



The
Pictures
by
R. André

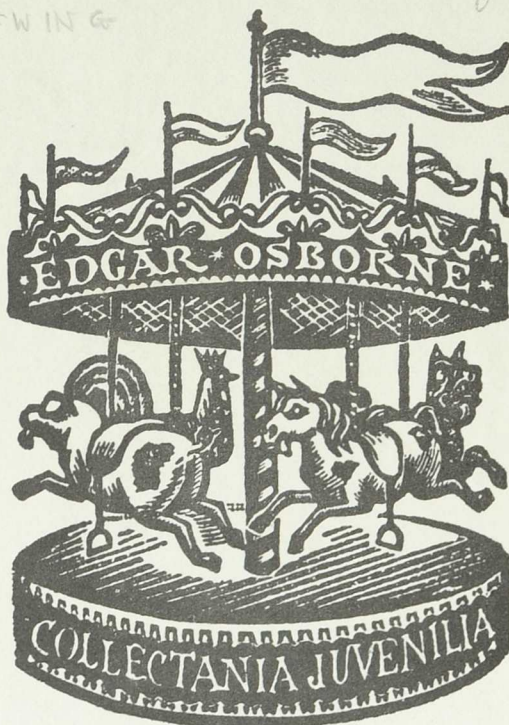
A
**Soldier's
Children:**

Written by
Juliana: Horatia: Ewing:

London:
Society for Promoting
Christian Knowledge.
New York:
E. & J. B. Young & Co.

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Dedicated to the "QUEER ONES"
In memory of
the South Camp Aldershot
J: H: E: :



A Soldier's Children: ~

~ : Written by
Juliana HORATIA Ewing:

Depicted by R. André: ~.





A
Soldier's Children:

Written by

Juliana Horatia Ewing:

Depicted by
R. André:





A Soldier's Children

J. H. & C.



OUR home used to be in the dear old Camp,
with lots of bands and trumpets and
bugles and dead marches, and three
times a day there was a gun,
But now we live in View Villa at the top of
the village, and it isn't nearly such fun.



We never see any soldier's, except one day we saw
 a Volunteer, and we ran after him as hard as ever
 we could go, for we thought he looked rather brave;



But there's only been one funeral since we came. an ugly black thing with no Dead March or Union Jack, and not even a firing party at the grave. ~~~~~



There is a man in
uniform to bring the
letters, but he's nothing
like our old Orderly Brown.

I told him, through the

Hedge, "Your facings are dirty,



and you'd have to wear your belt if my father was at home," and, oh, how he did frown!



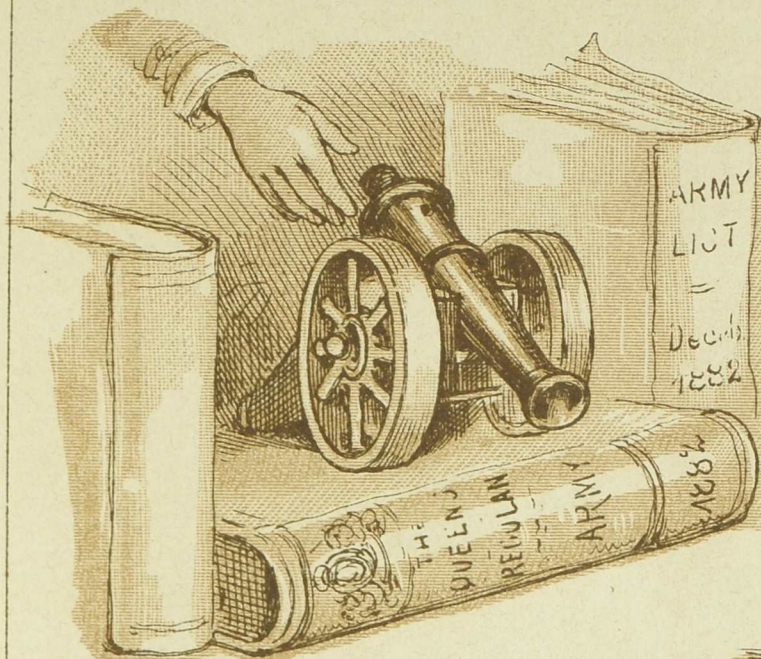


Grandpapa's dead, so he doesn't want it now, and Dick's

too young
for a real
Tin sword
like mine:
He's so
young he
won't make
up his mind

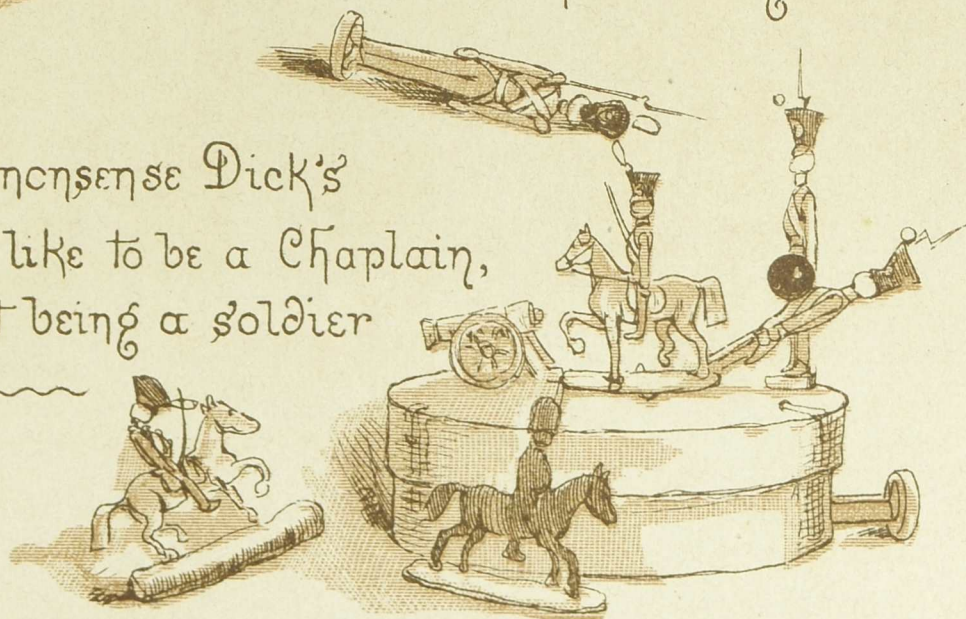


whether he'll go into the ARTILLERY or the Line. —



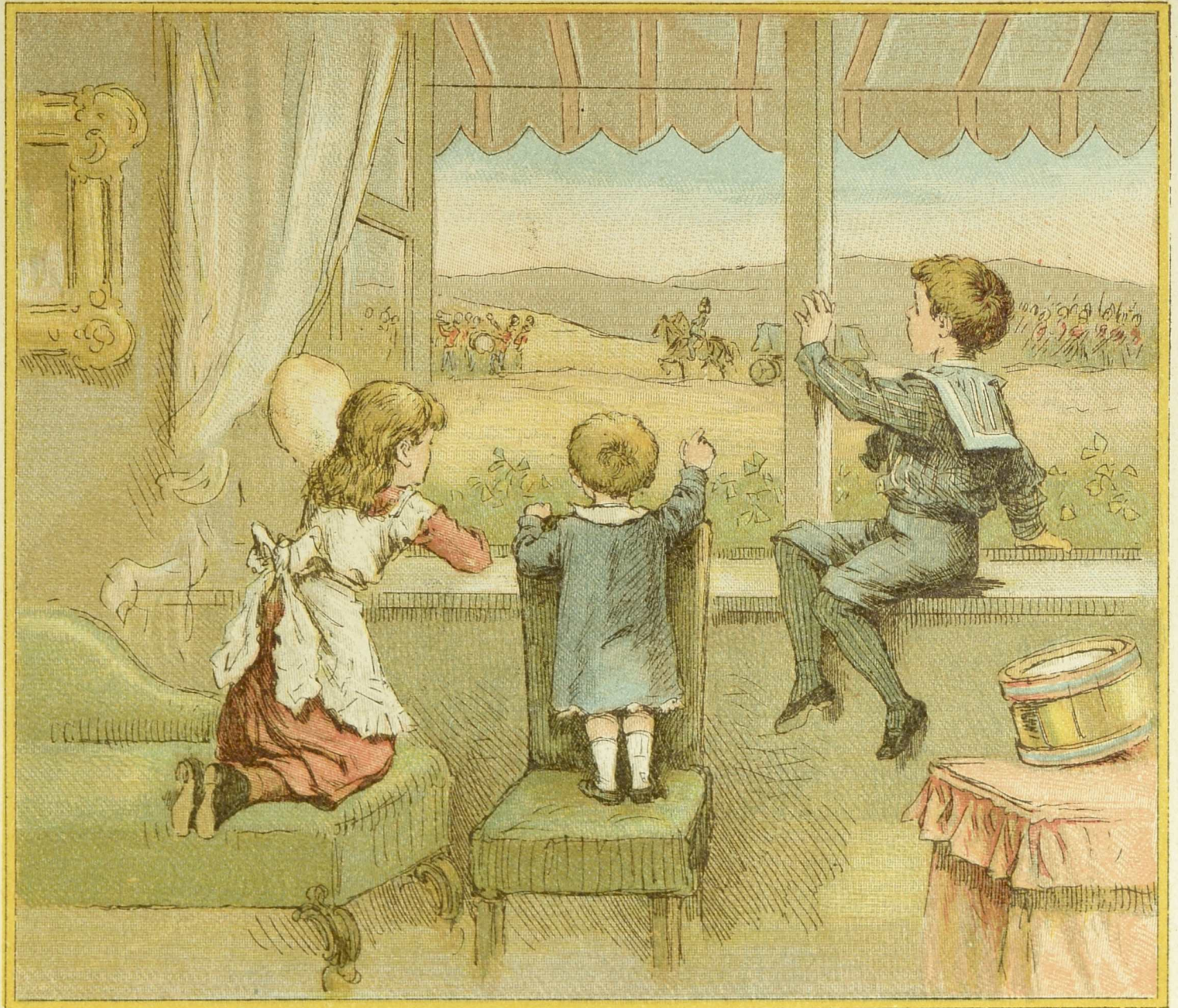
~ : I want him to
be a Gunner,
for his frock's dark
blue, and Captain
Powder gave us a
wooden gun with an
elastic that shoots
quite a big ball.

It's nonsense Dick's
saying he'd like to be a Chaplain,
for that's not being a soldier
at all. ~





Besides, he always wants to be Drum-Major
 when we've funerals, to stamp the stick
 and sing RUM — TUM — TUM!
 To the Dead March in Saul (that's the
 name of the tune, and you play it
 on a drum). ~~~~~





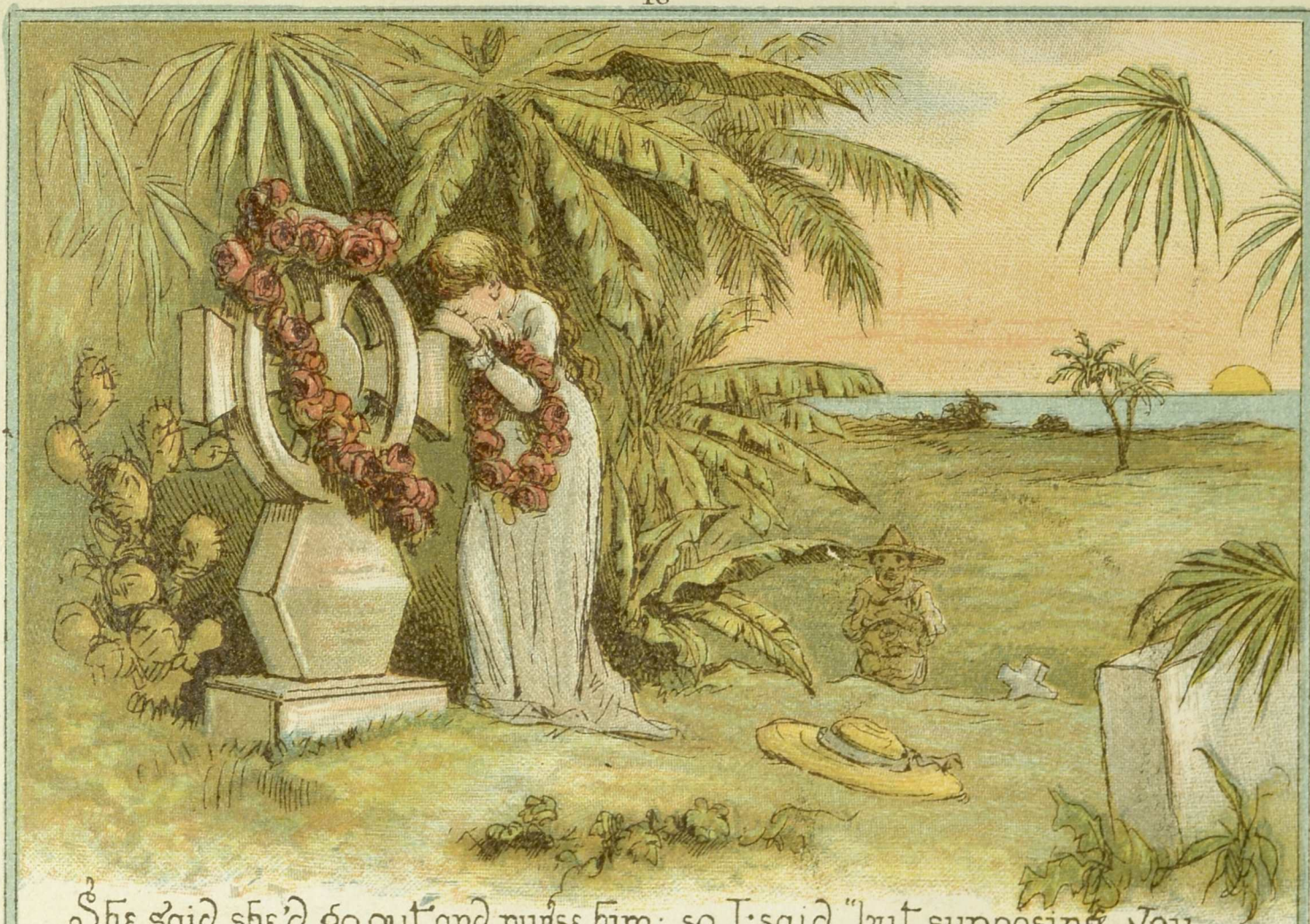
: Mary is so good, she might easily be a Chaplain, but of course she can't be any-
= thing that wants a man;

She likes nursing her doll, but when we have battles she moves the lead soldiers about, and does what she can.

She never grumbles about not being
able to grow up into a General, though
I should think it must be a great
bore.



I asked her what she would do if she were
grown up into a woman, and belonged
to some one who was wounded in the
war;



She said she'd go out and nurse him; so I said, "but supposing you
 couldn't get him better, and he died; how would you behave?"
 And she said if she couldn't get a ship to bring him home in, —
 she should stay out there and grow a garden, and make
 ~~~~~ wreaths for his grave.



Nurse says we oughtn't to have battles now  
father's gone to battle, but that's just the  
reason why.



And I don't believe one bit what  
she said about it's making Mother cry.







Only she does like us to  
put away our toys on  
Sunday, so we can't  
have the soldiers or the  
gun;

But yesterday Dick said, "I was thinking in Church, and I've thought of  
a game about soldiers, and it's a perfectly Sunday one; ~~~~"



"It's a Church Parade: you'll have to be a lot of Officers' and men, Mary'll do for a few wives' and families, and I'll be Chaplain to the Forces and pray for everyone at the War."

So he put his night-gown over his knicker-bocker suit, and knelt on the Ashantee stool, and Mary and I knelt on the floor.



I think it was rather nice of Dick, for he said what put it into his head.









and we ought to say them instead

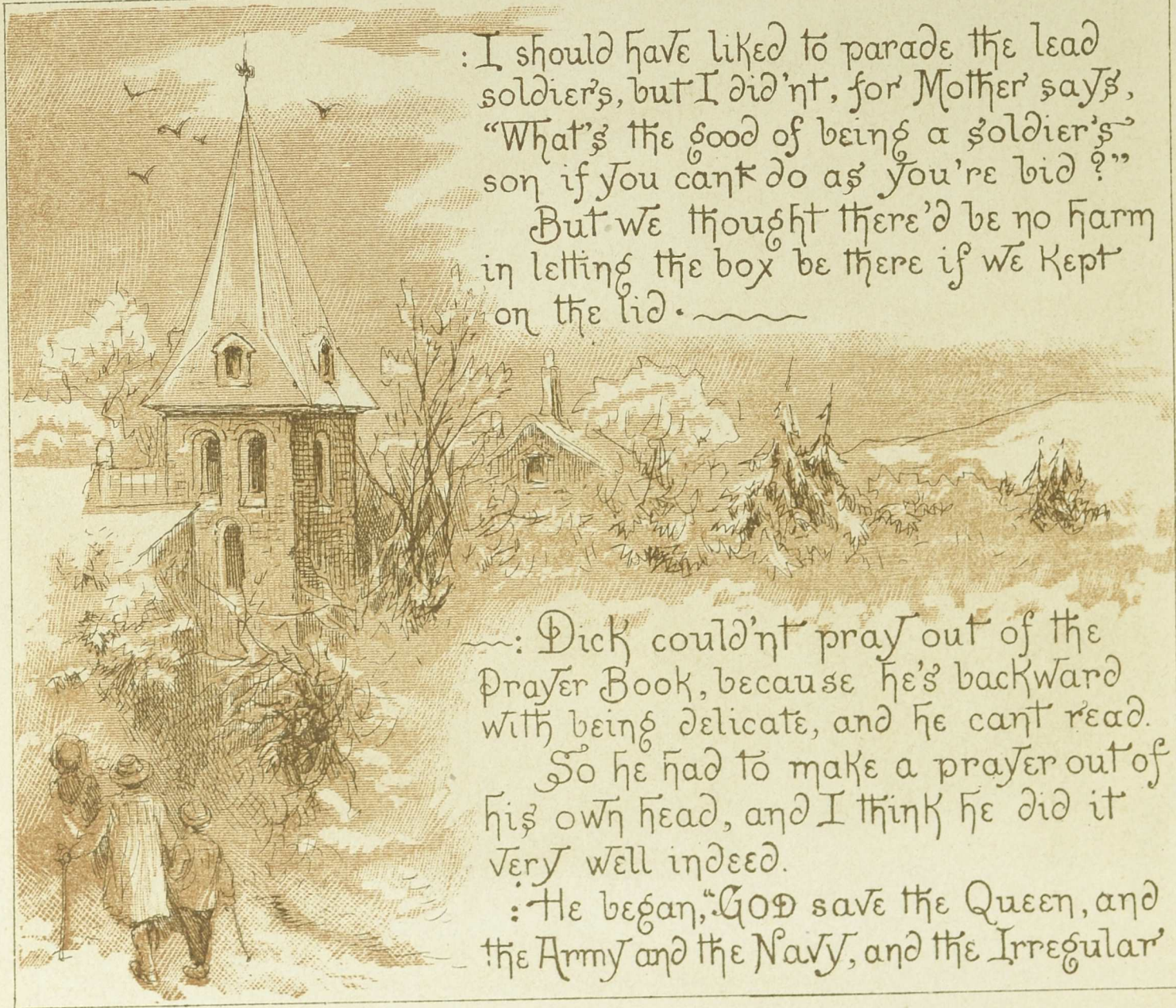


: I should have liked to parade the lead soldier's, but I didn't, for Mother says, "What's the good of being a soldier's son if you can't do as you're bid?"

But we thought there'd be no harm in letting the box be there if we kept on the lid. ~~~~~

~~~~~: Dick couldn't pray out of the Prayer Book, because he's backward with being delicate, and he can't read. So he had to make a prayer out of his own head, and I think he did it very well indeed.

: He began, "GOD save the Queen, and the Army and the Navy, and the Irregular"

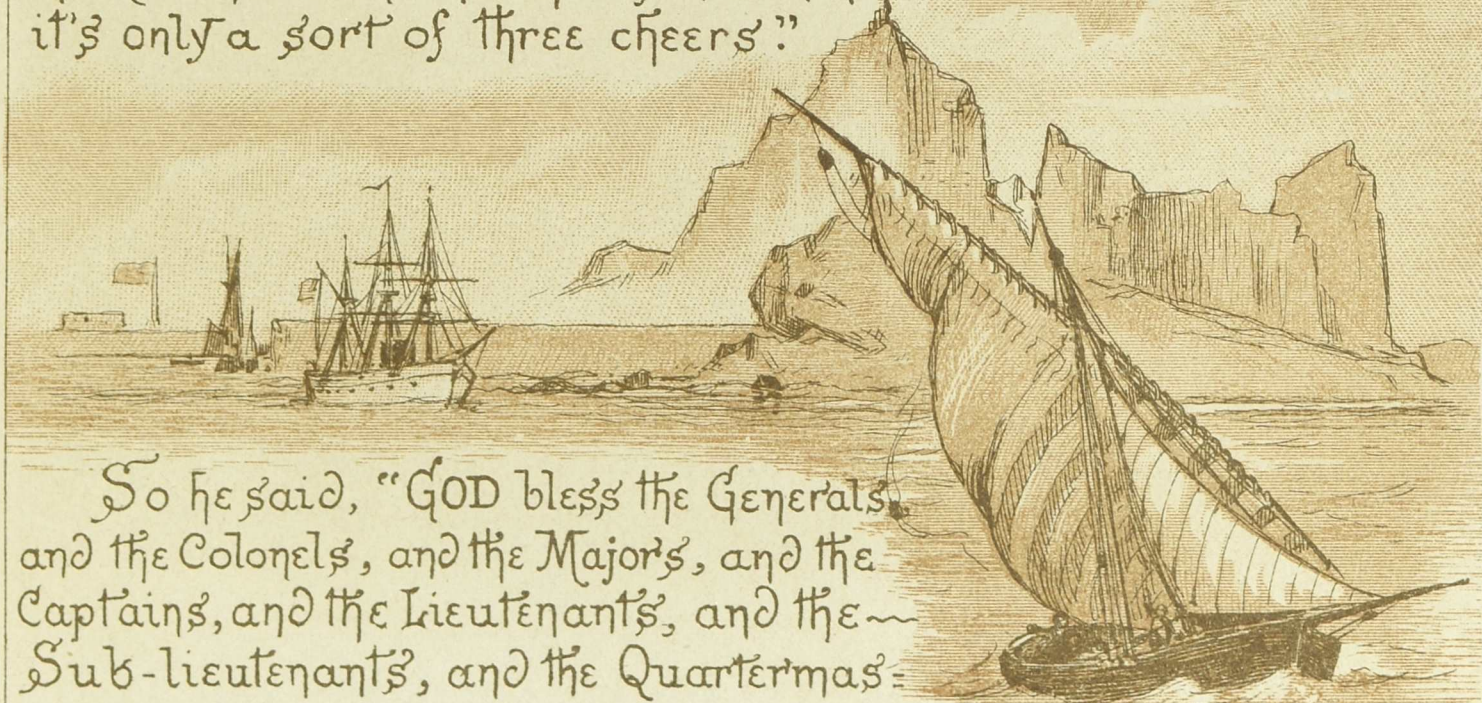


Forces and the Volunteer's !

Especially Old Father (he went out with the first draft, and he's a Captain in the Royal Engineers) ———"

But I said, "I don't think 'GOD save the Queen' is a proper prayer, I think it's only a sort of three cheers."

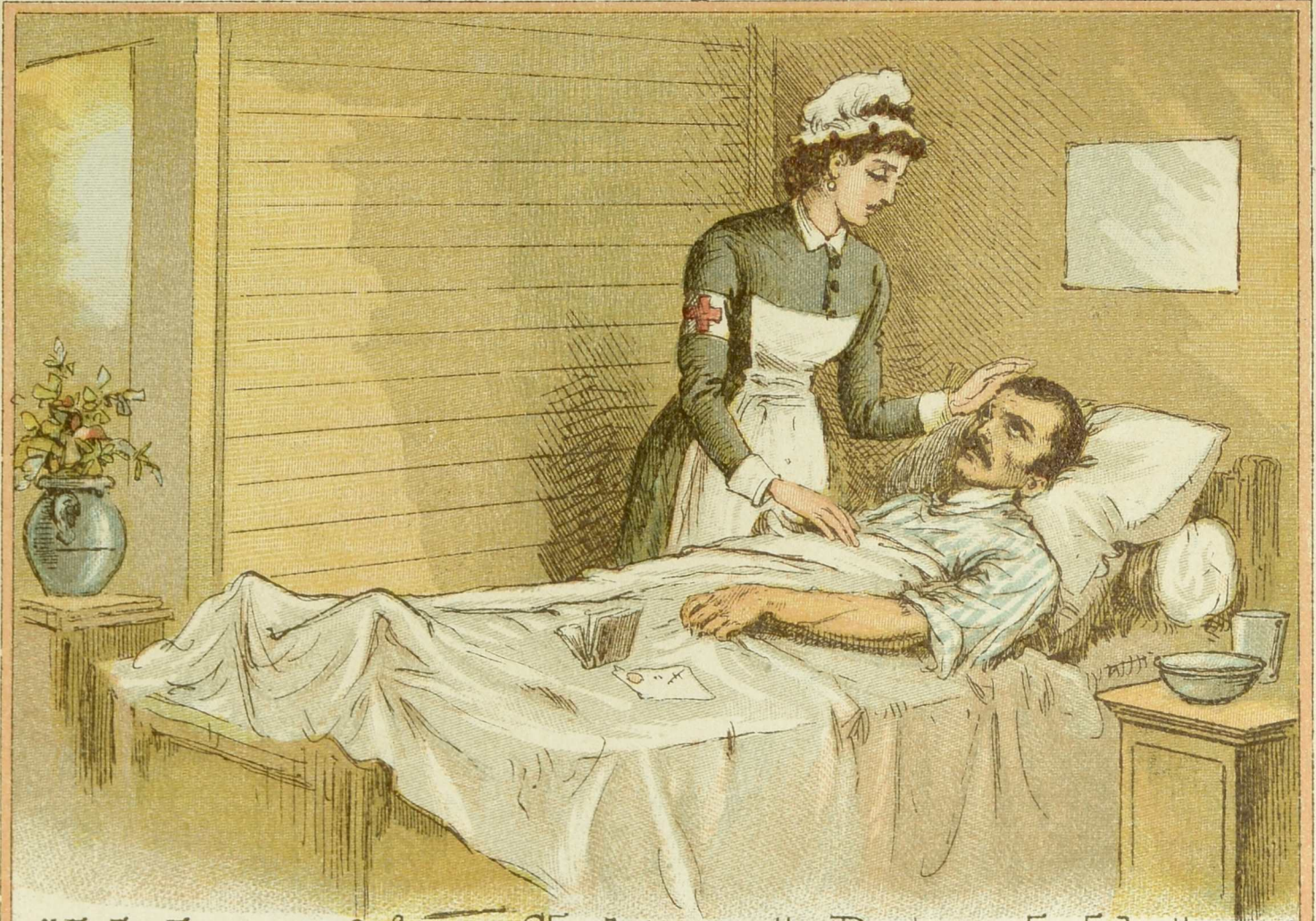
So he said, "GOD bless the Generals, and the Colonels, and the Majors, and the Captains, and the Lieutenants, and the Sub-lieutenants, and the Quartermasters, and the non-commissioned Officers, and the Men;





"And the bands, and the colours, and the guns, and the horses and the wagons, and the gun-carriage they use for the funerals; and please I should like them all to come home safe again.

"Don't, Mary! I haven't finished; it isn't time for you to say Amen.)



"I hav'nt prayed for the Chaplains, or the Doctors who help the poor men left groaning on the ground when the victories are won ;
 "And I want to pray particularly for the very poor ones who die of fever and miss all the fighting and fun .

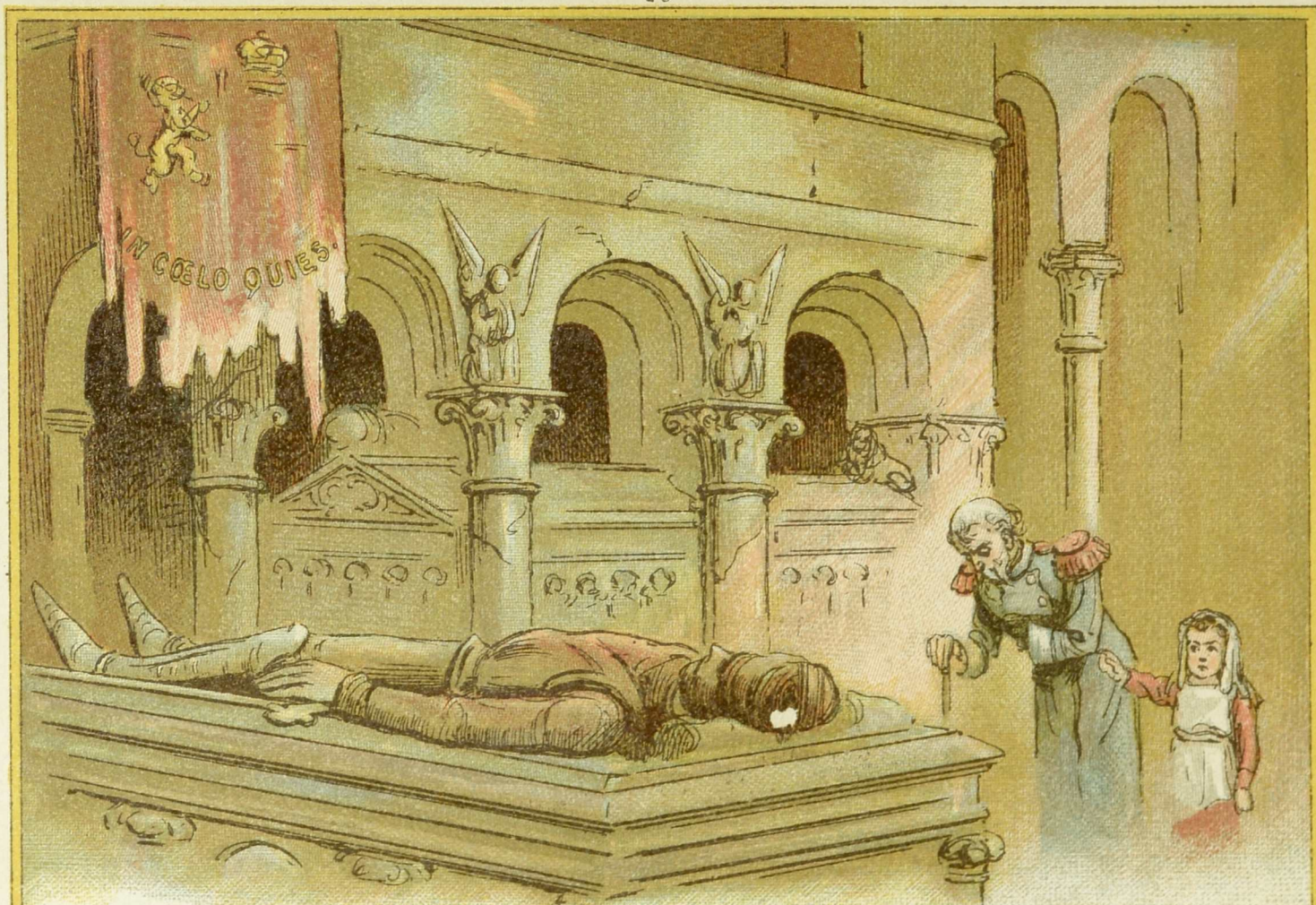


"GOD bless the good soldier's,
like Old Father, and Captain Powder, and the men with good-
conduct medals; and please let the naughty ones all be forgiven!



"And if the black men
Kill our men, send down
white angels to take their
poor dear souls to Heaven!—

"Now you may both say
Amen, and I shall give out Hymn
four hundred and thirty seven." —



There are eight verses and eight Alleluias, and we
 can't sing very well, but we did our best;
 Only Mary would cry in the verse about "Soon soon
 to faithful warriors comes their rest!"



But we're both
 very glad Dick
 has found out a
 Sunday game
 about fighting, for

we never had one before;
 And now we can play at Soldier's every day till Old Father
 comes home from the War: —————



: Verse Books for Children by J. H. Ewing :
: Illustrated in Colours by R. André :



: Price - One Shilling each -

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