



HAROLD'S EARLY LIFE

HAROLD was born in Toronto, while his father was Assistant at St. Peter's Church. When only nine weeks old, the family went to Winnipeg, where Mr. Owen became Assistant to Venerable Archdeacon Fortin at Holy Trinity Church. Here Harold spent the first six years of his childhood, when another move was made, returning to Ontario when his father was made Rector of the Bishop Cronyn Memorial Church, London. Here our soldier boy spent four years of his childhood, and looking back, we recognize many prophecies of the man-to-be.

His godmother tells many little stories of incidents which so clearly manifested his character. One day, while looking at a picture, Harold said, "What does that man in the picture want?" "I do not know; what makes you think that he wants something?" Harold answered, "Because he looks like 'Fawdy' when he asks God for things."

His father was taking a Mission in Virden and I found Harold wide awake in his crib. "Why are you not asleep, Harold?" He answered, "Oh, I am just resting here, looking up into Heaven." "What do you see?" I said. "Nothing—I was just asking God to tell Fawdy what to say to the people at Virden."

When I took him to the country on a visit, everything was a source of delight. Once I found him on his knees beside a little toad. "What is it? Oh, what is it?" Being told, he said, "Where is he going?" "Home to its father, I expect," I answered. Then Harold said, "Is it Fawdy a toad?"

The birds were an endless pleasure to him. He was sure a flock of yellow birds were butterflies. One wet day, a little gull followed the carriage, flying quite low. Seeing it, Harold stretched out his arms and said, "If I had wings like that bird, I would fly right up to Heaven, and then when God wanted anyone, I would come—oh, so quick—and carry them straight up to their home."

Machinery had a great attraction for him. On seeing a tread-mill, he grasped the idea at once. "I see," said he, "the horse pushes that round with his heels, but when you want to stop the churn, take off that strap and then it can't go."

He was much interested in a mowing machine, working near the house, but my brother was troubled for fear of an accident, so I put my boy on a woodpile so that he could see. Some time after, Lily was going to a neighbor's home and asked if Harold might go. Presently she returned and said, "Auntie, will you come and take Casabianca off the woodpile, for he says you told him to stay there and he refuses to come down until you come." I had quite forgotten about him and had concluded that as the machine was gone, Harold would have run off to play.