

JOYFULLY READY

A SKETCH  
*of the Life of* HARRY MAC INNES





Portrait of PHILIPPOTTI B. GIOV. A. 1884, Civiltà.

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# JOYFULLY READY

A SKETCH

of the Life of HARRY MACINNES

BY HIS MOTHER

Mrs MacInnes

*Ninth Thousand*



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I.

*EARLY BOYHOOD.*

1863-1876

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,  
Faith, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,  
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.



TO THE GLORY OF GOD, IN MEMORY OF  
**HARRY MAC INNES,**  
UNDERGRADUATE OF TRIN : COLL : CAMBRIDGE,  
WHO MET INSTANT DEATH, BY A FALL FROM  
THE ROCKS OF CHATILLON, IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.  
SEP. 22, 1884, AGED 21.  
JOYFULLY READY FOR THE MASTER'S CALL.

— — — — —  
"THANKS BE TO GOD, WHICH GIVETH US  
THE VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."  
: 1 COR. xv. 57.

A TABLET, in the English mountain church of Villars-sur-Ollon, Switzerland, thus records the sudden end of a bright and vigorous life. Yes, thank God, Harry was joyfully ready to die, for he had found it joyful to live in the sunshine of his Heavenly Father's smile, and in the 'perfect freedom' of His service.

To show how an uneventful life, with its experience of the difficulties and temptations of boyhood, and early manhood, led to this glad readiness, and proved the power of God fully to satisfy the heart, is the object of these pages. They are put together in the earnest hope that they may speak words of help and encouragement to others.

In no way was there anything intellectually remarkable about Harry ; his character was not stamped by any special ability or talent but his life shows what the grace of God can do with a boy of everyday material. In case this book be taken up by any who are discouraged or dismayed by the temptations and difficulties of school, or other life outside the home, may the words of a working lad bid them 'take heart again.' When he heard of Harry's bright Christian life, and joyful readiness for death, he said, 'If God did that for him, He can do the same for me.'

Extracts from letters received by him will be found throughout these pages, the only inducement for inserting them being the hope that words which helped him may also help others.

The little familiar touches will, it is hoped, find an echo of kindred feeling, and, if thought trivial, may they but tend to prove that the story is that of an everyday experience.

Harry's grandfather on his father's side was General Mac Innes, married to Anna Sophia, daughter of J. F. Reynolds, Esq., of Carshalton.

His grandfather on his mother's side was Andrew Johnston, formerly M.P. for St. Andrews, Fifeshire ; who married, on the day of the emancipation of slaves in the British Colonies (August 1,



1834) Priscilla, eldest daughter of the late Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart.

Harry was born June 16, 1863, in London, where a part of his earliest years were spent. Before he could speak, he was described as 'breaking into loving beaming smiles whenever any one speaks to him.' To this sociability was added a practical matter-of-fact energy, which showed itself in many of his childish schemes. When barely five years old he was found on a hot summer evening dealing out water through the railing of the square garden in which he was playing to any of the passers by who would accept it, and especially to his friends the cabbies, and another day, hearing a cab was wanted, he ran off before he could be missed, to a stand at a little distance, where he found his 'wheel four,' and soon returned, seated within, his merry face just showing above the edge of the window.

He was always a 'jolly' boy, and the friends of later days would have recognised in the sturdy little fellow the same independence of character they knew so well. During the same summer (1868) he was invited to pay a visit by himself in the north of England, at Rickerby, near Carlisle. Harry was nothing loth to go, for he knew the place and its inmates well; already many of the happiest associations of his childhood had begun

to centre round the place, not long afterwards to become his own home. His kind relative, Mrs. Head, wrote of him, 'He is a great pleasure to my husband ; few children of his age would be as companionable, for he amuses himself when his



*Cumberland Fells and River Eden, from Rickerby garden.*

company is not wanted, and is most lively when it is. Content with any one, the farm is his most constant resource, where he is "very busy baking and churning"; he puts his whole little mind into all that goes on.'

Of this visit, and many that followed, pleasant memories connect together the aged man and the vigorous little boy. Mr. Head liked to have Harry sleep in his room, and made him his constant companion in his walks. On one of his birthdays he had the great delight of planting a little tree, which, now in full strength and beauty on the lawn, is one of many links with the happy past.

The following summer (1869) he was again on a visit there, with his elder sister, and the children had the great interest and advantage of being much with Mrs. Hinderer who with the Rev. David Hinderer, her husband, had toiled for years among the heathen at Ibadan, some days' journey from Lagos, West Africa, and who was at this time in weakened health. Her graphic stories fascinated and awed the eager listeners, for not only could she tell of the King of Dahomey's Amazons, but also of many deeply interesting and touching incidents of African child-life.

Mrs. Hinderer wrote to Harry's mother, 'The present eager desire is to go back to Africa with me. It has become an elysium; you will not be much distressed at the request coming, expecting the desire to vanish, but it has lasted *three days!*'

His parents were living at this time at

Hampstead, which was their home for nearly ten years. From their house could be seen, across the Heath, that of his grandmother and aunt, Mrs. and Miss Mac Innes. The former was his only surviving grandparent. Her love blessed and enriched the lives of her grandchildren, and of all who came within her reach. There was a peculiarly strong tie of affection between 'Granny' and her eldest grandson, and Harry owed much to her wise and loving care.

In his home life he was now the second in a family of seven children, and the leader of his four younger brothers. The five boys seemed a little tribe in themselves, so that a dear friend on a visit wrote home to his little girl: 'I cannot remember their names, and call Harry "Neil," and Jack "Harry" (though I always remember Campbell's rosy face); so now their names have been sewn on their coats, that I may not make such mistakes any more.' Harry's determined character developed fast, and his self-will often required correction. It was not only strong, but pertinacious—any object upon which his heart was set, that object he pursued with his whole mind, till he gained it, or was obliged, by the exertion of a stronger will than his own, to give it up. With how many boys, is it not just the same! and surely in these characters is to

be recognised a great power for good, if trained and disciplined aright.

Among the delightful varieties of Harry's early boyhood were his visits to the home of his great-grandmother (widow of Sir T. F. Buxton) at Northrepps, in Norfolk. He was but nine years old when she passed into the Home above, at the age of eighty-eight, but, thank God, later on he could look back, and clearly remember the lovely aged face, and the wonderful sympathy shown unfailingly even to the youngest of the many little ones often gathered round her. Happy weeks he passed there, where troops of children shared with their elders in the enjoyment of the shady woods and brilliant garden, or in expeditions to the neighbouring sea-shore at Cromer, or Overstrand. To the special delight of the children, flights of parrots and cockatoos, screaming high among the trees, or from the ivy on the garden walls, declared themselves as content with their quarters as any of the party there assembled. There were grey parrots, and green parrots, and cockatoos of various kinds, and great was the interest and amusement afforded to young and old, in watching them, especially when a pair of the green parrots, on more than one occasion, succeeded in hatching a nest of young ones, in the comfortable

shelter of a hollow tree. The proud mother was by name 'Mrs. No Feet,' having had these extremities frost-bitten one severe winter.

A pretty story of one of the parrots is told by a granddaughter as follows:—

'It was perfectly true; I saw it myself. The white and black puss had a litter of kittens in the



*Parrots at Northrepps.*

grey parrot-house, and when she left the place to get food the old grey parrot used to hurry along the perches, till he got to the box where the kittens were, and then sit on them, wings outspread, till the mother came back, and he was always incensed at her approach, shaking his wings with rage, and giving up his position with the greatest reluctance.'

Harry also shared in the early morning visits

paid by his great-grandmother to the various rooms, when she would remind the children to come to her room, to repeat a text to her. Not one of them would have willingly missed the privilege of those few minutes, when, after hearing their texts and dispensing spoonfuls from her coffee cup to all, they proceeded to turn out the 'treasure' drawer specially reserved for them in her room—the room which, though so often filled with the laughing voices of children, was felt to be a sacred one indeed by those who knew that often, long before the house was awake, the low sound of weeping and of earnest prayer might be heard from the curtained chair by the fireside. It was, indeed, truly said, that 'sorrowful yet alway rejoicing' was a fit description of that honoured widowed life, bereft, ere its close, of all but one of her eleven sons and daughters.<sup>1</sup> Harry, who, at the time of his great-grandmother's death (March 1872) was the thoughtless eager boy who apparently forgot his text as soon as said, in eleven short years, was, by the transforming grace of God, joyfully ready for the same glad summons, and the same glad service in the Home above.

<sup>1</sup> A fuller description of her character may be found in a short memoir of Harry's grandmother, Priscilla Johnston, in *Faithful Service*, by Miss M. P. Hack. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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Harry's school life, begun at Hampstead, was continued at Rottingdean, near Brighton, where he went in January 1874.

*Letter from his Grandmother.*

January 23, 1874.

Darling Harry,—We did so mind parting with you this morning, and wished to hear all about you when mother returned. She says you went off bravely, among such a number of boys. I believe, dear Harry, if you *stand fast* against all that is evil, and be *strong* for all that is good, you will be a happy and useful boy. We shall pray much for you. I hope you will do all you can, to be a comfort to father and mother. Try in everything to do your very best—lessons or play—and always try to give up to others, and forget self. It is so pleasant that we know your school with its playground, etc. Ever, dear Harry, your loving Grandmother,

A. S. MAC INNES.

She writes later of receiving him for his first *exeat* at Hampstead, October 31, 1874. 'I wish you could have seen the joyous meeting last night. Seven struck, and then I heard a quick step in the passage, and Harry's dear rosy face appeared; John sprang upon him. Neil and Campbell looked astonished, and then all were closed in one pyramid of boys, such a happy party! I am sure our hearts are united with yours, in prayer for these



dear ones, that they may each be taught of God, and used to His glory.'

He found it a very practical help, during school and sea life, to have imprinted on his mind two or three special passages of Scripture. As a very little boy, he took to the idea, that by thoroughly mastering a passage, verse by verse, he would be like a mason building, brick by brick. This gave zest to that which so often is only felt to be a task, and the result was, that such portions as Prov. i., and the last four verses of Luke vi. &c., were his possessions for life.

In April 1875 Harry was detained at home by a painful abscess, instead of going north, with his brothers, for the holidays. His aunt, who was absent from Hampstead, wrote to him :—

We are very sorry to hear of your having so much pain with your arm, and I long to be at home to come and help read to you, and amuse you, though I dare say you have plenty of readers ; and I know what a good patient you are, by experience. How glad any of us, who love you, would be, to take a turn at bearing the pain for you.

Sometimes, when I think how we shrink from pain for our bodies, it makes me long that we dreaded *sin for our souls* as much.

I do not mean only the great things, which everybody calls sin, but little things, about which we make excuses

to ourselves, and other people, but which God calls sin. Such as not being quite true in all we say, though we would not tell a downright lie. Or doing little selfish things, which no one knows, perhaps, but ourselves.

When I ask God to make you better, I cannot help asking Him to teach-you, by this pain, what He knows you want to learn.

Another letter from the same aunt reached him in October 1875. It tells of a grievous sorrow, which had come upon a family of cousins.

We should have enjoyed our home-coming very much, but for the sad news which came to us at Fontainebleau about Louis Chapman! Do you remember him? He went out last Monday week, in a canoe, to go across Tor Bay. He left the shore at ten o'clock, was seen at twelve, and again by a gentleman's yacht, with his arms folded, sailing, and looking very happy.

That is the last that is known of him! The canoe was washed ashore on Tuesday morning, with his handkerchief tied to the seat, but at present his body has not been found. It is terribly sad for his father and mother, who are in India, and for the many who loved him. He was nearly twenty. One thing they will hear among the many that will comfort them, is, that when he was once asked to do something which he knew his father would not approve, he said '*Never.*' He loved his father, so it was not hard to give up.

Dear Harry, does not this say to us all, that we should ask God to make us so to live that, if He were to call us as suddenly, there might be no recollection of us but

such as would bring comfort to those who were left. And, above all, to look each day to Jesus, and to thank Him, that He died to save us from our sins, and to ask Him, to keep us from the sin which grieves Him.

I have thought so much of this, that I had almost forgotten to say to you how pleased I was about the new sister ! (Eva).

Harry had long wished to be a sailor, and in due course he was nominated to a cadetship in the Royal Navy, chiefly through the influence of one of his father's oldest friends, Dr. Jex-Blake, Headmaster of Rugby. In February 1876 he was sent to Stubbington, in Hampshire, to read for his examination. There he joined John Franklin Parry, son of another of his father's old friends, the Bishop of Dover. The two boys had much in common, and the friendship was of the third generation, begun by their grandfathers—Rear-Admiral Sir W. Edward Parry and General Mac Innes.

On passing his examination successfully, Harry received the following from the Bishop of Dover, written with characteristic promptness :—

Precincts, Canterbury, July 1876.

My dear Harry,—I dare say you have not yet received your commission, but I do not see why your Godfather should not be beforehand with Her Majesty, and dub you 'R.N.' on the envelope, which accordingly I do with no small satisfaction. I hope your successful

passage through the examination straits may be an omen of like success on Franklin's part. The best compliment I can pay your service is, that had I not wished to be a clergyman, I should certainly have been a midshipman. I have no fear but that you will serve your country bravely and honestly, if need be. But in peace or war, I hope you will never be ashamed to be found fighting on the side of Christ, and under His flag. Depend upon it, it is the winning side. But no battles can be won without some hard knocks. In my brother Charlie's life, you will see what a youngster may do, who is not afraid of a few such knocks. And my father's life will shew you as true a picture as I could draw, of the best type of a Christian officer and gentleman, afloat and ashore.

Ever your affectionate Godfather,

E. DOVER

One endeavour in Harry's training, so far, had been to prepare him for the 'hard knocks' when they should come—the moral 'knocks' which all boys must meet, more or less, from the time they are first launched into school life; and as 'To be forewarned is to be forearmed,' a habit of perfect openness between the boy and his father and mother is an absolute necessity. Harry's parents were advised, when he and his brothers and sisters were very little, not only (as had already been the habit) to lead them on to tell in their own words their little confessions, wants, and desires to God in

prayer, but to have each child alone. Not an easy matter when there are several, but quite attainable by perseverance ; for each of the merry group soon understands waiting his or her turn, for the few minutes alone with father or with mother. Kneeling in prayer together, opportunity continually arises for strengthening the habit of openness about faults and difficulties, as well as about pleasures and occupations. This habit also establishes such confidence between each little heart and its parent, that, as time goes on, school-boys cling to it, and expect it, and young men thank God for it.

At the various stages of boyhood, who can estimate the value of words of loving warning, and counsel, spoken to the boy clearly and unmistakably by his father, who has gone through all the temptations and difficulties before him? Confidence in his mother comes generally more naturally, and priceless to both is this confidence for life !

The first plunge into public school, or training-ship life, must surely be regarded by all parents as a crisis in a boy's history ; and it is very natural that their hearts should shrink from the exposure to greater temptation. May the word in season

spoken to Harry's mother at this time prove the same to the hearts of other mothers!

If his father were going with him, to be always ready and at hand to meet all difficulties with him, and advise him at every turn, would you have one care about him? How much more will his Heavenly Father supply his every need? Cast your care in every detail upon Him.

## II.

### *H.M.S. 'BRITANNIA.'*

1876-1878.

' His love for his mother was strong, his veneration great,—and mothers who have really earned love and veneration are very seldom defrauded of either. She lived to see him all she could wish, and far more, perhaps, than she had once hoped. Time did more than justify the trust and fulfil the prediction, which, when his self-will as a boy was remarked to her, she expressed by saying, "Never mind ; he is self-willed now—you will see it turn out well in the end." '

*Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart. : a Study for Young Men,*  
by THOMAS BINNEY.

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' The first break in a family is a solemn and affecting era in its history . . . the trial which has come verily seems "strange," yet this is under God a holy and blessed education. Lessons are thus taught, though as by fire, which train all the scholars for a higher school.'

*Reminiscences of a Highland Parish,*  
by Dr. NORMAN MCLEOD.



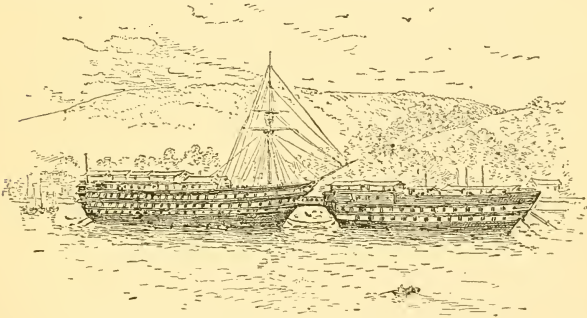


## II.

H.M.S. 'BRITANNIA,' 1876-1878.

IN September 1876, Harry joined H.M.S. 'Britannia' Training Ship at Dartmouth, where he passed the usual two years.

Where the Dart emerges from its high wooded banks, and widens out above the town and harbour,



*H.M.S. 'Britannia' and 'Hindustan.'*

the ships lie moored. (The 'Hindustan' connected with the 'Britannia' by a covered bridge.) On first rowing out, the perfect arrangement and order of the whole strikes every one. Whether the cadets are at work on board, or swarming into boats, and

---

rowing ashore to the cricket-fields on the hill above, or whether, from the lighted decks in the evening, the merry voices of the boys are heard, the whole scene is a stirring and inspiring one. Delightful walks exploring the Devonshire lanes varied the daily routine.

In the following spring Harry wrote :—

I think I have read out of the 'Daily Text Book' every morning since you sent it to me. I like to think the others at school are reading the same every day. I went for a long walk this afternoon with another boy, and we found a large adder curled up asleep, but it glided quickly away as soon as it saw us. I should think it must have been quite two feet long. I believe the two Princes have had their exam. at Greenwich and have both passed well. I suppose they will come here after midsummer.

He made pleasant friendships, especially one with Montague E. Browning, which proved a great help to him in the rougher time at sea. But he needed a deeper friendship still, in the strength of which all the difficulties and temptations of boy-life can be met. The loving voice of his Heavenly Father calling to him, 'My son, give me thine heart,' had met, as yet, with no response from the eager boy in the midst of his happy life. He did not then know that there are 'ways of pleasant-

ness' far exceeding any he had ever found before. A very few years later, Harry's great desire was to help other boys to come definitely to the Saviour. For this reason, he would try to get them to face the sinfulness of their own hearts. Without *a sense of need* there will be no glad response to the loving invitation: 'Whosoever will, let him take of the Water of Life freely.' Only



*Rickerby and the River Eden, from Stanwix.*

last year, and shortly before he was called away, he said, with intense earnestness, referring to a boy at school in whom he was deeply interested, 'I am praying that he may be convinced of his *need*; it is conviction of sin that he wants.'

Changes came in Harry's life during his time on the 'Britannia.' The familiar home in Cumberland had now become that of his parents; but

before settling in the north, the summer holidays of 1877 were spent in Switzerland. Harry's thoughtlessness, and eagerness to carry out his own plans, had continually to be checked, and corrected, and caused much anxiety about him. But the sowing went on, though often in tears, for faith was given that the reaping would come in joy. Before returning to Dartmouth in September, he was with his beloved grandmother for the last time before her death, which occurred as autumn was passing into winter.

The following Christmas holidays the unbroken band of children met for the last time ; for early in March 1878 Harry was spoken to by an unmistakable voice, that of a great personal sorrow, which left its mark upon his life. His third brother, Campbell, a boy of great promise, and as vigorous in mind as in body, died of scarlet fever at school, after only three weeks of school-boy life, at the age of nine years and eleven months. His mother took the infection after two nights and a day at his bedside, and had to leave her boy, a week before his death, not to see him again on earth.

Harry's father, writing to him from the school (Sunday, February 24), says :—

You will be grieved to hear that our precious Camp-

bell is very ill with scarlet fever. Some of the boys have it very slightly, but Campbell has had a terrible attack, and for more than forty-eight hours he was unconscious.

When I went into the room he did not know me, or mother either who had been nursing him all night, but this morning he seemed suddenly to recover consciousness, and spoke like his own dear self. He was brought over to the Sick House on Wednesday night, and the gardener's wife, who nursed him, said that, ill as he was, he would not get into bed till he had knelt down to pray. I know you will pray for him that if it please God his life may be spared, but whether he lives or not, that his sins may all be forgiven for our dear Saviour's sake.

A week later the end came, and his father again wrote to Harry :—

As long as I live I shall never forget the sweet loving smile with which he turned towards me, when I went into the room. He tried to speak, for he knew me perfectly, but neither I nor his attentive nurses could understand him. I knelt down just before he died, and cried aloud, 'Lord Jesus, receive his soul.' He had wandered a great deal, and talked in his delirium about his lessons, and his games, and the farm, and other pleasures at home ; but he never once used a bad or an impure word in his wanderings. Sometimes he repeated whole chapters of the Bible. When people are wandering, if they have ever used bad words, or even if they have listened to others using such, they will sometimes repeat them again. But I love to remember that my precious

Campbell told me in the winter, that he had prayed to God *that he might forget any bad words he had ever heard*; and I am sure his prayer was heard, and this was the answer. May our God comfort you in this great sorrow. Above all, I pray that you may ask yourself each day, 'am I prepared to die? Am I so living, as I shall wish to have lived, when my last hour comes?'

The words which of all others most calmed the parents' sorrow are those of our Saviour's prayer in John xii. 27, 'Father, glorify Thy name,' and the answer in verse 28, 'I have glorified it, and will glorify it again.' For such a purpose, and with such an end in view, it is worth while to suffer anguish. In Harry's case, and that of others, the prayer was fully answered.

Harry now keenly felt the pain of separation from home, and the impossibility of attending his little brother's funeral at Stanwix, near Carlisle.

He writes to his mother, who was ill at Hampstead:—

*March 9.*—I like being quite still and thinking about him. I try to go over as much as I can our doings of last holidays. How pleased he was, and proud about his playbox at the joiner's, which he helped to make during the last few days. I remember once or twice when we wanted to do anything, he would say, 'Would mother like it?' and I used to say 'Good Campbell' (oh that I had

not !), but I am so thankful none of our squabbles lasted long. I have just remembered the two dormice—how fond he was of them ! They must be taken special care of now.



*Campbell, ætat. 9.*

*H.M.S. 'Britannia,' March 10.*—It is still so strange, I cannot believe that when next I go home I shall not see dear Campbell's beaming face again. It is so different to dearest Grannie, for Campbell was only nine years old, and used to be so active with all of us. This

Sunday is so different to last, for then I was writing to him, not knowing how much more ill he had become. How strange it must be at home without him ! I well remember cutting his name on a tree, and how he used to be my 'fag' in the holidays, and I used to give him twopence a week ; and that very day I cut his initials, he ran into the house for my knife. You will remember how sweet he looked as the Queen, when we 'dressed up,' one wet day. As I keep on thinking of these little facts, it seems every moment more impossible to believe that he is gone, and yet he is far happier now than he ever was in his life.

The following are a few extracts from home letters Harry received at this time. His father wrote, the day after the funeral :—

Rickerby : March 10.

Later yesterday afternoon we again stood together by the grave, which Melville had covered very beautifully with moss, snowdrops, and crocuses. The primroses you picked at Dartmouth were fastened to the coffin, and lowered with him into the grave. My great comfort is, that though Campbell often did what was wrong, he was always so ready to confess his faults. Often he would come in the evening, and ask us to forgive him for various things, when we had entirely forgotten he had been at all naughty ; and, as he was always ready to confess to his earthly parents, so, I believe, he confessed his sins to our Father in Heaven, and obtained pardon for Jesus Christ's sake.



Oh, my boy, I pray that this death of your darling little brother may be blessed indeed to your soul, and to my soul, and to every one of us.

Our hearts are together to-day, though we are so far apart, and he is 'with Jesus,' as the plate on the coffin says. I believe that Jesus is indeed with us, with all of us, to-day, and then we are not far divided. And to whichever of us God gives long life, or short life, it will matter very little, when we all gather together in His presence. For He will send for us at the very best time for us, and the very best time, too, for those left behind.

Campbell was so happy and so joyous here, we cannot understand now, how he can be more joyous with Jesus ; and yet, just as however happy a boy's school life may be, you could not imagine the one who said he was too happy to wish to go home for the holidays, so it must be for all who belong to Jesus, and the great thing for each one is to make *sure* that we do belong to Him.

In 1884 a friend wrote after Harry's death :—

It is difficult to realise that the happy, good-natured boy I remember, when home for his holidays at Hampstead, should have grown up and passed away, as well as his dear little brother, to his last home. Campbell little thought of what the future might bring, when telling me about Rickerby and his future plans. I said, 'Yes, if you live,' and I can see him now, so full of life and happiness, saying 'Live ! of course I shall live !'

To Harry from his father at Rickerby :—

We went down by the beck and picked up one of those broken Gyro pigeons, which reminded us how happy Campbell was, over your first shooting ! His books came from school yesterday. His little account book so carefully kept (the valentines he had bought), and the last thing he had entered. Eva still looks sad, and says 'Campbell ill,' but we try to explain to her he is *quite well* now, and will never be ill again. . . .

*Hampstead.*—I do love to think of his very happy life ! We often talk of the time abroad. How he enjoyed it all ! Especially the bathes in the streams. Do you remember his dashing out of the pool (on our way down from the glacier at Grindelwald), shouting 'Apollo ! Apollo !' and how he flew after the beautiful butterfly and caught it ?

Harry writes on March 31 (to his mother) :—

*H.M.S. 'Britannia.'*—I really do think that I am getting the help that I have asked for since I came back here. I have only had one 'punishment,' and that was for not paying attention at Euclid. There are so many little things that I have to look out for, and pray to be kept from.

*May 12.*—I like telling you exactly what I feel, because I know you are thinking of me so much, and it makes me feel just as if I were quite near you, and speaking to you. I know you are praying so often about us all here. It is so nice having somebody like Browning to talk to. I showed him the locket—(containing his little

brother's photo and hair). I like having it always about me. I am very glad you sent me his photo for my Bible ; I will put it in as soon as I can. I am sure you pray that I may be kept from temptation, for it does seem hard here, and at home it was so easy to be good. I do think so much of you all ; how sweet Eva must be with her little talk ! Do please remember about the squirrels, and let them be some one's special charge.

In another letter about this date he spoke, for the first time, of a sense of unfitness for death and eternity—which letter, alas, cannot be found. The following is in answer to it :—

Your dear letter has made us very glad and thankful. For nothing have we prayed for so much as that every one of you might learn your need of Jesus as your Saviour while you are still young. I understand exactly all you say, and the difficulties you feel. The Holy Spirit has begun to open the shutters of your heart. By nature, our hearts are all dark, like a room with the shutters tightly shut. Satan, our enemy, does everything he can *to keep them shut*. He makes us think of all kinds of excuses for not asking that the shutters may be opened ; and he lights up the heart with a false light of his own, to make us think we are all right. But now the Holy Spirit Who always sees into every corner of our dark hearts (through the shutters) has seen, that since darling Campbell's death, you have thought about your soul, and knows that you are asking yourself whether you would be ready to die any day or hour, if God called you. So He

has opened a little bit of the shutters, and has let in a little light, for you to see that you are not right within. Listen to the voice of conscience, which warns you of any special sins, such as not obeying rules, doing things behind the Instructor's back that you would not do before his face ; joining in, or listening to, any talk that we should not like, or being idle at your work, etc. We have proofs that Campbell listened to the voice of conscience ; he seemed so anxious not to grieve us. Once or twice at the singing lessons at home, when he went out of the room, and was followed, he said, ' Well, I know I should get in a wax if I stayed, and mother would not like me to get in a wax.' Think of the times when (by your own confession) you took the *wrong side*. When your little brother took the right side you called him 'good.' . . . The hymn you have all learned, 'Just as I am,' will help you. Say it over very often. We wish to help you in all your difficulties, for we have had just the same ourselves. Remember the first thing is, instant confession of sin. Tell God everything, and, whenever you can, tell me of any wrong things your conscience tells you you have done.

Later on, in the following letter, Harry describes one of the pleasant varieties of 'Britannia' life:—

*June 2.*—Last evening I went to tea with the Captain at eight o'clock, with Browning and about six other fellows. The two Princes also came, and it was just like last time. After tea we played again with little ships and taking each other ; we had to see who could get

into each other's ports first. The Captain and Mrs. Fairfax are awfully kind. They showed us a lot of photographs, which Mrs. Fairfax had taken, out in Brazil. I think it was when the Captain took some people to observe the 'Transit of Venus,' or something like that. We did not come away till after ten. I have just come out of church. Mr. Aldous preached; it was a very good sermon. The text was Ephesians vi. and first verse. His sermon was all about obeying, that 'as we always liked to obey our parents, and follow in their ways, how much more ought we to obey God.' I liked it very much, and I listened to the Lessons, which you told me about in your letter. We have heard that the Admiralty have bought a schooner yacht for us to go out in, and I believe she is coming down soon. It will be very jolly! but we have not heard for certain yet. We have begun to go to the 'Dapper' now every other morning before breakfast.

(The cadets were drilled on the yards of the gunboat 'Dapper,' each having his appointed place for a certain time, and then changing.)

Referring to Harry's mention of the 'Lessons' in the Church Service, he often found it a help to receive, in time for Sunday, a few words of comment on the lessons for the day, drawing his attention to particular points, and preparing him to listen with interest for what was coming in the service: as also simple thoughts on the beautiful Collects, applying them to personal needs.

Soon came the end of Harry's last term. On

the 26th of July, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales distributed prizes to those of the departing cadets who had been successful in the final examinations. Harry received two—one for English History Essay, and the other for Drawing. His home-coming was specially delightful, bringing, as he did, these proofs of good and diligent work, showing that he had striven to conquer inattention and carelessness; and had therefore fulfilled the wish so often expressed in his letters to 'do well' and 'work hard.'

A short three weeks of home-life; then came the telegram summoning him to join H.M.S. 'Euryalus' at Portsmouth, for passage with other cadets to the Mediterranean. It seemed impossible to part with him: his high spirits and fun made him as usual the life of everything; and hearts, already sore with the wrench of his brother Campbell's death, shrank from the thought of missing him also, at every turn. But, thank God, faith and courage were renewed with the conviction that nothing could brace and strengthen his character nearly so well as the life before him; and above all, that it had been ordered for him by One who never makes a mistake.

III.

AT SEA.

1878-1879.

'The pilot best of winds does talk,  
The peasant of his cattle ;  
The shepherd of his fleecy flock,  
The soldier of his battle.'—ARISTO.

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NOT DRIFTING ; PILOTED.

'At noontide, on a sunny sea,  
Serene and open, bright and free.

Small choice to us in near or far,  
Heaven and home where'er we are.

. . . . .  
A Hand ! firm guiding through the sea ;  
A Face ! a Face ! regarding me.

Guiding, regarding, all the while  
Commanding Hand ! Most pitying smile !

Not drifting ! steered for evermore  
By wisest tracks that ocean o'er.'

By the Author of *Chronicles of the  
Schönberg-Cotta Family.*





### III.

AT SEA, 1878-1879.

THE following are extracts from Harry's letters during his first year at sea :—

August 28, 1878.—H.M.S. 'Euryalus'  
(Nearing Gibraltar.)

Dearest Mother,—I am very sorry I have not begun a letter before. I have been thinking of you all so much, but have been too miserable with sickness often, and then we have very little time to ourselves. It was a great help to me having your letter to open after we started. I forgot it till Sunday, but it was all the more welcome, then. I did so like the texts too. All the twenty-four hours are divided into watches—I have one watch every day and night in turn. There is time to manage reading a little of the Union Chapter every morning when we turn out. Then we have all to go over the masthead—I like that. It is awfully good exercise.

30th.—We are just in the Straits, and we can see land very distinctly on each side ; I believe we shall get to Gibraltar about six o'clock. The sails have just been taken in, and we are going to steam the rest of the way. Now passing Tarifa town on the European side, situated very low, right down to the shore—Gibraltar just in sight ! It is a splendidly high rock, just like an island ; you can barely see that it is connected with the mainland.

A marine is soon going ashore with the mail bag, for we are just going to let go the anchor. The rock *is* grand!

31st. 8 P.M. (*Gibraltar*).—Just come off from the shore. Browning and I landed together this morning. We walked about the public gardens, and saw all sorts of curious plants, prickly pears, aloes, etc. Then towards the town, which was awfully strange and amusing. Shops and people seem to be nearly all Spanish. Some old Moors in their curious dress were looking about the shops, etc. The market filled with all sorts of people—the fruit so cheap, you could get heaps of grapes for 3*d.*, several pomegranates, prickly pears, and great big sweet melons for 2*d.*; peaches about twenty a penny. Then up the rock, and into the galleries; we saw all the batteries and guns; there was a splendid view. The neutral ground could be clearly seen—the English sentinels on their ground, and then beyond the open space the Spanish sentinels on theirs. I believe we sail very early to-morrow. . . .

*September 4.*—At sea again. We have been seeing a good deal of the African coast, and are now well into the Mediterranean. On Monday there were ‘general quarters’; engines were stopped for about three hours, and then two targets were laid out to fire at. The guns made an awful row. We were all stationed at different guns, and I was able to see how it was all done. We had gun-drill yesterday, and have begun to keep our log-books. I have been constantly thinking of you all; it does seem so curious not to hear of you, and to think what a long way off I am! Last Sunday we had service on the

main-deck from 10.30 to 11.30. Two electric broadsides were fired last evening about eight.

*September 7.*— . . . We have had cutlass and rifle drill on the upper deck, and then two more targets were laid out and we steamed round them, firing shell and exploding shot at them ; one was blown all to pieces. There were about six broadsides, two by electricity, and the others by fuses.

*Malta, H.M.S. 'Hibernia' (Guard Ship), September 11.*—I did so like all your letters, which I got soon after we came in. Thank Dora very much for her letter. I have just been ashore with Browning ; we can often get leave, as there is no duty to do on board here. We take a boat and bathe from it in a Bay near ; the water is awfully warm and jolly. The side streets in Valetta are most of them in steps, and the principal streets very steep.

The Maltese are first-rate swimmers and divers ; they will even dive for a threepence or sixpence if you throw it in to them. When the 'Euryalus' came in, a lot of little boats swarmed round her with boys and men nearly naked, ready to dive for money. They do it splendidly, calling out 'Heave something, Sar !' 'I dive, Sar !' and one of them went right under the ship's bottom for a shilling.

*H.M.S. 'Wye,' September 16.*—We all came on board this A.M. ; it is an awfully small ship. Your letters came in by the mail just now—so glad of them ; it was lucky I got them. . . .

*H.M.S. 'Wye,' September 22.*—Just in the entrance to the Dardanelles (see sketch), and hoping to get to Gallipoli this P.M. Leaving Malta on Monday, we reached

Suda Bay, Crete, on Wednesday evening, and stayed there till next morning. Most of the Turkish fleet were there, for there are Greek insurgents still fighting in Crete. I saw the place where there had been fighting a few weeks ago. Then we went on to Besika Bay, as the 'Invincible' is now at Prince's Islands, near Constantinople.

It has been awfully interesting seeing all these places; we have just been passing the Turkish forts on each side of the Dardanelles. We are having such splendid weather, although it is very hot.



*Entrance to the Dardanelles.* (Sketch by H. M. I.)

*H.M.S. 'Invincible,' Prinkipo, September 24.*—Browning and I came on board here this P.M. Prinkipo is one of Prince's Islands. I like the look of the ship very much. I got all your welcome letters directly I came on board.

28th.—Browning and I got leave on Wednesday to go to Constantinople—nine miles by sea. We went in the gunboat 'Cygnet,' which goes there and back every day; some other fellows went too. We landed at 11 A.M. and went by a sort of tram to the upper part of the city. Later we got horses and rode some way outside the walls. The country all round very hilly and

rough. The streets in Constantinople are very bad, and there were any amount of dogs lying about. Most of the streets were tremendously crowded with all sorts of people. The women were dressed very curiously. Their faces all covered up except their eyes and noses. We saw the Sultan's Palace down by the sea.

Artaki Bay : October 3.

Dear Neil,—I have liked your letters to me at different times very much, and also John's, and thought of you both going back to school. I have liked to hear of your doings—so glad you have been getting a good many butterflies. When I was ashore at Prinkipo, I saw some swallow-tails, but did not catch any. . . . I am junior officer in the ship; our gun-room is on the main deck, and a very nice one. Our hammocks are slung just outside it, while our chests are on the deck below. The 'Invincible' has two batteries—amid-ships three 12-ton guns on each side in the lower battery on the main deck, and two on each side in upper battery on the upper deck. She has no poop, but a sort of half-deck called the spar-deck above the upper deck. . . . I generally bathe every morning off the ship before breakfast. I hope I shall be able to go ashore soon, as I hear there is good quail shooting. We have been having evolutions to-day, and sail-drill too.

Your loving brother,

HARRY.

*October 8.*—Artaki is a peninsula on the southern shore of the sea of Marmora. There are lots of small islands about. We midshipmen are not allowed on shore without a Ward Room officer, as the Circassians

have been having some rows lately, and the Turks do not think much of firing on you—everybody has to go ashore armed. Artaki Bay is very jolly. The other day a party of us, with a lieutenant, went to see the ruins of the ancient Greek Amphitheatre at Cyzicus—I believe it was where the Argonauts landed. There are any amount of vineyards ashore; the Greeks do not mind your taking grapes. The lieutenant in whose watch I am is awfully jolly; he took me with him yesterday to an island about twelve miles off, to shoot partridges—we only got five; we wanted a dog very much, but I enjoyed the day extremely. I have sent Grace some Maltese lace in a box which a fellow is sending to England. I hope she will like it.

October 20.

Dearest Father,—Will you send me a cartridge loader, with a good many more empty cases, as I can easily load them here? Also plenty of powder and shot, and wads; we cannot get anything of the sort out here. Most of the chaps load their cartridges, but there is not a 16-bore loader here. . . . The other day I shot a hawk. We passed some Circassians—awfully cut-throat-looking sort of chaps—on horses, with great long guns. We also saw some of the Bulgarians who have fled over here; they were dressed in rough sheep-skins, and looked very uncivilised. All the natives carry long knives at the waist, and wear a baggy sort of short trousers. All along the street of Artaki, by the shore, Greeks and Turks sit cross-legged under the trees drinking coffee—they sit there most of the day. There are fellows bargaining and selling in the streets, and the corn is spread out on mats to be dried in the sun.

I am writing in the gun-room after lunch. It is awfully hot still, but is quite cool in the gun-room. There are about sixteen in the mess now : two sub-lieutenants, about ten midshipmen, and two assistant-clerks. I will tell you the routine of our day. We turn out at 6.30, and as soon as we are dressed have cutlass or rifle drill on the upper deck till breakfast at eight. Then at 8.15 we go to our gun-quarters, and see that the guns are cleaned properly. Then they have to be reported to the gunnery-lieutenant. At 9.30 there are divisions : all the men are mustered on the upper deck ; we all have a separate division, and have to muster them by name. Then the lieutenant inspects, and sees that all are properly dressed. Directly after that, prayers are read (on the upper deck), then we go to school till 11.30, then lunch at 12. In the afternoon, gunnery, general quarters, school or seamanship, except on Saturday, when we have all the day to ourselves. We keep our watch two days on, and two days off. When you keep watch on deck, you have to take any orders from the officer of the watch, see the deck is swept, and that the boats are manned, when sent away, etc.

The watches are :—

|                        |   |   |   |                  |
|------------------------|---|---|---|------------------|
| From 12 A.M. to 4 A.M. | . | . | . | Middle watch     |
| „ 4 A.M. to 8.30 A.M.  | . | . | . | Morning watch    |
| „ 8.30 A.M. to 12 noon | . | . | . | Forenoon watch   |
| „ 12 noon to 4 P.M.    | . | . | . | Afternoon watch  |
| „ 4 P.M. to 6 P.M.     | . | . | . | First dog watch  |
| „ 6 P.M. to 8 P.M.     | . | . | . | Second dog watch |
| „ 8 P.M. to 12 A.M.    | . | . | . | First watch      |

*October 28.*— . . . The other day, on the way to a place called Panderma, we met two caravans of camels,

about twenty in a caravan, all loaded with grain, a big male camel at the head of each caravan, and little camels following like foals. . . .

The letters *were* welcome the other day, and I liked hearing of Neil and John being at Hampstead. It must have been strange seeing dear old West Heath again. I shall never forget all our happy times there, in the garden, etc. I remember in our races how dearest Campbell enjoyed the running, and went in for it ; and then climbing on the gate posts. I have such happy remembrances of him often. I like thinking over all his doings ; and then again it does seem all so strange, and such a little while ago, everything was so different. This time last year dearest Granny was only rather poorly ! What has happened since then !

*Artaki Bay, November 10.* — Yesterday morning I went for a paper chase on horseback ; we all got horses, and started about ten. The hares had a quarter of an hour's start of us ; it was great fun. I had a very good horse to go, but he would not jump at all. The end was fixed at a village, Gudjuik, about eight miles off, and the 'Agincourt' provided a lunch, which was taken round in a steam pinnace. The Admiral was there, and nearly all the captains. We were surrounded by the villagers at lunch ; there was quite a crowd watching us. I have now and then dined in the Ward Room ; the officers often ask us. It is awfully hard to keep from taking wine, etc., as, wherever you go, you are always asked to take something. Whenever I go on board any ship they want you to have something, and are always surprised if you refuse. There was another paper chase to-day, but I did not go to it.



The great danger to which many boys and young men are exposed from the habit of treating thus described was not so dangerous to Harry, as he had always been an abstainer in practice, though not at this time under any pledge; but after his return home, he took the pledge for the sake of some boys in whom he was much interested, and for the same reason he put on the 'blue ribbon.'

The following is a reminiscence sent by a mess-mate, referring to this subject:—

I know you will like to hear something he would not have told you himself, as it illustrates his firmness and constancy so well, that it made a great impression upon me at the time, and I have never forgotten it. One evening on board the 'Invincible' it happened to be some one's birthday, and as is sometimes done in the service, champagne was handed round for every one to drink his health. Poor Harry was evidently very distressed at not being able to do this, as he thought it might appear rude; and when the mid, whose birthday it was, said that he hoped he would drink his health, he told him that he could not do so in wine. The mid rather pressed him to take some, but Harry told him quietly that he had promised his father and mother that he would not touch any wine, and therefore that it was out of his power to do so, but that he wished him every happiness notwithstanding. Harry did this in such a firm, pleasant manner, that everything was made all right.

*November 24.* — I got the box all right yesterday afternoon. It came by the 'Achilles.' I got ten books, they are very nice ; I have lent some already, they were all anxious to have them. I shall like to get the photos of the dear room—(where his little brother died).

I do so well remember darling Campbell last Christmas Day, and all through those holidays, and shall long to be with you. How near it is getting ! On Friday we went out for the whole day prize firing ; there is always a prize given to each ship every year. Having got out some way, two targets were dropped, which we then steamed round. In the afternoon there was practising with the torpedoes, the 'Fish' and the 'Harvey.' A cutter was lowered and the Fish torpedo (a dummy) was fired at it twice. It went right under the boat, which was a very good shot. Then we exercised with the 'Harvey.' It is towed by a long line from a yard-arm, as the dredge is, but, easing the line, it dips under the water, as the ship runs close up to the other it gets under the bottom and blows up. The target was twice hit, at about 1500 yards distance.

It was rather cold a little while ago, but is quite warm again now. We never have to keep the night-watch strictly in harbour. If I have from twelve to four at night, I only turn out once every hour to go the rounds and see all is correct, and report it to the officer of the watch. I always read about twelve verses of the daily chapter as soon as I am dressed in the morning. I am so glad to think we are all reading the same chapter. I can easily fancy you at your Bible reading in the mornings. I wish you would send me the 'Monthly Notes,'

as I should like to know what the chosen text is every day. Yesterday, when ashore with the Chaplain, we found our way to the Bishop's house, to pay him a visit. He was sitting on a divan in his room, and had brought in for us some sort of cherry syrup, and Turkish coffee, which was very good. He could speak French very well, was very cheerful, and told the Chaplain about the Greek Church.

The Admiral and his flag-lieutenant were hares in a paper chase the other day. I like this place very much, there is always something to do ashore. I ride a good deal now when I can, but the horses are getting rather done up by always being ridden, for we always ride across country, jumping, etc.

H.M.S. 'Invincible,' December 8.

Dearest Rennie,—I thank you so much for your letter, which I got with father's yesterday morning. I do so like your nice letter about going down the river in the Rickerby boat. I am glad Polly can bark now like 'Mops'; you must teach him a lot of things. I wonder how the squirrels are getting on. Do you think they are getting at all tame? How you will like going to Fern Lodge with father and mother! I suppose you will see Neil and John soon now. I wish you could see all the strange things here. We often see camels ashore, a lot together sometimes. The houses are very curious, and the shops too—you see the shopman sitting cross-legged on a low floor, selling things. There are some skin shops here with all sorts of skins of animals. I bought a very nice fox's skin the other day. I shall think of you all together again at Christmas. I wonder if you have been riding

'Cherry' lately. Give my dearest love to all. I remain your loving brother,

HARRY.

*Besika Bay, December 22.*—We have come here to exchange with the 'Pallas.' It was awfully jolly going down the Dardanelles, seeing the scenery on both sides. We stopped at Chanak for a pass, which must always be got in going through the Dardanelles. On both sides at Chanak there are great fortifications, a 40-ton gun on each side ; there is a good big Turkish garrison there. You know we are very near Troy ; the Plains of Troy, where old Troy was, are quite near. We are going to get up some football here, which will be very jolly. The fleet when they were here had some hounds ; they are still here, and I think we shall go out sometimes.

*Tuesday, 6.30 P.M.*—I have been ashore all day, at the hunt with a few other fellows. There is a huntsman on shore and about twenty hounds ; they are beagles, and have very good kennels. We ran any amount of hares, but did not get one ; it was great fun. I had a very good horse, which went very well and jumped too. After a while the hounds got on a fox's track, and the huntsman was somehow left behind. I was on a long way with two other fellows, with most of the hounds. We followed about eight miles straight off. We rode right over part of the great Plains of Troy.

*December 29.*—Yesterday some of us went on shore to shoot. We saw any amount of woodcock. Our doctor, who is a very good shot, got about forty brace of them in three days' shooting. I thought of you all on Christmas Day. The blue-jackets had decorated all

their mess place, etc., very well. They had plenty to eat for their dinner, and, as is the custom, the Captain and officers went round (the band playing before), and the blue-jackets offered us different things from their tables : cake, cold duff (plum pudding), biscuits. Then the Captain spoke a little to them, wishing them a 'Happy Christmas,' etc. They are allowed to do pretty much what they like on Christmas Day ; some were dressed in old plain clothes, some as niggers ; there was also a Father Christmas.

*December 31.*—Yesterday afternoon the Captain asked some of us to come with him in the steam pinnace to 'Alexandria Troas,' about twelve miles down the coast. We left the ship soon after luncheon and got there in about an hour and a half. You will of course know that this Troas was built by Alexander the Great ; but now there is not much to be seen. Close to the shore there is still the old harbour. You know it was where St. Paul brought Eutychus to life, and it is also mentioned in Acts xvi. 8 that he went there, so that we most probably saw the very place where he must have landed. I should like to know more about these places, and wish you could get me a book about antiquities. The other Troy is where the Greeks had that stratagem with the horse of wood, and were concealed in it.

It is New Year's Eve, and generally on a ship at 12 o'clock they strike sixteen bells instead of eight, and the band gets up and plays 'God Save the Queen.' Most of the fellows stay up to see the New Year in, but I do not think I shall, as I have to turn out at four in the morning for a watch.

A 'Chronicle' of home news, often illustrated, was sent regularly to Harry, to which all members of the family contributed, either in verse or prose. These chronicles contained every variety of information ; lively stories or merry jokes ; contributions by guests staying in the house acrostics and rhymes, and often the large, text-hand letter of a little sister, composed with much labour, but much love, telling of the doings of some favourite cat or dog.

*January 3, 1879.*—Yesterday I was out shooting all day with two other fellows. We went to the great marsh right on about seven miles from the landing place. It is a very big marsh, most of it covered by tall reeds about ten feet high. We followed for some time round its borders, and saw heaps of snipe ; in the end I got a brace and a half (bagged). They got up together, sometimes as many as thirty at a time ; it was very pretty to see them. We were constantly up to our knees in water. There were lots of wild duck flying about in the middle of the marsh ; we tried to wade in, but the water got too deep and muddy to get at them. One of the fellows shot a bittern, very like a heron, only brown, a great big bird. He had broken one of its wings, and as he was killing it, it darted its beak at his eye like lightning, and luckily made a mark in his forehead instead. Just as we got back we heard a telegram had come from the fleet, to say that one of the 'Thunderer's' guns had burst, and forty officers and men were killed and wounded.

(It is a terrible accident, almost as bad as the other dreadful explosion on board her.) We are to be ready to go to Ismid to relieve her very soon.

The following extract from the 'Times' of January 22 gives interesting and touching particulars, well remembered by many:—

The unfortunate 'Thunderer,' which had only been a short time on the station, had taken up a position some six miles away from the 'Alexandra,' and three or four from the other vessels. Her target had been laid out and one round had been fired from all her guns, with battering charges and Palliser shells, when the order was given to load, with common shell and reduced charges, the guns of the foremost turret. The starboard gun was fired, and the port then ordered to follow. Almost immediately a terrible explosion was heard, the ship was shaken most violently; where the fore-turret stood, was a cloud of white smoke, and above it, circling in the air, a mass of black fragments, which only too well told of the fearful disaster which had overtaken the men working the guns beneath. It was soon ascertained that this port gun had burst, just before the trunnion, the muzzle being blown right away into the sea, that nearly every one actually inside the part of the turret where the gun was situated had been killed instantly; and that a large number of men had been seriously wounded, who were in the lower part, assisting in the working of the various machines connected with it. The effect of the concussion upon the ship herself was tremendous; all lights were put out, and everything of a brittle nature shattered

into fragments. A fire was produced in the fore shell-room ; but, thanks to the coolness and zeal of the men on deck, it was not allowed to spread, and was extinguished before it had attained any alarming dimensions. The other vessels in the squadron were not slow in getting alongside the unfortunate 'Thunderer,' and the wounded men were rapidly transferred to the 'Achilles,' 'Monarch,' and 'Alexandra' for medical treatment. It was a terrible sight to see the shattered remains of the poor fellows killed in the turret, battered and torn almost beyond recognition ; and most heartrending to witness the wounded led away, and carried off by their sorrowing shipmates, to the other vessels. Blinded, with their hands and faces blackened and bruised almost to a jelly, their clothes burnt, and flesh scorched, it was almost impossible to recognise, in these poor shattered and maimed suffering specimens of humanity, the gallant men who had but a few moments before, in all the pride of health and strength, been working the monster guns of the turret. Forty-six in all were killed and wounded by this terrible explosion, which forms a sad pendant to the former great disaster, when so many lives were lost by the bursting of one of her boilers, during the trial trip at Portsmouth.

The funeral of the unfortunate victims was solemnised the following day at Ismid, in the Greek cemetery.

*Ismid, January 18.*—I was so glad to hear on Wednesday when the 'Wye' came in that my box had come. I must thank you all very much for it. Everything was splendid. The dried fruits were very nice, and everybody enjoyed them, and the musical box is played every day. The books also about Turkey and Greece will be a great pleasure to read. I was awfully amused



with the 'Rickerby Chronicle' which you sent me, and think you did it capitally. It is a very good thing that you have started it. I like so much to hear of all your doings at Rickerby. What fun the skating must be! We are having it rather cold now, and snow now and then. I should have so liked to go to Derwentwater with father and the boys. What happy holidays you must be having!

*Vourlah Bay, near Smyrna. February 16.*—Last Monday I went to Smyrna, and returned on Friday. Browning and three other fellows went too. We met the Chaplain, who invited me to go to Ephesus with him. We saw the great temple of Diana, which has lately been discovered; St. Luke's tomb with the bull (his emblem), on a sort of pillar; also the great theatre; the baptismal font, a solid block of stone, a tremendous size. I wish I could explain it all better, and I want so much to know more about these things. We got back to the little village at dark, and went to the small hotel there, kept by a Greek—had good accommodation, although not much to eat. We left next morning by train to Smyrna. I will send you a copy of my account book, so that you may see what I spent.

*Monday, 27th.*—Parry and Pears, from the 'Minotaur,' arranged with me to go for a walk this afternoon. I enjoyed it very much; it was so pleasant meeting again, and talking over things together. We had a very nice walk going to Vourlah, about six miles. I have asked them to come on board to see the ship, and hope to go and see the 'Minotaur.'

*Besika Bay.*—From Vourlah we went to Ismid, and from thence to Gallipoli with the rest of the fleet;

which place we all left this morning, arriving here this afternoon. It was very jolly going down the Dardanelles with all the fleet, as we were all under sail. As we passed Chanak, the 'Alexandra' fired a salute to the Turkish flag of twenty-one guns, and they returned it from the fort on shore, as we were leaving the Dardanelles for good. Mr. Sayce is very kind to me, he lets me use his cabin whenever I like. I am writing this letter in his cabin now. I generally begin my letters to you on Sunday afternoon (and finish them some other time before the mail goes), as we always have our afternoons to ourselves on Sunday.

*Wednesday Morning.*—No. 3 'Rickerby Chronicle' turned up to-day. It was awfully amusing as usual. I liked the 'Boy's Own Paper' and 'Weekly Welcome' very much, and should like them again. I like the papers too about Ephesus.

*Malta, March 29.*—I am now signal midshipman with Browning, he and I keep watch alternately; we do not have any nightwork to do, we have to look after all the signals going on. I want to ask you if you would mind my going to the Opera here? Lots of fellows have gone there to-night. Do tell me just what you would like about it, and if you would not like me to go I should be quite contented, as I do not want to do anything you would not like.

The answer to this letter is lost. His parents explained why they did not themselves go to the opera, but no burden was laid upon his conscience, and he was left to decide for himself; as it proved, he never did go.

*Malta, April 3.*—You will be surprised to hear that we have been put into the Channel Fleet ; we heard of it on Tuesday morning, and they are expected in here every day from Cyprus. For most things I am glad, because we shall very likely go to England. We are in Somerset Dock and quite dry, you can walk down by the ship's keel ; all the deck has been freshly caulked, and of course there is a great deal of mess about. The 'Thunderer' is quite close to us now ; both the guns in the turret have been taken out, and are going back to England in the 'Hecla.' There is a lawn-tennis ground just ashore in the dockyard, to which we can go. It is quite hot now, and we often get ices ashore.

13<sup>th</sup>.—I thought of you all when I read the First of Genesis this morning, most likely reading it too. How *awfully jolly* it will be if I have the chance of seeing you all in England this year ! I have just been reading all your letters over again. Mother's, all about the expedition to the fell, is very nice. I wonder if you will have good shooting these holidays.

*Naples, June 9.*—Since last writing I have received such a nice lot of letters from all of you. Now you will like to hear about Rome. There were about six of us who went from this ship. We reached Rome by train about seven in the morning ; took a guide from the Hôtel d'Angleterre (where we stayed), and first of all went over the Quirinal Palace, which has magnificent rooms and pictures. Then to the Rospigliosi Gallery, where we saw the famous 'Aurora' which there is a print of, in the hall at Fern Lodge. After that, drove to the Temple of Vesta, and to the bridge over the Tiber, past the Theatre of Marcellus, and also saw the pyramid tomb of Caius

Cæstus. Then to the Basilica of St. Paul's Without the Walls, a most splendid building, but hardly finished. The huge columns of marble were very grand. On our return we had ices in a shop, and then all walked out to the Villa Borghese. There we saw mosaic, statues, and pictures. On our way back, passed the Queen of Italy in a carriage, and soon after the King. The next day (Sunday) we first saw the Forum of Trajan ; there are a lot of old columns still standing. Then the Roman Forum, where we saw the Arch of Septimus Severus, and also the Temple of Constantine, and the Arch of Titus. It was all very interesting. After that to the Coliseum, going all over it ; having guide-books we were able to read accounts of all we saw. I believe the Emperors used to have regular naval fights inside the Coliseum, as water, we were told, used to be turned on. We then drove out to the Church of St. Sebastian, and saw what they told us were the footprints of Christ, and were taken down to the Catacombs underneath the church, which were very curious. We drove on along the Appian Way to the Hadrian Mausoleum, and to the tombs of Cecilia Metella and Seneca, having a splendid view of the scenery round, and seeing the aqueducts very plainly. In the evening went to St. Peter's to hear the evening service. The singing was beautiful. We saw the tomb of St. Peter and the casket wherein is a bit of wood, supposed to be a bit of the Cross. The different lengths of the churches were pointed out by little stars marked in the ground. St. Sophia (at Constantinople) shorter than our St. Paul's, and St. Paul's about 100 feet shorter than St. Peter's, showing what a splendid building it is ! After table d'hôte we saw some fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo, on

the banks of the Tiber. First, the whole building was illuminated, then the rockets, catherine wheels, etc., were awfully good. Next morning we went to the Borghese picture gallery, and saw some splendid pictures there ; then we went on to the Capitol, and saw the famous dying gladiator, then to the Lateran Museum, seeing a lot more curious things. Also went to the Pantheon, where Raphael was buried, and the last king (Victor Emmanuel) ; everything that we saw was most awfully interesting. I did not think you would have minded the things we did on Sunday ; we were obliged to have a carriage, but I thought about you, and my not going to church. I am sorry that we missed the Vatican, but it was a feast day, which prevented us. . . . Since returning to Naples, I have been to Pompeii and Vesuvius with three other fellows. When we landed at Castellamare, we took two nice little chaises and drove out to Pompeii. In the Museum there were several of the real bodies in glass cases, all covered with lava ashes, and the skeleton of a dog in a most agonising position. We walked through the old streets, seeing the market-place, Temples of Jupiter and Venus. The marks of the chariot wheels in the stones of the streets are to be seen. Everywhere about, you also see old paintings on the walls of the houses. The baker's shop is a very curious sight, everything so well preserved. After that we ordered horses and a guide, and set off for Vesuvius. It was great fun, we rode as far as we could, and then began to climb up the cone. This was awfully tiring work, on account of the loose lava ashes ; it was a very fine sight when we reached the crater. The steam was coming out in great jets or puffs like a steam-engine, and every

now and then came loose stones and hot lava. We walked on the latter, which in some places quite burnt our boots. We ran down quickly and rode back, reaching Castellamare by carriage. I think we are having a very jolly cruise, and I have liked going to all these places awfully. To-day a match was played between the Channel Fleet and Naples Club. We beat easily—getting 129 runs in first innings; they had two innings and only got 63. Our naval instructor and three other fellows played from our ship.

To 'keep up a constant fire of letters from home' is one of the best means of maintaining a strong tie with an absent one; and the letters which Harry received while at sea were very numerous, so that he could follow closely, with eager interest, the games and sports of his brothers, and all the incidents of home and school life. From these home letters a few graver extracts are occasionally inserted.

The following is from his father:—

Rickerby: June 15.

Your capital letter of the 9th gave us a famous account of what you saw in Rome, and I am very glad you managed Vesuvius also. I was pleased that you told us what you felt as to the Sunday at Rome, and I trust you not only tell your earthly father, but still more your Heavenly Father, and ask His help and direction in all such matters. I think I have said before in regard to Sunday, it is very difficult to lay down fixed

rules what to do, and what not to do. One can and must have a fixed rule about lying, dishonesty, cruelty, indecent talk, or impurity of any kind, but in regard to Sunday, I only long for you as I long for myself, and all about me, that it may be a quiet resting day, unlike common days, with time for reading and thought, and happy talks with helpful companions of the right sort. A Sunday at sea on a man-of-war must be very strange, but I am sure it is a help to oneself anywhere, to make a difference on Sundays, however slight, to remind oneself of the object of the day, and, still more, *to show one's colours*. I often found the difficulty at school and college, but I also found the help given.

. . . . .

Again :—

I pray for you, my precious son, that you may be kept from evil, and especially, as you grow older, that you may have grace given you, to resist the special temptations to impurity of thought, word, or deed which abound everywhere, and in the navy I fear not least. Be on your guard, and pray for help to resist temptation. You cannot stand in your own strength.

Harry writes :—

*At Sea, July 27.*—We shall in all probability get into Vigo to-morrow. It was awfully hot at Gibraltar, caused chiefly by the Levanter, a hot wind, blowing. It was such a treat to be able to bathe very often. I have so liked the photographs of the dear grave, and shall put one in my Bible as mother advises. It is so delightful

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to think of seeing you all again soon, and I hope to get leave, before Neil's and John's holidays are over.

The 'Invincible' reached England in August ; and Harry was met by his father and some of the home-party at Devonport, one of whom wrote :—

*August 10.*—Harry strikes me this morning as being quite his old self, and yet there is a more manly air about him. He is so very sweet, consulting father about everything, and apparently always wishing to do what he would like. He is very simple, no stuck-up airs as boys of his age so often have, and so gentle and loving, and beaming. His voice at first seemed to alter him, but through it one recognises the old voice. He has a very business-like manner, but that he always had.

A little later, Harry had leave of absence home, for about a fortnight. When he rejoined the 'Invincible' she was for some time in English waters, and off the coast of Ireland, before returning to the Mediterranean.

Just before he sailed from Plymouth his father writes to him :—

I feel we do thoroughly understand each other, and if ever you want to write to me about any special point, put 'private' on your letter inside, and then I shall know it is not to be shown to others. Once more, my beloved son, I commend you to that Heavenly Father



Who will always hear you when you turn to Him, as I am thankful to feel you do, in prayer.

*Ovington Gardens.*—Yesterday Arthur Buxton came here. He took prayers, and I asked him to remember you in his prayer. He asked that our God would go with you and keep your *thoughts* from all that is evil, as well as your actions. Let this be your prayer for yourself as well as ours for you. Do not forget the *thoughts* of our hearts, which left to themselves incline to nothing aright.

Arthur Fowell Buxton, the cousin here referred to, was at this time a curate in a large London parish; but ere long, the Master put the faith and love of His young servant to the severer test of long months of failing health and suffering. On July 31, 1881, he was called Home, aged 30.



IV

*AT SEA.*

1879-1880.

‘ We need as much the Cross we bear,  
As air we breathe, as light we see ;  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.’—Miss WARING.

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‘ There will be times when a strain may come on one, but  
it is only for a time, and, as the strain, so will your strength  
be,’—General CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.



#### IV.

AT SEA, 1879-1880.

THIS second part of Harry's short experience of sea-life was a trying one to him, but he was thankful for it afterwards ; at the outset of this voyage, during the storms which the 'Invincible' encountered, two fatal accidents occurred, which deeply moved and impressed him.

He writes :---

*Between Plymouth and Gibraltar, December 7.*—

We have had very bad weather, especially in the Bay, and have had a miserable time of it, as the seas washed right over the ship, making everything very uncomfortable. Our gun-room got very wet, as a lot of water got into it, with all our books and things. Several little things in my locker got wet, and nearly all my books. Any loose things in the ship were rolling about, and all our chests had to be tied up. I am sure you will be sorry to hear that one of our men was killed, by falling from aloft on Thursday. It was about 3.30 P.M., and they were just going to set topgallant sails, when the man fell from the main-top as the sailors were going aloft. He fell right down on deck. It was my afternoon watch, so I was on deck, and saw him fall. He was fearfully cut about. He was taken below at once, and died

about three hours afterwards. They say he was not conscious at all. The doctors did all they could ; they had to cut off one of his legs, as it was so badly smashed. It was awfully terrible seeing him fall—but I don't think he could have felt anything after it. He was buried on Friday morning, sewn up in a hammock, and as the Chaplain read the service the body was just slipped into the sea, from the gangway. His messmates carried it round the deck on a stretcher. I have just been reading the texts and things in the book you sent me ; they are very nice.

*Gibraltar, December 10.*—We arrived here about 3.30 this afternoon, and have just had another very sad accident. About 2 P.M a man fell overboard (when we were only two or three miles off 'Gib.')

and was drowned. He was working on the bows over the ship's side, and a wave washed him overboard ! Two life-buoys were thrown over immediately, and a boat lowered. We saw him swimming to the buoy, but before the boat got up he sank. It is supposed it was on account of his having a big oilskin on, and sea-boots, for he was a capital swimmer, and swam perfectly well at first. He got quite close to the buoy, and then it looked as if he were trying to get the oilskin off, and I suppose it got jammed somehow, for suddenly he went down, the boat arriving hardly a minute afterwards.

Two men lost since we left England ! It seemed to come so suddenly, nobody thinking about it. I thought when the first man died, who would be the next ? and how easily it might be myself, or any one. It seems such a warning for me always to be prepared, and I do so want to be always ready.

*Malta, December 21.*—On our way here we saw several waterspouts with the sea all foaming beneath them ; they were very curious. We finished our examinations on Friday. I have done pretty well I think, being third of the midshipmen in this ship ; Browning was first. I received a nice batch of letters soon after we got in here yesterday ; I liked them all so much, and thought of Neil and John going home on the 18th, and of you all together this Sunday. I know how we shall think of each other on Christmas Day. How different it will be for us ! I can hardly imagine you among frost and snow, as it is just like an English summer here — perhaps a little colder, but we are having splendid weather. You seem to have it awfully cold at home. I should not have thought the Eden would have frozen yet. I suppose skating will be the rage all the holidays, if the frost lasts. Thank Rennie for the text he sent me. I hope you will send my Bible-reading Union Card for 1880, as soon as you get it.

The photographs of Carlisle and Stanwix are very good, and I have already stuck them inside the lid of my chest.

*H.M.S. 'Invincible,' Alexandria, February 1, 1880.*—I have already been to the Pyramids with five other fellows. The journey to Cairo was most interesting. We saw the great mouths of the Nile, and were continually passing small Arab villages, which looked as if they were made entirely of mud—very wretched places to live in. We reached Cairo on Monday evening, it is about 130 miles from Alexandria. On Tuesday morning we started for the Pyramids, we took a carriage and two good donkeys, which we rode by turns. The Pyramid we went up was all in irregular steps, about three and

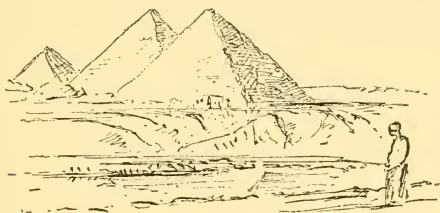
four feet high. From the top we had a very good view of the smaller Pyramids, Sphinx, and other old ruins. The great desert looked awfully curious, just like a great sea with high waves. As far as you looked in one direction, nothing could be seen but sand, while on the other side were Cairo, the Nile, and cultivated lands.

We went inside the Pyramid, having to take candles and walk along a long passage, so low in some places we could not walk upright. At last we came to a large high chamber called the Queen's Chamber. It was awfully hot inside, as there was so little room for air to enter; after that we walked to the Sphinx, which is very much disfigured. I believe it is all one piece of stone, or very nearly so. The Arabs were very troublesome, continually bothering for money, and wanting you to buy coins, etc. On Wednesday we all took donkeys (which abound in Cairo) to see the city generally, the Egyptian bazaars, etc. In the afternoon we all went off on donkeys again to see the Grand Mosque, and Citadel, on the other side of the town. We had to wear slippers over our shoes inside the Mosque. The interior was very magnificent. After that we were taken into the Khedive's Palace, which is inside the Citadel. Perhaps you would like to hear a little of what Cairo is like. It is quite a large town. One of the principal streets which we passed through, and is called the 'Mouski,' was very curious. The conveyances are principally two-horse open carriages, and donkeys, both of which are very cheap to hire. When anybody hires a carriage, they generally hire a 'syce' (or runner), who runs before the carriage to clear a way, as most of the streets and thoroughfares are very crowded. They are quite a class of people by themselves; they



generally dress all in white, and each carries a long stick. The bazaars are large, and we went all through them. We all enjoyed our trip immensely.

The first dim outline of the Pyramids is seen as the train approaches Cairo from Alexandria; they are about nine miles from the city, and they stand on the edge of the desert platform, which rises some forty or fifty feet above the richly



*The Pyramids.*

cultivated plain, with its waving fields of corn, and feathery palm groves. The three Pyramids of Ghizeh (of which the Pyramid of Cheops is the largest and most renowned) form a distinct group. Before the time of Abraham they stood as mighty guardians of the desert. Joseph must have seen in them the record of a bygone age, and to Moses they were already ancient monuments.

Harry's next letters (from the Piræus) speak of seeing Athens, the Acropolis, Mars Hill, and other places of interest which are all well known.

During the same month he writes of the capture of Colonel Synge by brigands at Salonica, and the 'Invincible' being ordered there immediately in consequence.

*Salonica, February 29.*—We went to sea as soon as possible, going nearly full speed all the way, and arrived at the entrance of the Gulf of Salonica on Monday morning. The Captain decided on sending some boats away to cruise and board all small vessels, as we heard the brigands intended escaping to the Greek islands, and it was our object to prevent them. So the steam-pinnace and barge were got ready, all the men provided with arms, etc. We then went on to Salonica, and there heard that the Turkish soldiers had been making an attempt to seize the brigands, but the English Consul, finding that probably Colonel Synge's life would be in danger if they were captured, got an order from Constantinople, for the military operations to be stopped. We now hear that the ransom asked by the brigands for Colonel Synge is 10,000*l.*, ten gold watches, and eight swords, which is a tremendous lot. They expect he will be released in a very few days now. The ransom will, of course, be paid by the Turkish Government.

He is an Englishman, living about twelve miles from here, and a colonel in the Turkish Gendarmerie. He has a farm of his own, and was attacked in his house last Thursday week. He began to defend his house, but the brigands said they would kill him if he did not surrender, therefore he was forced to do so. The band he was taken by is supposed to have about sixty men in it. There are any amount round here, and the people are

awfully afraid of them—even the soldiers are too. They say it is not safe even for three or four miles outside this town.

*Piræus, March 10.*—The King of Greece has been on board ; he arrived about 1.30 P.M. with all his staff. The officers were on deck in full dress to receive him. He had luncheon in the Captain's cabin, after which he went over the ship, saw the guns drilled, etc. He was very young-looking, I thought. As he was going round the ship he spoke to me about my sea-chest, etc. He spoke English very well. The British Minister came on board with Mr. Augustus Mounsey and the other secretary in uniform.

On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Mounsey came on board to see the Captain, and go over the ship. I took the Captain's boat ashore for them, and brought them off to the ship.

*Malta, May 16.*—I must tell you of a little adventure I had last week ; on Tuesday afternoon all our boats went away sailing, and I went in charge of the whaling



*H.M.S. 'Invincible,' off Filfolà.*

boat. After I had been sailing about the harbour for some time, a sudden squall came on, and we went right over. We all hung on to the boat, and were picked up in less than a minute by a boat, and went on board again

at once. But the worst part was, that when the boat went over my telescope sank, which I had taken away with me, and I am afraid there is no hope of recovering it. I hired two men to drag for it with hooks, about the place where we capsized, and they dragged for two days, but could not pick it up. I ought to have thought of getting hold of it when we were going over.

The monotony of harbour life at Malta was delightfully varied for Harry during the month of May. His elder sister had accompanied her aunt and other friends to Egypt and the Holy Land: on their return they diverged from Athens for a ten days' visit to Valetta, when Harry and some of his friends had many opportunities of joining them on shore, for excursions into the island, and merry evenings at the hotel. This visit was the more acceptable, as for some months Harry had not been in vigorous health, which eventually led to the decision that he should leave the navy.

During the summer cruise that followed (to the west coast of Italy, and south coast of France) his letters are mostly descriptive of places revisited. He greatly enjoyed the opportunity of a second visit to Rome.

*Castellamare, June 20.*—We had another very sad accident on board last Friday, while we were drilling aloft. A man was knocked off one of the yards by a sail, and fell right down through a hatch on to the deck

below. I was in the main-top at the time, and saw him fall. It was awfully sad, and so terrible to see him fall. He died instantaneously, I believe, as he was fearfully knocked about. Everything went on the same that morning, which seemed so curious, but of course it could not be helped. The funeral was ashore yesterday, and I was sent to it, with several other officers. The service was read by our new Chaplain, Mr. Upcher, who, curiously enough, joined us from the 'Helicon' the same day the poor man was killed.

His father writes :—

It is very remarkable that for the third time since you sailed from Devonport you should have been brought face to face with sudden death, in such a very solemn way, and I thoroughly understand what you mean, about the strangeness of everything going on directly afterwards, without interruption. Your letter has filled our hearts with thanksgiving, as many of your letters have done, for we feel that a real spirit of patience has been given you, under the past discipline. But again I would remind you, as my dear father often reminded me, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' I believe, if once we fancy we are safe in ourselves, that is just the very time when Satan tries us most, and often succeeds in getting the better of us, perhaps in the very point where we thought we were quite safe.

Another home letter says :—

*July 15.*—It is disappointing that you are not better, but I hope these fresh remedies may do you good. How sweet are the words of the Lord Jesus—'Whosoever

doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is *my brother.*' You are on the 'Invincible' for a purpose for yourself, and very likely God has something for you to do for Him still. Just ask, that you may each day do the bit of work our God's own hands have given you to do ; give yourself into our Father's arms each day. You do not know how much your silent example may do for one or more of the new cadets.

Harry writes from Malta :—

*September 5.*—Last Friday, Mr. Upcher and I went out after quails. We only saw four birds, but each managed to get one. It is very uncertain about getting them here, as they only come over from Africa, with a south-easterly wind, or 'sirocco,' as it is called. Then it is hard to find them, as they lie very close in this hot weather. I am going to send you some feathers of my first quail in this letter. . . .

I spoke to ——— the other day, about belonging to the 'Bible Union,' and he said he should like to join very much, so I want you to get him a card as soon as you can, and send it out. I went down to Mr. Upcher's Bible-class with the men yesterday evening, and I hope to go every Sunday now.'

The Rev. Knyvet Upcher had not met Harry as a stranger. Both far from home, they were first drawn to each other when talking of mutual relatives and friends. Many pleasant expeditions were planned together, by the kindness of Mr. Upcher ; and Harry, during the remainder of his time on

the 'Invincible,' found in him one ever ready to strengthen and encourage him in his daily life. The strong, brave, loving spirit of their chaplain endeared him to officers and men ; but during the summer of 1881, in the prime of his young manhood, he was laid low by illness, and death called him to a higher service.

As Harry's health continued unsatisfactory, it was decided at the end of 1880 that he should resign his commission. His time at sea, though short, had brought many experiences, all most valuable in forming and strengthening his character, and he learnt much from the routine and discipline of a man-of-war. He learnt much, also, from the trials of which he had his share, and in his case this was truly a testing time. Evil abounds everywhere, certainly not least in a gun-room mess, where too often swearing and bad language are unrestrained. How this particular form of evil has often saddened the hearts of Christian officers is well illustrated in a letter written several years previously, by Commander Charles Parry, R.N., and thus recorded in his 'Life.'

The mess contains many wild fellows, who, God forgive them, like too many of our young officers, make it their practice to swear at almost anything. An oath is,

in fact, always ready at the tip of their tongue, that they may be thought men among their associates. I feel I have been enabled to stop a good deal of this sort of thing, as long as I am actually at hand, having asked them occasionally to refrain, but I hear it going on behind my back. I think that many years will have to roll on before that most foolish and self-abasing idea leaves the heads of midshipmen. Is it not truly pitiful to think that such numbers should (almost always from the example of their seniors) be led to curse and to swear as if there were no harm in doing so? and after a short time they acquire such a *habit*, that they actually do not know when they do it. Often and often, when I speak to the younger fellows we have on board, just after they have been making use of very sad language, they hardly know to what I am alluding.

Nor is this habit of bad language confined to the Navy only, as those who are acquainted with the inner life of our large schools, offices, and workshops know only too well. Thus a mother writing of her son, called home by an early death, says :—

He had felt the great temptations of his surroundings at the works—the swearing of the men—Oh! how strange it is that our boys who go away fresh from a sheltered home, and a mother's kiss, should have to be exposed to an atmosphere like this. Why do not Christian men see to it, and purify our workshops, and make them fit places for our boys? It would be more than all burnt offerings and sacrifices.



The spirit in which Harry met other trials may be gathered from a letter he wrote more than three years later to a youth in difficult circumstances.

Well, if we had not our great Friend to go to always, I don't know what we should do. But, thank God, we have, so let us feel that His hand is in all. How closely He must be watching over our lives at this present moment. I am very thankful you offer no resistance, although I can quite understand the difficult position it puts you in. But we must remember how closely fellows watch how we take these sort of things. If we only meet them in the right way, I am sure they will soon stop. We may not actually strike back, but if a fellow sees we don't like it, why then they go on. If we appear at all sulky, or look annoyed in face, you see they take a pride in doing the same thing again. No, we must make an effort—it will be one—to take everything pleasantly, such as, 'not such a good shot that time, try again,' or make some joke. Now, we believe in the power of prayer, so let us each ask for special grace to meet all our difficulties in a truly Christian way, as pleasantly as possible. . . . This morning we had Mark xiii. 34, 'To every man his work,' and our Lord has also appointed to us each one, particular work ; *his* work, not somebody else's.

Not long before Harry left the service, his Captain wrote of him, 'He is thoroughly steady and high-principled, and I am glad to have him.

with me.' The Rev. Knyvet Upcher writes, 'I must tell you Harry sets such a bright example to his messmates ; we are capital friends, he is a right good lad, and I admire him very much.'

'He did stick to his colours,' was the testimony of one of his messmates ; and he was 'a great help to all on board in the way of example.' 'Always firm and consistent, he never allowed himself to take part in, or countenance, anything which was in any way contrary to his principles.'

Such was the opinion of others. Harry's own estimate of himself, at this time, was very different. Yearning after a deeper hold on eternal things, he wrote :—

I feel just as you do about the evil, and the bad language that goes on, for I seem to have got familiar with all that is said and done. But lately I have felt how bad I am myself, and (as each of these men was killed) how unprepared I am for death. I do so want to be more prepared for it.

How perfectly easily one may be taken suddenly, because there are so many dangers always around us.

And again :—

I am striving day by day to walk in the right way, and I am sure I am being helped. But I do not seem to love the Lord enough ; I want to be brought much nearer to Him, as somehow I feel unfit for His presence. But I do pray daily to be given greater desire to follow Him.

A friend has written lately, that at a meeting of undergraduates, held in the spring of 1884 at Cambridge, when many spoke, Harry said :—

‘ Before I came up to college, I was in the Navy, and I can thrice consciously point to a time when brought face to face with death, the Holy Spirit pleaded with me in vain. But, thank God, not long after, I could say I have passed from death unto life.’

The next was written in response to his earnest desire ‘ to be brought nearer ’ to God.

*November 10.*—I am deeply thankful that you do not feel near enough to the Lord—that you do not love Him as you long to do. This is the work of the Holy Spirit in your heart, and the answer to our prayers. To see our need and helplessness can only be given us by Himself. He *is* working, and I can joyfully use those words about you ‘ being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perfect it.’ Accept His free mercy ; you know He has forgiven you, as He forgave the sinful and the sick, when He was on earth, saying, ‘ Son, thy sins are forgiven thee.’ Just praise Him, and do not expect to feel a great deal. He will give feeling in His own good time. The great fact of forgiveness has nothing to do with feeling. When any doubt comes to trouble you, tell our loving Lord, and expect Him to take it away. I am sending a little book, for you to read on your way home. It is very clear and helpful. You will not leave the ship without deep thankfulness for all the mercies of your life

on board. God bless and keep you, and may you seek to serve Him first in everything.

The little book referred to, 'Never Say Die' (by Gillespie Prout), was read by Harry on his voyage home. Later on, he told several that he believed he owed his *definite* conversion to it, and he constantly gave it away, up to a very short time before his death.

November 29, 1880.

Dearest Father,—I have so liked your letters, and I am thinking thoroughly over all you have said. Of course I feel as you do, that my leaving the Navy is a great decision to have made. I fully take in what you say, and understand about the work to be done afterwards. I feel with you the necessity of working with all my might and main at a tutor's. It is exactly what I have thought of for a long time. Now that you have mentioned the University, I take it up eagerly also, as I can well see how desirable it would be for finishing my education. I shall hope by working hard to make up to what I ought to be expected to know at my age. I hope that I may be a credit to you and mother, and show you that I intend to set to work with determination. . . .

. . . As I read your letter it shows me what a great love both of you have for me, and thought for my welfare, and I cannot say how much I feel about it. I must say again how deeply I feel all you desire for me.

He reached home December 30, 1880, having come direct from Malta to Liverpool by sea. One

of the most distinct recollections of that return is of earnest talk and prayer together, as the old year passed away. It had been a marked one to Harry; not only had he passed through much personal trial, not only were his outward circumstances changed, but a great change had also taken place in his inner life.

Earnest desires to live for God had stirred his heart ever since his little brother's death, but only now had they changed into definite resolve. There can be no doubt that the initial step into the life of God (the consent of the heart and will) had taken place in Harry at this time.

It is hoped that some clear words upon this all-important subject, given in the following extract, may be found helpful:—

Surely the religion of many consists in the sentimental assent of the understanding to truths which God intends should change, re-create, transform the heart, so that it may be filled with Divine impulses, feelings, and objects; so that the 'old things,' habits of unbelief, love of self, or other sins should pass away, really, definitely, and for ever; and that all things should become new and God-like:—but surely we see clearly from the Word of God, that this is only on condition that the heart be willingly surrendered. Why is it that such numbers of 'religiously disposed' people have no certain and powerful effect

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on the world, and are practically of no use to God? It is because they do not bend their will to its part in the matter ; they wait for a Divine incoming, as it were, and do not honestly and distinctly give themselves over to God, to be cleansed, filled, and used by Him.

V

*PREPARATION FOR CAMBRIDGE  
AND BEGINNING OF COLLEGE  
LIFE, 1881-83.*

‘The perfect freeness, with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God’s Book, drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood. . . .

‘I saw the duty and privilege *immediately* to accept salvation by Christ, and it is my desire to show my attachment to the cause of Him who died for me, by devoting my life to His service.’

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, writing of his conversion  
in his 20th year.

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‘I used to hate classics. What desperate uphill work it was to read them—a regular exercise of self-denial every morning! Now, I like it beyond any study except divinity.’

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON,  
Missionary-Bishop and Martyr.





## V

### COLLEGE LIFE, 1881-1883.

DEEP thankfulness about him is associated with every remembrance of the winter holidays which followed. But even then, his parents little realised the blessing his coming home was to prove.

Again he took his place among his brothers ; but now only as their leader in all that was right and helpful. Their joy at his return knew no bounds, and though the gap in their number seemed more apparent than ever, the zest with which Harry returned to all the home objects and pleasures was to each an increasing happiness. Of all the holiday fun, skating was to him the best ; for the mere pleasure of rushing up and down upon the ice again was in itself sufficient enjoyment.

For the next year and a half, Harry worked in preparation for Cambridge with the Rev. T. P. Monnington, whose living was not many miles from Carlisle. Most fortunate in his tutor, whom he learned heartily to love and respect, he made steady progress in his work. He had much lee way to make up, but, full of earnest purpose, and

conscious of strength not his own, he was not discouraged. This was a very happy time ; and his health improved daily. He often rode, or bicycled, home for the Sunday, starting cheerily for his early return on the Monday morning.

Harry's confirmation took place in Carlisle in March 1881. He was older than boys usually are, but when opportunity had offered before, his parents felt he had better wait, till he could with deliberate and clear decision come forward as one of Christ's faithful soldiers and servants.

In writing two years later from Cambridge to a brother at school, he thus refers to this time :—

(*March 5, 1883.*)—I have been thinking a good deal about your confirmation lately, and hope you are having some nice classes for it.

I do hope it will be a very helpful time to you, as I am sure it was to me. You must not think it is merely a form which all have to go through ; but do just think over the words you are going to assent to—'to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil.' How important it is to be able to say this from the heart. I am sure I feel more and more how sinful I am by nature, and how much I need strength day by day. And remember this is fact (it is not a misty fable), 'No man can serve two masters,' 'ye *cannot* serve God and Mammon.' Of course you have heard all this often enough, but is it a reality to you ?

In the summer of 1882 Harry went to the Keswick Convention. This annual gathering, for the strengthening of the Christian life, now so widely known and so increasingly appreciated, is held during the last week of July. Each day the large tent is thronged with listeners to powerful and practical addresses, as no building in the place can contain the numbers attending the meetings.

Towards the end of the week, those who have been strengthened and refreshed are invited to stand up, and tell in a few words of the help they have received. Time often fails to give opportunity to the numbers who rise, and earnest words of thanksgiving and praise follow one another from all parts of the tent. Harry speaks of these meetings in the following letter :—

July 31, 1882.

Dearest Mother,—I was so glad of your note this morning. I left Keswick at 9.30 and walked from Blencow station. I must say that I have had a delightful time there, and am so thankful now that I went. We were a most cosy party, and had a very nice lodging, with lovely views of the mountains from its windows.

I seem in a way to be rather bewildered now about the subjects of the different speakers ; but the whole thing I found most helpful ; I see much more distinctly now, what a real Christian's life ought to be ; and I do trust and pray that I may have strength to act as God would

have me. On Sunday evening we attended the Holy Communion, which was, at a time like this, specially strengthening.

I am longing to see you, to talk it over. I do want to be of some use in my life for the Lord. Dear, dear love.

Your loving Son,

HARRY.

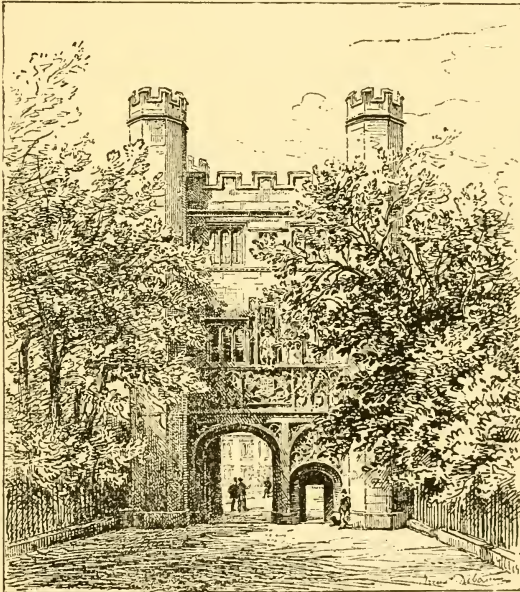
He continued to work in preparation for Cambridge, during the holidays which followed, and began his University course, at Trinity College, in October 1882, extremely enjoying the new interests and objects which there opened before him.

Steadily working, he yet had plenty of time to enter into the hearty vigorous life of the place; the renewal of old friendships, and the beginning of many new ones, giving added zest to the whole. The following pages are not only intended to give an impression of Harry's individual life, but a general one, as to the tastes and aims of others besides himself.

It will seem to many, that far too much of the religious aspect of the life is given, but the fact remains, that the great realities which made this phase of life so happy, did not lessen in any degree the fun and merriment, which characterised the intercourse of these friends.

Harry writes of Mr. Moody's visit to Cambridge:—

44 *Bridge Street, November 5, 1882.*—Mr. Moody's subject this morning was 'work for the Master.' He said



*Gateway of Trinity College, Cambridge.*

that every Christian ought to do something, and not to think any work too insignificant. He gave as an illustration Moses' rod, which he said might have been quite a common stick cut from a thorn-bush. He said that any

one might have met Moses and said, 'What are you going to do with that?' 'Oh, I am going to bring many thousand people out of bondage with it,' showing us that we ought to make use of every little thing God has given us.

It is so pleasant to hear his plain-spoken language again. On Tuesday he dwelt a good deal on conversion, and said in one part of his address he firmly believed in an instantaneous change of life. He gave a good illustration of this, saying, supposing he were to speak to a man who was anxious about his soul, and if this man's special sin was that he swore a hundred times a day, would it be right of him to say, 'To-morrow, you must only swear eighty times, the day after that only sixty times,' and so on? No, of course there must be a complete change at once. There must be a time when a man passes from death unto life.

Mr. Moody's visit was the beginning of many friendships for Harry, amongst others that with Mr. W. A. Watson, who wrote after his death, referring to this time :—

I made Harry Mac Innes' acquaintance in 1882, and was then drawn towards him by his bright manner. In November Mr. Moody came down to Cambridge, and I myself for the first time was shown the way of peace. From this time we continued to see more and more of one another, and many a time have his words of counsel helped me. With regard to his conversion, he more than once told me about it, how it was through a little book his mother sent him when he was in the Mediterranean.

He was an enthusiastic Secretary for the Cambridge Church Missionary Union. He never neglected his secular work, however. I had a letter from him about two months before his call Home, when abroad, urging me to meet him there, that we might read together. That was not to be. His loss up here is a great one, but the Lord's will be done.

*H. M. I. to J. M. I.*

*November 13.*— . . . Moody said something very true the other night—that no one can have really received Christ in his heart if he does not confess Him to his friends, if only by some small action. And he gave us that text: 'Whosoever confesseth Me before men, *him will I confess* before the angels of God in Heaven.' It seems to me such a glorious promise.

We have had sharp frosts the last two nights here ; I do hope we shall get some skating in the vac. On Saturday I went a long bicycle ride with Lawrence. We went out by train about twenty miles to a place called Baldock, and then wheeled back. I am still going on with my 'tubbing,' and am going down to the river after I have written this.

*To the Same.*

*February 20, 1883.*—I went out to a brickfield last Friday, with Kidd ; we hope to go once a week. It has been awfully nice to hear how the Blue Ribbon meetings have prospered in Carlisle. I do want next holidays to see what we could really do for the good of others, as I feel that hitherto we have thought far too much of our own pleasures.

One of Harry's most intimate friends, the Hon. Walter G. Scott, has given the following Cambridge reminiscences, beginning at this time :—

From the fact that Harry came up to Trinity in the same year that I did, I naturally saw a good deal of him. We first made acquaintance at the time of Mr. Moody's visit here in November 1882. He was soon anxious to take part in active Christian work, and joined us in visiting brickfields, etc., in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, giving tracts to the men, and speaking to them individually, or together, as opportunity occurred. He was deeply interested in this work, and I believe a really good work was done at the brickfield he visited. He, Lawrence Carr, and myself, used to visit together a men's ward at the hospital on Sunday mornings, and I remember many happy times there. He took a great interest in the men, and often went there on week-day afternoons as well.

In calling upon undergraduates, and making known special services, his list of men included some who were, humanly speaking, very formidable ; however, he went fearlessly and was faithful to his work. He was one of the Trinity Freshmen who joined (November 1882) in starting a Bible Reading, for men of our own year. This has been continued, and he was a constant attendant up to the last. In a notebook I find entered the dates when he (in his turn) opened these readings. I well remember how anxious he was that there should be real definite blessing at our meetings.

There was no one, I suppose, I saw more frequently, as our lodgings were near together, and we always dined



at the same table in 'Hall.' His conversation was constantly of things pertaining to everlasting life, and many delightful times we had, reading a few verses, followed by prayer. He was always bright, cheerful, and full of fun. May he be still more blest to us now, than ever he was in life—and that was not a little! We miss him much here, but how blessed to know 'it is well with his soul.'

Harry's great friend, Lawrence C. Carr, also writes at this time of their visits to the hospital, being preceded by prayer together, which strengthened and encouraged them.

After visiting the men, they sometimes went into the children's ward, enjoying the pleasure of the little ones over the picture leaflets given to them.

His devotion to little children was always great; it was no trouble or waste of time to him to amuse and interest them. Among many instances of this, an aunt, Mrs. Daniel F. Wilson, recalls the merry games he improvised for a tiny cousin of three, at the beginning of the following vacation. One day little Gladys sat patiently waiting on the staircase for an hour, watching the hall door, Harry having promised her a 'game of trains' as soon as he came in. With great delight she greeted his return, when he instantly dressed up as a guard, and the two kept

up shouts of merriment over the supposed railway journey, for some time.

*H. M. I. to his Mother.*

*February 25.*— . . . I heard an idea to-day at our reading, which ought to stir us up. The unconverted here will reproach us at the Day of Judgment, saying, ‘You were three whole years among us, and what did you do for our souls?’

I am sure, as you say, that we ought to be very watchful of our own selves; we must be thorough ourselves, or we cannot properly help others.

— has been in this morning, and tells me he has a letter from a careless friend of his, now at Sandhurst, written not at all in a nice line. He has been rather in doubt about what to do. I told him he had much better let the fellow know ‘his line’ at once. It will be so much easier afterwards, and then we prayed about it. I expect to-morrow to find he has answered boldly.

*To one of his Brothers at School.*

*Trinity College.*— . . . I am so glad to hear that you have got a fellow to join the Bible Union. Curiously enough, I have felt the desire to write and ask you to get up a little Bible-reading for those who belong, or who care to read. Ask anybody who would be at all inclined to come; you will know the most convenient time, don’t have it when you are sleepy. I know you will like me to suggest one or two things. Always begin with asking God’s blessing on the word read; and do read expecting to find some treasure, something to

carry away with you ; it is always there if you seek. I firmly believe the greatest thing towards walking faithfully is *reading the Bible*. Also make it always cheerful so that all may keep up the interest.

Do let us ask that 'the fear of man' may be taken away from us. I am sure this is what is keeping us back so from *coming out*. In asking any one to join, you might tell of our meetings here, and how they help us.

Again :—

You seem to be doing well at the butts ; I like to see your scores put down, as it reminds me of my butt-shooting at Malta. We used to score in the same way you seem to do.

I know you make a point of *carrying something away with you* each night from your reading. I do trust all who read with you may really be brought to the point ; numbers strive to do right, and get so near, but yet they never have real rest in their souls. For tomorrow, I think verse 28 of Heb. xii. will be most helpful (especially margin of new version)—'let us have *thankfulness* whereby we may serve God acceptably.' If we are truly thankful to Jesus for what He has done, we have some impetus given for working for Him.

His parents started for three short weeks in Scotland, at the beginning of July. Harry went with them, and was their thoughtful and devoted companion. Ready for anything, on the alert to save them all trouble, his joyous spirit was to his parents the best part of the holiday. His father

and he began by fishing on Loch Shin ; when on Loch Inver, and sailing among the islands near, he quite as naturally took the direction of the boat, as in his naval days. Never will the lovely mornings be forgotten, when, after the early Bible reading together, he joined in earnest prayer, specially remembering his brothers at school ; or those long summer evenings, when he would read aloud to his mother by daylight at about 11 P.M. A few delightful days in Skye ended this happy time.

By the end of July Harry, with some of the home party, was again at the Keswick Convention. The death and funeral of the Rev. Canon Harford Battersby (one of the originators of these gatherings) made the week one of peculiar interest. His familiar presence could not fail to be sorely missed by the many assembled, who mourned his loss as that of a dear and valued friend ; and none who were there could ever forget the scene by the open grave, in full view of the lovely lake and mountains, bathed in the brilliant sunshine of a July day, when more than a thousand people joined in the beautiful service and hymns of thanksgiving and praise.

The look of joy deepened on Harry's face as the days of that helpful week went on. He said, as usual, very little of what was passing in his

mind, but that little was very real. On the last day, when the customary invitation was given to praise God by public testimony, he was one of the many who responded. After reading Romans viii. 13 ('For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live'), he said he could never thank God enough, for the three words 'through the Spirit,' they had brought home to him the reality of the Holy Spirit's power to overcome all the hindrances and difficulties of the Christian life.

Rickerby, August 6.

*To L. C. Carr.*—Thanks so much for your letter; I hope you will excuse my not returning the compliment by the next post. We certainly did have a wonderful week at Keswick this year. The meetings were most stirring. There seemed to be such a halo about the place, I cannot say how much I was helped definitely during the week. I hardly like to say much, as we must 'be doers, not hearers only,' but I am sure God is going to keep me. I had a very nice time in Scotland with father and mother, and we had some good days fishing. We played against the 'High School Wanderers' last Friday, and were beaten altogether. We shall miss your valuable aid in that line very much this year. I shall be looking forward to seeing you at Scarborough.

In August of this year Harry joined a party of young men at Scarborough, to help in special shore

services for children and young people, which are now a feature at many seaside places. They were all University men from Oxford and Cambridge whom Mr. Arrowsmith had gathered around him, in a house large enough to accommodate 'the happy family,' and it was a bright party which met morning after morning, refreshed by an early bathe, to consecrate the day by united praise and prayer to God.

No lack of merriment was there among them, though each did his appointed work thoroughly. Some distributed notices of the meetings, some guarded the large circle formed on the shore by a barrier of rope, and helped timid children to their seats ; others undertook the more responsible work of winning boys to confidence in quiet talks, or spoke at a meeting for boys only, or addressed crowds on the esplanade on the Sunday evenings.

Harry was equally ready to join the elder boys at cricket and tennis, or to help the little ones on the shore, when hands and spades were all put into requisition to make 'the pulpit,' and rows of seats of hard sand—the 'pulpit' being a well-arranged sand-heap, often adorned with sea-weed and pebble texts. The names and addresses of many of the elder boys, with whom Harry kept up a correspondence, were found in his pocket-

book after his death ; and the following extract from a letter written by one of them on hearing of his sudden call shows how fruitful may be the influence of young men and boys upon each other.

I remember when I first met your brother how kind he was to me. It was he who brought me into the right path, and first made me think what kind of life I was leading ; and how great is the love of Jesus.

People seem to think that because we are clergymen's sons we get all the teaching we want at home. We do get plenty of teaching, and have Bible-reading, etc., but never till I met your brother had I realised how great the love of Jesus is for us, and how much He suffered for us. He worked hard for his Master at Scarborough, and I dare say that I am not the only one who through his influence was led to the love of Jesus. There are not many young fellows who are as ready to meet their Lord as he was. Your brother always seemed so kind and sympathising to those around him. We went to a meeting in a mission-room on the south cliff ; he gave us an address there, and I was specially struck with the kind way in which he spoke.

He got me to join the School Boys' Scripture Union. Since then I have got eight fellows this term to belong to it ; so I am not the only fellow in this house whom he has been a means of helping.

Recollections of this time have also been contributed by Mr. Cecil Boutflower, of Christ Church, Oxford, who was one of the party.

It was in August 1883 that I first saw much of Harry. We met at the train going to Scarborough (and in the course of that first hour in the train I remember we had our morning Bible-reading together), and we parted just three weeks afterwards. Those were three of the happiest weeks in our recollection, for both of us had been asked to come, with eight or ten other men from Oxford and Cambridge, to do what we could to help Mr. Arrow-smith; a work after Harry's own heart, and surely, too, after the heart of Him Who said to the multitudes by the sea-shore, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' In the course of those busy weeks there was not much time for long sit-down talks; but there was plenty of opportunity for exchanging thoughts about the Master, for whom the work was being done, and learning from the yet more speaking eloquence of some of His servants' lives.

Harry's thoughts were mostly short and straight to the point, they were the thoughts of a man who had been taught to say, 'One thing I *know*.' And his life was, I think, the better half of what we learnt from him; for it was the life of a man who could say, 'One thing I *do*.' That is just one of the great sermons we young fellows so sorely need to read over and over again; and now God has taken away His 'living epistle,' but He has left us the lesson. There was another thing, too, that I don't remember having heard in any sermon; namely, the art of taking the lowest place, without letting any one notice or think that it is the lowest place. In the mission work we each had our own department, and no doubt it is a great thing that each man should do that which he *likes*, because that is what he will do best.



But somehow I noticed that Harry always managed to like best the things that other people were not likely to choose. Some people, perhaps, are so very easy to please, because they are apathetic about everything. But that was not Harry, for as God gave him great vigour, so CHRIST helped him to put it into everything he did in the work, and it was done with zest and eagerness ; it was the same with all the humblest parts of the work—the ‘fagging,’ as we termed it. Perhaps if all of us were more willing to be the earthen vessels of CHRIST’s household, we too should be more filled with the oil of His Spirit.

One of the helpers writes, ‘The first time I spoke to Mr. Mac Innes I did not know who he was ; but I asked him to go and speak to a boy, whom his friends were trying to entice away from the service ; and afterwards, when I apologised, he said at once so earnestly, “one is so glad to do anything to help in the work.” That was the text of the three-weeks’ sermon, not “so willing,” but “so *glad* to do anything.”’

There are two separate shores at Scarborough—the great south shore, where Mr. Arrowsmith held the service every morning ; the quieter north shore, quite a mile away, where one or two went every morning. Latterly Harry went there every day, taking half of the heavy responsibility of managing the little service ; no easy thing when two were quite thrown on their own judgment and resources, and would have felt much more diffident than at the big regular services on the south shore (where the share of responsibility was comparatively small), but for the grand thought—‘Have not I commanded thee ? Be strong and of a good courage.’ I don’t think anything distressed him or turned him out of

his course ; I was only there with him twice, but he seemed to speak so simply and certainly, as if he knew that it was God's message, not his in any way. The 'words of life' were so 'beautiful' and 'wonderful' to him (to use the words of his favourite hymn on the sheet we used) that anything he said about them in public or private was said with the confidence of one who cannot think that they should be anything else to others.

So, too, with the difficult work of inviting the boys to come to the services, and giving away the cards ; so, too, whether on the cricket-field in the afternoons, or in organising the great tennis-tournament, which wanted so much forethought and patience, it was all done heartily, as if there was nothing small or mean in the Master's work. Last Easter we had a happy revival of Scarborough memories, when five of us, who had been there together, walked together over Cumrew Fell in Cumberland ; and were able to tell of many a bit of bright testimony, and many a hopeful sign picked up since the campaign was over ; and as on the first day, so on that last, to 'speak often one to another' of Him. And now the Lord, who then, as ever, surely 'hearkened and heard it ;' the Lord who hearkened and heard it, in that last bright hour when the two brothers spoke one to another, and who writes the book of loving remembrance, has sent for His servant home. But even from that last walk in Switzerland, as it were from the very threshold of Heaven, there comes to us one more link to the bright Scarborough memories. 'We can't sing much, you know, but there's nobody to hear us here ; let's have a hymn.' And the hymn they sang was the old Scarborough opening hymn, 'Oh, we are volunteers in the

army of the Lord,' with its bright chorus, 'Come and join the army, the army of the Lord,' just before the young soldier who had fought so nobly through the power of Christ, in the army of the Church militant, was suddenly called up to join the army of the Church triumphant.

Very helpful work in connection with the mission is also carried on by means of a yacht, which enables a party of university men to touch at various places.

Harry writes to his friend, the Hon. Walter G. Scott:—

*Scarborough, September 8, 1883.*—I must commence my letter to you in the same strain as your nice long one to me. What a fellow you must think me to have left your letter unanswered for such an age! But somehow it is difficult to get time here. I was awfully glad to hear of your cruise with Mr. Banaster. You must indeed have enjoyed the time very much; I wonder which you liked best—Llandudno, or the yachting part of it? I can't say how interested I am in this work; it is such a grand way of getting hold of young people. We have been very much encouraged here on the whole, though the place is so large, and there are so many counter-attractions for the young people, but we have been wonderfully helped. . . . We have been a very jovial party in the house. Thursdays (previous to the boys' meeting) are special days for 'tea-fights' . . .

He also wrote, at the same time, of a lady

saying to one of his friends : ‘ It is really very good of you to help in this sort of thing ; but I suppose, for the rest of the year, you become like *ordinary mortals*.’ Harry adds : ‘ Another gentleman asked one of us, “ What we did with ourselves when the season is over ? ” ’

On his return with two of his brothers from Scarborough, he entered with renewed zest into all the home objects. A friend, who was staying at Rickerby, recalls their welcome return :—

How impossible it seems to realise that dear Harry is no longer with you, when I remember him only a short time ago, so bright and happy and full of fun, strumming those tunes on the piano, beginning to practise every evening directly after dinner, and so persevering that he really got on wonderfully in the short time. Then one morning, standing up against the wall by the drawing-room-door, at family prayers, and telling us and all the servants about Scarborough. What fun too he often used to make—manly and full of spirits, and yet so deeply in earnest about spiritual things. I *cannot* think of you all without him !

The young men’s Bible class on Sunday afternoons (which he had started some time before) specially interested him, and many a good game of cricket they all had together during these early autumn evenings before his return to Cambridge. Some ‘ treats ’ had also been purposely

delayed till the boys' return, and at these gatherings his vigorous presence and practical thoughtfulness in arrangement added much to the success of the days. One picture of him is specially present when, after the amusements of the day were over, he stood within a circle of aged men and women from the workhouse; telling them of the great love of the Lord Jesus—what it was daily and hourly to himself, and urging them to make Him their refuge at once.

*To a Boy whom Harry had met at Scarborough.*

Rickerby, October 2, 1883.

Dear Willie,—I suppose you will have gone back to school by this time, so that I will address this there. What a nice time we had at Scarborough, hadn't we? I was so sorry to leave on September 11, but all pleasant times have an end, we know, and how thankful we ought to be for the happy days there. Our last service on the north shore was very nice; although it came on to rain just before we began to speak, and we all had to run off under the pier. I do hope if you are able to write back to me that you will tell me how you are getting on, and about your school, and if you have got some really nice friends. How important it is to make friends of those who will not hinder our Christian life, for let us remember how easily we may be led wrong.

I wonder if you go in for football at all, or rounders at your school, such splendid exercise, isn't it?

I suppose cricket is over by now. I played in such

a curious match last Wednesday. Perhaps you will remember what a gale there was that day. But we played all the same, as some of the fellows had come a long way and wanted a game. It was raining the whole time ; we fielded in great coats and waterproofs—it looked so funny! I shall think of you reading the scripture portion every day. I hope you will be able to understand Ezra, but I think if we always read as if we were looking for something, like miners searching carefully for gold, we shall find something very precious to carry with us all through the day.

Do you know, I think it is far best to read directly we get up, as we are so much fresher then than at night ; and only a very few minutes is far better than nothing.

Now, look here ! I am going to give you a text to store up in your memory box, and I hope you will send me one, as I like and want them as much as you do. Mine is, ‘The Lord is thy Keeper.’ Now good-bye.

Yours sincerely,

H. MAC INNES.

## VI.

### *COLLEGE LIFE, 1883-84.*

‘ Ponder this little word “ now,”—so full of mystery when we try to understand it at all, so full of deep meaning, so full of workings for a far-off future,—this seed-plot of unknown harvests, this treasure-house of jewels for a future glorious bridal ; meditate on its importance as beyond all value, regard this bright present as a great ordinance of God respecting you. These golden moments are passing by us quicker than we can watch them. Have we grasped them, or have we lost them ? ’—ALFORD.

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Submit thyself to God,  
And thou shalt find  
He fights the battles  
Of a will resigned.





## VI.

COLLEGE LIFE, 1883-1884.

THE interest of returning to Cambridge in October 1883 was greatly increased by his brother Neil entering Pembroke College at this time. Harry had moved to other lodgings, to be near him, and three delightful terms the brothers had together, enjoying the constant in and out companionship to which they had long looked forward. Seeing much of each other's friends also proved a great pleasure and advantage to them. But no interruption in the necessary time for work was indulged in, and the wishes expressed in the next letter from home were more than fulfilled.

I feel sure that you will all be filled with the desire and determination to go in more and more for thorough mental culture. David's words to Araunah struck me very much, 'Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing;' they seem so to apply themselves to our common everyday life, and especially to your Cambridge time. Of what untold value are these weeks and months! Making their stamp, and leaving their mark upon your lives, not only for this earthly life, but for eternity! As

God has given you this time and opportunity, so by utmost diligence and labour, with self-denial, to be able to offer Him (when the time comes) minds trained to *practical usefulness and common-sense earnestness*, as well as souls filled with love to Him. We rejoice to see your 'record of work,' and should like to see one every week. It is worth your while to put your strong young shoulders to the wheel. I hope you are very diligent at gym. and other exercise.

More recollections written by friends will be found interspersed with Harry's own letters; as the following, from one who had known him while in the Navy:—

I had the great privilege of being up at Cambridge with him for one term, and I shall never forget what a *rejoicing* Christian he was. I never heard him say a hard or unkind word of anybody; and in everything he did, he was always so thorough and whole-hearted that it was a great pleasure to be with him.

He seemed so entirely to cast all his care upon the Lord, and was always bright.

Another says:—

We went out by twos one bright afternoon, to leave letters announcing a mission. He and I agreed to go together to two of the rowdiest colleges. He went to all the rooms on one staircase, and I on another.

He disappeared for some time, and I was beginning to wonder where he was, when he came out looking considerably amused. He told me that in one room he

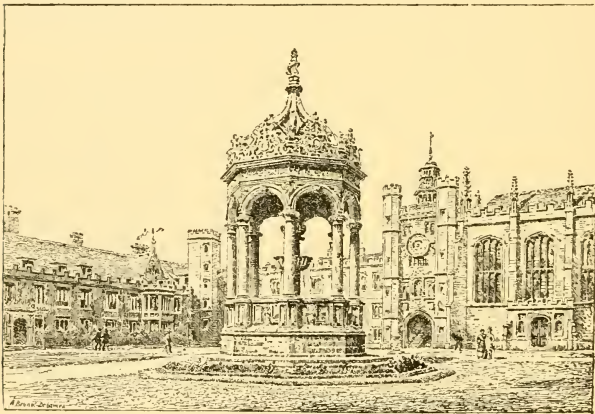
found a party of men drinking wine, he just mentioned the name of the host, and then left the room. On coming down from some of the top rooms, he found one of the party awaiting his appearance, who asked him to come in again, as Mr. —— wished to speak to him. Quite expecting a troublesome altercation, he begged to be excused, as he had so many other rooms to visit ; but on being repeatedly pressed, he followed the messenger, only to find the host reclining in an arm-chair, with the opened letter in his hand which had evidently been the subject of discussion.

If the reader knew the contents of that printed letter, he would not be surprised if some opposition had been provoked against its bearer. But being only pressed to take a glass of wine in the politest manner, Harry Mac Innes was able to decline in the same friendly way and leave. Whether it was his calm, quiet manner or some other yet greater power, we cannot tell. But this we know, that on the last night of these meetings that same party of men came to the crowded hall, and remained afterwards in long and earnest talk with the missionaries.

God grant that the call which then sounded lovingly in those hearts : ‘Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from among the dead, and Christ shall give thee light,’ may not have been in vain !

In the following letters to a brother at school, Harry alludes to the Scripture Union portion which he read in common with many others. The object of this Union is to promote systematic Bible-reading among ‘young people, schoolboys,

etc.' The daily reading is taken sometimes consecutively from a Gospel, and sometimes from the Books of the Old Testament, varied by occasional Psalms. All the members have a card on which the portion, of about twelve verses, is marked. The card can be obtained from Mr. T. B. Bishop, 48 Paternoster Row.



*The Old Court of Trinity College.*

Cambridge, October 1883.— . . . Don't be discouraged if you find *Ezra* more difficult, it is all about the Temple building, etc. Let us remember as we read, we who are Christians have a share in building up God's temple, or kingdom. . . .

And later :—

I send you a few more notes, I only wish I had

finished what I meant to do. I quite like doing them ; they seem to help me too, as I go along.

A few of the 'notes' he referred to are given here :—

NOTES ON BIBLE-READING UNION PORTIONS.

(November 13.—1 Sam. v. 1-8.)

Dagon was one of the Philistines' greatest idols, yet it *could not* stand before the Ark of God. We see here, that in our case it isn't the struggling on our part that will get rid of any idol, but just that it *must* go if The Ark (Jesus Christ) is dwelling in our temples. Are we not called 'Temples of the Holy Ghost' (1 Cor. vi. 19)? What an honour this is.

Notice how Philistines acknowledged the God of Israel, verse 7. Verse 6, 'the hand of the Lord' destroys them—so our enemies. 'I will trust, and not be afraid.' (Is. xii. 2.)

(November 15.—1 Sam. vii.)

Verse 3. So much is contained in this verse.

Note the three things God required of the Israelites.

1. 'Put away the strange gods.'
2. 'Prepare your hearts unto the Lord.'
3. 'Serve *Him only*.'

We find in verse 6 they acknowledged their sins, and in verse 9, when Samuel offered, 'the Lord *heard him*.' Their prayer was answered.

I think those three things above might be grand mottoes for us (note especially the order in which they come).

The Israelites obeyed, and look at the *grand results*.  
Victory over their enemies, verses 10, 11.

(December 4.—1 Sam xvii. 1-16.)

Notice the description of Goliath. How complete appeared to be his armour ; but we shall see later how little it helped him.

Goliath, as a Philistine, was an enemy of God.

Verse 11.—‘Saul and *all Israel*’ were frightened at once ; how little their faith was. And we do not read of their doing what they should have done, crying to God for help and assistance.

Verse 16.—The Philistine was allowed by God to draw near for forty days. It was not the Lord’s will that he should be conquered at once. So we must expect God to *try* our faith.

(December 7.—1 Sam. xvii. 43-58.)

Verse 45.—How are we going to follow David’s example ? Let us just stop and think if we really do meet our difficulties, ‘*in the name of the Lord of hosts.*’

Verse 46.—And have we this confidence ? ‘*This day will the Lord deliver thee.*’

Verse 48.—*Mark !* David ‘*ran* toward the army to meet the Philistine !’ Yes, even when we have asked God to help us, we draw back sometimes, don’t we ?

Verse 51.—David not only stunned Goliath, but killed him. We must *kill* too, that these giants *may not trouble us again.*

*In a letter to a younger Sister.*

November 13.—I wonder if you are getting on very fast at the piano ? I am afraid I’m not ! I have a lesson

three days in the week, and am supposed to practise on the other days ; but I expect it will take a good deal of practice to get into the way at all. I have begun to learn 'What a friend we have in Jesus,' it is an easy tune. Isn't it a most wonderful privilege to be *able* to say those words? We ought to try and carry them about with us all day long.

*To a Friend.*

*Fern Lodge, Hampstead, December 25, 1883.*— . . . Last Thursday and Friday some of us were down at Stepney, hearing Moody, who has now just finished his meetings there. As usual his addresses were most stirring ; there always seems to be a wonderful freshness about each one.

Yesterday I went down there again, to help in a tea intended for men only. A great number were there. Afterwards several spoke, including Studd, telling them of an intended mission for men, to carry on the work begun, and also entreating them really to help themselves, in it. There have been several Cambridge men down there helping.

In January 1884, during the winter vacation, there was a social village gathering at Rickerby. Several young friends were invited to contribute to the amusement of the company. All remember his fun and merriment during the evening (especially over the duet 'Chopsticks' he played with his youngest brother), but far more the deep earnestness with which, before the party broke up,

a few words from him followed his father's address. The following is a letter referring to this evening :—

Of course you will remember how he said, 'probably next Christmas some of us may have been called away, and may never meet again all together.' The general impression left on my mind was of an earnest appeal to all who were not ready to die, and had not found Christ. A sort of last appeal, one might almost say, as if he felt here was an opportunity to ask those who were present, if they had found the great and intense happiness he had found, by living only for Christ. I remember his saying that he had never known true happiness till the last few years, when he had given himself to his Saviour. And then too, asking all not to delay, but to begin at once, that putting off, they might be too late. I think it was his extreme earnestness that struck me most.

Writing to send birthday wishes to an aunt, Harry says, on February 6: 'It is indeed one of our many mercies that we are spared to each other year after year.'

The next little extract from one of his letters refers to some very helpful gatherings which had been held in his rooms.

*To his Mother.*

This morning we had a 7 A.M. meeting, and a good many turned up. I am sure this term will *energise* our life, in our reading as well as other things.

A friend not in the same 'set' gives the follow-



ing testimony to the impression made on him by Harry's character.

He wrote, directly after Harry's death, of his 'respect and admiration' for him, on this ground, that 'his thoroughly good and useful life did not prevent his being a most genial, bright, and pleasant companion.'

And, later :—

I do hope you will bring out in his character the combination of thorough geniality with true religion. I don't know why it was, but while I was at Cambridge it was always felt that *such a combination did not exist*, but I never saw better examples than Harry and ——. Of course since I left Cambridge ideas may have changed owing to the examples of Studd and others—but I am sure it is always a good thing for worldly young men to call attention to the possibility, of being a perfect gentleman (I mean in the worldly sense of the word) at the same time as a truly religious man.

The part that he took in the religious movements at Cambridge bears witness, amongst those who know Cambridge life, to a life of continued neglect of self and moral courage. The carrying of notices of meetings and sermons into any one's room is, to my mind, a mark of great courage. But my position at Cambridge made his care for me more than ordinarily brave. I had many acquaintances in a really fast 'set,' and certainly did not myself keep quite out of it. Harry knew this well, and, instead of any shyness, any shrinking from fear of what might be said, redoubled his care for me. He

often came into my room, begging me to come to some meeting ; often he found there men who, I am sure he knew, would have burst out laughing at him, as soon as his back was turned, had they not known he was my friend. On one occasion specially, I had a large breakfast party, there was to be a meeting that day, held by a man who had formerly led a very bad life, had been converted, and now works much to do good amongst undergraduates. Harry came into my room, and had the pluck to speak of such things before a company which he must have known rather mocked at religion. He was successful, and three of us went to the meeting, and I for one felt better for it (as I always did after a visit from him). This is only one instance among many. I don't think any one who does not know university life can appreciate properly the pluck required for such a life as Harry's.

*H. M. I. to his Mother (then at Hyères).*

5 Market Hill, March 2, 1884.

Dearest Mother,—It was very nice to hear of your journey and arrival at Hyères. I have a faint recollection of those places, as I was there in July 1880. We were delighted with the flowers Grace sent ; the narcissi have been looking wonderfully fresh. The Lent races have been on this week ; I went down on Thursday and ran with the boats.

There has been a good deal of talk up here lately on the subject of holiness ; of course some have been inclined to oppose, but still a great many have been helped in one way or another, and have thought over the subject a great deal. There has been started lately

a 7 A.M. prayer-meeting in my rooms, every Thursday morning, which has been made a very real time.

And the 'Morning Watch' Union has been started here, and men are feeling the importance of having a good quiet time first thing in the morning. So I am sure, altogether, we have a great deal to thank God for, but holiness is to be *lived* more than anything else. ('Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.') This afternoon Kidd and I went down to see one of our brickfield men in his home, we had a blessed time, and both he and his father appeared to seek and find forgiveness while we were there. I think they have both been groping for some time in the dark. . . .

Your loving Son,

HARRY.

*From D. A. Kidd, Oct. 1884.*

*Cambridge.*—Eleven years ago we met. It was at Rottingdean School, where we were always good friends. Nearly every one was a friend of 'Mac's,' his good nature won their friendship. In October 1882 we met up here, our first night of the term. We chatted of past days ; but soon found out we had more in common than memories of old times. We found out that we were friends for eternity, and so we naturally drew close to one another.

We often spent much time in prayer and Bible-study, and decided to take some active work together. This drew us closer to one another, for how closely God's children are united !

Many an afternoon was saddened as we found how hardened the men in the brickfield were, which we

visited together. Many an afternoon was gladdened as we saw signs of softening and several evident tokens of changed hearts. We were much interested in one case. This man was often drunk, and we determined, by God's grace, to stop this. Many a Sunday afternoon we visited him, read the Bible, prayed, entreated him to give it up, as God could give him strength. (We always kept in mind that the real power must come from a real union with a risen Saviour.) We found him often quite delirious; he would beat his wife and break his furniture. So we went to a doctor to ask him to do what he could, as the man showed signs of attempting suicide. However, much could not be done. Then, at the end of last term, we spoke of the probability of some of us not meeting till the last day. Little did we think who was to be taken away!

Yesterday I went to the brickfield alone. As I passed the public-houses where Harry loved to give away papers, I felt most keenly that an accustomed friend had gone.

The men noticed that I was alone. 'Where is the other gentleman? isn't he well?'

'Oh yes,' I said, 'he is very well.'

'I suppose he hasn't come up this term then?'

'No, he has been called Home, and is perfectly happy now.'

It was striking to see the effect on different men. Some took no notice at all, just as though he were nothing to them. Others said, 'How strange, I can't help thinking of him; he was a real good gentleman, he was.' The drunkard we were interested in was much struck.

For about a fortnight he has given up drink, and

says, 'I should like to be prepared, lest I am called away soon.'

Surely God will hear the prayer of His child, surely those prayers of his will one day be answered. Yes, 'he being dead, yet speaketh,' by his consistent life, and by his death. And I am confident that God will draw many of those hardened hearts to Himself.

Mr. H. E. Bishop, a friend of Harry's, thus speaks of the helpful character of the weekly meetings:—

*Christ's College, 1884.*—The Thursday morning meetings were continued weekly amongst ourselves in Harry Mac Innes' rooms, and most helpful they were; and I believe very useful in bringing Christians together. One friend of mine I took once, and he prayed there in a way in which I had never heard him do before; he, I am sure, derived great blessing from it. He was drowned at Tenby, a few weeks before the death of Harry Mac Innes.

Before I left, Harry expressed his intention of taking care next term to let more know about the meeting, and of trying to get them to come. But just then his studies prevented him from giving the time to it. In April I received a letter from him about some services for College servants, which we had talked about in the previous term, and which he had urged me to work. I quote from this letter:—

'It is very kind of you to tell me of this opening for work amongst College servants, as it certainly is a most important one. When one feels how much one is thrown with, and noticed by them day by day, we do indeed

need to take it to the Lord, that He may be glorified in everything that is done in this matter.'

He then suggests several things about the working of the services.

I did not see much of him last term, save at the Thursday morning meetings, as he stuck most conscientiously to his work for the 'General Exam.'

The following extract is from a friend's letter :—

You know the story of the woman, who, after various misfortunes, found herself in a strange place, without a farthing in her pocket, raining, and nowhere to go? Instead of being bewildered and miserable, she stood still and said : 'What a grand opportunity for trusting the Lord !' and never shall I forget Harry's delighted look, almost of triumph, over that story !

This joyful trust was the spirit of his life ; he seemed to find in everything 'a grand opportunity for trusting the Lord.'

Again, from Lawrence Carr :—

Harry gave us a verse at one of the meetings, which he said had been given him as a definition of conversion. Acts xxvi. 18. 'To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins.' I remember watching him very closely at this time, when I went up to Rickerby, and certainly the power of God was very manifest in his life, in little everyday things.

Again, from another friend :—

I do thank God that I knew Harry and saw in him that a young man may be a spiritually minded Christian, and yet not lose one atom of his manliness, and pleasure in manly sports.

Harry writes to a friend with whom he had stayed at the beginning of the Easter vacation :—

*Rickerby, April 9.*— . . . The Carrs have been staying here, and we have managed to get some reading done in the mornings. Now Hooper is here, we met him at Penrith when we went off for a three-days' walk in the lakes (up Helvellyn, then on from Grasmere up one of the Langdale Pikes, etc.) We have been talking a bit about next term. I am sure we ought to be 'going ahead' after the impetus of last term ; but still we all individually want the motive power day by day, of which there is such a mighty supply always at hand. 'God is *able* to make *all* grace abound.'

Our part surely is to believe, and then take God at His word. We have a small meeting to-morrow evening for some lads in a village near here. Remember us.

The following extract from a letter written by his father is almost prophetic in its foreshadowing, and tells of the close of the last holidays the four brothers enjoyed together :—

*Rickerby, April 19.*—Those two dear brothers went off by the 8.40 train (to Cambridge) this morning, after a most happy time here. Our last day at Brackenthwaite

was a delightful wind-up, but I felt it solemn, as we all five raced down the fell together, and I thought of the inevitable changes which a few years must bring.

The following letter to his Mother abroad, after his return to Cambridge, refers to a subject he and his parents often talked over. Heartily responding to their wish, that he should look upon mental discipline as the first object to be gained by University life, and fully understanding that the want of it would hinder after usefulness, he did not allow any interest, even religious work, to interfere with regular reading. This was not always easy, but he was faithful to his determination.

*Market Hill, April 20, 1884.*—We certainly had a grand vac., and I feel quite set up after it.

As to the C. M. U. work, and other of that kind, there will be only one meeting to arrange for this term, as we do not have one every Monday as last term, and perhaps one or two Committee meetings, so that, you see, the work will be very little. But of course next term there will be a good deal to do, and if I resign, I should have to give notice this term. I am sure we may ask for distinct guidance in this matter; and nothing need be settled at once. I know we should put our reading in its right place here, and of course I feel the danger of not doing so. I am very glad we did some at home, as I have no time to lose, and know that it must be real hard work these weeks.



You will have heard of most of our doings ; Hooper went off on Wednesday. On Friday we had a charming expedition to the fell, Rennie as usual in tremendous spirits, we had a long walk, and came down to a delicious tea at Brackenthwaite.

Mr. D. A. Hooper, one of Harry's most intimate friends, and now a missionary in Central Africa, thus gives his recollections of this time :—

The thought of having one definite purpose was very present to him. 'Forgetting those things that are behind I press forward.' We always had the thought 'better things on before' between us, and whenever one was at all disappointed, or very happy over some fresh victory, it was the usual thing for the other to say, 'Well, there are better things on before.' He would say, 'You know, I don't do half enough,' and yet he would not stop long thinking of failures, remembering that the past was forgiven, 'let us have some prayer, we want more prayer.' It was the rule rather than the exception for us to pray together whenever we met alone.

I have never known any one who was always so cheerful, and at the same time who always had the thought of his own unworthiness and weakness before his eyes. Although I saw him nearly every day for the last two terms, I never saw him unhappy or cast down, and seldom did we meet without some joke coming out. When out for a walk one afternoon our conversation turned on our future prospects. He seemed to have no plans, just saying that the way would be opened. I never met a man who spoke more about his father's wishes.

One of the last instances, being that he might have to give up the secretaryship of the C. M. U., in order to read harder ; and often he would refer to his father's wishes, saying he would do this, or leave off that. One of our last united efforts was to storm the market-place one Saturday afternoon when it was crowded, and distribute tracts, but he always made a point of not leaving men in his own station to work amongst the poor exclusively, a mistake rather common up here.

Mr. A. T. Polhill Turner, who has since gone as a missionary to China with Mr. Stanley Smith, Mr. C. E. T. Studd, and others, writes :—

During the summer vacation of 1883 we were at Scarborough together, where his light heart was the life of the party.

His last visit to my rooms, the last day of May term, we reviewed our past happy term, and agreed on the necessity of living with a single eye to God's glory.

Once again that day, I met him, for the last time, and he repeated the question he had previously asked me, 'Will you come with me to Switzerland?'

Going back to one morning during the October term last year, he came round to my rooms and said, 'Will you come up to town to-day, to hear Mrs. Booth at Exeter Hall?' I mentioned several engagements, to which he replied : 'Do as I do, make up your mind to go, and then meet your difficulties afterwards.' We went with another Trinity friend. Harry was specially in great spirits ; full of life and joy. Whenever I went round to see him of an evening, I was sure to be warmed up by it, and we almost invariably had prayer together.

He took a deep interest in the work of the Salvation Army, not from sudden impulse, but from practical knowledge of the good being done by them ; and though not agreeing with some of their methods, he heartily admired their self-denial and consistency of life.

The labours also of a noble band of men and women, who had for long been striving to raise the standard of social purity throughout the country, called forth his earnest sympathy. He kept the small publications of the White Cross Army, etc., by him, and felt it a privilege in any way to help on the cause.

By the last day of May the 'General' examination was over, and till the end of term he had more time for the happy intercourse with friends, which proved to be his last on earth. They had much cause to thank God ; for while mental culture had been diligently carried on, and good steady work had been done, they had been taught more fully that holiness (or wholeness) of life, described in Psalm xxiv. as 'clean hands and a pure heart,' means hatred of every tendency to evil, a determination that God should have His way unhindered, and that His Spirit only should reign in the daily hourly life.

Fern Lodge, June 1, 1884 (Whit Sunday).

Dearest Mother,—It seems a long time since I wrote to you, but now I ought to have plenty of time for it. First, about your letter and the plans, it will be delightful to be with you quietly, and I am very glad I waited before settling anything. As to getting somebody to read with me in Switzerland, I am rather doubtful, but I will try on getting back to Cambridge. I really must try to do some reading this 'Long,' and hope I shall have father's advice about the 'Special.' Political Economy would be very useful, and two or three have advised me to go in for it. When I arrived here on Friday, I found all gone to Moody's meeting (near Lambeth), so I followed, and there met two or three friends. Yesterday morning, Petter and I went to Lord's to see the finish of 'Australians v. England,' and then, after going round by the scenes of the dreadful explosions, Scotland Yard and St. James's Square, to the Health Exhibition—very interesting, more so, I thought, than 'the Fisheries.' This morning to early Communion, and Petter and I are thinking of walking down to an open-air service in Hyde Park.

*Monday.*—I am not going back to Cambridge till this afternoon in time to help Neil a bit with some of his exam subjects. We enjoy Grace's description of your life at Homburg, minus the 'eggy' water, which I intend to sign the pledge against, before I come out to you, as they say I look far too well for anything of that sort. Petter and I had a wonderfully interesting time yesterday P.M. A pleasant walk down to Hyde Park to 'the open air,' where we found, to our surprise, Stanley Smith among others. After the meeting they asked us to go with them to 'the chairs' (by Rotten Row). We had a glorious

time. After more prayer on the way, we felt God would bless, and began to sing at the back of the chairs. It was a little time before people listened much, but soon a great many stopped, and several ladies and gentlemen came and sat on chairs near. Stanley Smith and two others spoke; the words were indeed with power, and many looked very much interested. We came away about six in the evening; heard a splendid sermon from Mr. E. W. Moore on Isaiah xi. upon the Holy Spirit resting on the Lord Jesus Christ. I must now finish.

Your loving Son,

HARRY.

*From a Friend.*

It seems only like yesterday, since that week in June, when going to the Senate house to see if the 'list' was out, I met Harry, and he burst out in his usual way—'Isn't it grand? Watson has got a first class!' Then he told me that he himself was through, and was off next day on his way to join you abroad.

*From Edward J. Church.*

October 2, 1884.—I don't wish that this letter should be an encomium of his good deeds, especially as this is such a time of deep sorrow to your home, and as there are many who knew him more intimately than I did. But I should like to say that I knew no college friend like him, who though in the world, yet lived so near to the next. He seemed sometimes to have glimpses of what was beyond, which gave his own soul inexpressible joy.

K

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As he and I worked some of our subjects for the 'General' together last term, it was my privilege to witness often the special happiness that his living faith in his Saviour afforded him.

I had hoped our friendship might ripen more this term, when he was to take possession of the vacant rooms on our staircase in 'the Master's Court.'

Harry passed the 'General' Examination creditably, and it having been fixed that he should spend the Long Vacation with his mother, who was abroad for her health, he arrived at Homburg on June 14.

Early in July, when his sisters returned to England, he went on with his mother to Gastein, in the Austrian Tyrol, and thence to Switzerland.

## VII.

### *LAST LONG VACATION.*

1884.

The Christian who is most in close communion with God, will be the best man in the fight.

He who has taken most trouble to learn his drill, may be expected to make the most successful attack upon the enemy—the fact that he has learned HOW to fight, goes a great way towards teaching him HOW to win.

This is especially true in our spiritual warfare. If we are too lazy to pray—to learn from God something of our enemy, the way to meet him, to engage, and to conquer him—we shall do him very little harm, win very mean victories; and although we may make great efforts, and engage in long conflicts, we shall ‘so fight as one that beateth the air.’

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What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Ev'rything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Ev'rything to God in prayer!

*Sacred Songs and Solos.*

(From one of H. M. I.'s favourite hymns.)





## VII.

### LAST LONG VACATION, 1884

SUNDAY, June 15, was a day of thankful happiness to the little party at Homburg. In the late afternoon Harry had a long walk and talk with his father, in the course of which they spoke of his future work in life. He said he saw no opening for a decision at present, that he had no intention of being ordained, but if he were to be, it would be for a missionary life. Monday was Harry's twenty-first birthday ; his father had to start late that day on his return to England.

A clergyman, with whom Harry made acquaintance on his way to Homburg, has since written :—

*October 8, 1884.*—I should like you all to know what a pleasant conversation we had that lovely afternoon on the Rhine steamer. I noticed that he wore the blue ribbon, and this led to our talking about the Temperance question ; and from that we went on to mention other Christian work, in which he was evidently deeply interested. When the journey was coming to an end, I asked him his name, and he told me. I took out a card to show him mine, which he took. Had it not been for

this, I suppose I might never have heard of his having so soon been taken away.

Even through the short acquaintance that we were destined to have, however, I trust that some little good may have been done, as he gave us from that same bag (no doubt) in which the card was found, some leaflets for distribution. They were published by the Children's Mission, some in German, and some in French. I am glad to think that we used them all, viz. giving them to the various hotel servants who waited on us, as we had opportunity, and some of them were received with very great pleasure.

The following extract is from a letter to the servants at home, acknowledging the present of a travelling-bag given for his twenty-first birthday:—

17 *Kisseleff Strasse, Homburg, June 16.*—I have been wanting to write before, to say how extremely pleased and surprised I was on opening the box with the beautiful bag from you all, and really I cannot sufficiently thank you each one for it, and the very kind way in which you have remembered me. I cannot say how useful it has been to me on the journey out here. I am sure you will let all see this, that I may thank them each one for having given me such a nice and useful present. Above all, it is so nice for me to think that to-day you will all be uniting in prayer that God may be with me; and I am sure we should, as each year comes round, gladly and readily give that year into our Lord's hands, for He spares us day by day that we may glorify Him. And it is on our walk (for our souls are always moving in some

direction) that all depends. . . . I know you would like to share a verse in the 'Daily Light' for to-day. Joshua xxii. 5. This is the commandment, and surely if we fulfil it, Leviticus xxvi. 3-12, is what we may claim as our own (verse 3, 'If ye walk in My statutes.' . . . Verse 12, 'I will walk among you and will be your God, and ye shall be My people').

I had a very pleasant journey out here, for all the country was quite new to me. After coming by Cologne and sleeping Friday night at Coblentz, I came up the Rhine by steamer, the scenery being very fine, and some old castles which we passed looked very quaint, and ancient, also I was struck with the quantities of vines growing all up the hillsides. Everything seems to be very forward about here, the corn being in the ear, and hay already carried in many places.

*From his little Sister's Recollections.*

Monday was his birthday, and I gave him a bunch of flowers at breakfast. For our portion we read the 'going away' Psalm (Ps. cxxi.) In the afternoon we went to Frankfort to see father off; then in a tram to the Zoo, and he and I stood in front with the driver.

*From Harry to a Boy at School with whom he made friends at Scarborough.*

Homburg, Germany, June 21, 1884.

You will be surprised to see me writing from this place, and this will in one way account for my not answering your letter before.

I left Cambridge a few days after I received yours, and came here to join my mother, for as my father has

now returned to England, I am wanted with her. I am afraid I shall not be able to come to Scarborough this year, as I quite expect to be abroad till the end of August, but am very glad you will be there. Yes, we can give all we have to Christ, that it may be used for His glory. They will be very glad if you can help them again. I hope the North Shore Service will continue and prosper. The dear Lord has been teaching me so much since I saw you last summer, showing me more than I ever saw before of His power to save us to the uttermost from present sin, as well as from hell. It is simply wonderful *love* from beginning to end, is it not? I was so glad to hear from you, and shall think of you in your school life, and then 'all things work together for our good.' I shall pray that He may bless you there. We just need to wait continually on Him, to show us what He would have us do. I suppose your holidays begin about the end of next month. How is your brother now? Please remember me warmly to him. We have had a lot of rain here lately. Yesterday I walked to the town of Frankfort, about nine miles from here, and came back by train. There are a lot of English people here taking the waters.

The same friend writes after Harry's death :—

What a starry crown his will be! I am sure there would be some standing at the beautiful gate, looking out for him.

I think you were down at Scarborough the year he was? His addresses on the north shore were such a help to me, for I had only just given my heart to Jesus a few

weeks before, and he helped me on. I only heard from him in July, and never thought then he would never write again. He was a friend to me ; one who led me more on to Jesus than any one ever did before. I do thank God for the day I met him.

He always was so jolly. What a lesson for us to learn—never to seem gloomy ; but how can we, when we have found Him Who supplies all our wants ? You really cannot tell how wonderfully He helps me from day to day here. This is a barren ground, but by the help of God I *will* work for Him here.

*Extracts from Harry's letters.*

*Gastein, July 14, 1884.*—A thunder-storm has just passed over us ; these showers seem to add to the beauty of the grand scenery. On Friday we drove down the valley ; and when mother turned back, I skirted up the hillside, along a little valley, then across and up a mountain, and down the other side, which brought me back here. It took me nearly four hours, as it was very steep and through a wood. Above, I came upon a quantity of Alpine rose, walking through them for nearly half an hour. Wild flowers seem to abound here. On Saturday, after our usual morning reading, I settled in my room to work, and in the P.M. we went a little way up the hill side to find a saddle-horse for mother, then on to Rudolph's Höhe, where we both sat and sketched, with a lovely view before us. Yesterday came an unexpected telegram from Aunt Pris, to say she would be here on Thursday for a week. It is delightful, as we have both hoped she would be able to come. We fancy she must be leaving Bosnia to-day, as it is a long journey here. We liked those

notes of Mr. Jukes's Bible-reading very much, what a wonderful subject it is!—the fact that sanctification is not an attainment, but simply to be received, or rather to receive Him into our hearts by faith. This has been a great blessing to me lately—obtained, *not* attained. Mother has ordered a horse by five this P.M., so we are hoping it will clear in time.

*Gastein, July 24.*—On Sunday we looked out upon heavy snow! It was a surprise, indeed, and all the upper parts of the mountains we could see were covered with snow. On Monday the German Emperor passed us (Aunt Pris and me). She made a very low curtsey, I took off my hat rather casually (she told me afterwards). We often see from the Platz his dear old bald head at a window; he looks so loving, we think. In the P.M. a little excursion was planned to a plateau called Nassfeld. After about half-an-hour's drive the horse was saddled for mother, and we struck up into a fine narrow valley, and ascended for about two hours, a herd of cows and calves, going up for the summer pasturage, keeping us back rather.

It was a quaint cavalcade, the calves' tails furnished a support for Aunt Pris in going up steep bits. We passed two fine falls, and at Nassfeld there was a grand view of a great snowy top, the 'Schareck.' At a shepherd's hut where we rested—various things happened—a young shepherd was sketched by mother, and he went into fits of laughter over it, taking off her book to show his pals. Then a lot of goats scented us out; we unwisely tempted them with salt, after which they simply besieged us. By my aneroid we came up 2,000 feet from Gastein.

On Wednesday we walked up a most lovely valley (Anlaufthal), mother on a horse—very fine rocky heights

with trees in all conceivable places, on each side—a racing stream all the way, the water a clear green in the sun, unless churned into froth.

Our horse is quite a joke, very fat, with a peculiar dislike to sunshades, which fact entails a good deal of manœuvring.



*Wildbad, Gastein.*

The beautiful waterfalls which thunder through the very centre of this mountain resort, and the hot springs used for the baths, are the characteristics of this place. Harry's aunt, Miss Johnston, after a week at Gastein, went on to Switzerland, where they met again later at the Riffel-Alp.

His mother wrote :—

I felt sorry Harry had no companion for his long walks, but he never seemed to mind going off alone. Often I watched him some way down the valley, being able to make out his figure (with the glass), by his white flannels and straw hat ; he would stop to hand a leaflet to almost every one he met, for he always went off with pockets stored. He managed with his small stock of German, filling up with bright looks his lack of words ; but he longed to be able to speak fluently to the country people and the waiters at the different hotels, and often spoke of coming abroad again, really to live in some German or French family for the sake of acquiring the languages. He occupied many odd minutes at Gastein, in marking German Testaments and Gospels with red ink, painting a little cross at the side of the passages to which he wished to draw attention.

We never missed our morning reading, and prayer together after breakfast, and as we sometimes felt it strange to be so far away and among utter strangers (not speaking a word of English, except to each other, for nearly three weeks of our time at Gastein), it was doubly welcome to bring all the dear ones at home, and all the interests of life, before our God together. The earnestness and reality of his prayers abide with me ; it was indeed as a child speaking freely and confidently to his Father, and asking with longing desire and *expecting* faith. Then regularly and diligently he settled, in his own room, to his 'Political Economy' reading, for two or three hours.

The next extracts are from letters written after a happy meeting at Lucerne, Harry's father, youngest



brother, and a younger sister having arrived from England.

*Pension Schweizerhaus, Lucerne, August 3.*—Here we are, back again, looking out on the glorious mountains, almost from the very same rooms we had seven years ago, when Harry was just Rennie's age, the eldest of five dear sons.

I want you all to know what a red-letter day I am having ; of all happy meetings, I think this has been far the best, and I cannot express how thankful I am. Harry and I ended our delightful tête-à-tête of over five weeks, by his rowing me for two hours on the peaceful lake by moonlight, last night, before the train was due.

*From recollections by his Sister Dora.*

Harry said that I was like a *very, very* long letter which had not been read, and that when they had time, he would say, 'Now let us read a bit of Dora ;' so we sat and talked, and I told them a great deal about home.

We left Lucerne on Tuesday. Harry had been up Pilatus that morning, and got in just as we were leaving, looking rather hot and tired in his dear brown suit and felt hat that he wore on all his expeditions. We went on to Göschenen, where we slept on our way to the Riffel, Harry following later.

The transit from Lucerne to Zermatt was made *viâ* Andermatt and the Rhone glacier route. The party arrived at the Riffel Alp (above Zermatt), to find an uncle and two aunts there to welcome them.

*Harry to Neil.*

*Saas-Fée, August 12.*—Uncle Johnston, father and I are now out on a little tour. On arriving at the Riffel Alp on Saturday, uncle was already quite in the climbing swing, and as he was anxious to take advantage of the fine weather and a full moon, we started off at 2.30 yesterday morning to cross the Adler Pass, one out of several snow-passes, which cross the Mischabel range, dividing one valley from another.

After a rough hour's walk we got on to the glacier, but only to cross, then coasted along up a moraine. At 5 A.M. we had another breakfast—cold tea very refreshing, ditto dried prunes. At about 7.30 we were roped together. The fields of snow were very fine. About three-quarters of an hour from the top it got steeper, and we had to use the steps, fortunately cut before by some one.

Had lunch on the top ridge—some precious remains of cold tea, augmented by melted snow. Later we went down the other side, and by a very rocky ridge, which seemed to get worse further on.

This morning we walked down the valley to this place, about two-and-a-half hours' distance, along a rough mule-path. After lunch we adjourned to the village cobbler, to repair and re-nail our boots.

It has been delightful having father on my first ice and snow excursion, and also uncle, who is always full of information, and getting more at every turn ; he accosts nearly all travellers.

Mr. Johnston wrote some time later :—

One portion of the descent from the Adler acquires a touching interest from what has happened. The guides had mistaken the way, and were obliged to take us down a short piece of rock, so difficult that they took us one by one, returning between the journeys. Harry went first, and it was twenty minutes before they returned for me. Probably the experience gained, and succeeding in the passage, had given them confidence, for, although Harry was far more active and strong than I, yet I found him when I reached him at the bottom much more impressed with the difficulty than I had been, and anxious about his father's passage. He told me that he had been praying that his father might be brought safely down.

Later on, the arrival of a large and delightful party of cousins and friends added greatly to the enjoyment of those glorious days among the mountains.

Harry was one day asked to take the daily Bible-reading alone, with some of the young people, two of whom were Harrow boys. One of the cousins writes of it :—

The elder people stayed away, and we young ones read alone. Harry at once suggested we should read the Scripture Union portion. It was Mark viii. 1-14; the story of the loaves and fishes. He told us to look at three words in the first verse, 'Nothing to eat,' and applied it spiritually; he said we must feel ourselves to be empty, to have *nothing*, no goodness of our own,

before Jesus will give us the Living Bread to eat, and to satisfy our souls.

Then the fourth verse : 'From whence can a man satisfy these men,' etc., telling us how Jesus alone can satisfy. And he asked us, smiling, if we would not talk as well.

He gave me the impression of really loving his Saviour so much, and as if he lived in the *felt* Presence of Jesus, which made him bright and loving to all around him, and always wanting to lead others to Him.

And another adds :—

I always remember the Bible-reading we had, when he compared those who searched for good words out of the Bible to gold-diggers who search for every little grain of gold.

*From Harry to Neil.*

I have now to tell of two expeditions. First, the Breithorn, which father and I went up last Wednesday morning. We left here with our guide on Tuesday ; our route lay over the Gorner and Theodule glaciers. On arriving at the hut on the top of the Theodule Pass (one of the many snow-passes about here) we found three ladies and about eight gentlemen, so were prepared for a night of it. They pretty well filled up the only common room there was, very like a ship's cabin. Two Cambridge men were among them. They were all drying stockings, etc., round a stove, and as there was only a small table we fed in turns, as we had come.

Then began preparations for the night. There were six beds to be had (eighteen people altogether), and it

ended in seven of us sleeping in this little room, the *salle*. The place was kept by Italians, who came in with three mattresses, quilts, etc. We were arranged in a row, I at one end, half under a table. It had been snowing nearly all the evening. At 1 A.M. there was a rousing, and most of us got up to look at the prospect of the sky, we turned in again till four, when all got up and breakfasts began. We started just before five, ten minutes after the first party. It was very cold at first, freezing hard, but a lovely morning; the colours were exquisite. Had a magnificent view from the top. Italy was very clear. We also saw Mont Blanc, etc.

Now about Monte Rosa.

We started 2.15 A.M.—father, uncle and I, and Mr. Carlisle with us, a Haileybury master.

We went on steadily till 5.30, when we stopped on some rocks for a breakfast. We got on to snow soon afterwards; then roped, after that it was all up-hill, more or less; the snow in good condition. Another halt to feed at 8.30, and we got up to the ‘saddle’ an hour afterwards, then up the *arête*. (We had been enjoying the views; some wonderful tints on the peaks in the early morning.) The *arête* is the ridge on any mountain, with precipices more or less steep on each side, generally near the top. We had to go carefully here, and near the top left our ice-axes, and had a scramble over big rocks. All the well-known mountains in Switzerland were to be seen from the top: Jungfrau, Mont Blanc, Eggischorn, and Monte Viso in Italy; also the district of the Engadine.

To impress the memory of happy weeks during

this summer on the minds of Harry's youngest brother and sisters, they were encouraged, for their own sakes, to write down all that they remembered, immediately after his death. As these very simple and unassisted recollections give touches of Harry's character, extracts are given here and there. His youngest brother writes:—

Sunday (August 31) was lovely. In the afternoon we sat on the hill behind the hotel, reading old letters; mostly from Harry about Auntie and Grace going to see him at Malta; and part of the time father told us about dear Campbell's illness, and Harry was very much interested, asking questions, etc.

We left the Riffel Alp on Monday, September 1, and slept at Stalden. Just before St. Nicolas, I had a chase after a 'Camberwell Beauty,' and Harry told us that he had had a chase after another. It was the last time I slept in the same room with him, as we had always shared one room; he generally had prayer with me morning and evening.

The next letters from Harry were written after the party broke up, and his father and Rennie had returned to England; leaving him with his mother and his sister Dora, at Glion, above the Lake of Geneva.

*To Neil.*

*Glion, September 10.*—I started at 6.30 A.M., as I had fixed to get a walk. I first got up to the Col de Jaman, there I was refreshed by milk from a cheese-making

châlet, and watched operations for a time. They also gave me curds. Then I had a short climb up the Dent de Jaman, a peak on the ridge, and then along and up to the top of Les Rochers de Naye. I enjoyed the walk very much. We are a cosy party now ; Dora trying to light a wood fire on the hearth. It will be nice getting home to you all, although sad to leave mother. . . . A lovely verse I must tell you of, Prov. vi. 22. (‘ Where thou goest, it shall lead thee ; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee ; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee ’) ; it has often occurred to me lately, and we may prove it daily. If father has any hints to give me about my journey home, would he write at once ?

*To his Father.*

*Glion, September 15.*— . . . Yesterday we considered a good deal about my going home, and the desirability of Neil’s coming out here. I did not at all like leaving mother to-day. She has felt lately how much she needs one of us, as you will understand, for I have been with her so long, and able to help. It seemed reasonable he should come out and take my place, so we fixed this after just committing the whole thing into God’s Hands, and now we are sure, that if it is His will, it will come about.

I shall, of course, wait till they arrive, stay over next Sunday, I dare say, then start home on Monday or Tuesday.

*From his Mother to his Father.*

*Glion, September 15.*— . . . As it came to the point I dreaded extremely Harry leaving me ; and of course I love more than ever to have him with me. . . .

He has most truly the spirit of Christ, and is so wise and moderate. I am sure he has the secret of true peace himself—a close union with the Master. We can never be thankful enough for the grace in him.

I cannot say what a reprieve it has been—his not going to-day.

*From Dora's recollections.*

Harry and I had rooms at the 'Dépendance,' a little way from the hotel, and every night he used to take me off to bed, and light my candle for me, to save mother coming, and then go back to her. Almost every day we used to buy fruit, and he bargained splendidly with the old fruit woman.

Every morning there was a little service at 8.30, at which we used to have the Lessons, and Harry read them for the Chaplain.

The following extract alludes to this:—

*Hôtel Righi, Vaudois, Glion, September 25.* . .—My husband was so struck with your boy. He felt when he heard him read the Lesson one morning at our little service (I think it was the first of 2 Cor.), that he not only understood, but loved the blessed words.

September 15 had been the day fixed for Harry's start homewards, but it was put off for a week, to give time for his brother Neil going out to take his place, till his father could return from England. Neil was also to escort his youngest sister and



Miss Tucker, to join the little party abroad for the autumn. After chilly rain and wood fires for some days, the weather cleared gloriously, and it was decided to make the short move from Glion to the neighbouring sunny mountain slopes of Villars-sur-Ollon, above the valley of the Rhone, to enjoy the higher air as long as possible, and there to wait the expected arrival from England.

During the fortnight at Glion and the last days at Villars, he occupied all his spare minutes with correspondence as to next term's arrangements for the Cambridge Church Missionary Union.

The evening before leaving Glion is marked by one among many of memory's bright pictures. After the golden sunset light had faded from the lake and mountains, and the lamps were lighted, the children of the French families staying in the hotel were playing as usual in merry groups about the hall. Harry enjoyed their happiness for some time, and then fetched down two bound volumes of the charming illustrated papers, 'Le Rayon du Soleil' and 'Les Enfants' which had been in readiness for special pets. The expression of his face as he watched the surprise of the little ones was a mixture of delight in their pleasure, and of something far deeper—of loving interest in the precious lambs so dear to the Good Shepherd.



VIII.

*THE LAST WEEK.*

1884.

Morn, noon, and night,  
Thro' days o'ercast and bright,  
My purpose still is one;  
I have one end in view,  
Daily one thing I do  
Until my object's won.

The day declineth fast,  
At noon its hours are past,  
Its lustre waneth now;  
*That other heavenly day,*  
With its enduring ray,  
*Shall soon light up my brow.*

Oh, may I follow still,  
Faith's pilgrimage fulfil,  
With steps both sure and fleet.  
The longed for goal I see,  
Jesus waits there for me,  
Haste ! haste, my pilgrim feet.



## VIII.

### THE LAST WEEK, 1884.

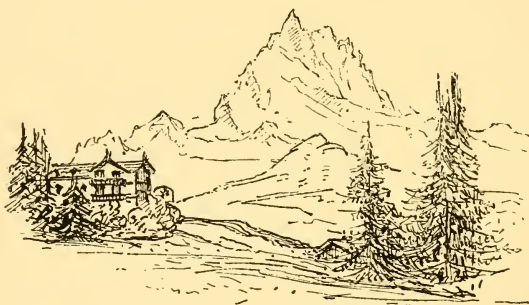
THE last days are associated with all that is brightest of earth's loveliness. Days of unclouded beauty succeeded each other, during that week which was to end for Harry, in the City which hath no need of the sun.

On Tuesday, September 16, the Lake of Geneva was left, shining and still, bordered by brilliant autumn flowers, with the rich vineyards sweeping down the mountain sides.

Harry had a last plunge and swim in the lake, and helped to choose some little presents to take home with him, and also one to leave ready for his youngest sister's birthday on the 24th. The late afternoon was radiant for the drive up to Villars from Aigle, the road at first winding up through avenues of heavily laden walnut, and Spanish chestnut, trees. There was every promise of a speedy and rich fruit harvest, and the villagers were busy gathering in their second hay crops, from the sunny fields, which were in many places enamelled with the delicate pale violet of the

autumn crocuses. Beyond and above, the deep blue and purple of the rugged mountain ranges never looked more beautiful, and the crowning snow-peaks never more heavenly in their glistening whiteness, than on that evening. Harry was a little in advance on foot, intensely enjoying the whole scene.

The glow and glory of the sunset was over, and the day fading fast, before Villars was reached—a



*The Dent du Midi from Villars-sur-Ollon.*

most lovely spot, like a vast undulating park, with groups of fir-trees scattered about.

Harry wrote home the following day:—

Villars-sur-Ollon, September 17.

. . . Here we are in another fresh place. It is a glorious morning; the lights and shadows on the hills beautiful. The Dent du Midi is right in front of us, and a glistening snow-mountain beyond. We had a short

journey here yesterday, about half-an-hour only, in the train to Aigle. Then we secured a one-horsed chaise for mother, Dora, and the luggage, for the three hours' drive up here. A very good position, over 4,000 feet, looking down into the Rhone valley. We got up here about 7.30, quite dark. We heard there were only seven people here besides ourselves, the rain and cold driving many away last week. . . .

I hope to walk down to Aigle on Friday to meet the party. I am very glad we made the move here, and am more and more clear it is right, Neil coming to be with mother.

And on the same day he wrote to a brother at school :—

. . . In the salon last evening a gentleman played very beautifully on the piano, and he did a wonderful thing. He asked for a narrow table cloth, which was held by two others over the keys, and then he played away all the same. It was very curious to see it done. It has been a lovely day here, quite hot, and a wonderful sunset this evening, such a tint on Mont Blanc, which we can see a little way from the hotel.

We hope you will get this letter for Sunday. Do let us think of each other especially then, and expect great blessing wherever we are. If we are really willing to obey the great Captain, He will give us for our use and His glory whatever we ask for. I don't think we half remember this enough.

His mother wrote of these days :—

Later the same evening Lady Montagu-Pollock, with

her son, Sir Frederick, and the rest of her party arrived, to our great surprise. Harry was very glad to meet his school and college friend, in this way, and on the next afternoon we all took a walk together, enjoying our first sight of Mont Blanc in the distance, and the general loveliness around us. While several sat down to sketch, Harry and Monty took a further exploring walk together. Thursday morning the 18th, we all started at 6.15 for the Chamossaire, a mountain expedition about three hours' walk. Four of the party rode, I walked for about half-an-hour with Harry's arm, gathering wild raspberries, with the morning dew upon them, as we went. The top was reached at about 9.15, and there we stayed resting and enjoying the glorious view for about three hours. Just before coming down, the two young men scrambled down a rocky steep, with one of the men, in the hope of finding edelweiss, and were climbing for about three-quarters of an hour. Harry, full of strength and spirits—when he had brought me down to an easy part—ran up to another point for the mere pleasure of it. I see him now, and hear the familiar whistle as he came down through the golden bracken, and when further on, he was pursued by a long string of goats, eager for the salt with which he had supplied himself. We enjoyed the resting afternoon after our return, almost as much as the expedition. He sat reading in my room with Dora by him, another precious picture for me to dwell upon. In the evening, we had our last little reading and prayer, he and I alone together.

The following letter, from Lady Montagu-Pollock to Miss Mac Innes, was written from



England less than a week after that excursion :—

Thurlow, September 24.

My dearest Anna,—I feel as if I must write to you. It is late in the day, and we have only just observed in the 'Times' the awful sorrow that has come to you. You will have heard probably of the happy days we have all had at Villars ; we went there on Tuesday—left on Saturday. It was such a pleasure, all unexpectedly, to see your dear people, and now, to think how suddenly such a strong young life has been cut off. His mother evidently leant on him so much. We went a mountain excursion together, and then she remarked that dear Harry was so cautious, she was never afraid. God only can comfort them, but I quite believe there is the best and only comfort—that he was a true child of God. It touched my heart very much to see his extreme thoughtfulness for his mother, so gentle and unselfish. But I must not write on, though my heart is very full. We returned thanks as a family for safe return only this morning. How little I thought of their sorrow !

Ever your loving Friend,

LAURA C. MONTAGU-POLLOCK.

I wonder if you go out or stay. Miles will no doubt have gone. Send me one line, if you can.

Later on, Sir Frederick wrote from Cambridge :—

*October 1884.*—We were only three days at Villars, and on the second day we all went up the 'Chamossaire,' but as we were a large party, and a good deal separated, I did not have much conversation with Harry. On the

last day that we were there, he was away, having gone to meet the party coming from England.

The only time that I had a walk with him alone was on the day after our arrival. In the afternoon we all started for a certain point, from which there is a fine view of Mont Blanc ; the others stopped there to sketch, while he and I walked on together. He told me about his mountain-climbing expeditions, the ascent of Monte Rosa and other excursions ; and we talked chiefly about our experiences in Switzerland.

The path followed the valley, and a small stream ; we went some way, but at the last had to turn back by the same path. On the way back he spoke about the choice of a profession. He said he had not made up his mind on this point, but he felt sure that he should be shown what was the right thing for him to do ; it was a step not to be taken in a hurry, without help from above. Afterwards he went on to talk about matters of religion, —about the disputed questions at the present day, and the various forms of unbelief. The great thing, he said, in any difficulty, was to put one's whole trust in God. He also happened to remark—a thing which struck me very forcibly afterwards, though not so much at the time—that the death of a Christian was always happy. As he spoke, the path, winding up from the valley, suddenly opened out—when we came upon a scene that I am not likely to forget. One of the most glorious sunsets possible to imagine.

We were taken entirely by surprise, having had all view in that direction, up to this point, completely shut out. The valley of the Rhone lay before us. Mont Blanc and the Dent du Midi were slightly tinged ; but the

most remarkable part was the gorgeous colouring behind the hills to the right (which stood out almost black against it), so brilliant as to flood everything around us with its red light. We stood looking at it for a long time, both enjoying it immensely, for it seemed to grow more perfect every minute, but at last had to turn reluctantly away and follow the path back through the wood to the hotel. . . .

The next day was thus described by his mother :—

On Friday morning, September 19th, he started for Lausanne, to meet the party from England on their way out to us. He went off, delighting in the early walk down into the valley, and in the prospect of meeting and bringing them back. He and Neil walked up from Aigle in the evening, intensely enjoying each other's company once more ; often stopping to scramble up trees for brilliant sprays of autumn leaves for me, to give Eva a run as a change from the slower progress of the carriage, or to speak to the peasants by the way-side. Neil was much amused at one conversation Harry kept up with an old man and his wife, who were resting from their hay-making. In the joy of his heart he made them understand that, after two days and a night's travelling, here was his brother from England, and how glad they were to be together. Much pleased, the old couple warmly responded ; Harry added a bright word (pointing upwards as he spoke) about the best Friend and the Home above, and the brothers said good-night. He lingered behind at last to arrive with Eva, and let Neil come on to me ; and, as she said, 'he

had to walk very fast when we were near Villars, because the horse was trotting, and he said he could not miss the meeting with mother.' The joy of the two boys in being together again added greatly to my happiness in the meeting, and we were indeed a thankful party that evening.

Lady Montagu-Pollock and her party left Villars next morning, Saturday, 20th. Dora wrote:—

At Bible-reading, Harry suggested that we should see how many times 'the LORD of Hosts' came in the Bible, and the different ways in which it is used. So we settled we should each take a part of the Bible and write down, the next day (Sunday), all we could find. In the afternoon, we set off for Gryon—mother on a horse, the rest of us walking. We came to a bridge, and Harry and I pretended to be defending it with fir cones against Neil and Eva.

The object of the walk to Gryon was to engage a guide for Monday, for a mountain expedition. All enjoyed the exquisite evening—the scene was a lively one, in the picturesque village, with the many cows, and their large, full-toned bells. On the way back Harry, as usual, was in his element while surrounded by bright groups of children, to whom he gave picture papers.

Coming back he and Neil turned off to take a longer walk home. Soon after they came in, the discovery was made that Harry's pocket-book was missing, containing several bank notes. It had

fallen out of his inner coat pocket ; but, as Dora said, 'Mother told us that Harry had lost his pocket-book, but in a few minutes he came down so sweet, and looking so nice, just as if nothing had happened.'

His quietness and self-possession after he discovered this loss were but added proofs of his simple dependence on his God. That it was a real trial to him there could be no doubt, for it involved the loss of all necessary memoranda, and the money with which to make all payments. He had also taken the greatest interest in keeping very accurate accounts, and had looked forward to going over them all with his father on his return home ; now every clue was gone, for the pocket-book contained everything. By his perfectly unruffled manner all the evening it was evident that in simple, confident trust he had committed the matter to his best Friend.

He made great fun for his sisters in the long corridor leading to the salon, as the hotel seemed rather silent and deserted with so few people about, and Eva wrote, 'he got under the table and made himself an elephant, crawled about the floor, with the table and table-cloth on his back, after me.' That the matter was not forgotten for a moment was, however, proved by his

arranging a plan to start with Neil as soon as possible in the morning, so as to be over the ground before any one should be astir. By mistake they were called at three o'clock instead of four A.M., as fixed, so had to wait till there was sufficient day-light for their search. As soon as possible they reached the point which led to the path through the fir-woods which they had followed the evening before. Harry said, 'We will now ask again that we may find it.' Three minutes after, as they walked on, there lay the pocket-book in the middle of the well-beaten path, with the dew still upon it. They returned light-hearted through the flowery meadows, taking an improvised bath in one of the rushing streams, before even the peasants were awake.

After breakfast he wrote the following to his youngest brother, which proved to be his last letter :—

Sunday, September 21, 1884.

Dear Rennie,—You will be wanting to know about the arrival here, after having all the interest of travelling up to Hampstead with the same little party. Well, I walked down to Aigle, our nearest railway station, and arrived at Lausanne only three minutes before they did, and there they were looking very fresh. We went into a bustling 'buffet' and ordered 'café complet.' As a surprise for mother I sent her off a telegram (for fourpence halfpenny) saying, 'All fresh and feeding.'

On the way back to Aigle by rail, I showed them Glion,—and the rope railway,—the place where we bathed, &c. Eva walked a bit up the hill on our way here and played horses with me. About half an hour from here Neil walked on quickly and met mother first. We are now the only people in this large hotel, for the season is very nearly over now.



*View from Villars in the direction of Mt. Blanc.*

Yesterday afternoon we had a walk to a village one hour off—Gryon by name. Mother had a horse, and Eva got up with her now and then. Coming back, Neil and I took a round, striking up the hillside. I took my coat off, and we scrambled away. Fancy! on getting here I found my letter-case gone, with bank notes inside. It had fallen out! We felt how difficult it would be to retrace our path, but started at five this morning, and found it almost directly. We were very thankful.

In haste, your loving Brother,

HARRY.

The English church was closed for the season, so the party met alone for a delightful little service, reading the Psalms and Lessons, and just before luncheon for hymn singing in the salon, Harry sitting down to play one of his favourites, 'What a Friend we have in Jesus!' but soon telling Dora to take his place, 'as he had practised so little lately.' Later the singing was resumed, after the children had, with some trouble, pulled Harry out of a tiny cupboard-room off the corridor, where he had found another piano, and was trying his tunes again.

The following was one of the hymns :—

I am thine, O Lord ; I have heard Thy voice,  
 And it told Thy love to me ;  
 But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
 And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,  
 To the cross where Thou hast died ;  
 Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,  
 To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,  
 By the power of grace divine ;  
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
 And my will be lost in Thine.

Oh, the pure delight of a single hour  
 That before Thy throne I spend,  
 When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God  
 I commune as friend with friend



There are depths of love that I cannot know  
Till I cross the narrow sea ;  
There are heights of joy which I may not reach  
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Some little time afterwards he was found in the garden, having a talk with the waiter. Often during the following sorrowful days the man spoke of that talk, and how Harry 'had told him about God's salvation for nearly an hour.'

After this he and his brother took a long, happy walk over the near alps, going into a *châlet* to get some milk. He advised Neil to take the rest of the party there for Eva's birthday on the Wednesday following, saying what a good expedition it would make. In the evening the guide arrived from Gryon, and all was arranged with him for the next day's expedition, to which Harry had been greatly looking forward, specially for Neil to have one really good walk and cross a glacier, before he had himself to leave for England on Tuesday. But early next morning (September 22) it was raining so heavily that the porter was stopped on his way to wake them at 3.15, as any glacier expedition with the guide was hopeless.

They therefore had a long, good night, and Harry had his accustomed quiet happy time in his room before breakfast, and as usual he was heard

singing while dressing. They had a merry breakfast, and he was full of interest about a walk he planned for Neil and himself alone.

Then the last happy Bible-reading together. The portion for the day was Zechariah ix., and he chose sentences from verses 9, 12, and 15. 'Thy king cometh unto thee!' 'Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope;' and then again, 'The LORD of Hosts shall defend them.'

Much fun and noise followed over the packing of luncheon, and other little preparations for their start.

One more romp with Eva, chasing her up and down, to her great delight. She wrote of this herself:—

' . . . He put the sponge-bag on me for a hat, and then the brush-bag, and a butterfly-net, and then he threw some water at me, and then he put his hat on me. Then he and Neil went for their walk.'

He ran back for more illustrated French text-cards, saying he 'must have plenty, they were so charming;' also for the map of the neighbourhood, out of Baedeker's Guide Book, for he had a definite plan in his mind by which to take Neil the best possible walk in the time before them. More than once they had agreed to be back early, as it was

‘the last evening together.’ He wanted to skirt one of the lower spurs of the Diablerets range, and to return by the nearer side of the valley. First taking the Chamossaire path, they struck down into the valley leading to the Col de la Croix, and up again through fir-woods on to the green alps above.

After the heavy rain of the night before, every now and then white mists swept over the mountain-sides, till dispersed by bursts of sunshine, which unveiled the lovely views, down into the valleys far below. Harry described the mountain expeditions during his time abroad; and as the brothers walked on together, immensely enjoying another good talk, they spoke much of the coming term at Cambridge, and of the objects nearest their hearts. They recurred to home interests, among others the young men’s class; talked of cricket matches in the past, and hoped for in the future. Harry then spoke of his great desire to have open-air meetings in the park at home some day, remarking, as they talked over the subject, ‘it would help to bring the young men on.’

They were now high above the *châlet* village of Taveyana, and had passed the tree line. The following are notes from Neil’s notebook, written two days later:—

Saw a fine fox just before luncheon. Harry chose a place behind a small rock, and made me sit where he said I could get under shelter from the wind. I spread out our luncheon on some stones, and told him to ask a blessing ; he did so with feeling. 'This *is* jolly!' he said, and as the sun came out I looked at him, remarking, 'how well you look,' and thought how jolly all at home would think him looking. He said he 'felt very fit,' and again, 'I wish we could find some little fox-cubs.' I said 'Yes, wouldn't it be jolly? I think I should bag one.' He answered 'Yes, you could send it home by me to-morrow.'

Then he jumped up and walked round to where he could see the valley (we were sitting with our backs to it). He said he had been thinking a good deal lately of that verse, 'The works of the Lord are great ;' I finished it, 'sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.' After putting a French picture-text into our empty coffee-bottle, and writing our names on it, he sat down and read Psalm xxiv. I remember distinctly his reading that verse, 'He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.'

While enjoying the view, Neil told Harry to sing, saying, 'There is no one to hear us up here.' Harry began 'We are volunteers in the army of the Lord.' He could not remember the tune perfectly, but Neil told him to 'try again, and sing it louder.'

Laughing and full of spirits, Harry strapped on his bag (the remainder of bread which it contained, his father found, three days later, soft with

the rain, marking unmistakably the spot where he lay in the bed of the stream). They started again about two o'clock, after another look at the map, in the direction of the 'Rochers du Dent.' Neil's notes continued :—

I said, 'I like to have a motto for each day, and mine for to-day is, "I will be glad in the Lord;" you know it is in the "Daily Light."' Harry answered, 'It is very nice to get hold of something like that for each day—yes' (and I shall never forget the way in which he repeated it), ' "I *will* be glad in the Lord,"' laying such emphasis on the word 'will,' as if to say, it is in our power to take, what we may claim as our right.

About an hour later, they reached a ridge which they had hoped would lead them round the head of the valley, but Harry decided that it looked doubtful, so they retraced their steps some little way and walked on, till about four o'clock they came to a place where the rocks rose precipitously from the steep mountain-side. They had seen for some time in the distance a cleft or passage up these rocks, where an ascent seemed practicable, and on reaching the foot of the cleft Harry said, 'I see the way up.' Twice, as they stood together during that short climb, he said, 'Who shall go first?' and Neil went on ahead, preferring not to be last, as he knew his brother was the more experienced climber. Harry several times called cheerily from just below, and

‘Is there grass up there?’ were the last words Neil heard.

The rest is told by an extract from their father’s letter, written on arriving at Villars forty-eight hours later.

Each step they hoped would be easier, but it grew worse. Neil dared not look down or back; Harry called, ‘Don’t go where you can’t get back!’ Neil reached the top, and threw himself down; heard as if two great stones had fallen. Harry never appeared; Neil shouted, but no answer came. He got down somehow (scrambling down another way in about three-quarters of an hour) to where he believed he should see him. He prayed for help, and strength was given for the tremendous effort. There lay our most precious one, in the bed of a little torrent on the steep mountain-slope. Neil felt his heart, his pulse, but death must have been instantaneous. He laid him straight, folded the hands, and sat watching the calm face. A chamois-hunter had been watching the two (from the other side of the valley). He saw the fall with his glass. He and two wood-cutters soon came. ‘*Mon frère,—avec Dieu!*’ soon told them all, though they needed no telling.

The speedy arrival of these men was one of the many proofs of the tender compassion of our Father, Who, never nearer than in our times of sorest need and trouble, thus reminds His children that He is watching over them. At first Neil tried to persuade them to bring his brother down at once;

but when he understood from them that he might not be removed till the authorities gave permission, at 5.30 he left the two wood-cutters to watch, and returned to Villars with the chamois-hunter, not arriving till after seven—quite dark.

All through that evening and night, the words came as if by a voice:—‘And He laid His right hand upon me, saying, Fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living One; and I was dead and behold I am alive for evermore; and *I have the keys* of death.’

The grievous telegram reached Harry’s home at 11 P.M., but not without the comfortings of God, expressed in the words, ‘we are in perfect peace.’

And thus it has ever been. The Saviour through all time has borne His children’s sorrows with them—has so lighted up the darkness as with a flood of glory from the opened gates, that from their hearts they have answered, ‘It is well’—not only through the first days and weeks, but as life goes on, with its increasing sense of loss.

Harry’s father and brother John were on their way to Switzerland before an hour had passed. Meanwhile, sleep came with its merciful soothing to his little sisters at Villars. The practical thoughtfulness of Mons. Petter-Genillard, the hotel proprietor, will be ever gratefully remem-

bered ; and Mr. Inchbold, the artist (the only other guest at the time), rendered the kindest help. Coverings were sent back to the mountain-side by the chamois-hunter and one of Mons. Petter's trusted men, and there they, with the other two men who had been left, watched through the remainder of the night by the light of a fire, under the shelter of the rocks. Heavy rain had already set in, and as morning dawned on Tuesday (September 23) a dense mist surrounded Villars. Through this mist the Préfet of Bex and the doctor arrived from the valley, and started at 10 A.M. to make their way to the foot of the mountain steep, under the guidance of Mons. Petter. He arranged a litter of strong fir boughs, which he sent up by several men, and there they awaited the descent.

The following extract tells of the return to Villars :—

About four o'clock, from an upper window (in the Dépendance close by) we watched for the return, first hearing the horse bells through the thick mist for some minutes, but seeing nothing till the low mountain cart drawn by a pony, and preceded by M. Petter and the officials, drew up below. All heads uncovered, and the men bore him gently into the room prepared. Neil's first words after looking upon his face again, 'It is not only peace, but joy!' are true indeed ; and as we sit or



kneel by the little iron bed on which he lies in the familiar brown suit, with his head turned as if in sleep, we are filled with praise for his translation into perfect joy. The room, bright now the mist has cleared, and with the windows open to the crocus-covered fields, is sweet with flowers ; some, the kind people here had made into a large cross and wreath with fragrant evergreens, which are upon the bed.

Harry's father wrote on the Friday to his eldest daughter :—

*Villars, September 26.*—We rejoice that you too are filled with peace about that which is in itself such anguish ; but our precious Harry was far beyond us all, and has indeed left us a most blessed example. Mother is continually dwelling on his perfect trust, never more real than all through this time abroad. She, and I, and John, made our sacred pilgrimage yesterday, and reached the spot where he had been all through that Monday night lying across a tiny little stream, just where he had fallen. When I saw where they had gone up, I immediately said to myself, 'There was nothing rash in this.' The place up which they went did not look very bad, but from Neil's account it must have rapidly become far worse than it looked, and the fall must have been fearful.

The same day this letter was written, the party left Villars on their return home.

The formalities required for removal to England were, as usual, complicated, but all difficulties were at length overcome, and just one week after

that last mountain walk, the simple Swiss coffin reached Carlisle, accompanied by Harry's parents and brothers, on Monday, September 29.

*From an old Servant.*

I remember once, at Rickerby, Mr. Harry as the young midshipman was expected home. The hall had been decorated, and a large 'Welcome Home' had been arranged to catch his eye first. Can we not let our imagination picture to us the glorious 'Welcome Home' he had up yonder?

As a lovely dawn was breaking, he was borne reverently and tenderly into his father's house, by labourers on the estate, who had all known and loved this eldest son, and a few hours later a very large congregation filled the parish church at Stanwix, while a still larger number, for whom there was no room inside, were assembled in the churchyard to join in the service, which was read by the Bishop of Carlisle and the Rev. J. R. Wood, the Vicar.

Many touching mentions of Harry's death had been made on the previous day (Sunday) in the neighbouring churches and chapels, and to those who survive their beloved one, the remembrance of the deep and universal sympathy which pervaded all classes in Carlisle and the neighbourhood at this time, can never fade away.

On the Sunday after the funeral, October 5,

the first of the Psalms for the morning was the 24th, which had been Harry's last on earth. The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, now Bishop of Exeter, who had been at Carlisle attending the Church Congress, preached in Stanwix Church. He had known Harry all his life: he was staying at Rickerby for the Sunday, and in the evening brought down the following lines which he had just written:

‘Christ is our peace to-day,’  
So rang the gospel word ;  
He grasp'd it fast and went his way  
Rejoicing in the Lord.

‘Christ only, none but Christ,’  
Still echoed in his ear.  
That watch-word hour by hour sufficed  
For light, and strength, and cheer.

‘Christ, Christ, for one and all,’  
Believe it, men and brothers :  
His own life bade us hear the call,  
And pass it on to others.

To live was Christ to him,  
A fountain never dry,  
A Sun which earth-clouds could not dim,  
A glory always nigh.

. . . . .

Oh, seems it that too soon  
The messenger has come,  
And borne him long, so long ere noon,  
Straight to the Father's home.

Thy will is, must be, best ;  
 His course on earth was run.  
 Thy pleasure is Thy servant's rest ;  
 Thy will, dear Lord, be done.

For him the perfect sight  
 Of Thee he loved unseen ;  
 The gaze on uncreated Light,  
 Without a veil between :

For us the humble prayer  
 To trace the steps he trod ;  
 Till eye to eye together there  
 We see the face of God.

E. H. B.

October 5, 1884.

Extracts follow from a very few of the many valuable letters received.

*From the Rev. T. P. Monnington to Lawrence C. Carr,  
 who had been his fellow-pupil with Harry.*

September 27.

The trusty, steady, God-fearing and loving Harry must be missed. What a comfort and prop he has been at home, those nearest him and dearest will know best. But I know enough of his character to be sure that his father and mother have thankfully looked upon him as a pillar of the house, and that his brothers and sisters have looked up to him, and seen in him the model which they would like to copy.

I should have had no doubt in my mind whatever that Harry was ready for death but the account makes

certainty more certain. When he was here last Easter he seemed rather puzzled as to his future, but he felt that 'God would open a door for him' (these were his words), and He has, the door into Paradise. It is a beautiful picture, and one that makes me very happy, to see the family reading the Bible together before the holiday-taking part of the day; and then the elder brother and young sister playing together. Then the two brothers at their luncheon on God's grand mountains, and reading a psalm together. This shows that the daily Bible reading was not with him a duty to be gone through. There was not the feeling 'I must put God first, and I have done so, and now I am free to enjoy myself;' God's felt Presence was his enjoyment. It makes me think of the Psalmist's words: 'Lord, what love have I unto Thy law? all the day long is my study in it.' . . . For myself, I feel a mixture between sorrow and great thankfulness.

*From the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall,  
Cambridge, to Harry's father.*

September 30, 1884.

My thoughts were intently with you yesterday in prayer. Great is the anguish. Great will be—yea, I am assured great are—the consolations of God. He knows perfectly well that He has made a chasm which nothing on earth will ever fill up and smooth over.

He enters with infinite sympathy into every pulse and groan of loss; not rebuking but loving. To feel profoundly the difference when a great gift of His hand is moved out of sight, is not in itself, surely in the least a

lack of holy submission. But then He knows how to go down into the chasm he has made, and pour out His love into it, and glorify it with His special Presence.

He can and does make His people feel a deep blessedness in their 'yes' to Him, when some immensely real pressure is put upon their faith.

Your letter, with its strong word about 'infinite love,' assures me that it is so. Your dear son will ever dwell among my brightest and purest memories of young Cambridge Christians. Truly he lived and shone. Far and wide the loss will be felt, by those who know what he was there, in daily influence and noble consistency.

*From the Rev. E. W. Moore (author of 'The Overcoming Life' &c.), whom Harry had met in Switzerland.*

September 29, 1884.

I don't know when I have felt anything so much. Though I had only been those ten days with him (and I do thank God for my unexpectedly prolonged stay there now), we were a good deal together, and I can truthfully say, I just loved him. I was struck by his look the very first time I saw him. When he came into the salon at the Riffel Alp with you, there was something so sweet, so humble, so heavenly in it. I recurred to it again and again, and when I got to know him, I found him better than he looked.

A gentleman who was roped with him during a mountain expedition, said when he came back that he was a most remarkable young fellow, he 'seemed so decided.' He was a true saint, young as he was, and manly and bright. But the Lord was enthroned in his heart.

May John xii. 24 be true of this sore trial, that out of death a harvest of life may be reaped. I do feel so to sorrow with you, dear friend. I am with you in spirit, in prayer, in sorrow, and in submission in my poor measure.

*From Mrs. Charles (author of 'Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family'), to his aunt, Miss Mac Innes.*

The blow falls not on something hollow, but on a rock of faith in the Rock of Ages, of trust in the infinite unchangeable Love.

I keep thinking of your brother's joyous account of his visit to his sons at Cambridge in May. It touched me very much at the time. It is good to think of the 'unswerving pointing of that young heart to God.'

How very beautiful that last meal, sacramental indeed, in a very deep sense. Imagine that last meal of the brothers, just as if it had been by the Sea of Galilee, with the risen Saviour; He Himself giving them the food from the little fire of coals on the shore. And now on the eternal shore with Him for ever; refreshed by no mere thoughts, no impersonal sources of joy, 'the Lamb shall lead them unto living Fountains.' Think of being so surprised! at such a moment, the whole young heart radiant with His Presence, and then suddenly waking up and finding himself *there*!

*The same to his sister Grace (alluding to a visit to Rome together in May).*

It was very touching to say that 24th Psalm in church last Sunday (October 5), and to feel it all illuminated—luminous with the memory of those uncon-

sciously last words. What can any of us wish for more than just this—that an ordinary step of our everyday life should be fit to be the step up to the threshold of the Temple? Dear Grace, our ‘gradine’ are not down into the dark, however dim ; they are upward steps to a true *Ara Cœli* ; therefore we will not fear. How infinite the difference is of knowing we are going up to that open door of our Father’s House, instead of to some bare peak alone.

A few months later Mrs. Charles wrote the following lines, which she gave to Harry’s parents :—

Little those brothers knew  
At that midday repast,  
In all the joy and strength of youth,  
That meal would be the last.

But had they known, how else,  
How better would they part?  
The glory of God’s hills around,  
His Words within their heart?

For One who knew was near,  
Unseen, yet by their side—  
‘Known in the breaking of the bread,’  
The Risen Lord Who died.

His light reflected shone  
Upon that youthful brow,  
‘We will be glad in God!’ he said,  
Glad beyond measure, now!



They knew not, as with toil  
That treacherous path they trod,  
*How high* for one of them it led,  
Up to the gates of God !

But the dear angels knew,  
And watched them up the height,  
Ready to bear him in their hands,  
Into the world of light.

And had he known how then  
He climbed the Temple stair,  
Scarce had his heart been more in tune,  
More full of love and prayer.

What higher can we ask  
Than that each meal may be  
Thus hallowed? as though ere the next  
Thy glorious face we see.

Each step of common life,  
As through the world we roam,  
Sacred as if the next would cross  
The threshold of Thy home.