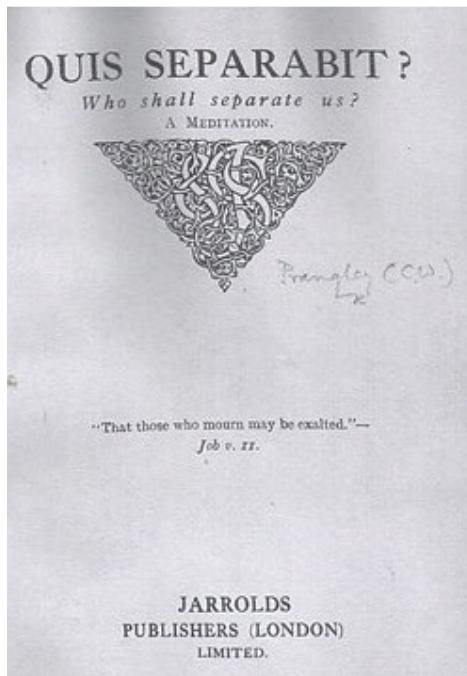
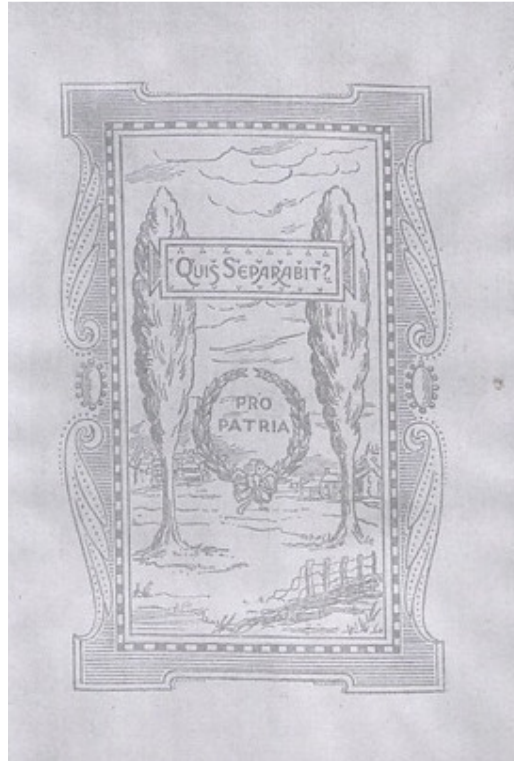


# Quis Separabit

By Rev Charles Wilton Prangley

In tribute to his son Charles Dean Prangley killed in the battle of the Somme on 25 Sep 1916.

*(Following kindly photocopied by Elizabeth Howard)*



C. D. P.

To  
Your Beloved Memory,  
Dear Boy,  
To those who loved you,  
and  
To all who mourn as myself,  
I venture to offer this meditation,  
that  
In the silence of the evening-hour,  
For a fraction of every day,  
The Loved on Earth  
and  
The Loved "Beyond"  
may,  
Through JESUS,  
Commune each with the other.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

I gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of those whose kind permission enables me to include their words in this Anthology; and of those whose consent I would have sought had it been possible I crave a like indulgence, accompanied by my feelings of regret that I have been unable to ask them personally.

The proceeds, if any, from the sale of this booklet will be given to "THE OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION" of the Lincolnshire Regiment.

C. W. P.

FOREWORD.

As Charles Prangle's Head Master I am given the privilege of writing a short Foreword to this little memorial Anthology.

I picture the boy, as I write, slight, delicate, refined, with a certain wistfulness in his eyes; but underneath the external fragileness was much firmness and strength of character. He had the root of things that mattered in him. He was an altogether lovable boy who held a high place in the affections of all his Marlborough friends. In appearance he was little more than a child, but he had a man's soul and did a man's deeds.

One of the chief wonders of this war has been the sublime bravery of our boy-officers. They have mourned their companions' death, but never from the beginning did they hesitate to fill their places, though they knew the fate that awaited them. And they went with a cheery word and a smile. With deep respect and a rush of affection age salutes youth. They gave their all and gave it grandly, unconscious of the splendour of the gift, but knowing only of the duty to do. Following the footsteps of the great Son of Man, they

came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give their lives.

We loved them in the schooldays, we love them more now, and our hearts ache with the sense of loss and the pathos of their early death. This affection of ours for these boys, His Majesty's second lieutenants, enables us in some degree to gauge the parental love and sorrow such as is so beautifully poured forth in this little volume.

No memorial, no tribute is too great to be laid on the graves of our English Public School boys, who in their thousands have made the sacrifice to duty. Charles Prangle, so simple, so unself-conscious, so strong, so lovable, was typical of them. I am proud to add my humble tribute of pride and affection to a father's outpouring of love.

*John Lubbock*

#### A MEMOIR.

"If the tender figure of the 'Lady of the Lamp' has become for many of us the chief symbol of the Crimean struggle, when Britain comes to embody in sculpture or in painting that which has touched her most deeply in this war, she will choose, surely, the figure of a boy of nineteen, laughing, eager, undaunted, as quick to die as to live, carrying in his young hands the 'Luck' of England."—Mrs. Humphry Ward in "Towards the Goal."

Charles Dean Prangle, the subject of this Anthology, was one of these brave young English boys. Born on the 16th of March, 1897, he was educated at South Lodge, Lowestoft, and at Marlborough College. Subsequently he passed for entrance into Jesus College, Cambridge. While at Marlborough he was in the Sixth, and a second lieutenant in the Officers' Training Corps. He received his commission in the Special Reserve of Officers, and was posted to the Lincolnshire Regiment on August 11th, 1915. He left for the Front on July 13th, 1916, and was killed instantaneously in the advance on Gueudecourt by shell-splinter, on the following September 25th, aged 19½ years.

He fell a few days after receiving the Holy Communion, and he died with the symbol of complete sacrifice, the crucifix, lying upon his breast. He sleeps beside his trust in the battle-line on the field of honour.

His Colonel, in a letter of sympathy, wrote: "He was a singularly thoughtful fellow, older than his years, and would have made a good officer had his life been spared."

His Major said: "He was a simple, unassuming boy, with a very decided purpose to do his best, and an unflinching respect for duty."

His Company Commander wrote: "I want to let you know that your son, while one of my subalterns, was a splendid fellow in every way. He worked and led as an officer should, and he proved himself self-reliant and trustworthy. He did not 'grouse,' but worked for his men and his regiment with all his might. I had absolute confidence in him, and knew him well enough to know that when the hour came he would not fail. He died leading his men—a soldier could ask no more."

One of his fellow-officers who went with him into action wrote: "He died facing the enemy and leading his men, giving his best for his country—what could one do better?" And another said: "You may comfort yourselves with the knowledge that he died well as he lived well."

Thus in his death he has won for his memory, his school, his family, his regiment, and his country,

the greatest of all earthly honours—the laying down of his young and happy life, with never a thought of looking back, a sacrifice necessary for his country's final victory.

"For his heart's perennial gladness,  
For the years undimmed by sadness;  
For the Duty dared and done,  
For the crown of life well won—  
We bless Thee, Lord."

And in his life of loyalty and affection, his autobiography, his sixty-four letters from the Front, and his comely portrait, he has bequeathed a vision of himself which will ever be cherished by those who loved him till they meet and greet him again.

"So young! So dear!  
God took him ere the canker and the fear  
Of all the years to come should touch him—  
And left us but the flowers of memory  
Wherewith to strew his boyhood's life and grace."

There were circumstances surrounding the close of his career which seem to suggest the tender care of the Good Shepherd as he "walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death." He was on the brink of terrible things, and he knew it. A week before he fell, after two days and three nights of harrowing experience, consolidating a captured trench, on returning to Head-quarters, well-nigh exhausted in strength and courage, to his amazement and joy he was visited by his

godfather—his uncle—who had just come to that part of the line from X—, some eighty miles distant. And the day before he was killed, on his last march to the fighting-line, he was halted at a spot in *another* part of the line, where again he found this dear friend in need. There, beneath a cloudless sky, four hours of his last afternoon on earth were spent with one who brought to him, "how sadly sweet, the dream of home!" The next day, September 25th, at 12.40 p.m., he made the supreme sacrifice; and on the following third day his godfather was ordered back to X—! Many strange things are recorded as having happened in this war, and this by no means is one of the least. Can it be that He Who made him sent a messenger to strengthen him—to fulfil the purpose of his life? Truly, "A certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was." Thousands of sorrow-stricken Christian parents who have lost beloved sons in this terrible war are able to enshrine in their hearts the same solace of remembrance of their heroic boys as do the parents of this dear soul. To them is offered this meditation with the prayer that the Eternal Father may use it to the comfort of those whose treasured and immortal dead in the Great War have died the noblest of deaths in the cause of Honour and Freedom.

C. W. P.

"KNIT TOGETHER  
IN ONE COMMUNION AND FELLOWSHIP  
IN THE MYSTICAL BODY  
OF CHRIST OUR LORD."

"One Family we dwell in Him."

"For ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is Life: there are no dead."

"Through JESUS,  
The One true Medium  
Between the dead and the living,  
Let us tell them often  
How we love them,  
And what power  
They have on our lives,  
And what we ask for them,  
And how we look onward to meet them,  
With the LORD,  
Beyond the Veil."

Bishop Handley Moule—  
"Christ and Sorrow."

## DEAR HEART!

"Can it be true that thou art dead  
In the hour of thy youth, in the day of thy  
strength?  
Must I believe thy soul has fled  
Through heaven's length?"

"You've crossed the 'Great Divide,' dear boy,  
You've gone 'Beyond.'  
But do not think that you're forgot  
By hearts once fond.  
I'll not forget, dear boy,  
I'll not forget."

"You've gone in all the glowing splendour of  
your immortal youth."

"Gone unto Him Who made you."

Gone "Home to thine own abiding-place,  
prepared for thee before thy work began,"

"HOME, to the Angel Land ;  
HOME, where no shadows fall ;  
HOME, to the Golden Strand ;  
HOME, to the Monarch's Hall ;  
HOME, from all risk of harm ;  
HOME, to the Land of Rest ;  
HOME, to the Father's Arm ;  
HOME, to the Saviour's Breast."

"Thy day has come, not gone,  
Thy sun has risen, not set,  
Thy life is now beyond  
The reach of change or death ;  
Not ended but begun."

"Thou hast gained thy sure reward,—  
The welcome, and the 'Well done' of thy  
LORD."

"I THANK MY GOD UPON EVERY REMEM-  
BRANCE OF YOU."

"Bravely didst thou live till life's most glorious  
close."

"I remember nothing of you that I would fain  
forget."

"There was your Duty to be done,—  
And you did it."

"All that you had you gave—  
Yourself you scorned to save."

"Splendid you passed, the great surrender  
made."

"For God and Right you poured your life  
away."

"You were 'Faithful unto Death.'"



"You fulfilled God's purpose in an hour of need."

"You have finished the work which God gave you to do."

"You died the noblest death a man may die."

"Christlike you died that we might live."

"You sleep on the Field of Honour."

"I THANK MY GOD UPON EVERY REMEMBRANCE OF YOU."

(page 20 missing)

"O sweet, true heart, in gentleness expressed,  
Thy life by love, success, and happiness caressed;  
Thy feet came cheering, helping as they trod,  
And we—we knew not that they crept so near  
to God."

"I THANK MY GOD UPON EVERY REMEMBRANCE OF YOU."

DEAR HEART !

"I'll remember what you were with thankful heart,  
The bright, the brave, the tender, and the true ;  
Remember where you are, from sin apart,  
Living with God, with nobler work to do ;  
And never doubt that love, and love alone,  
Removed my loved one from this trial scene ;  
Nor idly dream, since you to God have gone,  
Of what, had you been left, you might have been."

"Life is all the sweeter that you lived ;  
And death is all the brighter that you died."

"Death has made his darkness beautiful with thee."

"I THANK MY GOD"

"That our Country in the storm of War has found thee fit to fight and die for her."

"That England writes thy epitaph,—  
'He died that I might live.'"

DEAR HEART ! "It is a great thing to die for England."

"That never a pathway shall I tread,  
No foot of seashore, hill or lea,  
But I may think—the dead, my dead,  
Gave this, a sacred gift to me."

That "To die is gain."

That "Thy beloved life was, and now for ever will be, undimmed by sadness."

" I THANK MY GOD "

That

" Though years may pass, they cannot work thee  
ill,  
Age cannot mar, nor disillusion chill."

That

" So young ! So dear !  
God took thee ere the canker and the fear  
Of all the years to come should touch thee."

That

" For ever alive, for ever forward !  
You go ! You go ! I know that you go, but I  
know not where you go.  
But I know that you go toward the best—to-  
ward something great."

" You go to be with Christ, which is far better."

" Only a thin Veil hangs between the pathways  
where we are,  
And God keeps watch 'tween thee and me.  
Wherefore, then, should I fear ?  
He holds thy hand. He clasps mine :  
And keeps us near."

" IN THE EUCHARIST I TOUCH THE HAND  
THAT TOUCHES THEE."

" Thou art mine now more than ever."

" I THANK MY GOD."

AND, DEAR HEART !

" I have hope toward God . . . that there  
shall be a resurrection of the dead."

For this I wait, and for " the life of the world  
to come."

I have hope that " God through JESUS will  
bring thee with Him."

Then " shall we ever be with the LORD."

" I THANK MY GOD."

I BELIEVE

" God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,  
But what I would myself, did I but see  
The end of all He does as well as He."

" I shall not lose you for ever though I cannot  
feel or see you : and if sometimes because of the  
frailty of my nature I appear lost in the mists  
of doubt and uncertainty, in my inner heart my  
faith is strong, and I believe you are happier where  
you are."

" Death cannot take your happiness away,  
Persistent joy re-echoes in my pain ;  
You come in dreams, and at the waking day  
I feel your presence once again !"



### I BELIEVE

"When the long shadow of the tomb is past,  
We shall meet again in Christ, and part no  
more."

"I shall know thee when we meet—in that  
land where those who loved when here shall meet  
and love again."

"You are there, and are waiting for me."

"You are thinking of me, talking of me, and  
praying for me."

"It is not for nothing that I am called upon by  
God to hope and wait."

### *The Response.*

"O loved of mortal years!  
The trusted and the true,  
You are waiting still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you."

"O SOUL OF MY SOUL!  
I SHALL CLASP THEE AGAIN!"

"I THANK MY GOD."

### DEAR HEART!

It is only "Until the Day break, and the shadows  
flee away."

"Dark is the sky that overhangs my soul,  
The mists are thick that through the valley  
roll;  
But as I tread I cheer my heart and say,  
When 'The Day breaks, the shadows flee  
away.'"

"Dear Heart, remembering thee  
Am I not richer than of old?  
Safe in thy immortality  
What change can reach the wealth I  
hold?"

"In that grave out yonder many cherished  
hopes lie buried,"—

" But this I know, dear lad,—all's well  
With the man who has done his best :  
And whether he live, or whether he die,  
He is sacred high in our memory ;—  
And to God we can leave the rest."

" Wheresoe'er God hides thee it is well."

" Belovèd, it is well !  
Though sorrow clouds my way,  
'Twill only make the joy more dear  
That ushers in the day.

" Belovèd, it is well !  
The path in faith that's trod,  
Though rough, and strait, and dark it be,  
Leads home to you and God."

#### DEAR HEART !

" Remembering thee, I will be brave and strong,  
and journey on with courage, hope and high  
endeavour."

" Lord, I can trust Thee for my holy dead :  
They beneath the shadow of Thy tomb  
Have entered into peace ; with bended head  
I thank Thee for their rest, and for my  
lightened gloom.

" Lord, give me faith  
To live from day to day ;  
With tranquil heart  
To do my part,  
My hand in Thine,  
To go Thy way."

" Good-night, dear boy, Good-night,—  
Only Good-night, not Farewell."

ON HIS DEAR SOUL  
HAVE MERCY,  
LORD.

" ALL IS WELL FOR EVERMORE."

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