

XII.

*H.M.S. Britannia.**6th April 1884.*

MY DEAR MOTHER, I was confirmed this morning. I intend to try and do better than I have been doing for some time, and I hope to be able to. I got your letter this morning. We had a service last night at eight o'clock, and also this morning at the same time, before breakfast. We had a clergyman from Stoke-Fleming last night to preach to us, whose name was Mr St Alban. I am sure I have heard him preach somewhere else, although I cannot remember where. I got my measurement and gave it to the man here who has to see to all those sort of things, as I thought he would understand what to do better, and he said he would write then, but I have not had my new things from Silver's yet. I have got four rooks' eggs for our collection. Will you tell Alice and Kitty, as we have got none yet? I got twenty-one altogether this year, only I gave the rest away. It is awfully funny, but no one has got any rooks' eggs this year, except he has been with me, so every one has been asking me to come out with them lately. How big is Helena's new pony? Do you think it will be able to go as well as Arabi or not? I will bring a pot of cream back at the end of this term. Every one on board has got crape on his left arm, as we are all in mourning for Prince Leopold, who died the other day. It seems very hard to do right all at once, as I am afraid I have been getting into several bad habits, but I am going to try.—Your loving son,

EDWARD BAIRD.