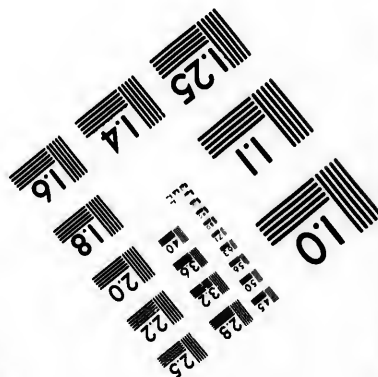
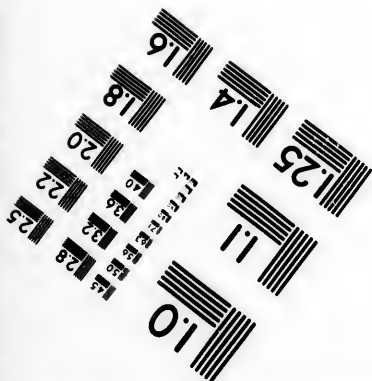
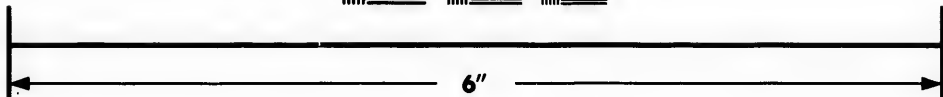
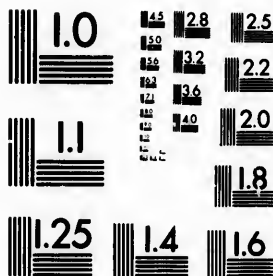


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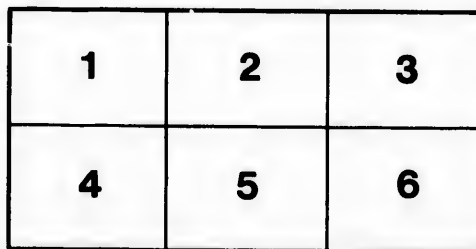
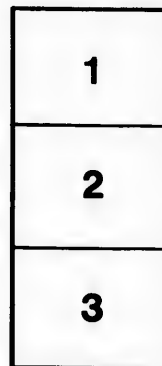
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MEMOIR

OF

THE

LIFE

OF

JOHN

W. FOSTER

BY

W. FOSTER

**MEMOIR**  
**OF**  
**CAPT. M. M. HAMMOND,**  
**RIFLE BRIGADE:**

**WHO FELL IN THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL, AT THE  
AGE OF THIRTY-ONE.**

**ABRIDGED.**

**PUBLISHED BY THE  
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,  
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.**

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MEMOIR  
OF  
CAPT. M. M. HAMMOND.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

ALL is now quiet in the Crimea. Upon the heights of Inkermann the listless Tartar again tends his flock. The bustard and the plover have returned to the steppes; the plateau is painted with purple and golden crocuses; there is peace upon the hills once more.

From those deep ravines all living trace of the allied armies has disappeared. But many a rude cross for ages to come will tell where, side by side, in sad array, the mighty hosts are resting. There each, in his warrior's shroud, sleeps till the earth shall give up her dead, and

the Lord shall gather his elect from the four winds of heaven.

The whole is now like a dream; and our minds, strained with intense excitement, have for the most part ceased to dwell upon the events of that unhappy period.

Yet "the memory of the just is blessed;" and if, in compliance with the urgent wishes of many, we offer a short memoir of one "who shall return no more to his house," it is not that we may exalt him, but rather that we may set forth, in the words of his simple epitaph,

"The praise of the glory of His grace,  
who gave a Christian lustre to his life, and a  
blessedness to his honorable death."

Maximilian Montagu Hammond was the third son of W. O. Hammond, Esq., of St. Alban's Court, Kent, and of Mary Graham, eldest daughter of Sir H. Oxenden, of Broome Park, Kent. He was born May 6, 1824. He was a high-spirited and manly boy, joining with his brothers during their holidays in the favorite amusements of their home; and with a spirit of enjoyment, entering into all those initiatory sports which a country home affords. He was a favorite with all, and his frank, honest, open

face was an index to his character. Mazy was at this age full of strong impulse; rather impetuous, at times passionate, but of an affectionate disposition, strongly attached to his father and mother, his family, and his home.

His bold, unflinching spirit, showed itself in a very early trait. He was playing with a companion, the son of a neighboring gentleman, and with one of his brothers. As they were together, remembering that he had not said his prayers that morning, Mazy suddenly knelt down in a wood-lodge where they were at the time and repeated his morning prayer, utterly fearless of ridicule. His inclination for a soldier's life showed itself early; and his future profession having been determined, he was sent to a school at Woolwich, whence he was soon after removed to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

At Sandhurst his progress at first does not seem to have found favor with the authorities. He considered the sergeants, whose especial duty it was to report the delinquencies of the cadets, his natural enemies; and loving fun, and full of a boy's spirit, he was from time to time reported for faults, which, though never

in one instance discreditable, yet told against him in the opinion of the governor. Still, as he advanced, his desire to improve was evident, and the half-yearly reports show that his efforts were not unobserved by the professors. With all his love for amusement and natural disinclination to study, he felt and understood his own position, and the duty, not less than the importance, of advancing himself by his own exertions. He gave much attention to surveying, and was favorably mentioned in this department.

He passed his examination creditably, and not long after his hopes were crowned by his appointment to a second lieutenancy in the second battalion of the Rifle brigade, at that time quartered at Newport.

The period of a lad's "joining" is an important epoch in his life. Emancipated from the restraints and discipline of school, at one step he passes from boyhood to manhood.

The world with all its pleasures was now open to him, and it was hardly to be expected that his ardent temperament would escape its dangers. Before him, as before us all, lay the broad and the narrow way; and although his

own natural good sense and good taste led him to avoid those habits of life into which lower natures too often fall, yet the biographer would not be faithfully painting his character, if by his silence he glossed over those passages of his early life, "wherein in times past he walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind."

The battalion was moved to Swansea about midsummer, and while there orders arrived for foreign service. Bermuda was their destination. The battalion marched to Bristol, and from thence to Dover, where the embarkation of the service companies took place; but Maxy Hammond having been told off for one of the dépôt companies, remained with them at Dover. Here he was quartered for some months, entering without restraint into all the trifling vanities of a garrison life. That his pursuits were at best frivolous, his letters show.

"DOVER, Sunday.

"MY DEAR MOTHER—I should have enjoyed, beyond measure, going to the ——'s ball, but I am perfectly unable, as I am engaged to go to a ball here on the same day at Mrs. ——'s; I

shall write to — to thank her for asking me. We had a very good ball here on Friday; about one hundred and fifty people; but the room was dreadfully crowded. There are no end of balls now. I found six invitations when I got here. If my pony is sound I wish you would let me know, that I may send over for it; a capital ball at Canterbury.

“Your affectionate,  
“M. M. HAMMOND.”

So passed the winter months. In the early spring the battalion left Bermuda for Halifax, and Hammond was ordered to join the service companies. On the second of August he writes to announce his arrival at Halifax:

“Here I am safely landed at last, after a passage of forty-five days. We had nothing but contrary winds, bad weather, and fogs the whole way out; if it did not blow hard, it was sure to fall a dead calm. We amused ourselves on the voyage by shooting and harpooning porpoises; and when we got to the bank of Newfoundland we began to fish, and in two hours caught seventy large codfish, averaging from ten to twenty-five pounds weight; as fast as you put your lines down you hauled up fish:

we caught enough for all the men and crew besides ourselves. But I have said enough about the voyage."

In his letters of this period we find nothing to distinguish them from those of any other lad of eighteen. Yet even now he was not without occasional misgivings as to his spiritual state. He was living without God, *and he knew it*. The cloud would steal over him from time to time. On this voyage, as he afterwards said, he knew that he was not prepared to die; and he felt a desire, as the thought of eternity presented itself to his mind, of leading a better life. He had at this time a *respect* for religion, and went to church; but Sunday was a weariness to him; and he always indulged in "castles in the air" during the service.

This first trip across the Atlantic probably gave him a taste for the sea, which became afterwards very decidedly developed; he entered with a sailor's zest and spirit into the professional details of the voyage, noting how the ship ran her course, taking a pride in her rapid sailing, and delighting to watch her answer her helm.



## CHAPTER II.

## FOREST SCENES.

AFTER Maxy Hammond's arrival at Halifax, his time, during the first two years, was passed much as it had been in England; pleasure and amusement was the great object of his life. Writing on Sept. 2, 1842, he says:

"You can't think how I enjoy your accounts of all the gayeties, cricket-matches, races, balls, etc. We are still at George's Island. I went out the other day partridge-shooting, with — and —. We started at five, rowed to the Indian camp, and having got an Indian to go with us, went into the woods. We soon came to a lake, where we saw some very large trout; — fished for them for some time, but did not succeed in catching any thing; we then came to another lake, where we saw some partridges; — and myself shot one. After this we found nothing for some hours, but at last — shot two more, which closed our day's sport. We passed through a tract of ground called the

'Barrens,' where there are no trees; here we tracked a bear, and soon after a moose. I saw a hare with a huge snake after it. I am going out moose-hunting, about thirty miles from here, the week after next, which I expect will be much finer sport. I take two Indians, and we shall stay about a week in the woods. We are now hard at work at drill, and I think that when the men get their new clothing and caps, they will look nearly as well as the service companies."

A brother officer, and intimate friend of these earlier years, says of him at this time, "He joined in all the amusements and sports incidental to military life; and it was always remarked of him, that to whatever object he directed his attention, to it he devoted the whole of his energies with a zeal and earnestness that became the leading features of his after-life. He always appeared to be alive to the reality of life and the necessity of action in whatever he was engaged."

The pursuit which just now seemed to give him the greatest zest and enjoyment was moose-hunting. His active and athletic frame and his spirit of enterprise fitted him especially for

a sport in which the red Indian needs all his subtle acuteness of sense, his keen eye, his light foot, his quick ear, his power of endurance to cope with the instinctive sagacity of one of the most wary of the deer tribe. With some brother officer for a companion, or alone, attended by his faithful old Indian, Joe Coape, the hunting party would set out, tracing the forests and desolate barrens, camping at night under the giant hemlocks, and sleeping, with their feet towards the bivouac fire, upon beds of aromatic spruce branches. He loved the stately grandeur of those northern forests, strewn with huge fragments of rock; a perfect network of trunks; across whose fallen forms cushions of moss and lichens formed a treacherous carpet, the favorite bed of the sweet pyrola and the trailing linnæa: the whole was thoroughly congenial to him.

About two years later, while on one of these hunting expeditions, two incidents occurred which made a deep and permanent impression on Maxy Hammond's mind; the dawn indeed of those convictions which, at a not much later period, by the blessed work of the Holy Spirit, led to the 'bringing in of a better hope.'

These two incidents are thus described by a brother officer, who was Maxy Hammond's companion: "I was attacked by a violent malady, incidental to the swampy and unhealthy districts to which our sporting propensities had attracted us, and being far beyond any medical assistance, I naturally caused a good deal of anxiety and no little alarm to my fellow-sportsmen. There was no alternative. We had to halt on the ground, and send one of our party some two hundred miles for advice, and allow the fever to run its course. The utter helplessness of my condition, the solitude of the woods, the unavailing efforts of my companions to relieve me, appear to have exercised a great effect on Hammond; and in a conversation I had with him years afterwards, I found that the impression caused by that illness in the silent woods had never entirely left his mind. In a conversation I had with Hammond at a future period, he most feelingly expressed to me his desire that I should not let such a warning pass. He himself had a very narrow escape of his life in crossing a torrent with a heavy load of moosemeat, upon a single tree, accidentally fallen across the stream. He lost his balance, and had not

a hanging branch arrested his fall, though nearly breaking his leg, his fate was inevitable; and all present looked upon his destruction as certain. The fallen branch merely held on long enough to allow the Indians to come to his rescue, when it gave way, and fell into the torrent below. The very insignificance of the means of rescue left a deeper impression; and from that time he dated his determined seizure of the means of escape for himself from a greater, if not so apparent a danger."

## CHAPTER III.

## CONVERSION.

HITHERTO, in the bustle and gayety of a gar-  
rison, Hammond had had no difficulty in pass-  
ing his time from day to day, if not with satis-  
faction, at least with unconcern. But it was  
not to be so long. Already the events above  
related had made a strong impression. There  
was an unsatisfied feeling, a longing after hap-  
piness stealing over him, which the excitements  
of this life will not, cannot bring. Like the  
wise man, he had said in heart, "Go to, I will  
prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure;  
and behold, this also is vanity." Now a new  
voice startles him, strange indeed to his ear,  
and imperfectly heard, but yet unquestionable  
in its still and solemn pleading, "Behold, I  
stand at the door and knock." The Spirit was  
commencing in his heart a new and a blessed  
work; conviction had begun.

The year 1844 was to be a memorable one in  
Maxy Hammond's history. His outward life

went on as usual. But in the altered tone of his letters we can now, for the first time, trace signs of a coming change. In after-years, when referring to the great change which took place in him while at Halifax, he said he thought that his debts, and the compunctions he felt on that account, were among the first glimmerings of conviction that dawned upon him. The next letter will show that fear had no part in his appeal to a father whose whole life had been one of unvaried kindness and affection to his children:

“Many, many thanks, my dear father, for your most kind and welcome answer to my letter, for which I am truly grateful. It was with great reluctance that I found myself obliged to ask you for assistance, but I thought it better to do so than to struggle on making up my arrears. You don't know what a weight is now off my mind, or how happy your kind letter made me; and now I am resolved to make amends for my past extravagance by my future economy; and that this shall be a lesson and a warning to me which I will not forget. Your offer of uniforms is most kind, and I can hardly thank you sufficiently. I shall ask for leave

next year, as I am beginning to get rather home-sick, and proportionately tired of blue-noses; but after all it is not fair to grumble, as I really like this place very well, so that I shall be happy to remain here for some time. The bishop is very civil to us, and they are very nice people."

He had already begun to forsake the noise and late hours of his mess companions for the retirement of his own room, and his changed habits had not escaped their observation. At this time an officer, then a captain in the regiment, whose consistent and earnest Christian character had long been well known, returned from England with his young wife; and they became the honored instruments, in God's hand, of leading Maxy to the knowledge of his Saviour. Arriving at Halifax, they found that there were some in the regiment whose steadier habits seemed to hold out a good hope that they might receive the word with gladness; and among them was Maxy Hammond. He was at this time in the heyday of his youth; his figure was tall, his face handsome, and his countenance was singularly bright and prepossessing. The officer alluded to thus describes him: "He was



the most popular man in the regiment, and a great favorite in general society. He had never known sorrow, but he felt the unsatisfactory nature of his life, without God, and without Christ, and he yearned for something better. He was said to be among the steady ones at that period; and with the faint hope that he might be induced to listen to the truth, we invited him to come and drink tea, and read the Bible afterwards. On the night in question he was in the woods moose-hunting; but almost beyond our hopes, he made his appearance the next Saturday evening, and joined with us in searching the Scriptures."

Maxy Hammond's part was now taken; there was no hesitation which to choose; of him no one could say, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." Henceforth the Lord was his portion. On December, 1844, he wrote to his father the open avowal of one who was first rejoicing in the hope set before him.

The Saturday evenings at Captain L——'s quarters became now stated periods for reading the Scriptures and for prayer. Three or four officers of the regiment, and one or two

others belonging to the garrison, in process of time, joined; and at these happy assemblies Captain L—— and his wife received with joy those young searchers after the truth, “and expounded unto them the way of God more perfectly.”

Of the early meetings, Mrs. L—— writes thus: “The person in whom I am most interested is young Mr. Hammond: his mind is so honest, his disposition so frank and open, his character so firm and decided. He is no sooner convinced of the truth than he embraces it, owns it before all the world, and resolutely acts up to it. . . . You will be glad to hear how well our Saturday evening went off; Mr. Hammond talked and asked questions with great animation: he found many references on prayer; dwelt on the freeness of our access to God, its privileges, and the happiness of receiving blessings in answer to our prayers.”

“A little while ago, Mr. Hammond told us it was quite impossible he could ever get up early in the morning. He acknowledged the value of a quiet hour before breakfast, and that he was liable to be interrupted all the rest of the day; but get up early he was certain he

never could. A—— said, 'When you have a motive strong enough, you will find you can;' and last Saturday he told us that, for several months, he had risen at seven, cold and dark as it is. We congratulated him, and he laughed, and said, 'I assure you when I turn out at seven, I am astonished at myself.' We had a most happy evening. I am sure no one who ever saw our little band, could ever again dare to say that religion is a gloomy thing. Captain W—— says that he has now for the first time a faint idea of what happiness is. Mr. Hammond comes in with a countenance perfectly radiant, and many a hearty laugh we have together. The other day when the ladies dined at the mess, poor Mr. Hammond got sadly bullied. They happened to hear him say that he should give up smoking, and this formed the signal for attack. Many unkind and cutting things were said, and he is a person to feel it deeply; but his is a most unflinching spirit. He told A—— afterwards, that when he went to his room he found greater comfort in prayer than he had ever done before; and added, that he ought to rejoice in being able to suffer any thing for Christ's sake. You know I always

admire firmness and manliness of character; and to find it in one so young, and united to so much gentleness and humility, is very beautiful. He is indeed a devoted young Christian, and his one desire seems to be that his tongue and his pen, his heart and his head, should be given to his Master's service."

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## CHAPTER IV.

## CHANGED HABITS.

HERE then in Halifax, among the deadening influences of a garrison life, as at Corinth or at Ephesus in the early morning of Christianity, a little church was forming, a brotherhood marked by one especial feature common to the church of old—the inseparable signet of every one that is born of God—*love to each other*. They knew that they had passed from death unto life, because they loved the brethren; and of these there was one whose heart, bound up with him in Christ, was knit to Maxy's with a love like that of David's towards Jonathan. Of these pleasant days that friend and brother writes,

“I have a lively recollection of dearest Hammond coming to my room with difficulties about texts of Scripture in regard to the communion. For some weeks we met every night, reading the word, and searching it as a new book opened now for the first time in our lives. At this time a lady gave him M'Cheyne's Me-

moir to read, and he and W—— were deeply impressed by it. About this time also a garrison Sunday-school for the soldiers was in operation, under the superintendence of Dr. T——, the garrison chaplain. We used to meet in the week-day with Dr. T—— at the ordnance office, for some study of the lesson of the following Sunday. Our young recruits joined and gave their assistance, being taught and watered themselves while teaching others. Some Christian families in the town, belonging to Mr. C——'s congregation, had also a Wednesday evening, at each other's house alternately, of a very instructive and refreshing kind; very useful to Christian officers, who were thus at once introduced to religious friends. These were indeed four bright, happy, and useful years spent in Halifax, when the Spirit came down in many places in the town, and from time to time we knew of souls being added to Christ, in the garrison and without it. . . . From the outset of his religious course, Hammond was always clear and decided; there was no doubt who was his master. His light began very soon to shine brightly. Indeed, the change was so striking, so marked, so very

real, that often when my mind has been in doubts and fears and misgivings, I had only to turn to this living example daily before me, and I no longer doubted of the truth of a change of heart and life wrought by the Spirit of God.

“About this period an order was issued prohibiting officers in the Rifle brigade from instructing their men as they had been doing; in the mistaken idea, I believe, that it would cause too much familiarity among officers and men. Those who had the privilege of teaching in the same school will remember the deep grief which the order caused to Maxy Hammond. Nor will the remark be forgotten which he made, after the prohibition to teach: ‘Well, if I must not teach, I suppose there is no order to prevent my learning;’ and accordingly he sat down at one end of the form on which some of his own men and others were seated, and listened to the teaching of one whose position should have been at his feet.”

The first avowal of his new opinions among his old friends brought with it its trials. Warmly attached to many of his brother officers, he viewed with sorrow and anxiety their

continuance in the way that leadeth to destruction, and sought to bring them to be partakers of his joy. In some cases the result was that they became distant and reserved; but he had taken up the cross, and rejoiced to bear its reproach.

In a letter to his mother from Halifax, he alludes to these trials as well as to the new source of happiness now opened to him:

“JANUARY 2, 1845.

“I often think how ungrateful I have been to you and to father, in neglecting your kind advice, and in having been the wilful cause of so much trouble and anxiety to you both. I pray to God that this may never be the case again, and that I may make up for my past want of attention and ingratitude by my future conduct. I wish you could know Mrs. L—; she is the sweetest and kindest person I ever met with in my life; I really love her as much as a sister. But you may easily imagine what it is to meet with a person you can really call a friend, in a foreign country, where you meet with nothing but the coldness and formality of the world; we have also received great kindness from several other people, and I see more



and more every day, what a different kind of friendship this is from that of the world in general. But we cannot expect to have our happiness unmixed with annoyances, and indeed sorrow, or to receive it without trials; and you well know, no doubt, that we do not receive any encouragement from our brother officers. It is very painful to see plainly a reserve and coolness among many who were before our greatest friends; but it is quite impossible to keep on the same terms of intimacy as before, as our tastes and ideas are so opposed that we cannot associate with them as we used. This certainly is very painful; but when we consider what it is for, it is also very necessary; for what sacrifices ought we not to make, if it interfere in any way with our duty to our God?

“Ever your affectionate son,

“M. M. HAMMOND.”

Maxy often alluded to the very great difficulty he experienced in abandoning the habit of swearing. He used to think that nothing could make him give up this habit. But he overcame it; and once only was he betrayed into its commission. And then, when under circumstances of great provocation an oath

passed his lips, his remorse and humiliation were most poignant. He soon became very jealous of his time; regarding it as a gift to be employed in the service of his Master. He was excessively fond of music; and had hitherto frequently spent whole afternoons in listening to the band practising; but this he now abandoned. Yet his strong love for music remained unchanged. Shortly before leaving England, in 1853, when speaking of music, he said that the opera was the only worldly amusement which had cost him some self-denial to give up. "Not," he added, "that I could enjoy it now, were I to go; for I could not help thinking of the evil connected with it." And then he added, with much animation, "I always feel that I must wait till I get to heaven, to enjoy music. I often feel a craving for it which cannot be satisfied here, and I am sure that the love of harmony cannot have been implanted in our natures for nothing."

Speaking afterwards of the change wrought in his whole mind by his conversion, he instanced the interest he began at once to take in books of general information, history, poetry, etc., whereas he had scarcely before read any

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thing except the newspaper. Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," D'Aubigné's "Reformation," Butler's "Analogy," Pollock's "Course of Time," were some of the first books he read at Halifax. And the habit of reading books of this character, adopted in the first instance from a sense of duty, very soon became as attractive as it had previously been irksome to him. The natural cast of his mind indeed appears to have been remodelled, and fresh habits to have been adopted, based upon principles altogether new. The responsibility of man in regard to the use of those gifts with which the Creator has endowed him, appears to have presented itself now for the first time. Hitherto his mind had been lying almost fallow. He perceived now the inestimable value of those talents entrusted to him; and he resolved, as far as in him lay, to "redeem the time," to be "watchful, and strengthen those things that remained, that were ready to fall."

In the beginning of May he gets leave for a short tour in the United States, in company with a brother officer. Describing this trip in a letter dated June 12, 1845, he says,

"Boston is a fine town, quite English; I sup-

pose about the size of Bristol. I could hardly fancy myself in a foreign country, but for the peculiar dress, long hair, and beards of the people. The hotels are all on the French system. We brought with us several letters of introduction for different places, one of which produced an invitation to tea from a Mr. —, one of the most influential men in Boston: nothing can equal the cordiality and friendship with which they received us; we found them particularly nice people. In this country there are no dinner-parties, and they meet in this sociable way at tea; breaking up at ten o'clock, which I think a very agreeable and sensible custom.

"I have not room to describe all we saw, so must be as brief as possible. The burying-ground, Mount Auburn, is a very pretty spot; perfectly natural, full of fine trees, and intersected with drives and walks; with tombs and monuments in all directions, for the most part quite plain and simple. The dockyard is small; we saw there a large steam-frigate mounting twenty-two guns, and a line-of-battle ship building. We went to see the Bunker's Hill monument, a fine granite obelisk 220 feet high, with a good view of the town from the

top. The state prison was well worth seeing, the cells very clean, all the prisoners employed at different trades, as shoe-makers, blacksmiths, weavers, upholsterers, etc., each department having its separate building; they are not allowed to speak to one another; each has his own cell, where he takes his meals and sleeps.

“New York is quite a different description of city from Boston, larger and more bustling. Here you see something more of the real Yankees, of whom I must give a short description. To begin with their good qualities. They are very civil to strangers, for the most part well informed, good men of business, and a remarkably energetic and enterprising set. I believe them to have been much wronged and misrepresented by authors, from a national prejudice that we ‘Britishers’ should not condescend to. In conversation the Yankees are very cool and free, using many extraordinary expressions, which amuse me much. This freedom is not meant impertinently, though it might appear so to a stranger. One must always recollect that it is a *free* country, where every one thinks as much of himself as his neighbor, and therefore

you are seldom 'sir'd, or spoken to otherwise than as an equal. The fact of being a British officer is a passport that secures the national civility at all the public institutions, and indeed everywhere. We went over a first-rate line-of-battle ship of ninety-two guns, forty-two-pounders; not to be compared with our own men-of-war in point of neatness and cleanliness, though a very fine ship. The armory was composed of muskets '*taken from the English.*' Very unlike the armory on board the *Inconstant*.

"After viewing some more of the lions here, we went on to Philadelphia, where we arrived on the seventh, and put up at a remarkably clean and quiet little hotel, with not more than a dozen people in the house. We were much pleased with this town, from its quiet and cleanliness; and the trees in all the streets are some shelter from the burning heat. While we were there the thermometer was 96° in the shade; and indoors, in the coolest passage, at 93°. The most intolerable part of the heat is, that the nights are as hot as the days; so that in the morning, after having laid on the outside of the bed all night, you awake as little re-

freshed as if you had never been in bed at all. Here we spent our second Sunday, and were fortunate enough to hear a sound, faithful sermon. Their liturgy is the same as ours, with the exception of some little alterations and omissions. The Lord's prayer is omitted once or twice. The singing was good: the psalms of a different version from ours. The Sabbath appeared to be well observed.

"We went on to Baltimore, and thence to Washington, the capital and seat of government; well worth seeing. We returned to Philadelphia, having been fairly driven out by the heat—98° in the shade—and saw the state prison Dickens spoke so much of. The plan is very good, all the passages radiating from the centre, so that one keeper could have his eye on the whole at once; all solitary confinement, of different periods, up to twenty-one years.

"We left New York on the fourteenth and started for West Point, where is the Military Academy. We had letters to two of the officers of the establishment, who devoted themselves to us, showing us and explaining every thing with the utmost kindness. From having been ourselves at Sandhurst we found this very

interesting; and it so happened that we arrived at a very lucky time, during the examinations. We heard some of the examinations, which were remarkably good, and made those of Sandhurst appear very insignificant. There are about two hundred and eighty cadets, formed into a regular battalion, with captain, subalterns, sergeants, and staff, found by the cadets. They have besides, a commandant and a commissioned-officer over each company. We were treated like generals. The commandant called on us, drove us to see the parade, and we were invited to inspect the battalion. None are admitted under sixteen; so that, on the whole, they are a really fine-looking regiment. Their dress is a French gray bobtailed coat, cotton belts, caps like our new ones, and white trousers. They look very well in a body, though very bad singly. They are worked hard, having only two months' vacation out of the four years they are there; except two months when they are encamped in summer, and practice nothing but military duties. Unlike our colleges, they pay nothing; but are paid by government enough to find them in every thing while they are there, and to have an overplus



sufficient to pay for their outfit after they leave. West Point was Washington's greatest stronghold during the rebellion, by which he completely prevented any junction of the British between New York and Canada, and where he always found his winter quarters. It is therefore a place of which the Yankees are not a little proud.

"We went on by Albany, Utica, Auburn, Rochester, and Buffalo to Niagara Falls, where we arrived on the twentieth. It is quite useless my attempting to describe Niagara. I have hardly yet collected my senses. It is divided into two falls, the American and the Horse-shoe, with an island between. Their height, which is about one hundred and sixty feet, is not so striking as the immense body of water which unceasingly tumbles over. To give you an idea of the weight of the falling water, the room where I am now sitting is shaking like the vibration of a steamer. Yesterday we went through the ordeal of going under the great sheet, which nothing but the foolish curiosity of the English would ever tempt one to undertake. On arriving close to the Fall, there is such a rush of wind and water

as almost to knock you down; however, by keeping your head down, and going boldly on, you soon get through the worst part, and find yourself 230 feet underneath. Our sable guide stripped us of every thing except a flannel shirt, and we enjoyed the shower bath uncommonly; and that is about all that you get by going under. The deep emerald color in the centre of the Horse-shoe Fall, occasioned by the depth of the body of water, is unlike any thing else in the world. We could not help longing that our transatlantic friends could have seen them. I am very much pleased with the tour; but I also feel what a blessing were the various opportunities and privileges of which I am now deprived. But this is a good lesson, to teach us how we should value those things while we possess them; and also that we must not lean upon outward ordinances, but that our sole trust must be in Him alone who is able to keep us from falling. There are many temptations in travelling which are apt to lead us to be too much occupied with the things of this world, and so forget God. I need all your prayers as well as my own.

“Ever your affectionate son, M. M. H.”

On his return from this expedition, Maxy Hammond writes again to his youngest brother, at that time an Eton boy, a letter remembered and treasured by him as the first affectionate encouragement from Maxy to consecrate to his Creator the days of his youth. This early letter was the first overture, the first exercise of that tender care with which he watched over his young brother's years—a care which was not bestowed in vain.

“HALIFAX, August 17, 1845.

“I look forward with much pleasure to going home. Three years is a long time to be separated from one's relations, and yet it has passed wonderfully quick, and I may say very happily, especially the last part of it. Depend upon it, dear H——, that a man can never be truly happy until he has found a higher object to live for than what the world affords. I used to think myself quite happy, and so I was. But where would it all have been, if I had been deprived of health, and had been unable to enjoy the things that constituted that happiness? No; if we wish to find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, we must live to Him who died for our sins; for

then only can we find what real happiness and a clear conscience is. And surely we are never too young to begin a good work, though if we put it off, we may lose it for ever. Just look at Eccles. 11:9, 10, and 12:1, 13, 14; and read what Christ said, in Matt. 11:28-30. Forgive this sermon. I have said so much to you because I love you, and would do to you as I would be done by. And now, my dear H——, good-by.

"Your affectionate brother,

"M. M. H."

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## CHAPTER V.

## HOME AGAIN.

MAXY'S Atlantic voyage, his happy return to his home, longed for, but looked forward to as a joy even yet somewhat distant, came suddenly, and in a way least expected. He had applied for leave; but two other officers had also made application, and he cheerfully acquiesced in the colonel's decision in their favor. A sick friend, however, returning to England, and needing his kind offices on the voyage, furnished the plea for a second and successful application; and on Oct. 14, 1845, to the great surprise and delight of his family, he landed safely in Liverpool.

It was not without mingled feelings that Maxy regarded his first return to his home. He had sailed from these shores in every sense a boy, and had returned with his form strengthened into its full development, and with the thoughtful cast of manhood on his brow. With his outward form, his inner man had undergone

a complete and entire change. Those four years, a short space enough in the life of a man, an imperceptible fragment in the course of time, had been to him momentous beyond expression. In those four years the great crisis of his life, both for time and for eternity, had been reached. There was matter indeed for deep reflection on his part, as the meeting with his friends drew near; matter too for solemn gratitude on theirs, and no less scope for interesting thought. He arrived; and the effect of the change that had passed over him was manifest to us all. Bright as his face was in his boyhood, it was remarked now that it was as the face of an angel.

His thoughts had been, as we have said before, early turned towards his youngest brother. He knew the inestimable value of impressions received before the heart and affections have become hardened and blunted with sin; and he eagerly desired for this young brother that, as long as he lived, he should be lent unto the Lord. The account of their first meeting is thus related:

“The first time I met Maxy in London, I did not in the least know him. I was at Eton at the time, and we met at Cox’s, in Jermyn-street,

by appointment. After our first greetings were over, we walked down Piccadilly. We had not gone far, when he said, 'I hope you did not mind my writing to you about religion. The fact is, I feel very strongly about it, and I want you to feel the same.' He seemed greatly relieved when he had thus broken the ice; and when we came home, he instantly began reading the Bible with my sisters and myself every morning."

That the growth of his spiritual life had been most rapid, was as evident to all of us at home, as extracts from letters show that it had been, and afterwards continued to be, to his other friends:

"Hammond grows apace," one of them says; "his knowledge, wisdom, and courage, cause me to blush, but I hope he stirs me up at times." "Hammond sends affectionate remembrances; he is growing, and is a lovely character."

And do not these extracts furnish a happy evidence that not in vain he strove to be conformed to the image of Him, who grew up as a tender plant and as a root out of a dry ground? His letters all show that he was daily becoming more like him, more spiritually minded.

But this year of enjoyment at his home was not to pass without a cloud. It pleased Him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," to take to her rest one to whose instrumentality, in part, Mazy Hammond owed his knowledge of the way of life—one whose husband was his dearest friend, and at whose house those happy family meetings took place on Saturday evenings at Halifax. Still a young wife, almost yet a bride, she was called away by the voice of the heavenly Bridegroom. In words full of tender affection, he replies to a letter from his stricken friend:

"ST. ALBAN'S COURT, May 22, 1846.

"MY DEAR L———It grieves me to think that I should have put you to the pain of again repeating the details of the last hours of your departed, but, through the mercies of her Saviour, now sainted wife. I say this, because I think that every repetition of the events of those awful days must bring back the scenes more vividly than ever to your mind. Most earnestly do I join with you in the prayer that God will let her, though dead, speak to the souls of her friends, and to mine among the number. And therefore most especially do I



thank you for such a full account of her last illness and death. I pray God that her holy example of living and dying may be the means of quickening me to increased devotedness to his service, and to a more living faith in the Lord Jesus, and to a deeper sense of the loving-kindness and faithfulness of my God and Saviour. You will believe me when I assure you that I loved her as my own sister: and as I have told you before, the more so from her having, in the Lord's hands, been, with yourself, instrumental in leading me to the knowledge of that Saviour in whose presence she now is. Most deeply therefore can I sympathize with you in your irreparable loss. But no, I will not say 'irreparable,' for, as you remark, the Lord can more than fill the gap his hand has caused. And may God enable you to realize the truth of this promise. May he give you such faith as may enable you to look behind the cloud to his face beaming with love and mercy. It is delightful to dwell on the goodness of the Lord, and in your own case it is indeed a subject of praise that he has so manifested his faithfulness and truth, supporting you throughout this dispensation. To

him be all the glory and all the praise. . . The Lord be with you. Ever your sincere friend,  
"M. M. H."

The few months of Maxy's leave soon expired, and in August, 1846, he writes to his mother a farewell letter from Liverpool.

"My DEAREST MOTHER—I just write you a few lines to thank you for the most kind and affectionate letter that I received this evening. I should like to express my gratitude, but I feel that I cannot do so as I would desire and wish; so forgive my apparent coldness and indifference. Your letter produced in my mind feelings of sorrow and joy at the same time. I felt humbled, under a sense of my utter unworthiness—believe me I say this from my very heart—of such expressions of affection and esteem as you were pleased to bestow on me. As a son, I feel also that I have done much to grieve and dishonor the best of parents; as a brother, that I have frequently given way to harshness and ill temper. But although I feel and have felt my sinfulness in this respect, yet I believe it has been, and I trust always will be my earnest desire and prayer to show that I am not insensible to the great affection of

you and all my family. With regard to my religious feelings I will say but little. If I have been made to differ at all from what I once was, I would ascribe all the praise and all the glory to a merciful and long-suffering God; for I feel daily more and more strongly that all has been of his doing, none of mine. Pray remember, dear mother, that I am a weak and sinful creature, and still liable to fall; and pray for me, that He who has begun this good work, may continue to carry it on. . . I was so sorry not to bid Anne," an old servant, "good-by; tell her so, and thank her very much for her invaluable assistance in my packing. And now, dear mother, once more farewell. You will often be in my thoughts, and always in my prayers.

"Your very affectionate and truly grateful  
son, . . . "M. M. H."

This letter portrays very forcibly a very marked feature in Mazy Hammond's character, his great humility. We read here the outpourings of a heart which, however it might appear to others, was in his own sight full of infirmity, full of defect. How earnestly, with what simplicity he mourns over his sense of indwelling

sin, of the old man struggling with the new. "What I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that I do." And yet he who writes thus had very recently been described as "one whose knowledge and wisdom put others to the blush," as "growing like a plant," as "shining and growing in grace," as a "lovely character." And if he had all this as thus rightly described, whence came it? Was it not because God "resisteth the proud, but *giveth grace to the humble*," because "the high and lofty One, whose name is holy, *dwells* with him that is of a contrite and lowly spirit?" His love for his "home"—that word which has no synonyme in any other language than our own—was very deeply implanted, using it in its widest sense. His affection to his family was closely interwoven with an attachment to the place where his days of boyhood and childhood were passed, and he clung to that spot with all its associations. By nature especially unselfish, his spirit entered into all the little interests of his family circle.

In a letter to his father from on board the *Britannia*, at sea, he says:

"Now let me turn my thoughts towards

home and all that I have left behind me. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed the comfort of your and H——'s company to Liverpool; nor can I thank you sufficiently for all your kindness and generosity to me at all times. However unable I may be to express my gratitude, I do feel most thankful, and would wish you to believe that I am so. I felt very sorrowful as your little steamer gradually increased her distance from us. It was my last glimpse of *home*; and when you were out of sight, I remembered that I was now separated, and once more launched upon the wide world. I need hardly tell you how much I enjoyed my happy eleven months' leave. But I look forward with great pleasure to rejoining the regiment. I should not like to be idle any longer. . . . That the Lord may bless and preserve you, will ever be the prayer of

“Your most affectionate son,

“M. M. H.”

The battalion was removed to Montreal, and the first letter we find dated from that place is addressed to Dr. T——, the minister of Halifax, whom he loved as a faithful minister of Christ and valued as a friend.

"MONTREAL, October 24, 1846.

"MY DEAR DR. T—— —I know that the subject that will chiefly interest you will be to hear of the spiritual welfare of those whose pastor you have been, and among whom you have labored for a few years not without success, through the mercy of our Lord. You would be gratified to hear with what affection and esteem your memory is regarded by those who have hearts to love their Saviour; and indeed by all, whether religious or not, as I know from authority that I can rely upon, is the same testimony borne to your kindness and unceasing attention. I don't think you will accuse me of flattery in telling you this. I do so, thinking it may be a source of some comfort and satisfaction to you to know that 'your labor is not in vain in the Lord;' and well knowing that you will say, 'To the Lord be all the praise and all the glory.' I have many things to tell you, subjects of joy and also of sorrow. Most of those who have been brought to the fear of the Lord have been going on steadily and consistently, as far as I can learn. But Satan has been very busy among us too. Some 'crucified afresh the Son of God, and

counted the blood of the covenant a common thing.' . . . How we miss the Sunday-school. There is now nothing of the sort, except the lecture on Sunday evening, at which the men can attend. Truly we all need to be brought together, that we may stir each other up, and by precept, example, and advice, encourage and assist one another in running the race set before us. But the Lord's ways are not our ways, and I doubt not it is good for us to be deprived of the abundance of privileges which we enjoyed at Halifax. Oh that it may lead each and all of us to be applying with more earnestness and frequency to the fountain-head; that it may be our blessedness to be receiving fresh supplies out of the fulness that is treasured up in Jesus. If you have at any time a few minutes to spare, I can't tell you what pleasure a few lines would afford me. I should like much to hear how the schools—men's and children's—are getting on, what number you generally muster at the hospital class, and whether the vacant places have yet been filled. Poor C——! so he is gone. Did he show any satisfactory evidence of change before he died? I am most anxious to learn this. And what

of old M——; how is he? And does his heart appear at all softened? My servant desires to be respectfully remembered to you. My kind regards to Mrs. T——; and with prayer for your own welfare, spiritual and temporal, and that the Lord may bless your labors to the salvation of many souls, believe me, my dear Dr. T——, yours most sincerely and obliged,

“M. M. HAMMOND.”

Maxy Hammond never omitted an opportunity of securing friendships that he could really value; and once secured, he never lost them through neglect as a correspondent. In almost every place in which he was quartered he left some real friend behind, with whom he afterwards kept up a regular intercourse, and to one of these the next letter is addressed.

“MONTREAL, October 10.

“MY DEAR I—— —Let me inquire something of you and yours since we shook hands on board the *Cambria*. I hope all is still well with you, and that matters are going on as smoothly and quietly as when I left Halifax; and what of Mr. C——? I am most anxious to hear how he is, and how he has been since I saw him last. Pray let me know, as I am



deeply interested in him at all times, and now the more so, when the Lord's hand is upon him. You can give him my kindest and best wishes, with every Christian remembrance. . . I had some very interesting conversations with —, and I do hope that he will one day be brought into the fold. He says he is very anxious and very desirous of turning to the Lord, but that 'he cannot;' he thinks he is 'one of the black sheep.' What an extraordinary notion. I endeavored to point out to him the way; and I trust the Lord in his own time and way will lead him into it. Young — is much in the same state of mind. Yesterday I had a long and serious talk with him. His stumbling-block, I think, is the fear of man. But I have great hopes of him. If we had more faith, and relied more upon the Lord, how much might be done. How simple are the promises, and how slow are we to believe them. 'Lord, help thou mine unbelief.' I found a great change on coming here; many new faces, very few old ones, and not one to go to for sympathy or advice. My greatest friend is my own servant, whom you may perhaps remember at our Sunday-school. As yet, I have not made the ac-

quaintance of Mr. W——, though I have called several times. You will be rejoiced to hear that C—— is an altered man: one who before was decidedly opposed to vital religion, and quite impenetrable. His wife died in the spring, rejoicing in her Saviour, and this has been blessed to him. How true the old remark, 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' You will grieve to hear of the fall of poor ——. I don't know the particulars, but C—— told me he had gone back to the ways of sin. . . . Thus, while we are rejoicing over some, we are mourning over others. Let us look to our own hearts, and pray God to search and try us, that we may discover what we are in truth. And when we look within, what do we behold, but 'every form of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel portrayed upon the wall round about.' What but the blood of Jesus can cleanse us, and what but the Spirit can sanctify us? He is our all, our beginning, and He must be our end, if we would win heaven. May he be more precious to you and to me here, and may he be our everlasting portion hereafter. Yours, in the best and happiest bonds, "M. M. HAMMOND."

## CHAPTER VI.

## LETTERS.

IN no profession are the members of one community so liable to sudden separation as in the army. Here to-day, five or six officers may be dispersed to-morrow to the four quarters of the globe, scattered at every change of wind like driftwood or autumn leaves. "Out of sight, out of mind," is a reproach which has grown into a standing proverb; a sad reflection on the shallow depth of summer friendship. Yet even that friendship which is not of the world, but based upon the love of the Saviour, needs the interchange of thought, or the expression of common interests, to keep it from declining.

So when the little group of officers who began together their Christian life at Halifax was broken up and scattered abroad, Maxy Hammond suffered no want of care or diligence on his part to weaken the chain which bound them together. And what link so strong, so fitted to resist the pressure of outward circum-

stances, as the adoption of a common season of prayer? A proposal to this effect, with some suggestions for subjects, is contained in the next letter.

“NOVEMBER 23, 1846.

“I have just written to J—— F——, and have proposed to him that we should meet around the throne of grace for mutual prayer on the first of January, 1847. That our requests may be uniform, I have hinted at the heads of our prayers, which of course you can alter as you see fit.

*Thanksgiving and praise—*

“For the mercies of the year past; that we have been enabled by God’s goodness mutually to help one another forward on the way to Zion; that hitherto the Lord hath kept and preserved us in the faith, amid so many dangers, trials, and temptations from without and from within; that the Lord has called to rest one of our number; that she fell asleep in Jesus, and by her peaceful death bore testimony to the truth and faithfulness of God.

*Confession—*

“The sins of the past year, both of commission and omission; our sloth, indolence, unfaith-

fulness, and unfruitfulness; our neglect of duty and improving opportunities of usefulness; our sinful compliance with the ways of the world and worldly men; our inconsistencies, and the dishonor to God and blot on our profession by such acts.

*“Supplication—*

“That we may have grace to persevere unto the end.

“That our faith may be strengthened.

“That love to God, and by it love to man and to each other as brethren, may be deepened and increased.

“That we may be humbled.

“That we may be more faithful in confessing Christ.

“That fear of man may be rooted out of our hearts.

“That we may be more holy in life and conversation; and for this end, that the Holy Ghost may sanctify, renew, and cleanse our hearts, and conform us to the image of Jesus.

*“Intercession—*

“For each other individually.

“For an outpouring of the Spirit on the regiment.

"For the faithful among the men.

"For the ungodly among the men.

"For the backsliders among the men

"For the officers.

"For our own families, that each of us may be made a blessing in his own.

"For our Christian friends at Halifax, especially for Mr. C—— in his sickness, and for Dr. T—— that his labors may be blessed.

"For the schools.

"These are some of the requests which should form our prayer, and in which we can join with mutual interest. Let us not forget the tie that bound us together when we lived together; and let us see to it that it is not severed either in time or in eternity. Soon we shall meet to go out no more. If we live looking unto Jesus, we shall stand in eternity in his presence. What a hope! But it is more than a hope; for it is founded on the never-failing prayer of the Redeemer himself: 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.' That this may be your and my portion, may God in his infinite

mercy grant, through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Amen. Ever yours, "M. M. H."

This proposal of mutual union in prayer on the commencement of the new year was adopted; and we see with what delight and enjoyment Captain Hammond refers to it in the next letter to a brother officer then in England.

"JANUARY 28, 1847.

"MY DEAR N—— — We remembered you together at the throne of grace on the first day of the year. It was a very happy day to me; and I would trust that our prayers found their way into the presence of God, and were accepted in our great Intercessor and Mediator. On the same evening we met at Mr. W——'s school-room, in accordance with Mr. Haldane Stewart's invitation to prayer. Mr. W—— opened with some prayers from the Liturgy and a hymn, and then a portion of Scripture with a few practical comments and heart-searching remarks. Next an extempore prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our country, and especially for the congregation, concluding with a hymn of praise. It was one of the most enjoyable meetings I ever was privileged to attend. Oh how blessed will be that

time when we join with the chorus above; when our voices shall mingle in sweet harmony with the thousand thousands of the Lord's redeemed ones, who cease not day and night singing to the praise of the Lamb, who bought them with his blood."

During his stay at Montreal, Maxy Hammond interested himself in endeavoring to ameliorate the ever-wretched circumstances of those soldiers' wives who had married without leave; and he briefly alludes to them in the next letter to his father, December 24, 1847.

"I like Montreal daily more than I did; not that I think the place in itself an agreeable one, but I have now settled down into more regular habits; and my time for the most part is taken up in different ways, so that it passes very pleasantly. I have been lately busy in hunting out the wives of the soldiers married without leave. These poor creatures are denied any indulgence in the way of rations or washing, and some of them actually have to exist on threepence or fourpence a day, out of which they have to pay the rent of the wretched pig-sties in which they live, and perhaps support a child. How they do live is to me a



marvel. We have got up a small subscription to relieve them, and have given them some start for the winter.

“We are much affected by the expected death of a young officer of the —, who is now, I fear, fast approaching his end. He was taken ill about three weeks ago, at that time as hearty and strong-looking a man as you could see. Nothing serious was anticipated at first, as many people had had the same low fever, and it was not thought dangerous. But the fever and weakness increased upon him, in spite of all the doctors could do; and now, poor fellow, he is pronounced beyond hope. I saw him yesterday by permission of the doctors. He was reduced to the utmost state of exhaustion, but his mind and his faculties were left perfectly clear. Poor fellow, he had lived a careless and ungodly life, and now, at the eleventh hour, he had to seek his Saviour. It was a sad and solemn scene, but he showed an anxiety to embrace the offer of salvation, which, through the mercy of God, I trust he may find at the last. It is also to be hoped that some of the thoughtless ones who were his companions may be aroused; but it is astonishing

what little effect these things have on the minds of men. It must be that 'the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not.' . . .

"And now, my dear father, good-by; best love to all, and a happy new-year to you. May each succeeding year bring us nearer to our heavenly rest. It will be a blessed meeting around the throne of the Lamb, and there we shall part no more. Your affectionate and grateful son,

"M. M. H."

To his youngest brother, still at Eton, but about to enter at Oxford, he writes:

"In reading a sermon the other day by Flavel, an old divine of the seventeenth century, I met with a simple and excellent test by which to prove the soundness or unsoundness of a sermon in the present day. He says, 'He is the best preacher who can, in the most lively and powerful manner, display Jesus Christ before the people—evidently setting him forth as crucified among them; and that is the best sermon which is most full of Christ—not of art and language.' This was Paul's doctrine: 'I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.' . . .

"I really feel very anxious for you in your Oxford career. I know how many temptations and snares are likely to assail you there, but I really believe that the work of grace has been begun in your heart; and if so, we know that 'He who has begun the good work in you will also perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.' Remember, dear Harry, that 'no man can serve two masters.' Religion must be every thing or nothing to a man. If we would serve the Lord, we must make up our minds to do so fully *and entirely*, and must cheerfully and gladly put up with the sneers and scoffs of those who know not God, and who are ignorant of the blessedness of being reconciled to God through the blood of Jesus. We must never be ashamed to confess Christ before men, and must never shrink from bearing the cross. Moses esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, and chose 'rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season,' Heb. 11:25; and so ought we. Read your Bible with prayer, and pray much in secret. Make Jesus your friend and adviser, to whom to go for all that you need, and the

peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind."

Some insight into Captain Hammond's life and character at this period is given in the following extracts of a letter from Mrs. W——.

"In the beginning of 1846, Captain Hammond came to Montreal. That winter we had a prayer-meeting each fortnight at our house, chiefly attended by the military, and which sometimes numbered over twenty. I remember the first time he was asked by my husband to take his part; which he did after a little hesitation, and with an earnestness and solemnity which struck us in so young a man. And frequently Mr. W—— used to say to me, 'Oh, if every Christian man adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour as Captain Hammond does, in walking circumspectly and giving no occasion to the enemy!' . . . We had very pleasant country quarters in the neighborhood, to which he walked sometimes to breakfast, or in the evening, when he was always hailed with delight, especially by a little girl who was living with me, who had some secret treasures of birds' nests to show him. This child died afterwards, but ever spoke of him and what he said

to her with so much affection; giving good hope that God had blessed the nursing of the good seed in her young heart. A remark of his recalls itself at this moment. He was speaking of one in whom we were mutually interested, and he said, 'I should be more satisfied if I saw a deeper conviction of sin. But why should I set up a standard, when I remember how God dealt with me? It was so gradual, that not until I had been drawn to the Saviour by cords of love, did I know or feel any thing of the bitterness of sin.' "

During the time that Captain Hammond was at Montreal, his attention was drawn to a private in the Rifles named M——, who was dying of consumption in the hospital. From his teaching this poor man heard and drank in the glad tidings of salvation in Christ Jesus. Speedily the sick man rejoiced in the full assurance of his acceptance; and sending for comrade after comrade, not only proclaimed the good news, but urged each and all to hasten to the loving Saviour. The fatal disease went on. In the weary sleepless night, as the patient tossed upon his pillow, the stillness was broken by the sentry's challenge, and the familiar

"All's well," fell on his ear. The dying soldier looked up: "All is well," he said; "all is well," he faintly repeated. A very short time after, the "Dead March in Saul" was heard; and a funeral party with arms reversed passed along the streets of Montreal. All was well with M—

## CHAPTER VII.

## EMIGRANT FEVER.

THE year 1847 was one marked by heavy judgments and distress of nations. Foremost among them in woe stood unhappy Ireland. In her distress she poured forth her children from her unhappy shores to seek for rest in another land. Yet not by flight was the chastisement to be escaped. The fatal poison circulated in the frames of the people, and lurked in the rags that hung about their wan and wasted forms. With the arrival of the first emigrant ship at Grosse Isle, the scourge appeared anew; and some idea of the miserable condition of these unfortunate people may be gathered from the following description.

“MONTREAL, June 28, 1847.

“The poor emigrants have been passing up the country for the last three weeks. Death, disease, starvation, and misery, seem to be the unmerciful attendants of these people wherever they go. The deaths at Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, have been very numerous, aver-

aging from sixty to eighty daily. Here too, at Montreal, want and typhus are carrying them off like sheep. Whole families, in several instances, have been swept away, leaving perhaps one to tell the tale. They send them as quickly as possible up the country; but it is the opinion of the principal medical man who attends them, that not more than one-half will ever reach their journey's end. Is it not sad? These poor creatures are living in sheds that have been roughly put together for this purpose. None but the sick are allowed to remain above a day or two. These sheds are, in fact, so many hospitals crowded with sick; so crowded are they as to be obliged to put three in a bed.

“And now, my dearest mother, good-by. I delight to think of you all, and particularly before the throne of grace. I need not ask you to do likewise. Ever your affectionate son,

“M. M. H.”

To these scenes of suffering many noble-hearted men hastened. The minister of Christ was there, to speak of One who, at the hour of death, could bestow the gift of eternal life. The faithful servant of Christ was there, who,



for his Master's sake, cheerfully volunteered, and yielded his life in a service not less perilous than the plain of Balaklava or the fatal Rédan.

Maxy Hammond was very early precluded from sharing in these labors, by a stringent order which prohibited any officer from visiting the sheds, lest the infection should be communicated to the troops. Nevertheless he aided the sufferers as far as possible, both by providing them with necessaries, and by making arrangements for their comfort. A noble trait was shown, on this occasion, by the men. The various companies kept back daily a proportion of their rations for the use of the sick; and this example was followed by the Fifty-second regiment, and two companies of artillery then in the garrison; the officers providing a cart for the conveyance and distribution of the meat among the sick.

"The French people," writes a private rifleman, "when they met Captain Hammond in the streets, hearing of his kindness to the poor, would uncover their heads, and invoke blessings upon him." Four years afterwards, when a rifleman was in the market-place at Kingston,

some country people, observing the uniform, came up and inquired of the wearer whether the same kind officer was still in the regiment who had saved their lives at Montreal.

One by one those whose duty and zeal led them to the fever-sheds were stricken themselves, and among them two of Maxy Hammond's own friends; and at their bedsides, night after night, for a long and harassing period, he watched and nursed them with a brother's tenderness and love. The two friends who sickened were Mr. L——, of her majesty's royal navy, and Mr. W——, the clergyman of Montreal. Maxy alludes to their illness in a letter dated July 20, 1847.

“MY DEAR FATHER—I fear my note to you by the last mail may have caused you some anxiety. Thanks be to God, I am in no way the worse for my attendance on my sick friends. You will see an account of their death in the ‘*Berean*’ I send. Upon the arrival of the emigrants, Mr. W—— organized a small band from among his congregation to attend to the wants, temporal and spiritual, of the sick and dying at the emigrant sheds. They were indefatigable in their exertions, until one by one

they caught the fever raging among these unhappy people. Mr. L—— was the first who was laid up. His illness lasted thirteen days, and ended in his death. During this time I was constantly with him, by day and night, until his removal. Mr. W—— was taken ill about three days after Mr. L——, and died about three days after Mr. L——. I was with him during the last three days of his illness. Of the rest of the party who visited the sheds, one more died, and three more caught the fever, but are recovering. The dispensation is a heavy one, and is deeply felt by the congregation. It appears strange that these men should be taken away in the midst of usefulness, falling victims to their devotedness to their Master's cause and their love to their fellow-creatures. We can only say, 'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.' Both, however, died in the full and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore the loss is ours, not theirs; for it is better to 'depart, and be with Christ.'"

Another who suffered, but who recovered from the malignant epidemic, writes in grateful

acknowledgment of Captain Hammond's attention,

"I mention, as a proof of his love to the Lord's people, the fidelity with which he attended his friend, and my father in Christ, Captain ——, R. N., during his last illness, occasioned by the terrible scourge of which I lay sick at the same time. . . . As soon as Captain L—— and myself were prostrated, Captain Hammond came and insisted on attending, I may say, both of us, although more especially the former. The risk of this was such, and the demand for nurses-so great, that it was almost impossible to get adequate or even any sort of attendance. Hence the merit of Captain Hammond's services was all the greater; and most diligently and faithfully did he give his services. All through many a weary night, with the most affectionate watchfulness, answering every request and anticipating every want, did he most fearlessly and in the most disinterested manner devote himself to the sick. It was wonderful that he escaped the disease, risking himself as he did. But the Lord had the work for him to do, and selecting the fit instrument for it, then He spared him. Poor L——, however,

died; but his constant attendant, almost day and night, through an illness of fourteen or fifteen days, was Captain Hammond. He proved in a beautiful manner how deeply he was actuated by that Christian love whose brightest feature is universality. I am sure his was a love that embraced all he ever met with. On his visit to me, he used to offer up prayer, and repeat suitable passages of Scripture; and until I was quite well he never omitted at any time to come and see me."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## USEFULNESS.

IN the early part of August, 1847, the battalion was moved from Montreal to Kingston and Toronto. Soon after he wrote to Dr. T—— and to several others, clergymen or intimate friends, on a subject that had been much on his mind for some months; that is, the idea of entering the ministry. Most of those friends whom Captain Hammond consulted, dissuaded him from taking this step; and he abandoned the idea soon after, as we learn from the following letter.

“KINGSTON.

“MY DEAR M—— —You are under a wrong impression in thinking that I first thought of entering the ministry during the fatal pestilence at Montreal, which carried off so many faithful servants and ministers of Christ. It was first pressed upon me in April last; and being proposed to me in this manner, I felt I was in duty bound to ascertain the Lord's will in so important a matter, lest on the one hand

I should be shrinking from my duty as a professed servant of Christ, and lest on the other I should blindly follow natural impulse and the dictates of my own fleshly mind, in opposition to the leadings of God's providence. Accordingly I wrote to —— and ——, after making it a subject of earnest prayer to God. All agree in advising me to remain; so that I cannot, ought not, would not act in opposition to the advice of so many friends; and my mind is perfectly at rest as to the course I ought to pursue. My way appears plainly marked out by God's providence, and this is all I want to know."

To his brother E—— he writes, while on a visit to his friend L—— at Quebec, Oct., 1847,

"MY DEAR E—— —I often reproach myself with neglect and idleness in not writing to you; but I often, yes always, think of you and dear M——, and especially do I delight in pleading for you both when I present my own poor supplications to our common Lord. Nothing brings you so vividly before my eyes as when engaged in prayer; and I am sure that nothing acts so powerfully to increase our love and strengthen the ties of natural affection. Though

we cannot see, hear, or speak to one another, though we are many thousands of miles apart, yet we can pray for one another; and in so doing, who can estimate the amount of good that we may draw down upon each other's heads? Let us think of this whenever we approach the mercy-seat. Let us ask for a rich supply of spiritual blessings, and as far as we can judge of one another's peculiar wants, trials, difficulties, and temptations, let us ask in faith that these may be bestowed upon us out of the inexhaustible treasures of our Lord Jesus Christ."

To another friend he says,

"We are getting on comfortably here, and a door of usefulness has been opened to us among the men. On Sunday and Wednesday evenings, we have a meeting in the school-room for prayer and reading the Scriptures, with a few practical remarks. The meeting has averaged from thirty-five to forty, and we hope some souls will be led to Jesus by this humble means. Help us, dear brother, with your prayers. Go in the strength of Jesus; make him your all in all; be diligent, be earnest, be watchful; seek a spirit of prayer and a close conformity to Jesus in your mind; and remember in your



prayers, for Christ's sake, your affectionate friend,

"M. M. H."

After the battalion was removed from Montreal, the right wing was sent to Toronto, and the left wing, to which Maxy Hammond was soon afterwards transferred on promotion, went to Kingston. Of his usefulness at this time, we may gather some idea from a communication furnished by a city missionary, who was at that time a private in Captain Hammond's company.

"Captain Hammond's appearance among us revived all those, both officers and men, who were lovers of the Saviour. An evening-school was established in the fort, where six soldiers, who could neither read nor write, made their first effort. In the course of a month the number gradually increased to fifty, and eventually to near eighty men, none of whom were at first capable of reading the word of God. Soon after, a proposal was made that two religious meetings should be held in the school-room every week, on Wednesday and Sunday evenings. On hearing the suggestion, Captain Hammond replied, 'Yes, it is prayer that must bring the blessing down;' and these meetings

were soon afterwards established. A bugle sounded the call to the evening-school at half-past six, and the same sound was the summons to the meeting. On the first occasion, the verandah was lined with men and many officers, some of whom viewed this proceeding with significant looks, and those who were not ashamed to confess Christ before men passed on through the barrack square, thus evidencing the sincerity of their faith.

“For the noble purpose of suppressing drunkenness, he procured competent lecturers on ‘temperance ;’ the result of which was, that many of the men relinquished and never resumed the use of intoxicating beverages. In addition to this, reading-rooms were established, a supply of books procured, and prizes were given for the regular attendance of the men at the evening-schools. For all these various objects, funds were provided from Captain Hammond’s purse.

“Further,” the same pen continues, “the amount of spiritual good among the rich, and temporal good among the poor, effected in the parish and city by Captain Hammond, during our stay there, can only be fully known at the

great day. Through his instrumentality the church itself, as well as the ground connected with it, was put in order, and the clergyman's house provided, and the school greatly assisted. Captain Hammond rose early, and after spending some time in private, called in his two servants to family prayer. At nine o'clock on Sabbath mornings he went into the children's school, and after marching his company to the garrison church, proceeded to the hospital, where he would conduct a service in some one of the wards. His influence probably had considerable effect among the men in checking desertion. Although for nineteen months within a few miles of the frontier, only one man deserted, while desertions were frequent with the men of other corps."

The love of his men, and the influence he possessed over them—of such vital importance to an officer—may be ascribed, not less to the spirit that entered into all their interests and wants, difficulties, pleasures, and duties, than to his other sterling qualities. His men were constantly in his thoughts. The army was his profession, and he regarded it as a mighty organ, as the police of the nation, the end of

which was peace. It was in this light he loved to look at it; and thus viewing it, he honored and valued the men who composed it. They were his inferiors in rank, but part of one great body, and all his sympathies were due to them. Their higher, holier interests absorbed his attention, but not to the exclusion of minor efforts for their pleasure and enjoyment. Thus he writes :

“KINGSTON, Jan. 19, 1848.

“I am going to establish a reading-room, if I can get one, for the men, in the hope of keeping some out of the canteen during the winter evenings. And I have been thinking of getting úp singing among them with the same view; but this I have not yet decided upon. Idleness is the great snare of the soldier; and it is a great thing to find any thing for them that will occupy and interest them at the same time. The Bible-classes continue to be well attended, and give encouragement to hope that the good seed may not be sown in vain.”

To those who were for the first time entering upon the “new life,” often in doubt, often in despondency, often in weakness, the counsel of such a one as Maxy Hammond must have

been invaluable indeed. It was easy to see, in his pleasant ways, in his bright and radiant countenance, that the hope of which he spoke was no unreal, no exclusive thing, but one of which all might be partakers. And this peculiar happiness of manner had no small effect upon those who needed some stay, some encouragement in the outset of their Christian life. Such a helper was he to the writer of the annexed letter.

“KINGSTON, Canada, Nov. 8, 1856.

“When I had emerged from darkness into the glorious liberty of the children of God, he was the first one to whom I communicated my changed sentiments on religious subjects. He took me by the hand, encouraged me by his advice, got me installed as a teacher in St. James' Sunday-school, over which he was superintendent; and several times in the week did he call at my office, and after office-hours bring me forth to the bedside of some poor sick or dying fellow-sinner. He would occasionally make me read the Scriptures, and he would engage in prayer; and so we went from house to house, where he was well known and welcomed. Thus he watched over me, and led

me step by step, till, by God's grace, I was enabled to go and do likewise to the extent of my ability and opportunity.

"I thus look back with great thankfulness to the time when I was privileged to be with him. I thank God continually, from the depth of my heart, that he placed providentially so eminent a Christian as Captain Hammond before me as my example, at a time when the Christian character is set and moulded so easily. His words 'were like fire in my soul.' I feel the benefit of them now, and shall do so till I meet him in glory. They stirred me up, and made me run in the divine life. Yet he apparently knew not their secret force. And how do we account for it? It was simply this: he was *full of faith* and the Holy Ghost who spoke by him. His words were with power. Having purged himself with the blood of Jesus, he was 'a vessel,' as the apostle says, 'meet for the Master's use.'

"In my intercourse with Christian friends, I never met with any one whose simple words were so effective. I can recollect the identical spot where we happened to be walking some seven years ago, when he gave utterance to expressions in reference to spiritual truths

which are embedded in my heart and memory. The remark I have felt of most benefit to me was this: '*See that your first love does not decline.*' When disposed to slacken my pace in the divine life, often has this rung the alarm in my ears, and roused me to wait on the Lord, that my strength might be renewed."

This was not a single instance of his value as a Christian friend. The close of the letter, though diverging from this particular point, bears so strong a testimony to Captain Hammond's life of active usefulness, that it should not be omitted.

"The Sunday-school, however, occupied his thoughts and attention very much. He was always at his post in time early in the morning, and in all weathers, though his quarters were some three miles distant. He was an admirable teacher, and took much pains in getting missionary and other information to instruct the children in his addresses. On his leaving, the school presented him with a book and address. His visits to the poor were constant and daily; and not only did he feed them with spiritual food, but he ministered to their temporal wants of his substance. He was

exceedingly liberal. Much that he did in this way was of course unknown, but from what was known, he must have distributed very largely out of his means. After he left, my mother, on visiting some poor widows, found them lamenting the loss of Captain Hammond, and learned that he had been their best friend, and had supported them. He was a *decided Christian*. He offered his Redeemer no half-hearted service. His whole life and daily walk showed that he was one of the few in the present low estate of the church of Christ who presented themselves a living sacrifice to God, and considered this a reasonable service. Rom. 12:1. He was not conformed to this world. His views on this subject were very clear and strong. It was not with him, 'How *little* of the world can I give up in order to save my spiritual life, and attain heaven at last?' but, 'What shall I render unto the Lord in return for his love?'

Captain Hammond was sometimes called into service as a public speaker and a presiding officer at religious anniversaries. He alludes to one of these occasions in a note from Kingston, February 14, 1848:



“We get plenty of excellent tracts and books from the Religious Tract Society, of which there is a depository here. The branch society of Kingston has, however, been almost *dead* for the last fourteen years. They have this year been making an effort to revive it. A committee has been formed, and a public meeting held for the purpose of re-forming it. What do you think of my having to second a resolution, and make a speech from the platform? The speech was short, and the speaker's trepidation very painful. We cannot tell, until the collections have been made, how far this effort will succeed; but we trust something may be done—and the object is a very important one—for this society is the only channel through which sound religious publications are brought among the people in these backwoods of Canada.”

A friend referring to the same occasion says, “Few would have believed how recently he had become in any sense a public man. His presiding on that occasion was marked by a dignified self-composure; and when he opened the business of the evening, his language was so appropriate and so fluent, that none could

have imagined their chairman to have been an orator of a week old."

Another letter says of him, "Wherever he appeared, his speeches were marked for manliness, fluency, and above all, spirituality of tone and sentiment. He had the gift of speaking in public with freedom and ease; from which, and his devotion to the cause of Christ, many thought that his talents were eminently suited for the ministry of the gospel."

## CHAPTER IX.

## CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

THE sterling character of Captain Hammond's friendship was especially marked. He was no summer friend. Once given, his love was strong, constant, and invariable. His nature was, it is true, especially affectionate; but it was not to this alone that we may attribute that unchanging, ever-present feeling which all his letters to his friends exhibit. It was rather, that where he saw the image of his Master reflected, however feebly, *there* he gave his whole heart at once. Hence the number of his friends; hence the many expressions of grief that followed his early removal. He would often dwell on this peculiar bond of love that unites together the children of the Lord, and contrast it with the hollow, selfish friendship of the world. He frequently referred to the effect of this union in Christ on himself. Once he said, "Before I knew the truth, I used positively to hate ——. I don't think I used to hate many people, but I confess

I really *hated him*; I used to think him such a regular whining Methodist." And yet this very dislike subsequently gave way to a close friendship, founded upon mutual love to the Saviour. What his friends thought of him, a few letters will show. One says,

"His friendship I count one of the most precious blessings I have ever received from the hands of my gracious God and Father. He seemed sent, as I loved to think, in answer to the prayer of one just then led, with tottering steps, to try the pathway of light and peace.

"I first met him on the 13th of October, 1846, soon after my arrival at Montreal from more than a year's sick leave. He was the friend I needed, the companion precisely suited to my wants and the yearnings of my heart. And during that first year of uninterrupted and close intercourse, I learned to admire, to esteem, and love him as I never thought I could have loved man. Meekness and wisdom seemed traced in every line of his countenance. Truly did he walk in the light, and brightly did he reflect the light, gladdening and warming the hearts of some, and reproving sin in the consciences of others. There seemed around him

an atmosphere of light and love, and calm joy in believing. He did not hide his light. In his religion was true vitality; it was essentially active and diffusive. The language of his heart seemed ever to be, 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?' Sweetly, irresistibly, and constantly the love of Christ constrained him. He was to be seen not only at the sick-bed of the friend and the officer, but beside that of the soldier in the hospital and the poor stranger. Misery, sorrow, and need of every kind had for him attraction. Others saw his works and blessed him, and gave glory to God; while he, in the lowliness and loveliness of unfeigned humility, was ever ready to mourn over felt, confessed unprofitableness. He did much, he loved much; but the Holy Spirit had opened to his heart such views of the love of God in Christ, that every return made seemed to him worse than nothing. And so, while more and more drawn by gratitude and love to work for God, and to aim at entire conformity to his will in holiness of life, he brought no plea to the bar of God's justice but the atonement and the spotless righteousness of Christ. In these he rested; in

these he triumphed. Oh how he delighted to dwell upon the ever-new theme—the love of Christ, and the fulness that is in him. A remark made by a dear friend at Halifax, in reference to him, has often been felt by me in its realization: ‘With grace in that heart, what a lovely Christian he would be.’ Yes; a noble form, a lovely natural character, walking in the light of God’s reconciled countenance.”

The above and many similar letters show how his friends regarded him. Upon what grounds he himself sought and found intimate ties, the next letter to his brother will show:

“MY DEAR H—— —It is a good thing to find out and get acquainted with religious people wherever one goes. I hope I shall never forget the advice of a good man, a clergyman in this country, who died this summer of emigrant fever. When I was leaving Montreal, ‘Be sure,’ he said, ‘you lose no time in finding out the good people wherever you go.’ I hope I shall always act upon this advice, as I am convinced that, next to the Bible and the instructions from the pulpit, nothing is so good for one as the society of real Christians. God has graciously made this provision for our

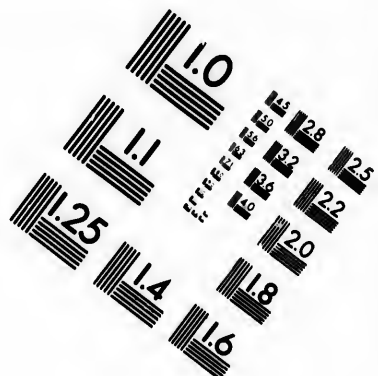
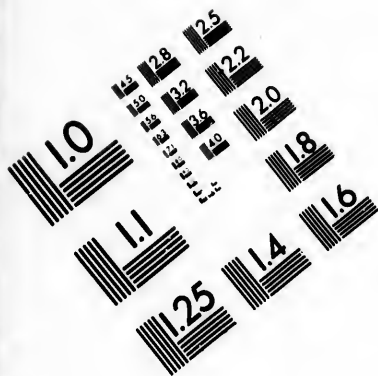
wants, and so ordered it that we mutually receive and communicate good to one another. And as we are commanded to separate from the society of an ungodly world, we are thus graciously permitted to enjoy the pleasures of society and companionship with those who love the Lord. Nothing struck me more forcibly when my own mind was directed to seek the one thing needful, than the difference between the friendship of the world and that friendship founded on Christian principles, proceeding from our common union in the faith of Jesus. What has become of all those who professed friendship in the days of worldly gayety and dissipation? Their friendship is like the wind, hollow, empty, and passing away; while that of Christians never fails, and neither time nor distance ever obliterates it. Every day shows me the necessity of making the line of separation between the world and the disciple of Jesus more clear and decided. And while in the estimation of many one may be set down as morose and unsociable and over-precise, I am satisfied that every step towards worldly compliance is a step in the wrong direction, and a step towards the loss of that peace which

is the result of keeping the conscience void of offence, and which is the only thing really worth possessing. The opinion of the world is but a light matter, and the friendship of the world is enmity with God. All that is in the world is not of the Father, but is of the world. We cannot do both, serve God and the world together; Christ has declared it to be an impossibility. If you should seek as your friends and companions those who are religious, doubtless you will find some, though their number may be few, and they will be despised by the thoughtless around them; but if you make friends of such, you will find that their friendship is genuine and lasting.

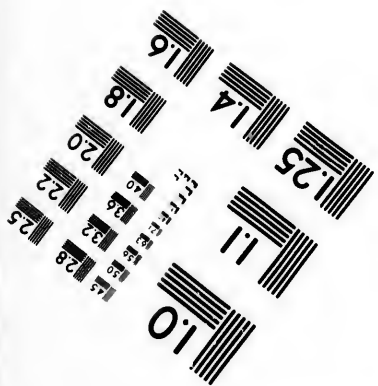
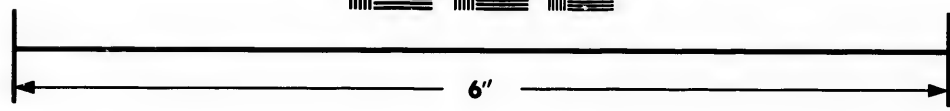
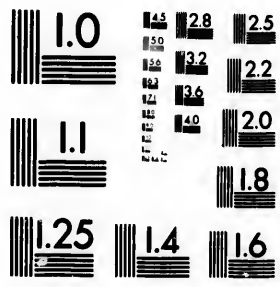
“What I want myself, and what we all want, is more of the love of Christ in the heart. This would make us out of love with the world, and we should then esteem all else but that which is connected with God and eternal things as beneath our proper regard. I am ashamed at feeling so little desire to live for God. When I ask myself, What am I doing, or trying to do, for him? the answer is, ‘Nothing.’ Instead of earnestly laboring for others, I am content to sit down selfish and unconcerned,







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so as I can only feed my own soul. But this is not the spirit of Him who pleased not himself, and whose meat and drink it was to do the will of his Father.

“I hope you are going on, dear H——, in the right way. ‘Follow on to know the Lord,’ and in ‘the knowledge and love of God and of Jesus Christ our Lord.’ For my own part, I have often to bewail, with shame and sorrow, that I have backslidden rather than advanced, and often does my ungrateful heart seem altogether to have left its first love. God will have us to know that our spiritual life is a constant uninterrupted conflict against the powers of darkness and the corruptions of our naturally depraved hearts. He will have us to learn by sad experience, that without Christ we can do nothing, that our only strength lies in his grace, and that we can only be preserved from falling by constant watching, waiting, praying, and looking at him. The eye of faith once taken away from Christ, and like Peter, we shall sink in the waves of temptation. Oh, may we ever look to him. ‘Abide in me,’ says Jesus, ‘and I in you; so shall ye have much fruit.’ Are we abiding in Jesus? and what

fruit are we bearing? And now, dear H——, good-by. What subject should we delight to write about and to speak upon so much as the things that belong to our eternal peace? God bless you, dear H——. Pray for your affectionate brother,

“M. M. H.”

The motives from whence his friendship sprung extended beyond persons—to places. At Halifax his new life began, and he always spoke of that town with the warmest affection. Writing two years afterwards, in September, 1848, to one of his friends there, he says:

“It is long since I, or any of us, have heard from Halifax. We seem almost to have lost sight of that ever-memorable place. But I hope I shall never, so long as I have the breath of life, forget to plead for that place where, as I humbly trust, ‘I was born;’ and for those kind brethren and sisters to whose love and counsel and spiritual existence I owe so much, as the instruments, in the hand of God, by whom I believed. I love to look back on those blessed days of peace and great joy, of bright hope and heavenly desires, which a God of love gave me to taste on first setting out on the journey homewards. Alas, when I look within, what

cause is there for humiliation, sorrow, and self-abasement! . . . . Pardon me for writing thus about myself; Halifax so brings back to me the remembrance of the past, that I could not forbear. And Oh, may it be said of many souls, as I humbly trust and earnestly pray that it may be said of me and many others, in that day when the Lord Jesus makes up his jewels, 'Lo, this and that man was born there.'"

One of his Canada friends testifies,

"When Captain Hammond was at Kingston, I think he came out most in striving to do what he could for the poor of the town. I remember hearing much of his work from the mouths of many of those who were afflicted, and on whom he spent so much of his time. I have always heard the most delightful expressions of their love for him. Many interesting cases he left for us to look after. One in particular I must give you before I conclude. A sweet little girl named Angelina, one of his class in the Sunday-school, was taken ill, and went into a slow consumption. Maxy attended this sweet little patient almost daily, striving to lead the mind of the little sufferer to that Saviour who was waiting to hear her first prayer for pardon

and reconciliation through his blood. By little and little the light dawned in upon her soul; and through the instrumentality of our beloved Maxy, with the assistance of the blessed Spirit, that little one was brought into the fold of Christ. But this was not all; Angelina's father, during her illness, was attacked with dropsy, and endured the most intense suffering. He could not but hear the admonitions and messages of love which Maxy Hammond almost daily gave to his little daughter, and from his own lips he told me that those words addressed to his dying daughter were the means used to lead him to the same blessed Saviour. He died full of faith; and thus *two* of one family, through Maxy's instrumentality, are now joining him in ascribing praise and glory to Him who had loved them, saved them, and now glorified them."

"He also," writes Dr. M——, "took a very warm interest in a poor lad of the name of Fitzgibbon, and was most attentive to him when on his death-bed. He was, I believe, a pupil in the Sunday-school; and his religious impressions, I think it probable, were first received from our dear friend Captain Hammond.

I have heard a pious carpenter speak with much affection of his humility in stopping to speak to him when walking with other officers."

Like Him who was "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and to whose image Captain Hammond strove to be conformed, he too shared the cares and sorrows of his brethren in Christ. Sympathy was strongly implanted in his nature. Even in the little-concerns of daily life he entered readily and heartily into the hopes, pleasures, and wishes of others, deeming no matter too little for an exercise of his affection. Guided by such a motive in minor things, when real sorrow came his heart was touched with the keenest and most genuine feeling; and perhaps it would not be easy to find a more touching expression of genuine sympathy, than that which is breathed through some of his letters to friends in affliction. Always living for others, never had friendship a nobler sanctuary upon earth, nor misery a stronger tower of refuge.



## CHAPTER X.

## RETURN TO ENGLAND.

A CHANGE having occurred in the battalion arrangements, Capt. Hammond was unexpectedly posted to the command of the dépôt at the Isle of Wight; he very soon after quitted America for the last time, and in June, 1849, we find him stationed at Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight, in charge of the dépôt.

Soon after his arrival, his youngest brother, in whom he had taken so lively an interest, as we have already gathered from his letters, and who first received him when he returned home in 1847, went down to see him on his arrival, and thus describes his first interview:

“The heavenliness of his whole deportment struck me much; we read and prayed together, and all our conversation was about the inheritance and the service I was just then beginning to feel after, and which he had found for four or five years. Mrs. H—— gave me the ‘Sinners’ Friend,’ and N. H—— ‘Come to Jesus,’

and we used to read the latter together on the grass-banks of Carisbrooke castle, and in our expeditions to the Needles, and in his room in barracks."

To this brother, Capt. Hammond writes :

"PARKHURST, June 8, 1849.

"I enjoyed your short visit. . . . What reason have you and I to be filled with gratitude and adoring wonder at the grace which has enabled us, in some degree, to taste that the Lord is gracious, and to feel, however slightly, that Jesus is precious. He is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Such is he in the eyes of his redeemed church, and such should he be in ours. Yet, alas, I feel at times as if I had no love; as if my religion were mere hypocrisy, the form of godliness, but destitute of its vital power. Indeed, we ought to be ashamed that we love him so little; that we are doing so little for him. I find this especially the case when thrown among worldly men. Then it is not an easy thing to walk as a Christian, desiring to be known in no other character than as a disciple of Jesus; content to wear the reproach of the cross; to be thought a weak-spirited fellow for his sake;

confessing him before men, and setting up our banner in his name; studying to adorn his gospel in all things with 'meekness of wisdom.' I do n't know when I have felt my own weakness and utter helplessness more than since I have been here. How blessed a thing it is for us that we are not kept by ourselves, but by the Keeper of Israel—by Him who prayed, 'Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me;' and again, 'I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.' Here then is our security—the intercession of Jesus, as engaged in our behalf. Covenant love is pledged for our encouragement; all the promises are for us weak sinners, all secured to us in Jesus; for 'all the promises of God' are 'yea and amen' in Christ Jesus. . . Grace be with you. Let our prayer for each other be 2 Thess. 1:11, 12.

"Ever your affectionate,

"M. M. HAMMOND."

Probably one especial cause of the serenity and inward peace, as well as the consistent holiness of outward life that marked Captain Hammond's character, was his entire depend-

ence on the all-sufficiency of Christ, the habit of looking *out of* himself unto Christ for every thing; conscious of the weakness of the natural man, yet rejoicing in the knowledge that the Lord's "strength is made perfect in weakness."

Among the letters which we have brought together in this volume, perhaps we shall find none which more forcibly illustrates the completeness of the change which the writer had undergone, none certainly which has a better claim to the consideration of the reader, than that which follows. It was written in the course of some correspondence which had taken place on the lawfulness of many worldly amusements. Let us compare it with those letters introduced in our earlier pages; that, for example, written from Dover in 1842. Do we not perceive in that comparison something more than a natural change from the tone of boyish levity to the grave thoughtfulness of manhood? Can we fail to see in the deep conviction which calmly but decidedly condemns all that "is not of the Father, but of the world;" in the wisdom which, uttering her warning voice, would cry imploringly, "How long, ye simple

ones?" in the earnest concern of one who, experiencing in the better part which he had chosen, that "godliness is profitable" in "the life which now is," would desire that others might share it; can we fail to perceive in all this the effect of the Holy Spirit's work? In those first letters we have the natural man speaking; in this, the renewed spirit.

"OCTOBER 18, 1849.

"MY DEAR — — Very many thanks for your letter, and for the book which accompanied it. A more pernicious production I never met with; but happily, it can be so easily refuted in all its pretended arguments, that it is likely to do less harm to the earnest Christian than it might otherwise do. So far from convincing the Bible-taught Christian that it is wrong to 'come out and be separate' from the world, it would more than ever confirm him in the fundamental principle; and it is only a further proof that 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither *can* he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'

"What a mistaken notion of what is termed cheerfulness, to suppose that it is to be found

in those broken cisterns which the men of this world would in vain apply to, in order to drown the voice of conscience, 'kill time,' and shut out the thought of God and eternity from the mind. The soul that has been plucked as a brand from the burning dreads the taint of those pleasures from which it has been snatched by sovereign grace. Having travelled with the multitude along the broad road to destruction, now that his eyes have been opened to see his own imminent danger, and the danger of his fellow-travellers, and having been warned by the Angel of the covenant not to look behind, the awakened and sin-convinced penitent trembles with fear of returning to the devoted city, and flies for his life, believing the word of the Most High, that he cannot serve God and mammon. 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven.' What was it that rendered the good seed unfruitful, and even choked it in one class of hearers? the *pleasures* of this life. Luke 8:14. Truly indeed may these be called *thorns*. The child of God will find them sharp and piercing, wounding the conscience, dimming the hope, and dragging down the soul to

earth, deadening the spiritual affections, and estranging him from his God. Is not Christ enough? Is he not infinitely precious and all-sufficient? and ought we not to be cheerful in him? He is our all in all; 'as he is, so are we in this world.' What can give such solid peace, such permanent happiness, as communion with him, our unseen Friend? And shall we yet hanker after communion with those who know and love him not, and have their portion in this life? If we seek happiness *out of him*, surely we shall have our reward.

"Referring again to the book, how weak and puerile are the arguments brought forward: Dancing sanctioned because David danced and sang praises before the Lord. Is such the practice of our Christian ballrooms? And again: The Almighty Father meeting his repentant son with music and dancing. Are balls then ordained of God as the expression of our joy over repenting sinners? And because the father of the prodigal is represented as meeting his son in the way described, is this to teach us that God approves of dancing all night, as in our day? or does it simply mean that, as the earthly father rejoiced over his lost, erring

child, so our heavenly Father rejoices over the poor repentant sinner, and freely forgives him? Doubtless there is joy in such a case—joy in heaven, rejoicing and hymns of praise among the angels there; but what has this to do with the unholy mirth of a London ballroom, where ‘the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life’ there exhibited do but remind us that such assemblies are ‘not of the Father, but of the world?’ For my own part, I have tried both; and now every day’s experience tells me, that both for our own peace and happiness, and for the real good of others, the Christian’s duty is clear, ‘to come out and be separate’ from the vain pursuits, unsanctified pleasures, and sinful practices of the world. There are now, as there ever were, two classes, and two only—the children of the world, and the children of God; the converted, and the unconverted; those treading the broad way, and those walking along the narrow. These opposite principles cannot amalgamate. The child of God must not mingle with the children of the wicked one, just as the Jews were forbidden to form alliances with the heathen, *lest they should learn their practices*. See how they fell



through these very things; and 'these things were written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world have come.'

"Once more, how awful is the woe denounced against those who offend, namely, cause to stumble, one of Christ's 'little ones.' May we not fear that, in conforming to the usages and practices of the world, we shall be giving countenance to many who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, and thus cast a stumbling-block before their feet, over which they might *fall eternally*? On the other hand, if we show plainly that we are strangers and pilgrims here, that we are crucified to the world, and the world crucified to us, that is, held up to our view as an object loathsome and disgusting, from which we would turn away; that this is not our rest; that we are seeking a better country, that is, a heavenly, and higher hopes and purer pleasures than this world can boast of; that we derive our joys and our peace from a totally different source; then I think we should be doing more towards awakening a spirit of inquiry and deeper concern for the welfare of the soul in those around us, than in quietly going down the stream with them, with

little observable difference between our principles, pleasures, and pursuits, and theirs. Let us remember our high and holy calling; called out from the world, witnesses for Christ *and AGAINST sin* and ungodliness, in whatever form it may present itself. Citizens of the new Jerusalem, having our conversation in heaven, partakers of the divine nature, temples of the Holy Ghost, may our constant and fervent prayer be that of Paul for the Philippians, Phil. 1:9-11, that we may 'try' things 'that differ.' Lord, increase our faith.

"Your affectionate,

"M. M. H."

## CHAPTER XI.

## MARRIAGE.

It was natural to a mind daily increasing in spiritual growth, daily sitting looser to the things of the world, that the ordinary habits of barrack life, and the tone and conversation of a mess-room should become less and less congenial. It could not well be otherwise; and at Parkhurst, where the dépôts of several regiments were united, and the society of the mess-room was not even that of his own regiment, Maxy Hammond began to feel strongly the chilling influences around him, and to yearn for a home of his own. He remembered with a grateful heart, how in the home of a brother officer he had first drunk in those truths which had been the polestar of his after-life; and he longed to have an opportunity of offering to others a welcome which had conferred so great a blessing on himself. It was his ardent desire to be the head of a Christian household. Captain Hammond looked forward to marriage as the means of realizing this happiness. He

had a very high view of its blessedness, as illustrating the union between Christ and his church. In a note to his brother he says, "I trust, if it be the Lord's will, there will be a way opened up in his providence towards the attainment of my wishes. But I desire to remember that the time is short, and that we must learn to sit loosely to earthly hopes and prospects, though it is lawful to desire a Christian companion, coupling the desire with, 'if the Lord will.' Oh for a more realizing sense of the presence and all-sufficiency of Jesus; we should then look less to the creature, and feel that he is enough." At an earlier time, speaking of another's marriage, he said, "The great thing is 'character;' such a character, I mean, as is described in the last chapter of Proverbs." Accordingly, early in June, 1850, he writes to announce to his numerous friends the happy change which awaited him.

"JUNE 12, 1850.

"MY DEAR MRS. H—— —I am resolved not to let another day pass without announcing to you an event of great importance as regards myself—that I am going to be married, if the Lord will. . . . I feel sure that you and your

dear husband will unite with us in the earnest prayer, that our union may be in the Lord; that it may be our first and great desire that the name of Jesus may be glorified in it.'

In another letter, dated

"PARKHURST, June 15, 1850.

"I desire to recognize the hand of my gracious and loving Father, in this great instance of his goodness, for I cannot doubt that the gift is from him. I feel that his blessing will rest upon our union. What a mercy to have been permitted to secure the affections of one who will lead me on, and help me forward in the journey homewards."

In August, 1850, his marriage with Rosa Anne, second daughter of Mr. Pennington, was solemnized; and the happy couple started for the Cumberland lakes. There among the sweet ferns and craggy rocks of Borradaile, with a thankful heart he considered whose hand it was that fashioned the soft slopes of Skiddaw, and cleft the slaty precipices of Honiston. He delighted to remember that "the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith

the Lord that hath mercy on thee." After this tour he returned to the Isle of Wight, and took a house with his wife at Newport; very near to which town the barracks of Parkhurst are situated.

Here he soon resumed his active habits. He took the entire charge of the dépôt schools, in the week as well as on Sundays. He also established a Sunday-school there, and conducted a service at the hospital on Sunday afternoons. Here he was permitted to see one blessed instance of a heart given to God, apparently through his instrumentality. A little girl, the daughter of a sergeant in the Rifles, had been a troublesome and unruly child. She had not long attended the school when she became very attentive, and evidently interested; and it was perceptible that the truth was reaching her. Her conduct at home soon changed entirely, and she became a comfort and help to her parents. When the regiment was removed to Chatham, the child was attacked with scarlet-fever, and her illness increasing, she was visited by the clergyman. He found her on her death-bed. The only words she had strength to utter were, "My precious Saviour." The following day she

had joined the ransomed host above. Captain Hammond was a very diligent district visitor among the poor during the time he remained at Newport. Here he also formed a friendship with a family, which was among his strongest and most enduring.

Captain Hammond's altered position in life, as a married man, with the increased expense of an establishment, induced him at this time to consider a more systematic course in distributing his general charities. Hitherto, having had none but himself to provide for, they had been large. But he was now obliged to reduce them; and knowing that God accepts according to the "willing mind," he set a minimum to his expenditure in alms at one-tenth of his income. Still he did not adhere to this sum; but rejoiced in giving up to his means, and sometimes beyond, when objects of interest were brought before him. Some texts which he wrote on this subject in a manuscript book, are characteristic of his feeling on this head:

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." Acts 20:35.

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,

that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." 2 Cor. 8:9.

"For even Christ pleased not himself." Rom. 15:3.

He had chosen a text, on the occasion of his marriage, looking forward to a wandering life. He had it engraved on his seal, and often used to allude to it when people condoled with him on being sent to disagreeable quarters. It was Psalm 47:4: "He shall choose our inheritance for us."

At this time he expected to be removed to Chatham. "There is no doubt, I fear, of Chatham being our final destination; a vile place in itself; truly a place where Satan's seat is. But what a comfort to know that our God shall choose our inheritance for us, which settles and quiets the mind. It is enough to have the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always.' The presence of Jesus is sufficient to make glad 'the wilderness,' and the desert to rejoice and blossom like the rose."



## CHAPTER XII.

## CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

THE change of quarters to Chatham very soon occurred, and in September following we find Captain Hammond dating a letter from thence on the subject of the establishment of an army prayer-union. This suggestion had been put forward by Captain T——, formerly of the Second Lifeguards; and in reply to a communication on the subject, Captain Hammond writes:

“CHATHAM, September 15, 1851.

“I have to thank you, as well as some other friend, for your having sent me your proposal for an army prayer-union. Most cordially do I unite with you in the object proposed; and I bless God that he has put it in your heart to undertake it. To me it appears very singular that this object should have been contemplated and carried into effect by some of God’s servants, who feel an interest in the spiritual welfare of the army, at this particular time. For it so happens that I had been thinking upon this

very same subject for several weeks past; and it was my intention to take immediate steps towards forming such a prayer-union. I had thought of the names of about forty friends, to whom I was going to write, when, to my surprise and great delight, your proposal was put into my hands last evening by my friend Captain J——, and I was rejoiced to find that the desire of my heart had been anticipated and accomplished already. Your name had been suggested to my mind as one who might well undertake to receive names, etc.; but amidst your multiplied engagements in various Christian objects, I hardly imagined you could have undertaken it. God grant that the proposal may commend itself to very many dear brethren in the army who love the Lord Jesus.”

At Chatham, as usual, Captain Hammond sought immediate occasion for usefulness, and lent his zealous coöperation towards another institution at that time projected: The Naval and Military Scripture Readers' Association:

“The proposed Naval and Military Scripture Readers' Association,” he says, in a letter to an officer, “is a delightful idea. May the Lord

bring good out of it. I am strongly of opinion that it would be better to act quite independently of any other existing society. If it is distinctly a naval and military thing, many more supporters may be reckoned upon, than if it were connected with any thing else. I have written to ask W—— if he would not take part in such a movement."

Yet, with his hands always employed in some useful work, he still felt that he was doing too little—less than he might, and less than others. "I envy those men," he says, "who find time for every thing, and who get through all that they mean to do. I believe we might do more than we have any idea of, if we are only *resolved* to do it; and this is true in spiritual as well as natural things. The indolent Christian cannot be a faithful one. The soul will and does languish, if we cease from active and self-denying diligence in all things. Oh to have the film removed from our eyes, and to see the ruined and miserable condition of those who are without Christ; and to behold also the glory, the fulness, and the freeness of grace that there is in Jesus. I feel how easy it is to become careless and indifferent about the souls of others,

from a want of the realization of these two things."

And a very short time before, he wrote, March 3, Newport, "I send you a short letter from Rev. Mr. C——, thinking that you may find it calculated to stir up and animate your heart in the great work of 'pressing towards the mark for the prize of' your 'high calling in Christ Jesus.' . . . I feel ashamed and humbled at my stunted growth, when one who set out long after me has so outstripped me in the heavenly race. This ought not, and need not to be. The fulness of Jesus is not exhausted, neither are his promises limited. I feel that my spiritual leanness is because of my indolence: 'Ye have not, because ye ask not.' Let our motto be henceforth, 'Looking unto Jesus.'"

At Chatham, Captain Hammond formed, with an officer of the Royal Engineers, one of those close friendships which seemed to spring up and to cling round him wherever his footsteps fell. This officer, recurring to that happy acquaintance, says:

"We had known each other but a very short time before we became intimate friends. I

have found a delight in intercourse with him such as I have seldom experienced ; and in our rides and walks together, and evenings very often spent at each other's houses, we enjoyed a hearty, friendly sympathy, which I look back upon as one of the greatest blessings of my life. While at Chatham, he was ever thinking of doing good. The first scheme of usefulness he set on foot there, was a Sunday-school for the children of the soldiers of the garrison, which he superintended and managed, with the assistance of his wife, Mrs. J——, and other friends. There was some opposition to the establishment of this school ; but he was not thereby discouraged in the work, but continued it during the whole time he was at Chatham, until ordered to Canterbury in the following year. He used to have a Bible class in the week at the boys' school in Chatham barracks ; and he took the greatest delight in making arrangements for their school feasts, making up the decorations of the room, and distributing Scripture prints among them. He was besides instrumental in inducing several officers with their families, and young officers, with two clergymen, to meet every fortnight at each other's houses,

for reading the Bible and prayer. There was one friend of ours, a lieutenant in the —, to whom he was of especial use in enlightening him with respect to his views of Christianity. Mrs. — told me in Malta, not long since, that she longed to write to express her gratitude for the incalculable benefit in spiritual things that Captain Hammond had, in a great measure, been the means of producing in her son."

Captain Hammond thus writes to his youngest brother, who had now entered the ministry:

"CANTERBURY, June 8, 1853.

"MY DEAR H—— —By this time you will be getting accustomed to the new duties and new mode of life in which you have entered; for, although you have been preparing for this work for months, and even for years past, and have, to some extent, been engaged in the kind of work which now occupies you, yet it is a different thing really to enter upon the work of a minister of Christ, the most blessed and the most arduous which can engage a man. And who is sufficient for these things? You, indeed, are not. But, blessed be God, your sufficiency

is of God; and his grace shall be sufficient to you in every time of need. We thought of and prayed for you on Sunday, as you were, for the first time, publicly lifting up your voice as an ambassador of Christ, and witnessing for him to perishing sinners. I long to hear how you got through; though I doubt not the Lord stood by and strengthened you. It must be indeed difficult, perhaps impossible, to human nature, on such occasions so far to forget *self* as to desire only the glory of God, and that his word might be blessed in the souls of the hearers, we are so much more prone to seek to please men than God who trieth the hearts. May the Lord Almighty by his Spirit keep you humble and prayerful; enabling you at all times to remember that you are but the earthen vessel, the instrument; that you can neither supply yourself with oil, nor communicate effectually to others, without the vital energy of the Holy Ghost. How different are our callings in life. I am sure we are both rightly placed, and that we may both live and die to His glory, if only we possess a single eye and an undivided heart. . . . . May you be endued with the manifold gifts and graces of the Spirit, and be made

wise to win souls to Christ. We expect to move into camp on Tuesday.

“Ever, etc.,

“M. M. H.”

In the autumn of 1852, the whole battalion returned from Canada, and Maxy Hammond was ordered from the dépôt at Chatham to join the head-quarters at Canterbury. His delight at rejoining his own company was fully reciprocated by his men, who greeted him with repeated and prolonged cheers in a manner most impressive, and strongly exhibiting the estimation in which they held him. Those who were about him at this time were specially struck by the depth of his interest in the good behavior and welfare of his company. On one occasion, when a non-commissioned officer of high responsibility had been guilty of grave misconduct, Maxy Hammond's distress was extreme. One who knew him best described his grief at that occurrence as acute, and that he seemed to feel it as keenly as if a family affliction had befallen him. At this time the colonel of the regiment gave him the entire charge of both the week-day and Sunday-schools. He had also charge of the band, and took great pains with the buglers, always speaking of them



as "his boys." He induced them to attend the Sunday-school, by getting up for them a class in a separate room, that their dignity might not be offended by being classed with the rest.

While he was at Canterbury, in the spring of 1853, he employed himself in getting up lectures for the men on general subjects; and he wrote, and prepared maps for this purpose, "on the Opening of the Peninsular Campaigns of 1812, including the Battle of Salamanca." To do all to the glory of God, was the principle that pervaded Maxy Hammond's life, and influenced all his habits. Hence many occupations, to which he was by nature rather disinclined than otherwise, were at once seen in a new light, and adopted with the pleasure which accompanies the performance of a duty. He was not naturally studious, nor even fond of any kind of reading; yet obeying the precept, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," he studied with much attention books of a professional character. From the same feeling, he kept up and increased the elementary knowledge of military surveying which he had acquired at Sandhurst; and while he was quartered at Canterbury, he made a care-

ful military survey of the adjacent district. He had a very decided taste, however, for the practical part of his profession, both in the details of its internal economy and in the work of the regiment in the field. When the Rifles were at Canterbury, a sham-fight was projected, and came off in a neighboring park. The Rifle battalion was formed into two divisions, one of course representing the enemy, with three squadrons of the Carbiniers, and a troop of horse-artillery acting in combination and support. The ground was well adapted for one of those mimic actions with which we have become familiar, both at Chobham and at Aldershott; and the writer well remembers the thorough spirit of enjoyment with which Captain Hammond entered into the arrangement of the programme, and its subsequent execution.

During the summer of 1853, his eldest child was born, an event of no little happiness and cause for thankfulness to him. She was named Nina Charlotte; and he speaks of her as "a dear little thing, a precious gift from the Lord, lent to us by him, to be trained up for him, and we trust, to be his to all eternity."

The remaining months of 1853 were passed quietly in camp at Chobham, and at the close of the autumn the second battalion of the Rifles was ordered to Portsmouth.

It was in the beginning of the year 1853 that a little cloud arose in the East, by many scarcely heeded, as soon to pass away, but whose dark folds, drifting heavily over the Euxine, burst forth at last in a peal of thunder upon the Danube. Before May, the Cossacks of the Don and the Oural were in movement. Gortschakoff crossed the Pruth, and occupied Wallachia with a powerful army, and Europe was roused from her long slumber of peace by the cannon of Oltenitza. To us who calmly and sadly review the speculative excitements of that period, how charged with mournful thoughts, yet how full of sweet comfort are the closing sentences of this letter of December :

“The opening of the new year is very dark and threatening. I should tremble in looking forward, were it not that I know that the Lord reigneth. Humanly speaking, there is now little probability of escaping a terrible war. If so, I may never see the close of 1854. But

what a peace-giving consideration is it, that all events shall issue in the furtherance of God's purposes for his own glory and the glory of his church. And I humbly hope that, come life or come death, I may lay claim to the promises of my covenant God, and may be assured that nothing will separate me from his love in Christ Jesus."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE BULGARIAN CAMPAIGN.

IN the spring of 1854 all hope that a war might be avoided was at an end, and early in February several regiments received orders to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation for foreign service. Among the first which received orders was the second battalion of the Rifle brigade. On the 16th of February, 1854, Captain Hammond writes to his mother from Portsmouth :

“FEBRUARY 16, 1854.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER—I had scarcely reached the barracks before a message arrived from the captain of the *Vulcan* steamer, to say that he had just received orders to embark the Rifle brigade, and to sail for Malta on the 24th ; so we shall be off sooner than we expected. It seems extremely doubtful whether the troops will disembark at Malta at all. The general impression seems to be that they will only rendezvous there, and proceed together at once to Turkey. . . . .

"We are not allowed to take any boxes with us, and our baggage is not to be more than can be carried on the back of a mule, that is, a couple of trunks. I think of getting for this purpose a pair of bullock-trunks, such as they use in India. I have got every thing necessary. . . . I got a telescope at Harris's, an excellent field-glass. I shall wish, when I use it, that it could give me a long sight of your much-loved faces and of the dear old home which I have left behind me. But I see you all with the eye of the mind; and I delight to think that our spirits will often be together when we bend before the throne of grace, and pour out our prayers for each other's welfare. God grant that these separations in time may lead us to long and look for that better inheritance which is above. Pray for me, dearest mother, and all of you, that my faith may not fail; that whatever scenes may be before me, I may so live in the love and fear of God, that I may ever glorify his holy name, and may bear witness for him before my fellow-men. With fondest love to all,

"Ever your most affectionate,

"M. M. H."

Essentially a soldier, an ardent and intelligent lover of his profession, Captain Hammond would have hailed with an interest second to none the prospects of an actual campaign, had no other stake than his own been risked by the claims of war. But there were thoughts at such a time that repressed the throb of pride which may lawfully rise in a soldier's breast when ordered to take the field. The desolate wife, the sweet unconscious child, the broken-up home—these might well bring sadness to his heart. Yet in such trials—for who can doubt *how* sore such trials were to such a nature?—he knew where to look for support. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee." To this approaching separation he alludes often.

To his parents he says:

"The trial is a bitter one, but we are silenced in remembering that it is the will of that tender and loving Saviour who has said that 'the very hairs of our head are all numbered.' I know that the path of duty is one of safety. I go away in the hope of a safe return, if the Lord will; but let us all long and look for that union *above* where we shall see Christ

as he is, and be made like unto him. God has been very gracious to me. I never enjoyed more perfect peace or rest of mind than at this present time. To him only be the praise."

On the 27th of February, the second battalion of the Rifle brigade embarked at Portsmouth, and on the 11th of March they reached Malta harbor. Thence Capt. Hammond wrote from on board the Vulcan, to an old brother officer, who had been one of Capt. Hammond's most intimate companions when they were both young subalterns in the Rifles.

"I must say I have no desire for bloodshed, and should be glad enough to be sent back again in peace to my wife and home. But these things are in higher hands than ours; and it is a matter of unspeakable comfort to feel that we have a Father in heaven, under whose protection and guidance all must be well. You and I have experienced great mercies at the hand of God. It is a solemn question to ask ourselves, What effect have these mercies produced in our hearts? Forgive me for asking you whether you have found pardon and peace through the cross of Christ. If you have not, delay no longer to cast yourself upon him for



salvation, and remember that he is able to save to the *utmost* those who come to him. I would entreat you, my dear friend, to remember what a tremendous *reality* religion is, a reality upon which hangs our destiny for eternity. As far as I have practised it for the last nine or ten years, I have experienced its blessedness under all the changing circumstances of life; and it is that which induces me now to press the subject on you. That you too may experience the peace and happiness of Christ's service, is the earnest prayer of your sincere friend,

"M. M. HAMMOND."

To his wife:

"MALTA, March 15.

"I must write you a few words of love, and tell you how happy I was made on Monday evening, by the receipt of your precious letter. Tears of mingled joy and sorrow coursed freely down my cheek. I could not but rejoice and bless my God for the calm and contented spirit in which you write. I do earnestly pray for you; and I know that you will pray for me; but whatever may befall either of us, may we be enabled to say, heartily and unreservedly, 'Thy will be done.' This spirit will glorify Jesus. My dearest wife pray for me, that my

Hammond.

lamp may be kept trimmed; and amidst all excitements and earthward tendencies, that it may burn brightly, receiving new supplies of grace each day and hour. . . . I am sure that you are right in asking and expecting that the Lord, in his mercy, will bring me back again to you in peace, provided that you are willing that he should give or withhold this blessing as it seems good to him. 'Be careful for nothing; but in every thing with prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God.' How I long to see again that darling little Nina. I love to think of her, and to recall her bright face; and I often thank God that he has given you this precious child to cheer and gladden your heart. . . .

"The prevailing opinion seems to be, that we shall not move from here until the cavalry comes up, which may not be before the beginning of next month, and then we are quite ignorant of our destination—whether Constantinople, the bay of Enos, or Adrianople. There seems to be little hope of a pacific arrangement. If we are to be plunged into war, we may pray, 'Bless thou our sword' in going forth to maintain the cause of right against might. And

surely we may hope that the Lord will be on our side in the contest, though he may justly chasten us for our many national and individual sins. . . .”

“MALTA, March 28, 1854.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER— . . . We know nothing as yet, except that we are to go to Gallipoli, probably to occupy ourselves with spade and pickaxe, in throwing up works which it is said are to be made across that narrow neck of land. . . . How precious, at such a time, is the belief in the special providence of God. This is my comfort in thinking of those from whom I am separated; and this, I know, is your comfort in thinking of me. ‘He doeth all things well.’ We hear that a siege-train of eighty heavy guns is preparing at Woolwich. The Sappers arrived yesterday; Captain B—— is to follow with pontoons. All this looks sadly like war. But the French officers here say that it is ‘*une affaire finie*.’ There have been five or six transports in here. We had a grand turnout for General Canrobert, who was particularly pleased with the Rifle battalion. Many of the officers and men have been on shore, and have been fraternizing with our people.

"MARCH 30.—Yesterday we attempted to embark, but the arrangements were so blundered that all, except one company, had to march back again to their barracks for the night. They attempted to put all the stores on board, a month's provision for three thousand men, camp equipage, ammunition, engineering tools, etc., and about twenty-five horses and twelve hundred men at the same time.

"General Brown arrived yesterday."

To his wife:

"'GOLDEN FLEECE,' . . .

"At anchor off Cape Servi, April 3, 1854.

"It is such a comfort and privilege having dear G—— on board. His natural character suits me, and he is so full of affection and sympathy. I had a delightful talk with him last evening before going to bed, and I felt how blessed is that bond of union which unites us in Christ. I have been thinking over the verse in first John, 'No man hath seen God at any time. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.' Does it not mean, that as we cannot *see* God so as to love him, he has represented himself in his people, so that, in loving them, we may love himself. . . .

"I had an interesting walk with young A——, of the Engineers, on deck this evening. He seems very desirous of following the Lord fully, and took in very good part a word of advice from G——, about cards. —— is well disposed, but his indolence, poor fellow, is a fearful barrier to his spiritual growth. . . .

"Have you heard any thing about the poor women from Mr. B—— lately? Poor creatures, I fear they must be in a wretched state. Let us help them as much as we can, and let us give to some of the societies, if the funds will admit.

"THURSDAY, April 6, 8 A. M., Gallipoli.—  
Arrived safe last night."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE CAMP.

THE transports which had conveyed the first division of the British army had now reached their destination, and were lying at their moorings, preparatory to disembarking their troops upon Turkish territory. Never before had English troops encamped upon those shores. The first appearance therefore of the Rifles and Sappers must have roused, to some degree of excitement, the almost immovable and phlegmatic Turks. The formation of the strong lines which were to serve as a basis of future operations, had already been determined by the engineer officers, who had previously surveyed the ground for that purpose; and as soon as it was possible, the disembarkation was effected, and the troops proceeded to entrench themselves in their position.

From his letters to his wife we quote, April 11, 1854:

“And now for our encampment. We are on the left of the position, which is to be fortified

by a continuous line of field works across the isthmus. The ground is undulating, and rising to a height of about five hundred feet. There is but a poor supply of water, and that could be obtained only with great labor, by digging wells, making reservoirs, etc., which will probably be dry all the summer. Every stick of wood which we require for cooking has to be fetched upon the miserable bullock-wagons. We have the utmost difficulty in obtaining supplies, and think ourselves fortunate if we can get a few onions and a little rice to add to our ration beef. Green coffee is our staple drink. It seems to be a country without resources. The people themselves are almost starving. How an army is to move in this country I cannot imagine. We are told to provide ourselves with baggage animals. Captains are allowed one animal on which their own luggage, tent, camp-kettle, etc., are to be carried. Field officers no more. Subalterns have one animal and a tent. I have got two ponies, Jack and Gill."

"CAMP NEAR GALLIPOLI, May 1, 1854.

"Lord Raglan arrived on the 28th, and after an interview with General Brown, went the

same evening to Constantinople. The works here are progressing rapidly, and will probably be completed in a few weeks.

“One feels lost in trying to conjecture as to what may happen; but there is peace in leaving all in His hands whose wisdom cannot err, and whose love cannot fail. . . . . What should we do if we had not this hope full of immortality to comfort and sustain our hands at such a time as this? I sometimes wonder how those people can endure it who have not this source of consolation. We have just heard of the bombardment and destruction of Odessa. How awful are these beginnings of the horrors of war! How it should make us pray for peace; and long for the beginning of the reign of peace and righteousness, which shall at length dawn upon our sin-smitten world.

“We enjoy our Saturday evenings so much; they are so refreshing in this place, where one is constrained so often to say, ‘Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!’ The language of the men is awful; but I am thankful to say that the officers have been unanimous in trying to repress it. One has been painfully reminded of David’s descrip-



tion of the wicked: 'Their mouths are full of cursing.' Notwithstanding this apparent godlessness, it is strange with what avidity tracts are received. I wish I had a large supply. I am in hopes that some dépôt will be established at Constantinople for this purpose. The Bible Society have an agent there, and they have determined to issue a copy of the New Testament to every soldier and sailor in these parts, if possible.

"We are to embark on Saturday for Scutari. The First Royals arrived to-day, and the Thirty-eighth are expected in a few days. The *Melita* also arrived with staff-officers, including dear J—— F——: dear fellow, you may conceive the joy it was to us both to meet again. This is another of the mercies mingled in our cup. 'He stayeth the rough wind in the day of his east wind.' . . . . God bless you.

"The most painful part of this kind of life is, the being obliged to hear the horrible oaths and bad language that the men use. This morning I spoke to my company on the subject, and I trust there may be some improvement outwardly. But Oh, one's heart sinks at the thought of so many souls dead in sins."

“SCUTARI, May 9, 1854.

“We left our encampment on Saturday morning early, and for the first time loaded our mules with baggage for the march. About half-way the whole force was reviewed by General Brown, in presence of all the French generals and their staffs. The morning was excessively hot, and the men over-weighted. Many poor fellows fainted in the ranks. It is very painful to see men fairly sinking under the heavy loads on their backs, and very humiliating to be obliged to confess that the French are so superior to us in the equipment of their soldiers.

“We arrived here on Sunday morning. The view of Constantinople, as you get near, is certainly very beautiful; and the tents of our army on the Scutari side add much to the picturesque effect. The town is built on a slope, and the Golden Horn divides Stamboul from the French districts. On the opposite side of the water stands Scutari. Stamboul is very striking, with its many domes and minarets and cypresses, and the Sultan's seraglio, occupying a large space of ground at the corner next to the Golden Horn. . . . .

"I had a visit yesterday from Mr. T——, the Free Church missionary to the Jews in Constantinople. He appears to be a very nice and good man. There are 80,000 Spanish Jews in Constantinople. They were expelled from Spain by Philip III. at the end of the sixteenth century. I believe they speak a compound of Arabic and Spanish; but they cannot read the Roman character, so the books are in the Spanish language, with the Hebrew character. Little more has been done among them than the establishment of schools, and the awakening a spirit of inquiry. Mr. T—— told us that the American missionaries are doing a great deal of good among the Armenians. There are very many Protestant congregations of them scattered throughout Turkey, both in Europe and Asia. There is perfect toleration here given to all religions, and the Bible may be freely circulated to all but the Mohammedans. With them the spirit of persecution is still as strong as ever. Mr. T—— told us that a Mohammedan was put to death at Adrianople about three months ago, for becoming a Christian. I trust that France and ourselves will *insist* on religious liberty to all, before we leave this country."

"SCUTARI, May 22, 1854.

..... "Never before have I felt so much need of putting on the armor of God; and it seems sometimes as if this is the place where Satan's seat is; and my soul longs for the perfect purity above, where there will be no sights and sounds of sin, and where we shall no longer be made wretched by the corruption within, which, after all, is our worst enemy. ....

"Amid so much that is trying from within and without, I have found that the good Shepherd who is leading us along these rugged paths can give songs in the wilderness, and that he does provide rills of comfort and refreshment such as the world knows not of. Such a stream of mercy was the communion which was administered yesterday in one of the passages of the barracks. I felt it to be a peculiarly solemn and affecting season. The circumstances under which we were met together in this foreign and heathen land, where we have been assembled for the purpose of war, produced a feeling in my mind such as I never before remember. The love of Christ did appear to be inexpressibly precious, and his words of love in John 6, melted me to tears. I think the

thoughts of his love filled my heart above every thing else. In the afternoon I went with F—— and J—— to the service of the embassy. The chaplain is a truly good and very superior man. He preached on Psalm 23:4, 'The shadow of death,' a beautiful sermon. I was particularly struck with his searching address to believers on the *fear of evil*, the cause of which was to be found in our practical unbelief. He bade us look to the state of our spiritual affections, and to find out the source of this root of bitterness. The realized presence of the Lord can alone cast out this fear.

"And now, good-night. May the angel of God's presence watch over thee and preserve thee from evil by night and by day." . . . .

"MAY 23.—I believe it is pretty certain now that the Light division is to move to Varna on Saturday, and the remainder of the army will follow as soon as possible. The report is that Silistria is invested by 70,000 Russians, and cannot hold out; so that perhaps we shall be pushed on to relieve the place, if it has not already fallen, in concert with the French and Turks. These things, uncertain as they are, make one feel that the realities of war may be

near at hand. But, dearest, this is one of the numbered waves that we trust are wafting us to the haven of rest where we would be.

“10, P. M.—The order has come out for the Light division to embark on Friday the 26th, for Varna. So by the time this reaches you, I shall probably be in our new encampment, somewhere between Varna and Shumla. Farewell.”

“JUNE 28.—By the time this reaches you, you will have heard of the retreat of the Russians from Silistria. We march to Devna tomorrow for certain.”

“CAMP AT DEVNA, July 8, 1854.

“What a comfort it is, in such troublous times as these, amid wars and rumors of wars, to turn to the promises of the gospel; and to feel that, when these things come to pass, we may lift up our hands and recognize, above the storm of human commotions and the intrigues of politicians and statesmen, the hand that is directing and overruling all. And we know that it is the same hand that was once pierced for us, and which was once stretched over the troubled sea, ‘and there was a great calm.’ God grant that out of all these things showers

of blessings may come down, and the gospel be promoted in the East."

"CAMP MONASTIR, July 26.

"I am sorry to say cholera has appeared among us within the last few days. There is a quantity of unripe fruit about, plums and apricots; and the men *will* eat it, notwithstanding a positive prohibition, and their being punished if caught. The division was moved in consequence. This is such a beautiful, healthy looking place that I trust the awful disease may abate. But after all, though we may talk about second causes, it is the finger of God that is upon us, justly punishing us for our sins. The wonder is, not that he should punish us for our offences, but that we are not utterly consumed. What comfort there is in what David said, when he chose the judgment of pestilence in preference to famine or the sword of the enemy: 'Let us now fall into the hands of the Lord, for *his mercies are great.*' The saddest part of all is to think of the unpreparedness of those poor souls to meet their God, when they are suddenly cut down in a moment. And yet you hear the same words of cursing and ungodliness as ever!"

“MONASTIR, August 10.

“My faith has been sorely tried of late, and there have been times when I could not cast myself upon God, or trust the keeping of my soul and body to him, when the enemy seemed saying to me, ‘Where is now thy God?’ What a precious soul-comforting psalm is that forty-second. The thought of home made me fear death; but now, through the mercy of the Lord, the cloud has passed away, and I hope I can trust in the love and wisdom and faithfulness of my Saviour God.”

From the foregoing letters we may infer how intense was the trial which Captain Hammond was called upon to undergo during this period of sickness and inaction in camp. There can be no doubt, more especially from his own statements afterwards, that the bitterness of separation from his wife and child was increased by the fear of death: not in the sense applicable to those who fear because they have no other prospect than “a certain fearful looking for of judgment.” His was a hope, blessed be God, sure and steadfast. But there was a deep longing for life, a burning thirst for a return, that, if it were possible, he might once



more see his wife, his child, and the home that he loved. He looked for a prolongation of life, in order that this reluctance to acquiesce so completely in God's will, as to desire, notwithstanding, that he might depart and be with Christ, might be entirely overcome; that he might, from his heart, and without reservation, say, 'Oh death, where is thy sting?' That this prayer was abundantly answered, the sequel will show. His wife, to whom these letters were addressed, has added, at the close of one of them, this note:

"When he came home in October, 1854, he alluded to this time as one of much inward conflict, much more than he had expressed in his letters. His desires after home were painfully strong; and it was a source of deep humility to him, that for many days he could not bring his will into subjection to God's will. He could not feel willing to be taken away then, without seeing those he loved once more. He used, at this season, frequently to rise and pray in the middle of the night—pray, not for life, but for entire submission. He several times alluded to it as the time of severest conflict of soul that he had ever passed through."

To his wife:

“CAMP MONASTIR, Aug. 25.

“It is believed that we shall embark on Thursday; so all doubt is now at an end about the grand expedition. ‘I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.’ The details are not fully known, but it is said that we shall embark some sixty or seventy thousand men, including ten thousand Turks; effect a landing about five miles from Sebastopol; besiege fort Constantine, which commands the town and batteries, and which, if taken, would put us in possession of the place.

“I pray that you may be kept from sinking. Where the path of duty is so plainly marked out, we must do all we can not to give way. I was reading this morning the fifty-seventh psalm. The first verse came with special comfort to my heart: ‘Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.’”

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE HOSPITAL.

IN the first days of September, 1854, took place that extraordinary scene in Baltshik bay, the rendezvous of the allied armies. Swarming like midges upon the quiet surface of the Euxine, the transports poured in, and took up their positions; and above them all towered the mighty forms of the ships of war, bearing the flags of France and England. Suspense was at an end; and the troops, full of hope and excitement, were at last on the very eve of a mighty enterprise. But while the fresh sea-breeze brought health, and while excitement raised the spirits of the army, Captain Hammond fell ill. A fever, caught from the stagnant marshes of Devna, had stricken him down at the very moment when health was most needed; and by the time the expedition had reached Eupatoria, he was prostrated with a dangerous illness.

When the troops reached their destination, and their disembarkation took place, Captain

Hammond's accompanying them was impossible. He afterwards described his bodily sufferings as very great; but he said they were nothing to the intense anguish of mind he felt at being unable to accompany his men when the hour for action had come. As his mind was wandering, under the effects of fever, he was not aware of his own weakness, and more than once insisted upon trying to dress, and to make preparations for the landing with the troops; and he was with difficulty prevailed upon to remain quiet in his berth. He was ordered to remain on board; and the next mail brought the following letter from the colonel of the battalion:

“MY DEAR MR. HAMMOND—Maxy's last letter will have told you that he had not been feeling well. A fortnight ago he was obliged to put himself into Dr. F——'s hands. We have discouraged him from making the least effort; and it is necessary to keep him as quiet as possible; and as he may not write for himself, I have thought it best to send a few lines. It is indeed a source of additional regret that we are to lose the services of so good a soldier, when we are about to undertake so im-

portant an enterprise; and dear Maxy feels it as much as we do. But his landing is out of the question. Fortunately F—— accompanied me, which gave Maxy not only a tender friend, but a skilful physician."

As soon as the army had disembarked, Captain Hammond was sent down to Scutari on board the Kangaroo, with a large number of sick. During that voyage the wretched condition of the unhappy men, who were crowded to suffocation, and most insufficiently provided with medical aid and necessaries of the most ordinary kind, excited his sympathy and indignation; and when sufficiently recovered, he thought it his duty to make an official representation on the subject.

His next letter, in a hand scarcely legible, is dated Scutari, September 19.

"Do n't be frightened at my 'infantine' style of writing. This is my first attempt since my illness. The Lord has been very gracious to me and to you in having raised me up again. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' I pray that the life which he has spared may be

more devoted to him henceforth. I went with the expedition to the Crimea, and stayed there until the troops landed, when the whole of the sick got an order to go to Constantinople. I am so much better, and gaining strength every day; Lady E—— has been so kind to me. Oh, how I longed to have you near me in my illness; but the Lord was my stay, and the everlasting arms underneath. How wonderful the providence of God, that this illness should have been sent to save me from the dangers of Sebastopol. He answers prayer in a way we looked not for."

The sad scenes in the hospital at Scutari, the mismanagement of that miserable winter of 1854-5, are no new tale. Still it is scarcely possible, in these extracts from the letters of one who was himself a sufferer there, to omit all reference to the deplorable neglect which existed.

— "SCUTARI, September 28.

"I am certainly getting stronger, but I feel great difficulty in writing; and in the afternoon my feet get numbed, as if they had been crushed under a roller. What they mean to do with us, I don't know. There are hardly

any medical officers to attend us. I have not seen a doctor for three days. The hospital and barracks are filled with sick and wounded men. Fancy ninety officers and about nineteen hundred men killed and wounded in the engagement. The poor fellows are sadly neglected. A man of my company, with a grape-shot through his calf, has been eight days in hospital, and no doctor has been near him to dress his wound. It is a sad sight to see the poor fellows lying there. The passages as well as the wards are all filled. Oh the scourge of war! Lord, send us peace, in thy great mercy. I have some hopes of being sent home, but the doctors seem too busy to attend to any thing.

“I have been enabled to speak a word to several of the sick officers, and I find that their hearts are much softened, and ready to hear. Pray for me, that I may not be ashamed to confess my dear Lord and Saviour, who loved me, and gave himself for me. I hope I can truly say he is precious to me. In my weakness I have felt him near me, though I could not pray or raise my thoughts above.”

“BARRACKS, SCUTARI, Oct. 2.

“Since I last wrote, another sick officer has arrived. It has been quite a providential thing his being sent here, for I found out the first evening that he was under deep concern about his soul, the Lord having touched his heart during his illness. I have had many deeply interesting conversations with him, and he seems most eager to receive the truth, and to give his heart to God. He is, as might be expected, very ignorant of the gospel scheme. I have read with him, and he listens eagerly to the word of God. He has had cholera, which has reduced him very low. Yesterday, Sunday, the chaplain came to us a little before ten, and gave us a faithful exhortation to repentance—the difference between the repentance of fear and the repentance of love.”

“The doctors say I am to go before a Board to-morrow. If so, I may perhaps get home by the packet of the 10th. But we must not build our hopes on such a joyful prospect, nor be unprepared for disappointment. . . .

“Oct. 3.—The Board has examined me, and pronounce me to be a fit case to go home. God grant that we may meet in the fulness of



the blessing of the gospel of Christ, with the one supreme desire that we may glorify God, and live more wholly to him. . . . My companion improves in health, I think, slowly. I read to him, and last night offered to pray with him; and I have got him a reference Bible from the dépôt of the Bible Society at Constantinople. God grant that the good work may go forward in him. Oh, how I shall rejoice to leave the wards of this barrack. Yet, God be praised, goodness and mercy have followed me even here." . . .

A little delay occurred after the sitting of the Board, and Captain Hammond could not avail himself of the packet of the 10th.

"BARRACKS, SCUTARI, Oct. 9, 1854.

"Among other reasons which reconcile me to staying here a few days longer is this, that I am now well enough to be able to look a little after our poor sick and wounded men, many of whom are without any change of linen, and even without soap. Owing to the want of system and arrangement, many poor fellows have been kept for days without food; and I verily believe that a large number have died from exhaustion, from want of feeding and proper

nursing. . . . Farewell. The Lord give us both patience to wait his will."

Captain Hammond got a passage on board the steamer of the 15th, and landed in England early in November. His delight at returning home is expressed in a letter to his brother.

"DOVER, Sunday night.

"MY DEAREST H—— —I have written to tell you of my safe arrival here on Friday evening. Imagine my joy and deep gratitude to the Father of all mercies. He has indeed 'brought me up out of a horrible pit and the miry clay,' and 'has put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto my God.' The feeling that I cannot praise and thank him enough is almost oppressive. I bless his holy name for the love and sympathy of so many of his dear people, whose prayers have been offered for me continually; and I feel assured that my return in safety and in peace is in answer to those prayers."

Home, his wife and his child were before him once more. "Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips." Joyful indeed was that return to his father's roof. Yet but a little

longer, a few short months, and another home would be his. "In my Father's house are many mansions;" and with that one family already gathered there his place would soon be found. But short as the time was, there was trial yet for the Christian soldier, sore enough, to come.

On Captain Hammond's recovery from his illness, his first thought was to devote himself more entirely than ever to the Lord. "What shall I say?" was the outpouring of his soul; "he hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years. Thou hast, in love to my soul, delivered it from the pit of corruption. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day." Many years before, as we have mentioned, he had conceived the idea of entering the ministry. Now that desire returned with tenfold force. For some time past he had felt the deadening pressure of camp life. Like just Lot, his soul was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked. He loathed war in itself, and he longed to withdraw from the red field of slaughter, that he might preach the gospel of peace. From Monastir he had written in the

August previous, "I must confess to you that I feel sick of my profession, and long to be otherwise employed. Camp life is uphill work for a Christian; and though the fault lies mainly with myself, there are so many difficulties and impediments to doing good, that it seems next to impossible to do any thing." He even went so far towards entering the ministry as to have an interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who kindly consented to ordain him. But he felt, as the war thickened, that the way was more and more closed against him, and his mind was made up. On the morning on which he sailed for the Crimea, he said, "I have no regret at my determination not to take orders; I feel that my path of duty lies in the army, whether for life or death."

The spring and summer of 1855 was passed by him partly at his home, and partly at Southsea, where he had taken a house, and was stationed in command of the dépôt. His earnestness in doing his Master's work at this time, especially attracted the observation of his friends. The first Sunday he went to the clergyman to ask if he could be of use in the school, being unable, in consequence of the dis-

tance, to undertake both the hospital and the school, which he had previously established in the spring at fort Cumberland for the children of the dépôt. At the hospital he attended every Sunday afternoon, and though still suffering in his feet from the effects of the Bulgarian fever, he always walked to fort Cumberland and back, between three and four miles. He was very earnest and diligent as a Sunday-school teacher, always preparing his lesson the day before, and making the children the subject of prayer. At the hospital he conducted a service for the sick, with the chaplain's permission. He valued these opportunities extremely, and used to say he could get *at* the men better, and speak to them more familiarly and personally, than at any other time. After this service, he would read and pray separately with any who were seriously ill, and confined to their beds. But he was not intended to remain here much longer. The siege of Sebastopol, like the horse-leech, was crying, Give, give! and the blood that flowed freely required replacing.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE HARBINGER.

At length, after several orders and counter-orders, the fiat was issued that was to send Maxy Hammond forth to finish the work that had been appointed for him here. On the 9th of August, 1855, his father, his mother, one brother, and one sister, went down to Southsea. The next morning Maxy read with his wife, for the last time, 1 Pet. 1:1-8. After the passage had been read, he repeated to himself, "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." He then said he had chosen a verse for his wife, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved?" and said *that* was the attitude of soul that we should seek after. It had been settled that the rest of his family should come on that morning at nine to breakfast: so that he, with his wife, had a quiet time for prayer before they arrived. They knelt together in the drawing-room. He prayed for his wife, that the removal of earthly joy might the more endear to her her God and

her Saviour. The impression on his mind seemed to be, that a very long separation was before them, and he used the expression, "Give her wisdom and grace to train up her child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," as though she were going to bring it up herself. In the same prayer he said, "Thou hast given us life; none can take away that life until thou dost thyself recall it."

In the previous year, February, 1854, when on the eve of embarkation, speaking of the coming trials and the dangers of war, he said, "I know the anxiety you will feel; but one cannot be anxious about one's self, for I feel I am so entirely in God's hands;" and then he added, with a calm solemnity of tone, and as if weighing every word, "and if God *should* see fit to take me in that manner, sudden death is to the believer but sudden glory."

The St. Alban's party, his father, mother, brother, and sister, arrived. They were all in the dining-room. The servants came in. There was a depth of feeling and a calm dignity in Maxy's manner which was very striking. All present felt it. He said to his brother E——, a clergyman, "E——, you must let me be my

own priest to-day, please;" and he then read the 121st and 125th Psalms: "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." "They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."

Those who were present will never forget the calming and solemnizing effect of his beautiful prayer, commending himself to God, and those especially whom he was leaving behind to His love and care and grace. His special prayer for himself was, that he might honor God, whatever scenes he might pass through. Little Nina, his child, two years and one month old, knelt at the sofa between her mother and her aunt F——. They feared she would interrupt the stillness, but she seemed to feel the solemnity of what was passing, and was quiet throughout.

The preparations for departure were soon completed, and Maxy took leave of his wife, his child, and those of his family assembled at Southsea, to see them *here* no more. Bitter indeed was the parting; nor would it be possible it should pass without some misgivings, some forecast of sorrow in store.



Before sailing, Maxy Hammond found time as usual to make some provision for the spiritual wants of his men. A well-known publisher says in a letter, "Captain Hammond was in — street a few days before he sailed, and he was then, as always, intent upon obtaining for his men such publications as he thought likely to do them good. In the brief conversation we then had with him, we can well remember how warm a place the men under his command had in his Christian sympathies."

The vessel appointed to convey those officers who were under orders for the Crimea was lying at Woolwich, and there Captain Hammond arrived late on the evening of the 11th. Here he was joined by his two other brothers and a sister, who had not received intelligence of his sudden departure in time to join the rest at Southsea. At the house of a kind and old friend they were expecting his arrival. Late at night a carriage drove up, and he jumped out; his face, as usual, forestalling the warm and joyful greeting of his lips. He was in uniform, with his pouch-belt and sword. All were struck with the very great apparent improvement in his health. He had latterly entirely

thrown off the effects of his illness ; and it seemed as if God in his gracious love had restored him to the full and complete possession of his bodily vigor, in order that, in the last great earthly struggle that remained, he might go forth "strong in the power of His might," and honor Him by his bearing before man in answer to his prayers.

Sabbath morning came. At an officer's quarters in the dock-yard the party met and breakfasted together. They then joined together in prayer. The chapter read was Heb. 13, "Let brotherly love continue." Upon the gangway of the steamer the sister and brothers parted ; yet not sorrowing as those without hope. Those who were left returned in time to worship with those who were assembled in God's house. Before the congregation had left that roof, the *Harbinger* had weighed her anchor, and had left the river.

The letters to his wife written on his way out, contain passages strikingly beautiful. His mind was evidently becoming more and more abstracted from all earthly things. His affection for his wife was indeed intense ; but still he was rapidly and practically concentrating

his affections on things above, and his whole spirit was becoming attuned to the harmony awaiting him in a higher and heavenly sphere.

"AUG. 17.—You are never absent from my thoughts; but again and again I fall back upon the comfort of knowing that Jesus loves you more tenderly, more wisely, and more constantly than I do. He will sustain and keep you, and give you songs in the night. I was comforted this morning in prayer for you, in thinking that the promise would be fulfilled to you, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.' Oh, if Jesus come to you, you will have such a portion as your husband can never be to you."

"AUG. 29.—I have no presentiment of coming evil, and no *vain confidence* of escaping danger. I place myself in the hands of my Saviour God. I rest in his finished work, as a poor guilty sinner. I hope in his mercy, and leave the issue in his hands without carefulness. This trial is for the exercise of our faith. Oh that grace may be given us to glorify our Lord by doing or suffering what he may appoint."

"SEPTEMBER 5, 1855.

"We are steaming quietly along towards

Balaklava. We expect to be off the harbor by four o'clock. You would think this would be an exciting time; but it is not so. I have been so long and so calmly looking forward to it, that it fails to produce the excitement that it might once have done. The quiet time on board ship has been a great privilege, before entering on the distractions and turmoils of camp life. I have been enabled, in some measure, to commune with my own heart and with my God in secret; and on Sunday last I was thankful to have an opportunity of partaking of the sacrament at the Embassy. I felt much comfort and peace in the ordinance; its value seemed enhanced, from the feeling that it was probably the last time that I should have an opportunity of receiving it in any thing like a church. Mr. B—— has engaged the services of a good man during his absence. He preached from Job, on the words, 'I would not live alway;' showing the reason why the Christian might adopt them as his own. Oh, ought we not to bless our God for every trial which may lead us to a desire to depart and to be with Christ? When all is bright and prosperous and happy, then we would not give up these earthly bless-

ings, no, not even for those higher blessings which are above; but when all is dark and gloomy and uncertain, earthly blessings and consolations gone, then the heart yearns for those things which pass not away—for that 'inheritance' which is 'incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' I long to hear that you can tell me that our God is leading us aright, and that you can trust his faithfulness to do all things well. My constant prayer for you is, that your faith may not fail, that his strength may be sufficient for you always.

"Here we are, at half-past eight, safely anchored in the roadstead of Balaklava. You will learn by telegraph that we opened fire again this morning; but not much is expected from it, so far as I can learn from Balaklava. We have been watching the flashes in the direction of Sebastopol. Their frequency astonishes us novices. Strange to say, we cannot hear the report of the guns; but doubtless we shall hear and see more than enough of them before we have done.

"The Lord be with you, and with us both, for time and eternity."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE CRIMEA.

THE short period of two days that elapsed between Captain Hammond's landing and the final attack upon Sebastopol were chiefly occupied in settling himself in camp, superintending the disembarkation of his luggage, and paying visits to his friends. And yet he found time in the first confusion of arrival to visit the sick in hospital, as if remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, . . . for I was sick, and ye visited me."

The few particulars of these last two days may be best gathered from the letters of a brother officer and most attached friend.

## "CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

"I will just in a few words mention some things that will interest you, regarding the two days he spent in camp with us. Having heard, on the evening of the fifth, that he had arrived at Balaklava, I rode down the following morning, and met him on Colonel L——'s

horse, which had been sent to meet him. We rode back to camp, welcoming each other with a chastened joy, and with some vague misgivings in my mind. He was cheerful, looked well, and I pointed out to him the various localities rendered remarkable by recent events in this weary campaign. He dined with me, enjoying the camp comfort of the hut in which I live. Afterwards, true to his old spirit of love and benevolence, he visited the hospital, talked and shook hands with all the old soldiers he recognized, and also had a kind conversation with the hospital sergeant, whose wife is with Mrs. Hammond. We then walked to the front of our encampment, and I pointed out to him such works of the enemy and the allies as were within view. On returning to camp we mounted our horses again, and rode to Cathcart's Hill, where a good view of the town can be obtained. On our return we called on his cousin, Major G——. After tea we walked again to the front, to see the cannonade and the shelling. On the following morning at breakfast he said he had slept but little, from the dust which was flying about and the excitement connected with the terrific firing.

He afterwards rode into Balaklava to inquire for his horse, and wrote a letter to his wife, when in the meantime the plan of the morrow's attack was published in orders.

"We talked together of the dread work before the army and the regiment, and in compliance with his then request I now write to you. 'John,' as he always affectionately called me, 'write to my father if any thing befalls me. You know his address.' He then added, his eyes filling with tears, 'Write to my wife too,' and spoke about selling his things; under no kind of depression, but as if to be ready for the worst. I agreed of course, and asked him to leave his watch with me, with his keys, which he did, passing the subject off by saying that we often talked of such matters among ourselves, from the uncertainty of camp life, from sickness, as well as the shot of the enemy.

"After finishing our letters, he proposed that we should have our ordinary reading of the Scriptures, with prayer, asking me to read. I read the ninety-first psalm, which led to some conversation regarding God's care of his own peculiar people. He then prayed with a fervor and unction that recalled the many sweet



prayers that I have heard uttered by that dear voice which is now attuned to everlasting praise before the Lamb. My mind was much distracted about him; but I recollect feeling how he dwelt on the undue importance we attach to seen and temporal things, and the importance of unseen and eternal things. He mentioned in prayer his wife and child, and those dear brethren whom we are accustomed to remember in our social prayers. We bade each other good-night with an affectionate shake, our hearts filled with hopes and fears regarding the morrow. He wished me to call him early in the morning, that he might have some time for prayer before breakfast, which was earlier than usual on account of parade."

The letter to his wife, written on the evening of the seventh, the night before the attack, is as follows:

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Oct. 7, 1855.

"I am not going to write a long letter, because I have already posted one for you, and I am rather tired this evening through the excitement of the scenes around me, the sights and sounds, which have taken the place of what we used only to read of. Long before this reaches

you, you will probably have heard of another attack on the Redan, Malakoff, or both. Who shall say whether it will be attended with success or failure? But the Lord reigneth, and to him only can the soul turn in looking to the unknown future. A very heavy bombardment has been going on for the last three days without intermission; a heavier fire than any other that has hitherto taken place. There is no manner of doubt that something great is to take place immediately. In fact we were told so on parade this evening by General C——. Two days' rations have been issued to the Second and Light divisions, and it is expected that we shall move down to the trenches to-morrow morning. At all events, it is to be hoped that this time they will not repeat the blunders of the eighteenth, and that we shall not attack till the French have stormed the Malakoff. I have not yet been down to the trenches, so that my inauguration will probably be a serious one. But I can calmly leave the event in the hands of a Saviour God. Come life or come death, my only hope is in the blood which cleanseth from all sin. My heart sometimes sinks when I think of those at home. But He is faithful

who has said, 'When thou passest through the waters, *I* will be with thee.' And *He will* be with thee, even to the end of the world. . . . One does not realize the curse of war until one comes in contact with it. . . .

"The order for the attack has just come out; thankful I am that you cannot know it, dearest, beforehand. F——, with 100 men, form the covering party to the whole. The remainder of our battalion form part of the reserve, and follow up the attack. The Lord Jesus be with you.

"P. S.—SEPT. 8, 6.30 A. M.—I have had a peaceful time for prayer, and have committed the keeping of my soul and body to the Lord my God, and have commended to his grace and care my wife and child, my parents, brothers, and sisters, and all dear to me. Come what will, all is well. This day will be a memorable one. Farewell, once more. Psa. 91:15 is my text for to-day, especially the words, 'I will be with him in trouble.'"

This calm awaiting of whatever might befall him in the Lord's good time, calls to remembrance some very beautiful lines, whose source the writer cannot at this moment remember;

yet they seem almost penned to illustrate his last written words:

“Art thou not sadly weary? Answer me,  
Mariner, What thinkest thou, when the waters beat  
Thy frail bark backward from the wished-for harbor?  
Oh, brother; though innumerable waves  
Shall seem to rise between me and my home,  
*I know that they are numbered*; not one less  
Should bear me homeward, if I had my will;  
For One who knows what tempests are to weather,  
O'er whom there broke the wildest billows once,  
*He bids these waters swell*. In His good time  
The last rough wave shall bear me on its bosom  
Into the bosom of eternal peace.  
No billows after. They *are* numbered, brother.  
Oh, gentle mariner, steer on, steer on;  
My tears still fall for thee, but they are tears  
In which faith strives with grief and overcomes.”

The dealings of God's providence, which placed Captain Hammond on the soil of the Crimea on the very eve of the assault, are most remarkable. Circumstances seemed to point to a different result. His final embarkation occurred after a succession of delays, counter-orders, and uncertainty as to whether he or some other officer should be sent. A direct application, that he should be left in charge of the dépôt, was made by his commanding officer,

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who was most anxious to keep him at a post where the qualities of an efficient officer were called for. This application was actually granted, and subsequently withdrawn. Then occurred the error of one of the clerks, who made out the route for the Crimea instead of Malta, where, in the ordinary course, the draft would have been landed, had not Captain Hammond himself explained and overruled the mistake. Any slight occurrence, a little longer delay at Constantinople, the prevalence of head winds on the passage out, a very trifling circumstance indeed, would have caused those two days to slip away that alone intervened between Captain Hammond's arrival and the storming of the great Redan. Yet how pliant are those combinations of second causes, which men term "chance" or accident, to the decrees of Him by whom "we live and move and have our being." The grain was ripe, and the husbandman was ready to put in the sickle, because the harvest was come.

On the afternoon preceding the attack a parade had taken place, and General C—— here briefly addressed the troops in connection with the expected assault. At the conclusion, Cap-

tain Hammond was returning to his tent with an officer who had been a fellow-passenger with him on board the *Harbinger*. On the way that officer said to him, "Well, it is as I prophesied on board the *Harbinger*; they have got a field-day for us." Captain Hammond's reply was one of no little significance, and not easily forgotten by those who knew the deep current of his thoughts. "Well, I am *quite ready*," he said, "for any thing that may happen." It is not a little instructive to compare this short utterance with that ardent desire for prolonged life which he had experienced in Bulgaria. The request of his lips had been heard. His home, his wife and child, had been restored to him. In the restoration of these blessings for a very considerable time, he had been enabled to await the issue of a return to the seat of war with perfect acquiescence in the will of God. The growing feeling of his heart was now that of the preceding Sunday's text, "I would not live away." "I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is *far better*." He was indeed ready to be offered, and the time of his departure was at hand.

We all know the history of the first attack.

To that "terrific fire," which was poured for three successive days upon the devoted city, a night of quiet succeeded. Outwardly, at least, there was a semblance of repose throughout the weary camp. But it was like the rest that precedes the upheaving of the earth, the rending of the everlasting hills, the bursting forth of the lava flood. Well indeed might we speculate on the train that filled each soldier's thoughts that night. Many jaded forms there must have been, who, under the gentle hand of sleep, were lulled to forgetfulness of the awful morrow. Some there may have been to whom sweet rest refused to come. Would to God there were many a one, and such there doubtless were, who on that solemn night-watch before the day of terror could say with Hammond, "Come life or come death, my hope is in the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE STORMING.

EARLY on the morning of the 8th, the bugles of the Rifle brigade sounded for the parade. It was Captain Hammond's first day of duty in the Crimea. He had slept well, was refreshed, and quite cheerful. He had expressed a wish to Colonel M—— to lead his own old company, and it was placed at his disposal; and duly equipped and accoutred, he marched down to the trenches with the battalion. A portion of them, as before stated, were to act as coverers to the column of attack; the remainder were to be held in reserve, and for this duty Colonel M—— had selected those officers whose recent arrival rendered them imperfectly acquainted with the trenches. Among these was Captain Hammond. The reserve was directed to occupy a portion of the third parallel, where, though under fire, they were comparatively safe. There they remained, conversing cheerfully, and watching the troops for an hour or so. Suddenly word was passed for the Rifles



to come to the front, as the assaulting party required support. The battalion rose and filed off, under a heavy direct and flanking fire, into the fifth parallel, through an intricate maze of trenches and approaches. Here there was a momentary pause. Then the dark column, clearing the parapet, issued from the trench. Amid a storm of shot and shell, bringing death and destruction on all sides, the riflemen rush across the intermediate space. Those who escape that iron hail-storm gain the glacis. At the edge of the ditch, two officers are resting, side by side, to gather breath. The lips of one of them are moving in prayer. One moment more, and he ascends the scaling-ladder. On the summit of the parapet his hand is grasped by a friend. They had not seen one another for years; it was a strange meeting. But this was no time for words of welcome; all was in confusion. After a few sentences about rallying the men, Captain Hammond passes on. Here, for some little time he is seen vainly endeavoring to restore order. His exertions at this time were observed by General W——, who, unaware of his fate, subsequently recommended him in orders. Soon after this he is seen by another

officer of the Rifles. Captain Hammond was then suffering great pain, probably from a contusion of the hand; and B—— told him he ought to go to the rear. He said, "This is no time for that;" and ordered B—— to collect some men and try the other flank of the Redan.

Pressing forward then himself into the heart of the work, with a color-sergeant and one or two devoted men who had bound up their fate in his, his sword is seen flashing far in advance in personal encounter. "I saw an officer of the Rifles," said one immediately after the action, "whose name I do not know, a fine tall man, behaving heroically." Another officer said of him that he never saw so brave a man, and that he fought desperately. And the colonel of the Rifle brigade speaks of him as "exhibiting a daring seldom equalled, and never surpassed in the history of strife." Once or twice in that deadly fray, his form appears through the embrasures; and for a few moments, before his strong arm the Russian foeman retires and closes again. But to *him* neither earthly crown nor medal, nor grateful country's praise, is in store for these moments of devotion. The

deadly bayonets close around him, the sword drops from the uplifted hand, and he sinks into the arms of an officer of the Forty-first. But with angels and seraphs, and the hosts of heaven, who were waiting "on the other side of the river," there were hymns of joy that day. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for that happy ransomed spirit.

This storming of Sebastopol was the final conflict of the Crimean war. At midnight the enemy were seen retreating to the north, and in the morning Sebastopol was in flames. Very early a party of riflemen approached from the works towards the camp. The precious object of their search had been found. An expression of sweet peace rested on the placid features. A very small puncture, close to the heart, told how instantaneous must have been his death. Almost upon the wound, a locket bathed in his heart's blood, was lying; and many of those who looked through their tears, read in that fixed calmness of death, the seal of the promise, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is *peace*."

Yet for him over whom the heavenly host re-

joiced that day, why should we mourn? Should we not rather take up the song of praise? Should we not rather, while we lift up our hearts in thankful gratitude to Him who loved him and redeemed him, give utterance to thoughts such as these?

“To weep for HIM! to weep for *whom*?

The loved on earth—the saved in heaven;  
Triumphant o’er the narrow tomb—  
His sorrows past—his sins forgiven:  
What! weep for HIM? it must not be;  
Our tears would blot his victory.

“Nay, hymn his flight in rapturous songs;  
For he, in death’s embrace, hath done  
With human griefs and fears and wrongs:  
His fight is fought—his triumph won;  
The immortal crown is round his brow;  
He dwells beside the Saviour now.

“Weep *not*, or weep as those should weep  
Whose hope is stronger than their sorrow:  
To-night our loved and lost ones sleep,  
But Christ will bring them back to-morrow.  
We shall not long lament them here;  
Our home is in a brighter sphere.” MOULTRIE.

In one of those deep ravines near Sebastopol, undisturbed now by other sound than bell or browsing sheep, is the burial-ground of the Light division. Thither very shortly the precious remains were borne to their last resting-

place, with all a soldier's honors. A white stone cross was placed over the grave; and at its foot a few summer flowers were planted. These simple lines record his early death and blessed end:

**Sacred to the Memory**

OF

CAPT. M. M. HAMMOND, SECOND BATTALION, R. B.,  
WHO WAS KILLED IN THE ASSAULT ON THE REDAN,  
8TH SEPTEMBER, 1855:  
AGED 31 YEARS.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

In the country church of Nonington, the parish of his own home, a tablet has also been erected, bearing these words:

TO THE PRAISE OF THE GLORY OF HIS GRACE  
WHICH GAVE  
A CHRISTIAN LUSTRE TO THE LIFE,  
AND  
A BLESSEDNESS TO THE HONORABLE DEATH,  
OF  
MAXIMILIAN MONTAGU HAMMOND,  
CAPTAIN IN THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE RIFLE  
BRIGADE;  
THIRD SON OF W. O. HAMMOND, ESQ.,  
OF ST. ALBAN'S COURT, IN THIS PARISH.  
HE FELL AT THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN,  
BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,  
SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1855, AGED 31.

“They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ.” Rom. 5:17.

Not alone on his own immediate circle; not alone on his regiment; not alone on the bosom of his family, was the strong hand of grief laid by his early removal; but there were those who, with quick perception of the sterling value of his character, holding positions of trust themselves, mourned his loss upon larger than mere personal grounds. One who holds high office in the state, and no speaker of light words without consideration, on hearing his name among those who had fallen, said of him, that “he looked to him as the man whose influence would be felt to be of untold benefit to the army;” and on another occasion, in almost similar words, that “he looked to him as the regenerator of the army.” Another, who faithfully discharged his sacred office as a minister of Christ during the whole of the Crimean campaign, said, in words scarcely less valuable, “Of course I feel for the family; but it is for the *nation* that I feel most. I look upon his death as a public calamity.” To these might be added a long array of honorable testimo-

nials from letters which poured in after his decease, from officers in the army and others. These letters attest his high professional worth, and dwell with warm eulogium on his excellence as a man, a friend, and a Christian. Not a few of the writers gratefully recount the benefits they had themselves received through his fidelity and activity in the service of Christ. In eight different churches, four of them in parishes where he had been quartered, sermons were preached on the occasion of his death. Our regret at his early withdrawal from fields of Christian labor, so wide and so hopeful, quickens the desire that these brief memorials may perpetuate his influence, and transmit his spirit to many a soldier of the cross.

A very little while, and there shall be a marshalling of hosts, before which even the sands of the sea shall be as nothing in multitude. A very little while, and the trumpet shall ring forth a blast, at the sound of which not the walls of that beleaguered city, but the very foundations of the earth shall tremble. A very little, and then shall appear, attended by His white-robed host, not earthly prince or poten-

tate, nor mortal conqueror, but the sign of the Son of man in heaven. And who may abide the day of his coming? What sleeper shall endure the warning of that trumpet-blast, when many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt? Happy, happy he, who in that dread hour shall be found with the watchword on his lips, "Quite ready."



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