GEORGE ADAM SMITH

A PERSONAL MEMOIR

AND FAMILY CHRONICLE

WORKS BY

GEORGE ADAM SMITH

THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND

THE BOOK OF THE TWELVE PROPHETS

THE BOOK OF ISAIAH

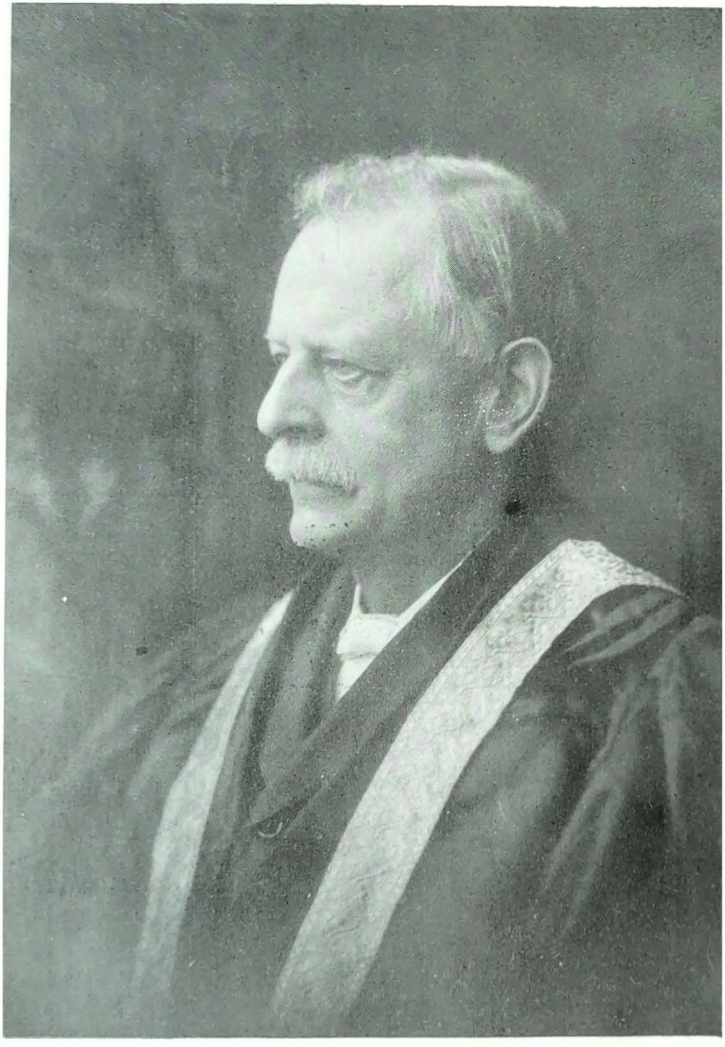
THE BOOK OF JEREMIAH

MODERN CRITICISM AND THE PREACHING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

THE LIFE OF HENRY DRUMMOND

AND

THE ATLAS OF THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND



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GEORGE ADAM SMITH

A PERSONAL MEMOIR AND FAMILY CHRONICLE

BY

LILIAN ADAM SMITH

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FOREWORD

A WIFE is not the right person to assess her husband's work, and I have not tried to do this ; but I have tried to give a living picture of him in the doing of it. He touched life at so many points, bringing to each his own spirit and power, and it is understandable that one who shared it all with him for fifty-three years would have a better opportunity to draw this picture than a more detached observer who had not seen so many aspects of it. This is my reason for undertaking this Memoir. I make no apology for writing so much about our family, though I had not intended to do so when I started. But I found my portrait would be quite incomplete if there was not frequent mention of our children and myself.

I give my warmest thanks to all those, family and friends, who have helped me to write this Memoir—who have contributed their own memories, looked up references, checked points of fact and stimulated me with their criticisms and suggestions. Some are mentioned in the text ; the others are too large a company to enumerate, and I should be afraid of inadvertently leaving anyone out. There is, however, one friend I must name, Sir Herbert Grierson, for he has helped and advised me along every stage. And above all, I give my thanks to my daughters, Janet and Margaret, without whose assistance in many ways the work would scarcely have been accomplished.

L. A. S.

SWEETHILLOCKS,
BALERNO, 3rd March 1943.

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" BORN in Calcutta ! Hebrew professor ! Is he black ? " enquired the puzzled official who collected the census returns of 1881 from George Adam Smith's landlady at his lodging in South Crown Street, Aberdeen. " Black ! " exclaimed the good woman indignantly ; " he's nae mair black than ye are yersel'. He's just a fair-haired laddie, and how he comes to be a professor at his age is beyond me."

But a Hebrew professor he was, though only a temporary one. He had come to Aberdeen to fill the place of Professor Robertson Smith, who had been suspended for " heresy " from his Chair of Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College of that city.

At that time George Adam Smith was just twenty-four. Though youthful in appearance and buoyant in temperament he was mature in mind and experience. He had graduated at the age of eighteen from Edinburgh University and had then entered the Divinity Hall of the Free Church in Edinburgh, where he had been deeply influenced by Professor A. B. Davidson, the professor of Hebrew and Old Testament, who was, in Scotland, the pioneer of the modern school of Old Testament criticism. George Adam had launched himself upon Semitic studies with all the enthusiasm of his eager nature. During his theological course he had studied in Germany, and afterwards he had travelled in Egypt and Palestine. He had been a student missionary in a poor district of Edinburgh and assistant minister in Brechin. And now he was embarked on teaching in

the city which was to be the background of so much of his life-work and which he was to know so well.

George Adam was the son of parents also youthful yet mature. His father, George Smith, born in 1833, was Principal of the Doveton College for Eurasian boys in Calcutta, while in his early twenties. Janet Adam, who had been his sweetheart from their earliest school-days, had gone out to India to marry him in 1855. A charming young couple they must have been; he tall and fair, and with a dignity of manner beyond his years, while she, with her deep blue eyes and dark hair, gave an impression of quiet happiness to all who knew her. They were a brave young couple too. Their steadiness and the help and shelter they gave to many of their countrymen during the Indian Mutiny in 1857 are recorded with gratitude. When George Adam—born on 19th October 1856—was a baby, the mutineers were marching on Calcutta; the little boy and his father were both ill with dysentery. The young mother sat at the window of the room where they lay, a revolver in her hand, listening for the dreaded approach of the rebels. Hour after hour she waited anxiously. Then rain began to fall; a horseman rode past, calling out "All's well." The Sepoys' powder had been soaked and they had turned back.

George Smith left the Doveton College after five years to take up the Editorship of *The Calcutta Review*, and later, on the appointment of Mr. Meredith Townsend to *The Spectator*, he succeeded him as Editor of *The Friend of India* and Indian correspondent of *The Times*. They went to live at Serampore up the Hoogli—in the house that had belonged to William Carey, the famous missionary, whose biography George Smith wrote in later years. Their home was a centre of hospitality, for wandering Scots in particular; among these was his old friend of the Edinburgh High School days,

Charles Aitchison, who in course of time was married from their house.

After the birth of their second son, Dunlop, the young mother was very ill and was ordered home. Her husband saw her and the two little boys off at Madras at the end of November 1858. It was, for them, the first of the many separations known only too well to all who have served India.

The good ship *Clarence*, on which Janet Smith and her children embarked, was a sailing vessel, and the voyage to London, via the Cape, took nearly four months. As it was a new ship, the water leaked through the boards and into the cabins ; heavy seas and high winds made it a difficult voyage, but the little boys throve and their mother regained her strength. A school was established for the many children on board, and the passengers took their share in its teaching and organisation. They went ashore at St. Helena, and little Georgie's earliest recollection was of being carried up a steep rock by a sailor. On the 23rd March they were welcomed in London by Janet's mother, and soon after they were in Leith, with Mary and Hannah, the two sisters of George Smith.

The family had come from the village of Restalrig, near Leith. Another George Smith, two generations before, had set up in Leith as a rope and sailmaker, owning the rope-walks on the Links and a large store for sailors on the shore. His son, Adam, like his father, was deeply interested in the welfare of the sailors and opened a club-room for them adjoining the store. And his son George, after doing very well at the High School and at the University of Edinburgh, had gone to India, as we have seen. During the Mutiny his anxious father walked from Leith to Edinburgh and back in quest of the latest news. He had only just recovered from a serious illness and this walk cost him his life. So the Mutiny claimed a victim in far-off Scotland.

When Janet returned to India to rejoin her husband the two little boys were left in the care of their aunts. They were young women of great character—Mary, the elder, was full of quick sympathy and imagination, a born story-teller ; Hannah was more practical and had a keen, caustic wit. They were young to have the entire responsibility of their brother's children, but they undertook it willingly and fulfilled it nobly. They were sensible and liberal-minded and the boys had much freedom. They roamed about the shore, watched the ships and the rope-walks and made friends with everybody, and they grew up strong and healthy in body and mind. When George was eight years old and Dunlop six, their mother returned bringing two more children —Willie and Isabel—so now three boys and one little girl were left with the good aunts. George Adam was described by them as being like quicksilver, the leader in every adventure. In due course the boys went to the Royal High School in Edinburgh, walking three miles there and three miles back every day. As they went past the Manse of St. John's Church in Leith, a little boy named John Kelman, son of the minister, made faces at them from the garden and teased them.

George always enjoyed telling of his days at the Royal High School, of his masters and schoolmates, many of whom have given notable service at home and abroad. The Rector, Dr. Donaldson, and the English master, Dr. Ross, and others were evidently drawn to this active and venturesome scholar. He was keen at games as at work, and to hear him recite, they said, was a treat. Aunt Mary helped the boys with their home-work, and she studied Latin herself in order to do so. When lessons were done, she would tell them stories of their own folk ; of their great-grandfather who had been press-ganged in the Napoleonic wars, who had lost a leg in the Battle of the Nile, had returned home to

find another man courting his wife, and had set on him and routed him with his wooden peg. She would tell them of their grandmother's people, who were weavers at the King's Barns near St. Andrews, Fife ; of their own mother's folk in Morayshire, who lived at a farm with the beautiful name of Sweethillocks. (She was a grand-niece of the famous Dr. Alexander Adam of the High School, during whose rectorship Walter Scott had been a pupil.) And Aunt Mary would read Shakespeare's plays to them, giving them parts to act or to recite ; and on one occasion she took them to hear Dickens give a reading from some of his own tales.

On Sundays the children were allowed to read a Bible story and then to act it as a play. These stories were chiefly from the Old Testament, and Aunt Mary would give graphic descriptions of places and people. Long years afterwards George Adam Smith dedicated his two volumes on *Jerusalem* " To the Memory of M. S., the dear kinswoman, my first teacher, to whose guidance I owe my introduction to the history of Jerusalem and my earliest interest in it." Who can doubt but that the seeds were then sown which bore fruition in the books that have helped to make the Old Testament a reality and a living force to many ? In those days, too, he announced his intention of being a minister when he grew up. When he was older, some big volumes of Josephus were his favourite Sunday reading.

Meanwhile Aunt Hannah, the practical, looked after their physical well-being and their clothes. Once she returned from some sale with a quantity of yellow tweed which she made into kilts for the boys. They were much teased at school and called " The Yellow Dawgs," so they spilt ink upon them, hoping they would be put out of commission, but Aunt Hannah promptly turned them, and back to school they had to go.

And now three more children arrived from India,

Minnie, Hunter, and Janetta. Little Fillyside Cottage was too small to hold them all, so the Aunts and their seven charges moved to Rillbank Terrace, near the Meadows in Edinburgh, and shortly afterwards Crookness, near Inverkeithing, became a holiday home for them. This was an old house, once a lazaretto, standing on a tongue of land a few miles down the Forth from North Queensferry. From its windows one could see Edinburgh Castle, Arthur's Seat, the Salisbury Crags, while lower down the Forth were the islands of Inchcolm and Inchkeith, and on clear days one could see North Berwick Law and the Bass Rock. Only a road separated the house and garden from the sea. The young people had a boat in which they made many excursions, even rowing across the Forth, where the current is strong, to Dalmeny. The eldest sister, Isabel, tells many tales of those distant days, and the adventures of that happy band of brothers and sisters—adventures in which, she says, George was always the moving spirit.

At last for the parents the weary travelling back and forth to India came to an end, and in 1875 Dr. George Smith (he had received the degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University) and his wife came home for good. Twenty-two years had been faithfully spent in the service of India, and now he accepted the invitation to become Editor of *The Edinburgh Daily Review*, and they could have a home of their own in this country. Two more children came home with them, Charles and Kate, and after they had settled in Edinburgh, their youngest child, Ann, was born, completing the family of ten.

A large house in Napier Road, Merchiston, became their home. But the Aunts remained at Crookness. As the young people grew up, they realised more and more what those fine women had done for them. When they tried to express their gratitude Aunt Mary would say: "My dear, your love is our reward." But whenever,

in later years, members of the scattered family met together, the talk always came back to " boyhood days " and memories of the dear Aunts. And they would ask for Balfe's songs to be sung—" I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," " The Heart Bowed Down," " When Other Lips "—or for " Camptown Races " or " Juanita," " because Aunt Mary used to sing them."

In Serampore House—so named after the home in India—the whole family was for the first time all together. But not for long, for Dunlop, the brother with whom, until then, all George's life and interests had been shared, had to leave for Sandhurst, in preparation for the Indian Army.

George went to Edinburgh University to take the course in Arts, studying Greek with Professor Blackie, Latin with Professor Sellar, English Literature with Professor Masson, Philosophy with Professor Campbell Fraser. And to these and the other Arts subjects he added one not in the course for the Arts degree but which had always specially interested him. He attended the lectures on Political Economy by Professor Hodgson and from them learned much that was of great value to his work in later years.

By the professors and his fellow-students he was remembered for his high spirits and happy nature. W. R. Sorley, a year or two senior to him in College, used to tell of his first sight of him, " a boy in a Highland cloak and Glengarry bonnet running with a springy step across the Quadrangle. I thought how attractive he looked."

At the age of eighteen he took his degree in Arts. His boyish dream of being a minister had not changed, but with the years it had grown into resolve, and the young character which had been described as quick and mercurial took on an earnest purpose, a self-dedication, and a determination for work which remained with him

through life. Along with these was a deeply loving nature, " human at the red-ripe of the heart," which made him eager to serve and to help those who were in need, or troubled in mind or heart ; while interwoven with these bright qualities there was a keen sense of humour and a large tolerance for those whose views and ways differed from his own. Such was the young man now about to enter on his training for the ministry.

At the New College, the Divinity Hall of the Free Church, the professor who influenced him most was A. B. Davidson, whose keen mind and wide outlook made the study of Hebrew and the Old Testament one of special fascination ; George devoted himself to it with eager interest. While pursuing his theological studies he was an ardent member of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers, and at their Camp Sports he won the First Prizes for the Company Race, the Battalion Race, and the Steeplechase.

Those years were rich in friends, among the most intimate of whom were R. W. Barbour, Henry Drummond, W. R. Sorley, John Watson (Ian Maclaren), Archie MacLeish, Charlie Greig, Cargill Knott, R. A. Lundie, Gerard Crole, Andrew Seth, and Adam Philip, the last-named of whom referred to him even at the close of his life as " our bright friend "—the natural gaiety and enthusiasm of his nature endearing him to them all.

With some of these he spent two summer vacations in Germany, studying theology under famous teachers, Professors Delitzsch and Harnack and others. The first course was at Leipzig, and the following year he went to Tübingen, where he and Will Sorley shared lodgings in the house of " one Simon a tanner," while Robert Barbour boarded with a pastor's family near by. Many years later, in 1900, we went to Tübingen together, and stayed at the Gasthof zum Lamm, where as students he and the others had gathered for their midday meal

and for various celebrations. We also tramped through the Black Forest, as he had done with his College friends many years before, and we visited his good friend Professor Budde at Marburg.

When he had just finished his theological course in Germany he was unexpectedly called upon to fill the role of journalist and foreign correspondent. The Berlin Congress met that year (1878) and his father's friend, Henry Lucy, then Editor of *Mayfair*, commissioned him to report it. Having no introductions or credentials, the young man was doubtful how to proceed, but he boarded the train to Berlin, travelling student-fashion, fourth class. On the journey he made friends with a waiter who was on his way to serve during the Congress in the hotel where Disraeli (with Montagu Corry and Arthur Balfour in attendance), Lord Salisbury, and other British statesmen were staying. He smuggled George Adam Smith in as a member of the staff. The young divinity student made the most of his opportunities and was able to send to the paper some interesting and entertaining accounts of the various personalities and proceedings.

During his course at the New College, George had been active in Home Mission work, from which he had gained valuable experience. Once when we were walking together along the High Street on the south side, he lifted his hat and stood still for a minute at the entrance to one of the narrow closes. I asked him why, and he said: "I always lift my hat when I pass Stevenlaw's Close. It's there I did my first mission work and met some of the poorest but the bravest people I have known, and learned more from them than they could have learned from me."

When his course at the New College was ended, he was invited by Dr. Lansing, a friend of his father's, and a missionary of the United Presbyterian Church of

America, to go to Cairo, to help him in mission work of a different nature. George accepted gladly, and while in Cairo set himself to learn Arabic thoroughly. He used to describe how he and his tutor, Socrates Spiro, sat " snarling at each other, like two cats," as he tried to master the Arabic gutturals.

From his earliest days he had longed to go to Palestine and now was his opportunity. With the money he had acquired and the language he had learned, he started on his travels in that country—his only companion an Arab muleteer. There were then, of course, no railways, very few roads of any description, and no provision for Europeans in the shape of houses or hotels. He tramped the country on foot (the mule behind with his baggage, chiefly books), going from place to place as the spirit moved him. Never can those words be more literally used, for truly it was the Spirit, with years of preparation and work behind, that guided him to his clear vision of the land as a whole, and to each separate point of understanding.

He talked to the people he met, the workers in the fields, the fellaheen in the villages, the local sheikhs, and he came to understand their ways of thought and expression. At nights he slept in a mud-walled village, or lonely khan, or, more often, the Syrian stars looked down upon him as he slept in the open with his mule tethered nearby.

And so the land unfolded itself to him in all its many aspects. His eyes were opened to see the reasons and the meanings of words and events which, until then, he had only partly understood, and there is no doubt that the idea of writing a book upon the country was born in his mind from that first solitary journey.

Writing of this, Principal D. S. Cairns has said: " He anticipated by some decades a like unpretending hardy young traveller, T. E. Lawrence, who made a

similar tour on foot through the neighbouring regions. Both men (as General Allenby said of Smith) had a soldier's eye for the strategic features of a landscape. Had the Turkish Government of those days had the foresight, they would certainly have eliminated both of these adventurous young travellers."

Back in Scotland, he was for a short time Assistant to the Rev. John Fraser in Brechin, until he was appointed to take the temporary charge of the teaching of Hebrew and Old Testament in the Free Church College in Aberdeen, where my story began. The Principal of the College was Dr. S. D. F. Salmond, and it was chiefly due to him that the young Hebrew scholar had been appointed.

Professor Robertson Smith, whose " heretical " views and uncompromising attitude had led to his removal from the Chair in the College, was staying with his mother in Aberdeen. The newly-appointed substitute called upon him to seek his advice as to the conduct of the classes. The fiery little man seemed not too well pleased to see him, which was scarcely surprising. " What would you do," he demanded fiercely, " if I should refuse to obtemper the decision of the Assembly and insist on taking the class myself? " " Then," said George, " I would be proud to go and sit among your students." After that they became good friends, and Robertson Smith always came to see him when he was in Aberdeen. George has told me how he stood in awe of his students, some of whom were scarcely younger than himself. His senior class consisted of only one man, James Harvey, who, he said, knew as much Hebrew as he did, and with whom lectures became a series of friendly talks. In later years they have often laughed at the remembrance of those " classes."

At that time Queen's Cross Church had just been built at the west end of the city, and the congregation

was looking for a minister. Their choice fell on the young lecturer at the College, who had already preached in some of the churches in the town. They asked him to be their pastor and he accepted their call. On 20th April 1882 he was ordained by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and on Sunday evening, 23rd April, he preached his first sermon in Queen's Cross Church. That was the beginning of a ten years' ministry that is spoken of with admiration and gratitude even to this day.

It has been said that the greatest work George Adam Smith did was to reconcile the outlook of an advanced scientific scholar with the spirit of devout reverence. Hitherto the two positions had appeared to be incompatible. He showed that the critical and open-minded study of the Bible, instead of detracting from its authority and value, only confirmed it.

I quote from Professor Manson, a student of his in the Glasgow days : " For him the movement of religious thought which led from the prophets of Israel to Jesus Christ was not one episode of history only, but the measure of all history, it was history in its climactic and absolute manifestation. So it came about that he for whom the sacred history had become word of life to his own spirit was able to lead us also from a more formal to a more vital understanding of Holy Scripture ; and to the leadership of this minister, and of others like-minded with him, we owe it that Scotland in a day of stress did not drag her theological anchor but with all her welcome to a sane and reverent Biblical scholarship remained firmly rooted to the doctrines of the historic faith."

These are serious words, applied even in the retrospect of fifty years, to a young preacher, but they were true. From the beginning of his ministry his sermons had a knowledge and maturity which were at once realised.

His aim was always to discover exactly what the writers of the Bible meant, and to bring the truths which they taught to bear on the practical lives of men and women. "His eloquence, his religious passion, the vivacity and infectious enthusiasm of his manner, his unflinching application of great ethical principles, his searching appeals to the conscience made him a great force in the pulpit." Soon he had a congregation of some of the most thoughtful men and women in the city. They welcomed his point of view, which was unmistakably modern, while they appreciated his sincere religious exposition.

"Those were great days," wrote a member of his congregation. "On Sunday evenings he preached to crowds; many of his hearers were strangers, a great number of them young men, medical students and others, Englishmen, Colonials, foreigners, usually of a different or of no religious persuasion. They crowded into the galleries, every available seat was filled, steps and window ledges, and many remained standing for the whole service. He spoke very directly to young men of the dangers and difficulties which were before them. His voice was like a musical instrument, reflecting every change in thought and emotion. It never played him false."

A course of addresses upon the prophet Isaiah made a great impression on those who heard them. Principal Cairns writes: "They were based on sound learning, they were deeply spiritual in their bearing, and they were masterpieces of clear and powerful exposition. They made the book intelligible from beginning to end to a great multitude to whom Isaiah had hitherto been little more than a mystery broken by flashes of beauty and light. These lectures left no doubt as to the preacher's staunch adherence to the vital truths of evangelical faith. Men who heard them could not

but feel that if this was what the newer view of the Bible meant, they had been under a grave misunderstanding."

Sir Herbert Grierson writes of those days : "In 1887 I was first taken to Queen's Cross Church by an old friend, Miss Lizzie Macdonald, and I was soon made aware that in its pulpit there was a very unusual man and preacher. I had read for Honours in Philosophy and had begun to take a serious and personal interest in religion ; and George Adam Smith's sermons on the Book of Isaiah became one of the quickening influences in that interest. The very choice of the Prophets was something new and startling. At school we had been dosed with the history of the Israelites and their so tiresome and troublesome kings, 'who did evil in the sight of the Lord.' But the Prophets were to most or all of us a closed book. Some eloquent verses might occasionally be cited but we were never asked to and never attempted to explore what seemed to an occasional glance their chaotic denunciations and promises. Now one began to see what they were after, and that they opened up questions which were still alive for every individual and country. It was not only the content of the sermons, it was the note of passionate conviction and interest which the preacher threw into his interpretation that gave one the conception of what the Christian life involved. George Adam's exposition of Isaiah was for many of us the beginning of an awakening to problems of individual and social responsibility. It was during this period of his ministry that I came to know him personally ; it was part of all his generous goodness that with so much work on hand he found time to invite even young persons like myself to his house. And to come to know George Adam Smith was an event in one's life."

Among those who heard these lectures in Queen's Cross Church was Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who then asked

the young minister to contribute a book on the subject to the Expositor's Bible Series, of which he was editor. The first volume on Isaiah appeared in 1888, and immediately brought him before a wider public. " Its influence on religious thought throughout the English-speaking world and in all the Churches has been profound and even revolutionary," said a critic many years later, who noted also " the richness and exactitude of its learning, the grace and clarity of its literary style," and who remembered " the preacher's beautiful voice, clear, vibrant, musical."

During these years George received calls to many other churches in different parts of the country and overseas, but he felt his work lay in Aberdeen and he declined them all. His influence was felt throughout the city. Once he had been preaching to a working-class congregation who were looking for a minister. At a subsequent meeting the members pressed round Principal Salmond, who was acting as Moderator in the vacancy, saying, " Gin we could hae yon man wha preached last Sabbath there wadna be a dissentient voice amang us." Another time he preached at the Mariners' Church near the docks, with the result that on the following Sunday the Mariners came up in a body, flooding the west-end church.

His congregation had great pride in him, and he did his pastoral work faithfully among them, with Bible classes, Sunday schools, and devoted care of the old and sick folk. His first assistant, Charles Anderson Scott, used to tell of a visit paid in his company to an old granite worker, who was almost stone-deaf. The minister pursued his usual method with him ; standing with his hands on the old man's shoulders, he shouted a prayer into his ear. At the close old Napier turned to Mr. Scott and said, " Noo, come along and see if ye can pit up a prayer like yon."

He was much in demand for preaching and for meetings as well as for all kinds of social functions. Beloved by all classes, by old and young, he was quite unspoilt. His approach to any person or to any situation was absolutely natural; the keen-minded Aberdonians respected his intellect while they loved his personality. He became a part of the city's life, and took an increasing share in its public activities, as well as in those related to the Church. He belonged to a Theological Club, which met often in country manses, and the accounts of these meetings reveal the good fellowship as well as the learning that existed among the members.

When the British Association met in Aberdeen in 1885 he was Secretary of the Geographical Section—from the time he went to Aberdeen he had been a member of the Scottish Geographical Society, of which his father had been one of the founders. He gave lectures to large audiences on Palestine and on Switzerland. He was (as his old friend Adam Philip remarked to me) a man of countless activities, and these were only possible by reason of the abounding vitality that he possessed, and the speed and thoroughness with which he accomplished his work. He read enormously, very quickly, and with a most retentive memory, and he collected a comprehensive library of theological books, general literature, and travel, especially books about Palestine and the East. When *Arabia Deserta* was published in 1888, he read it with the greatest excitement; Doughty's style attracted him tremendously, and his matter was of absorbing interest. He was allowed by the Editor of *The Spectator* to review it at length, and his article—one of the few at that time to grasp the scope and significance of the book—drew favourable attention also to the reviewer.

During the earlier years of his ministry in Aberdeen his sister Isabel had kept house for him—and young

Photo: Lamb, Aberdeen

THE YOUNG MINISTER

though she was, she had helped him greatly, sharing in the work of the congregation and making the manse a centre of interest and hospitality. In the summer of 1883 they went together to Lucerne, where George had charge of the Scottish Church services. When his work there was finished, they went to Zermatt, and he had his first experience of Alpine climbing and made the acquaintance of a man destined to be one of the great friends of his life, Alick Tosswill, a master at Harrow, who was already an experienced mountaineer.

George now found the outlet which his mind and body needed. The great snow mountains drew him, and the endurance and skill required for climbing them gave him complete concentration away from his ordinary life. Thereafter his summer vacation was regularly spent in Switzerland, at first with his old friend J. F. Ewing, and afterwards for several years with Alick Tosswill.

His Swiss diaries of those years record one season in the Oberland, but Zermatt was the centre that drew him most. He climbed all the great peaks encircling that valley: Monte Rosa—"a long cold snow grind"—the Zwillinge, Lyskamm, Breithorn, Matterhorn, Dent Blanche, Gabelhorn, Wellenkuppe, Zinalrothorn, Weisshorn—some of them more than once, and the record of his "times" entered in some of the hotel books has provoked astonishment and even scepticism. Once he had the grim experience, along with a friend, of carrying down from the Matterhorn a man who had died from exhaustion in a snowstorm. "It was a weird thing," he said, "to carry the dead man tied to a stretcher down the chimneys and precipices, accompanied by the ever-recurrent roar of falling masses of stone." But they succeeded and the body lies buried now in a quiet grave in Zermatt Churchyard.

In 1886 he was admitted to membership of the

Alpine Club. New bookshelves full of Alpine books, Whymper, Tyndall, Leslie Stephen and the other great mountaineering classics, were added to his library. He was specially interested in the subject of the motion of glaciers, and studied Professor Forbes's books on the subject, making copious notes of diagrams and statistics.

What Switzerland and the Alps meant to him may be learned from the following entry in one of his Alpine notebooks: "I have learnt this year how to climb; it is a great art: it is a splendid discipline: it is a glorious risk. To myself it is a great deliverance. All the year round I am in a groove, pretty much mentally and more so physically; I wish I could afford a horse but I cannot; and my exercise out of the pulpit is mostly confined to the mild mechanics of lawn tennis. Well, in such conditions you feel your manhood oozing gradually out of your fingers. You get tired and nervous and begin to feel that it is possible for you to be an old wife before you are forty. Then you go to Switzerland, having locked up all black suits and white ties with the joy of a schoolboy locking down his desk on his books. You put on knickerbockers and a flannel shirt and a coloured tie, a tweed cap and boots shod with iron. You buy the most yellow-backed novel you can find, you stick the choice cigar between your lips, and settle yourself in the corner of the railway carriage. Your ice-axe and knapsack are on the rack, Baedeker is in your pocket, and you are a boy once more! That is only the prospect of the hills, but when you are on them, what a health and what a glory it is! A gymnastic for every muscle in your body, and for anything that corresponds to muscle in your mind, an imperial vision for the eyes at every step."

Who can wonder that to a man of his energy and eager mind and love of the beautiful, the Swiss heights became to him the acme of enjoyment, the goal to which he looked forward throughout the working year?

HIS MOTHER'S DEATH

In his family many changes had taken place. His sister Isabel was married in 1885 to David Ross, minister of St. John's Church, Dundee. His father had become Foreign Mission Secretary to the Free Church of Scotland ; his brother Dunlop had come home from India to be married to Tina Aitchison, the eldest daughter of their father's old friend, now Sir Charles Aitchison, Governor of the Punjab ; the third brother, Willie, was settled as a tea-planter in Cachar. And on Easter Day 1888 the dear mother died. On hearing of her serious illness George travelled by the first available train to Edinburgh. It was a goods train and desperately slow for his impatience, but he was in time to see her before she went. She had often stayed with him in Aberdeen and he felt the loss of her most deeply.

He now lived alone in the manse in Fountainhall Road, with a good housekeeper, Jane, to look after him, and with Max, his beloved dachshund ; while his devoted assistant and friend, C. A. Scott, lived nearby. Many and long were the talks they had together, many the interests and jokes they shared. He had, so far, shown no disposition to marriage. From *The Illustrated London News* he had cut out a picture of a girl climbing a snow mountain ; he had it framed and it hung on his study wall. " There," he used to say, " is the mistress of my heart and home."

And so in the full swim of activity in Aberdeen, with his books, his writing, his work, and his friends, we will leave him for a time, looking forward to his summer vacation, when once more he will meet his friend Alick Tosswill—at Zermatt.

CHAPTER II

Lilian Buchanan—Home in London—Father's work—Visit to Switzerland —Engagement—Marriage—Aberdeen.

My home had always been in London, though my father's family had come originally from Stirlingshire. My grandfather, George Adam Buchanan, had been a doctor with a large practice in Finsbury and Clerkenwell; my father, George Buchanan, had been appointed in 1856, when he was only twenty-five, Medical Officer of St. Giles, then one of the most overcrowded and insanitary districts of London. His reports and his practical reforms attracted the attention of the Government, and he was commissioned to conduct enquiries into sanitary conditions in many parts of the country. In 1869 he resolved to devote himself entirely to Public Health, and he joined the Medical Department of the Local Government Board. Four years earlier, being then a widower with a little girl of eight, he had married my mother, Alice Mary Asmar, daughter of Dr. Edward Cator Seaton, who later became Chief Medical Officer of the Board.

Our home was in Nottingham Place, near Marylebone Church, then a quiet pleasant street, with the great advantage of being close to Regent's Park and the Botanic Gardens, of which my father was a Fellow. My mother was only nineteen when I was born, and from the days when she gave me my first lessons she and I were great companions. Later my step-sister, Maud, became teacher to my sister Florence and me until we went to school—Florence to Miss Octavia Hill's just across the road, and I, after a shorter time there, to Cheltenham Ladies' College under Miss Beale. I enjoyed my schooldays, made many good friends, and

especially I revelled in the lovely Gloucestershire country which we explored on our walks and rides. After leaving school I had a happy and busy life in London. In my turn I was teacher to the youngest member of the family. I went to classes at Bedford College, and learned just enough Greek to be Leader of the Chorus in a Greek play that was produced there under the direction of Sir Walter Parratt. He became a dear friend and used to invite me to sit in the organ-loft of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, when he was playing. Several times, too, I sang at the concerts he gave for people in the East End of London. I also used to sing at some of the entertainments arranged by Miss Octavia Hill, in Whitechapel and elsewhere, in connection with her welfare and housing schemes.

During these years my father's work had greatly increased in responsibility and importance: at the end of 1879 he had succeeded Dr. Seaton as Chief Medical Officer of the Local Government Board. He was head of the Public Health Section of the International Health Exhibition in 1884, and President of the International Congress of Public Health in 1891. In 1892 he was knighted, and in the following year he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University. In 1894 the Royal Society, of which he had been a Fellow for many years, instituted in his honour the Buchanan Gold Medal, to be awarded every five years for outstanding service in Public Health. His pleasure in receiving this honour was doubled when the Society made his wife the first recipient of the medal, for the help she had given him in collecting statistics and material for his reports. My mother had always shared her husband's professional interests, and though she did not care for society in the ordinary sense, she always had a welcome for the medical men and scientists who were his chief friends. Among those who came to our

home, or to whose homes we went, were Sir John Burdon Sanderson, Sir James Paget, Sir William Jenner, Sir Anthony Home, V.C., and of course, Father's colleagues on the Local Government Board.

But it was by no means an exclusively scientific atmosphere in which we lived. Father had a fine general library; he was steeped in Shakespeare and the Elizabethan writers, and he had the Odes of Horace by heart. My mother used to read Dickens to us as we sat at our sewing; also Tennyson, for whom she and my father had a great admiration. I was passionately fond of poetry, and it was one of the great events of my girlhood when I spent an afternoon in Tennyson's company on board Lord Brassey's yacht in the Solent. Another great moment was meeting Robert Browning at one of Lady Thompson's Musical At Homes in Wimpole Street. He sat beside me and talked of the music and asked me about my doings.

So the days went by, full of interests and rich in friendships. In the summer of 1889 we were making plans for our usual month's holiday. We liked going to a different part of the country each year, exploring it thoroughly as we did our regular walking of fifteen to twenty miles a day. Various places were under discussion, when, for me, the question was settled by an invitation from my uncle, Dr. Edward Seaton. He was a widower, living in George Street, Hanover Square, where he had a consultant practice, and I had often acted as his hostess there. We had made several short holiday excursions together and were great friends. So when he invited me to accompany him to Switzerland I accepted with delight.

I had never been abroad before and everything was of thrilling interest. My uncle had written to the new hotel at the Riffel Alp, Zermatt, to engage rooms, and

the reply was to be sent to Lucerne, where we stayed for a few days. He told me that if we had not got the promise of rooms at the Riffel Alp it would be hopeless to go on chance, and we would turn our steps elsewhere. To me every place was enchanting, and I did not mind whether we went there or not.

On what small things does our destiny depend! We were on board the little steamer to go along the Lake of Lucerne and, as no message had arrived, we were discussing other possible places with some fellow-passengers, when a messenger ran down from our hotel with a telegram which said that rooms were reserved for us at the Riffel Alp. So we went on to Andermatt, and over the Furka Pass and down to Visp. On 9th August we walked up the Visp Valley to St. Niklaus; drove from there to Zermatt, every turn of the way disclosing fresh beauty, till at last, when we reached the Riffel Alp in the evening, we found ourselves in the midst of that wonderful circle of snow mountains which can never be forgotten by those who have seen them. As I looked from my window that night I gave thanks to God and thought myself one of the most fortunate girls in the world to be in this glorious place. How fortunate I did not then know!

My uncle and I were soon included in expeditions, many of which were organised by Dean Lefroy of Norwich, a regular visitor to the district, who had been instrumental in the erection of the little Anglican Chapel near the hotel. Another visitor there was Dr. Newman Hall, the well-known Congregational minister. One evening I was sitting beside him at the table d'hôte dinner when he said to me: "Do you see those two men coming in?" I looked and saw a tall man with a keen face and greying hair and a much younger man of medium height, well-knit figure, fair hair and short beard, and a sprig of heather in his jacket; evidently

they had just returned from a climb. " They look very nice, both of them," I said to my neighbour. " Who are they ? " " The tall man," he said, " is Tosswill, a master at Harrow, and the other is Isaiah Smith." " What a queer name ! " I remarked, and Dr. Hall proceeded to tell me that they were among the best climbers there, that they had done all the peaks, that Mr. Smith had climbed the Matterhorn twice, and that they had had many adventures. My interest was thoroughly aroused by the accounts I heard of them from him and from others, and in the next few days I watched them setting forth and returning from their expeditions.

In the evenings there was often dancing in the hotel, and Mr. Smith was generally there looking on. I thought it was a pity he did not dance. A friend asked him " Why don't you join us ? " and he replied, rather regretfully, " Presbyterian ministers don't dance."

One day we were sitting on the steps outside the hotel when they appeared, equipped for a big climb. They stopped to say they were bound for the Gabelhorn and they showed us some of their equipment. My uncle, who had connections with Harrow, knew Mr. Tosswill slightly and had had talk with them both in the smoking room. We wished them good luck and they went off and were not seen again for two days. On 21st August Mr. Smith asked me to join a party he was arranging—that was the first time I had had any real talk with him. During the expeditions of the next few days, when we were on the same rope crossing the glaciers and climbing, we learned to understand each other and felt we were at one in all the real things of life, from the most trivial to the deepest, and a happiness beyond words was in our hearts when we were together. And on Sunday, 25th August, as we came out of the little Chapel after evening service, we knew we belonged to each other for the rest of our lives.

" Is your name really Isaiah ? " I had asked him, and was rather relieved to find it was not. He was nearly thirty-three and I just ten years younger. I asked him how it was he was not already married. " I hadn't time," he said simply. And when he asked me the same question, my reply was : " Because I hadn't found the right man "—two very adequate reasons.

The next few days were arranged by Alick Tosswill to give us every opportunity of being together, and at the end of four more days we felt as if we had known each other all our lives. I heard about his parents and their work in India, and especially about his mother, who had died the year before, about his many brothers and sisters, and his travels, and his work in Aberdeen, while he heard about my family. I had written to tell them I had found the man I wanted to marry ; my uncle had disclaimed all responsibility, only writing that he thought they would like him when they saw him. And indeed they did. He returned to London direct, while my uncle and I, who had promised to visit some friends at Geneva, followed a few days later. When our train arrived at Charing Cross Station my dear lover was there to meet us and to tell me that all was well with my people. They had drawn to him from the first. After dinner with them my father had taken him into his study, and had given him a pipe of the strongest tobacco to smoke. He was afraid, smoker though he was, that it was going to be too much for him, but he survived the test. They laid down their pipes, and my father said : " Now tell me your story " ; and evidently it was to his liking. My father had from the first taken his name as a good omen, for it was the name of his own father, George Adam Buchanan.

Then George went to Edinburgh for the marriage of his sister Janetta to his great friend W. R. Sorley, and soon after, my father and mother and I travelled

there to make the acquaintance of his family. George met us at the station wearing a Buchanan tartan tie, and took us out to Serampore House. I can never forget the kind welcome they all gave me—Dr. George Smith and his tall daughter Minnie, who kept house for him; Hunter, Charlie, Kate, and Ann. My father and mother rejoiced in the whole atmosphere of their home and surroundings, and felt they were giving their daughter into good hands. After a few happy days there, George went back to his work in Aberdeen and we returned home.

Only once during the time of our engagement was he able to come to London. Dr. Newman Hall had trysted him to come and preach at Christ Church, Westminster; on our way there he told me that if I did not like his preaching I was to tell him and he would release me. The subject of the sermon was "the wayfaring man" who wanted to enjoy comfort and ease without responsibility, and he gave a graphic picture of an Eastern caravanserai. "Did you like it?" he asked anxiously as we came away; I told him our engagement still stood!

During that short visit of his to London some words were said to me which I have remembered all my life. One day he took me to Hampstead to see his friend Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Editor of the Expositor's Bible Series, under whose auspices the volume of *Isaiah* had been published. It was a bright, crisp day at the end of October and, feeling reckless, he had insisted on our driving all the way in a hansom cab. Arrived at Bay Tree Lodge, we were most kindly welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Robertson Nicoll. After lunch, Dr. Nicoll suggested a walk on Hampstead Heath, and thither we all repaired, Mrs. Nicoll walking slowly with George beside her. Dr. Nicoll took me along at a great pace till we were well out on the Heath, and then he turned round

to me and said: "I wonder if you realise what a great responsibility you have undertaken?" And, as I looked my question, he continued: "You are marrying one of the great men of our time. He is young yet, and has written only one book. But I have watched him and heard him preach. He will go far, if you help him and don't hinder him. He has gifts beyond the ordinary, vision, and the power to express it, and a personality that is made to influence men and women of all kinds. Are you prepared to help him—to be willing to share him with others, and not keep him selfishly to yourself?"

Until then, in the first flush of happiness and the rush of events, I had not thought so much of the wider and deeper responsibilities. I said to Dr. Nicoll: "You think I won't be able to help him?" "I'm not saying that," he replied. "I think, from the short time I have seen you, that you will, but I want you to realise how much lies in your hands." The rest of our walk was rather thoughtful, and I was glad when the time came to leave. On our way home—again in a hansom cab—I offered to break our engagement, saying that perhaps George would find someone who would be of more help to him in his work. His answer left no room for further doubt. Throughout our life he always referred to that episode as "the fright you gave me in the hansom cab."

I was grateful to Dr. Nicoll for his plain speaking and he became a staunch friend to us both.

Back in Aberdeen, George wrote me full letters about his work and all his doings, and these were supplemented by a journal from his assistant, C. A. Scott, which he called "George day by day." So I was already beginning to learn something about Aberdeen. To my London friends it seemed as if I was going to the other end of nowhere. There was not the speedy travelling which developed later after the opening of the Forth

Bridge, and a journey to the North of Scotland seemed a formidable undertaking.

On 18th December 1889 we were married in the Parish Church of St. Marylebone, by two dear friends, the Rev. J. M. Wilson, then Headmaster of Clifton College, with whom George had climbed in former years, and the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, of Crosthwaite, Keswick, in whose beautiful vicarage I had spent many happy holidays. At Victoria Station we were sped on our way by Alick Tosswill, who along with many of our Riffel Alp friends had been present at the wedding.

George had engaged rooms at the Hotel Meurice in Paris, but had omitted to mention anything about the cost ! So we found a lordly suite reserved for us on the first floor, next to a Russian Prince. My first job, therefore, was to transfer ourselves to less ambitious quarters, and we had rooms high up and simply furnished, with a balcony from which at night we watched the lights of Paris and the starry winter sky.

Remembering our talks at the Riffel, I had brought away with me some volumes of my favourite poets—Browning, Wordsworth, and Matthew Arnold—and I anticipated quiet evenings with them when the expeditions of the day were over. But that, I found, was not at all the plan ! George had written most of the second book on Isaiah, he brought the proofs with him and others were sent to him there, and very soon I was initiated into the business of proof-reading and correcting, looking up references, and index-making. Until then I had not read the Books of the Prophets with any understanding ; I had only picked out and remembered passages of counsel or of beauty. But now with this vivid mind and scholar's knowledge beside me, how could they fail to interest me ? I think almost the whole of the second volume was ready for the press in its final form before our honeymoon came to an end.

WELCOME IN SCOTLAND

After a few days in London with my people, and in Cardiff with Will and Janetta Sorley, we went to Edinburgh, where I met Dr. and Mrs. Whyte of Free St. George's Church, and many others of my husband's friends. And then we had a short but unforgettable visit to Henry Drummond in Glasgow. He had gathered together all the available members of the Gaiety Club (a company of old student friends) to meet us at dinner with their wives, and he insisted upon my wearing my wedding dress. They gave George a handsome study chair, and to me they gave a bookcase containing the books written by them all—James Stalker, James Brown, John Ewing, Frank Gordon, John Watson, Alexander Skene, and Drummond himself. Robert Barbour, one of George's best friends, was there, and he sang to us "Will ye no come back again"—the first time I had heard that lovely, haunting song of "the lav'rock liltin' wildly up the glen." The following day Henry Drummond saw us off for Brechin, and as our train left the station he called out to me: "Greet the unseen with a cheer." I can still see his tall figure and bright hazel eyes as he waved us good-bye.

After a night at Brechin with Dr. John Fraser, the minister to whom George had been assistant for a short time, we left for the final stage of our journey. It was dusk when George called me to the window of our compartment to see the light of Girdleness. And a few minutes later we were met in Aberdeen station by Charles Anderson Scott and the beloved dachshund Max. We drove in a four-wheeled cab to 91 Fountainhall Road. Jane, the good housekeeper, was at the door, the little house was bright and welcoming, and so we came to our home.

CHAPTER III

1890–1892. Life in Aberdeen—Calls from Churches—Second journey to Palestine—Appointment to Professorship at Free Church College, Glasgow.

Of the activities and the interests of George Adam Smith's life in Aberdeen, John Kelman, who succeeded C. A. Scott as assistant minister, wrote some years later : " The memory of a Queen's Cross winter gives one the feel of a snow-plough driving on through everything, with its constant spindrift of things done flying to right and left—and when, in the spring-time, you emerge into the shallower wreaths a broad straight track lies behind you, which seems like the work of years." Sunday services, Bible classes, young men's and young women's classes, four Sunday schools, lectures on an astonishing variety of subjects, visiting and social work in the congregation, besides all kinds of work outside—everything was accomplished with a thoroughness and individual care which showed no sign of haste ; he seemed able to do more in a few hours than many could manage in a day.

And it was the same with his reading. He was able to get the gist of a book in a remarkably short space of time, missing nothing of importance and storing in his memory every point that had struck him as significant. Once more to quote John Kelman : " As a student and worker he is a trying man to know, for those who wish to keep an easy conscience and a leisurely way of life. The sage counsellors of youth, whose idea of labour is a tabulated systematic programme, would groan in that study over what they would take to be a wild confusion. But the work gets done—more than they would dream

of doing—with incredible swiftness and no less wonderful accuracy and finish." To myself it was a marvel how George could turn so completely from one piece of work to another of a quite different nature, and be equally thorough in both. He had the enviable faculty of resolutely putting aside points that were non-essential and concentrating all his energy and time upon the main issue.

The buoyancy and straightforwardness of his own nature did not, however, make him regardless of or insensitive to the problems of sin and suffering; his sermons revealed a deep knowledge of human nature and insight into the tragedy of evil. His strong imagination, his keen observation, and his sympathy made him realise what was happening in the minds and souls of those he met. But he never forced religious talk nor lectured anybody. People came to him because he brought out what was best in them, because he gave them courage and restored their faith; and his sermons, although always fiercely denouncing what was cruel or base, always held out hope and encouragement for repentance and reform.

Some account of the making of these sermons may be of interest. Early in each week he started thinking about a subject and a text for the next Sunday. It would be "simmering in his mind" throughout the week, and on Friday or Saturday he would shut himself up in his study to write. Often on Saturday evening he would say, "My sermon is just wooden," and he would throw it into the fire and start to re-write it, perhaps from a different angle, or with some fresh inner light that had come to him; often it was not finished till the small hours of Sunday morning. Then it was delivered red-hot with an earnestness which struck deep into the hearts and minds of his hearers. His imaginative genius, his power of depicting persons, places,

and events gave a vividness to each subject that he touched and made it live. No wonder that fifty years later he was described by one who remembered those sermons * as " the glowing young Evangel who drew us to Queen's Cross Church, which he crowded to the door with congregations more eager than any I have ever seen, before or since."

As soon as each service was over he could relax entirely, and was like a boy enjoying freedom from care. After church on Sunday mornings we would walk to the spinney at the top of the Stocket Hill (it is all built over now) and look across the grey town with its many towers and spires to the sea :

> Ocean opening from the Bay,
> Gales that sweep the fog away,
> Rivers twain, and everywhere
> Wealth of space and light and air.
>
> See the Town's grey loveliness
> In her silver Sabbath dress.†

After the evening service the relaxation was of a different kind. Among the innermost circle of those that gathered round him was a band of young men—artists, doctors, lawyers, business men, teachers, students, writers—and every Sunday evening some dozen of these would come up to supper at the manse, and afterwards would fill the small study with smoke and talk. Then George might pick up a book—perhaps the poems of Francis Thompson or William Watson or Rudyard Kipling, or a passage from Hardy or George Meredith, or a short story of Bret Harte's—and as he read, the pipes would go out and the men listened till the very last word. Then the talk would range far and wide, and it was often well past midnight before they dispersed in groups of twos and threes. Many have said since what

* J. M. Bulloch. † G. A. S. : " Verses Grave and Gay."

friendships, and what strength, came to them through those Sunday evenings.

But for myself the best day was Monday, for then George took the afternoon off work, and we went for long walks or expeditions by train to some of the lovely places up Deeside or Don, or to Girdleness and the rocky bays along the coast. One of these Monday walks is especially clear in my memory. We had walked from Fountainhall Road by Beechgrove and over the Spital Brae to Old Aberdeen. As we passed the Humanity Manse (which seemed to me a strange name for the Latin Professor's house), we saw coming from the quadrangle of King's College a student in his red gown. A little further along, the gateways of other manses and the old Town House came into view ; then we walked along the leafy road with tall houses and a quaint old almshouse standing back from the pavement on one side, and on the other a long and lovely old wall with a coping on which grew mosses and little flowers. This road was The Chanonry, and the wall was that of the Principal's house. We turned the corner and saw the house itself covered with ivy in its grey courtyard, and opposite, the twin towers of St. Machar's Cathedral. We walked on by a winding road to the Old Brig o' Balgownie ; thence to the sea and back by the sandy shore. We thought it all lovely, a bit of a quiet old world, " of ancient days and homes of studious peace " ; but we never dreamt that we had been looking at our future home, which was to mean so much to us and to our family and our friends in years to come.

In all our expeditions we had one constant companion, Max, most soulful of dachshunds. Though devoted to his master, he often caused him much embarrassment. It was no unusual thing to find upon our doorstep an irate farm-wife holding an old hen that had fallen a victim to Max's attentions ; and she would

volubly explain : " It's no this yin that I'm mindin', but it's a' the ithers that he's fleggit frae layin' for a fortnicht." A story of Max caused much amusement at the time of George's appointment to the Hebrew Chair in Glasgow. Our friend, Mr. Still, minister at Banchory-Devenick, was asked in the Assembly by another minister : " What do you know about this man Smith ? " He replied, thinking of depredations in his hen-house, " Oh, he's a good fellow, but I can't say the same about his dog, Max." " That's just it," said the other ; " I'm doubtful, too, about his dogmatics."

As for myself, I had much to learn in those days ; the only definite church work I had done before I came to Aberdeen had been teaching in a Sunday School ; and I might have found the Women's Work Party and other meetings rather a trial if it had not been for the kindness and help I received from everybody. And George, feeling it incumbent on him to enlighten me as to the Free Church, and also wanting me to understand something of the Aberdeenshire countryside, gave me two books to study, the *Life of Dr. Chalmers* and *Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk*. I dutifully read them both, and especially enjoyed the latter, with its racy characters and strong Aberdeenshire dialect. I was already fairly accustomed to this from reading the books of George MacDonald, which had delighted me in my schooldays and afterwards. One day I was helping to dress the children of some institution who were going away to a holiday camp, when the Matron called out, " Fa's the quinie that's echt the claes," and I felt quite pleased that I understood her at once.

What good friends come to mind and sight once more as I think of those days ! In the congregation Principal Salmond and his family, the Gray Frasers, the Reiths, Professor Matthew Hay and his vivacious wife, the Williamsons, Gardens, Davidsons, Woodman Smiths ;

Thomas Milne, the dear old nurseryman, who transformed the North-East of Scotland by the number of trees he had planted; Scorgie, our useful handyman; our good beadle at the church, James Leighton; and a host of others. We did a lot of visiting together, of course, in the congregation, but also outside. We visited the kind Lord Provost, Sir David Stewart, and his family at Banchory House; Dr. Farquharson, a friend of my father's, at Finzean; the Crombies at Danestone. At Kepplestone we saw Mr. Macdonald's wonderful collection of pictures and his wife's beautiful garden. Sometimes George took the service in the chapel of Haddo House, where we always received the kindest of welcomes from Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

There were minister friends and their wives in country manses—Durris among its trees, Drumoak, Udny with its wealth of guelder roses, and further afield, Huntly and Turriff. Once we went with Mr. Moffatt of the North of Scotland Railway to Cruden Bay, and George was taken out in a fishing boat; but the work did not make much progress, for the old fisherman, finding he had a minister in his boat, plied him with doctrinal questions. He was deeply exercised over the question whether in conversion God or man makes the first move. On being asked his view, George enquired cautiously: "What does your minister say?" "Me and ma Meenister differ," said the old man; "what's your opeenion?" George did his best to solve the difficulty, but did not satisfy his hearer, who exclaimed, "Ah, but the pint's finer than that," and proceeded to elaborate his own ideas. George used to say: "Where but in Scotland would you find the like of that!"

Besides the professors in the Free Church College, Professor Iverach prominent among them, we had friends among the professors of the University and their families, the Milligans, Piries, Principal Sir William

Geddes and his wife. It was a great pleasure to introduce many of these friends to my father and mother when they came to stay with us. During their visit the Spring Communion Service was held. My father was particularly impressed by the part taken in it by the fine body of elders and the way they supported and surrounded the young fair-haired minister. As we came away from the service he said: "I think I might have made a good Presbyterian."

An event which greatly excited Aberdeen in 1890 was the visit of the famous explorer H. M. Stanley, who had just returned from an expedition to Central Africa. The story of his experiences and adventures was told to a vast audience in the Music Hall on 16th June. They listened eagerly as he described the formation and objects of the expedition, the journey up the unknown Congo, the hundred and sixty days in the tropical forest with its pigmy inhabitants, the sight of Lake Albert, and the thrilling moment when, after a month's camping in a desolate spot, they had a sudden revelation one morning of a snowy range high up in the air—the Mountains of the Moon. The chairman at this great meeting was Lord Aberdeen and the minister of Queen's Cross Church was chosen to move the vote of thanks to the lecturer. "From Zanzibar to Aberdeen," said George, "he has been welcomed and acclaimed, because there has never been an expedition achieved with finer heroism, nor one from which greater advantages may accrue to the civilised and the uncivilised world."

In the early summer of that year George and I went to stay near Pitlochry with his great friend Robert Barbour and his wife, for the Annual Meeting of the Gaiety Club. This surprisingly-named club of theologians had been formed by a group of friends who, in their College days, had banded themselves together with the object of continuing the work of the Moody and Sankey Mission,

which had had a great success in Edinburgh, largely due to the efforts and personality of Professor Drummond. A disused music-hall called The Gaiety had been taken for their meetings. (Later, under the name of the Operetta House, it became famous as the scene of Drummond's, and afterwards John Kelman's, Sunday evening talks to students.) When their time at the New College came to an end, these friends resolved to keep in touch by forming themselves into a club, under the old name, to meet once a year for friendly intercourse and discussion. No lovelier setting could have been found for their gathering than that Perthshire home on the hill above Glen Fincastle, and no kinder hosts than Robert and Charlotte Barbour. I had already met some of the members at Professor Drummond's house in Glasgow; now the number was complete, except for the absence of David and Isabel Ross in Australia, and of Drummond himself. We spent a memorable week with excursions and good talk and happy fellowship. And we said good-bye to the beautiful country and the good friends with the less regret that we were soon to see them again. For the Barbours had lent us their charming little thatched cottage of Coillebhrochain for our summer holiday, and there, too, my father and mother came to stay with us. During that month of August 1890 a Universities' Conference was held at Bonskeid, the home of Robert Barbour's parents, for discussion of religious and social problems. Among the speakers were Thomas Raleigh and Percy Dearmer from Oxford, Clement Dobson and C. W. Kimmins from Cambridge, Hensley Henson from the Vicarage at Barking, H. A. Kennedy from All Hallows, East India Dock, J. B. Reynolds from Yale, Lim Boon Keng from Amoy, China, and many young men from the Scottish Universities.

The following month saw us back in Aberdeen and

the Church work in full swing ; and on the 18th October our little son was born. He was given the name of George Buchanan Smith and was baptised on St. Andrew's Day by Principal Salmond.

During these years there came many calls from other churches—from Renfield Church, Glasgow ; from Kirkcaldy ; from Toorak Church, Melbourne. One of these caused me some concern. It was from Regent Square Presbyterian Church in London. Many people, knowing I was a Londoner, expected that I would urge George to accept it. But as I looked at him and the work he was doing, I felt his home should be in Scotland, and that it would be wrong to think of transplanting him. Another and more urgent call came to him soon afterwards, to be colleague and successor to Dr. Alexander Whyte, at Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh. This was not unanimous, for there were some in that congregation who thought him too "advanced" or "heretical" in his views. Nevertheless it was eagerly urged by Dr. Whyte and supported by a large majority. George declined the invitation ; but the matter was not allowed to drop, and a deputation from Edinburgh arrived, with Principal Rainy at its head, to urge upon the Presbytery of Aberdeen the need that there was for him in Edinburgh and the claims of the larger city. They asked the congregation of Queen's Cross to release him—this they were very reluctant to do, but the final decision was left to himself. A crowded meeting, which greatly excited Aberdeen at the time and is still remembered, was held in the Free Church College in Alford Place, and the claims of both sides were put forward. As ladies were not expected to be present, I waited outside in suspense, walking up and down in the spring sunshine and anxiously watching the building where the matter was being discussed. The door opened and two young ministers rushed out, calling to me, "He's

going to stay." So excited and happy were the dear folk of Queen's Cross ! The following day one member sent a cheque to clear off the debt upon the organ, for which George had made himself responsible, and shortly afterwards the congregation, to show their pleasure and gratitude, offered him six months' leave of absence for the purpose of revisiting Palestine, a wish that they knew he had long cherished.

It needed little persuasion to get his consent ! He was all eagerness and enthusiasm at the prospect of going again to the country which had made so great an impression upon him, and which, with all his subsequent study, he was now so much better equipped to explore and to understand. Since his first visit ten years before, the thought of writing a book about Palestine had been always at the back of his mind ; he felt there was room for a comprehensive survey of the land, and he always hoped that some day the opportunity might come when, by further travel, he would be able to undertake the task.

The active church work went on to the last moment, when it was handed over in perfect order to John Kelman. We left our little boy and his nurse with the grandparents in London, and at the end of March 1891 we started for Palestine.

We were a party of four : ourselves, and two friends who joined us in Cairo, C. A. Scott and Carnegie Simpson.* We stayed there only a few days, and George met again his friends of the American Mission, and his

* For the first fortnight we had also as companions Mr. Brown-Douglas and Mr. Graham Balfour, who were on their way to join some other party. George's sister, Minnie, was also with us for a short time, but became ill with the travelling and the heat, and returned home from Jaffa.

old teacher Socrates Spiro, who asked leave to bring his wife to visit me. Such a pretty young thing she was, and we did our best to make conversation, but as the minutes went by, she became more and more pale, and I feared she was going to faint. Her husband was talking earnestly to his old pupil and did not notice. When I drew his attention, he quickly took her away, and after an interval he returned to explain, with many apologies, that in order to show us respect she had put on European clothes for the first time, and the corsets had been too tight. The next day I went to return her visit and to make enquiries as to her health, and found her looking well and comfortable in a graceful Eastern dress.

We did not stay long in Egypt, but of course we went up the Great Pyramid, and visited the famous Boulak Museum, where we saw the mummies of the Egyptian kings. We took ship from Alexandria to Jaffa, and were met there by Hanna Tamari, the dragoman whom George had engaged, with our horses and mules. Never shall I forget the sight of our camp that first evening, at Abu Shusheh ; the four white tents, one for ourselves, one for our two companions, the dining-tent, and the kitchen-tent, outside of which Jusuf was busily preparing our meal.

When we started the next morning, it was quite a goodly procession—ourselves and our dragoman on horses, tents and baggage on several mules. While we halted for lunch and rest in the heat of the day, the mules passed us and went on to the next camping place, where in the evening we again found our tents waiting. It was a delightful way of travelling, and one well suited to the work George had in mind. By that time there were a few good roads in the country, but we rarely used them ; there was always some less known way or remote spot that he wanted to explore, and there seemed

to be no feature of the landscape, no *wadi* or *tell* or track that escaped his keen eye. While the rest of us were interested in the general aspect and scenery, he was making notes of the details of each place, and at the same time his imagination, backed by his historical knowledge, called to life the events of the past, and envisaged the possible developments of the country in the future. He would see in his mind's eye terraces of vineyards upon a certain limestone ridge, or fighting taking place on a hill like Gezer. Never a day passed without his careful readings of the temperature and barometric pressure, and never an evening, however long and tiring the day, without his minute recording of everything done, seen, and heard—places, people, views and contours, vegetation, soil, animals, rocks, water, trees and flowers. His familiarity with Arabic made it easy for him to gain information from the people we met by the way or in the villages; almost always they were friendly and ready to show us such hospitality as they could.

On the second day, as we travelled south, the journey from Tell-es-Safiyeh to Beit Jibrin took longer than we had expected, and for the latter part of it the moon and stars were our only light. The country looked very still and strange, and the sudden appearance of a file of camels noiselessly crossing our path heightened the sense of mystery; once we saw a stately figure, lone and motionless like a statue, silhouetted against the moonlight; he was watching us, we knew, and it made us feel like intruders from another planet upon this ancient land. The most exciting part of our time in Judæa was an expedition to Masada, the great rock fortress at the south-west of the Dead Sea. At Maon, we were committed by old Hamsa, a dignified patriarch from Hebron, into the care of the Jahaleen tribe of Arabs, and with four of these as our escort we rode through

the desert wilderness, a chaos of low brown hills—not a human creature to be seen, yet one felt that at any moment men might spring up from the ground. As indeed they did on two occasions, but the explanation of the Bedouin and the presence of the Chief's son among them, as pledge of good faith, satisfied them, and we passed on in safety. Not a bush nor a tree was visible, and the air was so still that the sound of a bird or beast was heard from far away. Our Arabs walked beside us, thin, dark-haired men with quick, restless eyes, each carrying a long gun. After six or seven hours' slow riding, we saw the great rock which rises sheer from the Dead Sea to a height of seventeen hundred feet, and looks quite inaccessible. On the land side, however, there was a narrow ramp connecting it with the hill behind. We left our horses, and with difficulty scrambled up the rock till we emerged through a broken archway on to the plateau of this fort, built by Jonathan Maccabeus, and the scene of the tragedy of Eleazer and the Zealots in the time of Titus. We could make out the ruins of courtyards, walls, and temple, and we picked up fragments of fine mosaic stone-work, dating probably from the time when Herod fled there in 42 B.C. from the Parthians and built an elaborate palace. The view from this plateau was magnificent. We saw the whole length of the Dead Sea, a brilliant blue, with the strange promontory of El Lisan glistening white upon it; and beyond it the hills of Moab touched to purple in the evening light, while on the same side as Masada, a few miles to the north, was a strip of green, a wooded chine, which we knew to be Engedi.

Darkness was upon us before we had descended the ramp, and there was no sign of our tents. The horses stumbled on the rough hill track, so we led them along, groping step by step. One of the mules slipped on a steep rock and lay over the edge of it, groaning with

pain. We realised that the rocky shore of the Dead Sea was hardly a place to be looking in the night for our home, and we were discussing whether we should wait until the moon was up, when the sound of two quick revolver shots broke the stillness of the night. Our dragoman replied, and soon we saw lights moving up towards us. We found our camp pitched on a narrow ledge of rock, below which was a precipice of four hundred feet, while above it was a cliff of equal height—the only level place our servants had been able to find. We sent the muleteers up to rescue the poor beast, which soon recovered from his fall; and it was near midnight when we sat down to the meal which the patient Jusuf had prepared for us hours before. Our faithful Arabs squatted at the tent door over the long delayed breaking of their fast; it was the month of Ramadan, the month of fasting in the Mohammedan year, and since sunrise not a morsel of food had touched their lips, and only after sunset had they drunk any water from the jars they carried.

We camped the next night at Engedi, after a day spent in exploring the wonderful caves, and admiring this beautiful fertile oasis, which one comes upon with such surprise after travelling through the desert. On the following day, as we returned through the Judæan wilderness, we were suddenly surrounded by a number of Arab horsemen, all fully armed. They seemed to spring from the hills on every side until at last about eighty closed in on us, gesticulating and looking as if they would charge into our little party. One old villain tilted his long spear at George several times. The latter waited calmly till the tumult had subsided. It appeared that we were trespassing on a bit of their country and had guides from another tribe, and when it was explained that this was done unintentionally, they quieted down, but insisted on our all going to their encampment.

So we proceeded with these wild fellows careering all about us on their horses. At their tents there was further parley, and then we went on with their sheikh, a good-looking man who had been rather less aggressive than the rest, to guide us to our camp at Tekoa.

We reached Jerusalem just in time for the Greek Easter, and had the wonderful experience of being in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre for the ceremony of the Holy Fire, when from within the altar a light appears, waiting runners catch it with their torches, and a way is cleared for them through the dense crowds as they run out carrying it to the expectant villages and towns.

Our days in Jerusalem were unforgettable. We walked or rode to places whose names one had known from childhood, but which one had never thought to see. We went by the valley of Hinnom, round the shoulder of Olivet to Bethany, nestling among its olive groves, and as we returned we saw the wonderful view of the city with its compact walls, the dome of the Mosque of Omar on the great enclosure of the Harâm being the dominant feature. Inside the city we visited the Muristân, the ruins of the Church of the Knights of St. John, the beautiful quiet Church of St. Anne, the Wailing Place of the Jews outside the old Temple Wall, and the subterranean passages and caves. We also visited several of the bazaars, with their medley of movement and colour and noise. In one of these we persuaded a tinsmith to make us a bath; that was the only necessary thing which had not been included in our camp equipment. Thenceforth a shining bath of zinc on the back of the leading mule was the most outstanding feature of our daily procession, and caused great astonishment and interest wherever we went.

We journeyed in leisurely fashion—meeting very few travellers, for it was late in the season—by Bethel,

Nablus, Sychar, Samaria and Jenin to Bethshan, where George declared there must be a rich field of discovery awaiting excavation. We had some splendid gallops over the great Plain of Esdraelon on our way to Jezreel. We went along Mount Carmel, green with wild woodland and young oak trees, and we looked down on the river-bed of the Kishon, brilliant with pink oleanders. We saw Haifa in the bay at the foot of the range, and the blue Mediterranean beyond. Then through Galilee to Nazareth and Mount Tabor, and down to the Lake. At Tiberias we met Mr. Ewing and Dr. Torrance, and saw the fine work of the Free Church Medical Mission. Mr. Ewing took us in a boat belonging to the Mission (at the masthead of which was a flag with the Burning Bush on a blue ground) to Bethsaida, Capernaum and other places along the lake. Thence we continued north by way of Lake Huleh to Banias or Dan, where the Jordan has its source. At Hasbeiya we sat outside our tents to watch an eclipse of the moon, and we listened to the weird noises in the village nearby, where the population was all astir with drums and flutes, shouting and chanting to chase away the serpent that was swallowing the moon. When, after an anxious interval, she reappeared, the noise was redoubled, but this time it was a sound of jubilation, not of suspense; and as they seemed to think we had had some part in the moon's release, they surged up to our tents and performed wonderful dances and songs until Hanna, our dragoman, had to drive them away.

For several days Mount Hermon had been in sight, and we decided to make the ascent. There was still snow upon the summit and in the hollows, as one of our party knew to his cost! He slipped and fell down, and before he could rise, our dragoman had rushed to him and was beating him with a stick. George intervened hastily and asked the reason of this furious attack.

Hanna explained that he had read that if one went to sleep in the snow, one died immediately, so he was only intending to save the life of the victim.

In Damascus we stayed with our friends Dr. and Mrs. Mackinnon of the Edinburgh Medical Mission. George went with the Doctor every morning to the clinic, where patients gathered from near and far. He described them sitting on the ground, their feet tucked under them, Moslems, Jews, Arabs, Druses, and Fellaheen, awaiting their turn. He was deeply impressed by the complete understanding that existed between Dr. Mackinnon and his patients of every race and rank. He had that characteristic, often found both among Highlanders and among the Eastern races, of doing things very deliberately (*schwei, schwei*, slowly, slowly) and yet with complete confidence and success. Though he had been only seven years there, Dr. Mackinnon's personality and skill were already famous and had acquired for the Mission a supreme position throughout Northern Syria. Many tales were told of the cures he had effected, especially on eye troubles of various kinds, and of his courage and devotion during a recent outbreak of cholera. This was of a very virulent type and all the native doctors promptly disappeared ; Frank Mackinnon, who was at Bludan in the Lebanon when he heard of it, hastened back to the city and, with the help of a few Europeans, fought the disease with all vigour and wisdom, until he had it under control. When we were there he had only one native assistant and only five beds in the Mission, while every day between 100 and 150 patients came to the dispensary from the town and from all the country for many miles distant. His crying need was for a hospital, and in course of time he received from the Mission a grant for that purpose, but the site on which he had set his heart was refused, and it was not until 1894 that he obtained it, in the following way.

The son of the chief Cadi, or judge, was dangerously ill, and his father besought the skill of the "English *Hakeem.*" It was a hard struggle, but at last the boy recovered and the Cadi offered a handsome fee. But the doctor refused it, saying that he was a missionary and his work was done for God. The Cadi was still more impressed and he found the means of showing his gratitude; for the question of the hospital site came up in the very Court over which he presided, and he saw to it that the doctor obtained the ground he desired. In 1898 the Victoria Hospital was opened.

At Baalbek our two friends left us; they had been delightful travelling companions, and we were all sad to say good-bye. Carnegie Simpson had described our party as "a pair of turtle doves and two young pigeons." They were then young assistant ministers and both came to distinction in the English Presbyterian Church by their books and their teaching. Whenever we met either of them in later years the talk soon came round to those days in Palestine.

George and I returned to Damascus, to re-form our camp for the journey east of the Jordan. It was now on a much more modest scale and we had only two tents; we dispensed with a dragoman, but kept Jusuf our good cook, Sima'an the best of the personal servants, and three or four muleteers.

George was very anxious to visit the Druse country, El Leja, but the authorities at Damascus thought he must have some political motive for wanting to go there and made so many delays and excuses about giving a permit that the plan had to be abandoned, to his great disappointment. It was about the middle of June when we set forth along the Haj road. For three days we travelled over the great plain of the Hauran; at a distance this looked brown and bare but close at hand the brown had a rich golden hue and one realised the

wealth of this land of Bashan, for it was all one great sea of wheat. Strings of camels met us, bound for Damascus ; as we sat at our tent door one evening we counted, in two hours, 180 of these stately creatures walking one behind another, looking like moving wheat stacks with the great burdens they bore. At El Muzeirib we left this road and turned south-east to Edrei, the city of Og, the great king ; it was then important as the boundary between two of the great Bedouin tribes, the Ruwalla, which wandered between Bashan and the Euphrates, and the Beni Sahr, which held land in Bashan itself. We left the black basalt soil of the Hauran and came upon the limestone into a land of hills and woods. We turned towards the Sea of Galilee and stayed a few days at Gadara, one of the loveliest spots in the country ; from its high headland it looks down upon the lake some five miles distant, with Tiberias gleaming white on the further shore. George spent much time exploring the ruins and conduits of that great city of the Decapolis.

Our next stopping place was Pella in the Jordan valley, where I was prostrate with the heat, but George tired out all our men, whom he took with him in relays, to help him to look for inscriptions. The two things that struck us most as we journeyed east of the Jordan were the wonderful fertility of the country and the frequent reminders of the time when that part of the land had been the centre of a great civilisation. Traces of the old Roman road, with milestones and patches of ancient pavement, were evident as we rode from Pella to Jerash (Geraza). There we saw the remains of a princely city, streets of high columns leading to a huge forum whose circle was nearly complete, theatres and temples open to the sky, in the stone streets the ruts of the Roman chariot wheels. These remnants of the Greek civilisation under Roman rule—these cities of the Decapolis—were most impressive, but they were

being fast destroyed; in Rabbath Ammon in particular, by the Circassians who had been settled there by the Turks in order to keep the Bedouin at bay, and who were pulling down fine pillars and capitals for foundations for their houses, for tops to their ovens or for the lintels of doorways. I wonder how many of those ruins which we saw in 1891 are still standing?

At Es-Salt in Gilead we met the first European we had seen since we left Damascus, the Rev. Henry Sykes of the Church Missionary Society, and we were the first Europeans who had visited him during the three years he had been there. In this lonely Mission Station, the only one in that region, he was not only pastor but teacher, judge, and general peacemaker of a large area. A few days later, he came to visit us in our camp at Heshbon, on the breezy uplands of Moab, and he joined us and was a great help in a delightful adventure. About a mile away were the black tents of the Beni Adwân, a great Bedouin tribe; their chief, Ali Diab (the Wolf), sent a messenger to ask us to feast with them on the morrow. Though we had passed many Bedouin, and had stopped at their tent doors often to ask a drink of milk or leben, this was the first time we had been bidden to their feasting. We accepted gladly, and soon after sunset on the following day messengers rode up to tell us that the feast was ready, and we set forth—Mr. Sykes, who knew many members of the tribe, and ourselves, and all the attendants we could muster. At the Chief's tent his two young sons came forward and helped us to dismount and led us inside. We sat on cushions on the ground, and a steaming dish was set in the midst. It was a great tray, over two feet in diameter, heaped high with rice and with pieces of a sheep that had been killed that day in our honour. We served ourselves straight from it, eating with our hands. A splendid water-melon formed the second course and

then came the thick black coffee, which was roasted and ground before our eyes. Between each course water was poured over our hands and a towel was presented. I was the only woman at the feast, but I heard much whispering of women's voices outside, and when the meal was over several brown babies were pushed in through the flaps of the tent for our inspection, and a message was sent to ask if I would go to the women's tents. I did my best to talk to them and admired their children, and I found they were most anxious to see my tent and how I lived. So I invited them to visit me, and the following morning I looked through my few belongings to find a present for the Chief's wife. I settled on a shawl of fine material, but it was badly creased, so we put it between our two mattresses and persuaded our fat cook, Jusuf, to lie or roll upon them. This he was very willing to do; he spent a blissful day smoking innumerable cigarettes, and in the evening the shawl was quite fit for presentation.

After the steamy heat of the Jordan valley, it was a joy to breathe the fresh air of Moab; to walk over moorlands with wild thyme growing, as at home; to see sheep grazing or lying in the heathy hollows. It is a glorious pasture-land; well was the King of Moab called a sheep-master. On our last day east of the Jordan we went up Mount Nebo. Beneath us the river poured itself into the Dead Sea; away in the distance was the high range of the Judæan hills, and down below, on the opposite side of the river, a little to the north, lay Jericho, the far-famed city of palm trees, by which on the following day we were to go across.

We returned to Jerusalem some three months after we had left it on our travels north, and surprised the landlord of the Grand New Hotel, who had not expected any more visitors that season. The heat was intense, and after one or two days there, we were glad to go down

to Jaffa and up the coast by boat. This was our third line of north and south travel in the country. From this new point of view everything was recorded, the openness of the coast south of Carmel as compared with the sheltered bays to the north; the ranges of mountains behind the coast line, the valleys and passes between them. George noted particularly the distinctness with which the Vale of Nablus clove the range between Ebal and Gerizim, the streams and rivers coming into the sea, the shape of Carmel clear against the night sky, and, across the headland, the lights of Haifa and then those of Tyre. We woke next morning in St. George's Bay, the sun was just above the Lebanon, and the houses of Beyrout were bright along the coast line. There we visited the American Mission and the British Syrian Schools and went up the Nahr el Kelb to see the Assyrian inscriptions; and I remember the weird sight of an Assyrian statue high up on a rock, yellow and glistening in the setting sun. We did not stay long in Beyrout as we were on our way to visit the mission of the Free Church of Scotland at Esh-Schweir. We drove up the Lebanon Mountains, through the diocese of the Maronite Bishop of Cyprus, by many little villages with red roofs and belfries crowned with crosses, cloisters on prominent headlands, church bells sounding across the valleys—all very unexpected and beautiful. We climbed up and up on to a sandstone ridge dotted with pines and heather, and then descended slightly into the valley of Esh-Schweir, where we were greeted by Dr. and Mrs. Carslaw. We could spend only three days there, but these were full of interest, both with regard to the mission work and outside it. We climbed a mountain and saw Mount Troödos in Cyprus. Dr. Carslaw told us it was only to be seen at that time of year, and just after the sun had set towards the north. He showed us the working of a wine-press, one of the industries of the village, and he

told us about the Feast of St. John, when the people light fires on the roofs of their houses and pass the children quickly through the flame, believing that this wards off diseases. George preached in the little church and visited the schools and dispensary; we met all the good helpers in the mission and said good-bye with great regret.

On our way down to Beyrout by the tortuous mountain road we stopped at a wayside khan. I noticed a strange black excrescence on the black head of the innkeeper; he saw my wondering look, came to the door of our vehicle, and to my horror picked the black lump from his head and laid it on my knee. I was wearing a straw-coloured cotton dress, and in a short space of time a lump of the same colour was resting upon it. It was a chameleon, which the innkeeper insisted on presenting to me, and for several weeks it was an entertaining though embarrassing travelling companion.

We spent a short time in Beyrout, during which we were somewhat surprisingly invited to become the heads of the British Syrian Mission there, but we declined. Sima'an and others of our good camp servants turned up to bid us farewell, some of them having travelled long distances to do so. Jusuf, the cook, was the last to leave us. He had been with us for the whole of our wanderings, through good days and difficult ones, when we were among dangerous neighbours or food was hard to come by; he was always helpful and merry, making the best of everything.

We left Beyrout under a full moon that came out over Lebanon and flooded the plain and gulf with light. In his diary that night George wrote: "We had touched Egypt on the first evening of a new moon and we left Syria in the glory of a full one. It was a very splendid halo on our great rich time in these lands. Praise be to God for all His wonderful gift."

By Cyprus and Rhodes we came to Smyrna, where we were warmly welcomed by the missionaries of the Church of Scotland and saw their work in schools and dispensary. Several of the workers came from Aberdeen, and in the hospital it seemed very homelike to see a Rubislaw Church Bed, a West Parish Bed, and a Ferryhill Bed. That evening we went to a performance of *Hamlet* in Greek in an open-air theatre on the quay. There was a large and very interested audience : " The sound of the sea on the quay wall, the stars above, Shakespeare ὁ δαιμόνιος (as the bills called him) in Greek, a railway train passing along the quay during the performance, made a most powerful impression on me "—so says George in his diary. The following evening at Mytilene, in Lesbos, we went to another open-air theatre and saw Schiller's *Raüber*. We were told that the Greeks prefer tragedy to any other kind of performance.

The next morning we went up the Dardanelles, " past where the Osman prince saw the moonshine bridge the gulf and conceived the victorious resolution to cross over to Europe, where Leander swam to Hero, and Byron swam to please himself, and Xerxes built his bridge." And so to Constantinople, and a few days there, on one of which we saw the Sultan Abdul Hamid returning from the Mosque, the people on the line of route throwing petitions into his carriage. From there to Budapest, which reminded us very much of Edinburgh, only more beautiful, for instead of a railway running in its deep gorge, there was a lovely river. Then Vienna, where we saw *The Flying Dutchman*, and so at last to Switzerland. It was just two years since our first meeting there, and at Zermatt Alick Tosswill was waiting for us. A few days of climbing again, and we set forth on the last stage of our journey.

At the Hotel Gibbon in Lausanne we lost our chameleon. We had tended him so carefully during

the whole journey, keeping him warm in a small cage. At the various hotels waiters had exerted themselves to catch flies for his meals. We had missed the Orient Express at Constantinople because he had disappeared. The next day he was found, green at the top of a green curtain. We said we might have paid our way across Europe by showing him off, now grey against George's grey suit, now black against his boots, or brown upon our rug. At Zermatt Mr. Lascelles, the very tall Science Master at Harrow, put him upon a tartan plaid and the poor creature was very puzzled and finally turned a sort of dull grey. I had been anxious to take him home to my sister Florence, a research worker in Natural History. At Lausanne I let him out of his cage to catch flies and in a moment he was gone. Search on the terrace among the flowers and trees failed to discover him and we had reluctantly to leave him behind.

It was early autumn when we returned to Scotland. During our absence our little boy had been transferred with his nurse to his Scottish grandfather and aunts. We found him with them at Arrochar on Loch Long, happy and well and rather shy of his wandering parents. And then with these wonderful months of travel behind us, and our little son in our arms again, we gave thanks to God with all our hearts.

In Queen's Cross Church everything had gone splendidly under the faithful care of John Kelman, who soon after our return was called to Contlaw Kirk, near Peterculter, being succeeded as assistant in Queen's Cross by Edward Roxburgh. The work of the church was resumed with the same vigour and enthusiasm, and the minister's writings and sermons were enriched by all he had done and seen in those months of travel.

The following spring (of 1892) there came another call, and one which George felt unable to decline. The Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament in the Free

Church College in Glasgow, Principal Douglas, retired from teaching after long service, and in May of that year the General Assembly, overcoming some doubts as to his orthodoxy, appointed George to the Chair. Some testimonials as to his fitness for the post had been collected and circulated by the Rev. James Harvey and others, but George himself had not lifted a little finger to get it. He was happy in his work in Aberdeen and had no wish to leave it, and his people did not want to lose him, but they felt that his leaving them for a professorship was quite a different matter from leaving them for another church. They had great pride in him and felt he ought to be in a professor's chair. So now they were as eager for him to be appointed to this post as they had previously been for him to stay, and when the Church called him to this new sphere of work, they felt a kind of reflected glory and sped him on his way to Glasgow with all the kindness of their generous hearts.

Twelve years before, George Adam Smith had come to Aberdeen as a temporary professor, and now he was leaving it as a professor in reality, with all the experience gained from his ten years' ministry at Queen's Cross Church.

CHAPTER IV

1892–1904. Glasgow Colleagues—Social Work—*Historical Geography of the Holy Land*—Lectures and Preaching—Holidays—*Book of the Twelve Prophets*—*Life of Henry Drummond*—Third journey to Palestine—*Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament*—Controversy in the Church—General Assembly in Glasgow—Illness—Visit to India—Fourth journey to Palestine.

On 2nd November 1892 George Adam Smith was inducted to the Chair of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow. Principal Douglas presided at the service, and Dr. George Reith, minister of the College Free Church, gave the charge to the new Professor, after which George delivered his inaugural address. Its subject was "The Preaching of the Old Testament to the Age," and in it he stressed the importance of combining "the most perfect scholarship of which we are capable" with earnest pastoral work. "For myself," he said, "if my call to this Chair were a call away from practical work, I would not be here. I have not left a pulpit which I loved and found freedom in, for any other ultimate purpose than the one for which the Church sent me to it, or with any other confidence than that the free and full study of the Old Testament by teachers and scholars together has for its inevitable result the preaching of God's simple Word to the people. . . . When I look back to-day upon ten years of preaching, the first feeling in my heart is one of gratitude to God for the variety of this book—the Old Testament—which is not a book, but a literature; which is not literature, but life—full, real, unflattered life—upon every level where it has been given to man to suffer, to love, to doubt, to aspire. Students do not believe that the end of an accurate knowledge of the Hebrew language is simply familiarity with a number

THE FOUR GEORGES, 1893

Sir George Buchanan, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. ; George Adam Smith, M.A., D.D. ; George Buchanan Smith ; George Smith, C.I.E., LL.D.

of grammatical forms, more or less obscure. Painstaking students are otherwise rewarded. It is they who lay their hands on the prophet's heart and feel its beat ; it is they who, across the ages, see the very features of his face as he calls ; it is they into whom his style and his music pass. . . . You cannot know now ; but some day, when the first weariness comes down upon you, the first subtle fears that you have exhausted, not your Gospel, but your ability to preach the Gospel—you will then know what it is to have at your command all that rich land where the points of view of the Kingdom of God are so numerous and so fresh. What ministry can be monotonous which has this long history, this rich world of characters, these aspects of nature and of the human heart at its disposal ! "

At the Free Church College George was welcomed by kind and helpful colleagues—Principal Douglas, Professors A. B. Bruce, Candlish, Lindsay, and Drummond. He found his work deeply interesting and his enthusiasm communicated itself to his students. " He went through the College like a flame of fire," said one. And not only in their studies was his vital energy felt, but also in social questions and practical work, for which the great city offered manifold scope and opportunity.

Our first home in Glasgow was in Sardinia Terrace, Hillhead. Professor Drummond had helped us in our search for a house, had shown us our way about, and introduced us to many delightful people. He and George were great friends : a story was told of the way he welcomed the newcomer to the College staff, of which for a long time he had been the junior member. Just before the opening meeting of the session, he had entered George's private room and danced an Indian war dance round him, exclaiming: "You're the office-boy now!" And a short, spirited game of leapfrog ensued, before they proceeded with solemn faces to the hall.

One evening in the spring of 1893 Professor Drummond burst into the study where we were sitting, excitedly waving a paper. "Congratulations!" he said. "What for?" we asked. He showed us the paper. It was the list of the Honorary Degrees just announced from Edinburgh University. Among the D.D.s was George's name, among the LL.D.s was my father's. I was indeed proud and happy for them both. When we went to Edinburgh for the Graduation, we took our little boy of two-and-a-half with us to see his father and grandfather capped; and after the ceremony, a photograph was taken of him with his father and his two grandfathers, which we called The Four Georges. My father came back with us to Glasgow and saw his second little grandson, Robert Dunlop, now six months old.

My husband's practical interest in social conditions had begun when he was a student in Edinburgh, had continued in Aberdeen, and was now to find a wider scope in the great city of Glasgow. The district of the Broomielaw, near to the docks, was associated with the College as its home-mission field. George was asked to take charge of it. He organised the work of the students, and with one of them, James Law, as his chief of staff, set up an institutional church. It was truly a People's church, set in the heart of Glasgow misery, with poverty, drink, and vice challenging it on every hand. George was an elder in it as well as chief adviser, and he gave devoted service, frequently preaching there and holding meetings for men and boys; while I had classes for the girls of the district, among whom were some of the finest characters I have had the good fortune to meet. We made it our church in Glasgow. It was a very long way from our home, but we all used to go there on Sundays, and George went several times in the week as well. I received recently a letter from one who had been a

working lad in those days, and as I think it expresses what others also felt, I will quote it : " I should like to send my humble tribute to your dear Husband. Well do I remember the advice he gave me the night he admitted me to full membership in that dear old Broomielaw Church in Carrick Street. He said that we might not be as quick at our work, nor as clever, as some others, but we could all put a *good spirit* into our work, and do it faithfully. And as I knew I was neither quick nor clever, I took his advice, and I found it carried me through many a difficult time in my life."

Among the schemes that George originated in the district was a play-centre for the children, who had no place to play in but the streets. Kind friends made it possible to rent a floor of a large warehouse, and relays of students and others used to go to look after the bairns (as he always called them). In the summer time, if we were staying at some country place within reach of Glasgow, friends from the Broomielaw, young and old, would come to spend a day with us, and I can still see their happy faces as they picked the wild flowers or saw the rowan trees by the banks of Loch Lomond.

All through our life in Glasgow this work was very close to his heart, and the interest continued after the mission church was joined to the neighbouring church of St. Mark's. Our children were brought up in its atmosphere. Three of them were baptised there, and the whole of our family used to go to the Christmas parties and other entertainments. Our second little son, saying his prayers (at a time when there was a famine in India), made this petition : " Please God, when all the children in India have got enough to eat, and when all the children in Broomielaw have got shoes and stockings, may I keep my next penny to buy an engine." That same boy, when he was a young officer in India, used to send out of his pay five pounds

to the minister of St. Mark's Church every Christmas, " to help to give a good time to the Broomielaw people." (We learned of this only after he had gone from us in the last war.)

The sufferings of the needy and down-trodden had always called forth my husband's sympathy, and he could not rest until he was doing something to help. He became especially a champion of the oppressed and ill-paid women workers, joining the Scottish Council for Women's Trades, under the leadership of Mrs. Lindsay. He learned about the conditions of labour, hours of work, rates of pay, health and housing, and he led a campaign against sweated labour among women. Later he was appointed chairman, and he held that post during all his time in Glasgow and continued his interest through all its changes and expansions till its work was accomplished and it was brought to an end in 1939. All this demanded sacrifice, and he gave it ungrudgingly. Many a day, when the work at College was over, instead of coming home, he would go to meetings in connection with the Council—supervising investigations, drawing up reports, planning methods of enquiry and assistance, sometimes going on deputations to authorities in London. Under his guidance and the splendid work of the Secretary, Miss Irwin, the Council was instrumental in obtaining several reforms. Besides the help that he gave as an individual, he strove also to engage the conscience of the Church, and to stir congregations to a greater sense of social righteousness and responsibility.

Another piece of social work was of a less exacting nature. When Professor and Mrs. Edward Caird left Glasgow to go to Balliol, they asked us to succeed them in the charge of the Toynbee House Settlement. The actual work was already well organised and our chief part was to encourage the atmosphere of understanding

and friendliness between the West and East of the great city. The Settlement was in the Rottenrow, in the heart of Glasgow. I visited the families in their homes, not for any purpose of investigation or reform, but simply "to make friends," and about once a month during the winter we invited them to an evening party at Toynbee House, when tea, games, and music were the order of the day. Several young friends used to come with us to help with these entertainments: among the most regular were the two daughters of Principal Story, Susie Lindsay, the Rev. Douglas Ferrier, and Lionel Guest, a dear boy who boarded with us while attending classes at the University. We insisted, however, that the entertainment was to come not only from these, but equally from our East End friends. And they contributed with great zest and enjoyment. A little lame girl always brought down the house with her special song, "The Star of Robbie Burns." When, after some years, we moved to a bigger house, the evening parties were often held there, and bus-loads of cheery folk from the Settlement would pour into our home, full of friendliness and delight over the "fine hurl" that had brought them to these unknown regions. We counted those evenings as some of the happiest of our Glasgow days.

Before he had been a month in Glasgow, George had been roped in by Professor Drummond to take an active part in the work of the Boys' Brigade. This movement was then in its infancy, but they saw its great possibilities and gave all the help they could to its founder, Mr. William Smith, both by speaking and writing. Professor Drummond brought out in his little book, *Baxter's Second Innings*, the objects of the Boys' Brigade, while George contributed another small book called *Courage*. To the end of his life he continued his interest in the B.B., and took every opportunity of

showing his appreciation of the work done both by officers and boys.

A keen supporter of the movement was Lord Roberts, who, on 1st May 1897, reviewed the Glasgow Battalion of 3800 boys. On the following Sunday, when the Church Parade was held in the St. Andrew's Hall, George was the preacher. At the close, Lord Roberts turned round to me and said it was the most inspiring service in which he had ever taken part. Seeing our little boy George beside me he patted him on the head and told him he ought to be proud of his father. (George told us afterwards that he had never felt so big, actually or metaphorically, as when he stood on the platform sharing a hymn sheet with Lord Roberts.)

These activities were carried on with the greatest regularity for six or eight months every year during the whole of our time in Glasgow. During the rest of the year the occupations were generally of quite different and diverse character. The life of a Scottish professor in those days was a most enviable one. The College session began early in October, and with a break of only a few days at Christmas and two " Meal Mondays," it continued uninterrupted till the end of March ; then professors and students were free until next October. The students were able to take up definite work—many of them had to earn in the summer months enough for the next winter's studies—and the professors could devote themselves to work and interests of their own. This gave George the opportunities for travel, for his many lecture tours, or for quiet settling down to study and writing at home.

In the summer of 1893 we stayed with my parents in London. George was working hard at the *Historical Geography*, and spent much of his time reading and making notes in the British Museum, and he obtained helpful information from my father on the subject of bubonic

plague (which occurs in the section entitled " Maritime Plain ") and interesting explanations of the commandments relating to health which occur in the Mosaic Law.

The end of the session 1893–94 was memorable for us. Professor Drummond had made it a custom, as soon as the College work was over, to take his senior class of students for a week to the Island of Arran, that they might study its geology and natural history under his guidance. This year he invited us to come with them. It was a merry party that landed at Brodick on a morning at the end of March, that found tea waiting for them at Woolley's shop, and immediately afterwards proceeded to climb Goatfell. There was snow on the top and we glissaded down the slopes. Excursions up Glen Cloy to look for the golden eagle, over Corriegills to Lamlash collecting specimens of rock by the way, evenings when the students entertained us with songs and various performances—all these filled some happy days. And when they had departed, the two professors settled down to correct the proofs of their forthcoming books, *The Ascent of Man* and the *Historical Geography*.

We returned to Arran in September of that same year, 1894. It was then that some charming stories of Scottish life began to appear in *The British Weekly*. On reading one of these, George telegraphed to his friend the Rev. John Watson of Liverpool, " Well done Ian Maclaren " ; to which John Watson telegraphed back, " Well done Higher Criticism." Shortly afterwards the stories appeared in book form under the title of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. Various members of our families were then in Arran, among them my brother, Dr. George Seaton Buchanan, who was conveniently on the spot when our little daughter arrived rather before she was expected, at the end of that month.

Earlier in the year we had again been at Coillebhrochain in Perthshire. The index was in course of

preparation, and passengers on the coach driving to Loch Tummel used to wonder at the strange sight of long galley-proofs scattered about the araucaria tree on the lawn. The *Historical Geography of the Holy Land* was published that year, and it immediately took its place as the most authoritative recent book upon Palestine.

In the following spring my dear father died. His going was mourned as deeply by George as by myself. The two men had much in common ; both sought to benefit the bodily and spiritual health of the people. Though their methods of approach were different, yet they were one in vision and in practical endeavour.

For several years George spent the early part of each summer in Oxford, lecturing and preaching at Mansfield College. It was there that he gave the sermon on Jeremiah which was later expanded into the introduction to the Baird Lecture on the prophet. One of his audience on that occasion has recorded how the Chapel was crowded with people who counted it a privilege to sit, if need be, upon the floor for a solid forty-five minutes, listening to this sermon. " For all who enjoyed hearing the deep truths of the Old Testament expounded in vivid and realistic fashion he had few, if any, to equal him," says this hearer. " To his qualifications as a scholar Smith added others that were peculiarly his own—his keen sense of literary values, his deep insight into personality and, above all, his remarkable gift for applying the ancient Scriptures to our modern needs." During our visits to Oxford we often stayed with my father's old friend, Sir John Burdon Sanderson, or with Canon Driver at Christ Church ; in their homes George met many College dons, while at Mansfield College he came into contact with a large number of undergraduates and students from overseas.

The latter part of the summer would often be spent at some country place, where the manse was lent to us in

return for my husband's taking the work and preaching. In this way the Manse of Tarbet, Loch Lomond, became for some years our holiday home. It was a charming place, providing occupation for all ages, with the hills to climb and the loch to row upon by day or by night. And in those days a new form of exercise was engrossing us all. Bicycling had only recently become popular for ladies, and we all enjoyed the scope and freedom that it gave us. George would head a party of us, Smiths, Sorleys, and Buchanans, round the head of Loch Long to Glen Croe and down to Loch Fyne, or over by Glen Douglas to Whistlefield and the Gareloch, or by Inversnaid to Loch Katrine and Aberfoyle. Many friends came to visit us there, among others Canon and Mrs. Rawnsley, John and Jean Burnet, Alice Owen, Harry Miller and his fiancée, Marie de Joannis, J. U. and W. H. Macgregor, and the Kelmans.

In 1895 the University of Aberdeen conferred the Honorary Degree of LL.D. upon my husband—an honour which he greatly appreciated. In the summer of that year we were at Kingussie, where among the congregation to whom George preached were his old friend Thomas Shaw, Lord-Advocate of Scotland, and his family. His son, the present Lord Craigmyle, reminded me recently of how the Professor succeeded in getting the congregation to stand for the singing of the psalms and hymns, instead of sitting for the singing and standing for the prayers, as had hitherto been the custom. One Sunday he gave out the hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," and said, "Friends, this is such a beautiful hymn that I think we ought all to stand." And stand we all did—when it was finished we naturally sat down and he engaged in prayer. After that, the new practice was willingly continued, and when their own minister returned, he rejoiced at the change, which he had long wanted to effect.

George's brother Dunlop, home on leave from India, joined us one summer on an expedition with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mackinnon on their steam yacht the *Oriental*. We cruised up the West Coast, usually anchoring for the night in one of the many lovely sea-lochs. Loch Torridon is especially impressed on my memory, both for its own dark grandeur and for an incident that occurred when we were walking up the glen at its head. We passed a field where a woman was cutting rushes with a sickle. We gave her greeting and she asked where we came from. On learning that it was from Glasgow, she exclaimed : " That's where those professors live who say we are all descended from monkeys. Fine professors indeed ! " and she brandished her weapon. " I wish I had one of them here ! " We thought it was time to beat a retreat.

At Strathaird in Skye George preached a short sermon in English at the close of the Gaelic service. The following day Mrs. Mackinnon took me in her phaeton to see some of her friends in the neighbouring crofts. " How did you like the Professor's sermon ? " she enquired of a sturdy Highland woman. " *That* preacher was not a professor," said the woman ; " *he* was not trying to take our Bible from us."

The *Oriental* took us south to Kintyre, and we stayed with the Mackinnons in Ronachan, their beautiful home. While Dunlop was shooting grouse, George tramped the hills. One day, as he sat on a hill-top, looking to Arran in the Firth of Clyde, his vision of health and happiness for the poor hard-working folk of Glasgow found expression :

> Arran, thy charge ! Were I thy lord,
> I'd wed thee to the City,
> And she should be the stormy sea,
> And thou her Isle of Pity.

ARRAN

A fleet should bring her homeless bairns
To fill each croft and sheiling,
And pour her worn poor up thy glens
For days of rest and healing.

Breast-deep in bracken they should gaze
Across thy purple moorlands,
To where thy burns their silver dust
Pour to thy golden shorelands.

They'd mark the snows above that gleam,
And gleaming white as they,
The waterfall against the cliffs,
The yacht upon the Bay.

The sunset spilt about thy hills,
The harvest moon o'er Ayr,
The bridge of gold across the Firth,
Ah, Isle divinely fair!

Dower of Queens in days of yore,
A park of Dukes till now,
A nobler name should crown thee then,
The People's Island thou ! *

In these country places in the summer, and during the winters in Glasgow, George had ample opportunities for preaching, and the fear that had been expressed by many that a good preacher would be lost to the Church by his appointment to a professorship proved to be quite unjustified. In fact there was seldom a Sunday in Glasgow that he did not preach either in the Broomielaw or in other churches. He was always ready to give a helping hand to a hard-worked minister, to assist him at his Communion Service or on some special occasion.

He received many requests to leave his professorship and return to the work of a minister, from churches in this country and abroad, especially from Canada and the United States. One of the latter offered a salary that seemed to us quite fabulous. The congregation of Marylebone Presbyterian Church asked him to be

* G. A. S. : " Verses Grave and Gay."

their minister in succession to Dr. Pentecost, but they were singularly unfortunate in the deputation they sent. These worthy gentlemen represented to him the wealth of the church, the various forms of emolument and the perquisites that might be obtained. They expatiated on the convenience and comfort of the minister's residence and so on. At last they paused, and my husband said sternly: "And now, will you tell me something about the work?"

In view of these many requests, the following incident caused much amusement to ourselves and to our friends. One day, on the upper deck of a tram-car, George found himself sitting beside a burly working man, and he wished him good day. "Before I say good day to you," said the workman, "tell me if ye're an honest man." "I hope so," said George. "Show me your hand." George showed his hand and the man pushed it aside scornfully, saying, "*You* never did an honest day's work in your life." "But people work with other things than their hands," said George, as he opened his topcoat and showed his white tie. "Ye're a minister," said the man; "where's your church?" "I haven't one." "Onything wrang?" said the man. "Drink?" "No," said George. "I ken what's wrang," said the man. "Stickit!"—in a tone of the utmost contempt.

In the summer of that same year, 1895, President Daniel Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, was staying at Largs with Lord Kelvin. He asked his host if he could suggest anyone to give a course of lectures on Hebrew Poetry. "George Adam Smith" was the answer—and so came about our first visit to America, in the spring of 1896. As I propose to tell of George's various American visits in a separate chapter, I will not dwell further on this now, except to say that we thoroughly enjoyed our time and that people were overwhelmingly hospitable and kind. I was not able

to stay as long as George, for I had to return to the three children, who had been lovingly cared for in our absence by their Aunt Minnie. When George rejoined us several weeks later, we were all at Tarbet on Loch Lomond.

In 1897, the Diamond Jubilee year of Queen Victoria, we took our two little boys to London to see the great procession. On the 22nd June, from seats in the Green Park, we watched the wonderful pageant of Empire as the rulers and statesmen went by. The excitement and cheering grew till at last the moment came which seemed to transcend all noise and demonstration, when the carriage came by in which sat a little old lady on her way to render thanks to God for the sixty years of her reign and for the loyalty and love of her people at home and across the seas. We saw her again in the afternoon when, all the ceremonies over, she drove to Paddington Station to return to Windsor; she was smiling then, and looked about her more than she had done in the solemnity of the morning.

To many of the younger generation Kipling's "Recessional" has always been familiar, but it came with an effect of surprise and of overwhelming significance when, on opening our morning paper on the day following the Jubilee, we read these lines:

> The tumult and the shouting dies;
> The captains and the kings depart:
> Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.
> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The Book of the Twelve Prophets appeared that year in two volumes and was warmly greeted as a worthy successor to those on Isaiah. One review said: "If the work on Isaiah established George Adam Smith's claim to scholarship, this sets him among scholars of

the first rank, showing a wealth of critical and linguistic resources, a mastery of detail and an expert ease of handling, which command respectful attention; psychological and spiritual insight keeping perfect pace with critical acumen." And another: "This fine and vivid work, combining in so rare a blend the preacher's instinct and the scholar's habit, set loose a wave of informed interest in the Old Testament, and it would be difficult to exaggerate his part in calling into being the ever-growing mass of excellent British and American critical work on the Prophets."

We returned to the next session of the College in Glasgow with sad hearts; we knew it could never be the same again as it had been, for our best friend there was gone. On the 11th March 1897 Henry Drummond died. We had visited him a short time before at the house in Tunbridge Wells where he was staying. It was strange to see him being wheeled about in a chair, that fine erect figure now so weak and worn. But the gallant spirit was unquenched and the hazel eyes were as bright and searching as ever. The evening before we left, he asked me to sing "The Land o' the Leal," "Crossing the Bar," and his favourite 54th Paraphrase, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord." He was only forty-five. Few men can have influenced so many as he did, or can have had a greater power for good, and to few men have the confidences of so many hearts been given, though he never asked for them, or sought to probe into the lives of others. He and George had been close friends from their student days. He had welcomed me with the kindness of a brother, and he was like a young uncle to our children. He used often to come to our home to play with them in the hour before their bedtime, and he took our little boys to their first circus. Countless people must have felt, when he died, that there had gone a glory from the earth. He was

laid to rest in the shadow of the old Greyfriars Church in Stirling, the home of his family; a memorial service was held in the College in Glasgow for him and for Professor Candlish, who had died only a few days before.

George was asked to write the life of his friend. He found it an extraordinarily difficult task. He said it was like trying to write the story of a fragrance, there was so much that was intangible, elusive, and strange to explain in Henry Drummond. He wrote part of it in the spring of 1898 at Gullane, and he finished it in the late summer at Coillebhrochain, near Bonskeid, among scenes dear to him, and full of memories of that friend and of another equally dear, Robert Barbour.

There's not a grove in Bonskeid Woods
I see not some dear faces shine,
There's not a path I cannot hear
The footsteps that once beat with mine!

The past is constant summer here,
To-day the merest line appears
Of shadow whence I gaze across
The radiance of those blessed years
In Bonskeid Woods.

O God, Who flood'st our lonelier days
With all the sunshine of the past,
If in these narrow straits of Time
The glory be so full and vast,
What shall we find when by Thy hand
We break to Open Sea at last! *

The following year, 1899, George went again to America, to deliver the course of lectures for the Lyman Beecher Foundation at Yale University.† I was not able to go with him, for there were now four children to be looked after, Alick Drummond—so named after

* G. A. S.: "Verses Grave and Gay."
† See Interlude: Lecture Tours in America.

our two special friends—being only six months old. We spent the summer at Reigate, where George joined us on his return. He had much to tell of his travels and the people he had met, especially some new and delightful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Hazard, of Peace Dale, Rhode Island.

At the end of this year the Boer War occupied all men's minds. During the black week in December, when the situation was at its worst and everyone was anxious, George preached the Glasgow University Sermon in the Bute Hall. Many people told us later what courage and inspiration his words had brought.

In the year 1900 the Union took place of two great Scottish Churches, the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church. This event, with its subsequent difficulties and complications, is a matter of history, and is not ground upon which I would—or could—intrude. But when we were at Coldingham that summer, the approaching event gave a particular interest to our meeting for the first time with Professor D. S. Cairns, a leader then of the United Presbyterian Church and afterwards of the United Free Church, who has been a true friend to us ever since.

Coldingham in Berwickshire is a pleasant village near the coast. The Kelmans were staying only a mile and a half away at St. Abbs, and their Barbara and our children and many others had happy days bathing and playing on the sands. George was busy preparing his American lectures for the press, and worked on them most of the day, but in the long summer evenings we would walk to their house, or they would come to ours, and he would read *David Harum* (brought back from America), or Moira O'Neill's *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*, which he had just discovered—" Corrymeela," " Cuttin' Rushes," " Grace for Light," and " Wee Johneen."

At the close of the session, in April 1901, George

made his third journey to Palestine. He had as companions four young ministers, John Kelman, W. L. Robertson, Edward Roxburgh, and Nicol MacNicol; five students, John Mackay, Donald Cameron, Candlish, Paterson, and Hartzell; and a Glasgow business friend, Mr. Arthur Hart. It was a shorter journey than the one we had made together ten years before. By this time there was a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, the roads in the country were very much improved, and travelling was much quicker. Carriages took them from Jerusalem to Hebron; thence they went by Bethlehem and Mar Saba to the Dead Sea, and so to Jericho. On the way to Nablus, as they travelled northward, they met Dr. Bliss, of Palestine Exploration fame, who greeted them thus: "I came here seeking for jar handles, and I have found George Adam Smith!" At Nazareth they discovered Mr. Hole, the artist, who was making his pictures for his beautiful book, *The Life of Our Lord*. They spent several days in the country round about the Lake of Galilee, and then they crossed the Jordan to Gadara. George was greatly disappointed to see the alterations there since his visit ten years before. The villagers had been engaged in building houses for themselves, and for this purpose had been using the ruins and stones of the ancient city; and the basalt pipes of the conduit which had been evident in great quantity had now nearly all disappeared, so that, as he said, "if the ancient sites of Palestine are to be explored and the civilisations they contained brought to light, this must be done as soon as possible." At Tell-esh-Shehab in Hauran they made an exciting discovery. In the mud wall of a house they found a black basalt slab with Egyptian carving upon it, which proved to be an inscription of Sety I with his cartouche. This was only the second Egyptian monument to be found in the Hauran, and George was delighted at finding it. The

villagers said it had been found there ; it was of the stone of the district, and so heavy that it could not easily have been carried—an important indication in connection with the conquests of the Pharaohs on the east of Jordan.

Into Eastern Palestine also the railway had now penetrated, and at El Muzeirib, the terminus of the line from Damascus, George said : " There is little change in the village itself, but the sight of a railway station and of engines on a landscape which was hitherto associated only with Arab markets and the gathering of the Meccan pilgrimage is sufficiently strange." They went to Damascus by train ; thence by Banias, Tyre, and Sidon to Beyrout, where John Kelman and some of the others left them to return home, while George, with Mr. Robertson and Mr. Roxburgh, drove along the coast to Jaffa, and then spent a few more days in Jerusalem. During this tour they had the same good dragoman as we had had ten years before, Hanna Tamari. He had been " brought out " as a first-class dragoman by that early tour. In the years since the *Historical Geography* had appeared he had heard many travellers and archæologists speak of it and of its author, and he was very proud of his connection with both.

George's book, *Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament*, was published in 1901, the outcome of the Lyman Beecher Lectures which had been given at Yale two years before. The appreciative and understanding audience who had heard the lectures could not fail to realise the sincere faith of the lecturer, and how this had been strengthened by intelligent and critical study of the Bible. They were surprised, therefore, when in Scotland, on the appearance of this book, he was accused of undermining the teaching of the Bible and of denying its divine inspiration. This attitude was by no means general, but a small, vociferous party of conservative laymen and ministers did their best to rouse a

sense of indignation and distrust of the Professor's words and writings. Passages from the book were taken from their context and twisted so as to give a false impression of his meaning. These were widely distributed, and there was much agitation in the Church, with the result that another "heresy hunt" was set afoot. However, in the last twenty years there had been a change in the general attitude to Biblical Criticism, and Principal Rainy, who had been a party to the suspension of Robertson Smith in 1880, was now largely instrumental in confirming this other suspected Professor in the confidence of his Church. The question was thrashed out at the General Assembly, which in 1902 met in Glasgow. The big St. Andrew's Hall, where the meetings were held, was crowded on that day, not only with the members of Assembly, lay and clerical, but also with a large number of friends from Edinburgh and all over the country, as well as many from Glasgow who had never before been present at a General Assembly meeting. After the matter had been introduced and spoken to on both sides (with warm support for George from Dr. Rainy and Professor Orr), Professor Smith himself was called upon to speak.

I shall never forget his standing on the platform of the great hall, a ray of sunshine striking upon him, as with earnest words and in his sincere and beautiful voice he told the eager audience how his own faith had been strengthened by critical, intelligent study of the Bible, and how he believed with all his heart and mind that the Bible was one of the most potent forces of God's revelation of Himself to man. After he had spoken, the motion for a conference to interrogate him further was dropped, and the Assembly refused to institute any process against him at all, or to commit the Church as such to any motion forbidding him freedom of criticism.

He weathered the storm, but it left its mark upon him, for he found it hard to understand how the Church which he had served so faithfully, and to which he had dedicated his great gifts of heart and mind, should have so misunderstood him. His health, usually so good, had been affected by the strain. He was not so strong as usual that winter, and, when in America the following year, he succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever, and his life was almost despaired of. I was in Glasgow, busy moving our home from Sardinia Terrace to Westbourne Gardens, when at six o'clock one evening in May I received a cablegram saying that he was seriously ill with typhoid fever and in hospital at Cleveland, Ohio. Before eleven o'clock that night I was in the train for Liverpool, without sufficient money for the voyage, but trusting to the promise of the Glasgow agent of the White Star Line, to whom I shall ever be grateful, that they would see me through.

How kind our friends were! Dr. John McVail, whose advice I had immediately sought and who had advised my going, at once with his kind wife undertook the care of our two older boys, then at Glasgow Academy. George was twelve and Beppo ten; I can see their bewildered faces as I told them their father was ill in America and I must go at once, then their determination to do all in their power to help. The younger children, Maisie, Alick, and three-year-old Kathleen, were in Arran with their good Mademoiselle and were bidden to remain there.

Dr. McVail saw me off from Glasgow that night, and when I stepped out of the train early the next morning into the grey Liverpool station, I was met by C. A. Scott, who had come from London and who saw me off in the *Teutonic*. The kindness of our friends did not stop on this side of the Atlantic, for when the pilot came on board as we neared New York, he brought a

message from President Gilman of Baltimore that he had just telegraphed for the latest news from Cleveland, which was reassuring. And when the ship came into dock, there he was waiting, and with him Professor Francis Brown of New York, and they put me into the train for Cleveland, a long journey with the suspense in one's heart. I was met there by Dr. Thwing, President of the Western Reserve University, where George had gone to lecture but had instead been laid low by illness. He took me to Lakeside Hospital, where a nurse's room had been prepared for me. My husband had been told only a short time before that I was coming, and when I entered his room, he could scarcely believe it. We were much amused by the headlines in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* the following day—"On the Wings of Love Flew to Husband's Bedside in 8 Days and 17 Hours." It was a speedy journey in those days when flying was only metaphorical. He began slowly to improve, and though there were many fluctuations in his progress, yet at the end of eleven weeks he was able to leave the hospital and we went to the Hazards at Peace Dale. It was my first visit to their lovely home in Rhode Island, but he knew it well from his previous visit in 1899. His health steadily improved and I was able to leave him with an easy mind in the care of Rowland and Mary Hazard, while I returned to my hurriedly forsaken family. Dr. Hugh Barbour came to see my husband as soon as he returned, and advised his going to Matlock in Derbyshire for a few weeks, while the children and I settled into our new Glasgow home in Westbourne Gardens.

Although George's health was greatly improved, yet it was evident that he would not be able to do the work of the next winter session. This was undertaken by Dr. David Eaton and Dr. Adam Welch, and the doctors ordered George away for six months. Our generous

friends in Glasgow gave him a cheque which made it possible to take a long voyage, and at the end of October we sailed for India. My mother came to stay with the children and with their Swiss nursery governess took charge of them during our absence.

The voyage—a slow one—was the best thing possible for my husband, and when we reached Bombay he was again in good health. He had long hoped to visit India, where five of his family were now settled. He had left it as a little boy of two, and now was returning, a man of forty-seven. We spent a week in Rajputana and then we went to the Punjab, where his brother Dunlop, after his Army career, was now Political Agent for the Native States. His beautiful home in Patiala was cared for since his wife's death by his sister Minnie, who was a perfect hostess and helpmeet to him. We travelled with them to other Native States which were in his charge, Jhind and Nabha. The ruler of the latter was a thoughtful, wise old man, and he and George had many serious talks on philosophy and religion, and he spoke with admiration of " the men whom your great Queen Victoria sent to us in the Punjab "—Nicholson, Herbert Edwardes, the Lawrences, Charles Aitchison, and now Dunlop Smith. When we regretfully left him, the dear old Rajah presented us with his photograph, and it has hung on our wall ever since, beside the portrait of Dunlop. In Patiala, by contrast, there was a very young Maharajah, a boy of fourteen. He was devoted to Dunlop and anxious to do all honour to his visitors, so that elephants and state coaches were put at our disposal, and Durbars arranged to welcome us and to bid farewell.

Naturally my husband was very anxious to see Calcutta, where his parents had lived and where he was born ; and we were there for New Year's Day, 1904. His brother Bill came from his tea garden in Cachar to meet us, and we all went up the Hoogli to Serampore

to see the house where their parents had lived for many years, while their father had been Editor of *The Calcutta Review* and *The Friend of India*. It had been the home of the great missionary William Carey, and among various things of his that they had bought was a fine chiming clock, which they took with them afterwards to Edinburgh and which is now in our care. At Serampore the brothers were delighted to meet Tîn Kuri, the bearer who had taken charge of them as children ; and he was overwhelmed with joy at seeing them again. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Andrew Fraser, took us to see some of the industries of Calcutta and the social schemes for the workers, gave us a sail in his yacht, and we were his guests at a ball at Government House, a very splendid function. We found several friends among the missionaries, and received much kindness and hospitality from them.

One day in Calcutta George was invited to lunch with the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, and they had a long talk together, just by themselves. The following few and disconnected notes are all I can find of that talk, which was concerned largely with the question of religions in India : " Psychologists discovering phenomena in all religions which resemble each other ; the mistake made by many of our fellow-countrymen who had been brought up to believe that all religions except their own were wrong ; their surprise at finding these faiths governed the lives of millions. Practical matters—the great responsibility of our country towards the native races ; British government, while preserving liberty in religion, had not been afraid to put down the grosser forms of immorality and cruelty ; work of the missionaries ; meeting on great human levels, ethical and spiritual ; the fine and saintly characters in other faiths than our own, and generous minds ; the Sikh Rajah of Nabha saying he had known more Christians than

men of other religions whose lives approximated to their religion and teaching."

Our next visit was to George's youngest sister, Ann, now married to Montagu Butler, Assistant Commissioner for the Attock District. They lived in the Serai adjoining the old fort at Attock-on-the-Indus. This place, above the junction of two great rivers, with its wonderful prospect to the north, its "infinite view of everlasting snows," stirred George's imagination, and he recalled it in a poem he wrote at the time for his young nephew, Richard Austen Butler :

The Kabul and the Indus meeting
Splash with the music of their greeting
The grim swart rocks of Attock's ridge,
Where Akbar flung his floating bridge,
And from the river to the crest,
Embattled, broad, and facing west,
Built his huge fortress up the steep,
The passage of the bridge to keep. . . .

Below the fortress wall, yet high
Above the River and the Road,
Upon a terrace plain and broad,
He built a caravanserai,
Where traders and their beasts might lie. . . .

What dusty ghosts this hospice throng !
What eerie soughs of tale and song
Whisper the vaulted roofs along !
See the grave bearded faces rise
With travel's deep and weary eyes ;
And in the sunshine of the square,
Or by the wood-fire's wizard glare,
Recount, in rest attained at last,
What lengths of road, what perils past ! . . .

Ah, where do spectres readier rise
Than in old caravanserais ?
Or where is magic more abroad
Than by the changehouse and the Road ? *

* G. A. S. : "Verses Grave and Gay."

After a most happy and interesting visit there we went to Peshawar, where we stayed with Dr. Arthur Lankester. As with Dr. Mackinnon in Damascus, so again we saw how the medical missionary had won his way into the hearts and confidence of all classes and nationalities. Besides showing us the work of the mission in the town, he took us for an expedition through the Khyber Pass on one of those days when it was guarded for traffic, and one knew that from end to end, on every hill, armed sentries were watching. At Ali Musjid, where the Pass widens, we saw the caravans from India and Afghanistan meet and pass each other. It was a memorable day.

We went to Lahore, Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow on our way back to Bombay, where we stayed again, as we had done on our arrival, with Dr. McKichan, Principal of the Wilson College, and his wife, and saw the fine mission work that was being carried on there.

On the voyage home we stopped a few hours at Aden, not long enough to go ashore but with time for our friend Dr. J. C. Young, of the Aden and Sheikh Othman Mission, to come and see us on the ship, as he had done on our outward journey. We were able, with his direction, to gain a good impression of the place, where twelve years later our dear son Dunlop was to see much of his military service and where he was welcomed by that same kind friend.

At the entrance to the Suez Canal we parted, George to meet my brother, Dr. G. S. Buchanan, and to make with him another journey in Palestine, his fourth. Most of their travelling was in Moab, from Medeba to the Wady Zerka Ma'in, in which are the hot springs of Callirrhoe, where Herod the Great was carried in his last illness and where people still come to bathe in the hot water for rheumatism and diseases of the skin. Thence they went to Machærus, and explored the ruins of the

town and the fortress where John the Baptist was imprisoned. George was specially interested to see the very extensive view from the walls of the fortress, and he wrote : " If the captives of Herod Antipas were allowed to look out of their prison, then might John see nearly every stage of his own education and ministry : the deserts of Judæa, where he was brought up ; part of the Temple, where he had been presented as a child ; see round the Mount of Olives, and the valley of the Jordan, where he achieved his ministry. It is singular to remark how the three great prophets, Moses, Elijah, and John, all passed away within a few miles of each other, across Jordan in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor."

The travellers made their way by Atarôth to Libb, where they joined the Roman road, by which they went south to explore the Crusaders' fortress of Kerak. After the journeying on the east of the Dead Sea, they returned to Jerusalem, and George spent much time there, investigating water-courses and walls and subterranean passages and inscriptions, in all of which he received much interested assistance from authorities living in the city. He had in view his book upon Jerusalem, and this was a most valuable and helpful visit.

CHAPTER V

1903–1910. Glasgow activities—Contacts with other Churches and with Universities—Family Life—*Jerusalem*—Voyage to Sicily and Greece—Appointment as Principal of Aberdeen University—A letter from Professor J. L. Morison

THE next period of my husband's life was, I think, one of the happiest and most satisfying. There was less in it of travel and adventure, but his vigour and powers were at their height and everything that he did or said carried weight and influence. As a scholar he was widely known and respected; as a preacher he was always assured of overflowing and keenly interested congregations. His preaching, earnest and sympathetic as ever, had a note of greater assurance and authority, as he made the characters and events in the Bible live again, or as he brought out the meaning of particular passages, relating their eternal truths to present-day conditions. The fame of the United Free Church College had spread, and many students came from other countries, principally from Canada and the United States, to work under the fine band of theologians—Principal Lindsay and Professors Orr, Denney, Hislop, and George Adam Smith. The Scottish students were no less keen, and there was an atmosphere of enthusiasm about the College which was a stimulus alike to teachers and taught.

Numbers of old students have written about those days. One, from Pretoria, says: "He had genius which was inspiration and imagination. Many a time in the Hebrew class, perhaps reading Jeremiah, did he inspire me. Almost carelessly he would scatter his jewels. He would open a text just as a skilful fisherman in my old Highland home would 'shell' a mussel, and then he would say, 'Gentlemen, I make a present of it to you.'

I had for him a deep affection, and if I have been able to contribute something to the life of South Africa, it has been mainly through the inspiration I received from him." Another, still in Scotland, says: "All through my ministry scarcely a week has passed but I have felt his old spell upon me. How often some flashing memory of his look or voice has fired my heart and kindled my mind."

An Irish student writes: "I was a member of his Hebrew class, he was to me most kind. He was the first professor who ever took me by the arm—he did this the first day I arrived at the College with another Irish student. We knew no one there and were introduced to him by the Janitor, Clark. He made us sit on either side of him that day as he presided at the College dinner, and he had us often up at your house. Forgive this letter, I could not refrain from this expression of my feelings for a revered teacher to whom I owe so much." And the minister of a church in Ontario says: "I am just a voice from the West, acknowledging a debt that can never be paid."

Though his work in the College was his first consideration, yet my husband never relaxed his efforts for the improvement of social conditions. His experience and knowledge of these made him a force in the city. From the pulpit he constantly pled the cause of home missions, arousing a sense of responsibility and securing devoted helpers, young and old. In a sermon preached in the Park Parish Church he pictures the conditions of life in some poor district and asks: "What would a new and eager worker find in such a field? There would be the inevitable shock as the appalling evils were faced, a rousing effect would follow with the realisation of the great opportunity and the discovery of how much of sound and pliable material there is, where at first sight there seemed to be only the dwindling light of lost

opportunities and material too rotten to reclaim. There exist even in the worst parts of our cities a surprising number of pure and strong characters ready to do their part. To every Christian who, from easier circumstances, goes to work with them they stand as a powerful inspiration and example."

As Convener of the Committee on Unemployment he presented to the Glasgow Presbytery of the United Free Church a detailed and discriminating report which closes with these words : " The Churches have to remind all their members, producers and consumers alike, of the responsibility resting on individuals to work well and use wisely the means of life, with the stewardship of which they have been entrusted by God. It is a fallacy to suppose that one man's labour and possessions necessarily mean the exclusion of others either from work or from the enjoyment of its produce. On the contrary, every man who is faithful in his own vocation and in the use of the profits with which it has endowed him creates opportunities of work for other men. *Our* industry, *our* thrift, *our* wisdom and care in spending, these are the best provisions for the employment of others. A great deal of the unemployment of the present day is due to the idleness and waste of parts of *all* classes. The distress would be diminished if as a nation we spent less on pleasure and more on the products of our skilled and organised trades, and on the betterment of the land."

His work with regard to Women's Trades and Employment continued with untiring zeal ; and he was called on to preside at a special conference of the Council held in London in 1907. He continued his interest in the meetings for working men at Port Dundas, which had been founded by Professor Drummond, and he was an active member of the Scottish Christian Social Union.

When Professor Henry Jones founded the Civic Society, George was one of the original members and served on its committee. The object of the Society was to promote the better understanding of social subjects by means of discussion and lectures. Its hundred members represented many professions and activities : municipal, University, clerical, medical, employers, and labour and business. With Professor Jones as its mainspring, the meetings of the Society could not fail to be interesting, and George would return from them filled with fresh enthusiasm and hope.

His interests were by no means confined to the great city in which he lived. He had been elected a member of the Synthetic Society, and, as often as he could, he attended its meetings in London. Like one of its founders, Bishop E. S. Talbot, he found "great refreshment of spirit in discussing the deeper matters of philosophy and belief, and he placed reliance on the value of the free exchange of opinion between those who differ most widely." Among the members were men of very varying views : Canon Gore, A. J. Balfour, Wilfrid Ward, William Temple, Lord Haldane, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Pringle Pattison, R. J. Campbell, Father Waggett, Baron von Hügel, Dr. Armitage Robinson, and Lord Hugh Cecil. George would tell with admiration how Balfour, then Prime Minister, would come straight from some debate in the House of Commons to his place in the Synthetic Society's meeting, at the right hand of the Chairman, Dr. Talbot, and in a few minutes he would be deep in some philosophical discussion.

George had many happy contacts with the Anglican Church. Long ago, in his Swiss climbing days, he had been a great friend of Fred Church, and had been welcomed to the Deanery of St. Paul's by his distinguished father ; another friend of those Alpine days was the

Rev. J. M. Wilson, then Headmaster of Clifton College, later Archdeacon of Manchester and Canon of Worcester. George's first actual experience of the work of a country parish was at Aller in Somerset, where we and our two little boys went in 1897 to stay with Prebendary Nicholson at his beautiful old Rectory. George read the lessons in church and accompanied his host, who was also Rural Dean, on his visits to the neighbouring clergy. He addressed a group of these and some meetings of church workers, and I have a picture in my memory of him speaking to the Sunday School children at the top of a little hill near Athelney on Sedgemoor.

In 1902 he delivered a course of four lectures on the Old Testament under the auspices of the Manchester Free Church Council. For these lectures the Dean and Chapter of Manchester granted the use of the Cathedral, and they were largely attended by clergy and laity of all denominations. During that time we stayed with Archdeacon and Mrs. Wilson at Rochdale, and made the acquaintance of their family; Steuart, the youngest of them, was our godson. A visit to the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, my father's old friend, who had christened me in London, took us to Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland. When, in 1905, George accompanied Principal Rainy as a member of the deputation in connection with the great "Scottish Church Case," we had the honour of being invited to Lambeth, to dine with the Archbishop and Mrs. Randall Davidson; we were also, at different times, guests of Dr. Ryle and Dr. Armitage Robinson at the Deanery of Westminster. On the invitation of Bishop Boyd Carpenter, George gave a course of lectures on Jeremiah to the clergy of the diocese of Ripon, and he repeated some of these at Keswick, at the request of Canon Rawnsley of Crosthwaite, who had gathered together the clergy of a large district as well as many of the laity. Recalling these lectures after many years,

the Rev. W. Farrer writes from a Cumberland vicarage : " I was greatly impressed—who could *not* be ?—at hearing such a profound scholar and meeting such a charming personality." The Bishop of Carlisle took the chair, as he did also on a later occasion when George gave an address upon " The Natural Strength of the Psalms " in the Fratry of Carlisle Cathedral. Of all our English Church friends the closest were Canon and Mrs. Rawnsley, who welcomed us to their beautiful Vicarage at any time. It was a haven of peace after the strenuous city life, and the services in Crosthwaite Church were a source of strength and refreshment. We tried, whenever we could, to go there for Easter Sunday to worship in the Church of Saint Kentigern. The Lake Country, and especially Derwentwater, became very familiar and dear to us and to our children.

My husband was welcomed also by many other churches. He delivered sermons or addresses to the Congregational Union in London, to the Wesleyan Mission in Sheffield, to a great Baptist missionary meeting at Bradford, at which the other special speaker was Sir Robert Hart, of Chinese fame ; to a conference of Friends at Harrogate ; while an address upon " The Development of Israel's Doctrine of the Individual and his Life after Death," which he found very difficult to write, was delivered at Hackney College, London, under the chairmanship of Principal Forsyth.

He had connections also with several Universities. He was a member of the Theological Board and an Examiner in Divinity of the University of Wales ; he delivered lectures to the College at Bala ; he gave an address upon Jeremiah at Bristol, and in Manchester and Sheffield Universities he gave lectures on Moab, with particular reference to the inscriptions he had found on his travels.

In 1907 he delivered the Inaugural Lecture of the

Photo: Moffatt, Edinburgh

PROFESSOR GEORGE ADAM SMITH

(About 1905)

Board of Biblical Studies at Liverpool ; his subject was " The Power of the People in Israel in Old Testament Times." He traced the growth of the popular power and the influence of the prophets in their protests against the policy or the characters of some of their rulers ; and he showed how, being sure of the righteousness of their message, they were enabled to speak with such confidence to their fellow-citizens, and to urge upon them the duty of the individual conscience. In thanking the lecturer Dr. Chavasse, the Bishop of Liverpool, said : " He has made the books of the Prophets live ; he has made the Holy Land a new country to us, and his lecture has been given with a wonderful clearness and eloquence of expression and with a wealth of learning, so modestly shown. Many of those present when they read the Old and New Testaments in the future will have a new conception of the words ' the multitude '." On the same day George addressed a meeting of the Liverpool Christian Conference on " The Relation of Christianity to other Religions," a subject that had always a great fascination for him ; he spoke particularly of the impressions he had gained in India.

In 1909 the Society for Biblical Study selected him for the first award of its Silver Medal presented by Sir Thomas Dyke Acland for Biblical research. At the meeting of the Society in University College, London, the opening address was given by Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Winchester, who said : " The Bible is not going to fail our age because our age insists on subjecting it to severe criticism." In presenting the Medal, Professor F. C. Burkitt of Cambridge referred particularly to George's recent books on Jerusalem ; after thanking him, George said his remarks came as a consolation, for a few evenings before he had been sitting at dinner beside an interesting and well-educated lady who told him she had recently visited Jerusalem and asked if he had ever

been there ; he said he had gone there first in 1880. "Oh, then," she said, "you have been several times ; I do hope you will put down your impressions." Then in more serious vein he added : "I look upon this gift as a provocative of labour to come and an inspiration for future work rather than as a reward for anything I have yet accomplished."

From 1903, for seven happy years, we lived at 40 Westbourne Gardens. In that delightful corner of Glasgow we found greater pleasure and freedom than in our earlier home. The houses of friendly neighbours surrounded the garden, which was an outlet and refreshment for young and old alike. In the summer evenings we enjoyed watching a crowd of young people, our own amongst them, playing tennis or rounders, and running races ; and the day of the annual Garden Sports was one of the family's great occasions. The Lindsays lived only three houses from us ; Tom and our older boys were full of pranks, scrambling up the roan-pipes and over the roofs of the houses ; the younger ones played games and climbed trees, and at more peaceful moments the babies (our Janet among them) were out in their prams or learning to walk on the grassy levels. It was no formal enclosure with stiff, trim flower-beds, but John the old gardener kept it in good order, and kept the users of it in good order also ! When the young crowd was becoming too boisterous he would come round clanging his big keys as he threatened to turn them all out. Our boys went to school at the Glasgow Academy : a finer school or school staff it would be hard to find, and Dr. Edwin Temple, the Rector, was the best friend that parents or boys could have.

From their earliest days at school their father followed their fortunes in work and in play with devoted interest. He was away from home in May 1902 when the School

Sports took place and he wrote to George, then nearly twelve years old : " I will be thinking of you to-morrow at the Games. Stick in as hard as you can—never mind whether you win or lose, keep your eye on the goal and run for all you are worth." And to Beppo, two years younger : " If you run in the sack race, be sure to put your feet into the corners and take short steps."

Many lifelong friendships were formed by our children in those school and garden days, and our home resounded with their fun and merriment. Sunday tea was always a special treat, for their father was with them then, and he had a way of preparing a " cookie ", hollowing it out and filling it up with jam, which delighted the children. There were older friends, too, who often joined us at these Sunday teas and at the singing of hymns afterwards. Among these Miss Penelope Ker—dear Aunt Pen—was the most frequent ; and when he was in Glasgow, her brother, W. P., would be one of the party, and would joyfully march round the room with the children, singing " Onward ! Christian Soldiers."

Since his serious illness in America George had been forbidden by the doctors to go out to evening meetings as often as before. We at home were the gainers, and in the winter evenings, when lessons were finished, the children would invade the study, clamouring for a chapter of Dickens. Their father would break off his work, putting aside the maps of Jerusalem with which the study was garlanded, or the pages he was writing, and we would all draw round the fire—as likely as not Tom Lindsay and Beppo's great friend Lorne McNeill would crowd in too. Then, with such zest and enjoyment, George would read of Mr. Boffin and Silas Wegg, of Pip and Mr. Pumblechook, of Trabb's boy ; of Mr. Toots and Captain Cuttle ; of the brothers Cheeryble ; of Mr. Guppy, Dick Swiveller, Mark Tapley, Mr. Mantalini ; of Tommy Traddles, Miss Betsy Trotwood,

Mr. Micawber and the rest of that varied company. His portrayal of them was so vivid and his enthusiasm so infectious that the characters seemed to become part of our family life.

The daily walk across the Park to and from the College gave George the exercise he needed, and when he returned home it was generally to settle with complete absorption to his own work. He could concentrate entirely on the particular subject with which he was occupied ; it might be the Jowett Lectures on " The Religion of Israel " which he was to deliver in London, or an article for *The Commonwealth* on " The Christian Social Movement in Scotland," or some other course of lectures which he had promised, or sermons and addresses for special occasions. And all the time the book on Jerusalem—" this monumental work " as it has been called—was gathering itself together. But he was never too much engrossed as to be inaccessible to those who came to him for help or advice. He would enter wholeheartedly into their difficulties, giving them thoughtful counsel and sending them away full of hope and courage.

The strain of a hard week's work would often be swept away on the Saturday, when Matthew Greenlees took him and David Ross and others to golf at Troon, or when an expedition was made with his friends of the Scottish Mountaineering Club to Ben Ledi or Ben Vorlich, or when in winter he was a " keen keen curler " on the skating pond. From such days he would come home like a schoolboy, eager to recount all the adventures and the fun and the good stories that had been told. As I recall those Glasgow times, what friends come thronging to my mind—the Burnets, Marwicks, Allan Bairds, Maylards, MacLehoses, Mr. and Mrs. Greenlees, Dr. and Mrs. John McVail and Dr. Barr Pollock ; in the University, the Cairds, Lord and Lady Kelvin, the Ramsays, Professor William Jack, the Gilbert Murrays,

Andrew Bradley, F. O. Bower, the Adamsons, the Bryces, Principal and Mrs. Story, Henry Jones, the Medleys, the McKendricks and many others. And the minister friends : Dr. and Mrs. Stalker, Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, Dr. and Mrs. George Reith, Dr. and Mrs. Ross Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Macgregor, and an old friend of our Palestine expedition, Carnegie Simpson and his wife. Also in later years our family circle had to our great happiness been widened by the arrival in Glasgow of David and Isabel Ross. He was now minister of Westbourne Church ; they lived near us and shared in many of the family doings.

During those years our summer holidays were spent at the farm of Downans, about two miles south of Ballantrae in Ayrshire. It was an ideal holiday place, a big sheep farm on a headland above the sea. Along the coast were many lovely bays ; one of these would be chosen as a meeting place, and from Carlock would come Professor and Mrs. McCunn and their three ; from Ballantrae the Kelmans ; from Downans the whole Smith family, most of them on bicycles, but the little ones and the tea in an old phaeton that belonged to the farm. At Glendrishaig or Currarie or Portandea the various parties would assemble. George, who had been engrossed in writing up to the last minute, and had been desperately summoned by the departing members of his family, was now in his element. The making of the fire and boiling the water was his special job, and one in which he excelled.

Once there was a memorable expedition to Ailsa Craig, and it was when returning from this that our little boy Alick, about eight years old, made a remark which delighted his father, with whom he was sitting on the front seat of the waggonette. Looking at the night-sky he said earnestly : " Father, I know about the sun, but I *can't* see how God works the moon."

There were always visitors at Downans, and often the party overflowed into the shepherds' cottages at the foot of Downans Hill. Many friends came, among them A. F. Giles, William Menzies, Ernest and Charlie Warr, and several from America ; and there were young nephews and nieces—one of the latter, in an ecstasy of devotion, wrote in her diary : " Uncle George has a perfect aquiline nose." Everyone, young and old, joined in the special Ballantrae scouting games and the search for hidden treasure. And, purporting to be a band of Puritan Pirates, whose ship *The Prevenient Grace* was driven upon the rocks, a number of them signed an appeal for help, for gold and raiment, drawn up by their Captain, Ezekiel Blackadder (G. A. S.), to their former messmate, one Doctor John of Sanctus Georgius his Kirk, in Edinburgh. This document, and its reply from John Kelman, caused much amusement to us all.

The Easter holidays were always spent in Arran, that dear island to which we had been introduced by Professor Drummond at the beginning of our Glasgow life. Successive generations of students had continued the custom he started of going there for a week at the close of the College session. This week generally fell within our time in Arran, and the students' picnic and concert were great features of those days. My birthday, April the 7th, was usually celebrated by a picnic in Glen Sannox—some of us driving there by the lovely coast road, the more energetic ones walking over the hills. It was the best time to be in Arran ; after the foggy winter in Glasgow, what a joy it was to feel the wind on the moor, to hear the curlew calling, to see the purple of the birch-groves and the crimson tufts of the larches, to pick primroses in the Castle woods. And then, with George or W. P. Ker as our leader, to climb the peaks in turn, till we knew them all from Fergus' Seat to Beinn a' Chliabhain.

In 1908 *Jerusalem* was published, the book which had been the most absorbing piece of work for many years. In his last two visits to Palestine George had spent much time in Jerusalem, exploring, measuring, and consulting authorities there, like Dr. Schick, Jusuf Pasha, and Dr. D'Erfe Wheeler. Books for reference, pamphlets, maps and plans strewed the room in which he was working in Glasgow or in Ballantrae. One has only to look into those "two stately volumes" (as they were described by the Public Orator of Dublin University at the time George received its Honorary D.D. degree) to realise the amount of work and time and research that had gone to the making of them.

As usual while he was writing, if some passage was specially dramatic or exciting, he had immediately to share it with us. I remember the thrill with which the two older boys and myself followed his account of the making of the tunnel from the Virgin's Spring to the Pool of Siloam, the miners working from either end until, after several deviations in their course, they approached each other, and at last "when there were but three cubits to be bored, the voice of each was heard calling to his fellow, and the hewers struck pick against pick" till the course was cleared and the waters flowed through. Or the description of Nehemiah rebuilding the walls: half of his force at work with their swords girt to their sides, supported by bowmen and lancers under the wall, all of them ready to ward off attack; Nehemiah himself in the centre with a bugler by his side, all the long hours "from the rise of the dawn till the stars come out"—no more gallant scene, said their latest chronicler, "in all the drama of Jerusalem's history."

And if the stories of the water supply and the building of the walls were so thrilling, how much more so the history of Jerusalem and its people. How, as he read,

the figures of the prophets stood forth—Isaiah, who had known the city from his earliest days and spoke to its inhabitants as one of themselves ; Jeremiah, the countryman, who had seen God in the flowering of the almond tree at Anāthoth and who knew the city as a prisoner within its gates, who wrote the lament over its desolation which came with such poignancy as this latest interpreter read it :

> We were straining, were straining our eyes,
> Our help was a dream,
> While we looked for, we looked for a people
> That never brought help.

And again how we were stirred when he pictured Jerusalem : " The memory and the hope in the heart of its exiles, seen through the distance and the tears." It helped him to read passages to us, and to feel our response, though the boys did tease him about his devotion to the Desolate City ! Many years later Beppo wrote from Aden, where he was Brigade Machine Gun Officer of the 33rd Punjabis, to inform his father that he had named one of his mules The Desolate City, because of its doleful disposition. They and their sister Maisie helped me while I was preparing the index in the winter of 1907-8.

The final proofs of it and of the last chapter of the book had still to come from the press when in April 1908 George started on a voyage to Sicily and Greece to meet two young friends, Freeland Barbour and his sister Margaret. Their kind, thoughtful mother knew that he needed rest and change after his labours and planned this happy and refreshing holiday. At Syracuse, where he joined them, he entered into all the interests of the mixed gathering of Italians, Americans, and British who were there for Easter. " Especially I remember," writes Margaret Barbour, " when the band played the National Anthems of all the countries represented, after dinner, though others sat placidly while the Italian

National Anthem was played, Professor Smith sprang to attention and saluted, to the great delight of an old Italian General, who returned the same courtesy for 'God Save the King.'" There were walks on the windy, flowery hillsides, and through the olive gardens, with George examining wall emplacements or pointing out the Etruscan courses, the Roman, the Saracen, the Norman, layer by layer, to his young friends. "One evening at Taormina," Margaret Barbour remembers, "Professor Smith said we had been faring too richly in the hotel and must shake off the effects. Would I be ready early next morning? About 6 a.m. outside the hotel door waited a Sicilian boy in blue and his fine donkey. We were to climb to the top of the Monte Venere. All the way the path of cobbles led by steps up through fruit and vegetable terraces. We took turns at riding the donkey. When we reached the top and in the silver mist of early morning were gazing at mountains to north and west, far below a cock crew. The boy's face lit up as he traced the sound and pointed 1500 feet below to a pattern of fields—'*mia patria*,' he murmured. We kept Easter Sunday at Taormina and Professor Smith recited to us Spenser's poem, 'Most glorious Lord of Life, that on this day.'

"We had a leisurely voyage on an Italian coasting boat to Athens, where we spent much time at the temples on the Acropolis. On one intensely hot afternoon, I found Professor Smith examining the ruins left by the Turks when they bombarded Athens in the Greek War of Independence. I always remember how, following a visit to Areopagus, we had evening prayers sitting in my bedroom on Gladstone bags; he read Acts xvii, 32, 'some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter.' As he closed the Bible he turned, before he knelt, to his two young companions and said, with a tone which for one of them has echoed down the

years, ' but the belief in the Resurrection had come to stay.' "

Before George returned *Jerusalem* was in circulation. It was entirely characteristic of him that he had dedicated it, not to any learned colleagues or societies, but to the memory of the dear aunt who, when he was a boy, had first roused his interest in Jerusalem and its history.

It did not have the wide and speedy recognition that had greeted the *Historical Geography ;* much of it was too detailed and too technical for general reading, but it was welcomed by students and scholars, and took its own place in the literature of Jerusalem. To my mind the second volume is one of the best pieces of work George ever did. The comment has often been made that it is more the history of the people than an account of the city ; but the city was so essential a background to their history that it seems impossible to dissociate them.

I cannot close these Glasgow chapters without speaking of some of the friends who came to stay with us, whose kindness and faithfulness so enriched our lives and our home. As I look at our Visitors' Books for those years, I see the revered names of Principal Rainy, Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College ; the Master of Balliol, Dr. Edward Caird ; Professor A. B. Davidson, Dr. Alexander Whyte, Dr. Walter Smith, and Dr. and Mrs. Newman Hall. Many of these came to give lectures, as did also the travellers, Capt. Lemaire from the Congo, and Mons. Louis Questiaing, Mrs. Isabella Bishop, the first woman F.R.G.S., telling of her adventures in Persia, Kurdistan, and other parts of Asia ; and much later, Dr. Sven Hedin, giving a lecture upon his journey in Thibet. And other lecturers were Dr. Howard Bliss from Beyrout (" hoping for a speedy reunion in Palestine "), Professor R. A. S. Macalister from Gezer, Professor F. C. Burkitt, Professor A. C. Bradley, giving

one of his Gifford Lectures ; Professor J. Arthur Thomson, Sir Archibald Geikie ; and Sir Oliver Lodge, lecturing on Haeckel. And I see the names of many other friends : Canon and Mrs. J. M. Wilson ; Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who played at bears with the children when they were little and brought them books when they were older ; John Watson with the proofs of a new Ian Maclaren story ; Canon and Mrs. Driver, Dr. R. J. Campbell, Professor Baldwin Brown, the Mackinnons from Damascus ; Henry Sykes, first from Es-Salt and later from Nazareth and Jerusalem ; the Francis Browns from New York, Paul Moody from Northfield, Massachusetts ; Charles Gordon ("Ralph Connor") from Banff in the Rocky Mountains, and again from Winnipeg ; the Rev. Rowland Bateman from the Punjab, the MacKichans from Bombay, W. H. MacGregor from Singapore.

Of course the members of our two families were often with us ; and our old friends Sir John and Lady Burdon Sanderson paid us an annual visit on their way to or from the Highlands, and also for the meeting of the British Association in Glasgow in 1901. Rowland Hazard always arrived with something exciting for the young people ; on one occasion he brought boomerangs and gave a demonstration of them in the Gardens to an admiring crowd of neighbours ; Sir Hugh and Lady Alice Shaw Stewart came sometimes, for a meeting or a concert—I remember how we enjoyed Mischa Elman in their company—and on 11th March 1902 Lord and Lady Aberdeen came for the unveiling of the memorial to Henry Drummond. William Hole brought his beautiful pictures, illustrating *The Life of Our Lord*, and he and George spent many hours in consultation over them. The preface to his book was written by Archdeacon Sinclair, and George wrote the introduction which speaks chiefly of the land of Palestine, its natural features, and the traditional life of the people.

Among those whose names appear most regularly are Hugh and Margaret Barbour, Freeland Barbour, John and Ellin Kelman, the J. U. Macgregors, C. A. Scott and his wife. And, whenever Canon Rawnsley appeared, there was always some crusade afoot, it might be to capture Brandelhow or Gowbarrow from the onslaught of the speculative builder, or to rescue the Fall of Foyers from the aluminium works :

> He came and pleaded till he bust
> The sacred cause of National Trust,

as he wrote in our Visitors' Book. Or he might be engaged in a campaign against Pernicious Literature, or embarked on a more peaceful undertaking, to induce the nation to consume only stone-ground flour. Whatever the " cause," he made us all share his interest and enthusiasm.

My husband was twice invited to consider undertaking professorships in Glasgow University—the Chair of History and the Chair of Hebrew—but after giving each full consideration he decided to remain in the United Free Church College.

Our family was fast growing up. In 1908 George, the eldest, was at Glasgow University and Beppo was a prefect at the Academy, sporting the tasselled cap of the First Football Fifteen. Twice George and his two boys had gone off for a summer holiday together ; the first time in a Clyde steamer to Waterford and up the English Channel, and the second to Belgium, where they visited Antwerp, Brussels, and the Field of Waterloo. George was always so happy when he could get any of us away with him for a little holiday. His love for his home and family was never out of his heart, and was the spur to much of his work. Once when he was away and supposed to be having a rest, I heard that he was working hard on some articles for *The Expositor*. On my writing to remonstrate, he replied : " We need every penny I

can make, and thou knowest how I rejoice to work for thee and the bairns."

With this as one of his reasons, he accepted several invitations to lecture in America in the summer of 1909 (the account of this tour comes in a later chapter).* During his absence the five older children and I spent most of the summer in Brittany, and little Janet, aged three, was with her good nurse in Arran. I went to meet George at Liverpool on his return, and heard that at Queenstown he had found a letter from Lord Pentland offering him the Principalship of the University of Aberdeen. There followed some days of anxiety and doubt, and then after a long talk with his father, he accepted. The two boys and I were in the study and he was reading to us one evening when the telegram arrived confirming his appointment. We were all proud of the honour, and yet anxious about the responsibility and the complete change of work and life that were involved, and we were terribly sorry to think of leaving Glasgow, that dear, friendly city which had been our home for nearly eighteen years.

George made it a condition of his acceptance that he should continue his work at the College in that session, which was just beginning, or until his successor was appointed. It was therefore arranged that he should do his work in Glasgow during the middle of each week, and be in Aberdeen from Friday morning to Monday night. This made a strenuous winter for him, but he felt he could not possibly desert the College at such short notice, and his students of that session have said that they felt a deeper significance and urgency in his lectures and in his relationship with themselves than ever before. At the close of the session they invited us to a luncheon at the College, and their spokesman, William Manson, President of the Theological Society,

* Interlude (p. 115), Lecture Tours in America.

said on behalf of them all how much they owed to him and how much they loved him. George was deeply moved, grateful, and regretful to be leaving them, and so was I. They gave us a beautiful present of silver fruit dishes, which we have used ever since and never without thinking affectionately of the warm hearts and the kind thoughts of those dear young friends. Though in the course of years they have become fathers of the Church and grandfathers of families, though eight of them have even been Moderators of the General Assembly, yet in our thoughts and memories they remain the dear lads we had known in those College days, keen and responsive, athirst for knowledge, ardent for service, eager with expectation.

His many friends in Glasgow were no less kind, and on 1st March 1910 they gave a dinner in his honour, to say farewell and to launch him upon his new career. They kindly invited many relatives and friends—among them were his brothers, Dunlop (now A.D.C. at the India Office) and Hunter. A great company was present, presided over by Lord Provost McInnes Shaw, who proposed George's health. In his reply he said: "My Lord Provost, you have referred too generously to the services I have rendered to scholarship. I have no gifts of philosophy nor powers of original speculation. Beyond the Christian faith and love of hard work, which I owe to my father and mother, I have little beyond some ability to interpret to the present age the messages of the ancient prophets." Then, talking of Scotland as a mother to whom her sons owe so much, he continued: "We, almost the smallest people on earth, owe our intelligibleness to the rest of mankind, our capacity of speaking to them with a benefit which they acknowledge, to the fact that the notes which have sounded supremely in our history have been the two universal, human notes of freedom and of religion. . . . Much of the eloquence

and humanity of Scottish literature has sprung from the national experience of migration and of exile. We Scots have been, as much as Israel, ' a people of dispersion.' In addition we have had our share in the building of an Empire resting on all the continents. We have been in living touch with India, America, South Africa, and Australia. In this connection, gentlemen, you will perhaps allow me to say what gratification I feel at the presence with me to-night of my brother, Dunlop, fresh home from thirty years' work in India. It is fifty years since our mother brought us home from there by the long Cape voyage. We grew up together, and since he went back, the thought of his work, so different and far away, and my pride in it all has been as constant an inspiration to me as the assurance that my work might sometimes be pleasing to him. . . .

" To come back to Glasgow. How much beauty and how much love are mingled with all her bigness and her strife ! I and mine shall never till the end of our days fail to hear the roar of her streets, or the horns of her great steamships coming up the Clyde in the fog. We shall never fail to see among the fairest visions of our life, what we have seen from the terrace at Gilmorehill or the steps of my own College, against the Renfrewshire hills in the distance, under the sunshine that follows the rain, the long glistening line of masts and funnels from the Broomielaw to Govan. There is nothing grander, nothing more wistful, nothing which puts one more in touch with the possibilities of life all the world over, than these views seen above the smoke of Glasgow's energy and industry. Yet dearer than even these we shall remember the kindness of the brotherly hearts in Glasgow, who so early admitted me to their friendship and in working with whom in various departments, my wife and myself have felt ourselves grow stronger, and, I hope, wiser and better from year to year.

Glasgow, if I ever forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning ! "

After I had written these chapters about our time in Glasgow, I received a letter from Professor J. L. Morison, an old friend of those days, which is so delightful and understanding, and gives such a happy picture of our family life from outside that I cannot refrain from quoting it. " When I went as an Arts student to Glasgow University in 1892," he writes, " I found that many of my contemporaries who, like myself, had been brought up in homes where religious teaching was habitual, were, also like myself, keenly interested in the ecclesiastical leaders of the day. Two men in the Free Church College especially attracted our attention : Henry Drummond, surely the most striking to hear and see of any professors of his time, with all the distinction attaching to his books and his remarkable evangelistic work : and George Adam Smith, fresh from his notable ministry in Aberdeen and with the fame of his volumes on Isaiah. We saw both of them afar off, for the young Scottish student was still astonishingly shy, thinking of any close approach to his heroes as presumption, and paying these heroes the singular homage of discipleship which sought no satisfaction of a personal kind, content to learn and to admire without any thought of personal recognition.

" Whenever possible I went to hear Professor Smith preach, and there still remain in my mind quite vividly fragments of sermons, the best I have listened to from that day to this. Again and again when life has seemed out of gear, and hopes grew faint, the memory of his sermon on the 121st Psalm, ' I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help,' has saved the day and restored heart and courage. But the most splendid memory of those days is that of George Adam Smith's sermon on Amos. It was the hundredth anniversary

of Carlyle's birth, 1895, and the service was in the Bute Hall. There was a great throng of students, and we heard what still seems to me the most moving address, sacred or secular, to which I have ever listened, as he drew the parallel between Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, and Thomas Carlyle, the countryman from Annandale—the Jew coming from his bare countryside, with its clear air and its absence of trivial distraction, to shatter the complacency and pleasant vices of the court of Israel, and the Scottish lowlander from the austerity and grim simplicity of his Border country, preaching to comfortable and conventional town folk his stern and primitive ideas of duty. It was such a sermon as only a man deeply learned in his Hebrew history and topography, and just as much at home in Scottish literature and history, could have conceived. The impression it made on a young student's mind abides to-day more vividly than that of any other sermon or lecture I have ever heard.

"Afterwards I learned a new lesson from George Adam Smith. Down by the riverside in Broomielaw, one of the grimiest districts of Glasgow, he organised and conducted an institutional church. A band of the College students worked with him, and when I was on the University staff I became a member of that People's church and served with them. And in that way I came to know the Professor and his wife and children. 40 Westbourne Gardens was truly one of the intellectual centres of Glasgow for us younger men, and the study there is full of memories, where the Professor would talk with us about books or people, or let loose his amazing fund of recollections and stories. I was still a shy person, but I learned to 'come out' in my relations with the Smith family circle. George, Beppo, and Maisie became great friends of mine, and we made many happy Saturday expeditions together. I remember taking them up the

University tower and giving them a feast afterwards in the College Union, with all the staff watching and enjoying the spectacle. Once I was with them at Ballantrae, a tumultuous mob they were, aided and abetted by John Kelman and his daughter Barbara. Those days with the children, our walks and climbs and bicycle rides, the evenings in the study when their father read Dickens to us, made their home, next to my mother's, the happiest I had known."

INTERLUDE: LECTURE TOURS IN AMERICA

Lecture Tours in America 1896, 1899, 1903, 1909.

I

GEORGE ADAM SMITH first visited America in 1896 when he went to Baltimore at the request of Dr. Daniel Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University, to deliver the Turnbull Lectures on the Early Poetry of Israel. I was able to accompany him on this visit, and during the weeks we were in Baltimore we were the guests of President and Mrs. Gilman. It did not take us long to feel thoroughly at home in that delightful and hospitable city, and our pleasure was enhanced by the companionship of our friends John Burnet, the architect, and his wife; he had come over on Glasgow University business. With them we revelled in the sudden coming of spring, so unlike the way we knew it at home. It had been cold and wintry when we left New York in the second week in April, after staying a few days with Professor Francis Brown of the Union Theological Seminary, and it was the same when we arrived in Baltimore, nearly 200 miles further south. Then there came a laugh of spring, and two days later it was summer: the leaves and blossoms unfolded almost as we looked. In the great Park masses of white dogwood and of the purple Judas-tree showed bright against the grey trunks of the hornbeams. Meadows and glades were brilliant with green and all kinds of shrubs and flowers. The temperature rose suddenly to 90° in the shade and the whole city gasped for air—all the houses were darkened, and in the evenings everyone, rich and poor alike, sat out on their doorsteps to catch a passing breath of wind.

President Gilman took us to see Gettysburg and we

made an expedition by ourselves to Virginia ; from Old Point Comfort we went by boat to Washington, where a private interview with the President, Mr. Grover Cleveland, had been arranged for us. Afterwards we spent some delightful days with Dr. Horace Howard Furness at Wallingford, near Philadelphia. His house was full of treasures ; in his great Shakespeare library were some of the Folios, and other early editions, and mementoes that had been given to him by Shakespearean actors—the skull which David Garrick had used in *Hamlet*, gloves of the Elizabethan period given to him by Fanny Kemble and said to have been Shakespeare's own. He was very deaf but so quick in apprehension and interest that I did not realise this till I was asked to sing Scottish songs and psalms right into his ear trumpet. He and George discussed, with some amusement, the new Bible that was being produced by Professor Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins, who had asked for contributions and advice from them both—the Rainbow Bible they called it, because the text of the book was to be printed upon coloured backgrounds, each colour indicating a different element in the construction of the book, so that sometimes there were three or four colours upon one page or even in the same line.

I could write much about all we saw and did in Baltimore at that time : of our delight in finding a private picture gallery with a collection of French painters, Millet, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, and others, and Meissonier's famous " 1814 "—Napoleon sitting gloomily upon his horse as he ponders on the experience of defeat. It was most interesting to realise the Napoleon connection with the town, and to meet Mr. Charles Bonaparte, whose beautiful house was full of portraits and treasures which had belonged to his grandmother, Madame Mère —the wife of Jerome Bonaparte.

But there were other engagements to be fulfilled.

George preached on three consecutive Sundays in Boston in the Old South Church, and the days in between were filled with interests of various kinds. We visited President Eliot at Harvard University, met many of the professors, and saw our first baseball match. We spent a few days with Dr. George Fisher at Yale, who trysted George to return to give the Lyman Beecher course of lectures at some not too distant date. We went to Cape Cod and Plymouth—where we were carried back two and a half centuries as we read in the graveyard : " Here endeth the Pilgrimage of John Howland and Elizabeth his wife. He was the last man that was left of those that came over in the ship called The Mayflower, that lived in Plymouth." Upon a monument in the same beautiful graveyard we read a sentence from the first sermon preached in New England, 9th December 1621, by Robert Cushman : " And you, my loving friends the Adventurers to this Plantation, as your care has been first to settle Religion here, before either Profit or Popularity, so, I pray you, go on—I rejoice that you thus honour God with your riches and I trust you shall be repaid again, double and treble in this world, yea, and the memory of this act shall never die."

On our way to Canada, where we were to stay with the Governor-General, we visited Niagara, and of course we went through the Cave of the Winds, which reminded us of a steep Alpine slope, with the additional thrill of a waterfall dashing over us as we walked along the narrow ledge. One of George's favourite stories concerned Niagara, so perhaps I may suitably tell it here. An American host, trying to drag some enthusiasm out of a stolid and patriotic Scot, took him to the Falls. " Have you ever seen anything so sublime? " asked the American, after his companion had stood for some minutes gazing at the great spectacle but not uttering a word. " As for the sublime I'll allow," answered the Scot ; " but as

for the curious, I yince saw a peacock wi' a wooden leg at Peebles."

Then followed a few days in Toronto, but we could not do the city full justice, for we had no money. The supplies we had looked for had not arrived, and George spent his last coin in getting his hair cut. We could not even take a street car, but we had good walks and much fun all the same. At last the money turned up, and as George paid our bill at the hotel, he cheerfully told our dilemma to the manager, who said quite indignantly: "Why didn't you tell me before? I would have lent you all you wanted."

A fortnight in Quebec with Lord and Lady Aberdeen concluded our happy time together. At Montreal we parted, I to come home to the children, while George went west to Winnipeg, where he met his friend the Rev. Charles Gordon—"Ralph Connor" the novelist —who took him to Banff and the Red River and to other places in the Rockies. George then went to Chicago to deliver the Convocation Address, on the occasion of the first visit to the five-year-old University of her founder, Mr. Rockefeller: the subject of the address was "The Service of the Old Testament in the Education of the Race." A few days later he delivered a public lecture on Hebrew Poetry, and he conducted some of the University services. Before he left, President Harper had obtained his promise to return to Chicago, and also to lecture at the summer school at Chatauqua.

II

The pressure of work at home—between 1896 and 1898 he published the two volumes on *The Twelve Prophets*, and in 1898 *The Life of Henry Drummond*, in addition to all his ordinary work—made it impossible for George to return to America before 1899. He started as soon

as the College session was over and spent Easter Sunday, 2nd April, with the Francis Browns in New York. The following week he started the course of Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale University. His subject, " Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament," was one that had occupied him earnestly for a long time, and his interest in it communicated itself to his audience, who overflowed his lecture-room, so that a larger had to be provided. At the Summer Graduation the honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on him by President Dwight. George naturally came into the closest contact with Dr. Fisher, Dr. Palmer, and the other professors of the Divinity Faculty, but he also made friends in other faculties, and among the residents and visitors in New Haven who attended his lectures. Among the latter were Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Hazard and their cousin Miss Merrill, who, when the course was finished, carried him off to their home in Rhode Island—the beautiful village of Peace Dale, with its busy woollen mills, cheerful cottages, and the houses of the Hazard family set about the great park adjoining. Rowland Hazard, who was now president of the family business, had studied and travelled in Europe ; he was just a year older than George, and his lively intellectual interests, his vitality, his keen sense of responsibility for all that concerned the well-being of his workpeople, attracted my husband greatly, and from that visit he counted Rowland as one of his closest friends.

After various preaching and lecture engagements, George visited several friends made on his previous visits, among them Dr. Furness, who was about to sail for England to receive an honorary degree at Cambridge (at George's express desire I went there to see it conferred). Then followed a visit to Mr. Moody at Northfield ; George had met the famous evangelist at Yale, he knew the admiration and love that Henry Drummond felt for

him, feelings that he soon shared when he came to know Moody himself. They were both men of open mind and generous nature, and the difference in their theological views was no stumbling-block to their friendship. Mr. Moody was much criticised for inviting George to Northfield, and allowing him to address the students there. "No amount of gratitude to Mr. Moody," wrote an Evangelical paper of the time, "can blind us to the fact that in extending his patronage to the Higher Criticism he has gone right in the teeth of Christian conviction." When George was invited to go there, he at first declined, saying he feared his views would not be in harmony with those taught at Northfield. "Never mind," said Moody; "come and say what you like." The generous trust of so good a man touched George deeply, and was a great inspiration to him. "In our discussions about Old Testament criticism he was frankly hostile, and criticised the critics with a humour and shrewdness that were very stimulating," said George; while Moody's fair-mindedness and readiness to see the point of view of those from whom he differed took them above controversy to the realities of religion. "After all," he said, "it is not so much the authorship as the contents of the Books that matter." He fully appreciated a story that George told him about Cardinal Newman. A good Anglican bishop had composed a fourth verse to Newman's well-loved hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," and sent it to him saying that the three original verses were not sufficient and the fourth was needed to carry the traveller's vision to the Divine Presence. In thanking him Cardinal Newman remarked, "There are more roads to Heaven than one—I hope we shall all get there." "He was right," said Moody.

From Northfield George went to fulfil his important engagement at Chicago University, where he was Visiting Professor for the summer quarter, giving two lectures

a week for six weeks—a course on " The Psalter " and another upon " The Hebrew Religion as compared with other Semitic Religions." " The summer session of the University of Chicago is most important," wrote *The Baptist Standard*, " from the fact that at this time educators from all over the world are present in the graduate department as at no other time. The most prominent and popular lectures have been those of Dr. George Adam Smith of Glasgow." The same account describes him as " unmistakably Scotch in appearance and accent, utterly unaffected in manner and dress. One feels that he is absolutely sincere, and that he makes no statement without having carefully weighed it in his own mind and being convinced that it expresses just the shade of thought he wishes to convey. His lectures are prose poems, his expressions are striking and frequently epigrammatic, and, rarest of all gifts, he can tell a joke well."

George declined all interviews during his time in the United States, with the one exception of the above paper ; its representative had travelled from Dallas, Texas, for this purpose, and Dr. Harper persuaded George to receive him. He came primed with questions. To one of these, " When and how should matters of Biblical investigation and criticism be studied ? " George's answer was : " In the classroom and the library, not in the pulpit. I always warn my students of that. They must not come into the pulpit reeking with criticism : a child that smells soapy is not clean. The pulpit is to preach the Gospel, not for criticism."

This refusal to grant interviews led to some amusing results. One who had been denied took his revenge by describing George as " an elderly Scotsman with a harsh, raucous voice and angular gestures." Once a voice broke in over the telephone : " Dr. Smith, I hear you don't grant interviews, but could you spare ten

minutes of your valuable time to put me wise about the state of Biblical Criticism in your country?" Another time the plea was, "Could you in two sentences give me your views on the subject of Melchizedek?"

During most of his time in Chicago George stayed with President Harper and a warm friendship grew between them. In the intervals between his lectures he went several times with Dr. Benjamin Terry, Professor of History at Chicago, to his summer home on Lake Wisconsin, where they went fishing and George caught a muskalonge—the one catch of his life. Another time, with Professor Bemer of the University of Vienna, he visited the Blue Grass Country of Kentucky, where they saw many of the fine stock farms and had their first taste of mint julep, which nearly knocked them down.

After Chicago, George went to the Summer School at Chatauqua. To this woodland colony of students of all ages and grades—most of them teachers from all parts of the country—he delivered several lectures, and preached in the great open-air auditorium. He wrote telling me how, when he was having breakfast one day, an earnest-looking lady rose from her own table and came across to his. Seating herself opposite him, and looking at him sympathetically, she asked: "Dr. Smith, do you miss your wife very much? Is female fellowship indispensable to you?" George hastily assured her that, though he did miss his wife very much, yet female fellowship was not indispensable.

III

In 1903 George went to Cleveland, Ohio, to fulfil a promise given many years before to lecture at the Western Reserve University. It was to be an important and extensive course, which would occupy him for most of the summer. Scarcely had he arrived in Cleveland, however,

before he developed typhoid fever. President Thwing arranged for his quick reception into Lakeside Hospital, where the best of skill and care were at his disposal. How I received a cable saying that he was seriously ill, and how I crossed the Atlantic, I have told in another chapter. But I could never adequately tell of the generosity and helpfulness that encompassed us throughout that anxious time. The whole staff of Lakeside Hospital seemed to vie in kindness and attention ; from the Chairman of the Board of Directors, from the special consultant and physician, from the Matron, down to the most junior nurse, everyone was interested and kind. The only drawback to the hospital was the railway which ran between it and the lake, along which the squealing pig-laden trains for Chicago seemed to pass all day and night. No one else appeared to be conscious of this, but the noise was retarding George's recovery, and we were indeed grateful to Dean Williams, who insisted on his transference to a room on the further side. George had been offered an LL.D. from Western Reserve University, and as he was unable to attend the ceremony, I was invited to receive it in his stead. When he was convalescent and allowed to have visitors, Professor McFadyen, his old student and assistant in Glasgow, came from Toronto to see him. And President Harper also came, and carried me back with him to Chicago for a few days, that I might see that great city and its University, where my husband had lectured, and meet some of his friends there.

In the happy atmosphere of Peace Dale and the care of the dear Hazards I left him to regain his strength. Seven weeks later he returned ; our boy George and I met him in Liverpool and took him to Swinside on Derwentwater, where the children and I were staying.

IV

George's next visit to America was not till 1909, when again he was Convocation Orator at Chicago, and Visiting Professor for the summer quarter. Before he took up these duties he had six weeks of lecturing and preaching, and a delightful three days in Washington as the guest of Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, an old friend from the early Aberdeen days. "I found I was to dine at the Embassy, and when I reached the great house, I was welcomed by Mr. Bryce himself. It is four years since I have seen them; neither has changed at all, her eyes are as blue and clear as ever. To my surprise and pleasure Canon and Mrs. Hensley Henson were there and we all had much good talk. They questioned me particularly about India and listened with great interest to my account of the Rajah of Nabha. Mr. Bryce walked part of the way back with me in the soft warm moonlight to the house of Mr. Mitchell Innes, Counsellor to the Embassy, with whom I am staying." The following day "His Excellency drove me to the White House, when the President, Mr. Taft, was to perform the opening ceremony of the Seattle Exhibition, nearly 3000 miles away." George describes in detail the assembling in the large ballroom of the Diplomatic Staffs, of the Cabinet, of the Forces, and of various departments of public life. "The President entered punctually at 3 p.m. (12 noon in Seattle). He went to a table by the window where stood a gold or gilt telegraphic instrument. First he gave a message across the wire, and then he touched a button which set all the machinery in motion and unfurled all the flags at that great Exhibition on the Pacific Coast. He made a short speech, appropriate and genial; a Senator gave an account of the progress of the three States, Washington, Idaho, and Wyoming, and the function was over, except

for the presentations. Mr. Bryce presented me and the President greeted me warmly as a fellow-graduate of Yale. He is a large, tall man with a happy, clear face, almost boyish in its good nature, his eyes are blue with a kindly shrewdness in their expression, he has a grey moustache and his hair is still dark brown. He told me he had graduated from Yale in 1878, so he must be about fifty-three or fifty-four. There were men there from the Philippines, from the South and Central American Republics, as well as from all parts of the United States. It was the first time I had seen the greater America gathering to its centre. What endless lines of history from all parts of the world meet just here."

On his last evening in Washington George dined alone with the Ambassador and his wife. "They have been so kind. One day when I was not feeling very well, Mrs. Bryce called to see if she could do anything for me. She said she had to look after me in your absence and felt responsible. She brought me letters from home which did more than anything else could have done to restore me. On this last evening we all three sat talking at table and then in his library. He came half-way home with me to Dupont Circle down Massachusetts Avenue. I went back with him and he came back again with me. The moon was full and there were a number of people out strolling in the warm night, the men mostly in evening dress, the women nearly all in white. We talked theology chiefly, but also about America and our own country, and Scotland in particular. I said good-bye to them with great regret."

At Fayette, Missouri, and at Nashville, Tennessee, George gave courses of lectures to the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church. Preachers and pastors were gathered from great distances to one or other of these places : from Kentucky, Virginia, North and South Carolina,

Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, and Nebraska. George wrote: "They are all so earnest and attentive. A few years ago there would have been great opposition to my teaching, now they listen to what a scholar whom they respect sets before them. I am struck with the openness of their minds. An old preacher from Georgia, with white hair and beard, said to me, 'I used to be against this Higher Criticism, but I read your books and got my mind opened and I love the Bible now better than ever. It has become a new world to me. I have come hundreds of miles to hear you, and I'm going back to take the hair off any man that says a word against you.'" Dr. Sipple at Fayette and Dr. Tillett of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, declared that this was the general attitude of the large audiences; and Bishop Fitzgerald, of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, moved that George and his fellow-lecturer Dr. Jefferson from New York be adopted as honorary members of that Church. "Several have told me," wrote George, "that what first attracted them to my books was the absence of polemic, the candour and religious spirit. I can tell you this without being misunderstood—God knows I feel the many defects in my books. If there be any virtue in them, praise to Him from whom it comes."

On 15th June George was in Chicago for the Convocation Address; before embarking on his subject—"American and other interests in the relations of Christianity and Islam"—he spoke of the great loss the University had sustained in the death of President Harper, and of the loss to himself personally. "How my heart turns to him to-day, who first called me here: who honoured me with his friendship, who gave me, as he gave to all who came into contact with him, so great an example of energy, of sympathy, of devotion." Then followed a strenuous four weeks when, as Visiting

Professor, he delivered forty-eight lectures, addresses, and sermons. At his daily 8 o'clock class there were over 120 students; the advanced class at 9 was smaller and very interesting—among his hearers were several women, a few negroes, about twenty Jews, and the rest Christians of various denominations and national origins—Swedish, German, Irish, Scotch, and English, besides the Americans. He was the University preacher on Independence Day, when over two thousand heard him in the Hutchinson Hall. "With characteristic humour," he wrote, "the Americans have chosen a Briton as their Fourth of July preacher." His sermon on David and Jonathan was preceded by "some words suitable for this unusual occasion."

At his public lectures on Jerusalem, Moab, and various Old Testament subjects, the audiences overflowed the hall. Many students came to consult him on religious difficulties. After the visit of one of these, he wrote: "I let him do most of the talking during the hour he was with me, for the relief he needed was just to state his doubts to a sympathetic ear. I did little but unlock some vents he was keeping closed and prescribe some reading for him."

Fortunately George was always able to stand a hot climate, and the heat of Chicago in June and July did not oppress him as it did many visitors. He enjoyed meeting old friends—President Judson, Professor Breasted the Egyptologist, Professor Shailer Matthews, and others, also many of the prominent business men of the city. He had a pleasant airy room in Hitchcock Hall: "Every evening at 6 o'clock the University chimes play over a number of tunes. I am generally then at my desk, but I stop my work to listen. To-night they are playing 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' but the tune is too slow for the bells. Now it is 'Ye Banks and Braes,' that goes better. I fill my pipe and hope for 'Annie

Laurie' ; now it is lit, and there she comes. And 'Robin Adair' follows. You cannot think how much these simple tunes refresh the heart of this lonely old chap, and carry him off to his wife and bairns over the sea."

Another time he wrote : "I sometimes feel the wish for a larger salary that would give me more freedom from this constant work of money-getting in other ways, especially by exile.* But courage, camarade ! We have always paid our way and, please God, we always shall. . . . How I long for a fortnight now and then when we could go off together and hear music and see plays and pictures and read books quietly just by ourselves. I often feel I have far too little time to give to thee and the children, to attend more to the boys' work and to provide more leisure for thee."

After this heavy month in Chicago he had a few days' holiday—first in Fifield, Wisconsin, with Professor Terry, and then at Mackinac Island with his old Cleveland friend Dean Williams, now Bishop of Michigan. On his way from there to Chatauqua he had an encounter which he always enjoyed describing. Arriving at Buffalo in the early morning with some hours to wait for the next train, he engaged a cab, and as he was being driven round the town, he noticed the name Macleod upon a sign, and asked the cabby : "Are there many Macs here ?" "Quite a tidy lot," said the man, "and I'm one myself, Maclennan from Wigtown, a small town near Glasgow, Scotland. I come from Maclennans and Stewarts—the Stewarts that failed." "I imagined," said George, "that some Wigtown bankruptcy had driven this scion of the family across the Atlantic. But the cabby went on, 'You know, the Stewarts, they were

* During most of our time in Glasgow my husband's salary, which depended on the income from certain endowments, had not exceeded £600, and some years had been less.

once the Kings of Scotland, and of England too, but they failed both times. Else I might have been a rich man. My father always said that I should be on the look-out for any bit of their fortune that might have been saved out of the wreck. "Maybe," he said, "they might advertise for ye, lad."' 'The Stewarts that failed!' I repeated to myself, while we talked outside the depot, and the horses munched their hay. I gave this descendant of kings some information concerning his ancestors and his family's more probable connection with the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. I left him trying to master the spelling and pronunciation of this place."

One of George's fellow-lecturers at Chatauqua was Dr. George Milligan from Caputh, Perthshire, who showed George an article in a home paper which assumed that he would be the new Principal of Aberdeen University. "He was surprised that I knew nothing of it. I told him that I had not exchanged a line with Sinclair* on the subject, that I considered it most unlikely, and moreover that I did not want it at all and would be extremely embarrassed if it were offered to me. I trust there is no truth in the rumour, for I want to be left to my own work which I love, and which I know I can do much better than the work of a Principal."

In addition to his lecturing and preaching, his work from Chicago followed him. "Yesterday I went in search of a letter from you, but instead I found a huge parcel of essays from my students in Chicago. I had secretly hoped there would be very few, but there were 122, which I have to look through and grade. I am resisting all social engagements as I must get them done. . . . I have done 46 of the essays, but three supplementary batches have arrived, which I have received with groans. Still it is gratifying that so many have taken the work in earnest and that many have done it so well; the women are the best all round and all of them beat

* John Sinclair, Lord Pentland, Secretary for Scotland.

the men with few exceptions in accuracy, clearness, and method. . . . I have now done 79 of the essays and must take the rest of them with me on my journey west."

At Chicago, Professor Breasted and Professor J. M. P. Smith bade him farewell as he set forth on the California Limited, equipped with two magnificent railway tickets, each over a yard long. He broke the journey at the Grand Canyon, but did not go down into its depths. Each day as he walked along its edge two guardian dogs accompanied him, a Scotch collie and a setter. He remarked how the setting sun lit up the sides of the canyon with shades of amethyst as it did the cliffs of Moab seen from Jerusalem, and the canyon reminded him, though on a gigantic scale, of the gorge of the Arnon. "But," he said, "wonderful as it was, one does not feel the inspiration looking down into a ditch that one feels in looking up to the heights." And how much he preferred the pinewoods above to the bare gorgeousness of the canyon. "I sat on the roots of a pine-tree while a squirrel hopped about the branches and nothing else moved but some tiny lizards. It was a grand day, far better than if I had formed a link in that human sausage that was winding its way in the terrible heat below. So that is how I have done the Great Trail. To-morrow I start for Los Angeles."

But he did not arrive there as soon as he had expected, for after waking up the next morning, with some surprise, in Siam, and a few hours later passing Baghdad, he was held up for fourteen hours beyond Needles on account of a wash-out on the line and broken bridge. Two newsboys came on board with bananas and newspapers, and on opening *The Los Angeles Times*, George's eye was caught by a large heading, "Scotch Critic Side-tracked." And he read that the Church Federation of Los Angeles had "opened its eyes aghast" when it heard that George Adam Smith, one of the most destructive critics of the Bible, was to deliver an

address in a church there. The address had been called off, and Mr. Smith was instead to be the guest of the Clerical Club at a banquet. "So here I am," he wrote from Needles, "side-tracked literally and metaphorically."

After a few days in Los Angeles, visiting his old college friend Archie MacLeish, now a distinguished oculist, he went to Berkeley to deliver the Earle Lectures, under the auspices of the Pacific Theological Seminary: his subject was "The Religion of Israel in the Seventh Century before Christ." While there, he was invited by President Wheeler of the University of California to address a meeting of three thousand students in the Gymnasium. "I gave them the simple advice that I always give to my own students, first to be ready to unlearn as well as to learn, and secondly to be always ready to undertake extra work, and I wound up by speaking of the two great benefits of University life: that the temptations to the higher life are more numerous and compelling than those to a lower; and that service of others was the crown of the culture of self which the University affords. I urged them to keep their faculties and affections unwasted and uncompromised for the tasks, the problems, and the warfare awaiting their manhood and womanhood. At the close they gave me hearty cheers and attached my name vociferously to their College yell. . . . Dr. Wheeler reminded them of Bishop Berkeley the philosopher, after whom their town was named, and of the great exponent and editor of his works, Professor Campbell Fraser, who was just about to celebrate his ninetieth birthday. He asked the students if they would commission me, as a student of Campbell Fraser, to convey their greetings and congratulations to him from this University on the Pacific coast. The standing vote from the great Assembly was very impressive, and I was proud to be the bearer of the message."

One Sunday he was the preacher at the Congregational Church at Berkeley. "There was first a children's service at which the Kindergarten of the Church, little tots all in white with their awed pure faces, came in holding each other by the hand, and yet in single file, for all the world like a daisy chain. It was an inspiration to see them—and made me long for home. God bless and keep you all, my dear ones, the lone little bird in Arran and the rest of you in France."

On 3rd September, when he had finished his work in Berkeley, he wrote: "Another heavy stage of my work over, and only another month now till I start for home. I cannot yet settle finally about my plans because of the possibility—which Heaven avert—of the Principalship of Aberdeen. If this bolt should fall, I will come straight home from Seattle, but if not, I'll go to Vancouver for a few days before coming east."

Seattle, where he next went to lecture, was full of excitement and satisfaction over the success of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, the opening ceremony of which George had attended in Washington. He was much impressed by it all, and enjoyed especially the Great Hall of Art, with its fine collection of loan pictures—Rembrandts, Corots, Turners, and others, which had found their way to America. Once embarked on his lectures he wrote: "You cannot know with what trepidation I face each new audience. My heart always sinks on arrival at a new place, and the thought comes up, 'Who can possibly be interested in me and my subject?'" But, as usual, after they had heard him once, they wanted to hear him again, and in every place he visited his audiences always grew. After his final lecture a reception was given in the hall of Dr. Lincoln Smith's church, to which a great crowd came to bid him good-bye. "They did me proud," he wrote, "one wall of the big room being hung with Stars and Stripes, on the opposite wall the Red Lion of Scotland ramped vigorously on its yellow ground,

and between them was the Union Jack. And there were bagpipes, played by kilted pipers. Was it not nice of these good folk? After a long bout of hand-shaking, I leaned back into a bower of greenery behind me, only to spring forward hastily when I realised it was composed of Scotch thistles. There seemed to be scarcely a man or woman there who had not some connection with Scotland, and how pleased they were to tell of it, and to hear Scotch news in return. I gave them, at their earnest request, a short address on the Value of Congregational Life.

"Sept. 14th. I have spent my last day in Seattle quietly clearing off the last seventeen essays of the Chicago classes. I have been working through them gradually on my long railway journeys. I am very tired and longing to be with you all again in the dear home from which I hope we may never be parted. I have heard nothing official about the Aberdeen Principalship, only vague rumours, so I hope there is nothing in it. To-morrow I am going to take my tickets by C.P.R. and then I'll feel I'm coming home at last."

At Vancouver George was met by his old Glasgow student John Mackay, who had also been a member of his Palestine Expedition of 1901; at his first lecture, two hours after landing, he found other old students, and also Professor Gordon of the Presbyterian College in Montreal. Four lectures (on the Old Testament) were crowded into three days. At the final one Dr. Milliken, in moving a vote of thanks, said that the words he had spoken would be remembered and repeated in hundreds of lonely manses in Western Canada. When at last George was in the train going east, he wrote: "I am dreamily happy, with my last engagement behind me, and my face now turned homeward; it is a misty day, with only glimpses of sunshine outside, but inside I am all sunshine. . . . Crossing the Selkirks; Glacier; Mt. Macdonald; Columbia River, Redgrove Canyon,

the Rockies, Kicking Horse Pass—the sight of white-stemmed poplars with golden leaves against the dark firs,—Laggan, Mt. Stephen, the Great Divide, Banff—a range of snowy giants to the S.W.—how ghostly they look through the steely twilight. . . . The Rockies are now 150 miles behind us. Medicine Hat, brown prairies, wheat-fields, threshing, Swift Current, Moose Jaw, Regina ; have moved my watch from Western to Central time, an hour nearer to my dear ones. . . . At Winnipeg Charles Gordon met me—how the place has grown. Streets that in 1896 were paved with wooden blocks or short lengths of tree-trunk, now paved with asphalt. The prairie mud that stuck on one's boots and worked up one's trousers has disappeared. Lofty structures of stone and brick replace the wooden shacks. Fine stores—it is scarcely recognisable."

He spent an evening at Toronto with his old student Professor McFadyen and then continued his way to New York. " We are running down the Hudson and are passing West Point. The moon is shining on the broad river and my heart is sparkling with it. I shall send a cable as soon as I reach New York and shall picture you receiving it at breakfast time; and when you have prayers with the children giving thanks for my safe arrival after these thousands and thousands of miles. . . . New York illuminated for the Hudson-Fulton celebrations, 1609–1809–1909. What crowds of people and thousands of motor-cars on Fifth Avenue, as I drove along it to the Browns' house ! Frank himself opened the door and they all gave me such a loving welcome. Even Twen-Nine, Elsa's dog, jumped on to my knee and licked me joyfully. It was nearly midnight before I got to my room, where I found a feast of letters from yourself and the children awaiting me. What am I that I should have such happiness, my long journey safely ended and home not a fortnight away ! Laus Deo."

CHAPTER VI

1909–1918. Early days in Aberdeen—Our home and family—Work on Court and Senatus—Relations with students—Preaching—War years —Conferment of Knighthood—Moderator of General Assembly of the United Free Church—Tours in Highlands and Islands—France and Belgium—University Roll of Honour—*Syria and Holy Land.*

ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY

Senatus Meeting—9th November 1909

COMPEARED the Rev. George Adam Smith, M.A., D.D., LL.D., and presented a Deed of Nomination and Presentation by the Crown in his favour to the Office of Principal of the University of Aberdeen, rendered vacant by the death of Principal John Marshall Lang on 2nd May last, dated said Deed of Nomination and Presentation the 29th day of October 1909.

Professor Stephenson having vacated the Chair Dr. Smith was formally installed as Principal and having signed the Roll and shaken hands with the members present, took his seat as President of the Senatus.

Thereafter the Principal submitted a Minute of Nomination by the Chancellor [Lord Strathcona] appointing him Vice-Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen of date 8th November 1909.

So the new Principal was installed and he was welcomed warmly by all the members present: Professors Stephenson, Trail, Hay, Harrower, MacWilliam, Cash, Cowan, Reid, Finlay, Grierson, Gilroy, Davidson, Baillie, Terry, Macdonald, Irvine, Dean, and Marnoch.

George Adam Smith succeeded two very impressive Principals, Sir William Geddes and the Very Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang. The appointment of the former had been the first break in the tradition which confined the Principalship to a minister of the Church of Scotland; with Dr. Lang there had been a reversion to the old

order. Lord Pentland, Secretary for Scotland, had appointed George as a scholar rather than as a Churchman, but since he was a minister of a Church other than the Established Church there was criticism in some quarters. However, this soon died away when his personality made itself felt. His colleagues and all who worked with him or under him in any capacity soon came to realise what manner of man he was ; one who was always frank and straightforward, who never sought advantage for himself, who put his heart into his work, and who always looked for the same good faith and hard work from others. Respect for his scholarship and respect for his character combined to establish his position, and to this there was soon added, on the part of many of those who worked with him, a warm personal affection. Some of them had known him in his earlier days in Aberdeen ; among these was Professor Matthew Hay, who had carried on much of the work during the vacancy and whose own claims for the Principalship had been urged by many. But with the utmost loyalty he welcomed his old friend and minister and helped him in every possible way. So also did another old friend of the Queen's Cross days, Mr. Donaldson Rose Thom, Secretary of the University. My husband felt himself very fortunate in having the experience and knowledge of these two men to guide him in the early days of his new office. As far as the Town was concerned, George had come back as Principal with all the prestige of the years at Queen's Cross ; he had no need to make a place for himself in the local community, for he had it already, and it was a great advantage to him.

The first winter was a difficult time, with his new work to learn while he continued the old. Again, as on his first coming to Aberdeen nearly thirty years before, he lived in lodgings. The children and I had to remain in Glasgow while alterations were made to our future

home, but I joined him in Aberdeen as often as possible and was present in the Mitchell Hall on 31st March at the first Graduation by the new Principal.

On 6th May 1910 the country was saddened by the death of King Edward VII. The addresses of sympathy and of loyalty to King George V and to the widowed Queen Alexandra were the first of the many " national " addresses written by George in the course of many years, and he conducted the Memorial Service in King's College Chapel on the day of the funeral—20th May 1910.

In the middle of June there was a great gathering of the Smith family at Cambridge, when George received the degree of Litt.D. from the University. His brothers Dunlop and Charles came from London. Their sister, Janetta Sorley, wrote of the Latin Oration : " The Public Orator, Dr. Sandys, performed a feat when in one sentence he started George in Calcutta, took him through Syria, swept him across the Atlantic, and finally landed him triumphantly in Aberdeen "—and the oration closed with George Buchanan's version of Psalm xlviii, 12 :

> Ite, & Sionem obambulate, mœnia
> Spectate, turres arduas
> Numerate.

In the evening there was a reception at Pembroke, when she describes Dunlop as " the admired of all beholders ; with his many orders and decorations he made quite a sensation." The Sorleys gave a dinner party to which came the Bishop and Mrs. Chase, " the Bishop in purple, very smart," the Burkitts, Mr. Aldis Wright, and Lady Jebb. The final day at Cambridge, she says, " was thick with Presbyterian doings." Westminster College was celebrating its Commemoration Day. There was a service in the College Chapel and afterwards a luncheon at which the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir George Reid, and George were the guests of honour. The former remarked that every good Scotsman left

Scotland at the earliest opportunity. George assured him that there were a few good people left in Scotland, and that there was no country in the whole earth that was better worth working in. Replying to a reference about himself, he recalled an American's definition of a College Principal: "He is the circus and he is the band waggon and he is the dog under the waggon that does the yelping." He himself, he said, had been doing the yelping from one public meeting to another all the year and he had nearly yelped himself hoarse!

It was not until July that we were able to move into Chanonry Lodge. When I had first been taken over the house by the bachelor Professor Macdonald, my heart had sunk. "But where can I put the children?" I cried in despair as we reached the attics. "How many have you got?" "Six." "What kind?" "Three boys and three girls." "Well," he waved towards three dark recesses under the sloping roof, "there you are; the three boys *here*, and the three girls *there*," waving towards a similar room. The recesses *were* used, but mainly as dark-rooms for the photographers of the family, or as box-rooms; the boys were given the run of all the attics, while for the girls there were quarters on the garden side. For our good friend and architect, William Kelly, succeeded in transforming Chanonry Lodge from an extremely old-fashioned dwelling into one much more comfortable and workable. He put windows into dark corners, supplied us with bathrooms, turned an enormous wash-house into pleasant rooms for the staff, and the loft above into a bright nursery. Scarcely was this completed before it was occupied, when our youngest daughter arrived, the first baby born to a Principal in office within the memory of anyone in Aberdeen. Her name, Margaret Elphinston, was chosen after consultation with the University Librarian, Mr. P. J. Anderson,

and she was christened in King's College Chapel by Professor Cowan. All our children had by this time gathered to the new home—George from his O.T.C. camp, Maisie from her school in York, Beppo and Alick had helped me in the move from Glasgow and had worked hard getting the house into order and planning alterations in the garden. And the two little girls, Kathleen and Janet, came from the house of kind Mary Grierson, who had taken them under her wing while the move was in progress.

At the end of October we had our first official visitors. The new Rector of the University was Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister. It was well that the old house had been altered, for with him came his wife and daughters, his son, Mr. Arthur Asquith, and two attendants. My husband wrote a full account of this, our first Rectorial Visit, to his father, and I quote part of his letter. The rather surprising opening words are explained by the fact that just then the Women's Suffrage Movement was at its height and that, to use the words of Mr. R. C. K. Ensor, " the tactics employed by the agitators were entirely directed against Liberals, the logic which they expressed being that only the Government could put through a Suffrage Bill, and therefore it must be opposed until it consented to do so." Every attempt was made to embarrass Liberal leaders, and no Cabinet Minister could open his mouth anywhere without interruptions and possibly assault. The Prime Minister was therefore the most notable target for attack, and a violent episode of militancy was then in progress. It will thus be seen that his visit entailed great responsibility and some risk for himself and his hosts.

" My dear Father, Our Rector has come and gone and we breathe freely ! The visit has been a great success, and it would have been an overflowing one

but for the behaviour of some twenty students." He describes the preparations at home and his arrangements at the University, then : " Sir John Fleming, the Rector's Assessor on the Court, and I and the Students' Representative Council met the train. I had, of course, informed the police and the Station-master but the hour of arrival had not been made public—the reporters who knew it were very good. A crowd had collected at the station on the chance of his coming by that train. The Superintendent of Police had sent thirty policemen, but they remained in a room out of sight till the train came in. Then they formed a cordon, through which I took our guests to the cars and we drove off amidst loud cheers. Mr. Asquith thanked me at once for the good organisation : we were quickly at Chanonry Lodge, which was guarded during the whole of their stay by policemen. Before the Rector and I left for the official dinner at the Palace Hotel we had time to greet the ladies who came to a dinner-party to meet Mrs. Asquith —among them were Lady Geddes, Mrs. Harrower, Lady Fleming, Mrs. Trail, Mrs. Niven, and Mrs. Baillie. At the hotel thirty-one members of Court and Senatus were present, also Sir Henry Craik, M.P., and Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid ; the President of the S.R.C., the Librarian, and the Secretary of the University. We had a really happy dinner—Mr. Asquith was most genial and I had much good talk with him. At the close of the dinner the University Loving Cup was passed round. There were only two toasts, 'The King,' and 'The Rector.' Mr. Asquith replied very happily. The ladies from Chanonry Lodge now joined us, to see the students' torchlight procession. It was a fine sight as it swept over Schoolhill Bridge and down Union Terrace. The windows were flung open and Mr. and Mrs. Asquith stood in one of them and waved handkerchiefs in answer to the cheers of the students, who besides holding their torches were

all in fancy dress. They called for a speech and Mr. Asquith said a few words ending with 'God bless you.'

"Next morning, Prayers and breakfast as usual and then I took the Rector to King's. He was greatly interested in the Papal Bull founding the University, which had been granted by Pope Alexander VI (the Borgia) and said it was the one redeeming act of that infamous Pope's life. We drove to Marischal and he took the Chair at a meeting of the University Court. I welcomed him and he replied. After some formal business we walked across the quad through a crowd of students, who cheered him heartily. There was a warm ring in their cheers, a real inspiration to the man who was to address them. We robed and the procession was formed; first the Lord Provost and Magistrates preceded by the Town's Officers; then our two Sacrists, Dankester and Spiller, with the King's and Marischal maces, then a student with the S.R.C. mace; the Assistants and Lecturers, the Senatus, the University Court; Sir Henry Craik, the member for the University; the Rector; and the Vice-Chancellor. As we entered the Mitchell Hall the organ was playing and the students singing '*Gaudeamus igitur.*' They were in high excitement; the passage was kept clear by a double row of students on either side; as we moved down the lane overtopped by the crowd of shouting singing students it seemed to me like nothing but the passage of the Israelites through the towering waves of the Red Sea! We took our seats. I raised my hand and the students at once sat down. The President of the S.R.C. introduced the Rector and when he rose to reply they sang—'For he's a jolly good fellow' and cheered loudly.

"His fine address on 'Culture and Character' was listened to with attention until, about half-way through, a figure in a woman's dress rose at the back shouting 'Votes for Women'—and this led to some confusion.

It turned out to be a man masquerading as a woman and he was put out. I appealed for order and quietness followed. The Rector continued his speech steadily, but it was a horrid disturbance, and the students had at one time broken out into senseless singing of hymns and the Hundredth Psalm, which cut me to the quick. After the ceremony we were to have been dragged in a carriage to Chanonry Lodge, but before it was ready a number of students mounted on it and a wheel came off. Sir John Fleming offered his car, and we were much relieved to be driven home in it. We had a luncheon party of twenty-two, including four students of the S.R.C. I had Mrs. Asquith beside me, and on her other side were the Rt. Hon. Dr. Farquharson of Finzean and John Kelman, who had come to help us over this busy time. At the other end of the table Lilian had a very interesting talk with Mr. Asquith—he started by asking about yourself and your work in India and connection with Mr. Townsend; and he knew about the work of Lilian's father as Chief Medical Officer of the Local Government Board. He told her that he had no memory for faces, but when introduced to a man, or when a man's name was mentioned, he remembered at once all he had ever been told or heard about him.

"I cannot praise too much the simple and kind spirit shown by our guests all the time they were with us. Mrs. Asquith explored my library and assisted at the baby's bath, the young ladies were most friendly with the students, and with our own young people; and Mr. Asquith, on learning that it was our Kathleen's birthday, promised to send her a book. They have all written most cordial letters since they left, and the book for Kathleen has arrived. It is *Brown, Jones and Robinson on the Continent*, with Doyle's illustrations. I am thankful it has all gone off well—but it has been a strain."

Another ceremonial occasion for the Principal took

place that month when he went to Berlin for the celebration of the centenary of its University. Lord Strathcona and he represented Aberdeen and Sir Donald MacAlister represented Glasgow. The proceedings lasted several days. George described the Kaiser's peremptory manner of speaking to the University and the delegates as if to an army on parade. There were some long dinners with speeches between each course. Professor Mahaffy of Dublin was to speak for the British delegates. Just before he was called upon, he received a message that he must shorten his speech. "I'll be hanged if I do," was his reply. "I've listened for hours to their speeches and now they are going to listen to me." Astonished by this declaration of independence, they did!

George had taken with him from Aberdeen a large wreath as a tribute from the University to one of her sons, Field-Marshal Keith, a descendant of the Founder of Marischal College. It was in a great box and he kept it beside him during the journey. He told with enjoyment how a German customs official had demanded whether the wreath was made of artificial or real flowers. On being told the flowers were real and therefore not liable to duty, he was incredulous and he put his hand into the box to feel for himself—only to draw it back hastily when it encountered a Scotch thistle. "Ach, heath-weeds and thistles," he said scornfully and departed. Permission of the German Foreign Office was obtained through the British Embassy to lay the wreath by the statue of Field-Marshal Keith on the Wilhelmsplatz, and a representative of the German Kultur Ministerium was appointed to accompany the little party. They found a low railing round the statue and no way of getting near it but by climbing over. This George did, and Lord Strathcona handed him the wreath. "All the fragrance of the heather," said George,

" came up in my face with a vision of the Aberdeenshire moors and the thought of the Marischal College student an exile from his country, fallen at last in the service of Prussia and buried in this great capital of the German Empire." George also remembered his own days in Berlin in 1878, when he lived in a garret in the Kaiserhof and every day went to stand near Bismarck's palace to see the delegates to the Congress drive up, among them Salisbury and Disraeli, with Montagu Corry and Arthur Balfour in attendance.

That first winter in Aberdeen was a strenuous one, learning the ways of the University, meeting the professors and their families, the lecturers and assistants, attending students' functions and so forth. We were immensely helped in those early days—as indeed we were throughout our Aberdeen life—by our neighbours, Professor J. Arthur Thomson and his wife, while their young people and ours became the greatest friends. Outside the University we received welcomes from many in Aberdeen and in the country round, especially from George's old congregation of Queen's Cross Church ; indeed some of the children he had christened now came asking him to perform their marriage service !

The first of our family visitors were George's father and his stepmother, who were, of course, most interested in the house and the grandchildren, and were delighted to meet some of our new colleagues. Several Glasgow friends came to see us in our new surroundings, and in the holidays we had the first of our happy Christmas parties, when the house was crowded with our children's friends, among whom Barbara Kelman, Ian and Betty Bartholomew, and Tom Lindsay were the most regular. Expeditions in the country, a dance, and a great hockey match (Old Aberdeen against the World) were the usual programmes. Chanonry Lodge had now an atmosphere of young life about it and was taking its

CHANONRY LODGE, OLD ABERDEEN

place in our hearts. Until now our home had been the usual kind of town house, one among others like it. Now we lived in an old house whose foundations went far back into Scottish history. In the garden walls we could find traces of earlier buildings where long ago the canons of St. Machar's Cathedral had had their dwellings; the bricks in the sunny wall, where the apples and pears ripened so well, had come many generations back from Holland. The front of the house was plain and austere, but when one walked through it and came out by one of the long French windows upon the garden, it was a different scene—green lawns, fine old trees, shrubs and flowers; and if one was lucky enough to be there in May when the great cherry tree was in bloom, one saw a miracle of beauty that could never be forgotten. As we looked back at the house from the garden, it had a friendly, informal aspect—the lack of symmetry (one gable-end being much higher than the other), the ivy growing up the pillars of the verandah and over the walls, added to its character and charm. Indeed, with its combination of dignity and kindliness Chanonry Lodge seemed the right setting for the Principal of a University with seven lively children.

And not only the house but the whole of Old Aberdeen with its history and tradition cast its spell upon us; at every turn there was a reminder of far-off days. The children in their walks with me or their Swiss governess would take the same winding road to the Old Brig o' Balgownie that had been travelled by Robert the Bruce and Mary Queen of Scots, by Dr. Johnson and Byron. Or they would play with the Hays of Seaton by the Crook of Don, on the high bank above which, as the legend goes, Saint Machar, at the bidding of Saint Columba, had built his Church in the sixth century; where now St. Machar's Cathedral stands with its twin towers that guide the sailors home. They would be thrilled to see

the star cut in the wall near our house, marking the fate of Wallace. As they went along the narrow streets of the Aulton, they would see the Bede House, in connection with which eighteen old men still receive a grant from an endowment founded in 1531. They would dive through the "Needle's E'e" and go along the High Street, looking in at Mundie the baker's for a piece of his celebrated shortbread, past the manses of the professors standing in dignity back from the road, and so to King's College with its Chapel and beautiful Crown. Returning by the little post office and passing Cluny's Wynd they would enter the Chanonry, where more tall houses stood back from the road and where, in the summer time, the "auld wifies" of Mitchell's Hospital—another pious foundation—might be seen in their little garden. Then turning the corner, they would come to the old grey-harled house with its steep-pitched roof and gravelled courtyard, which was now their home.

On the 22nd June 1911 George was in the Abbey Church of Westminster, representing the University at the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary. He was deeply impressed by the beautiful historic ceremony and had much to tell us about it all on his return. And we, in quiet Chanonry, did not feel out of it: for Dankester, the Sacrist, invited our two little girls, Kathleen and Janet, to go to King's College to hoist the flag on the Tower for the great event. How proud they were that they had had so important a share in the day's proceedings!

Who that knew King's College in those days could forget Dankester?—an old soldier, tall and erect, with endless stories about the campaigns in which he had taken part; a great disciplinarian with a kind heart, as the quantity of students' photographs in his little office could testify. He came from the south and his speech was different from the northern tongue. He had a

nice sense of fitness. My husband enjoyed telling of a day when he met Dankester in the Chanonry and stopped to speak to him about a forthcoming visit to a sister University. Dankester described a similar occasion: "We was the tallest delegation present, me and the Principal [Marshall Lang] and Professor Hay." On my husband remarking that with the present Principal the delegation would not have the same effect, Dankester stepped from the pavement to the road and looking at him said: "I'll not deny that the late Principal had the hadvantage of you in hinches, Sir: but when the gown's on, who notices the difference?"

The sister University to which the delegation went was St. Andrews, which in 1911 celebrated its 500th anniversary. Lord Strathcona and my husband again represented Aberdeen and were accompanied by Professor Grierson and Professor Nicol. There was a very impressive ceremony when delegates from many foreign universities, from the British Dominions and from all the home universities and learned societies came in a long procession, many of them in gorgeous robes, to present their addresses to the Chancellor, who handed them to Sir James Donaldson, the Principal. On the following day Lord Rosebery was installed as Rector and gave a very fine speech; and the Chancellor, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, conferred a number of honorary degrees. Among the recipients of the LL.D. degree were Lord Strathcona and George Adam Smith. The September days were sunny, the old town was looking its best and most picturesque, and everything passed off —as ceremonies in St. Andrews always do—with dignity and distinction.

That same year we paid our first visit together to Skibo Castle, the Scottish home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. George had gone there alone the previous year, when each of the Scottish University Principals

—Sir James Donaldson, Sir William Turner, Sir Donald MacAlister, and George Adam Smith—had planted a tree in the grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie had instituted a "Principals' Week," when the four Principals of the Scottish Universities and their wives, and several officials of the Carnegie Trust and other friends, were gathered beneath their hospitable roof. They were so kind and did so much to give us all a happy time, arranging drives or a sail in the yacht or lovely walks or golf; each guest could enjoy himself in his own way. For George the greatest pleasure was the great swimming pool, to which he went every morning before breakfast —after being roused by the piper playing "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" Pipes of another variety had been a point of difference between his host and himself! On his arrival for the first time Mr. Carnegie had greeted him with the hope that he did not smoke. On being vehemently informed that he *did*, a room was set aside for this purpose, and it was used joyfully by others besides himself.

In 1912 Mr. Carnegie, who had been unanimously chosen by the students as their Rector, in succession to Mr. Asquith, came to stay with us for his installation; Mrs. Carnegie and their daughter Margaret came with him. He delivered a very unconventional address upon the choice of a career. There were the usual University and home functions; at a big reception in the Mitchell Hall he was particularly delighted with the singing of Scotch songs by the University choir.

The mention of this choir brings to my mind one of the most outstanding and delightful features of those years—the University Choral Society, of which the mainspring and leader was Professor Charles Sanford Terry. He had brought it to a high pitch of excellence, and the annual concert in the Music Hall was always a brilliant and exciting occasion, enjoyed by performers

and audience alike. The success of the Musical Festivals which were held in Aberdeen was also due to his enthusiasm and organisation. It was a delight to attend these and to hear the singing of the choirs from the fishing villages of the North-East.

In the summer of 1912 George and I were in London for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of the Royal Society, and for the Congress of the Universities of the Empire, and we stayed with Lord and Lady Shaw, and with my father's old friend Sir Thomas Barlow. When these functions were over we went to Camberley to see our second son, Dunlop, who was at the Military College, Sandhurst. He and his father afterwards made another tour in Belgium, studying in particular the Field of Waterloo. At Christmas time there was the usual happy gathering of young friends in Chanonry Lodge, and before they had all left, Beppo heard that he had passed into the Indian Army, which had been his ambition. On 12th February 1913 he sailed for India. His father and his brother George saw him off at Southampton. My husband wrote to me from London: "It has been a sore day. But did ever boy go to India with more proofs upon him of his father and mother's right to trust him and to hope the best of him, with greater confidence on the part of all who know him, or better equipped for his career by the kindness of his friends? In all those ways God has given us a wonderful strength for these days of parting and my heart has as much joy in it as pain. 'It's only five years, Father,' were about his last words to us. There was a telegram from Alick at Glenalmond, 'Good-bye till 1918.'"

This was the first break in our happy family. Our boy was attached for his first year in India to the Rifle Brigade. His letters from Dagshai told of his life and work there, of the friendliness of Captain Westcar and

other officers, of the happy discovery of a Presbyterian Church at Kasauli, and of a visit to his Uncle Charles, then Political Agent in the Tochi Valley, Waziristan. At the close of his year with the Rifle Brigade, Colonel Thesiger said: "He is a real trier and I shall be sorry to lose him." He was then appointed to a native regiment, the 33rd Punjabis, which was stationed in Bannu. These letters, so faithful and often so amusing, were eagerly looked for by us all, and we knew how, when he was telling us of his doings, he was also thinking of ours. In the summer of 1913 he wrote to his father: "I was so glad to hear you were reading *Great Expectations* again to them all. I remember how thrilled I was at the meeting of Pip and the Convict, and how we laughed over Mr. Wemmick and the Aged P. It was always one of my favourites. Dickens' are all splendid, but none can beat *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations*, though *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and *Nicholas Nickleby* run them pretty close." We were then at the farmhouse of Manisty on Derwentwater; and while the Dickens readings were the joy of the evenings, the days were spent by my husband in work upon the *Atlas of the Holy Land* and *Deuteronomy*. The younger George spent his days ranging the hills; once after doing peaks and passes he had hauled his bicycle from Langdale over the range to Langstrath and Derwentwater. He graduated LL.B. at Aberdeen University in 1913 and went to Edinburgh the next winter to continue his law training.

By this time my husband was well settled into his University work, for which he had had to evolve his own technique. Gone were the days when the chief function of a Principal was to be a distinguished figure-head; when, if he represented the University worthily at ceremonies and presided competently at Court and Senate meetings, he had done most of what was expected

of him. Now, the work that a Principal had to undertake was much more complicated and demanded qualities more varied and more strenuous. It required a scholar with an outlook far beyond his own range of subjects; a business man with a close grasp of detail; an organiser with shrewdness and foresight, and an administrator to take and distribute responsibility, to cope with difficulties, and to create an atmosphere of trust and friendliness in which unnecessary friction might be avoided.

With some of these qualities George was already well equipped, others had to be painstakingly developed. A friend with whom I was talking of those days was astonished to hear that the Principal went almost every day to Marischal College, that he had his office there, and was accessible to any who needed to consult him. He had thought, he said, of the Principal as one who only descended from his pedestal when some dignified occasion beckoned, and it was a surprise to him to realise the day-by-day business that he had to transact, not only in the University with its extending scope of studies and departments and appointments, but with many outside institutions and affairs. He acknowledged that the Principal " certainly put his back into it."

In regard to his conduct of the two chief administrative bodies, the University Court and the Senatus, I am not qualified to speak. George did not usually refer to them when he returned home, except in general terms—" We had a good Senatus meeting this afternoon," or " The Court meeting was very long." And I did not ask him about them, for I was only too glad to see him relax and forget his responsibilities. But from colleagues I have gathered some impressions. Professor Jack writes: " Our meetings of the Senatus were much smaller then. There was a remarkable group of men, nearly all of outstanding character and ability, and it was astonishing to see how smoothly the ball rolled among

them. The Principal's leading colleague in those days was Matthew Hay, one of the ablest men Scotland has produced. They acted together in the fullest and friendliest co-operation—I think they must often have gone over the business together before we met. The Chairman would bring the topics before us in general terms and then Hay would take up the running, turning the matter over, balancing the pros and cons. The Chairman would then add his own wisdom and we had little to do but to see the matter wisely determined. I do not mean that we were all always agreed or that controversial subjects did not emerge. I am speaking in general, of the friendly atmosphere. There were no parties, no taking sides, and we all felt we were fairly treated and not in any way coerced. Later on, after the War, when the Senate became so much larger and had so many more subjects to deal with, things may have become more difficult, but I am speaking of the earlier days and the general day-to-day relations between the Principal and the individual teachers. He was so friendly, so understanding, so companionable that I do not see how there could have been pleasanter relations of this kind. He was always straightforward, he never pulled wires, and he was always accessible." Another says: "I do not think he was more than a diligent and reasonably good business man. . He was in my opinion a very good and always a very fair Chairman of the Senatus meetings, but no more. He was not the sort of administrator who loves to finger his instrument like a skilled musician—but we all knew we should get fair play from him."

A member of the University Court writes: "He developed a faculty for business and a capacity for understanding financial affairs which were not perhaps congenial to his nature, but which he had diligently set himself to acquire, and which brought him the warm admiration

of the business men on the Court." "He had," says another, "one signal advantage, he knew how to deal with the town and with the surrounding district, and having immense prestige among people whom he understood very well, he was able easily and naturally to do what others might have had to set about self-consciously and with difficulty."

As to the Principal's relations with the students, I can speak at first hand; I know how much he thought about them and cared for them, how glad he was when he was able to help them either collectively or individually. I know the personal interest he took in them and how they responded, and, with very few exceptions, were eager to co-operate with him, knowing that he trusted them. I am sure they realised from first to last that the Principal was their friend. They knew that if they were in trouble, whether through some fault of their own or by some miscarriage in their luck, they could always go to him, knowing they would be met with understanding and sympathy. There was never a case of a poor and deserving student whose interests he would not seek to further by taking any amount of time and trouble. Many have written recalling some special association with him, and others, who had never come into any personal relationship with him, were no less conscious of his interest and care for them, and felt the nobility of his spirit. A teacher in a school in the Highlands wrote: "Some years ago I heard the Principal over the wireless, and I realised finally and completely how much he had meant to us students, to the ordinary student that is, who never came into near contact with him. In a sense, to be allowed the sort of hero-worship he inspired, untrammelled by social relationship of even the smallest kind, was to have him eternally. He might ha' been a King."

But it was as a preacher, above all, that he came

into his kingdom. No side of his many-sided life was so dear to him, or so valued by him as this. He had always loved preaching and now he had a great opportunity: not the crowded congregations of the big churches, but the intimate touch with students and staff in the old, quiet Chapel. He was sure of their response and it never failed him. The sight of the crowd of young men and women, he always said, was an inspiration, and not less so was the presence of his colleagues and the earnest attention of all. I can still feel the stillness as he preached on the Parable of the Talents—the lost opportunity; the poignancy of sorrow on hearing David's Lament over Saul and Jonathan; or the spirit of determination that was kindled by the story of Gideon or by the Song of the Well. Some of the sermons have been published, but in reading them one misses the voice, always true and natural, and full of feeling both for his subject and for his hearers. He liked to conduct the whole service himself, except for the reading of the Lessons, so that all might be in tune with the message he had to give. He preached generally twice in each term, though there were often special occasions on which he took the service. But whether preaching himself or listening to others, he loved King's College Chapel; and to him it was the heart and soul of the University life. So I think it was to many others. I have received countless letters from students and so many of them speak of this. A Highland student writes: "I wonder if he could have had any idea how the beauty of his voice and the kindness of his words, on every first Sunday of a new session, banished the wild ache of home-sickness from the hearts of country students." And another: "I remember with perfect clarity—apart from his most memorable voice—the lovely, calm, commanding wisdom, or the intense fervour, of his words to us in the College Chapel."

In 1913 our Chancellor, Lord Strathcona, died. He had been a true friend and a great strength to the new Principal, had welcomed him to his house in London and in the Highlands, and had encouraged him with the utmost kindness and generosity. Soon after George's appointment he had given a large contribution towards a Chair of Agriculture, and he had always been a noble benefactor to the University. Our new Chancellor, the Earl of Elgin, a former Viceroy of India, was installed on the 8th July 1914, the day of the Summer Graduation. The Rector, Mr. Carnegie, presided at the installation, the Chancellor at the Graduation. Sir Henry Craik, M.P., was present, and Lord Iveagh, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Lord and Lady Elgin stayed with us and there were the usual luncheon and garden parties. At the beginning of August we went to stay with them at Broomhall, near Dunfermline. They had planned to take us over the dockyard at Rosyth when a message arrived to say this was now impossible. We were on the verge of war. There was great anxiety and tension in the air, and George returned hastily to Aberdeen and was back at his post on 4th August, the day war was declared. I went to Edinburgh to see our son George, who was working there at his law studies, for I knew that as a member of the Special Reserve of Officers he would be off on service at once. He left for the South that very night.

From that time, for four years, the war dominated our thoughts and lives. In every possible way the Principal played his part and encouraged others to do the same. With what pride and admiration he saw our young men go forth, with what eagerness he followed their fortunes and welcomed their letters, with what anxious eyes he scanned the casualty lists. And how carefully from the very first day he compiled the record

of service—so accurately did he keep this that from his own notes he was often able to give news of the fighting men to their relatives. On one occasion a young officer who called to report himself said he had no notion where his brother was. My husband immediately informed him. Later on the *Roll of Service* was compiled officially, but at first he did it all himself, dredging the lists as they appeared for any of the University names.

Our son George, in the Gordon Highlanders, was wounded in December of that first year of the war. At St. Thomas's Hospital in London, to his great contentment, he found himself in the same ward with an old Glasgow College friend, Foster Franklin. They were visited by relatives and friends. One of these, Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, told us how, when they were convalescent, they used to go to his house on Sundays. "I can see your son now," he said, "pacing up and down our lawn, talking about books, arguing with Franklin, and we remember how they helped each other over dinner, joking about their awkwardness with only one pair of hands between them. We asked George what was his hardest experience in the war and he said: "My sister *would* bring her friends to see me in hospital, and the worst thing I've gone through was their soulful gaze, as they sat, hands in muff, looking speechlessly at the poor wounded soldier." We went to London at the New Year to see him. In a sermon, the following term, my husband said: "I visited this winter a London hospital where a number of young officers lay wounded, and as I contemplated the sufferings they so cheerfully endured, I felt the long work of my life shrink to little in comparison with what any one of these men had done and borne in a few days or hours of their young lives."

Our son returned home at the end of March 1915 and we had another happy Easter holiday in Arran. He recovered his strength there, and did many of his

old tramps and climbs. In the summer he was on light duty at the barracks but was often able to come and see us. Later, his father wrote: "Shall we ever forget those happy afternoons and evenings, the hours in the garden, the romps with the little ones, hide-and-seek among the laurels, tennis or rounders on the lawns? Never again can we see that garden grow to the height of summer without his figure, kilted and bareheaded, and with the maimed hand, under the trees or at full length on the sunlit grass, reading or sleeping with the plaid of his mother's tartan about him." And George himself, during a short absence, wrote: "I had much rather been staying at home. The garden was looking so beautiful under the evening sun, the lawn and the trees such a deep green and the whole place so peaceful that I grudged going away. I never thought when we went to Chanonry that I should love it like this."

On Sunday, 8th August, he left us to return to France. On the way he stopped in Edinburgh to see his grandfather and the Kelmans, and John Kelman told us how he felt George had developed so richly; that his nature had unusually large resources of hidden power and tenderness. His last day in this country was spent in London with his Aunt Minnie, his cousin Janet, and his Uncle Dunlop, who saw him off at Waterloo Station. On the 25th September he was killed in the Battle of Loos.

My husband was deeply devoted to his eldest son, and had hoped for him a career of usefulness and service. So had his Uncle David, with whom he had lived for a time in Glasgow. "As we discussed political and social questions," he said, "I was amazed at his grip of these and at his power of lucid, trenchant expression. I cherished the highest hopes of what he might achieve in the legal and political arenas. Equally striking was his character, his unworldliness, the absence of self-seeking, his public spirit, and his chivalrous nature."

Earthly hopes may not be fulfilled, but the lives so freely given for others can never have been wasted. After walking along the Chanonry one evening, thinking of his boy and others who like him had passed from our sight, George wrote the following lines :

OLD ABERDEEN, OCTOBER 1915.

Mother of trees and towers and ancient ways
And homes of studious peace ; to whose grey Crown
Thy lads come up through these October days,
Come up again the while thy leaves fall down,
Rustling about the young and eager feet,
As if the spirits of thy crowded past,
Mustering on high those latest ranks to greet,
Did down their ghostly salutations cast.

Ah, this October many come no more,
Whose trysted faces we had looked to see !
For on the fields of Flanders or that shore
Steep and fire-swept of grim Gallipoli,
They fell like leaves, innumerably fell,
And, though still quick and keen and fain for life,
With as ripe ease and gentleness of will,
As the sere leaf from out the tempest's strife—
Ready for Death and their young sacrifice
By faith in God, by love of home and land,
And the proud conscience of the ungrudged price
Their fathers paid at Freedom's high demand.

Though through thy stripped trees trailing with the mist
The mournful music of the pipes comes creeping,
Mourn thou not those who only failed thy Tryst
Because they kept a Holier—and are keeping.

Professor Matthew Hay wrote to us : " George was a splendid fellow. I do not forget that he was the very first of our men at the University to offer himself for service. He thus set a splendid example, which came very fittingly from your own family."

His brother in India cabled us in Newbolt's words :

A great fight, and a good death.
Trust him he would not fail.

The year 1916 opened for us with the news that my husband was to receive a knighthood. This was a great surprise, as clergymen are not usually honoured in this way ; it gave us much pleasure, most of all to his father in Edinburgh, now eighty-three years of age. George went to London for the conferment of the honour. Our old gardener on being asked where his master was, replied : " He's awa' sooth, to be benighted."

And almost at the same time there came an honour which gratified him beyond words when he was appointed Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Free Church for the year 1916-17. He rejoiced to know that in this way his own Church set its seal of approbation upon his work. While we were at Sannox Manse in Arran that Easter, he prepared his addresses for the Assembly. Also, among the mountains and glens that our boy had loved, he wrote a memoir of his son.

In the middle of May we went to Edinburgh. George had asked the Rev. Robert Simpson to be his Chaplain. A kind friend lent us her house, so we were able to have our family with us. Maisie, who had just taken her degree of M.A. at Aberdeen and was going to forestry work in Perthshire, Kathleen from Cheltenham, and Alick, who was just about to leave Glenalmond—they all assisted our Secretary, Mr. G. E. R. Young, with the social arrangements, while to Janet and Margaret an Assembly seemed an endless round of grown-up doings and gaieties in which for once they were allowed to join. There was more state in connection with the Moderatorship than there is to-day and one of the features of that fortnight was the carriage-and-pair which drove the Moderator to and from the various functions. On the day before the Assembly opened, George made use of this dignified equipage to drive me and the two youngest children to Restalrig, the parish where his forbears had lived before they went to Leith about 1770. In the

latter place he hunted up Fillyside Cottage, where he had lived as a boy, and, like a boy, he wondered what his dear aunts would say if they saw him now, Moderator of the United Free Church !

To one who sees it for the first time the great Assembly Hall, filled with men, ministers and laymen, is a most impressive sight ; indeed, however often one sees it, it never loses its impressiveness, as one thinks how it represents all the cities and country places of our land. And when, without any organ, they sing " I joyed when to the House of God," or the Hundredth Psalm, one feels the strength and vigour of such a Church. The subject of the Moderator's opening and closing addresses was " The War, the Nation and the Church." George speaks of the mystery of the war, which is not new ; when believers in God have nothing to act upon save the conscience of an immediate duty ; of our own shortcomings as a Church and as a Nation, of the ideals for which our young men have given themselves, of the tragedy of their loss. " And yet," he concludes, " if such loss lead to the victory of right over wrong, if it avenge the banished and the tortured : if, once for all, it warn the world from the fatality of broken faith, if it preserve the traditions and liberties of this free empire ; if still more, it quicken the remnant that is left of us to unselfishness and purity, if it pour down all the common ways of peace the heroism which war has evoked—we who suffer will not count it loss or bewail."

In spite of this cloud of war, it was a happy time, with a unity of purpose and a friendly spirit throughout. The social functions were very pleasant—even the Moderator's breakfasts, when he welcomed the members of Assembly with their families and many of the leading citizens of Edinburgh. After these there were speeches —at that hour !—and a kindly and genial atmosphere was created, which set the Fathers and Brethren in good

heart for the work of the day. Those breakfasts have long been discontinued and their place has been taken by afternoon At Homes, at a more reasonable hour. We had only one of these, a very large and representative gathering.

Among the doings of that crowded time there were two which pleased George above all—when his old students of the Glasgow College invited him to a dinner ; and when a deputation came from St. Mark's United Free Church, Glasgow (which included the old Broomielaw Church), to present him with a Bible " as a token of their gratitude and esteem."

It is the custom for the Moderator during his year of office to visit some particular part of the country. My husband was specially anxious to go to the Island of Lewis and to places in the North from which such large numbers of men had answered their country's call ; many of them had been at Aberdeen University. With Mr. Lee, the senior Secretary of the Highlands and Islands Committee of the United Free Church, and Mr. Muir, the new Secretary, he went at the end of August to Stornoway. On the latter part of their journey from Inverness to Kyle of Lochalsh they passed Plockton, and George wrote : " I looked at the station-house, the home of Sergeant Charles Victor MacRae, First Class Honours in Classics, who gave up all the great promise of his youth for service to his country and laid down his life for her righteous cause and while succouring a wounded comrade." On the boat from Kyle were many young fellows in khaki, several of them from Canada and Australia, going to the Island from which their parents or they themselves had come. It was nearly eleven o'clock when they saw the lights of Stornoway. The whole population seemed gathered to meet the boat, and the lads in khaki got a rousing welcome. The day after they arrived was the Sacrament Sunday ;

the people had gathered from far and near and the services were crowded. George took the whole of the morning service and the Communion afterwards. "It was a sombre congregation," he wrote; "every woman in black, except for the white mutches of the older women, as is their custom on Sundays. The effect was very impressive." In the evening he gave an address at the close of the Gaelic service taken by Mr. Lee: "As I went in they were singing a psalm in Gaelic, a wild, weird melody; plaintive waves of song following the precentor's chants like the swell and sough of the great billows in the Minch." While in Stornoway George was particularly glad to see the Nicolson Institute and to meet the Rector, Mr. Gibson, who had sent so many and such good students to Aberdeen University: he was delighted to find several Aberdeen graduates among the teachers. Friends from many parts of the islands came to see him, and at the Manse of Garrabost an Aberdeen student had come to meet him, whom George had specially wished to see. "John Martin was there," he wrote to me; "he was totally paralysed at Gallipoli, and lay for seven months in Alexandria; and your sister Florence discovered him in a hospital in Oxford. He is now able to walk with two sticks, he is wonderfully cheerful and content, looking forward to resuming his studies, a very brave, dear boy, the son of a widow."

Of the drive south from Balallan, he said: "It was wonderful; before us, over the low land of Lewis, rose the great Harris hills. On our left were the upper waters of the long Loch Erisort, its blue fringed with yellow sea-weed; at the top of an ascent the view of the Atlantic burst upon us, and in addition to the nearer islands we saw St. Kilda dim on the horizon. At Tarbet we had a good lunch in a most comfortable hotel. There was a service in the large church in the

afternoon, at which Mr. Lee gave an address in Gaelic and I one in English. We returned to the hotel for tea. The good landlady, Mrs. Cameron, would not let us pay for lunch or tea, because of her affection for the Church, and because, she said, it was an honour to have us. Her husband is on service in France, her son in Macedonia."

From Tarbet an Admiralty boat took them to Dunvegan. The visit to Skye was a short one, with pitiless, pelting rain most of the time. On their return to the mainland they went by Strathpeffer and Dingwall to Invergordon, full of Army and Navy men. "From Lochalsh on the west to the Dornoch Firth visiting churches and manses, soldiers' camps, Y.M.C.A. and churches' huts and giving addresses in many of these, all in one day, was pretty tiring," wrote George. Tain, Wick, and Thurso were the next points of the tour; at each place they were welcomed by the leading men and the ministers of all denominations. There were large congregations on the Sunday, meetings and addresses during the week, and they left each town and each kindly hospitable manse with genuine regret.

Throughout this tour George was fulfilling a fourfold purpose. As Moderator, by means of preaching and addresses, he took the message and greetings of his Church, and he also pled the cause of Union between the two great Scottish Churches; as Principal of the most northern University he met the education authorities wherever he could and visited schools and schoolmasters; and—what was nearest to his heart—he went, as a friend, to seek and comfort those who were in sorrow for the loss of dear ones, teachers or students of the University, taken from them by the war.

The tour concluded with a visit to Orkney. It was a rough crossing from Scrabster and George was the only passenger who enjoyed it, so that the captain said:

" I shall have to revise my opinion of ministers." From Stromness they went to Kirkwall for a large meeting of the Presbytery and crowded services on the Sunday; the climax of the tour was a visit to the Fleet. The Admiral's own boat took them to the flagship, where he welcomed them, and they had a service to which 800 men gathered from the various ships. They went over a great battleship, and made their way back through the mighty fleet. " It was one of the most memorable days of my life," wrote George.

In October Dr. John Brown, his fellow Moderator of the Established Church, and he went together to France and Belgium, at the invitation of the Commander-in-Chief. They found themselves described by a Belgian official as " *les deux archévêques écossais*," though he was puzzled by an archbishop appearing in military garb, as my husband wore the uniform of an Army Chaplain throughout this tour. The Principal Chaplain, General Simms, took care that they should meet as many Scottish soldiers as possible and that they should see the work that was being done in hospitals, canteens, and hostels. On Sunday, 15th October, George gave four addresses to the troops. One audience—of Gordon Highlanders only—crowded into the St. Mungo hut at Etaples and he spoke to them on the three secrets of courage: a clean heart, a just cause, and faith in God. " The place was packed," he wrote, " with every seat full, men standing all round, sitting on the platform, all breathlessly attentive. I never had a service like it. We had Communion afterwards. Many of them were quite young boys, all of them going up the line very soon, some of them to-night. They are carrying their lives to the Front, and we only our poor words. I felt very humble." They, on their side, felt he had something to bring them. On one occasion he arrived by chance at a place where there happened, just on that day, to

be a number of his own University men. "It's the Principal," the word ran swiftly round, and what a welcome they gave him!

Of the work of surgeons and doctors in the many hospitals they visited George said, "It is awesome." And the great Veterinary Hospital moved him deeply: "The horses and mules bearing their honourable scars; the quietness in which all these poor victims of war stood spoke volumes for the skill of the surgeons and the gentleness of the grooms in charge. The silent patience in the eyes of the wounded beasts was very moving."

Both Dr. Brown and George had lost sons in the war, so each had his own pilgrimage to make, and it happened that George visited the field where his boy fell, on 18th October, the anniversary of the day he was born.

Back in this country he was in great demand, as Moderator, for addresses and preaching. At St. Columba's Church in London his sermon was "The Cloud of Witnesses." This subject was very near to his heart in those days, and he preached on it also at Glasgow University and in his own King's College Chapel.

During that memorable year of 1916 two events took place which gave great pleasure to himself as to all of us. He was elected a Fellow of the British Academy; under the auspices of this body he had delivered the Schweich Lectures upon "The Early Poetry of Israel" in 1910, though it was not until the end of 1912 that he had found time to prepare them for the press. And he was elected a member of the Athenæum under Rule II, being proposed and seconded by Lord Bryce and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Randall Davidson.

The year closed—as the years always did in Chanonry Lodge—with George reading to us as we sat round the

study fire some stanzas of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, after which we all went out into the garden, to listen to the foghorns and whistles from the ships in the harbour, and to hear the bells of the churches in the town ringing in the New Year. And before it was many hours old, our good neighbours Professor Cowan and Professor Trail and Dr. Robert Walker, the University Registrar, would be in our house to give us greeting.

Lord Elgin died in January 1917. Owing to the war and the altered conditions it had been impossible for him to come to Aberdeen as much as he would otherwise have done, but he was always anxious to hear of the doings of the University and helped the Principal with his interest and wise counsel. The next Chancellor was the Duke of Richmond and Gordon: with his home in the North he was able to come more often to official celebrations and other functions. He was installed at the Summer Graduation in 1917. Never before had we had a duke to stay with us, and I had prepared not only a room for himself, but also one for a manservant, without whom, I supposed, a duke could not travel. George went to the station to meet him, found him walking from the train carrying a box which contained his robes, and no attendant—a more friendly and delightful visitor we never had. When official duties were over, he would sit in the garden with our Aberdeen terrier, Scamp, upon his knee, a book or paper in his hand, which he was not reading, for he was watching the birds or the coming and going of the young people. He came to us nearly every summer after that, and when he was passing through Aberdeen on his way south or north, he would drop in for tea and a chat.

Naturally we were all engrossed with war work in some form. George was always occupied with new problems. I was on several committees dealing with

women's organisations, which met generally in Glasgow or Edinburgh ; while all the members of our family helped with soldiers' clubs and canteens, and with money-raising efforts to supply comforts to the troops. In the Chanonry, close to our house, the large buildings of the Botanical Department had become an officers' mess, and we had many friends there. It was a great pleasure to us to invite members of their families to come and stay with us so that they might have the happiness of being together. On Sunday afternoons there was usually a crowd at tea, and we were always glad when Maisie or Kathleen was at home to help. The walls of my little writing-room were covered with the photographs of those dear people, many of them members of the University, many more who had come from all parts of the country or from beyond the seas.

One evening in June 1917 George and I were in the study—a young officer and his wife with us—when a telegram was brought in. It told us that our son Dunlop had been killed in action in East Africa. Only a few days before we had received a letter from Aden, telling us he had been to Communion Service in Dr. Young's church, and that he expected he would soon be going elsewhere. We had even ventured to hope that this might mean leave to this country before going to France. We had not seen him for four-and-a-half years. But it was not to be, and the dear boy who had gone to India so full of eagerness and hope had now followed his brother in the service of his country.

At the end of each session during the war, in King's College Chapel, the Principal read the Roll of Honour : the names of the graduates and alumni of the University who had fallen. When he came forward to read the list with the names of his own two boys among many others, my heart stood still, wondering if he would be able to do it. But his voice was steady and there was

even a note of triumph in it, as if he could rejoice for them all that their warfare was accomplished and that they had followed their Lord in the way of service and sacrifice.

In December our third son, Alick, received his commission in the Gordon Highlanders.

My husband had been recently occupied, in addition to his ordinary work, in writing a booklet upon Syria and the Holy Land, at the request of the Information Department of the War Office—the object of it was to explain the country to the troops who were engaged in warfare there. It was a concise study of the land and was described as " a quintessence of his classic book on the geography of Palestine." With this work in hand and with his knowledge of the country, it may be well understood that he followed the campaign in Palestine with most eager interest, and the news of the capture of Jerusalem and the entry of Lord Allenby stirred him as few events had ever done. When, later, he heard from that great soldier himself and from many others how much they had been helped by his *Historical Geography*, he was profoundly thankful that he had had a part in the victory.

Photo: Morgan, Aberdeen

IN THE UNIFORM OF ARMY CHAPLAIN

CHAPTER VII

War Mission to America—Armistice—First family wedding—Universities' delegation to France and Belgium—Death of Dr. George Smith—Changes and developments in the University—The Queen's Graduation—War Memorials—Toc H.

EARLY in 1918 George was asked by the Foreign Office to undertake a mission to America, and almost at the same time he received, through Mr. Page the American Ambassador in London, an invitation from the American National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the Allies. He felt these two requests to be a definite call and he gladly agreed, stipulating that there should be no fee for his services, beyond the payment of expenses. Arrangements were made for his departure in March ; but before he could go there was *Deuteronomy* ! My husband had been writing this commentary for years in the intervals between other works. The editor of the Cambridge Bible Series, Dr. Kirkpatrick, had been most patient, and George was determined to finish it. He slaved at it, literally to the last moment, and the day before he left we went together to the little post office in Old Aberdeen and sent off the final manuscript and corrections. Then he came home and made his will.

With the consent of the Foreign Office, which our friend John Buchan had helped to secure, and by permission of the Admiralty, it was arranged that our eldest daughter, Maisie, might accompany her father as his secretary. On 20th March they sailed from Liverpool ; the voyage was not without risks, for the submarines were then very active. "But," wrote my husband, "the ceaseless vigilance of the British Navy has been with us all the way. Once we were stopped by a shot fired across our bows by a British cruiser which had

failed to identify the ship because she happened on that voyage to carry one mast less than her usual number. We proceeded on our way with a fresh sense of security."

On arrival in New York they found a full programme mapped out for them by the National Committee. George gave five addresses within three days—the first of them, very appropriately, at Union Theological Seminary. He and Maisie called on the Carnegies, and thought the old man was looking very frail after an illness, and also very sad over the failure of his hopes and efforts for world-wide peace. But his face lighted up with happiness as he told George that his daughter Margaret had recently joined the Church ; and when they left he said earnestly, " Come again."

On 6th April George started on the first of the tours arranged for him. At Philadelphia he had a week-end of six addresses, two being delivered at luncheons of business men and ministers, one at a large public meeting in the Music Hall, at which over 2500 were present ; and he preached to Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Quaker congregations. He addressed two large meetings at Washington, two at Pittsburg, three at Columbus, and three at Cincinnati. On 13th April he was back in New York, and Maisie wrote : " Father and Dr. Atkinson have a confab about future schedules. I hope they won't be so heavy as this last week's. Father is very tired."

My husband had made it a condition of his tour that he should be in Peace Dale on 14th April to conduct the memorial service for his friend Rowland Hazard, who had died in California in January. Several times during the summer he and Maisie returned to Peace Dale to find rest and refreshment in the intervals of their heavy work.

The next tour began in the Middle West. At St. Louis he spoke at a luncheon of business men, and in the evening addressed a large meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church with the minister, Dr. McIvor,

presiding. Thence by Kansas City and Denver to Detroit, where his old friend Bishop Williams met them. At Buffalo George's fellow-speaker was Rabbi Wise—"very dramatic to hear this Jew speaking for the Americans"; at Cleveland it was ex-President Taft. "They won't let me fight," he said with his delightful chuckle; "I am too bad a shot and too good a target." At Boston George was invited to address the Massachusetts Legislature, and the session was suspended while he spoke; at night there was a meeting of 4000 people in the Symphony Hall, with Dr. Lowell presiding. In the course of his address George paid a great tribute to France, and reminded Americans that they were again fighting for union and freedom, this time for the world. Military bands played "The Marseillaise" and "God save the King" as well as "The Star-Spangled Banner." Maisie's neighbour on the platform was an old gentleman who told her that he had taught her father at Leith School and had now come many miles to hear his old pupil. "I think he was the most excited person there, and whenever Father made a particularly telling point, this old Mr. Pearson simply turned purple with delight and shouted out, 'Good boy, Geordie, good boy!'"

Twenty-four years later *The Boston Herald* wrote of this meeting in an article entitled "Fighter for the Faith": "There must be many in this city who remember the April night in 1918 when in Symphony Hall, amidst ringing cheers, the Rev. Sir George Adam Smith declared that 'to put peace before justice, before honor, before the rescue of the oppressed, before the security of women and children, is to turn Christianity upside down.' The burning words with which he fired the English-speaking people on both sides of the sea are as pertinent to-day as in 1918. No man of his time was more Christian in action or spirit. But note what he said of pacifism: 'There never would have been a

civilisation on earth had not Justice, by the acceptance of all save a few fanatics, held in her hand a sword as well as a pair of scales. The conscience and the faith which do not issue into deeds are imperfect if not hypocritical, and that these deeds must sometimes in the name of righteousness be deeds of war is a truth which all but the most dogmatic of pacifists have come to acknowledge.' "

After a round of meetings at towns and colleges in New England, they returned to New York on 15th May, and two days later George was in Philadelphia at the great Convention, called by the League to Enforce Peace, and presided over by Mr. Taft. Three thousand delegates from all the States in the Union enthusiastically applauded the call to concentrate the national efforts and resources on the war as the only way of securing the freedom and peace of the world. At the closing banquet Mr. Taft spoke for America, my husband (in the absence of the British Ambassador, Lord Reading) for the British people; and for France there spoke Ambassador Jusserand, who made a most stirring and dramatic speech. These were critical days in France; Haig had issued his famous order, " With our backs to the wall." " I have a message to read to you," said M. Jusserand. " May 1st. Our backs are to the wall; send immediately every available man to our assistance." He paused, and there was a strained silence of apprehension and consternation. After a few seconds he proceeded: " It is true that the date of this message is May 1st, but the year is 1775, and the signature is George Washington." The relief of the audience was intense, and they rose and cheered when Mr. Taft voiced their feelings of gratitude to France for the help she had given in their hour of need, and of their determination that now, after a century and a half, the time had come to repay the debt.

ADDRESS IN CHICAGO

The third and most extensive tour started in Chicago on 11th June, with George for the third time delivering the Convocation Address. He told his audience how the war had affected the Universities of Great Britain and of their full and immediate response, of graduates, students, and staff. He spoke of the awful toll of sacrifice taken by the war both in British and French Universities, and closed by saying: "I come to you from a people that have drunk to the dregs the cup of the agony of war for the last four years. But whatever the destruction, whatever the sufferings, whatever the sacrifices we have endured these four years, my message from my people to the American people is that the conscience with which we began the war is as strong as ever it was; our faith in the justice of our cause and our determination to see it, with our Allies, through to its inevitable victory, have not failed us and will not fail us. . . . And now, my younger friends, the students of this great University, upon you has fallen an obligation heavier than perhaps was ever felt by any generation of youth in all the history of your people. . . . See that you cherish to the end the value of spiritual ideals both for man and for nation. . . . Accept discipline—that is the foundation of all heroism . . . be careful of details in the routine of your life, but be equally ready for life's emergencies."

From Chicago George went to Nashville, Tennessee; to New Orleans; to San Diego, Fresno, Sacramento, Berkeley, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, where he was delighted to hear a voice from the gallery greet the end of his speech with a hearty shout of "Weel deen, Aiberdeen!" Then back to Chicago. "As we were driving along Michigan Boulevard," wrote Maisie, "we heard the sound of bagpipes and there, coming down on the opposite side of the street, were two Highlanders heading a band of recruits. Father, in uniform of course, dives

through the streams of traffic and shakes hands with them all as they march along and with the father of one of them who was following a little way behind, quite broken-down, and who thanked him for giving the boys a bit of a send-off. They were British boys going to join the Canadian Gordons and Seaforths—it was a good sight and we waved to them again as we passed them in the car."

In all his tours George addressed 127 meetings, as well as delivering many sermons, and he travelled 22,000 miles by rail. The arrangements made by the National Committee worked so smoothly that no engagement was missed, and only one had to be postponed. George's main themes were "The Moral Aims of the Allies," "Britain's Part in the War," and "The Witness of France." He usually took one or other of these, or a combination of them, for the mass meetings. To the Conferences and local Federations of Ministers he bore greetings from the Commission of the General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland, and generally followed this up with an address upon "True and False Peace," or upon "The Religious Effects of the War." Among the sermons that he delivered, those that seem to have made the greatest impression were "Courage and its Three Sources," and "The Cloud of Witnesses" —the latter was a subject that had lain very close to his heart since the death of our sons and of so many others of his University students.

It was a very great advantage to my husband that he had already visited so many of these places on his previous lecture-tours, and was accustomed to American ways of travelling. He and Maisie both stood the heat well, though in New Orleans in the middle of June it was so great that George made the barber shave his beard and, Maisie reported, "he reveals a good square chin." He always felt at home with American audiences and

enjoyed their quick response. Maisie's company, too, was a great help, and for her it was a happy combination to be both secretary and daughter. Not only did she make notes, take down addresses and sermons, interview reporters and choke off visitors who arrived at impossible hours, but she enjoyed meeting his friends, many of whom became truly her own ; and, especially, she was there when the home mails arrived. Together they read of Alick, our youngest and only surviving son, going off to France, of his transfer from one battalion of the Gordon Highlanders to another, and of the fighting of that anxious summer.

Before he left the States the National Committee arranged for George to have an interview with President Wilson at the White House. His first impression of the President was how cool he looked, in his blue coat and white flannel trousers, while George sweltered in his thick uniform. Wilson said that for four years he had been accustoming himself to believe the incredible ; among his other remarks were : " America didn't come in a moment too soon ; I'll say that " ; and " I wanted the people to come in on their own moral conviction, not on mine, and I wanted them to come in with a whoop."

Back in New York the National Committee's spokesman summed up the mission : " This affair was a try-out, and you came and put it on solid rock. We couldn't have found a better man if we'd looked all over the world." Before leaving New York there was a matter connected with the University which occupied George for a few days. He had been invited to see the wonderful collection of Jacobite literature made by a Mr. MacBean of 11 Wall Street ; George warmly congratulated its owner on its interest and importance, only to be told to his surprise and gratification that Mr. MacBean, after hearing one of his public addresses, had decided

to offer his collection to the University of which George was the head. It was sent over after the war, and is now one of the most interesting features of the Library at King's College.

With the work and responsibility behind them my husband and Maisie made a final visit to Peace Dale, and on 23rd August sailed for home on the *Adriatic*, one of a convoy of ships taking over American troops. In command of a contingent was a tall, fair, young officer from St. Louis, named Charles Drew, of whom they saw a good deal on the voyage. On arrival in Liverpool he took his men to their quarters and then appeared at the train by which Maisie and her father were to travel north: "And then," said George, "the scales fell from my eyes," and he telegraphed me: "Safely arrived after a more than interesting voyage."

On 6th September they reached home; the children were at the gate of Chanonry waving Stars and Stripes, Scottish Lions, Tricolors, and Union Jacks, and we were all so happy to have the travellers back with so much to hear and to tell of the five months they had been away. The news of their return soon spread, and colleagues and friends came in to welcome them—Mr. Thom, the Secretary, was one of the first; then James Crombie, the Chancellor's Assessor, and a few days later, the Chancellor himself.

George received a warm letter of thanks from the Foreign Office, speaking of the success of his mission, and hoping that the addresses might be made available to the general public. He set himself at once to this task, and they were published that winter under the title of *Our Common Conscience*. Of this book an American reviewer said: "The title is good, for in these addresses it is made plain that Great Britain and America have each a national conscience, and that these are practically the same." George was now as eager to speak of America

to audiences in Scotland as he had been to explain our country to them, and he addressed several meetings for this purpose.

In November Alick had his first leave from France; Kathleen was given special leave from Cheltenham to see him, so it was with all the children at home that on Monday the eleventh we heard the bells ring to proclaim the Armistice.

The signing of peace in the summer of 1919 was particularly associated, for our family, with two events —Maisie's wedding and the big Summer Graduation. The handsome young officer from the *Adriatic* had spent his first leave from France with us, when he and Maisie became engaged, and on a beautiful June day they were married. Charles Drew had now finished his service in France; Alick was home; the world was at peace, and it was unthinkable that it should ever again be darkened by war. Relatives and friends came from far and near to this first wedding in our family. After the beautiful service in King's College Chapel, taken by Maisie's father, there was a great gathering in our garden, at which Lord Provost Taggart made one of his delightful and characteristic speeches. The young couple had a brief honeymoon and returned to join us in welcoming the distinguished guests who came to receive honorary degrees—among these were Major-General Simms, Principal Chaplain to the Forces; Admiral Sir Roger Keyes; and Field-Marshal Haig, who on the same day received the Freedom of the City. The Chancellor, who performed the capping ceremony, was also staying with us, and it was good to see them all sitting in the garden when these functions were over. Lord Haig wrote in our visitors' book: "The sun shone on everything to-day."

And then Maisie crossed the ocean again to make a

new home. Sore as we were to part with her, we felt we could not have given her to a better man than to this young American of her choice.

In November 1919 George was a member of the British Universities' delegation to France and Belgium. They went first to Strasbourg, for the reopening of the ancient French University on the first anniversary of its day of deliverance; the French Army had made its triumphal entry on 22nd November 1918. The President of the Republic, M. Poincaré, was there, and delegates from the Universities of Italy, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland, and Belgium. Just before the proceedings started at 9 a.m. a storm of cheering outside the hall announced the arrival of the President and M. Millerand, Commissary-General for Alsace, followed by the Marshals of France—Foch, Joffre, and Pétain. A fine baritone voice in the gallery, accompanied by the organ, sang two verses of "The Marseillaise" with great power, and all the vast company joined in the chorus. After some words of welcome from M. Charletié, Rector of the University, and a stirring address from the representative of the students past and present, the President made an impressive speech, plain and quiet—common sense on a high level—rising to eloquence at the end as he spoke of the liberation of Alsace. "*Il ne manque jamais, il a toujours le mot juste*," murmured a French delegate.

During the *discours* which followed George looked with eager interest at the three Marshals. "They are all short men," he said. "None of them so tall as myself. Joffre, in the blue jacket and red trousers of the old French Army, has a quiet, almost heavy face, with a fine broad brow; one forms the impression that he thinks, thinks a lot, and that he is patient, very patient. Not knowing who he was and seeing him smile, you would

call him a dear old chap—when you see him closer, as I did afterwards, his eyes flash power. The face of Foch is of a different type, it is one of great distinction, a sad face, but a beautiful smile breaks upon it from time to time. It was the most haunting face in all that gathering of distinguished and illustrious men. His gestures are animated and he has a beautiful action of the hands." (George did not record any impression of Marshal Pétain.) After the speeches the delegates presented addresses from their various Universities. "The bow that D'Arcy Thompson made in presenting the address from St. Andrews was the finest of the day. The whole Assembly then swept out of the hall to witness a great national parade—the President with M. Millerand and the Marshals stood on a platform to receive the salute of the troops; many regiments, infantry and cavalry, including coloured troops from North Africa, marched past him, the officers saluting with drawn swords. He stood all the time with bared head, and we all uncovered whenever a regimental colour passed. The troops were smaller men on the whole than our soldiers, but with what *élan* they marched! After the Army there was a long procession of demobilised soldiers, Army nurses, and other military organisations. From the villages of Alsace came representatives of clubs and choirs and various associations, the women and children all wearing the beautiful Alsatian dress. When at the very end the Veterans passed, the excitement became intense, especially for those of 1870, old men, many of them in tears. What a reception they got."

At the banquet which followed George's seat at the President's table was just opposite that of Marshal Foch, and his Chief of Staff, General Weygand. "Before he sat down, Foch stretched out a friendly hand to me and said that he hoped to come to Aberdeen to receive the honorary degree which the University desired to confer

upon him and which he was proud to accept. By my side there was a deputy who had fought in the war and who complained to the General that his regiment had been left unsupported, saying, 'If so and so, or so and so had happened, we would have been completely wiped out.' '*Ah, mon ami,*' said Foch courteously and gravely, 'if everything had happened that might have happened, neither you nor I, nor the Republic nor France would have been in existence to-day.' At the close of the banquet, the tall narrow glasses were filled '*pour les toasts.*'" "When the representative for the Scottish Universities was called upon," said George, "I rose to my feet, but I promptly sat down again for Professor Baldwin Brown had risen at the other end of the table (he represented the Franco-Scottish Society and had heard only the word *Ecossais*). When he had finished, the President rose and bowing to me, said, '*La parole est à vous, Monsieur,*' and he called out in a loud voice, '*Les Universités de l'Ecosse*'—so in a very few words I conveyed greetings and felicitations, and said that my honoured colleague, Professor Baldwin Brown, had expressed better than I could do the sentiments of sympathy and admiration entertained for France by the people and Universities of Scotland; and I sat down greatly relieved, with the speech in French that I had composed and carefully learned off by heart, unsung and, I am quite sure, unwept."

A gala performance at the Opera closed that memorable day. As the President with M. and Mme. Millerand and the Marshals entered their box, the orchestra played "The Marseillaise" and the audience rose and bowed. The play was *Manon*, the artistes were from the Paris Opera-house. George said: "The acting was superb, and I have never enjoyed singing more than that of the ravishing tenor, Marny—I could have listened to him all night."

During those days George had been a guest at a beautiful country house on the outskirts of Strasbourg, whose owner, Madame la Marquise de Loys, had served in a hospital throughout the war, and on the entry of the French in the previous year had returned to her home. Her hospitality was unbounded ; all nationalities met in her salon. Marshal Joffre lunched with her on the day following the celebrations and George had some good talk with him. Several Alsatian girls were there in their national costume. "One of them," George said, "sat beside me at lunch and practised her pretty English upon me, telling me what she and her companions had done during the war, and what they had worn ; and how they rejoiced to wear their own beautiful and distinctive dress again."

On the 24th November the British Universities' delegation left Strasbourg for Brussels, where they were received by Burgomaster Max ; he spoke in beautiful English and George replied for the delegates, offering homage to the Belgian people and especially to the people of Brussels, who had endured the German occupation and had resisted German arrogance not only with courage, patience, and tenacity, but also with wit and humour. On the second day of their visit they were motored to Malines, where Cardinal Mercier, a noble figure with a wonderful face and smile, welcomed them with great kindness. A short visit to Antwerp followed : the Burgomaster joined them at a lunch given by the Chamber of Commerce, and the 250 students of the Institut de Commerce gave them an enthusiastic greeting, singing "God Save the King" and "It's a long way to Tipperary." On the way back to Brussels one of their cars punctured and they were held up for 40 minutes, arriving at their hotel with only half an hour in which to dress and present themselves at the Palace for a dinner given in their honour. They were received

by the King and Queen, "he in khaki, 6 ft. 4 ins. tall, with a serious good face; she a charming sylph-like form in white silk." In the salon after dinner King Albert asked George about the University of Aberdeen, and whether those students who had returned had developed a more serious temperament since their war experiences. "He is a grave and I should imagine a shy man," wrote my husband; "he talks English simply and with great deliberation—I fell back into the crowd but was told shortly afterwards that the Queen wished to speak to me. With her I had a longer talk. She speaks English more fluently than he but is just as simple and unaffected. After some talk about Scottish Universities she said: 'I have heard much of the book you have written about the Holy Land, which "Marshal" Allenby used and was so much helped by. I should much like to read it.' I asked if she would do me the honour to accept a copy. She looked much pleased and said: 'You must write your name in it.' Then she spoke of our sons with great feeling, and asked if we had any daughters. I told her about them and she was specially interested in hearing of Maisie's marriage to an American officer. 'Oh, tell me all about that,' she said; which I did. We, the delegates, were all charmed with the simplicity, earnestness, and amiability of our royal hosts." At Liège University they saw the damage done to the library by the Germans, books with their bindings stripped off and mutilated, and on the wall were these words: "*N'oubliez jamais. Oublier ce serait une crime.*" They saw the great steel works, where the havoc was terrible—"huge cylinders erect but all their guts poured out about their feet; the workmen were busy clearing up the chaos; we were struck by the energy and purposefulness of all at work." At Ghent there was again an enthusiastic gathering of students; the castle there reminded George of the Crusaders' castles

in Syria, and he learned that it had actually been built by a returning Crusader.

Before he had gone to Strasbourg I had been with my husband, and from Lille we had visited together several places in the region of Bethune—Vermelles, Hulluch, La Bassée—besides many others where the Gordon Highlanders had fought, and everywhere we had been deeply impressed by the thoughtfulness and the careful records and work of the Graves Registration Commission.

Since his return from America George had been anxious about his father, whose strength had been gradually failing. On Christmas Eve, 1919, he died at his home in Edinburgh at the age of 86, and George went immediately to help his step-mother, who had also been an invalid for a long time. All the available members of the family were gathered there on 27th December: Dunlop from the India Office in London, Hunter and his wife, David and Isabel Ross, Will and Janetta Sorley, Bernard and Kate Townsend, ourselves and our son Alick. The service was conducted in West St. George's Church by the Moderator, Dr. W. M. Macgregor, and by Dr. Robert Simpson; and the dear old man was laid to rest in the Grange Cemetery.

Dr. George Smith's life had throughout been filled with earnest Christian service. From the time he went to Calcutta as a very young man he had striven to create a better understanding between the peoples of Great Britain and of India. His position, later, as Indian correspondent of *The Times* and Editor of *The Calcutta Review* and *The Friend of India* had enabled him to further this cause, and his books had done still more. His *Geography of British India* was invaluable to the students for whom it was intended, and the *Twelve Indian Statesmen* was an inspiration to many whose lot was cast in India,

showing by these fine examples " how possible and good it is to unite the Statesman with the Soldier, the Philanthropist with the Patriot and the Christian with all " —in the words of Sir Herbert Edwardes.

As Foreign Mission Secretary of the United Free Church of Scotland he had been the means of enlisting the services of many young men and women for work in the mission field ; he followed their fortunes with deep insight and sympathy and was always ready to help and advise them in all the circumstances of their work. His biographies of missionaries, notably that of William Carey, did much to foster interest generally in Foreign Missions. The lives and doings of his large and widely scattered family gave him constant interest and satisfaction. By none of them was his loss more felt than by his eldest son : with only twenty-three years' difference in age between them they had always been the greatest friends, and his father's understanding and advice had often helped George in times of decision or difficulty. Dr. Smith had been very happy about George's appointment to Aberdeen University and had insisted on giving him the gown of purple silk which he wore at certain University functions. George wrote to him : " To wear my robe as my father's gift is to me as high an authorisation of my appointment as Principal as the King's own word. I cannot fully describe the satisfaction I feel in being wrapped in *your mantle*, as I discharge the duties of my office. There is much more than the natural affection of a son for his father in the satisfaction, for I recognise reverently how very much I owe to you of intellectual endowment as well as of those liberal opportunities which abounded in my education."

In 1920 Oxford University decided to open the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity to others than members of the Church of England, and in June of that year George was among the first non-Anglican recipients

of the honour, the others being Professor James Cooper of Glasgow, Professor A. S. Peake of Manchester, Principal John Skinner of Westminster College, Cambridge, Mr. H. St. John Thackeray of Cambridge, and Baron Friedrich von Hügel. My sister, Florence Buchanan, D.Sc., was present at the ceremony on 24th June of that year and with her was our daughter Kathleen.

After the upheavals of the war the reconstruction and development of University life was naturally my husband's major concern. There had been many changes at Aberdeen—many of the old members of the staff had gone, and the sudden death of Mr. Thom, the Secretary, was a great grief to George. This old friend had welcomed him ten years earlier, and had been a devoted and wise helper. His place as Secretary was filled by Mr. H. J. Butchart, who, with his vigour and energy and his up-to-date methods of business and routine, quickly proved himself the right man for the post, and upon whom, as the years passed, the Principal relied more and more. Many students returned to complete courses broken by the war, and to them, I think, George gave special consideration.

The growing subdivision of scientific subjects and the increasing need for specialised instruction meant a considerable increase both in professorships and in the whole academic staff—an expansion helped by the University Grants Committee and the Carnegie Trust. In consequence, the Senatus meetings were much larger and more unwieldy than formerly, and after them my husband sometimes came home very tired. Though some members of the Senatus probably thought that he did not give sufficient direction to the general policy of the University, yet his method of letting all sides have their say, even sometimes at excessive length, had this advantage, that no one felt he was being shepherded where he did

not want to go. In fact some of the members thought they were not being shepherded enough. That is a matter of opinion : I only know that George put his heart and conscience into his Senatus work and strove always to keep its atmosphere fresh and friendly, and that he was always ready to give the credit for any successful achievement to others.

To the question of appointments he gave great care and consideration. The foundation of the Chair of Political Economy endowed by Sir Thomas Jaffrey, with Professor Alexander Gray as its first occupant, gave him great satisfaction, as did the appointment of Professor A. A. Jack to the Chair of English Literature, of Professor George Paget Thomson to the Chair of Natural Philosophy, of Professor John Laird to the Chair of Moral Philosophy, and of Professor J. J. R. Macleod to the Chair of Physiology. Another gratifying development was the conversion of the lectureship in Forestry to a full professorship with Professor Borthwick as the first occupant of the Chair. The establishment of the Rowett Institute for Research in Animal Nutrition and its magnificent success under the Directorship of Dr. J. B. Orr was a source of great interest and delight to the Principal, as was also the work of the Macaulay Institute for Soil Research under Dr. W. G. Ogg. George had always been keenly interested in farming and agricultural subjects—an inheritance, perhaps, from his mother's ancestry. As far back as 1907 he had given an address to agricultural students in Glasgow; reminding them that theirs was the most ancient as well as the most fundamental of all crafts, that it was by the shepherd and the farmer that human society and human economy were first constituted. "You, who work with the forces of the earth and the seasons," he said, "ought to be full of faith in God and in His power and goodness. Do not let the knowledge of the science

of it all impair that faith. Every secret of nature which we add to our knowledge lifts us further from the position of a poor superstitious slave of the unknown and makes us friends and fellow-workers with God." And in 1920 he contributed to the *Scottish Journal of Agriculture* a paper upon "Agricultural Education and its Needs," and emphasised the advantages of closer co-operation between the University and the practical agriculturist, and the importance of scientific research. His relations with the North of Scotland College of Agriculture were extremely happy, and he had many friends among landowners and farmers all over the North-East.

In the summer of 1920 King George and Queen Mary were in Edinburgh, and we were bidden to a dinner-party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. To my surprise I found my place was beside the King, on his left. There was no time to feel alarmed, nor any reason, for he was so friendly and charming. He told me how the Queen and he had gone that morning to the Castle to see the site of the War Memorial; sitting on a parapet were several American soldiers with whom he had started to talk. At first they had not recognised him, but when they did, there was an excited and vigorous cheer. He knew that we had lost two sons in the war and asked me about them—and I was able to tell him what a comfort the beautiful Scroll of Remembrance had been to ourselves and to so many others. And somehow I found myself telling him how I had seen his wedding procession; how on 6th July 1893 from the balcony of the College of Physicians in Trafalgar Square I had seen him and his bride as they drove from Buckingham Palace to Liverpool Street Station after their marriage. And I told him how from my girlhood I had admired and loved Queen Mary. "When did you first see her?" he asked, and I said it was at an evening fête in the Botanic Gardens in London. The place was lit up with little

fairy lamps hanging from the trees and outlining the paths, along which walked the Duke and Duchess of Teck—and with them was a charming, fair-haired girl with a lovely complexion and rather shy manner. I looked at the Princess May with great interest, for she was just a year younger than myself, and I loved her, I said, from that moment. The King looked across the table to Queen Mary and smiled, as if to say, "That I can well understand."

Later that summer I was in America, visiting my daughter in her new home and the newly arrived grandson, and afterwards I went on to Mary Hazard in Peace Dale. While there I had letters from home saying that Queen Mary had come from Balmoral to spend a day in Aberdeen, that my husband had escorted her over the Art Gallery and Marischal College, and that she had lunched at Chanonry Lodge, where Kathleen had been her hostess. They said that the Queen had been so kind and friendly. Princess Mary was with her and Lady Joan Verney, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, and Sir Walter Lawrence, who was a great friend of George's brother Dunlop. After lunch they had visited King's College and the Old Brig o' Balgownie and then had returned to tea. Queen Mary was charming to her young hostess, who wrote to me enthusiastically about her, and sent me a full description of all these doings.

Two years later we had another visit from the Queen —when she came to receive the degree of LL.D. from the University. 12th September 1922 was a red-letter day for Aberdeen and naturally there was more state and ceremony about it than on the previous occasion. "Queenly" was the only word to use as the new graduand appeared in the scarlet robe with facings of bright blue silk—the black trencher with silver tassel upon her head—walking up the long Mitchell Hall with

the Chancellor. When they arrived at the platform she sat between him and the Vice-Chancellor; the latter (the Principal) asked if Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to accept the honorary degree. She signified her assent and received with a bow the diploma of her degree while the choir acclaimed the Royal Doctor of Laws. Addresses were then presented from the staff of the University and from the students. It was a lovely September day as she walked afterwards through a cheering crowd in the quadrangle of Marischal College and then drove with the Chancellor in his robes of black and gold along King Street and through the Old Town to Chanonry Lodge. I had hastened by a shorter route in order to be there to welcome her, and, as soon as she had greeted me she asked for her young hostess of her previous visit, and Kathleen came forward. The old house was full that day with the royal party and the Duke's party. And we had with us our daughter from America with her little boy, to whom the Queen was particularly kind. From my end of the table at lunch I could see that the Queen was enjoying her talk with George, and he was most certainly enjoying it too. In the afternoon, accompanied by the Chancellor and the Principal, she went to open the new Rowett Institute and returned to Chanonry for tea. It had been arranged that her robes were to be sent to Balmoral the following day, but as she was leaving she decided to take them with her, and we thought how the King would admire her in them.

There must be many towns and country places in Aberdeenshire that hold in their memory the day when the Principal came to dedicate their War Memorial. He always, when possible, accepted these requests, remembering his students who had gone from their homes to serve their country. Nearest to his heart was

the University Memorial itself—the names of the students who had fallen, engraved on the walls of the Ante-Chapel at King's College; the service at which he dedicated this memorial, and his beautiful prayer, have not been forgotten by those who heard it. George was also on the Committee of the Scottish National War Memorial —the most satisfactory Committee, he used to say, on which he had ever served, for the chairman, the Duke of Atholl, shouldered all the work and responsibility, and scarcely ever called a meeting. The Chapel at the top of the Castle Rock in Edinburgh is a testimony to the care and fine feeling he brought to his task, and to his wisdom in the selection of artists, workers, and materials. The opening of this Memorial by the Prince of Wales on 14th July 1927, with the Marching of the Colours into the Chapel and the visit immediately afterwards of the King and Queen, were deeply moving and impressive.

Another form of War Memorial commended itself very strongly to my husband—the movement known as Toc H. We felt that it combined in a very satisfying way the remembrance of those who had fallen in the war with practical help for the young men of the present day. In Aberdeen George had taken part in the inauguration service in St. Machar's Cathedral, he had dedicated the Toc H rooms near the Gallowgate, and on every Remembrance Day he conducted the Service of the Light. We dedicated a room in the Toc H hostel in Fitzroy Square in London in memory of our two boys. Once, when George was in London, he was invited to go to the hostel, as Queen Mary was expected. When she heard of our room there, she insisted on mounting to the top of the high London house to see it.

CHAPTER VIII

Home life—Family weddings and vacations—Death of old friends—University work—Carnegie Trust—University O.T.C.—*Jeremiah*—Union of Scottish Churches—Assembly of 1929.

AFTER the war our life seemed to fit into its regular pattern again, with University and home and various other interests weaving smoothly into each other. A friend writing about my husband said : " His home life was a model of patriarchal dignity." This description rather surprised me, for the young life, with the parents sharing it, was not always so very dignified ! But I found that the writer was remembering the family prayers with which the day always began, when the whole household gathered after breakfast in the big, sunny drawing-room. George read a passage from the Bible, and prayed ; when he came to the Lord's Prayer, the little ones would run from their places to kneel beside him. This beginning of the day seemed to link every member of the house together. " I always feel I can do my work better after the master's beautiful prayer," said one of our maids ; another wrote : " I miss the morning prayers so much " ; and one (now in America) said : " He aye had a cheery word for us when we came into prayers." Indeed we all, young and old, felt the better and more fit after that quarter of an hour which started the day. Then we scattered each to our own work, and after a pipe in the study, George would set forth on his walk to Marischal College.

In this walk his regular companion for many years was Mr. Harry Townend, Director of the Art Gallery. They would meet in the Chanonry or the High Street, and I could not say which of them more enjoyed the walk and the company. Both had a great sense of humour and a wide interest in humanity, and Mr. Townend used to

tell me how pleasant it was to see the salutations, not only of the students on their way to King's, but also of the residents of the Spital and the Gallowgate as the Principal passed their doors—how he would return their greetings by raising his hat, and would stop to chat with some of them, never failing to remember their names and circumstances. He had such an awareness of everybody's innate dignity, such a constant, kindly consideration for those in lowly positions. He never talked to them in any condescending way, but always as to an equal. He could maintain his dignity on all needful occasions, yet his humanity invited the straightforward confidence and freedom of speech of people in all walks of life.

When we had first gone to Old Aberdeen there had been some speculation as to what church George would attend, but in his own mind there was never any question; he went naturally to the United Free Church, and became an elder. To its successive ministers, Mr. Shillinglaw, Mr. A. C. Dawson, Mr. Nevile Davidson, and Mr. Johnston, his friendship and interest were a great support. He went to this church every Sunday evening and—when King's College Chapel was closed for the vacation—in the mornings also, and he lost no opportunity of showing his appreciation of their faithful work. He often spoke with admiration of the courage with which Mr. Dawson, handicapped by lameness, carried on his duties. This devoted minister, who was in the charge from 1915 to 1925, used often to come round to Chanonry Lodge to talk over church matters with the Principal; he was very fond of our young people and admitted three of them to membership of the Church. His successor, Nevile Davidson, not only brought to Old Aberdeen his fresh points of view and his intellectual energy, but also his dear old father, retired from his long ministry at North Berwick. On the appointment an old wifie was

heard to say, with considerable satisfaction : " We've got twa meenisters for the price o' yin." The old gentleman in his deer-stalker cap became a familiar and beloved figure in the Aulton.

George usually helped the minister at the Communion Service, and in 1929 he dedicated the Communion Cups that we had given to the church in memory of our two sons ; and he also dedicated the Communion Table and the flagons which were given at different times in memory of members who had died on war service.

Into the pattern of these days in the Chanonry there fitted the visits of certain friends who came regularly, and whose visits always brought delight. The most frequent of these was Sir Arthur Somervell, the musician, who came to us twice every year, when conducting examinations and inspections. We all loved his visits, for he was interested in everything, house, garden, food, dogs, and especially the children. He would play for the younger ones as they did their Greek dances on the lawn, and he was most generous in playing in the evenings for us and our friends. He was like one of the family ; so also, though they came with less regularity, were the Rawnsleys, James Wordie, the McNeills, W. P. Ker and his sister, dear Aunt Pen ; and, whenever they were in this country, any of the Hazards.

The anniversary of our wedding on 18th December was always the occasion for some special gathering of old friends. I remember particularly a dinner on our Silver Wedding Day, with the Arthur Thomsons, Griersons, Terrys, Pen Ker and Freeland Barbour ; and a later one with Professor Davidson (his tartan tie for once discarded) and his sister, the Terrys, Jacks, and Professor Borthwick. George always brought me home a beautiful bunch of lilies ; and he was once overheard ordering them in the shop—" I want some

lilies for my wife's wedding-day." This was not allowed to drop.

Christmas Day had its own order and ceremony. At prayers we had "Hark, the Herald Angels sing," followed always by the second chapter of St. Luke. Afterwards, the presents—George usually turning to me with an audible and despairing whisper, "What am I giving the girls?" And in the evening we welcomed, for many years, the same four guests—the Harry Townends, Alice Macdonell, and James Cromar Watt, who always arrived with some exquisite spray of flowers, grown in his own little greenhouse. (How we loved our visits to his house in Dee Street, when the wistaria was in bloom, or when he had some special treasure to show us, some curio he had discovered on his travels, or the beautiful alms-dish he had designed and made for King's College Chapel.)

As long as several of the children were at home, every Sunday evening there were hymns in the drawing-room, with all the members of the family choosing their own, from the youngest upward. George's choice came last; it was always Addison's "How are Thy servants blest, O Lord," to the tune "Tallis." And then he would pray, "Accept, O God, our evening sacrifice of praise, and so tune our hearts and will to Thy most holy will, that all our lives may rise in harmony before Thee." There is music in this prayer; and countless people who heard him preach or speak have remarked on the music of his voice. So it is surprising, perhaps, that he had no great ear for music, in the usual sense of the phrase, and that his own singing was limited to the psalms and hymns that he had always known. He enjoyed listening to music, however, if it was not too classical, and was especially fond of the German *lieder*; the singing of these would always draw him from the study, and he would then ask for his favourite song, Beethoven's

" Adelaïde." But he made no pretence of understanding music in a technical sense—in fact, after attending a Wagner performance in Germany he described himself as " neither an intelligent native nor a musical foreigner." It gave us all immense amusement to discover from a book of old cuttings that he had been one of the earliest critics of *The Rheingold*, which he had seen on its first performance at Leipzig in 1878. We noted how he had carefully avoided saying anything about the music —confining himself to the mechanism by which the Rhine maidens swam up and down the river, the antics of the horse that bore the slain heroes to Walhalla, the magnificence of the scenery, the stage thunderstorms and fires, and other such safe subjects.

Our son Alick, after being demobilised, had entered the University as an agricultural student; in 1923 he followed the family tradition of going to America, and, on the advice of ex-President Taft, spent a year doing research in animal breeding at Iowa State College. At home his other main activity, in which his father was keenly interested, was the Boys' Brigade. He had found in Old Aberdeen the remnants of a Company, and soon made it into a vigorous and efficient unit. In addition to the regular meetings, parades, and Bible Class, he usually had boys round on Sunday evenings to his room at the top of the house, and sounds of talk and laughter would float down as consignments of buns and cocoa went up.

Kathleen undertook the training of the younger boys; she and Alick were great friends, they worked together and enjoyed themselves together. Kathleen was like a bright star, not only in our home, but in all the young life of the town and the University, and our young Professor, George Thomson, knew himself a fortunate man when she consented to be his wife. And she, and we also, knew how fortunate she was to have so good and gifted a man for her husband. His parents, Sir J. J.

Thomson, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Lady Thomson, were friends of ours, so it was a happiness to us all. The wedding took place on a beautiful September day in 1924, at King's College Chapel. Kathleen's father took the service, and Alick was home from America just in time to give her away. The Chancellor came specially from Gordon Castle to propose the health of the young couple. All Aberdeenshire and the town seemed to be represented ; and many American friends who happened to be in this country came for the wedding, among them Mary Hazard from Peace Dale and the Blanchard Randalls from Baltimore ; and a wireless message came from Mrs. Carnegie in mid-Atlantic. Now there was a new home in the family : Ladyhill, a charming house about five miles out of Aberdeen, on the edge of the Countesswells woods, with its view of the hills, its waving birch-trees, and the heather coming up to its very doors, seemed just the right setting for the young couple, who loved things simple and beautiful.

Alick did not take long to follow his sister's example ; in March 1926 he married Mollie Smith, a dear girl who was as much interested in farming as he was, and had taken the agricultural course at the University. She had, indeed, the greater practical experience, as she managed her own farm near her mother's home at Pittodrie on the slope of Benachie. Alick was now a lecturer in Animal Genetics at Edinburgh, and the young couple had their first home there.

With this dispersal of the children we no longer had the regular family holidays—until the new generation of grandchildren gave us an excuse for taking a house in Arran or the Highlands. Several times George crossed the Atlantic to spend a month or two with Maisie, now settled in Baltimore ; indeed his last visit to America, in 1932, like his first in 1896, was to that city.

In the autumn of 1928 he was sent by his doctor to Switzerland. We revelled in the peace of Clarens, with its lovely views of mountain and lake. Looking at the peak of Jaman, George recalled his beloved Matthew Arnold, and he declaimed "Obermann" from beginning to end with all the memory and fervour of his youth. The following summer, after a short stay at Oberhofen on Lake Thun, we went once more to the Riffel Alp. There George had the happiness of greeting his old guide, Imboden, and of setting his two youngest daughters on their first Alpine climbs, while he had to be content with mild expeditions and with gazing at the summits he himself had known. Exactly forty years from the day that had given us to each other we were again at service in the little mountain chapel, and we remembered Alick Tosswill, who had died the previous year, that faithful soul who had never once failed to send us a message of loving thought for that day.

Nearly every summer we had a happy visit to Skibo. Mr. Carnegie had not come back to his Scottish home after the outbreak of war, and the "Principals' Week" had been discontinued; but Mrs. Carnegie returned and the former hospitality was revived. Their daughter Margaret was now Mrs. Roswell Miller, with a little girl of her own; and the happy spirit of the great house communicated itself to all the guests. Among these for some years were Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson, who usually came on after a fishing holiday at Lairg or Inveran. One summer we were fellow guests with them first at Skibo, then at Dunecht (Lord Cowdray's home in Aberdeenshire), and a third time at Cloan with the Haldanes. On this last occasion the Archbishop put on the fierce look he could so easily assume under his beetling eyebrows, as he said to George: "Has your Church appointed you to be a watch-dog over me?"

Occasionally we managed a few days in the south

at Easter-time—at Bath, at Oxford, or in the New Forest, and once at the close of a strenuous winter session we went for a week to Lyme Regis to see George's brother Bill, recently returned from Assam. As he and George sat together smoking their pipes, they talked about the various members of their family, especially Dunlop, the brother who had died in 1921. He had been Private Secretary to Lord Minto when Viceroy; then, on being appointed Political A.D.C. to the Secretary of State for India, he had settled in London, where, as in India, his charm of manner and his air of distinction made him a notable figure. The brothers, sitting in the sunshine of Lyme, recalled the wide connection of their family with India from the days when their parents lived at Serampore. They spoke of Charles's work in Waziristan and later when he had charge of the Gilgit district on the North-West Frontier; and of Ann, the youngest of the large family, whose husband, Sir Montagu Butler, was now Governor of the Central Provinces.

We walked about the steep streets and along the Cobb. We looked at the house that had been occupied by Jane Austen and her family in 1804, which is said to be little changed, and we agreed with sweet Anne Elliot: "There is a real beauty at Lyme. Altogether my impressions of the place are very agreeable."

In 1925 my dear mother died, just thirty years after my father, at Crowborough, in Sussex, where she had lived for a long time. George was like her own son to her, and she loved him, as did all my family. The years round about then took away many old friends: Canon Rawnsley, our dear "Bard"; William Robertson Nicoll, who had entrusted the book on Isaiah to George when he was a young, untried writer, and who was described as "poet and publisher, mystic and manager, theologian and politician," but known best in our home

as a lover of children ; David Ross, George's friend from student days and his dear brother-in-law ; Hugh Barbour, beloved physician, with the gentle smile and the silvery hair ; and W. P. Ker, who on the Pizzo Bianco in sight of Monte Rosa, in the dawn of a summer day, had passed quietly from here to the hereafter. He was one of the few people who had known both George and myself before we met each other ; he had led the children up the Arran peaks and welcomed them in his rooms at All Souls, or at his house in Gower Street, and they were always happy with him. When Alick as a very young officer on leave in the last year of the war was in London and his sister Kathleen was with him, their notion of a " ploy " was to ask W. P. to dine and go to a theatre with them. The party was a great success, and the three walked home under the stars. From the way he often referred to this, one knew how touched and gratified he had been by this invitation " from these two children." At the dinner given him in London on his retirement in 1922 he wore in his coat a bit of bog-myrtle that Kathleen had sent him. He always remembered her birthday, St. Crispin's Day, and in describing her to a friend who did not know her, " she is good and she is beautiful," he said.

George's University work gave him much travelling. Meetings of the Chancellors and Vice-Chancellors of the Universities took place in London. The four Scottish University Principals held their business meetings generally in Perth. In 1920 George had succeeded Professor Matthew Hay as representative of Aberdeen University upon the Carnegie Trust, which held its annual meeting in London, its executive and business meetings in Edinburgh.

I have good reason to remember the Edinburgh meetings, for my husband had to leave Aberdeen by the 6.10 a.m. train. Often did I drive with him to the station, and then I walked back, in the fresh early morning, by the harbour and over the Spital down to the Old Town and into the garden by the side gate, in good time for breakfast. I do not think that George ever failed to attend a meeting, and this impression is confirmed by Dr. Robb, then Secretary of the Trust, who also recalls the meticulous care that he took in investigating the cases of students who had applied to the Trust for assistance—how he saw each one individually, and learned with so much care and sympathy about the home circumstances, and wrote endless letters with his own hand to ministers and schoolmasters about them, with the result that his recommendations were always endorsed by the Committee. I am also reminded that it was due to his advocacy that the Teaching Fellowship Scheme was extended to cover the departments of History, Economics, Foreign Languages and Literature. He always enjoyed these meetings and the opportunities they gave him of contact with the other members of the Trust—with its successive chairmen, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Sands, and Sir Arthur Rose, and with his co-trustees, among whom were the other three Scottish Principals.

At the great Graduation Ceremony held just after the signing of the Peace Treaty in 1919, when Sir Douglas Haig, among others, had received the LL.D. degree, the students called on him for a speech, and the Field-Marshal, after thanking the University and congratulating it upon its gallant service in the war, said : " I am most anxious that the splendid spirit that this war has called forth on the part of all our British Universities and schools should not be allowed to die out now that

the war is ended. One of the most important lessons of the war is the need for a large reserve of officers. How necessary this is was shown by the great advantage enjoyed at the beginning of the recent war by those young men who had in peace belonged to Territorial units, Cadet Corps, or O.T.C.s. How magnificently they answered the call, but they were not enough, neither was their training so complete as it might have been. Now I say that this ought to be put right. I cannot think that the mass of the people in Great Britain believe that we are never going to fight a great battle again, and if they do, then for that very reason I am sure that they are wrong. At all costs, and whatever the future may bring, we have got to be prepared. We have built up for ourselves in the past a noble heritage. If we are to keep it, we must be ready and able to defend it. So I ask you to-day to make the Aberdeen University O.T.C. a strong and vital part of the University life. . . . I should like to be assured that neither in this nor in any other of our Universities or Public Schools is there a single able-bodied young man or boy who is not undergoing military training as a recognised part of his education and equipment for the business of life. This to my mind involves no question of conscription—it is merely a recognition that in fitting out a youth to be a good citizen of his country, a necessary, an essential part of his education should be the teaching of the first duty that every citizen owes to the State, the duty to defend it in case of need. If that is a man's first duty, as few will venture to deny, surely it follows that he ought to be trained so as to enable him to discharge it fitly. Then, when the next great trial comes, as one day it surely will, we shall be ready and prepared to meet it."

With these words of the great soldier the Principal was in complete accord. In his own student days he had felt it his duty to be prepared to defend his country,

and as a Volunteer of the Edinburgh Rifle Brigade he had realised the benefit of the training and discipline. He had always encouraged young men to serve their country by undertaking military training, and during the war he had been unremitting in laying the issues before them and in indicating the path of duty; he had represented to the students the clear obligation which rested at that crisis on every fit man of military age. He was proud of their response and said he could not too highly praise their spirit. He had repeatedly applied to the War Office for a University Infantry Unit. This was unaccountably refused, but permission was granted for a Medical Unit, and this had been formed in 1913. Its members, trained under Dr. G. A. Williamson and later under Dr. Kinloch, were ready for service on the outbreak of the war, and they went forth without delay as surgeon-probationers in the Navy or with commissions in the R.A.M.C. But it was not until the end of 1923 that the Infantry Unit was at last sanctioned, and the Principal threw himself with ardour into its formation. Its first officers were Dr. J. B. Orr and Lt. Arthur Crichton, both of whom had seen strenuous service during the war, and they were joined later by Lt. George Kelly. By 1925 this Unit had risen to its full strength, and the Medical Unit, under Captain Andrew Fowler, had also increased in numbers. In that year, Dr. Orr having resigned owing to the pressure of his own work, Major Butchart, our indefatigable Secretary, became commanding officer.

It was thrilling to see the University Contingent as it marched, with pipes playing, down the Spital to King's College Chapel for its annual Church Parade. After these services the Principal used to review the Unit and take the salute. He was very proud of them; he realised the time and labour spent in their training and the spirit of duty and of patriotism by which they

were animated. One of his happiest weeks in each year was that which he spent in camp with them and the O.T.C.s from other Universities. He rejoiced to put on his Army Chaplain's uniform again and to be one of themselves. He joined in all the interests and humour of the camp, and the students saw their Principal in a new light, with a very human side and a fund of amusing stories. Eric Linklater, who was the first Company Sergeant-Major, said : " I have so many recollections of his kindness when he visited our O.T.C. camp and walked about in a beam of benevolence." He remembers also an incident which happened at Rhyl and which greatly delighted the Principal. Having to leave camp early one morning, he had bidden farewell to officers and men the previous night. When he emerged from his tent next day, he found the whole Contingent clad in pyjamas —with sporrans—lining both sides of the road, and they presented arms as he went out. " It was a pretty sight," said Eric. " Pyjamas are much gayer than uniform and perhaps it was I who commanded the parade."

An officer of the Glasgow Contingent, J. R. Peddie, said ; " It was in the O.T.C. camps that I first got to know him, to realise the splendid humanity that attended him all his life and to share in the richness of his mind and heart. We had long talks when he used to come and sit in the sunshine at the door of my tent. Those were lovely and most memorable days." George always arranged to be with them over a Sunday, when he preached in some neighbouring church, or at a drumhead service. He loved to wander round the lines after parade and chat with the cadets. " I am sure," says Arthur Crichton, " that he learned a lot about what they were thinking and doing in the clear air of Dunbar or Blair Atholl."

During February and March 1922 my husband delivered a series of lectures on Jeremiah, under the

auspices of the Baird Trust, in Glasgow ; he felt it very appropriate that he should be speaking on this subject in the city where his years as a professor had been spent. He had given lectures on the same subject in Bristol and in Manchester in 1902, and one who had heard him in the latter place wrote : " A memory rises to view of the Derby Chapel of the Cathedral crowded week after week with men from offices and chambers and manses listening to this teacher, then in the very prime of life, as he gave the message of the great prophet of old."

As the prophet Isaiah had been the inspiration—one might almost say, the friend—of George Adam Smith's youth, so it seemed as if Jeremiah was the companion of his later years, whom he was always trying to know and to understand more truly. After *The Book of the Twelve Prophets* was published, he said : " Now I am going on to Jeremiah." But many other books came in between : *The Teaching of the Old Testament*, *The Forgiveness of Sins* (a book of sermons), *Jerusalem*, the Schweich Lectures, the great *Atlas*, the books on the war, *Deuteronomy*, and articles upon many subjects ; and it was not until after the war that he could really settle to Jeremiah again. But all the time he had been living with him ; and I had a feeling that he was in no hurry to finish this work. He would say, " Now I must tackle Deuteronomy " ; but " I want a quiet day to work at Jeremiah." It was as if he did not want to part with him or to share him with others until he had lived longer with him and had learned to know him more deeply. Had this study of Jeremiah been finished before 1914 it would have lacked much of its interest, but with the war there had come a fresh understanding of the prophet and his words. Jeremiah's far-seeing wisdom ; his hope, which seemed to have so little foundation in actual events ; his trust in the best part of the nation, those far away in exile—all made him a figure of courage

and strength. "The Great War," says my husband at the beginning of the book, "has invested the experience of Jeremiah with a fresh and poignant relevance to our own problems and duties. Like ourselves he lived through the clash not only of empires but of opposite ethical ideals, through the struggles and panics of small peoples, through long and terrible fighting. . . . Passionate for peace, he was called to proclaim the inevitableness of war."

He speaks of Jeremiah as "this projectile of a man fired upon a hostile world, with a force not his own"; his soul torn by doubts, shrinking from suffering, yet meeting it with undaunted courage; rebuking the sins of the nation, yet proclaiming God's care for each individual; his spiritual loneliness, yet his passionate identification of himself with the sorrow of his sinful people; his pathetic life and his tragic death; and he makes one feel that Jeremiah was the likest to Christ of all the prophets.

Jeremiah, the Book, the Man, and the Prophet was published in 1923. It was welcomed in various aspects: "Principal G. A. Smith has made to stand for us in clear outline a great man, a strong man, a patriot," said one reviewer. Professor C. A. Scott wrote: "I like your idea that revelation may come not only by vision and intuition, but that it may come by argument. That is new and there is a lot in it." John Masefield said: "Your book is full of poetry. I am so glad to have the landscapes as well as the Prophet's life portrayed. It lights up his meanings so extraordinarily."

George dedicated the book "To the Union of the Scottish Churches," and in his opening words he says: "I thank the Baird Trustees of the Church of Scotland for their graceful appointment to this Lectureship of a member of what is still—though please God not for long—another Church than their own." For several years

the two great Scottish Churches—the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church—had been drawing closer to each other, along all the lines of teaching and action. The leaders of both Churches were convinced that their division was injurious to the practical work of the Christian Church as well as to its spiritual interest. In an address to the elders of both Churches in Aberdeen in 1926 my husband set forth the reasons for Union ; and in every possible way he did his part to promote this. He recalled how for sixteen years he, a minister of the United Free Church, had worked with colleagues who were Divinity professors of the Church of Scotland, and all that time he had never been aware of any greater differences between them and his former colleagues of the United Free Church than might exist between one individual and another in either of the Churches.

The Secretary for Scotland asked him to serve on a special Commission, of which Lord Haldane was the chairman. To this he willingly consented. This Commission, which met in Edinburgh, was concerned with both the spiritual and the temporal questions involved. At one of these meetings concerning the temporalities the subject of Teinds was to be discussed. " When I was a professor of the Old Testament I used to think that the Hebrew tithes were the most difficult subject in Church History," he said, " but for difficulty, the Hebrew tithes are not in it with the Scottish Teinds." He had been considering this subject at home in the intervals of his work on Jeremiah. He started off one morning for Edinburgh with his despatch case. An hour later I received a telegram from Stonehaven : " Have brought Jeremiah instead of Teinds." I found " Teinds " in another despatch case, and dashed to the station with it, and he received the right documents just in time for the meeting.

The culmination of all this work, to which so many

members of both Churches had devoted their energies for so long, came on 2nd October 1929. On that morning the two General Assemblies met separately for the last time in the Tolbooth Kirk and the Assembly Hall; then the members came out, and the two parties joined in the High Street, and walked together in procession to St. Giles' for a service of thanksgiving. Later in the day there was a meeting of over 12,000 members of both Churches in the special Assembly Hall. The Duke of York, representing the King, sat in the Throne Gallery with the Duchess beside him. The Act of Union was unanimously adopted by the House; the Moderators of the two Churches clasped hands and pledged themselves together in solemn covenant, and the Union so long hoped for was sealed, ratified, and signed.

The leaders of the now united Church wanted to have a record of this historic event, and they asked John Buchan and my husband to undertake it. This they gladly agreed to do, and *The Kirk in Scotland* was published in the following year, John Buchan contributing chapters on the historical background and future outlook, while George described the proceedings of the Union Assembly itself.

CHAPTER IX

Aberdeen friends and activities—Portraits—Freedom of the City—University impressions—Elphinstone celebrations—Royal High School, Edinburgh—Walter Scott Club—Dispersal of family—Changes in University and in Old Aberdeen—War Memorials in France and Belgium.

I

WERE there ever kinder hosts and homes than those in the North-East of Scotland! I think of some of the lovely place-names: Craigievar, Durris, Inchmarlo, Finzean, Pittodrie, Monymusk, Crathes, Fyvie, Drumduan, Banchory, Edgehill, Dunecht, Delgaty, Auchmacoy, Rothiemay, the old Manse of Lumsden, and many more, and I recall the happy gatherings of which they were the setting. And chiefly I think of Haddo House, where Lord and Lady Aberdeen gave us such a warm welcome when we came back to the North, and where we shared memories of past days when Henry Drummond had been a beloved friend to us all. We had stayed with them in Quebec when their children were young, and now when Marjorie Pentland and her husband were with them, there were again happy meetings. And, when later, Lord and Lady Haddo lived in the great house, it still had its kind welcome for us, especially on a Sunday if George was taking the service in the Chapel which was part of it. And the House of Cromar, Lord and Lady Aberdeen's new home on Deeside, was beautiful in its simpler style and smaller scale, and was always overflowing with kindness and hospitality. No old friend and no deserving cause but received kindly welcome within its gates.

Nearer to our home, there was Balgownie Lodge, where some of my happiest hours were spent with my old school friend Minna Crombie; where our daughters,

Kathleen and Fenella, continued the friendship ; and from which the gallant only son, Eugene, had gone forth to the war and had not returned. There was Bridgefield, where Alice Macdonell among her treasures and pictures—and looking a picture herself—made music for us. And there was Seaton, where our children and the Hays climbed trees and played games, while their dear mother and I would sit with our sewing and talk as we watched them ; and Malcolm Hay would be having some grand argument or discussion with the Principal, and would then take us up to his library to show us some exciting find of a rare manuscript or book. These were all friends outside the University. I cannot begin to speak of those within it. But in later and quieter days our thoughts often went out to them in affectionate and grateful remembrance.

And if the people of the countryside were appreciative and friendly, no less so were those of the good town itself. Some were old and valued friends who had known George since he was minister in Queen's Cross Church ; some were newer friends, but all were glad to have him amongst them. Whether it was a church meeting, an address to a school, a lecture to the Geographical or some other Society, or whether it was a dinner in celebration of some particular event, he would always go if he could, and he gave them of his best. He enjoyed most forms of sociability even if they involved after-dinner speeches. " In these," writes Professor Laird, " he was generally very successful. He had a great range and a joyful human wit and he was very sensitive to his audience ; he repeated himself astonishingly little and what he said was usually unstudied. Everything seemed to come from an inexhaustible stock, not so much of learning as of wide and quick contacts with life. There was never any suggestion of self-importance about him, and his naturalness endeared him to all. As to Graduations and

other public appearances," continues the same colleague, "how splendidly he did them. Without being Olympian at all he out-did the Olympians in dignity. His voice, without loud-speakers to extend and harshen it, was a perpetual delight; it was a signal tribute to his skill that although his style was more rhetorical than suits the present fashion, no one discerned any trace of antiquation in what he said, and his whole bearing, sympathetic yet firm, commanded attention and respect. We were all enthusiastic about him on these occasions."

When a movement was set on foot to have his portrait painted for the University, there was immediate response and there were over a thousand subscribers. Wishing to do him all honour, the Committee entrusted the work to Sir William Orpen, who was by many considered the best portrait painter of the day. George gave him several sittings in London, and the portrait was presented in the Art Gallery on 5th March 1928 by Lord Alness. It was accepted on behalf of the University by Dr. J. E. Crombie, the Chancellor's Assessor, and after hanging for a time in the Art Gallery, it was transferred to the Elphinstone Hall. We valued most deeply the kindness and generosity of our friends, but the portrait itself disappointed us. It is a wonderful piece of painting—a study in black and silver of the Vice-Chancellor's robe and cap—but the expression on the face is hard and stern, and not one that is familiar. My daughters and I had gone to see it in the Art Gallery a few days before the presentation. We found George anxiously awaiting our verdict. "Do I look like that?" he asked. "Not often," I replied. The following year our son had a portrait of his father painted for the family by Mr. John M. Aiken, which we found more satisfying.

Another portrait of my husband hangs in the large room of Trinity Hall, the home of the Seven Incorporated Trades, of which he had been Patron since 1924. He

was very proud of this connection with one of the most ancient and interesting institutions in Aberdeen.* Among its many benevolent objects is the care of the dependants of departed members of the crafts. Many good students, both men and women, have come to the University with help from the Dr. Guild Bursars' Fund (now called the Dr. William Guild Trust). The duties of the Patron were not onerous, but my husband valued the opportunities he had at the annual election meeting and dinner of becoming acquainted with the trades and crafts of the City—and they on their side appreciated the connection with the University. Once in each year the Convener Court of the Incorporated Trades was invited to a service in King's College Chapel and on this occasion the preacher was always the Principal. They commissioned Mr. J. B. Souter, brother of Professor Souter, to paint a portrait of their Patron, and the result gave pleasure and satisfaction to all. It was presented on 2nd August 1932 by the Convener of the Incorporated Trades, Mr. Thomas Mitchell (now, in 1943, Lord Provost of Aberdeen), who spoke of the interest Sir George had always taken in the Seven Trades, and my husband in his reply said that the University was grateful to them for the centuries-old relations that had existed between it and the Trades. "No academic life," he said, "could reach full health without having brought into it vital intercourse with the life of the community."

The previous year a very great honour had been

* In 1633 Dr. William Guild, Principal of King's College, brought together the Seven Trades, or Crafts, which until then had each had a separate existence—the Hammermen, Bakers, Wrights and Coopers, Tailors, Shoemakers, Weavers, and Fleshers. He gave them for a meeting place the disused Trinity Monastery—to be used also as a hospital for "old decayed craftsmen"; he established a Convener Court with a Deacon Convener at its head; and he also ordained that there should be a Patron, who must be a Preacher of the Word of God in Aberdeen.

bestowed upon him when he was made a Freeman of the City of Aberdeen. George was deeply touched on learning of this resolution of the Town Council to give him the City's highest mark of appreciation, and indeed we all were ; and he valued it all the more that it was conferred on him by Lord Provost Rust, a friend of the olden days of his ministry in Queen's Cross. " No man in the whole history of our University," said the Lord Provost, " has laboured so incessantly or so successfully accomplished more towards full and complete co-operation between Town and Gown than the Principal. Any work having for its objective the well-being of this people has his ready and sympathetic assistance. To myself personally the sense of his presence has been a never-failing source of strength and assurance." In accepting the honour George said that he knew it was meant for the University as well as for himself, and he spoke of his singular fortune in his colleagues of the University Court and the Senatus. " It is they," he said, " who have made the Principal's path smooth and delightful, and who, at the same time, have given him a liberal education ; it is they whose learning and whose energies have brought the University so far forward." He then paid a tribute to the able and busy men of the city " who without fee or reward give freely to the University of their experience of business and of public affairs."

Some photographs were taken of this ceremony on 7th October 1931 : in one of them my husband is signing the Burgess Roll with a group of friends looking on, among whom are the Lord-Lieutenants of Aberdeenshire and Kincardineshire, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Arbuthnott. In another picture the Lord Provost is seen tying the Burgess Ticket on to his tall hat, it being an established custom that for the rest of the day the new Burgess goes about with this mark of honour

attached to his headgear—" Stuck a paper in his hat and called it Macaroni," said Alick's four-year-old Mary when she saw her grandfather thus adorned. And it was a tradition that I thoroughly approved, for it had made it an absolute duty that he should get a new hat for such a very special occasion. New clothes altogether were rather a problem with George. The buying of a hat was a comparatively simple affair, but it needed both patience and diplomacy to get him into a new suit. A bundle of patterns would be laid before him, and under pressure he would promise to choose one. After some days of waiting a search would be made and they might be discovered stuffed down the side of his armchair, or carefully hidden behind the study clock. All the same, although he preferred his clothes to be old, he liked them to be in order, and before going out to any function he would present himself for inspection, asking " Am I all right ? " There would probably be the tie to straighten, for as his Glasgow students had long ago remarked, it seemed by some centrifugal force always to get lodged under his left ear. And on Sundays he was very particular ; he would never dream of putting on any but his clerical suit and white tie, or of going to church without his tall hat.

As I think back on it from this distance of time, the University pictures itself to me as a series of processions. First, the stately procession of the Chancellors in their robes of black and gold—Lord Strathcona, Lord Elgin, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Lord Meston. In January 1928 the Duke died at Goodwood, his beautiful home in Sussex, where we had visited him. Lord Meston, who was elected to succeed him, brought to his Alma Mater the prestige he had won by his distinguished career in the Indian Civil Service, having risen to be Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces

and Indian representative in the Imperial War Cabinet. The Principal was proud to welcome as his Chief one who brought such personal distinction and who, in addition, knew the University from the inside. Sir Walter Lawrence, of the Council of India, wrote : "I am delighted that you have elected Lord Meston ; it is a great compliment to the Indian Civil Service." And Lord Meston's experience of men and affairs was, and is, of the greatest help to the University. His installation as Chancellor took place at the Summer Graduation on 3rd July 1928. He and Lady Meston stayed with us, and so did Lord Cecil, who on that occasion received the honorary LL.D. degree.

After the Chancellors, the Rectors—elected by the students. In our day these were Mr. Asquith, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Cowdray, Sir Robert Horne, Lord Cecil, Lord Birkenhead, Sir Arthur Keith, and Mr. Walter Elliot (I give the titles as they were at the times of their appointment). With only one exception each of them came during his three years' term of office to deliver his Rectorial Address. That exception, which caused us all the greatest disappointment, was Winston Churchill, who was Rector during the last war. The students were eager to see and hear him, and the Principal knew that his coming would give a great stimulus to recruiting, but in the press of his war activities he could not spare the time. In the hope of getting him at a later date his term was extended, but with no greater success. We had special reasons for welcoming Walter Elliot as Rector in 1933, for he had been a friend of our boy George at Glasgow University, where they had both been much concerned with Rectorial elections from the students' point of view. George was then an ardent Liberal, and Aberdeen's Conservative Rector was in those days, I believe, a Socialist.

The Rector's procession could not be described as

stately, but it was enthusiastic, as the Rector was borne shoulder-high from the Mitchell Hall, where the Address had been given, through a cheering mob of students in the quadrangle to the equipage which was to transport him from Marischal College to Chanonry Lodge. In the case of Sir Robert Horne it was a milk cart painted with Egyptian designs to represent the chariot of Tutankhamen. Lord Birkenhead arrived garlanded with students' scarves and other tributes of affection. Walter Elliot's conveyance broke down under the weight of his devotees, and he was rescued by a passing car. Arrived in the courtyard in front of our house, the Rector made a short speech to his constituents, the main body of whom then dispersed, while he and the leading officials of the S.R.C. came in to lunch. A torchlight procession and a Rectorial dinner and dance completed the day's events. The Rectors all responded gallantly to these demonstrations, and—so long as they did not affect the actual proceedings in the Mitchell Hall—so did the authorities. But the Principal felt very deeply the discourtesy, unintentional though it might be, of creating a disturbance there. In time it became borne in upon the students that to cause a noisy interruption during the delivery of an address that had been specially prepared for them was scarcely the ideal way to honour the man of their choice. In the improved conduct of proceedings the Students' Representative Council played a most important part. Besides putting the views and needs of the students before the authorities, it put the views of the latter before the students, and assisted the Principal in many ways, especially on public occasions. My husband always had the most friendly relations with the S.R.C. : with all its Presidents, from Harold Edgar Smith, who held that office when he became Principal in 1909, to James Stephen in 1935, when he retired. The successive generations of the S.R.C. knew that in

him they had an understanding friend, and they also knew that a warm welcome always awaited them in Chanonry Lodge. I like most to remember them as they entered King's College Chapel, in procession, on a Sunday morning during the first term of each new session. Led by a student carrying the S.R.C. mace, these young men and women, elected by their fellow-students, came in procession to be kirked by the Principal. He welcomed them in the name of the whole University, and reminded them of the loyalty they owed, collectively and individually, to the tradition and spirit of their Alma Mater. The President and Vice-President read the Lessons. On the one occasion when a woman—Mary Esslemont—was President, there was some discussion in the Divinity Faculty as to whether this privilege should be allowed. On the Saturday before the kirking our telephone rang, and Jimmy Hunter's voice was heard asking the Principal's opinion. "Of course she should," he replied, "if she is President, and I am delighted to hear that she is."

Then come to my mind processions of Honorary Graduates, University Preachers, Murtle Lecturers, and the awe-inspiring Gifford Lecturers. Of these the most outstanding in my memory—though he was the least awe-inspiring—is Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, whose audiences overflowed one classroom after another till at last the big Mitchell Hall was requisitioned. It would be fascinating to me to recall memories of them all, but "we have to draw the line somewhere," as Lord Provost Taggart said to Sir Roger Keyes when, after conferring the Freedom of the City upon Sir Douglas Haig, he explained why it was not conferred also upon him. No one enjoyed this remark more than the gallant Admiral himself. So I must draw the line in my University reminiscences, and bring them to a culminating point with the Elphinstone Celebrations of

1931. This was not, however, the first time that the life and work of the Founder had been commemorated. On 8th February 1924 a dinner had been held in the Mitchell Hall at which many tributes had been paid to his memory. To this the University had gathered in strength, and no one who was present on that occasion could forget the impression made by the noble speech of Mr. P. J. Anderson, the Librarian of the University.

The year 1931 was the 500th anniversary of Elphinstone's birth, so it was fitting that there should be a special commemoration. The beautiful monument of the Bishop, the commission for which had been given to Mr. Henry Wilson before the war, was at last completed, and after some debate, had been placed in the Ante-Chapel of King's College, on whose walls were inscribed the names of those sons of the University who had lost their lives in the war. On 4th June of that year it was dedicated in prayer by the Principal in a touching service of remembrance. Afterwards the Chancellor, Lord Meston, opened the new Hall and delivered an address upon William Elphinstone, who had founded the University in 1494.

A letter was then read from His Majesty the King, who had been one of the first contributors to the Memorial Fund. It conveyed his greetings to the University, and recorded his interest in the completion and dedication of the monument. The University of Paris sent an Address (which was read by Professor Etienne Gilson, then Gifford Lecturer in Aberdeen), recalling the part that it had played in the life of Elphinstone and expressing its homage to one whose memory was honoured by both Universities.

Combined with these celebrations there was a Graduation ceremony. Among the many distinguished men who received honorary degrees were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Lang, to whom, as the son of a former

Principal, the honour, I know, gave special pleasure; the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Dr. J. A. Graham; Lord Elphinstone; and the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, Mr. James Rust, who later made a most impressive speech about the development of Aberdeen and about the agricultural, fishery, and forestry resources of Aberdeenshire and the need to develop these by closer co-operation with the University. On the same occasion there was also the installation of the new Rector, Sir Arthur Keith, who gave his Rectorial Address upon "The Progress of Civilisation." All these complicated University doings passed off with the greatest smoothness, thanks to the meticulous care of Major Butchart, who considered no detail too trivial for his attention.

The celebrations had their lighter and social sides. A civic reception was given by the Lord Provost and Magistrates in the Art Gallery on the first evening. On the second there was a dinner for about 600 graduates and guests in the new Elphinstone Hall. It was for men only, but the women graduates also celebrated the occasion with a dinner presided over by Lady Meston, and greetings were exchanged between the two gatherings.

The closing function of those historic days was the Service of Thanksgiving in King's College Chapel, when the Principal delivered the sermon. He compared William Elphinstone with that famous Hebrew, Mordecai, the champion of his people at the Court of King Ahasuerus: "Next unto the King, great among his people, seeking their good and speaking peace to all. 'Friendship,' said Elphinstone, 'is the stay of Kingdoms; without the fruits of friendship Kings cannot reign nor States hold together; nor can anyone in public or in private be of profit to himself, or his fatherland: it is that harmony by which, if it stands, small affairs increase, and if it be removed, great affairs will gradually decay.'" The

Principal told how Elphinstone died a martyr to the cause of peace. "He had striven in vain to prevent war between Scotland and England, and Flodden broke his heart. Not unfittingly therefore is his figure placed among those of his University who gave their lives in war that war might come no more. The Martyr Father lies among his martyr sons."

On the Sunday evening after this service George went to Edinburgh for a meeting of the Carnegie Trust. In the following week he conducted a service in St. Machar's Cathedral to welcome the National Council of Women, which held its Annual Conference that year in Aberdeen. The same day he travelled to Glasgow to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from its University. I went there by the early morning train the next day to see the degree conferred. In the evening I was back in Aberdeen and was at a reception given by the Lord Provost to welcome the Women's Conference, while George went to Edinburgh to perform the marriage service for Betty Bartholomew and Professor Henry van Dusen of New York in the Parish Church of Inveresk.

I have recorded our movements in these weeks in some detail, for they give a good idea of the calls made on George's time and energy during those years in Aberdeen. Over and above his official work, he always tried to meet the requests from his friends and his old students for preachings, lectures, and weddings. He went frequently to Edinburgh on such friendly behests, and one of the strongest ties that drew him to that city was the Royal High School, where he and his four brothers had been pupils. He lost no opportunity of showing his interest in his old School, and he always liked to know who had gained the India prize presented by his father in 1872. On his appointment as Moderator of the United Free Church, his first official engagement was a visit to the School, and he delivered the Address when

the Memorial Porch in the Hall was dedicated on 26th January 1923. He was intensely proud of being a descendant of the great Alexander Adam, Rector for forty-two years from 1768 till his death in 1809. He valued the friendship of Dr. King Gillies, Rector from 1919 to 1940, and of the Deputy Rector, Mr. Ross, son of Dr. John Merry Ross, George's old teacher of English. He was always an enthusiastic member of the Royal High School Club, enjoying the opportunity of meeting old class-mates and recalling old memories, and he was delighted when in 1914 he was appointed its President. He attended the annual dinners as often as he could and he specially enjoyed one of these, in 1923, when Dr. W. P. Paterson entertained them with his reminiscences. At the Centenary Celebration of Sir Walter Scott, who had been a pupil there, he offered the Prayer of Dedication when a plaque of Sir Walter was unveiled and given to the School.

He felt it a very high honour when he was elected President of the Walter Scott Club. This appointment helped to make the summer of 1930 a particularly happy time, for we went together that year to visit our daughter and her family in Baltimore, and on the voyages there and back, and during the weeks in America, he re-read most of the Waverley Novels. Many years before he had picked up at a second-hand book-shop a complete set of the Author's Favourite Edition, and a number of these sturdy, red-covered octavo volumes accompanied him across the Atlantic. As was his wont, when he came to passages or characters which specially interested him, he read them aloud, and the young Americans got their first taste of Walter Scott from their Scots grandfather. This summer reading bore fruit in the address which he delivered at the annual dinner of the Walter Scott Club on 28th November 1930. In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," he said: "I

am proud to be the first President to bring you greetings straight from the College of Dugald Dalgetty, the Marischal College of Aberdeen." He recalled what Walter Scott owed to the Royal High School and to Dr. Alexander Adam, and said : " I am Adam's great grand-nephew, with his name in my own. For six years I was a High School boy, proud, like my fellows, of the School's unique history, and in this Walter Scott was the outstanding figure. From the first he stood vivid, in his love for the School, in his share of her bickers and frolics, in his zest for adventure and sport. To the most of us, perhaps, he is all the nearer and dearer that he had never been her dux ! " Speaking of various aspects of Scott's works, he drew attention to his singular power of sketching coast lines ; in the novels there are the rocky coasts and cliffs about Fairport, the sands of Solway, the shores of the Firth of Forth seen by Colonel Mannering through Pleydell's window ; and in Scott's Diary of his voyage in 1814 with the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses there are many pictures of the coast lines of the Shetlands, the Orkneys, and the Hebrides. George spoke of his particular interest in *The Talisman* with its Palestine setting, and he remarked that though Sir Walter sometimes twists the compass, yet his geography is as true as the topographical resources at his disposal enabled him to make it.

As often as he could, he attended meetings and dinners of Aberdeen graduates in different parts of the country, bearing to them greetings from their Alma Mater and interesting them in all the new developments. Once he went as far as Porlock in Somerset to represent the University at the dedication of a memorial to a former Chancellor, Adam Bellenden, who had also been Bishop of Aberdeen, until, along with all the other Scottish bishops, he was deposed in 1638 and was appointed rector of Porlock by Charles I. This link between Aberdeen

University and the little Somersetshire town interested George very much and he studied the history of the occasion with his usual care. Indeed, however many calls were made upon him, anything he undertook had to be done thoroughly. Every speech, however fresh and spontaneous, had been thought out beforehand; every sermon he preached—even though on a text he had taken before—meant careful preparation; every wedding he performed meant an earnest study of the order of service beforehand, if possible with the bride and bridegroom.

To those who did not know him this record might suggest a life of endless strain and busyness, but George never gave the impression of being driven by events. He loved his work as a whole, he saw the relevance of even its less congenial aspects and he had the physical strength and cheerful temperament that made public occasions a stimulus rather than a burden. He had, too, a grand sense of humour, often enlivening a dull bit of work by the perpetration of some ridiculous verses. I had been made a Justice of the Peace in 1920—among the first group of women to be appointed. Some time afterwards I broadcast a talk upon Toc H and on my return home from the studio he greeted me with—

> My wife is now J.P., B.C., Justice of Peace, Broadcaster;
> And what I pray is left to me, wherewith to play the master?

When I was going to America by myself one summer, George carefully printed on a card these lines from his metrical version of Psalm 102:

> The pelican of wilderness,
> The owl in desert, I do match;
> And sparrow-like, companionless,
> Upon the house's top, I watch.

This was often read out, in mock pathetic tone (*watch* exactly rhyming with *match*); and the card remained prominently displayed upon the study clock till I came home.

The family was by this time well dispersed, though, with the exception of Maisie in America, we all managed to see a great deal of each other. Margaret was now our daughter at home, helping me at Chanonry, running a company of Guides, and attending classes ; she was especially keen on fencing, in which she represented Aberdeen University. Alick and his wife and little girl had left their first home in Edinburgh and were settled at Lymphoy, a charming old house at the foot of the Pentlands, between Currie and Balerno ; there, in 1929, their first son was born. He was christened George Adam Buchanan in Currie Kirk by his grandfather, who a year or two later had the joy of ordaining his son as an elder there. Besides being on the staff of the Animal Breeding Research Department of Edinburgh University Alick had charge of its experimental farm at Balerno. His interest in the Boys' Brigade was continued in Edinburgh. As an officer in the 5/7 Territorial Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders he often had to come up to Aberdeen. He always found time to help us at any important function or in any specially arduous bit of work ; and his home was not only the most delightful base when we had official engagements in Edinburgh, but an ideal place to rest in, where he and Mollie welcomed us whenever we could go. Several times we saw the New Year in, standing with them on the porch at Lymphoy.

There was, too, the same loving and thoughtful welcome from Kathleen and George Thomson at Ladyhill. If I felt I must have a change, I had only to get into the car and drive myself out there for an afternoon, and find perfect refreshment sitting with Kathleen on the sunny verandah, looking to the hills, or visiting with her some of the farms and cottages, where her coming always brought happiness, or the Women's Rural Institute of which she was President. Or we

would sit by the wood fire in George's study while John Adam played around. So it may be imagined what a loss it was to us when, in 1930, George Thomson accepted the invitation to become Professor of Physics at the Imperial College of Science and they left Aberdeen for London. Now, however, I had a good reason for accompanying my husband when he went south on University or Carnegie Trust business or for an Aberdeen Graduates' Dinner, and George himself would even desert his beloved Athenæum for the pleasure of staying in Stanley Gardens with his three Thomson grandchildren. " I'm your Scotch Grandpa," he told three-year-old Clare. " My Butter-Scotch Grandpa," she corrected him, with good reason. In 1932 we were there on 18th December. It was a Sunday, and the forty-third anniversary of our wedding, so we went together to Marylebone Church, where we had been married. One of the hymns was " The King of Love my Shepherd is," which had been sung at our wedding ; the anthem, " Day of anger, Day of mourning," was not quite so felicitous !

Janet was also in London, and her flat in Ladbroke Square was very near the Thomsons' new home. A year after coming down from Somerville she had started work with the B.B.C., and she was now Assistant Editor of *The Listener*. Remembering his own father, *her* father was amused and pleased to have a journalist in the family again. They usually celebrated his visits to London with a dinner together, and perhaps the theatre, if there was a play running that she thought he would like to see : *Marigold*, with its echoes of the Edinburgh of his boyhood, was a great success, and so was James Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel*. Janet remembers how once, when she was having a dinner-party of her own friends at her flat, someone fell out at the last moment and she suddenly thought of her father, who was then in town. She

looked forward to the evening with a little apprehension, wondering how seventy-four would fit into a party of twenty-fours. Her father arrived, bringing with him a bottle of claret incomparably better than the one she had provided from the local grocer, and from the first moment there was no question as to the success of the evening. He never played down to the young, and he never pretended to any special knowledge or interest simply for the sake of being up-to-date or in the swim. With perfect simplicity he gave them his best—in conversation, discussion, and sympathy—and many of his children's friends became *his* friends too, in their own right.

Thinking back over these years, I find some of them stand out particularly bright in memory as " Maisie's years." She came for a few weeks in 1922, and again in 1926, with her husband and her eldest boy, John ; but in the summer of 1927 she brought the three boys for a longer stay, and the nursery wing was once more in full occupation. When she had to go back to Baltimore to find and prepare a new home, we kept the boys for several months longer, and were very sad to part with them when their father came to fetch them home in September 1928. Five years later John and George Drew came from Baltimore by themselves to spend the summer with us. This time it was the attic rooms that were occupied again, and history repeated itself as the boys climbed out of the windows and prowled about the roofs and chimneys of the old house. John was taken by his grandfather to the O.T.C. camp at Blair Atholl ; the boy was thirteen, and to spend a week on equal footing with the students and officers was a treat indeed. On their previous visit we had taken the Drews to Sannox, in Arran ; this time we went to the Manse of Alvie, on Speyside. The boys loved the hills and the loch and the boat ; John could swim across the loch with ease, quite putting his cautious aunts to shame.

Of that holiday I remember particularly one Sunday, when George preached in Alvie Church on the words " For I am persuaded that nothing can separate us from the love of God "—and Sir George Henschel sang " O Love that wilt not let me go." The Henschels had a beautiful house on the moor, a few miles away, and we often rowed across the loch and walked up through the wood to see them. There, in his lovely music-room at Allt-na-criche, Sir George Henschel would sing to us, and we would recall friends of long ago, when he was a struggling young musician in London and had been helped in his career by Lady Thompson, at whose house in Wimpole Street I had first met him.

During recent years there had been many changes in the University. P. J. Anderson had died in 1926, the handsome, courtly Librarian, whose great desire was " that the Library should be not only of use to its readers but a pleasure to them : that its atmosphere should be one of goodwill and friendliness." In 1932 Sir John Marnoch died, the great surgeon whose most grateful patients, as well as friends, we had nearly all of us been at one time or another. The death in the summer of 1932 of Professor Matthew Hay and of Dr. J. E. Crombie of Parkhill took away two of my husband's closest friends, who were also two of the best friends that the University ever had. When Miss Penelope Pirie, daughter of one of George's predecessors in the Principalship, passed from us, a link was severed with long-ago days, and all Old Aberdeen felt the poorer for the loss of that gallant little old lady with her bright wit and her racy Scots tongue. By the children especially was she lamented, for the wonderful tea-parties she gave them had been among the high lights of their Old Town life. She was followed a few weeks later by another typically fine Scotswoman—Ann Findlay, known to generations of

Aberdeen hostesses and helpful to all. Trained by Mrs. John Clarke at Chanonry House, Ann was a perfect waitress. With her tall, erect figure, her delicate face, her white hair surmounted by a frilled French cap with long streamers, she gave an air of distinction to any gathering. Her knowledge of the ways and tastes of our guests saved me from many a social pitfall, and if she approved of the preparations for a dinner-party, one knew that all was well. " I see you have put out a bottle of that special Margaux for Professor Macdonald. Where is Professor Davidson to sit, that I may put an extra glass in his place, for he likes to sip his whisky and water separately ? Would you change Mrs. So-and-So's place to the other side of the Principal, because she is deaf of the left ear," and so forth. When I went to see Ann in her little home a short time before she died, she took from under her pillow and pressed into my hand an envelope, telling me to keep it closed till I reached home. When I opened it I found inside two little packets, one marked *For Miss Janet*, the other *For Miss Margaret*, and inside each was a golden sovereign.

In 1930 our best of neighbours left the Chanonry when Professor J. Arthur Thomson retired from the Chair of Natural History and he and his wife went to make a new home in the south. The friendship of this remarkable and charming personality meant much to my husband. With his quiet and rather shy manner and his gentle, deliberate voice were combined an intensity and earnestness that were an inspiration not only to his students but to all who knew him or heard him lecture. He had a special genius for speaking to children, and a course of talks he gave in Aberdeen (originally delivered at the Royal Institution in London) was an exciting experience. His wife was always ready to help me with her wise counsel, and her constructive ability was of great value when I started the University Ladies' Club.

She was also my good genius in gardening matters, and all our young people had been the greatest friends from the time we had gone to Chanonry Lodge. Ian Thomson had taught Janet and Margaret to ride their bicycles; he had bought them sweets, taken them jaunts to the beach, the country, and the theatre, and if they had to be disposed of during some official party at Chanonry Lodge, it was always to Castleton House that they went.

The Old Town itself was changed. Cluny's Wynd with its hawthorn hedges was now merged into the important St. Machar's Drive. The "Needle's E'e" had disappeared, and the old Town House now stood as an island with the traffic flowing round it. The buses, which many of us had resented on their first appearance in the High Street, were now part of our daily life, a direct link between King's and Marischal, and we could not think how we had done without them. Many new houses had been built on the roads running towards the sea. To one of these, a trim little house in School Road, George's brother Bill used to come every summer, settling himself down for several months and entering into the doings of the Old Town and of our family. Most of his life he had spent peacefully planting tea in Assam, but his real enthusiasm was for soldiering, and we would draw him on to talk of his adventures when he commanded the Surma Valley Light Horse in the Manipur campaign, and of his service as a trooper in the Boer War. His doings in the last war, when, as a Captain in Lumsden's Horse, he commanded a Labour Corps of tea-garden coolies in Mesopotamia, were not so much talked of; he always felt he had been defrauded of the active fighting he loved and had tried so hard to get. His appearances were unpredictable; one morning, when Janet and Margaret were alone at Chanonry, on coming down to breakfast they were startled to see Uncle Bill, whom they had supposed to be in Assam,

sitting tranquilly smoking his pipe on a deck-chair in the middle of the lawn. These sudden comings and goings—his habit, perhaps learnt in the tea-gardens, of shouting a comment across a drawing-room full of visitors in a voice to waken the dead—his tendency, occasionally disconcerting, to burst into song at the dinner-table—his generous gestures, and play with his stick—his surprising presents—his simple, loving talk of "boyhood days"—his glowing pleasure when the girls and I sang the songs that Aunt Mary had sung—his skill in carving beautiful little boats for our children, and then for their children—all these things gave him a special place in the family's life.

Bill usually prolonged his visit till the middle of November, for he liked to be with us on Armistice Day at the Service of Remembrance in Marischal College. This service had, in the course of the years, become a part of the University scheme of things. At a quarter to eleven all classes stopped and the students poured into the Mitchell Hall. There was no seating or formality; they just stood in silence. The Principal walked through them to the dais and stood at the desk. He read some sentences from the Bible and offered a prayer. The Last Post sounded and eleven o'clock struck. Two minutes' silence; Reveille; another prayer, and the Benediction, and all went out as quietly as they entered. No other University function was more simple or more impressive. Most of the Professors were there, and I can still see the kind faces of Professor MacWilliam and Professor Ashley Mackintosh as they passed by.

We all knew what a comfort and inspiration such a Service of Remembrance can be. So, when George was asked in 1930 by Sir Fabian Ware to take part in the Dedication of the War Memorial at Loos, he accepted with deep gratitude. We travelled with Sir Fabian from London; Alick, Janet, and Margaret

were with us, also Will and Janetta Sorley, whose son, Charles Hamilton Sorley, had, like our boy George, lost his life in the Battle of Loos. They were among those commemorated on the Memorial, as were many Aberdeen graduates and students. From Calais we drove by St. Omer and Cassel to Poperinghe, where we saw the high Talbot House, the origin of Toc H ; by Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, and Bethune to Arras. There we found General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien ; General Sir Nevil Macready, to whom more than to any other we owe the fact that the graves of British soldiers were cared for during the war ; and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose only son was also among the missing at Loos.

On 4th August four Memorials were simultaneously unveiled at Loos, Pozières, Vis-en-Artois, and Louverval —all Memorials to the Missing. It was a stormy morning when we set out from Arras, but by the time we reached Dud Corner, where the Loos Memorial stands, the rain had ceased. The Union Jack and the French Tricolor side by side streamed and snapped in the wind, over the cemetery. A large company was assembled " to remember before Thee our brothers who laid down their lives for their country but whose earthly resting-place no man knows." Led by the ex-Service men who were the gardeners of the war cemeteries, we sang, " O God, our help in ages past " and repeated the Lord's Prayer.

Then Rudyard Kipling, the soldiers' poet, on behalf of the Imperial War Graves Commission and representing all the Peoples and Governments of the Empire, asked General Sir Nevil Macready to unveil the Memorial : this he did after a few beautiful words of remembrance and hope. Many French people were among the crowd, and the Sub-Prefect of Bethune spoke for them and for the French Government, which had given the ground on which the Memorial stands. The Memorial was then dedicated by George as the

British Chaplain, " To the glory of God and in grateful memory of 20,598 soldiers who gave their lives in the Battles of Loos and Bethune and other actions in this neighbourhood, in the service of their King and Country, but who have no known grave, we dedicate this Memorial —praying that, inspired by the example of these our brothers, we who remain may give our lives in service and sacrifice for the progress of humanity, so that we be not ashamed when we meet with them beyond the grave. . . . In thankfulness and hope we commend their souls to Thy gracious keeping, and we beseech Thee to grant that as we raise their Memorial, so we may walk worthy of their fellowship and never falter in our faith that their sacrifices have not been in vain, or in the payment of our debt to them."

The parish priest of Loos then recited some versicles in Latin, to which all present responded ; and as the last words were said, the sun shone out. We turned our faces to the other end of the graveyard where stands the Cross of Sacrifice, and the notes of the Last Post sounded by buglers of the Irish Guards, Lieutenant John Kipling's regiment, came softly from the distant end of the Memorial. Then silence—and again the bugles, in the Reveille. Then the Chaplain's voice—" Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Then the blessing : the singing of "The Marseillaise" and "God save the King." A great wreath was laid at the foot of the Cross by General Macready, a tribute from the Empire ; and I followed with one made entirely of heather (brought from Skibo in Sutherland), which bore the words, " From the Mothers of Scotland."

On our way to the service we had all stopped for a short time at the Town Hall of Loos, where the Mayor

had welcomed us with that natural and beautiful eloquence that even the humblest French functionary seems able to command, and Rudyard Kipling had answered in a French whose fluency and ease might have surprised those who think of him as almost excessively British. The Sub-Prefect of Bethune proposed the health of His Britannic Majesty and Sir Nevil Macready that of the President of the Republic, and after much handshaking (with both hands), the Mayor and other officials took us to see the Loos Town Memorial. Like most of the village war memorials in France it is very simple and touching—a symbolic group of a mother and child, France with the coming generation, who offers her a palm. On the plinth is a carving of twin pit shafts (Loos being in a mining district), and beside them is the fine head of a soldier in a Scots bonnet. Many Scots and Scots Canadians had been billeted in the village and commune, and had endeared themselves to the people, who have remembered them in this beautiful way. We realised the generosity of the French in giving us of their free will so much of their ground for the resting-places of our dead, for they are a people who own their land and live by it and to whom its cultivation is a passion. And we were greatly impressed by the way the country had been restored, the towns and villages rebuilt—everything showing the hard work and determination of the people.

Our young folk returned to London, but George and I stayed a few days longer at Arras, and either in company with Sir Fabian Ware or by ourselves we visited many more of the war cemeteries. We saw the wonderful care and thought that was given to these, making them gardens of peace and beauty. Some of them were glorious with golden St. John's wort, others fragrant with lavender, and many of them beautiful with roses of every description. We talked with the

gardeners, who did their work with such interest and sympathy ; we found the last resting places of several dear young friends, among them Lorne McNeill, Eugene Crombie, and Colin MacLehose. On the last day we went to see the Indian Memorial at Neuve Chapelle, and returned by places we had already visited—Bethune, Hulluch, La Bassée, Noyelles, Vermelles—with St. Mary's Cemetery near by—to the Loos Memorial once more, and as we passed through the town of Loos on our way back, I laid the last of my heather beside the French Memorial to the Scottish soldier.

CHAPTER X

Literary work, 25th edition of *H.G.H.L.*—Honorary degrees—Cambridge again—Chaplain to the King—More family weddings—Other Scottish Universities—British Association—Resignation from Principalship—Hon LL.D. for L. A. S.

DURING these years so full of external activity George had also been hard at work in his study, though he did not get as much time for writing as he would have liked. His hope of developing the article on "Trade and Commerce in the Ancient World," which he had contributed to the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, into a full-length book was never achieved. Among the works which were completed were an address on "The Teaching of the Old Testament in Schools," which he delivered to University tutors and schoolmasters in Cambridge in 1923; a paper for the Scottish Classical Association on "The Hebrew and the Hellene"; and a section entitled "The Hebrew Genius as exhibited in the Old Testament" to the symposium *The Legacy of Israel* (1927). He also brought out revised editions of *Isaiah*, *The Twelve Prophets*, and *Jeremiah*.

The greatest undertaking of these days, however, was the complete revision of the *Historical Geography of the Holy Land* for its 25th edition, published at the end of 1931. Once more the floor was littered with galley-proofs, there were frequent walks down the Old Town to check some reference in the Library, and consultations with his friends and printers of the Aberdeen University Press; and once more I was at my old work of compiling an index, this time with Margaret's help. As far as possible the text was brought up to date in the light of the numerous excavations and discoveries, the increase of the literature of the subject, and the political and social changes in Palestine. In this edition George

traced the stages of the campaign in 1917–18, and in the preface he spoke of the encouragement it had been to him to receive from Field-Marshal Allenby, and from many of his officers, tributes to the real usefulness of the book in framing the strategy and tactics of their campaign. Lord Allenby sent a warm letter of appreciation when the new edition was published, and also took every opportunity of showing this in person, by coming to see George when he was passing through Aberdeen on his way from Balmoral or from a fishing holiday. He was a great lover of roses, and sent me some beautiful ones for the garden.

Some of the testimonies George received to the value of the book amused us greatly. We heard through a mutual friend that Gertrude Bell, on her first desert journeys, had always "slept with George Adam Smith under her pillow"; and John Masefield told us how he always carried it in his coat-pocket when he visited Palestine, and at more than one customs-house was examined for what was thought to be a large box of cigars. He said he had great delight in slowly drawing out the book; but all the same he did regret that there was not a thin-paper edition for travellers.

A Presidential address for the Ecclesiological Society, an address on Robert Louis Stevenson at a dinner of the R.L.S. Club, and lectures for various societies were among the output of the time, and occasionally George was induced to broadcast a sermon. One that he delivered upon David and Jonathan—among the most beautiful and moving of all his sermons—brought him a host of letters from friends far and near. And always there was work for the *Aberdeen University Review*, in which he had taken great interest since its inception in 1913. In his foreword to the opening issue he had said: "We shall endeavour to inspire the *Review* with the memories, the atmosphere and the genius which are peculiar to

Aberdeen." As Convener of the Editorial Committee from 1915 to 1923 (following Mr. Alexander Mackie), he had a large part in shaping the tone and style of the *Review*, and he contributed many articles and records of events. Also he compiled the lists in the provisional record which served as the basis of the University "Roll of Service in the Great War."

On 28th October 1933 the University of Edinburgh had a great celebration when, to quote the words of a laureation address, "the whole academic sisterhood of Scotland gathered with one accord to pledge the health of the youngest of the family on her 350th birthday." Lord Meston, the Chancellor, led the delegation from Aberdeen and George preached at the Commemoration Service in St. Giles'. Honorary degrees were conferred upon the Principals of the three other Scottish Universities, Sir James Irvine, Sir Robert Rait, and Sir George Adam Smith. This was my husband's own University, and it had given him his first honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity when he was a young professor: now it honoured him with its Doctorate of Laws.

I have already referred to the degrees he had received from Aberdeen, Dublin, Cambridge, St. Andrews, Oxford, and Glasgow, and there were two others that greatly pleased him, from Sheffield in 1926 and from Durham in 1929. Cambridge had given him his first honorary Litt.D. in 1910, when he had just become Principal of Aberdeen, and in 1934 it offered him the honorary D.D. This was conferred by the Chancellor, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, on 7th June, and the other honorary graduates were Field-Marshal Lord Milne, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Professor Alfred Fowler, Professor Samuel Alexander, and Professor G. M. Trevelyan. In presenting George, the Public Orator spoke of his books on Palestine and the part they had played in the last war.

As in 1910, there was a gathering of the family in Cambridge. To my great disappointment I was unable to go, but three of George's sisters were present—Isabel Ross, the eldest, took my place at the Vice-Chancellor's luncheon at Caius—and Kathleen was there with her elder boy, John Adam Thomson. In the evening there was a dinner at Trinity, at which the toast of the honorary graduates was proposed by Sir J. J. Thomson and replied to by Sir George Adam Smith, the two grandfathers of the little boy who had sat with his mother in the gallery that morning in the Senate House and had successively caught the eye of the Master of Trinity and the Principal of Aberdeen.

In 1933 George had been appointed a Chaplain to the King in Scotland, an honour which gave him great happiness; and on Whitsunday, 1934, he was installed in St. Giles' Cathedral. The simple and dignified service was conducted by the Dean of the Thistle, Dr. Charles Warr, who was accompanied by Dr. John Stirton of Crathie Church, Domestic Chaplain to the King. While the congregation stood, the new Chaplain in his scarlet cassock was led to his stall by the Dean, who welcomed him "with brotherly felicitation," giving him the right hand of fellowship. The usual Morning Service followed, taken by the Dean, and the new Royal Chaplain preached the sermon. It was the beginning of Assembly Week, and many of our friends were in Edinburgh; some of the family managed to come too, and the grandest of them all was Margaret, in residence at Holyroodhouse as one of Mrs. Buchan's Maids of Honour. This was the second year that John Buchan had been Lord High Commissioner—a most happy and popular appointment.

George was again in St. Giles' with the other Royal Chaplains when the King and Queen paid a visit to Edinburgh that summer, and on 16th September, when

they were at Balmoral, he preached in Crathie Church. He took his text from St. Matthew, chapter xiv, verses 15 and 16, drawing from the words of our Lord the lesson that the strain brings the strength. The visit to Balmoral increased, if possible, his devotion to the King and Queen. They recalled their time in India, when his brother Dunlop had been one of their A.D.C.s, and the King was specially interested to hear of the four months' voyage on a sailing ship when their mother brought them home from India as little boys.

This same summer George had the happiness of marrying his youngest daughter, Margaret, to Ian Clarke, a friend of the whole family. His father, Dr. John Clarke, was our neighbour in the Chanonry; Ian, who had fought through the war and had been three times wounded, was now a housemaster at Stowe. It was a lovely wedding, and friends and relatives came from long distances to it; King's College Chapel was crowded. After the service there was a reception in the Elphinstone Hall, and all the Old Town and the Chanonry seemed to be sharing in the happiness of the child who had been born in the Principal's house and spent almost all her young life there.

In the autumn of that year we had another memorable visit to St. Andrews, when General Jan Christiaan Smuts was installed as Rector of the University. A noble address upon Freedom was delivered by that wise and far-seeing statesman. "Freedom is the most ineradicable craving of human nature," he said. "The danger signals are up in many colours and in many lands. Once more the heroic call is coming to our youth. The fight for human freedom is indeed the supreme issue of the future as it has always been in the past." On this our last visit to St. Andrews we enjoyed again, as we had done many times before, the hospitality of Sir James and Lady Irvine. We often thought how fortunate we were in our friendship with

all the Scottish Principals and their wives. In Edinburgh kind Lady Holland and Sir Thomas always gave us a warm welcome to their beautiful home near Blackford Hill. The Raits came often from Glasgow to Aberdeen, where they had many old associations; and to spend an evening in their company in the home of Professor and Miss Davidson, with Sir Robert and my husband exchanging their funds of good stories, was a delightful experience; and we could always count on their affectionate interest in any event that concerned ourselves or our family.

In September 1934 the British Association met in Aberdeen; George had been very anxious that this meeting should take place during his Principalship. Alick, George Thomson, and Kathleen came to help us to entertain our guests, many of whom were their own friends. Sir James Jeans, the President, stayed at Chanonry the whole time of the meeting, Professor Charles Darwin, Professor R. H. Fowler, Mr. Henry Tizard, Rector of Imperial College, the Walter Elliots, Professor and Mrs. W. L. Bragg were with us at various times; also James Wordie, just returned from the Arctic. A special feature of the time was the students' performance of their excellent historical pageant "Town and Gown," which had been originally produced for their Hospitals' Week. We were lucky in the weather, and I remember, with as much pleasure as the formal events, the occasional minutes between, when we sat on the lawn at Chanonry with our guests.

On Sunday, 9th September, George delivered the sermon at the special service for the Association in the West Church.* He took the 121st Psalm as his text, and spoke of the indebtedness of religion to science: "In the proved gradual evolution of our universe, and of the gradual ascent of man, there is every proof of a

* The service was broadcast, and the sermon published in *The Listener* of 26th September, under the title "Science and Faith."

Creator Who can wait, and Who does wait, to Whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." And, after quoting some passages from scientific writers, he concluded: "Such then are the cautious tendencies and confident hopes, the fair and well reasoned if not absolute conclusions of modern science. They distinctly indicate that no longer is there any cause for those distressing controversies which embittered the tempers and warped the minds of our fathers only a few years ago, but that science and religion may pursue their respective lines of duty in peace and harmony, ever vigilant it is true, but each of them reverencing, rejoicing in and supplementing the advance of the other in equal obedience to truth and the Divine Will. Which of us does not stand in need of such a God and of the personal help He is waiting to give us—such a God as religion proclaims and Science no longer denies? Twofold is the loneliness of life, when none of us can do without Him—the loneliness of the height and the loneliness of the deep. The loneliness of the height, when a man is called to the leadership of others or to the duty of a great decision, or to the quest of a new truth or the vision of a new ideal. The King, the statesman, the father, the thinker, the scientist all know this loneliness, which for the moment a man must bear by himself. And there is the loneliness of the deep, of depression, or despair upon the sense of failure or of temptation and of guilt, or of death, the last darkness and loneliness itself. Who can lift us thence, who can set us on our feet again with a new song in our mouth save God Himself, our loving and forgiving Father, and Jesus Christ His Son, Who was tempted in all points as we are, Who hath said, 'Fight the good fight of faith; to him that overcometh I will give a crown of life, even as I also overcame'? And remember to our faith add love, for without love all religion is hollow and vain—that love of which St. Paul says alike to the professors

of religion and to the scientists—'Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing; but love never faileth.' Love never faileth."

Several people said or wrote that they thought George had reached his best in that sermon, and they rejoiced to hear his voice as clear and strong as ever. A few weeks later my brother, writing from the Athenæum, said: "I still hear echoes of George's sermon, when Minerva's owls meet for lunch."

For the past year or two the question of retirement had been in my husband's mind, and even more perhaps in mine, for I wanted him to give up the work before he was too tired out. But he was anxious to complete his twenty-five years as Principal and meant to retire in 1934. However, the visit of the British Association in the autumn of that year, and other reasons, decided him to postpone it until 1935. Speaking of this, one of his most trusted colleagues said: "I think Sir George judged his own powers very well. Though he was inevitably past his best, yet he wasn't past his work. From his own point of view it might have been desirable to stop work sooner, yet from our point of view there was certainly no reason for such a course. He never let the University down." Professor Souter, the Senior Member of Senatus, on hearing of the possibility of this event, wrote to him: "Whatever you may feel, we your colleagues have seen no such failure of power as to justify your resignation."

At a meeting of the University Court on 11th June, 1935, my husband announced his impending resignation. Members of the Court paid tribute to his work and to himself. Lord Provost Alexander said that besides being a great Principal of the University he had been a loyal and great citizen of Aberdeen. Sir Thomas

Jaffrey spoke of his success as an administrator, and of his humanity, which made no distinction of rank or wealth but made him a friend to all with whom he came into contact. Dr. George Duncan, who had been longest the Principal's colleague on the Court, said to him : " It is almost impossible to think of the University without you. You have been not only a great Principal but a dear personal friend to all of us." And Professor Shennan expressed the thanks of the Senatus for his " approachableness," recalling how he entered into the personal troubles and difficulties of all his staff, and gave each problem his whole attention and advice.

George came home that day very tired, but very full of gratitude for all their kindness. At the next Court meeting, on 9th July, he formally intimated his resignation. The Summer Graduation took place on the following day. After the usual capping ceremony, Professor John Laird, the newly appointed Assessor to the Court from the Senatus, read a letter from the Chancellor. With his habitual thoughtfulness Lord Meston had refrained from attending the ceremony in order that George, as Vice-Chancellor, might preside. His letter recalled the great changes that had taken place in the country during the past twenty-six years, especially the advance of scientific knowledge and the changes wrought by the war and its sequels : " Unheard it may be and invisible, those waves of change have yet been beating up against the walls of our University. We have all had to adapt our minds and hearts to new conditions, assimilating new truths, combating new untruths. During all these anxious years the Principal has been guiding us, and we are grateful for the patience, foresight, and kindliness with which he has steered our University safely through seas of unrest and mistrust. He has rendered service which carries him into the ranks of those great and saintly men who founded and nurtured in its youth the University which he has so

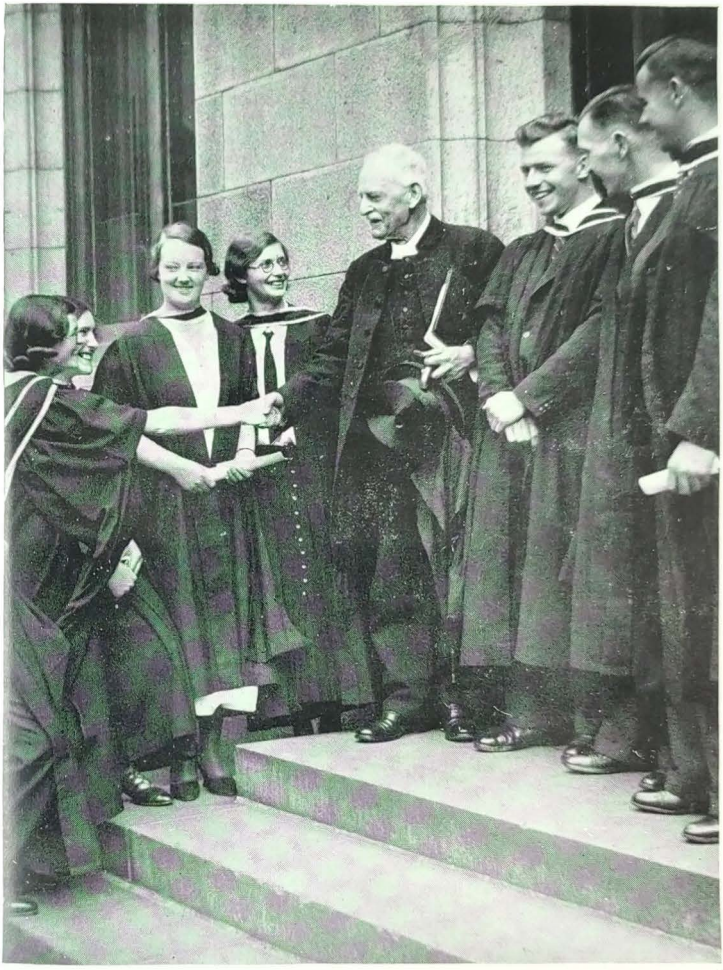

Photo: Aberdeen Press and Journal

SHAKING HANDS WITH THE STUDENTS

Photograph taken in 1935 after the Principal's last Graduation
at which his Retirement was announced

splendidly strengthened in its prime." During the reading of Lord Meston's letter my husband sat with his head bowed and hand over his eyes. When he stood up to reply, the students all rose to their feet. Those on the platform, professors and civic dignitaries, and the general public in the galleries, all did likewise, and cheer after cheer broke out. He could only say a few words of gratitude, of confidence in the future of the University; and as always he remembered "the imperishable debt we owe to those who gave their lives for us and our liberties in the Great War. May we, young and old, ever prove as faithful in service, in discipline, in courage and self-sacrifice as they did. God bless the University of Aberdeen."

A storm of cheering broke out again, and when he went out into the quadrangle, he found a crowd of students by the steps waiting for him, pressing forward to shake his hand and cheering him again and again —until Alick took him to his room and then drove him home. Our son had been with me that morning in the gallery, as well as our friend, Lady Southesk, who always entered with such zest into our University and family doings.

The strain of these weeks had been lightened for us by a happy family event, when our daughter Janet was married on 22nd June to Michael Roberts, the poet and critic. They wished for a very quiet wedding, so only relatives and a few close personal friends were there. Kathleen brought little Lilian Clare to be a bridesmaid along with Alick's Mary; and his boy George was a page. The three children made a lovely group with the bride and bridegroom on the sunny lawn outside the Elphinstone Hall. In a charming speech Lord Provost Alexander recalled the mountaineering proclivities of the young couple, which they promptly demonstrated by departing with rucksacks and climbing boots to the hills of Inverness-shire.

The last of the big University functions was over, but there were other valued obligations to be fulfilled. A week after the Graduation, George was at Aboyne as Inspecting Officer of the Aberdeen Battalion of the Boys' Brigade in camp there. In his uniform as an Army Chaplain, with his son Major A. D. Buchanan Smith as his A.D.C., he took the Salute, and gave a short address to the boys, bidding them to carry on their principles to the next generation. He had never lost his interest in the Boys' Brigade, and he helped it whenever he could. He had dedicated the new buildings in Glasgow some years before, and in October 1933 he had delivered the address at the Jubilee Celebrations in Aberdeen.

Three days later he donned his uniform again—after twenty years it still fitted him and it was always a pleasure to him to wear it—when he went to join the O.T.C. camp at Dunbar. He preached there on the Sunday, and enjoyed his time with officers and men as much as ever.

At the beginning of August he went to London and to Cambridge to be with his sister Janetta at the services in memory of her husband, his dear old friend Will Sorley. How right he felt it to be that in King's College the Provost should read of Mr. Valiant for Truth ; and that at the most beautiful service afterwards the poem "Expectans Expectavi," by Charles Hamilton Sorley, should be sung. He and I stayed with our co-grandparents at the Master's Lodge at Trinity, and had much talk of our grandchildren, John Adam, Lilian Clare, and David.

At the end of that month we were again at Skibo. George went to the swimming pool every day before breakfast as of old, and we had some lovely walks and drives either by ourselves or with our kind hostess. A few weeks later we saw Mrs. Carnegie again in Edinburgh. The Freedom of the City was conferred upon her at a lunch given in her honour at the Town Hall,

and in the evening a dinner was given for her by the Carnegie Trust at the University.

In 1924 George had dedicated a window in the Parish Church of Creich, near Skibo, in memory of Andrew Carnegie. And on 25th November 1935 he gave an address in Dunfermline on the hundredth anniversary of Mr. Carnegie's birth. Representing the several Carnegie Trusts in Britain, he paid tribute to that generous and far-seeing man, who to the end of his life carried out faithfully the ideals of his youth. This address, and another by Mr. John Findlay, Editor of *The New York Times*, were delivered at a dinner at which Lord Elgin, as President of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, presided—both were broadcast to Britain and America and were heard by Mrs. Carnegie in New York.

To these celebrations in Dunfermline we had gone from our new home. The transition had been accomplished. It was not very easy to strike roots into new ground after our long life in Aberdeen, but the nearness to our son and his family was our compensation. As he had helped me, when he was a young schoolboy, to settle into Chanonry Lodge, so again Alick was my right hand in preparing Sweethillocks.

One evening we were sitting with him and Mollie in their home when George was summoned to the telephone. "Colonel Butchart to speak to you." He returned, looking very pleased and excited. "Homage to my LL.D." he said; and I learned that the University intended to confer upon me an honorary degree. My husband was more delighted about this than about any of the honours that had come to him, and, needless to say, I was very pleased and so were all the family. There was a special Graduation on 16th December 1935 in the big Mitchell Hall. After Professor Taylor, Dean of the Faculty of Law, had given the Promotion Address, the Chancellor conferred the degree and I signed my name as an honorary graduate of Aberdeen University.

EPILOGUE

Sweethillocks—Interests in Balerno—A letter from Professor Dover Wilson—Summers in Argyll—Old loyalties—Golden Wedding—Outbreak of war and family separations—Death in 1942.

OUR new home has no roots in history like the dear home we had left in Old Aberdeen. It is a modern house with no particular beauty, but from its windows to the south we look to the lovely, long undulating line of the Pentland Hills. No buildings break the view, only fields and trees, and we know that between us and the hills is the Loch of Thriepmuir. The house stands at the top of a steep brae, and all about it there is a feeling of space and light and air. Alick had discovered it for us, and had suggested its name, remembering that of the farm in Morayshire from which some of his father's people had come. He designed and built an addition to a small room on the ground floor, which made it a charming study. This was immediately filled with books, and, among these old friends, George settled himself down quickly and happily, and he mapped out very contentedly a new programme for his days: in the morning a walk to the village of Balerno, making friends in the little shops and chatting with the housewives he met or the children coming from school; another walk in the afternoon along the country roads with Micky, his unfailing companion. This good little Aberdeen terrier had been a beloved part of our family life for many years, his name had been given him by our two youngest daughters as a compliment to their father's books on the Prophets: an earlier dog had been Jerry (for Jeremiah) and now this was Micky (for Micah).

On Sundays George always went to the Kirk of Currie, whose minister, Dr. David Stewart, was a man after his own heart. Sometimes he assisted him in some

special service or preached in this quiet country church, of which Alick was an elder. Our son's home, Lymphoy, between Currie and Balerno, was a happy place for meeting old friends and making new ones, and the grandchildren there were a constant interest and joy to us both. His 80th birthday was an event to them as to us, when they saw the illumination of two rings of candles around his birthday cake—counting them to make sure the number was correct. Aberdeen did not forget this occasion. The Lord Provost and citizens sent greetings; so did the University, and the Incorporated Trades, and the Congregations of Queen's Cross Church and of St. Mary's, Old Aberdeen, and there were messages from friends in all parts of the country.

We had not been long here before George had an honourable but sad duty to perform. He was asked to represent the Church of Scotland at the funeral of King George V and was present in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, at that moving and beautiful service. As a Chaplain to the King he took part in services in St. Giles' Cathedral on special occasions: on the Sundays during the Assembly when the Lord High Commissioner attended; on Remembrance days; at the Edinburgh Service on 12th May 1937, the day of the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth at Westminster; and at the Queen's Installation to the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, during the visit of the royal couple to Edinburgh in July that year. He appreciated the beautiful ordering of these services, and his association in them with Dr. Charles Warr, the minister of St. Giles' and Dean of the Thistle.

I had always hoped that when he retired George would employ himself in writing his own reminiscences, and many a time I tried to spur him on to do so. But beyond carefully transcribing his mother's diary written on the voyage from India in 1858–59 and collecting for

private circulation some verses written at various times in the course of his life, he did no literary work. He was too tired to gather himself together for the effort. The only constant writing he did was his regular Sunday letter to Maisie in America, and in the doing of that he never failed. Not only did he write fully of all the family doings, but he always gave her in careful detail the sermon he had heard from Dr. Stewart in the morning. The writing of these letters was a great joy to him, and the reading of them to me on the Sunday evening. Family events of any kind were always assured of his deep interest, especially the arrival of the grandchildren —and to conduct the Baptism Service for these was to him a high honour and a serious responsibility. Three of them he baptised in our home, when he became the minister once more as he blessed each little one. He always wrote out each service with great care so that the parents and eventually the children themselves might have it to keep.

Old friends came out to see him—Principal Martin, Dr. Adam Philip, Dr. James Harvey, Principal W. M. Macgregor, Dr. A. B. Macaulay, Principal Cairns, Professor W. P. Paterson, and others, and he greatly enjoyed their visits, but he had little desire to go into Edinburgh, except in connection with some old interest or association—he attended the prize-giving at the sports of the Royal High School one summer, and presided at some of the dinners of the Club. After he retired from its Presidency, the Club, to his great pleasure, refused to part with him entirely and created for him the office of Honorary President. The Boys' Brigade, too, always drew him. He conducted the Service of Thanksgiving in 1936 in connection with the Jubilee of the Edinburgh Battalion, when over 1500 boys were present in the Waverley Market; and his very last public appearance was at the Annual Service

of the Boys' Brigade in the Usher Hall on 27th March 1938. Alick was then President of the Northern District.

Old association, too, brought him to Glasgow to take part in the Memorial Service of the Glasgow Academy, his own boys' school, of which he had long been a Director and Honorary Governor. Some years afterwards the Rector, Mr. Roydon Richards, wrote to me that "none of us who were present on that day in Glasgow Cathedral will ever forget the moment when he came forward and prayed for a blessing on the school." When in Aberdeen Queen's Cross Church opened its new hall, George marked the occasion by presenting to its Minister, Kirk Session, and Deacons' Court the album of photographs which the congregation had given him in 1893, at the end of his eleven years' ministry.

For a picture of George in these later days I should like to quote from a letter of Professor Dover Wilson, who came to live in Balerno shortly after we did. "My first glimpse of Sir George," he says, "was at Currie Kirk. With a seat in the gallery at right angles to the preacher and the main body of the church, I became aware, in the first few moments of my first visit as I looked along the row facing the pulpit, of a venerable figure with a face that would have attracted attention among a thousand others. Who he was I did not know; but I could not help remarking the simple fervour of his worship, the rapt attention he gave to the sermon, and the delightful pride in his eyes as they rested on the little grandchildren who sat beside him. And when I came to know and talk to him, I found the same grand simple nature that I had already guessed at. It was a thrilling moment when I was introduced to Adam Smith of Palestine, the friend of Robertson Smith, whose *Religion of the Semites* was the first book I asked for at the Cambridge University Library, when I was admitted,

a diffident schoolboy, to a reader's privileges there. How often does a meeting with a man who for years has been admired at a distance prove disappointing! Not so this one. The distinguished scholar, the world-famous preacher, the writer as well known among soldiers as among theologians, the Vice-Chancellor of an ancient University, was as direct and simple-minded as a child; he was, in fact, as I have found with the few really great men it has been my fortune to know, without complexes. I doubt whether it ever occurred to him to think about himself."

In the summer of 1936 the weekly Sunday letter to Maisie became unnecessary, for she herself came over for a long visit with her three younger boys, George, Charlie, and Robert. She had written asking me to find somewhere in the West among mountains and lochs and with some history about it, for she wanted her boys to get a real feeling of the Highlands. I found the very place for her—the old castle of Barcaldine at Benderloch in Argyll, between Loch Etive and Loch Creran. It stands on a low hill with great sycamore trees about it, and the remains of an old moat below. With its turrets, barred windows, and portcullis it had just the right atmosphere. From its gate there was an indescribably lovely view up Loch Creran, and from the Gallows Hill close by one saw the mountains of Mull, Morven, and Ardgour. Inside, it was no less exciting, with its dungeon, its spiral stone stair, its great hall with the deep window recesses concealing apertures for shooting, and, above all, its secret stair—it was just right. What did it matter that the water supply was precarious, that the rooms were poorly furnished and the beds hard, that there was no electric light or gas or telephone; these deficiencies only added to the interest of the place. And the best of it all was the fine old retainer, Mackenzie, who was custodian, boatman, gardener, and piper all in one.

He took the boys fishing and showed them the Island of the Seals, and they had a grand time walking, climbing, and cycling, and making friends everywhere. And in the evenings in the big hall, with the firelight gleaming on the weapons round the walls and on the flags that hung from the roof, they would listen to their grandfather reciting old favourites—"The Rover of Lochryan," "I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he," or some of his own verses; or to me reading aloud *Kidnapped*, or to Mackenzie as he marched up and down the length of the hall playing the pipes, when they would call for one brave tune after another. Maisie said it was a dream come true to have her boys and their grandparents together in that romantic and lovely place. When they left on a September day the sound of the pipes followed them as Mackenzie played from his turret "Happy we've been a' thegither."

Four happy summers we spent there, and each time we loved it more. One year Kathleen and her husband came on their return from Sweden, where our son-in-law had just received the Nobel Prize for Physics. They and their three children all enjoyed the place even as Maisie and her boys had done. We had Janet and her little Andrew with us; Ian and Margaret; and one day Alick and Mollie brought their whole family to see their American cousins, and a great treasure hunt was the order of the day.

There was a grassy bank just outside the gate and there George would sit happily for hours, with Micky at his feet, as he watched the coming and going about the place, the farm people at work, the post cart coming up the lane, Mackenzie rolling the lawn or trimming the fuchsia hedge. He loved, too, the services in the church at Ledaig, and the thoughtful sermons of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, with his beautiful Highland voice. On 1st August 1937 he dedicated for use on the

Communion Table two brass vases that we had given to the church.

As long as he was able to do so, George attended the meetings of the General Assembly of the Church. Though he now took no part in the business, yet he liked to go to the opening and closing sessions, and it was a great pleasure to him to meet his fellow ex-Moderators and many other old friends, and they always had an affectionate welcome for him. The last time he was present was at the closing meeting in 1939. After the Assembly of 1941 he received a letter from the Moderator, Dr. Hutchison Cockburn, conveying greetings from the whole Assembly and saying: "The Church has not forgotten the greatness of your services, and you are held in deep reverence by the brethren." This letter gave my dear husband untold happiness, and he always kept it beside him and often I found him reading it, and also one that came at the same time from his student of so very long ago, James Harvey, saying that he and Adam Philip had just been talking about him before the Moderator announced the sending of this message.

In March 1937 George preached again in King's College Chapel in Aberdeen. It was the closing service of the term, the Chapel was packed with the University staff and students, and the Convener's Court of the Incorporated Trades was present. Principal D. S. Cairns took the service. In his sermon George spoke of the inspired origin of all the common things we use and of all the familiar routine of work and citizenship. "It was a very fine service and a great sermon," wrote one of the members of the Convener's Court to me recently, "and it is still remembered and spoken about among us."

Another visit to King's College was in 1938, on the occasion of the dedication of two stained-glass windows

at the east end of the Chapel. The windows were beautiful examples of the work of Dr. Douglas Strachan, who had already designed the central window at the east end, and also the War Memorial window in the Ante-Chapel. The two new windows replaced others which had been erected about eighty years before in memory of two professors. An inscription in memory of Professor Hector Macdonald and Dr. James Edward Crombie was added to that of Professor Hugh Macpherson, while associated with the name of Professor Duncan Mearns on the other window was an inscription commemorating the Principalship of Sir George Adam Smith. The windows were dedicated by Principal Fulton of Trinity College, Glasgow, after a noble sermon on the words, "Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours," and at the close of the service the Emeritus Principal came forward and pronounced a blessing upon "the whole University—rulers, teachers, and students alike—our beloved University." This service took place on the 12th of June. Alick was with us, and roses from Maisie were on the Communion Table in the beautiful bough-pot which had been given to the Chapel by Lord Meston.

On these visits we stayed with our friends and successors in office, Principal and Mrs. W. H. Fyfe, whose consideration for us expressed itself not only by bringing together friends whom we enjoyed meeting, but also by leaving us to ourselves to roam about the old house and garden that we knew and loved so well.

After the service on 12th June we lunched with our old neighbour, John Clarke; it was the last time we saw this good friend. He died in September 1939, and only two days afterwards his son Ian died in Edinburgh. Strong and handsome and in the prime of life, it seemed impossible that Ian should be taken, but there was to be no recovery from the sudden illness that attacked

him that summer ; perhaps the old war wounds had their effect. He had been a vital part of Stowe since its foundation. His energy and strength of character did much to make it the success it became. Mr. Roxburgh, the Headmaster, wrote : " The loss to Stowe is irreparable. We can ill afford to lose Ian's strength and wisdom." Margaret was left with two young children—Sandy, three years old, and little Janet, only four months.

On 18th December 1939 we celebrated our Golden Wedding, and the post office of Balerno ran out of greetings telegrams and golden envelopes, and had to send for fresh supplies. Besides members of our family, three old friends came to share our thanksgiving—Herbert Grierson, William Menzies, and Penelope Ker, and among the many letters we received were two from friends who had been with us at the Riffel Alp more than fifty years before.

After that year George's strength began rather rapidly to fail. He could no longer walk even the gentle slopes of the Pentland Hills that he loved to look at from the windows of Sweethillocks, but the old loyalties were strong yet, and any link with his old vigorous mountaineering days always struck a response. One afternoon two old climbing friends, Professor F. O. Bower and Mr. Ernest Maylard, made a special journey to see him, and to bring him greetings from the Scottish Mountaineering Club ; it was like a fresh wind from Ben Ledi or Schiehallion blowing in upon the uneventful routine of these quiet days. His daughter Janet had inherited his love of climbing, and when she and her husband came back from summers in Zermatt or Chamonix, he not only enjoyed hearing of all their adventures but would compare them with his own, sometimes (though never intentionally) to their disadvantage. They would discover, rather to their shame, that where they had slept

in comfort in some conveniently high club-hut, he had had to start for the same summit from far away in the valley below, thus doubling the length of the expedition ; or had bivouacked in the open in a sleeping-bag.

Contact with old students, whether of Aberdeen or Glasgow, always gave him great pleasure. When Margaret Bain sent him her book on *Les Voyageurs français en Ecosse*, when Camilla Hay dedicated to him her volume on Montaigne, and George Rowntree Harvey his play about Bishop Elphinstone, he was greatly touched; and he enjoyed the visits of several who came to Balerno to see him. To celebrate his 83rd birthday two old Glasgow students, Professor William Manson of the New College and Dr. Adam Burnet, minister of St. Cuthbert's Church, invited him to tea in the Caledonian Hotel. He did not talk much but he loved to look at them and to hear them talk, and as we came away he said to me, " the dear boys, how kind they were." He never lost the humility and sweetness of his nature, there was no envy or self-esteem in it, only a great affection and reverence for all that was good in life—and he saw so much that was good. We drove home that day through Merchiston and past 21 Napier Road, which had been the old home of his family. Three of his brothers had now gone—Bill died in 1937, and Charles, the youngest, in the beginning of 1940—and only he and Hunter remained of the five. For fifteen years Hunter had been minister of the Scots Church in Florence, and in 1940 he and his wife returned to settle in Edinburgh. When he came to Sweethillocks they would sit together contentedly with their pipes, talking very little, but now and again some memory of their boyhood days would break forth.*

One lovely May day I asked George if he would

* Hunter died on 16th May 1942, two months after his brother—a more gentle, generous-hearted soul never lived.

care to come with me and a friend from South Africa, who was staying with us, to Inchcolm—I thought the little voyage down the Forth would be a pleasure to him. And so it proved. The shores of Dalmeny and the opposite coast with Crookness and Inverkeithing woke memories in his mind of the days when he and his brothers and sisters used to row across and he was the ringleader in all their escapades. When we reached Inchcolm, he sat peacefully with his pipe on a bank near the pier, while we explored the ruins of the Abbey, and as we came back in the evening light he said: "What a happy day this has been." Encouraged by the success of this little expedition, I thought we might venture on a longer one, and in September 1941 we went for a fortnight to Lundin Links on the coast of Fife. He sat in the sunny verandah of the Golf View Hotel with Sir Herbert Grierson and he took some short walks, but he asked every day: "When are we going home?" And when we had crossed the Forth again and were driving back to Balerno he said to me: "We won't go away again, will we?" "No," I said, "we won't go away again."

His walks at home became shorter and shorter, and were no longer the pleasure they used to be, for Micky was not with him to share in their interest. The dear, faithful, little dog who had been his inseparable companion ever since we had come here, had died of old age that summer. He knew his master was sometimes not very well, and he would spend his days at the foot of the stair watching, and now and again would go up the stair and look into the room to make sure his master was there. And if on some better day George would come down in his cloak and take his hat and stick, what joyous barking filled the house. Now the dear little friend was gone and the place seemed strangely quiet.

George did not fully realise the present war; it puzzled and perplexed him as he tried to understand what it was all about. But he did realise how serious it was when Alick went to France and when Kathleen took her four children to America. On hearing that they were with our best of friends, the Hazard family, he became reconciled to their departure, but he asked often if they were soon coming home. When, near the end of 1941, it was told him that this beloved daughter had died in a hospital in New York, he asked a few questions about who was with her, and spoke of the sadness for her husband and children and of the kindness of her friends, but about her going he said little and he scarcely seemed to grieve, though he spoke of her happy spirit and her constant loving-kindness.

There were some beautiful days in that autumn of 1941, when he could sit outside in the porch, looking to the hills, and then we would take a little walk down to the gate, or perhaps we would not get further than the sweetbriar hedge which was near the house. All through the summer he had brought in flowers from it for me, and when in November he discovered a tiny belated rose he was filled with joy. Small things like that pleased him so much, while the bigger ones passed him by. William Menzies, who saw much of him in those later days, said: "With the world at large he seemed scarcely concerned, but a friend's comfort or well-being was important. Any time you met him and all the time you were together, he was always the same, all gentleness, tenderness, friendly solicitude. He had a heart always so manifestly overflowing with generous goodwill that people felt it at once, and responded. He was blessed with a kind of radiant, half-angelical warmth and happiness of temper, and to me it is a striking and illuminating fact that this side of his character should have stood out so much more prominently and clearly as others fell into

the shade. It is the most characteristic thing in the picture I have of him in the last years of his life. You hear it said sometimes that people are apt to be querulous and difficult at that stage, but of this there was in him never a trace. His strength failed, and his memory, his attention might flag; his kindness of heart never did. Is that because it is the very inmost essence and stuff of a person's character that come out at the end of the day?"

This friend was talking to him once about the *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, recalling how it had been used in the Palestine campaign of 1917-18. George listened with interest, and then said simply: "God was good to me when I wrote that book." When his publishers had the kind thought of writing to tell him that 35,237 copies of the book had been sold, he was full of gratitude for their kindness in writing, and thankful to have their added testimony to the value of his work.

Old friends, hearing of his increasing weakness, sent him affectionate letters. Queen Mary sent a message of solicitude and remembrance, and a thoughtful gift. These all gave him great happiness. One wrote: "The flickering of a great light dying down is sad, but nothing can extinguish what it has kindled." George once said to me sadly: "I'm no use any more." I told him of these words and he was comforted.

One day I was beside him and thought him asleep, when his hand came forth, feeling for mine, and as I held it he said: "Darling, do you remember the Riffel?" The pressure of my hand told him, and he smiled and went happily to sleep again. The last visitor outside his family to see him was Freeland Barbour, the faithful son of his old friend. Alick, who was stationed near Edinburgh, came in as often as he could, and saw him last on Sunday, 1st March, two days before he died.

God took him very quietly. I was singing the 23rd Psalm softly to him and our good minister had just entered the room. "It was a gracious ending," wrote the same understanding friend; "one in which his good genius did not fail him, or, as he himself would rather have put it, in this as in much else God had been good to him."

He was laid to rest on the 6th of March, a day of storm and wind, in Currie Churchyard, after a service taken by Dr. Stewart and Nevile Davidson. It warmed our hearts to see Adam Philip, who had battled through the snow to stand by his old friend.

On the next day there was a Memorial Service in St. Giles' Cathedral, when the King was represented by the Rev. John Stirton, and the service was taken by the Very Rev. Dr. Charles Warr, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal, Professor G. T. Thomson, Professor Manson, and the Rev. Dr. Adam Burnet.

And on the following day, which was a Sunday, there was a Memorial Service in King's College Chapel, Old Aberdeen, when Professor Henderson took as his text, "An interpreter, one among a thousand." I sat in my old seat with a dear young grandson beside me, and the place was full of memories and my heart full of thankfulness.

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