

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN MEMORY OF THE MEN KILLED
ON MT. EVEREST.

A Service in memory of George Herbert Leigh Mallory and Andrew Comyn Irvine was held at St. Paul's Cathedral on October 17. Besides their relations and close friends, representatives of the King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught, it was attended by members of the previous Everest expeditions, of the Alpine Club, and of the R.G.S.

The following address was delivered by the Right Reverend Henry Luke Paget, D.D., Lord Bishop of Chester :

Ps. lxxxiv. 5 : ' In whose heart are Thy ways.'

Many no doubt know what stands for these words in the Latin Version of the Psalms ; a version used even more largely than ours, and more familiar in its beauty to a vast number of our fellow-Christians—*Ascensiones in corde suo disposuit* : He has set ascents in his heart ; or, as we should phrase it, He has set his heart on ascents.

It meant for the Psalmist no steep or dangerous climb. It meant at most a long and tedious journey, the sort of thing that is a venturesome undertaking to a quiet soul who is at far distance from the Temple and the City of God. But it led him upwards, it led him to the place he wished to reach. Whether in memory or in anticipation, the road was dear to him. He had set his heart on it : he loved the upward path. It was fixed in his affection. *Ascensiones in corde suo disposuit*.

Far different from the attraction of that easy pilgrimage is the Challenge of the heights which has drawn into closest fellowship many of those who are here to-day. A great unanimity gives intense significance to your assembling in the House of God. For the lovers of the heights are a brotherhood more intimate, more closely united, more affectionately disposed to one another than almost any other group of men. It is as natural as it is beautiful that before your great meeting this evening you should meet here to remember, as in God's presence, those whose names are written in your Records in letters of gold.

It is not for us timid pedestrians to pretend that we understand your love of the heights. But if even from a distance

and from some miserably lower level we have looked from afar upon the mountains, or known the silence of the snowfields, and the widening vision, and the exhilarating keenness of the air and the perfect azure of the skies (and you are good enough to believe that even the humblest climber may breathe the Spirit of the Mountains), can any one wonder at the fascination those mountains have for the real climber, that you have so set in your hearts the love of the heights? *Ascensiones in corde suo disposuit*. Might it not almost be the motto of the Alpine Club?

It is simply because they both came from our county and diocese of Chester that I am asked to speak to-day. I am bidden, so far as such a thing is possible, to represent the homes from which they come, and those who love them best. They, I am sure, understand and value very highly what you wish to express by your presence. They are grateful to you for it. I got them to tell me something of the boyhood and early years of their glorious sons. In each instance there was the like story of quiet modest strength, of infinite perseverance, of a great and tender love of home, of a transparent purity of heart, of the deep and simple things that make fathers and mothers very thankful and very proud. I wish you could have been with us at Birkenhead, where, nearer home, an assembly not less significant, though it may be less august than this, tried to show love for them and theirs.

And as we read what was so lovingly written, with all the eloquence of its reserve, it was not difficult to see in it the presage of what was to follow at Winchester and Shrewsbury, at Oxford and Cambridge, in the Alps and in Spitsbergen, and at last on Mount Everest. It was the same Leigh-Mallory who veiled the grace and brilliancy of his leadership under the impenetrable cloak of his modesty; who, when something like disaster occurred insisted on claiming responsibility for it, and when an incredible presence of mind on his part saved the lives of others never let us know that it was he; who reminded us that in a matter like this we are all comrades! Yes, and the same Andrew Irvine who, with all his brilliant, his amazing, his premature attainments as a climber, would laugh as he set himself to the humblest task, or use the splendour of his giant strength to bear the burdens of other men.

Ascensiones in corde suo disposuit. Was it only the love of the high mountains that was set in hearts like these? No; but rather that with the love of the mountains was the ascent of spiritual altitudes, splendid peaks of courage and unselfish-

ness and cheerfulness, such as are reached not necessarily by the surefooted and the clear-headed, but always by the compassionate, the brotherly, and the pure in heart.

For indeed the record of Mount Everest may well help men, if not to feel the mystery of the mountain, yet surely to enter more deeply, more reverently, into the spirit of the mountaineer.

Thankful as we are for what the Expedition is able to tell us of the way and the attempts and the great achievement and for its marvellous pictures, it is perhaps as a human record and a human document that it speaks most clearly and speaks to us in St. Paul's to-day. The indomitable cheerfulness, the amazing courage of it, the brotherly kindness and loyalty one to another, the passion for work, the refusal of praise. You have indeed set Ascensiones in our hearts: you have helped us more than you think to seek those things which are above; whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, if there be any manly virtue, if there be any praise, you have helped us to think on these things.

George Mallory, Andrew Irvine, lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death were not divided.

It seems as though when God means us to learn He is wont to clothe that by which He teaches us in some form of simple and solemn brevity, of which it is hard to mistake or resist the appeal. So it is here! The cloud clears away for a moment and you are allowed to see the two men making steadily and strongly for the summit. That is the last you see of them, and the question as to their reaching the summit is still unanswered; it will be solved some day. The merciless mountain gives no reply!

But the last ascent, with the beautiful mystery of its great enigma, stands for more than an heroic effort to climb a mountain, even though it be the highest in the world—*Sic itur ad astra*.

Think of it how you will: as the ascent by which the kingly spirit goes up to the House of the Lord; as the ascent through death to endless life; as the ascent by which the men of clean hands and pure hearts ascend into the hill of the Lord and rise up in His Holy Place; as the way He went who said, 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also.'

Lofty designs must end in like effects,
Loftily lying leave them; still loftier than the world suspects
Living and dying.
For they go indeed from strength to strength;
They have set their hearts on the heights.

A Service for Mr. Mallory was held at Magdalene College Chapel, Cambridge. The following address was delivered by Mr. A. C. Benson, Master of Magdalene :

We must not lightly or tamely question the right of men to risk their lives for great or glorious or chivalrous ends. Upon that right and upon those risks some of our highest freedoms and privileges have been founded. Moreover, the impulse to risk life for a cause, whether it be an uncalculating swiftness, or a calm survey and acceptance, is a spectacle that evokes instantaneously the most generous admiration of humanity, and kindles the noble desire of imitation. If we require a sanction, the Gospel, which provides many unexpected blessings, not only pronounces no blessing on the cautious husbanding of life, but regards life thus saved as life most irreparably lost.

To-day we are confronted by the problem in its most poignant and tragic aspect. George Mallory, whom many of us knew, and whom none could know without loving, has lost his life in a great adventure ; twice before he had taken the risk, and two years ago his personal achievement was described by the leader of the Expedition as 'not only the most successful and the most daring feat in high mountaineering yet recorded, but one of the greatest feats of human endurance in any field of activity.' Yet he who earned this supreme commendation was one of the most modest and least self-conscious of men. He spoke willingly of his own experiences, but he never introduced the subject himself, nor showed the smallest desire for recognition. This was, I think, the essence of his wonderful charm, that he was so unconscious of his great personal beauty, his gifts, and his achievements, while his sympathy with those with whom he came in contact, their tastes, their preferences, their opinions, was deep and genuine. He had a great interest in all human questions and causes, in all the beautiful, moving, and civilising elements of life. He shared this freely ; he laboured for peace, and thought it the first of duties to bring home, if he could, to others the visions and ideals which he held so dear. He was a great idealist, and the gentle equanimity with which he dealt with others grew and increased in him year by year ; for in his early days at Cambridge he was often both peremptory and argumentative, while in later days he was remarkable for his serenity and bonhomie, and too much in earnest to risk either provoking or being provoked. Indeed, knowing him intimately as I did for twenty years, and

recognising his stainless purity and simplicity, I say unhesitatingly that he had grown larger-minded, more public-spirited, more unselfish year by year, and, though ever more enthusiastic, he had become at the same time more patient, tolerant, and reasonable.

He had lately taken up a post at Cambridge which would have given full scope for his energies, and afforded him exactly the opportunities he most desired. He had established himself here with great hopefulness and enjoyment, and in the happiest of homes. Our hearts go out in sympathy and sorrow to those nearest and dearest to him, whose loss is better imagined than described.

The cutting short of so brave, high-minded, and energetic a life is a tragic mystery, however much we may seek for consolation. And, indeed, the only victory that the spirit can win in this, as in other grievous catastrophes, is that we should be grateful for a beloved memory and a high example, and acknowledge at every moment a stronger and a higher origin for events than the will which we call our own.

EVEREST : THE LAST CLIMB.

Climbing in air too thin for mortal breath

These men stood poised on the World's parapet :

Watched by the stars, on the last height they met,
Content in Victory, the Kiss of Death.

D. W. F.

THE BATTLE WITH EVEREST.

BY A HIMALAYAN TRAVELLER.

[Reprinted by Permission from the *Morning Post* of June 24, 1924.]

THE attack on Everest has failed again. The first attempt two years ago resulted in the loss of seven Himalayan porters. This year two of the best young English lives have been lost. Is it all worth while? Lives are lost, money is