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and had to slow down to enable them to keep up with us.

11. At half-past eleven we were piped to dinner. We were all glad of the meal. We had been working hard since early morning, and were as hungry as hunters. Now, for the first time, we had a chance to wash and change our clothes.

12. By twenty minutes past twelve we were again running at top speed. Five minutes later *Inflexible* opened fire, and three minutes later we joined in. The battle had begun.

46. WITH STURDEE TO THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.—III.

THE BATTLE.

1. We were now about eight miles from the enemy, and von Spee's two big ships had begun to return our fire. Their shots fell short, and they tried hard to get away; but we followed fast on their heels.

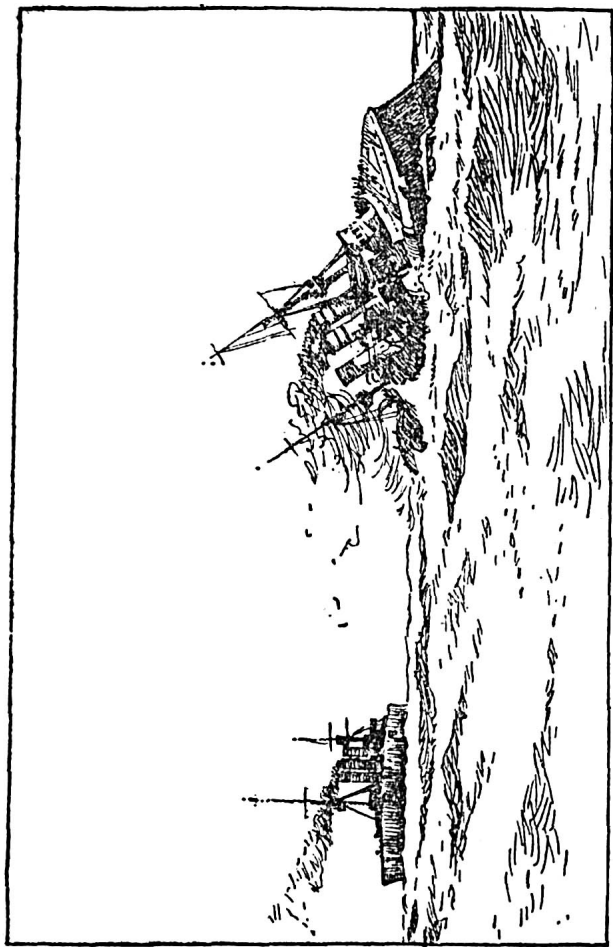
2. From a quarter-past three until a quarter to four the battle raged fiercely. Big guns were roaring; shells were shriek-

ing, and there were loud crashes as they hit us. All these noises were mixed up with the throb of the engines, the swish of the waves, the whistle of the rising breeze, and the creaking of the turrets as they swung round.

3. Altogether in that fight we were hit about twenty-three times. Our decks were torn up, and there were huge holes in our sides but we could still "carry on" One shell-burst in the wardroom, and smashed the chairs and sofas to matchwood. Another shell burst in the paymaster's cabin, and broke open his money chest. A third shell broke into the steward's pantry, and came to a full stop in a cheese!

4. But what of von Spee's flagship? Clouds of smoke rose from her and spurts of bright flame. Her third funnel was shot away, and her decks were torn and twisted. It was clear that her end was not far off.

5. At three o'clock our admiral knew that von Spee's ship would soon sink, so he sent out the message, "God save the King" We replied with three of the heartiest cheers that were ever heard on board a British man-of-war.



VON SPEE'S FLAGSHIP GOING DOWN.

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6. At ten minutes past four von Spee's vessel was on her beam ends, and seven minutes later she turned right over, and went down in a cloud of steam and smoke. Her flag was flying as she sank.

7. The other big ship of the enemy was now doomed. She was on fire, one of her turrets had been blown overboard, and her fore-funnel was shot away; but still she continued to fight. At last her stern rose high in the air, and she too went hissing to the bottom.

8. The battle was now over. The two best fighting ships in the German navy had been sunk. We had won a great victory, and on our ship not a single man had been killed or wounded. We saved as many of the enemy as we could; but many of them were numbed by the bitterly cold water, and went down before we could reach them.

9. We steamed back to harbour, eager to know how our other ships had fared. Soon the news came in that *Cornwall* and *Glasgow* had sunk a third German vessel. There was no news of *Kent*. She did not arrive

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in harbour until next morning. When I saw her I knew that she had fought a very fierce fight indeed.

10. A friend of mine told me that *Kent* had hard work to overhaul the enemy, and that nearly all the coal was used up before the battle began. When the captain was told this he said, "Very well, then; have a go at the boats." The boats were smashed up, and the wood was flung into the furnaces.

11. At last *Kent* got within range, and before long was very badly knocked about. She gave the enemy, however, more than she received, and about seven o'clock the German ship went down with her guns firing to the last.

12. I have now come to the end of my story. Of the five big German ships that came sailing towards the Falkland Islands that day one only escaped, and she came to grief soon afterwards. We had hoped to sink them all, but we were quite content with four out of five. Even Nelson himself never had a more complete victory.

47. THE SANDPIPER.

1. Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I ;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.
2. Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky ;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.
3. I watch him as he skims along,
Piping his sweet and mournful cry ;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor at my fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong ;
He scans me with a fearless eye ;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.
4. Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright !
To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?



HARVEST HOME.

I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky ;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

CELIA THAXTER.

48. TONY SAYS GOOD-BYE TO GATCOMBE.

*(This Lesson ends the story told in Lessons 1, 3, 5, 6,
13, 15, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 28.)*

1. Tony had now been a year at Gatcombe. His father, who had been abroad, had now returned, and had come to the village to see his mother and to take Tony back to London.

2. "Well, my boy," he said, when they were once more in their London home, "what do you think of Gatcombe?"

"Why, father," replied Tony, "it is the most wonderful place. Do you know that the people there grow or make almost everything that they need?"

3. "Look at my new boots. They were made from the skin of a cow that used to graze on Valley Farm. Mr. Ward tanned the leather with bark from the forest, and Mr. Last, the shoemaker, made the leather into boots.

4. "Nearly everything I ate at grand-

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mamma's was produced in or near the village. I had milk and butter and cheese from the cows at Valley Farm, and eggs from grandmamma's hens. Our bread and scones were made of wheat which was grown close by. The flour was ground by Mr. Bond, and was baked into bread by grandmamma's cook.

5. "Fish were caught in the river, the cows and sheep gave us mutton and beef, and our vegetables grew in the garden. Salt and sugar were the only things that grandmamma had to buy, and the salt we could have got from the water at the river mouth, if we had boiled it.

6. "I think Gatcombe is far more wonderful than London. I said that to grandmamma, and she quite agreed. She says that Gatcombe lives on itself, but London lives on thousands of Gatcombes."

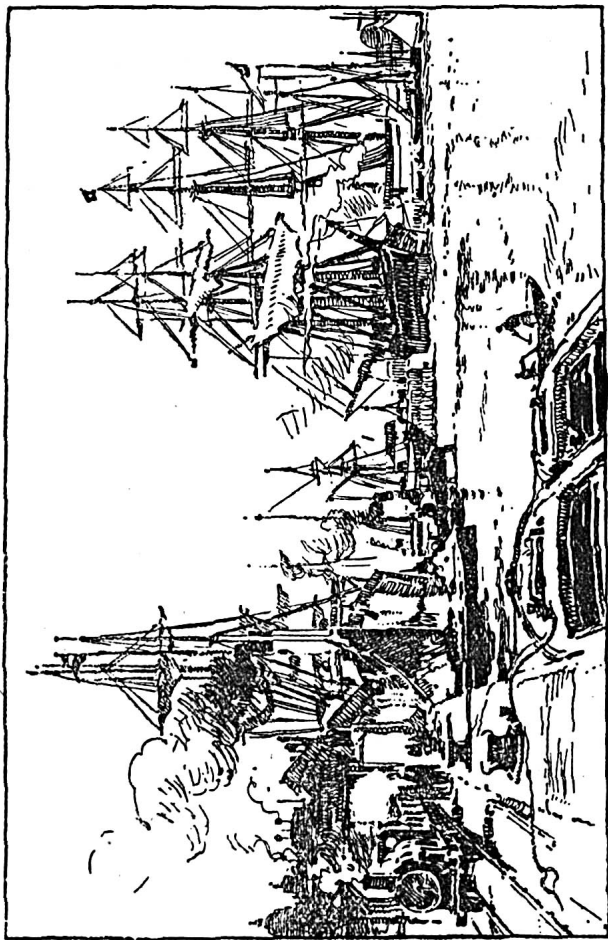
7. "Quite right," said his father. "You must never forget that it is the country which gives us all that we need for life and health. But the towns are useful too. In them we find the mills and factories which work up the things grown in the country into all sorts of useful forms. The farmer could not live unless he could sell what he grows to the towns,

and the towns could not live without the things which the country provides for them.

8. " I wonder if you have ever thought of the long chain of workers that stretches between the farmer and the shopkeeper. Here is a pair of woollen gloves which I have bought for the winter. The wool grew on the back of sheep in South Africa or Australia.

9. " The farmer fed the sheep and sheared them. He sold their fleeces to a merchant. I do not suppose that he ever saw the merchant who bought his wool. He perhaps made his bargain through the post, and this means that a large number of persons are engaged in carrying letters from place to place, and in delivering them at our doors.

10. " Then the wool had to be carried to the railway station on wagons and carts, and so carters and other persons who look after horses had to be employed. When the wool reached the railway station it was put into trucks by porters. Then it was carried by train to the port. Try to think of all the workers who built the railway and made the rails and engines and trucks. Don't forget the engineers who drove the train.



"The docks where the ships lay safely."

11. "When the wool reached the port, it had to be taken from the train to the water-side and put into the holds of ships. More carters and porters were needed for this work. The docks where the ships lay safely had been built of stone brought from the quarries, and this meant that many quarrymen, masons, and labourers had to be employed. The ships in which the wool was carried to this country had to be built of iron or steel, and their engines had to be made out of the same metals.

12. "Think of the miners who dig the iron ore, and the many men in the ironworks who make it fit for use. Then think of the busy shipyards, and the shops in which the engines are made. Before these men could set to work they had to have coal. You have been down a pit, and you know how men are employed there.

13. "Then you must not forget the engineers who drive the ships across the sea, the stokers who feed the furnaces, and the sailors who guide the vessel from port to port. When the ship reached the London docks, porters and carters and railwaymen

were again needed to carry the wool to the Yorkshire mills.

14. "These mills had to be built by bricklayers, and filled with machinery which could not be made without the labour of many kinds of workers. You know what large numbers of persons are employed in the great woollen mills.

15. "When the yarn was made it had to be dyed, and so you must think of the dye-works and the men which they employ. Perhaps a woman knitted up the yarn into these gloves in her own home.

16. "At last this pair of gloves and many others were made, packed, carried to the train, brought to London, and delivered at the shop where I bought them. So you see that tens of thousands of men and women all over the world have been employed in order that my hands may be warm during the winter."

17. "Why," said Tony, "I think what you have just told me is more wonderful than even Gatcombe. It makes me dizzy to think of all the people who have had a hand in making this pair of gloves."

49. A SONG OF BRITISH CHILDREN.

1. In an island home of the Northern Seas,
Where the waves leap high to the western breeze,
We live secure from foemen.
'Tis a rich fair land of hill and plain,
Where the tender sun and the gentle rain
Delight the hearts of yeomen.
2. And deep in her breast there are riches rare,
Which we daily win, and are glad to share
With all the world, our neighbour.
Our forges gleam and our great looms roar,
While our hammers ring ; from shore to shore
You hear the sounds of labour,
3. While over the ocean, our boast and our pride,
Our myriad ships are breasting the tide—
God speed the ships a-sailing ;
They carry our wares to distant strands,
And bring us the fruits of foreign lands
In plenty never-failing.
4. They sail to far countries widespread o'er the world,
Where the flag of old Britain is ever unfurled—
That flag of ancient story.
Oh, proud should we be of Britain's fame,
And worthy to bear a Briton's name—
That name of hope and glory !

EDWARD SHIRLEY.