

THE HORSFALL MEMORIAL WINDOW.

A little over two years ago two young men, members of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Bowden, filled with the enthusiasm of the moment, decided to give their services to their Queen, and they enlisted in the Fifth Contingent (Imperial Bushmen), that left these shores for engagement in the South African war. One of them, Nathaniel Horsfall, never returned to his home, for within a few days of the termination of his time he fell mortally wounded, living but a few hours after the fatal shot had struck him. Members of the church to which he belonged and many friends decided to perpetuate his memory, and a beautiful stained glass window, representing St. Nathaniel, is the result. On Sunday morning, March 22, the memorial window was unveiled by the Mayor of Hindmarsh (Mr. Frank King) in the presence of the largest congregation that has hitherto assembled within the walls of the Good Shepherd Church. Among the congregation were Mrs. Plaisted and Scriven, Capt. Watt, D.S.O., Lieut. Francis, and Sgt.-Mjr. Steward, and 35 returned troopers from South Africa. The design occupies the centre panel of the tripartite window in the eastern end of the church, and represents St. Nathaniel (Bartholomew), the apostle of whom the Lord said he was "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." The legend inscribed on the glass is—"In memoriam Nathaniel Horsfall, born July 1, 1882, killed in action in South Africa, January 24, 1902." Beneath the window was a tasteful floral decoration by Mesdames Macully and Bednall, emblematic of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The rector (Canon Pollitt) conducted the morning service, which was commenced with the hymn dedicated to St. Bartholomew, 419, during the singing of which the Mayor of Hindmarsh, the wardens of the church, and the priest moved to a position beneath the window. The hymn ended, the priest requested Mayor King to unveil the memorial, and this having been done, buglers sounded The

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Last Post. A short Litany was then read, concluding with a special prayer dedicating the window, and for the deceased soldier. Here the congregation sang—"God Save the King." The communion service followed and after the Lenten Lymn—"Christians dost thou see them," had been sung, Canon Pollitt preached an excellent sermon from 1 Thess. iv, 13-14—"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." In the course of his



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Photo. W. S. Smith, Arcade.

sermon the Canon said "To the congregation of the Good Shepherd every one was Nathaniel Horsfall's friend. In South Africa, among the troops, he was admired and beloved by all who knew him. After his death his commanding officer wrote to his father "Your son was one of those men who always made me feel proud to think that I possessed them—an Australian sol-

who always made me feel proud to think that I commanded them—an Australian soldier of the very best type. He has never

once been away from his column, and was valued by his officers and comrades as a staunch and plucky fighter; and I have to deplore the loss of the nicest and pluckiest man under my command." After he was wounded, he asked a comrade to write to his people, and tell them that he had never been away from the firing line a day; but it was God's will, and he was prepared to die." In the evening the church was again crowded when the Rev. Alexander Maccully, M.A., delivered a most stirring and impressive address on "Patriotism." Referring particularly to the late Tpr. Horsfall, he said—"It is right that we should commemorate the noble deeds of our fellows, and especially of Nathaniel Horsfall, of whom we were familiar, in such a manner that his name may be handed down to succeeding generations as one who in a moment of extreme danger maintained the traditions of the race from which he sprung—an Australian by birth—of English parents. Those who bear his name might well be proud. His parents, he knew, were sorely grieved that a life so young and promising should have been so soon cut down, but he felt sure that their sorrow was not unmingled with pride at the high esteem in which he was held by his commanding officer and his company. Not only, then, will the window commemorate the noble life and death of one who had lived among them, but it would likewise be an incentive to the youth of our present generation and succeeding generations to emulate his example." The window is beautifully designed, and was carried into effect at the establishment of Messrs. H. L. Vosz & Co.

words, or played golf, or was the least bit frisky in any way. And well in fact, he seemed to have only one fault, and that was he would steal."

"I see by the paper," said old Tivard, a trifle acidly, "that you are absconding bank cashier; but always been a model of propriety and rectitude. He didn't drink, smoke, or gamble; never used profane words, or played golf, or was the least bit