

**ECHOES FROM THE
BATTLEFIELDS
OF SOUTH AFRICA**

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Echoes from the Battlefields of South Africa by Dudley Kidd

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DUDLEY KIDD

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OF SOUTH AFRICA**



TROOPS LANDING AT CAPE TOWN.

ECHOES FROM THE
BATTLEFIELDS OF
SOUTH AFRICA

BY

DUDLEY KIDD
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PREFACE.

It is with very great pleasure that I respond to the suggestion that I should write a few lines of preface to "Echoes from the Battlefields of South Africa," which I have had the opportunity of reading while passing through the press.

The Council of the South Africa General Mission rejoice in the knowledge that they are, and have so long been, partners with those whom they have been privileged to send to the foreign mission field. For they remember that King David of old, before he entered into the possession of his kingdom, and while still hunted as "a partridge in the mountains," "made it a statute and an ordinance for Israel," that "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: THEY SHALL PART ALIKE."

And surely this blessed partnership includes the large and rapidly increasing band of Home Helpers of every kind, many of whom are working

quietly, and seeing but little immediate fruit of their labours. They continue to cast their bread upon the waters, and are content to wait, if need be, "many days" before they "find" it, but it is their privilege to have "part" in the joy of their partners in South Africa, who have been permitted to see such blessed immediate results of their labours. We rejoice in the wonderful way the Lord has led our beloved brethren Huskisson, Darroll, Tervet, and many others, and while we sorrow that we shall not again see the bright face of dear Ion Smyth, yet we rejoice that he has entered into the joy of his Lord, and of him we can surely say, his "works do follow" him. We are thankful to know that his mantle has fallen upon his co-worker, Mr. Taylor, and that devoted lady workers are following in the track of the other pioneers. We rejoice with all those who have been permitted to minister to the soldiers of the Queen, and thus to serve the Captain of our Salvation, and as we used to sing together in old days:—

"Surely my Captain will remember me,
Though but an armour-bearer I may be."

not one will be forgotten "in That Day."

That the circle of interest is a large one has been abundantly proved by the almost unprece-

dented sale of the booklets, "At Modder River," "The Surrounding of Cronje," and "At Ladysmith." Those who have read them will feel quite at home with "Echoes from the Battlefields of South Africa," and will almost envy those who read the story for the first time.

I am rather anxious lest there should appear to be any discrepancies in the various narratives. If ten truthful men were to tell the story of—say the battle of Magersfontein—there would be ten different accounts, and probably in some points these would appear to be contradictory. Nothing but a perfect knowledge of every feature of the landscape and of all the details of the battle would enable one to piece together the various narratives into one perfect, harmonious whole. One is reminded of the puzzle maps of our childhood when we got very impatient over some awkwardly-shaped piece we could not fit in anywhere; but at last we found the fault was, not with the piece, but with ourselves. The information in this book, and the booklets which have preceded it, comes from many and various sources, and though the evidence has been carefully sifted, possibly some chaff may be found amongst the wheat, and no one will be more thankful for conviction than the authors.