walked towards the big entrance, this time from the inside we saw the crowd still gathered beyond, only it had immensely grown in numbers, and was drawn up in two long lines. There also were two fanatical fiends wilder than ever; and standing prominent forward, evidently waiting for our approach. 'A pretty mess we are in' said I to my comrade, 'we've got to run the gauntlet'. 'Yes' said he 'we shall have to go through it now, only be cool, don't run, loosen your belt but don't shoot except in the last dire extremity'. Step by step we neared the gateway. Nervously our hands strayed near our weapons. How we watched every movement of the long line which stretched ahead of us for many a yard, and especially of the two fierce hillmen. The picture of those two men is forever burnt into my memory. They were not particularly well favoured by nature and now, their face quivering with passion, their eyes glaring with wild excitement, and bending forward with weapons ready to strike, there was something horrible yet fascinating in the spectacle. Nearer we came. Still they paused. Presently we were level with them. They were straining forward with quivering limbs yet held back unaccountably as if some strong hand were laid upon them. Our nerves were at high tension; every moment of time seemed an hour, every foot appeared a mile. We were passing them; we could see their faces working under excitement for their opportunity was passing too. I venture to offer no explanation of that which was a plain fact. Enough to say we passed them; they laid no hand on us, and with quickened footsteps and thankful hearts we hurried on to our lines. Scarcely however, had we reached their shelter, when news of a horrible tragedy reached us. Behind us, some little distance, had been walking two of our native camp followers, coming also from the city. The pent-up fury of the two murderous fellows found vent on them, and in a few seconds they fell on them and slaughtered them. But at the moment of the deed even, swift vengeance was hanging over their heads, though they knew it not, for two of our native cavalymen who had been standing all unnoticed nearby, saw the deed of blood and in a moment, drawing their swords, they burst through the crowd and cut down the fanatics. Hastily word was carried to the camp, and an armed party dispatched to bring in the bodies of the dead and the dying. And from the lips of the two wounded murderers we learned a strange tale. They were, as we supposed, hillmen, who, under the fiery preaching of some Moolah had become 'ghazis', i.e. they had devoted themselves to death if only they might slay an Infidel, for this would obtain them sure passport to paradise. By the city gate they awaited their opportunity, and when we appeared, surely they thought Allah had approved their purpose and had supplied the victims, and they could not account for their own hesitancy, which allowed us to pass by unharmed. They did not linger long. The keen swords of our Sowars had been used with no flinching hand. One died then and the other a little while after. For a while at any rate my friend and I agreed to confine our rambles to open country and to avoid the city". Mr Male gave a pathetic, description illustrated by an equally pathetic picture, of the drowning of the at the 10th Huzzars in its attempt to cross the river of the solemn burial service he conducted when 19 bodies were laid to rest side by side in one long grave in the little cemetery at Jelalabad. Mr Male, having gone into details of subsequent fighting, narrated a wonderful discovery of him of

THE RELICS OF A LOST ARMY

He said "You will readily understand that as we marched forward and came within the shadow of the wild Jugdulluk Pass, the memories of the disaster of 1842 became exceedingly vivid to us. It was through this Pass that our men attempted to march and it was here that they were annihilated. Dr Brydon alone of all the devoted band (if we except some few who were previously in captivity) escaping to Jelalabad. Upwards of 25,000 fighting men, camp followers, women and children perished under the treachery of Akbar Khan's barbarous soldiery en route.

Some dozen miles beyond Gundamuk the spot where the last stand was made was situated; and one morning two of us guided by an old Kujiani who knew the country well, rode out to view it. Presently we arrived within sight of a solitary round topped hill and silently the old man pointed it out as the hill of the last fight. My companion, busy with a camera which he had brought, stayed below; I climbed to the top. When I reached it a sight of unspeakable horror met my gaze. It was a veritable Afghan golgotha for there in the centre was gathered a vast heap of skeleton bones, the remains of the gallant band who had fought and fallen on that hill top. There for 37 long years had they lain bleached by the suns of heaven and swept by every tempest that had broken over that mountain pass. Alien feet had trodden the summit of that lonely hill, wild shepherds had tended their mountain sheep and goats; and Kujiani and Ghulzai tribesmen had looked upon that open sepulchre; but never before had foot of brother Englishman been planted there, nor had friendly eye lighted upon the unburied remains. Here were truly the relics of "a lost army". Hastily we carried news to camp and arrangements were made for reverent burial of the bones. A tall obelisk was subsequently raised over the spot."

ANOTHER ADVENTURE - A TREASURED BULLET

"Before the obelisk referred to was erected" (said Mr Male) "a party of us visited the place once again. This time under the escort of a dozen Kujiani tribesmen who guaranteed our safety as far as the Sukh Pul or "Red Bridge" the stream under which marks the boundary line between their country and that of the Ghilzais. I have cause to remember that bridge. I happened to be well ahead of our party and was riding forward to examine a big rent which I noticed in the parapet, when one of our Hindustani men came galloping up behind, gesticulating wildly, and pointing up the hillside on the left. I saw nothing, but his keen eyes had detected there a Ghilzai tribesman who, jezail in hand, had been creeping from rock to rock, skilfully stalking me. In another moment or we two we should have been face to face and he, from behind the shelter of some friendly boulder, would have had a pot - shot almost point blank. Eagerly enough a couple of our fellows went off in pursuit and captured the man and brought him in. He had not been long our prisoner before his old mother made her appearance. Whence she came nobody could tell, for no sign of village or dwelling could we see anywhere. With a mother's eloquence and with many tears, she pleaded for her son, passing round our circle and laying her hand timidly on each man's beard, or the place where the beard ought to be, by which mute act she claimed mercy for him. When we returned on our way, with some difficulty we took him from the custody of our Kujiani escort, who would have incontinently slain him, and sent him off with his "mamma" not forgetting first to draw the charge from his gun".

A TERRIBLE RIDE

The lecturer was one of the many who were attacked by cholera at the close of the campaign, and the description of his 25 miles' ride on the back of his fast and faithful horse, to reach a medical friend, when the first symptoms appeared, and his arrival more dead than alive, thrilled the audience. He had to be lifted from his saddle, and the doctor thought he was in a state of collapse; but the symptoms of cholera had gone fairly driven out by the long morning gallop. A few days rest brought him round and he was soon marching with the merry little Ghoorkas on to India. In the midst of his gallop Mr Male came upon a small party who were digging a grave for a comrade who had died from the terrible disease; notwithstanding his own condition, he dismounted and repeated the words of Christian care and comfort and hope by the lonely grave, and resumed his gallop.

RUSSIA AND INDIA

In concluding his lecture Mr Male briefly reviewed the events which followed the campaign in Afghanistan and said: *"We will not enter upon a discussion about what was gained by our whole action in Afghanistan. It would perhaps be more possible to speculate on what was prevented. What new departures were being stealthily initiated, as the thin edge of a wedge driven in, were known specially to those most conversant with Afghan and Russian affairs. One thing appears evident: the Russian "Bear" turns not back. He only pauses and bides his time".*

Whether that opportunity, so patiently waited for, will come soon the future alone can disclose. Meanwhile let England be vigilant, always and doubly vigorous in smiting, should the moment of dire necessity arise; for most surely Afghanistan is not the final goal of that military power which has been marching on with steady foot over the wide expanse of the Steppes, crossing the dark Caspian, traversing the dark deserts of Tartary and Bokhara, and which pauses today, as for a moment of breathing time, on the banks of the Oxus. May we not fear at least that the eye of Russia is on India. India is the fairest jewel in the diadem of our Queen. We hold her, and with her a burden of vast responsibility, from the great King of Kings the Ruler of earth's nations. We cannot loose our hold and we dare not betray our trust. We guard her from outside perils, and having done that it is time for us to bring increasingly to India the elevating influences of our western civilisation. But above all it is for us to make this bright jewel brighter still with the light of Christianity; this fair land fairer yet with the beauty of holiness. And as I look upon the picture of my own old church in Lucknow I may be permitted to express my profound convictions that this is the 'far off divine event' towards which we are moving in India; and that in the vast brotherhood of nations, which belongs to the golden age of the future, India will stand by Britain's side, transformed into a new beauty and engirdled with a nobler light than have been hers in the long ages, the darker ages of the past". The picture of Mr Male's Wesleyan church at Lucknow - a pretty and commodious edifice - was received with acclamation, while the lecturer's peroration was concluded among long continued applause.

During an interval caused by a temporary failure of the limelight, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the Rev A Male and the Mayor on the proposition of Mr J W Walker J P seconded by Mr Symmons.

The proceedings were appropriately concluded with the National Anthem. The lecture occupied nearly two hours in delivery, and the opinion of many was that it surpassed in interest the previous lectures by Mr Male on "Scenes through the Battle Smoke"

THE EVENING SERVICE

A large number of members of the Corporation and borough officials attended the evening service at the Wesleyan Church of which the Mayor being a worshipper there and a sidesman. This is the third successive year that the Mayor and Corporation have attended the Wesleyan Church, the sermon on each occasion having been preached by the Rev Arthur Male. The following members of the Town Council were in the procession: The Mayor (Mr. Councillor E. Hewitt), the Deputy-Mayor (Mr. Councillor D. Wilton), the ex Mayor (Mr Councillor J. Truscott), Aldermen H. Silver, .J.P., and C. W. Cox, J.P., and Councillors W. Grierson, A. Upson, W. Tripp, and H. D. Tilly. There were also present Mr. J. Budgen, J.P., Mr. H.J. Mount, J.P., Mr. C. R. Thomas (Clerk to the Justices). Mr. Percy Johns (Borough Surveyor), Mr. J. Markham (Rate Collector), Mr. Theo. Hewitt (Auditor), Mr. H. Glover (School Attendance Officer), Mr. A. C. Hewitt, Mr. M.J. Taylor (Sergeant at Mace), and Mr. H. Sales (Park-keeper). The Town Clerk was unable to attend owing to indisposition. As in the morning representatives of the local press also accompanied the Mayor and Corporation. The members of the Fire Brigade present were Capt. I. Wilton, Secretary J. K. Bolton, Lieuts J. H. Barford, J. Burnham, and T. A. Durrant, Foreman G. Watson, Engineer S. Ianb, and firemen J. A. Whitmore, W. Tripp, F J Edwards, H. Gibson, C. Vevers, F Blowfield, B. Barford. P. W. Jackson. J. S. Jackson. W. H. Heynes, and H. Hews, and ex-Lieut G. Tubb, and Drill Instructor Perkins. The Town Clerk was unable to attend owing to indisposition. The order of procession etc was exactly the same order as in the morning, and the same police officers carried the Recorder's mace, borough banner, Bridgemaster's staves, pikes, and halberds.. Seats were reserved in the centre of the tastefully decorated church, the maces being placed on the communion table. As the Mayor and Corporation entered the sacred edifice the choir rose and sang the National Anthem. The church was crowded, and many had to stand in the galleries and doorways, while a large number could not gain admission at all. The bandsmen took possession of the vestry, and from there joined in the service. The latter was conducted throughout by the resident minister Rev. Arthur Male. The opening hymn was 266 (Soldiers of Christ Arise) and that after prayer 760 ("Behold the mountain of the Lord.") The first lesson was Neh. xiii, from verse 15. and the second lesson was Titus iii. The anthem, sung between the lessons, was "O King of Kings" (Sir John Stainer), and it was nicely rendered. Mr. G. Jenkins and Mrs. Marsh sang. the tenor and soprano solos with much expression and success. The hymn before the sermon was 800 (The God .of Abraham praise).

The sermon was preached by the Rev Arthur Male, who chose as his text Timothy, ii - 3 - "A good soldier of Jesus Christ." He said:

In those few sharp and simple words Paul paints a real portraiture of the true Christian. St. Paul, like a skilled artist, with a few masterly strokes of the pencil, accurately delineates the real man of God. . And then he flashes this picture before us, and says "That is He". Not that sentimental, namby-pamby weakling whose religion consists in mere externals, externals which are strictly limited within the stone walls of the church which he adorns with his presence on one day of the week and then only in the morning. No, the man whose religion is pervasive, it touches his life in the home as well as in the hallowed temple, in the shop as well as in the sanctuary. The man whose religion makes him fight. For there are mighty forces of evil that have to be grappled with, giant lusts in his own heart, insidious allurements from without; the strong power of Satan, the arch enemy, surge in battalions about him. Do you think he can afford to ignore them? I say "No". They must be reckoned with, grappled with, conquered, and under the inspiration and leadership of such a captain as ours, they will be "A good soldier of Jesus Christ". I make no apology for using a military figure in dealing with a militant theme, especially in view of the circumstances surrounding our people. I am quite aware that some people regard the whole subject of war with abhorrence and repudiate the possibility of any connection between Christianity and fighting. But when I hear the sweeping assertions made about war and the soldier, I am not careful or concerned to answer. I put them down to those

LIMITATIONS OF INTELLECT

which alas makes a man incapable of discriminating between things that which manifestly differ. There is an unrighteous war, with selfishness and grasping greed behind it. That is devilish: It springs from hell. There is war for the vindication of right; the quenching of strong evil; the deliverance of the oppressed. And that I say, is righteous and divinely ordered. However be that as it may, the fact cannot be gainsaid that the Bible uses military figures over and over again to set forth the great battle of Truth: the struggle for God and goodness, which is so manifest in the world; and the fight in which every true man must take part, if he would be loyal to his leader, who is Himself designated "the Captain of our Salvation" and if he would win eternal victory. There is something supremely inspiring in the divine figure of the Lord Jesus Christ as He is so often depicted in Scripture. Himself the champion, the supreme leader in this great conflict. Who shall tell the intensity of that lone wilderness fight, when He, weakened as far as His human frame was concerned by long fasting and the pangs of hunger, met and grappled with the lion of hell, to Satan's complete discomfiture. That was no gay tournament, no holiday spectacle, no fight with blunted weapons. It was a struggle upon which eternal issues hung. And though it was a solitary fight in the sense that human companionship was denied Him, for no band of faithful friends accompanied Him thither, and surrounded him while He fought, yet the eye of God was upon Him; and angels stooping from the heights of glory, were gazing with wondrous awe upon the wondrous scene. Once and again and again, the Satanic foe returned to the attack. But Jesus, our champion, hunger weakened but armed with all the panoply of Truth, each time turned aside the fatal thrust, beat back the fierce shock. Wielding a trenchant blade, the sword of the Spirit, He cut through and through the shallow sophistries of hell, and finally drove the Prince of Darkness conquered, crushed, and dishonoured, from the field. "And behold angels came and ministered unto Him". Jesus is the great leader, the champion "the captain of our salvation". Forth He goes conquering and to conquer. He is winning now, though faithless men are sometimes tempted to question it. Point me to a spot where Truth, once prevailing, is conquered now by error; where light has been blotted out by the darkness of sin; where the beauty of holiness has been transmuted by Satan into the ugliness of evil. You can't. But I can point you to a hundred spots in this redeemed world, once under the brooding shadow of sin, now shining with the

VERY LIGHT OF GOD

Far away islands which gem the Southern Sea clad in a new beauty because the Gospel has come to them; bright oases in the dark deserts of Ethiopia; where the people, in all simplicity, worship the living and true God now: distant jungle villages in India where men were bound with the chain of their superstition, and bent under the bondage of their old debasing systems of life. Now they stand erect, as free men in the glorious liberty of God's dear children. And then in this land of ours; nay, in our very midst, may I not point you to homes which have been purified and transformed and to men who have been made men by the re-enacting influences of the Gospel of Christ. I tell you Jesus Christ goes forth conquering and to conquer: and the powers of hell will never be able to check or quench His victory. But He goes not forth alone. Behind Him come His faithful followers, pressing on with willing hearts and high courage: good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Have you no ambition to follow such a Leader; to go with Him into the field of right, and to join with Him in the victory which is sure. It is to this soldierly service for the Great Captain that I invite you, especially you who are young, for, be it remembered, St. Paul is uttering these words of urgent counsel to the young man Timothy. But if you are willing to enlist and serve as "a good soldier of Jesus Christ," it will be well for you to be fully alive to the responsibilities of the service, and to keep in mind what he requires of you. Now, if I were able to treat the analogy between the worldly soldier and the Christly soldier exhaustively, it would be quite easy to pick out a score of points where the wristlet runs. I content myself with two all-embracing ones. This soldierly service for Christ must be marked by

DISCIPLINE

And what are the main elements of true discipline? I remind you that there must be unquestioning obedience. This has ever been a prominent factor in making the British soldier what he is, and what the nations of the earth know him to be today. Take an example, an example the record of which is burnt in upon the memory and heart of the British nation. More than forty years ago, the scanty brigades of our British cavalry were drawn up in battle array on the

SLOPES OF BALACLAVA

the heavies, under Scarlett ; and the attenuated light brigade, scarcely amounting in numbers to the strength of a single regiment, under Lord Cardigan. The strength and elite of the Russian cavalry, supported by guns and infantry, were seen advancing across the plain. On they came in six compact masses, out-numbering either of our brigades, or both together, many times. Staggered for a brief moment by a double volley from the Highlanders, the Russians pressed on again towards the British position. And now the moment came for the heavy brigade to do or die. As the cavalry trumpets rang out, did any single man in those serried ranks question the order which the trumpet-call gave to him?. The lesson of unwavering obedience had been learned by our lads, and learned well. And so the gallant Greys, and the Inniskillings, riding knee to knee, swept on, followed by their comrades of the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, and the 1st Royals. And as the lightning flash cleaves the dark cloud, and they cut through the heavy masses of the Muscovite Horse, until they beat them back in shattered fragments upon their old position. But an almost grander example of unfaltering discipline and

... masses of cavalry, who had reformed, with guns to front, which they were to take. Did any man among them in all that gallant array, few in numbers, but magnificent in heroism pause to weigh the odds against them? It was an enterprise reckless, quixotic, impossible. But no man halted or hesitated. As they swept proudly on they knew that "someone had blundered". But for them there was only unquestioning obedience

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die

and thus

Into the Valley of Death –
Rode the six hundred.

My comrades, - fellow soldiers of Jesus Christ do not suppose that there will never arise in your life circumstances when you seem to be sent forth on an impossible mission. Such experience will often come. The Master will sometimes despatch you upon an enterprise which seems hazardous to the extreme. Or he will summon you to take up some Church duty, for which your timid diffidence will suggest that you are unsuited; and, perchance, in a spirit of murmuring, your heart cries aloud "Lord, Thou hast made a mistake." The Lord never makes mistakes and woe is you, if you refuse to give Him that unquestioning acquiescence, that entire bending of your will which He has a right to claim. The royalty of His service demands the loyalty of your obedience. And farther, the discipline of Christ's soldierly service involves much

SELF DENIAL

Here again our own British soldiers are fittingly our examples. The bitter winter through which they toiled and fought in the trenches before Sebastopol; commissariat delayed and rations terribly scanty when they were served out; uniform in tatters, hope almost crushed out. That told of self-denial. And the forced marches of the Mutiny days, under the burning Indian sun, when the very tunics of the men, stiffened with perspiration, would almost stand up-right of themselves. That, too, told of self - denial. Or the dogged advance of our men across the deserts of the Soudan, parched with thirst, and faint with hunger. Ah! I have known something of it myself, when I have lain in the sand, trying to snatch one brief hour of rest in a long night march, no shelter between me and the stars of heaven, but the muzzle of my horse just above me. That meant self-denial. But the service of the Master often means a stronger self-denial than all of this. A crushing down of self; an utter annihilation of one's own will, that His better will may be glorified in us and by us. And then the third element in discipline is staunch, unfaltering

STEADFASTNESS

Our soldiers have gained their most splendid victories by that battle-virtue in which they are pre-eminent; that of doggedly standing fast. Remember at Waterloo how Bonaparte hurled the masses of his cavalry on the British Squares that would not break. Think of Balaclava once again, when the, sturdy Highlanders in their thin red line met the first onslaught of the Russians with a double volley. Colin Campbell did not think it worth while to form them even four deep; he knew they would stand fast. And they did. And it is all being repeated and emphasised today in the glorious ...

WAR RECORD OF THE TRANSVAAL

yonder. The discipline, the obedience, the self-denial and the steadiness which characterises the British Soldier are all exemplified in the past few weeks. The discipline of the men who followed their leaders, and climbed the slopes of Glencoe and swept the foe from their entrenched positions there. The obedience of the men who went unquestioningly to Nicholson's Nek and who at this very moment, are holding on to their comparatively slender defences at Ladysmith, commanded by the hills, surrounded by a host of foes and who, I believe, will never be dislodged. Both in Scripture and in history we have record upon record of the men who by God's grace have stood fast for the Truth. Time would fail to tell of Joseph and of Moses, of Nehemiah and of Daniel; of the strong - charactered St Paul; and of the gentle - hearted St. John. Of the early Christian martyrs of the Gospel; and of those who saw the birth age of the Protestant Church. And, lastly, of the gallant Gordon. They were all steadfast in the faith; and steadfast to the death. Yonder away in Scotland, near the spot which used to be the home of the Gordon clan, there is a great grey rock. The name of which in olden time gave a rallying call to the clansmen. "Craig Ellachie Stand Fast!" And the battle cry rang out; and the men stood fast in many a fierce tight. Brethren, comrades, our Captain, who is the Rock of Ages, calls to us from the van of the battle, the very front of the fighting line; and He says "Stand fast!". Above the din of the conflict His divine voice of inspiration rings out: "Stand fast" And shall we flinch or waver? Steady! in the fierce onslaught of the foe. Steady! in the hour of fiery temptation. Steady! when the grim warrior on the pale horse rides forth against you in the final struggles. In the power of your mighty Champion it will be victory for you all along the line.

"Sin, Death, and hell are all subdued
I dare believe in Jesu's Name."

But there is another all-embracing characteristic of this soldierly service for Christ. It must be marked by

LOYALTY

That involves the element of willingness. Thank God there is no pressgang for our Navy today and there is no conscription for our soldiers. British service is not a compulsory one. No man is forced to serve. If he is a soldier at all, he chooses to be one. God has endowed man with the royal prerogative of choosing. And it is to that that Jesus the great Captain appeals. When he seeks to enrol "good soldiers". Whatever the omnipotence that He possesses He will never use that omnipotence to crush man into submission, not now at any rate. It is a joyful enlistment, a glad surrender, a willing service, that He longs for and claims from us. But loyalty implies also the element of affection. How men will follow the leader who has won their hearts. They will follow him anywhere and do anything for him. They will march twice as far if he rides by their side And they will fight to the death if they see the sword of him they love flashing ahead of them, to point them on to victory. And does not the Jesus Christ claim our loyal affection. He lays His hand upon our hearts and he says "This first". And there is an eternal rectitude in His claim. Do not say that He is asking for what He has not already Himself given. Did the putting off that great glory of His, that He might enveil his deity in garments of flesh, mean love? Then He has loved you. Did that hard life of comparative poverty, with toilsome days and weary nights, with insult and persecution from men, mean love? Then He has loved you. Did the lonely agony in Gethsemane's garden and the bitter sacrifice of Calvary's cross mean love? Then He has loved you. Loved you with a love so infinite, so unfathomable, that archangels "fail to tell the vast amount". Therefore "we love Him because He first loved us". Young friends, this is the kind of leader who would gather you all beneath His standard to-day as His own "good soldiers". He covets your loyal and disciplined service from the very beginning. Do not say "I am not yet ready". The question is "Are you willing?" Do not say "I am too young". There is a place for the drummer boy in the army of the Lord; and a lad with trumpet may sound the charge that wins the fight. But all classes of men with their varied powers are needed, and are claimed by the Lord Jesus for His campaign. There is

THE FIGHTING LINE

where the strong vigorous younger men are standing shoulder to shoulder, with seasoned warriors here and there to give them stiffening; full of enthusiastic hope and joyful confidence; ready to do or die There is the line of communication which must be kept open, and here men must be resourceful, alert, vigilant. And there is the Lord's camp which must be guarded well. And there in the hospital where the men who have been smitten in the fight, and are ready to die, are cared for, and are lifted up and brought back to life, and joy, and strength, and hope again. And there are veterans too. Thank God for the grand old soldiers. Veterans in the ranks yet in the very fighting line. Veterans all along the lines of communication, from front to back. Veterans in the camp doing duty. Thank God for the vision of their white heads, for the wisdom of their mature experience, for the

the inspiration of their loving hearts. They are not worn out. God needs and uses them yet. My brother, where is your post of duty?. Where has the Captain placed you? Are you there "on guard"? or are you slipping away under cover of darkness or depression, deserting in the presence of the enemy?. I pray you to be loyal, and to stand fast. Remember, the immortal issues which to you hang upon your personal fidelity. Some of you have long been content to be camp followers. Some camp-followers are useful, some are mere hangers-on. And you have hitherto been the latter. There is something better than this for you. Join the ranks men and maidens, young and old; join the ranks and henceforward as "good soldiers of Jesus Christ," fight the good fight of faith, that you may lay hold on eternal Life.

MR MAYOR AND MEMBERS OF THIS CORPORATION

in this great spiritual and moral welfare where is your place?. Surely in the forefront of the fight. You cannot escape your public responsibility. To you do the people of this town look for a true and loyal setting forth of all that is brave against evil: and of all that is strong in support of those forces which make for municipal as well as national righteousness. I pray you fail not either in true - heartedness of purpose, or in strength of character, to uphold and do the right. Be true to yourselves. Be true to Him, who would fain be your leader in all that is righteous, and pure, and good. Be true to God. And thus claim for yourselves the highest badge, the noble designation of the man who fights for truth.

.... some of the congregation would have endorsed many of the preacher's expressions by applause.

During the making of the collection the evening hymn "Abide with me" (Dunstan) was effectively sung as an anthem. The collection, which was for the Mayor's fund for the widows and families of British soldiers and sailors engaged in the war in the Transvaal, realised £7. The service – a very hearty and enjoyable one—was concluded with hymn 715 ("The foe behind, the deep before ") and the Benediction and the Vesper Hymn. The postlude was the "War March of the Priests" from Mendelssohn's "Athalie" and it was spiritedly rendered by the honorary organist, Mr. J. W. Walker, J P who presided at the instrument with his accustomed ability. The choir capitally rendered their portion of the service.

The procession, having been reformed, marched to the Town Hall, and in the Council Chamber the Mayor again thanked those who accompanied him, and entertained all to refreshments. We may add that the tradesmen in the High Street very readily responded to the suggestion by the Mayor that they should light the lamps, outside their establishments and thus illuminate the route of procession to the Wesleyan Church. This was a great improvement and it was much appreciated by the Mayor and his colleagues.

As will be seen by our Town Council report, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the Rev. C. H. Nash, the Rev Arthur Male, and the organists and choirs of St. Mary's and the Wesleyan Churches for their services on Sunday, and also to the High Street tradesmen.

We may further add that the performances of the Town Band gave pleasure to all who heard them, both in the procession and outside the Town Hall. The following were the selections: Morning: - quick march "Defiance"; quick march "On the road" quick march, " Giojoso", march "Eli" (from Oratorio). Evening: - Quick march "Grand Imperial"; quick march, "Under Freedoms': fantasia (sacred) "Sabbath Chimes"; quick march "British Cavalry. The Band was under their Instructor Mr. L. P. Connor (late 88th Regiment).

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PRESENTATION TO THE REV ARTHUR MALE.

A UNIQUE GATHERING IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER

As briefly reported in last 'Wednesday's Advertiser, the Rev. Arthur Male, prior to leaving Maidenhead for Portsmouth, after three years eminently successful ministry, in connection with the Maidenhead Wesleyan Church and the Windsor Circuit, was the recipient of a handsome testimonial from members of his church and inhabitants of Maidenhead and District. The pleasing little ceremony took place on Tuesday evening in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, by kind permission of the Mayor, and there was a large attendance, including several connected with the Established Church, as well as members of other denominations. During his residence in Maidenhead Mr. Male has been very popular, not only amongst Wesleyans of the district, but with all classes, being a minister with broad sympathies and possessing exceptional abilities as a preacher and lecturer. It has never been the custom among Maidenhead Wesleyans as a Church to make a presentation to the minister removing from the town and circuit; the idea is favoured rather, of making suitable recognition of good service during the pastorate of the minister, though the role was observed in connection with Mr. Male's departure, the rev. gentleman received during his stay here ample evidence of the high appreciation by the Church of his services. Though the idea of a presentation to Mr. Male was not made public - to the regret of many, including a number of Wesleyans - contributions came in freely, not only from Methodists, but from inhabitants generally. In fact, the suggestion of a testimonial came from outside the Wesleyan Church, and took the form of a town's gift, the Mayor and several members of the Town Council, as well as the Member of Parliament for the Division, contributing thereto, while it was only in accordance with the fitness of things that the list should contain a considerable number of names of those to whom Mr. Male had specially ministered, during his residence in the town, It is worth recording that the Mayor and Corporation of Maidenhead officially attended Divine service at the Maidenhead Wesleyan Church on four occasions during Mr. Male's ministry —on " State Sunday" in 1897, at the invitation of the Mayor (Ald. Cox); on "State Sunday" in 1898, at the invitation of the Mayor (Mr. J. Truscott); on " State Sunday" in 1899, at the invitation of the present Mayor (Mr. E. Hewitt), and on the occasion of the re-opening Of the Church after renovation and improvements on the invitation of the then Mayor (Ald. Cox). Two of the above may be described as "Methodist Mayors" - Messrs. Truscott and Hewitt, while Mr. Cox's parents were Methodists and he himself was a boy in the Sunday School and has sittings the Church.

The Mayor (Councillor E. Hewitt), who wore his official chain, presided over Tuesday's meeting, and amongst those present were; The Mayoress (Miss O. Hewitt), Mr. Alderman B. Silver, J.P., Mr. Alderman C. W. Cox, J.P., Mr Councillor J. Truscott, J.P., Mr. Councillor H. D. Tilly, the Town Clerk (Mr. John Kick), Rev. Arthur Male, Rev. V. L. Whitechurch (curate of St. Luke's), Rev. J. F. Pyle (Supt. of the Windsor Circuit), Mr. B. Nicholson, Mr. D. Bidmead (who was mainly responsible for organising the testimonial), Mr. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. G. Francis, Mr. H. Andrews, Mr. A. C. Hewitt, Mrs. Hamblett, Mr. and Mrs. Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Barford, Mr. C. Symmons, Mr. Dyche, Mr. M.J. Taylor, Miss Pymm, Mr. Tomkins, Mr. A. A. Bromley (Circuit Steward), Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. O. Lawrence, Mr. Gray, Mr. F. Thorne, Mr. Whiteman, Mr. Newport, Miss Aldridge, Miss Allen, Mr. W. Blumfield, Mr. J. Blumfield, Miss Blumfield, Mr. F. Pymm, Mr. Adams, Mr. S. Croot, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Hewitt, Mr. H. Cooper, and many others. Mr. J. W. Walker, J. P., wrote a letter expressing his great regret owing to being so far away, at being unable to attend the gathering and his high appreciation of Mr. Male's services. Mr. Councillor A. Upson was indisposed and could not attend.

On entering the room the Rev. A. Male was received with applause.

The Mayor said that he did not consider it 'necessary for him to make a long speech at that stage, or to inform them of the object of that meeting, which he had no doubt they were all well - acquainted with. He would call upon the Rev. J. F. Pyle to address a few words to them.

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The Rev. F. J. Pyle, in the course of a brief address, said that it was a pleasure to; him to be there on such an auspicious and brilliant occasion. He entertained the sincerest respect and admiration for his dear colleague, Mr. Male, and as he had before expressed in public he had never been associated with a more helpful, kindly, and genial colleague during the whole of his life - (applause !) - and it was with the deepest regret that he was now obliged to be parted from him. - ("Hear, hear."). They were there to wish him God - speed as he left for his new sphere of usefulness. They were very thankful indeed for what he had done since he had been at Maidenhead and in the circuit and for the influence for good that he had exerted not only in their own Church but outside it, by which he had drawn together to listen to him considerable gatherings of intelligent and cultured people, and the influence of his work and ministry must have indeed been very great, he hoped that it would never fade away. - ("Hear, hear"). There was one thing that comforted him in separating from Mr. Male, and that was the knowledge that his esteemed colleague was proceeding to Portsmouth. - ("Hear, hear."). If he (Mr. Pyle) had had the selection of a suitable sphere of usefulness for Mr. Male he could not have chosen a place that would be likely to suit him better. It was indeed a most delightful spot, and he did hope that Mr. Male's residence there would bring about an improvement in his health. In detailing the delights of Portsmouth, Southsea and district, Mr. Pyle described the view of the Solent and the Isle of Wight, from Southsea Common as "a dream of heaven," and said that a better appointment, regarded either mentally or physically, could not have been given to Mr. Male. He hoped that his colleague's health would be fully restored and that he would be spared many years to preach among men the unsearchable riches of Christ. He would take with him his (Mr. Pyle's) most ardent hopes for his future happiness and success. - (Applause).

Mr. Alderman Silver, called upon by the Mayor, said that he felt it [to be](#) an extreme privilege to be able to take part in that meeting He had heard Mr. Male preach on several occasions and had greatly enjoyed his discourses; in fact if Mr. Male were staying in Maidenhead much longer he believed he would be making a Methodist of him - (Laughter and "Hear, hear."). On the last Sunday or two he heard sermons from Mr. Male which affected him more and from which he obtained more good than from any sermon he had listened to for many years. He wished the rules of the Methodists could be so altered that they could keep Mr. Male at Maidenhead for another three years at least. - ("Hear, hear"). They in Maidenhead claimed Mr. Male as a public man, and the meeting that evening was attended by representatives of the Established Church, the Congregational Church, and other religions bodies in the town, and they met to wish him good-bye and God-speed in his work. He hoped that Mr. Male's health would improve in Portsmouth and that his ministry there would be as popular and successful as it had been in Maidenhead. He should be going to Portsmouth shortly for a little while, and he should certainly find out Mr. Male and go and hear him again. (Applause).

Mr. Alderman Cox said that he also felt it a privilege to be at that gathering. He stood there not only as a representative of the town, but as a son of a good old Methodist mother - ("hear, hear"), - and it was to him a privilege to stand there and wish a Methodist minister God-speed in his work. He had the honour of knowing Mr. Male before he came into this circuit. It was his privilege to meet him some time before at Burnham Beeches, a place that, as a Methodist Sunday School boy, he used to be very fond of and the annual treat at which he anticipated so eagerly, and he was very pleased when he found that Mr. Male was coming to Maidenhead. Mr. Male during his stay here had greatly influenced the work of Methodism in this town, and had been mainly instrumental in making the Wesleyan Church thoroughly worthy of a Christian community such as the Wesleyans. The list of names on the address to be presented to Mr. Male included not only those of persons residing in this part of the globe, but the name of at least one gentleman from the other side of the world - Australia - ("hear, hear") - which showed how widely-known and respected was Mr. Male. He sincerely hoped that Mr. Male's health would greatly improve where he was going and that his work would be as successful as it had been in Maidenhead. - (Applause.)

Mr. A. A. Bromley said that he supposed he was called upon to speak because he was an office-bearer in the circuit.- ("Hear, hear."). Three years ago, when they heard that Mr. Male was coming to Maidenhead, they were very glad because they knew that they would have a good pulpit supply, and since Mr. Male had been with them they had experienced no difficulty in filling their church. With a voluntary church the one question with which they were nearly always faced was that of ways and means if they had no endowments to fall back upon. He was glad to say that since Mr. Male had been among them, their finances had been in a very

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flourishing condition. - ("Hear, hear:"); Mr. Bromley referred to Mr. Male's valuable assistance on behalf of the new chapel at Lent Rise, something like £30 being realised from one of his lectures in behalf of the Building Fund, and as to the Maidenhead Church he said that during Mr. Male's ministry the seats had let as they had never been let before, and it had been difficult to find seats for those desiring them and on a Sunday evening to find accommodation downstairs for those requiring seats. During Mr. Male's residence among them they had learned to love him, and they were deeply attached to him. They were pleased that it was to Portsmouth that he was proceeding a town where there would be larger scope for the exercise of his abilities, and where he would no doubt shine even more than he had done here. - (Applause).

Mr. Dyche (Cookham Rise) said he very gladly responded to the Mayor's call, though he had only known Mr. Male some twelve months. He came to that district as a stranger, but on making himself known to Mr. Male he found in him a real friend and he was very glad to be able to testify to Mr. Male's real personal goodness. He had always admired the manly way in which Mr. Male placed the Gospel before the people - ("Hear, hear"). He was worthy of all they could say about him that was good, and he hoped that In his new sphere of work he would make as many friends as he had done in Maidenhead. - (Applause)

Mr. Councillor J Truscott said that now and again, all too infrequently, there came amongst them a man superior to the narrow divisions of party and creed that too often divided them - a man too large of heart and soul to be kept within narrow lines, a man who served not merely his particular sect or party, but his native land, his countrymen. Such a man - a patriot - was the Rev. Arthur Male. - (Applause). A born preacher, an orator, a true parson, it made little difference in which particular ministry chance might have assigned him a place; he belonged to all, and might say in a sense as a great man once declared, "The world is my parish." - (Applause.) And to their credit, they soon discerned and appreciated Mr. Male, though perhaps but very partially. Some men came and went scarcely missed, but Mr. Male would leave a big gap behind him that it would be difficult to fill. Here he would leave his footprints on the sands of time - and, if he would not be misunderstood, he would like to add - big footprints, too. - (Laughter and applause). They would long remember his clear, distinct, masterly sermons, his magnificent reading, and those graphic lectures which they had heard; they would ever remember his descriptions of those weird, lonely desert scenes and experiences on that dreadful march through the long, awful, ill-fated Kyber Pass - ("Hear, hear"). Mr. Male had given out generously not his words merely, but himself, almost prodigal of his scant physical strength. His words had been burning words, and his soul, the whole man, had gone out with them. Mr. Male left behind him a great and lasting lesson to all who might follow and learn that the true minister, the true parson, was he who while faithful to his sacred trust yet wins the hearts not merely of his congregation, but of the community amongst whom he dwells. - (Applause.)

The Mayor said that he now had a very pleasing duty to perform, and that was to ask the Rev. Arthur Male to accept a present from his Maidenhead friends. It was not in any sense a sectarian or denominational present, but one which had been subscribed for by the town, He then read the address :

August, 1900. To the Rev Arthur Hodson Male.

We, the undersigned, Residents of Maidenhead and District, in common with all who have benefited by your ministrations and distinguished pulpit ability, and who have boon privileged to listen to the popular lectures so graphically and eloquently delivered by you, much regret that the time has arrived for you to relinquish your position as Minister of the Maidenhead Wesleyan Methodist Church, the status of which in the town you have raised so materially, and in connection with which you were mainly instrumental in conceiving and bringing to a successful issue a Renovation Scheme involving an expenditure of more than £1,000, thereby greatly beautifying and improving the interior of the Church. Prior to your leaving this town for another sphere of usefulness, we (Nonconformists and Episcopalians) desire to give practical testimony of our deep appreciation of your untiring zeal and whole-hearted service in the cause of religion during your three years' residence amongst us, and therefore beg your acceptance of this address with the accompanying purse of gold.

Maidenhead Advertiser - Tuesday 27th August 1900

We sincerely pray that the Divine blessing may follow the work you have so faithfully performed in Maidenhead and District and be increasingly experienced by you in your new field of labour.

We are, dear Sir, Yours Very Sincerely

W. Adams	E. James
E. Adams	P. Johns
K. Aldridge	J. Kick (Town Clerk) \
G. Allen	F. Laurens
E. Andrews	S. Lawrence
M. Andrews	G. Lawrence
C. Andrews	E. R. Lovegrove, J.P.
E. Aplin	J. Markham
W. Archer	W. H. Marsh
H. Arrowsmith	A. Miller
W. R. Bailey	A. E. Miliin
H. E. Bannard	E. Newman
H. Bannard	S. Newport
J. Barford	Ald. W. Nicholson
C. Batting	K. Nicholson
D. Bidmead	J. Pearce
E. U Biggs	W.H.Ponn
W. Blumfield	W.Purnell
J. M. Blumfield	M.Purnell
A. A. Bromley	E. Pymm
E. Bromley	F. G. Pymm .
G. Brown	E. Randall
E. C. Chesterman	H. J. Rose
H.Cooper.	J. Scrutton
Ald. C. W. Cox, J.P.	Ald. B. Silver, J.P.
C. W. W. Cox	T. W. Stuchbory
S. Croot	C. Symmons
P.Cutler	M.J.Taylor
J.Davis	J. W.Taylor
C. Dunsden	C. E. Thomas (Clerk to
M. Dunsden	Magistrates)
T. Dycho	F. Thome
R. Finlay	S. Thorne
G. Ford	P. Thompson
S. A. Fosbcrry	S. Thompson
E. Fosberry	H. D. Tilly
G. E. Francis	J.Truscott,J.P.(ex.
A. Friend	Mayor)
F.Gray	J.R.Tomkins
W.Grierson	G. Tubb
W. Green	A. Upson
R. Griffin	J. W. Walker, J.P., C.C.
T, Grubb	Lieut.- Col. Wilson
J. Hair	R. Webster
R. Hamblett	R. Wellicome
E. Howitt (Mayor)	G. K. Whiteman
R. Heavens	A. J. Whitmore
Theo. Hewitt	A. W. White

Maidenhead Advertiser - Tuesday 27th August 1900

A. C. Hewitt.	D Wilton (Deputy-
G. Hewitt	Mayor)
Gwen. Hewitt	E.Wing
E. Hunter	E.Wright
H. L. Hussey	D. White
T. N. Hussey	Commander Young, R.N., M.P

Continuing, the Mayor said that he was pleased to find such a list of names attached to the address, and Mr. Male would see by perusing the list that it fully bore out what he (the Mayor) had said as to the present not being a sectarian one, but from the town, and he as Mayor could say that any town would be the better for Mr. Male's company. He only hoped that the next Wesleyan minister to Maidenhead would be as good a man as Mr. Male had proved himself to be. - ("Hear, hear.") As had been stated, there was the name on the list of a gentleman from Australia (Mr. Miller) who had known and highly respected Mr. Male, and he would like to say that those who had contributed to the testimonial had done so voluntarily. Had they made a stir about the present and publicly announced it, the frame in his hands would not be large enough to contain the names of all who would have subscribed. -(Applause). He sincerely hoped that Mr. Male would receive the testimonial in the same spirit in which it was given, and that when he looked at the address and the names upon it he would remember his old friends at Maidenhead. - ("Hear, hear."). He sincerely trusted that at Portsmouth Mr. Male would enjoy increased health and strength and that he would be spared many years to continue the good work in which he was engaged. He would ask him to receive this present with the good wishes not only of those who were assembled there that evening, but of the whole town of Maidenhead. - (Applause). The Mayor then handed to Mr. Male a handsomely illuminated address, framed, and also a useful pocket-book, the latter inscribed: "Presented to Rev. Arthur H. Male: with the accompanying cheque, on the occasion of his leaving Maidenhead. August, 1900." The cheque was for £30.

The Rev. Arthur Male, who was cordially received, said that that was not the first time that he had had to face such an ordeal as he had that evening, but he found as the years went on that it did not become more easy to do so. When he was a younger man he could leap into positions of difficulty and even danger without any perturbation, but as the years rolled on trials and ordeals became a little more difficult to face. Though he had received many presents on leaving circuits, he must say that this was to him a unique occasion. His own Methodist people had been very kind to him, and it had often happened that kindly words had been accompanied by kindly deeds, and he had accepted gifts, in common with other Methodist ministers; but this was something, more than a Church gathering, and was quite unique in his ministerial experience. Ever since he had been in Maidenhead the most kindly affection had been shown towards him, not only in his own Church, but outside of it, and the remembrance at this was very gratifying and he was extremely thankful for it. It did not fall to the lot of a Methodist minister to take much part in municipal and still less so in political affairs. In these matters they were Nothingarians- (Laughter). Their ministry in a place was short and they could not take an interest in things political and municipal such as could ministers of some other denominations. He esteemed it, therefore, a great honour to receive from the hands of the Mayor a present subscribed for such as that now before him. He looked back over his three years residence in Maidenhead with mingled feelings, He came there with fond hopes; he was then a stronger man physically than he was now, and the kindness and encouragement he received since he came here stimulated him to throw himself energetically into the work of the church with which he had the honour to be connected and to interest himself in the life of the town in which he would be living. It had been a joy to him to be able to speak to the people of the town who were interested by the story of his old experiences on the battle-field. He felt, however that he was now paying the penalty of some of those experiences. At that time he felt that he could do more than other people, and he did more than many, and did some things which, as he now looked back upon them, he considered very foolish. But, as doubtless some of them had found out, nature would demand payment of the debt contracted years before, and she was now presenting her bill to him, and it affected his work and prevented him doing all he would like to have done. He thanked very sincerely all connected with his own church and also those outside for their sympathy and great kindness. He noticed on the list of names those of many of his Maidenhead friends,

Maidenhead Advertiser - Tuesday 27th August 1900

as well as some from Slough and other places, and if he might be allowed to say so there was no name that he valued more than, that of " Father " White - (" Hear, hear") - probably the oldest inhabitant of Maidenhead and. an old patriarch of 95. He (Mr. Male) did believe in the supernatural; He believed in his God, and that belief and faith in Him were necessary to our progress and welfare. They would permit him, therefore, to return the kindness they had shown him in the only way that it was possible for him to do so, by remembering them in his supplications -

"For what are men better than sheep or goats . . . if knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer, both for themselves and those who call them friend; For so this whole round world is everywhere bound, with gold chains about the feet of God"

He hoped that all Divine blessing would rest upon them and that he might be guided by the Great Architect of the Universe to do his work: faithfully and well so that he might make a good ending thereof. - (Applause).

Mr. D. Bidmead read a letter from Mr. J. W. Walker, J.P., who was away on holiday, regretting his inability to attend. He also explained that he met Capt. Oliver Young, M.P., in London, and asked him to kindly attend, when he replied that he had not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Male, but had heard a great deal about him, and but for an engagement he had made three months previously he would have been pleased to attend the presentation. - (Applause). Mr. Male's removal would mean to him (Mr. Bidmead) the loss of a great personal friend; but he had found him to be not only a friend but an excellent preacher and a gentleman possessing exceptional abilities. He could fully endorse all that had been said about Mr. Male - (Hear, hear") They were indebted to the Mayor for the use of that Council Chamber, and he begged to propose that a hearty vote of thanks should be accorded him. - (Applause).

Mr. Hussey seconded the proposition, which was carried unanimously, and the Mayor having suitably acknowledged the compliment, the proceedings ended.

The Rev. Arthur Male was subsequently entertained to a farewell supper at Kendrick House by Mr. and Mrs. Bidmead, and amongst those present was the Mayor (Mr. Hewitt).

The illuminated address is a work of art, having been executed in his best style by Mr. Walter Gilroy, Queen St. The colours are delightfully blended, and the design is very pleasing and attractive. In the left-hand top corner appears a capital water-colour picture of the Wesleyan Church, this being by the brush of Mr. Archibald Smith, a local artist. The initials of the Rev. A. H. Male appear in the border and the Maidenhead Borough Seal is effectively introduced. The address is nicely mounted and enclosed by a handsome English gilt frame (oak) by Mr. W. H. Penn. It was on view in one of Messrs. E. and A. C. Hewitt's windows for some days after it had been presented.]

Portsmouth Evening News - Monday March 25th 1901

"SCENES THRO' THE BATTLE SMOKE,"
Illustrated Lecture, by the
REV. ARTHUR MALE.

WESLEYAN CHURCH, ARUNDEL STREET.

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27TH, 1901,
A LIMELIGHT LECTURE,
Entitled "Scenes thro' the Battle Smoke. What I
saw in the Tel-el-Kebir Campaign," will be given
by the Rev. Arthur Male (Army Chaplain in Luck-
now and in the Afghan and Egyptian Campaigns).
Chair to be taken at 7.30 by Alfred Grigsby, Esq.

Tickets of Admission, 6d., to be obtained of Messrs.
S. R. and T. Clegg, Commercial-road; Curtiss, St.
James's-road; Samuel Hill, Russell-street, J. B.
Ward and Sons, Fawcett-road and New-road, and
any of the officials of the Society. d599

Portsmouth Evening News - Monday March 25th

During the temporary absence of the Rev Arthur Male, who has left home for a few weeks in order to obtain a much needed rest, the Rev E S Shelton will take his work and will preach at Wesley Church tomorrow evening. The Rev W Jackson will preach in the morning.

Portsmouth Evening News - Thursday March 28th

"Scenes Through the Battle Smoke" was the title of an interesting lecture delivered by the Rev Arthur Male at the Wesleyan Chapel, Arundel street, to a large audience on Wednesday evening. The reverend gentleman described his experiences in the Tel-El-Kebir campaign, in which he served as an army chaplain, in a graphic style, with the assistance of some limelight views representing the scenes he described. The remarks of the lecturer were followed with interest by the audience. The lantern was kindly lent by Mr Avens, and skillfully operated by Mr Alfred Avens

Manchester Courier and Lancashire General Advertiser - Wednesday April 10th

"Scenes Through the Battle Smoke" by the Rev Arthur Male (London, Charles B Kelly) has now been issued in a new and revised edition. It is a capital record of personal service in India and Egypt.

Portsmouth Evening News - Saturday November 2nd

The Rev Arthur Male, who, on account of extreme disability, has had to leave the circuit for a short period of rest and quiet, has, we regret to state, taken a chill, which has somewhat retarded his recovery. The Rev E S Shelton will take Mr Male's appointment at Wesley Church tomorrow at 10.45, and the Rev W Jackson will preach at 6.30

Portsmouth Evening News - Saturday November 9th

The Rev Arthur Male, who has been taking a much needed rest, has returned to his circuit and will preach at Wesley Church tomorrow at 10.45. The evening service will be conducted by the Rev Leonard Ashworth. Mr Male is also expected to preach at the Buckland Wesleyan Church at 6.30.

The Edinburgh Evening News, Manchester Evening News, Yorkshire Evening Post - Thursday 20 November 1902;
the Western Daily Press, the Nottingham Evening Post - Friday 21 November 1902;
the Taunton Courier and Western Advertiser - Wednesday 26th November.

DEATH OF "THE FIGHTING PARSON"

The Rev Arthur H Male widely known amongst Wesleyans as "the fighting parson" died at Portsmouth last night. He had served as Wesleyan chaplain to the forces in several campaigns, and was held in high estimation in the service. Mr Male did good service during Lord Roberts' famous campaign in Afghanistan, and Wolseley in Egypt in 1882, being highly spoken of by both Generals. Of late years Mr Male had been engaged in circuit work.

Sheffield Evening Telegraph & Hull Daily Mail - Friday 21 November 1902

The death is announced at Portsmouth of Rev Arthur H Male known amongst Wesleyans as "the fighting parson"

Sunderland Echo & Shipping Gazette - Friday 21 November 1902

The Rev Arthur Male, widely known amongst the Wesleyans as "the fighting parson" died at Portsmouth on Wednesday. He had served as Wesleyan chaplain to the forces in several campaigns.

Hampshire Telegraph 22 November 1902

At the time of his death the deceased possessed three medals - Egypt 1882 (Tel-el-Kebir), The Egyptian Star, and Afghan 1887 - 80.

In 1883 Mr Male returned to England, his first home station was Bury St Edmunds. Since then he has had appointments in Bolton, Manchester, Birmingham, Trowbridge, Brentford and Windsor until 1900 when he came to Portsmouth. He was an exceptionally able preacher and that he was very much beloved and appreciated is shown by many presentations of illuminated addresses, pieces of plate etc that have been given him from time to time. During the time of his stay in Portsmouth his work has been very highly appreciated, and whether in the pulpit or on the platform he has always commanded large audiences. He was deeply beloved and his loss will be severely felt by a large circle.

The funeral will take place this afternoon.

Reading Mercury - Saturday 29th November 1902

DEATH OF THE REV A H MALE

WE regret to record the death, which occurred at Buckland near Portsmouth, on the 18th inst, of the Rev Arthur H Male, who for three years (up to 1900) was the resident Wesleyan minister in Maidenhead, and who formed many friendships with all classes in the town, and attracted large congregations. He was also esteemed as a lecturer - chiefly on the subject of various wars, of which he had a wide experience as chaplain to the forces. The deceased gentleman was 52 years of age. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon and was largely attended

Hampshire Telegraph - 22nd November 1902

DEATH OF THE REV A H MALE

BRAVE CHAPLAIN PASSES AWAY AT PORTSMOUTH

We regret to have to report the death, at the aged of 52, of the Rev. Arthur Male, Wesleyan Minister, who for nearly three years has been in pastoral charge of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Buckland.

Some weeks ago the reverend gentleman contracted a severe chill and this was followed by pneumonia. With careful nursing he recovered partially but the heart was so weakened by the severe strain on the lungs that he eventually succumbed on Tuesday to heart failure at his sister's house Queen's Road Buckland.

Mr. Male was the son of the Manse, his father Rev M T Male, occupying a high position among the Wesleyan missionaries in India. He was educated in the school for ministers' sons at Kingswood near Bath and was afterwards a tutor at the same well-know Institution. He became a candidate for the Wesleyan Ministry in 1872 and after three years special training in the Richmond Missionary College was appointed to Calcutta. From Calcutta he removed two years later to Lucknow.

During his Indian ministerial life he acted as chaplain to the troops and accompanied Lord Roberts in his great march to Cabul in the Afghanistan campaign. One of the officers engaged in this campaign was Lieut Napier now Colonel and Chief Staff Officer for Southern District. From India he removed to the chaplaincy to the garrison at Malta and thence was appointed one of the Chaplains in the Egyptian campaign in which Lieut-General Sir Baker Russell K.C.M.G. was also engaged. Mr Male very graphically describes his experiences on active service both on the lecture platform and in his book "Scenes through the Battle Smoke"

His experiences in Egypt were of a unique nature for a chaplain and he had many hairs breadth escapes from death. He was an excellent horseman and was ever to be found right on the line of fire and so conspicuous was his careless regard of danger that to the men he was known as "The Fighting Parson". At Tel-el-Kebir he displayed conspicuous gallantry in carrying a wounded comrade from the line of fire and an endeavour was made to secure for him the Victoria Cross but without success. During the same engagement, at the request of one of Sir Baker Russell's Staff, Mr Male undertook to deliver some important despatches to General Willis who was encamped a distance of about six miles away. The ride was to be accomplished by night and seated on his favourite Arab horse he set off with a written despatch carefully secured and a verbal one in his head, on his desolate journey through the desert. The ride was accomplished in about two hours, and after the despatches were safely delivered, the Duke of Connaught, who was with the General, interviewed the plucky chaplain and after hearing him relate his experiences congratulated him on his pluck.

The Rev Male refers to the experience in his book. On the journey he says he met an old troop-horse fully equipped but rider less standing stock still an object of mournful desolation. One of the greatest difficulties the troops had to encounter was bad water and on one occasion when the Rev Male was drinking from a pond he was told to stop as there was a dead Egyptian in the water. He, however, finished his drink and then, discovering the man was not dead, helped him out and tended his wounds.

At the time of his death the deceased possessed three medals – Egypt 1882 (Tel-el-Kebir), The Egyptian Star, and Afghan 1878 – 80.

In 1883 Mr Male returned to England, his first home station was Bury St Edmunds. Since then he has had appointments in Bolton, Manchester, Birmingham, Trowbridge, Brentford and Windsor until 1900 when he came to Portsmouth. He was an exceptionally able preacher and that he was very much beloved and appreciated is shown by many presentations of illuminated addresses, pieces of plate etc that have been given him from time to time. During the time of his stay in Portsmouth his work has been very highly appreciated, and whether in the pulpit or on the platform he has always commanded large audiences. He was deeply beloved and his loss will be severely felt by a large circle.

The funeral will take place this afternoon.

We regret to have to report the death, at the age of 52, of the Rev. A. H. Male. For a considerable time Mr. Male had been suffering more or less from a painful affection of the spine, which the doctors attributed to malarial troubles when abroad. But despite his often acute pain and weakness, he stuck wonderfully to his work. A few weeks ago, however, he contracted a severe chill, followed by pneumonia. With careful nursing he threw off the pneumonia, but his heart failed at the last, and he died on the night the 18th inst.

Mr. Male was a son of the Manse, his father, the Rev. M. T. Male occupying a high position in our missionary ranks. He was educated at Woodhouse Grove, and was for some time at Kingswood also, as a master. In later years he has been a member of the Governing Body, of the school. He became a candidate for the ministry in 1872, and spent three years at Richmond. His first appointment was to Calcutta, and from Calcutta he removed to Lucknow. During his Indian career he acted as chaplain to the forces, and accompanied Lord Roberts in his great march to Cabul in the Afghan campaign. From India he removed to the chaplaincy at Malta, and from thence accompanied the Egyptian Campaign under Lord Wolesley.

In 1888 he returned to England, his first circuit being Bury St Edmunds. Since then he has had appointments in Bolton, Manchester, Birmingham, Trowbridge, Brentford, and Windsor, until in 1900 he was appointed to Portsmouth (Wesley), with the pastoral charge of the Buckland Church. He was deeply beloved by very wide circle.

The funeral took place on Saturday November 22nd. The mourners included the Rev. J. C. W. Gostick, Chairman of the Nottingham and Derby District, and the Rev. G. W. Byles, both brothers-in-law of Mr. Male. All the Wesleyan ministers in the town were present, together with ministerial representatives of the other Nonconformist Churches. The service was conducted by the Rev. W. Jackson, Chairman of the Portsmouth District. The Rev. K. J. Chappell, and the Rev. W. Langdon Brimmel. Mr. Jackson gave an intensely interesting and sympathetic address.

BUCKLAND WESLEYAN CHURCH.—
In Memoriam. Rev. **Arthur** Male entered
into rest Nov. 18th. 1902. Sunday Services:
Morning, 10.45, Rev. **ROBERT A. MORRIS**,
subject, "Heaven." Afternoon, 2.30. Adult Bible
Class, general address by Miss **HARDWICK**.
Evening, 6.30, Rev. **ERNEST J. CHAPPELL**.
Appropriate hymns will be sung. Wednesday
evening next, 7 p.m. (D.V.), sermon by Rev.
George E. Scutt. Kindly make these services
known.