

"P.S.—By the way, I'm in Hospital, with a bit of shrapnel in me that ought to have taken my life; but, in this every way topsy-turvy world, has certainly saved it. You'll see my name among the wounded, so I just mention it to let you and Aunt Sarah and everybody know that I'm ripped (but ripping)."

His cousin answers: "I think it was mean of you to leave us—to leave me—to learn from the papers how you won your wound and your Cross. I hope the friend you dug out of the ditch, with only the music of the shells to hearten you, has made his rescue worth while by a good recovery. Fancy Tony Capel! . . ."

"Marvels cease not, and the most amazing thing about Aunt Sarah has still to be told. She has persuaded three more of her men servants to enlist, and has given Belinda to Aunt Harryette for a birthday present. She says we are all in for sacrifices."

Captain Tudor's next letter contains "Just a word of thanks for your congratulations. There are crosses and crosses, the Iron Cross of the Kaiser, the Victoria that (by some fluke) is mine. But there's another, and a greater, and those people at home have it who've lost husbands and fathers and sons. I think King Christ has conferred on them His own Cross—the supreme distinction.

"And they have their Crown with their Cross—the crowning joy that their Beloved are safe for ever beyond range of all life's casualties, crueller, a lot of them, than any that battle can inflict. So when I hear that this man and that of my friends has fallen, I say to myself (perhaps a bit enviously) those heavenly lines:

*"The sunshine, dreaming upon Salmon's height,
Is not more sweet and white
Than the most heretofore sin-spotted soul
That darts to its delight
Straight from the absolution of a faithful fight.*

"I quote from memory, but you know your Coventry Patmore well enough to be able to go to the source."

Of her "former footman Henry," Captain Tudor writes to his Aunt: "He had an eye shot out at Ypres—a place he calls Wipers, and other men Whypress. Wonderful to relate, he says it's a great comfort to have only one eye. 'The eye that's gone is the one *she* didn't like the squint of,' he said, but I could get no further enlightenment!"

In one of his many intimate letters to his cousin, Captain Tudor wrote: "You say that a war brings you nearer to the living; but I tell you, in this borderland between two worlds, one gets wonderfully chummy with all the generations of the dead. I'm getting back to the Front in a fortnight or so. I'm on pretty friendly nodding terms with Death by now, and suppose it may soon be a case of shake-hands. So I'll tell you that the hand Death takes is a better and a cleaner hand for having held yours in the days that now seem ten thousand years ago."

In her replies Pauline writes: "As Aunt has turned No. 60 into a Hospital, I shall probably take my first professional duty here. And I shall be nursing proxies of you all the time, my Owen. . . ."

"So you are in the front line again, and full of faith in the great issues of the fight! I bless you, my very own. I bless you now and always. . . . Again and again and again I bless you my Beloved, and I don't know why, but my tears fall as if to fix and not obliterate my blessing."

"To-morrow," writes Captain Tudor to his cousin, "we make a further advance to try to clear the Ypres district of the enemy, and so may end the toughest Battle in all British or any other history. . . ."

"By the way, doesn't it move you to see, in the list of the Fallen, the sons of so many parsons—and all of them knowing that the boys in this surely last War are like themselves, the servants of the Prince of Peace. In that Faith I live; in that Faith, God willing, I die.

"Goodbye, dearest you, from Owen.

"Remember, dear, that Love outlasts death."

EXTRACT FROM "THE NEW ERA."

"Mrs. Neldon-Weldon has fitted up her house in Grosvenor Square as a thoroughly well-equipped hospital for wounded officers and men. The nursing staff is to include her niece, Miss Pauline Vandeleur, and by a not unpleasant coincidence the first to arrive at No. 60, wounded from France, was Private Henry Thomas Dove, a former footman of the house, whom Mrs. Neldon-Weldon sent to serve his King and Country at the very outset of the war. . . ."

"Mrs. Neldon-Weldon is in mourning for her nephew, Captain Owen Tudor, V.C., who, after being earlier wounded, in circumstances that are now familiar, finally lost his life in a later stage of the stubborn fighting at Ypres. From recent reports it appears that a farmhouse occupied by the enemy, near to the advancing English line, had to be cleared, a task of the greatest danger, and indeed of all but certain death to the officer entrusted to carry it out. Captain Milne characteristically volunteered, and the General in command was about to accept the heroic offer, when Captain Tudor said: 'I'm your man, Sir—I'm not married.' Then occurred what is probably a unique episode of an otherwise unprecedented war. The General shook Captain Tudor's hand in acceptance of the offer, and, before releasing, bowed over it. The enemy were successfully dislodged that day, but Captain Tudor, leading his men in the assault, was shot through the heart."

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

"Not all our heroes obtain temporal honours, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity: it cancels a whole lifetime of sins—it transforms a sinful man into a saint."—*From the banned Pastoral of Cardinal Mercier.*

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)