



NE OBLIVISCARIS



Photo]

[*H. Crooke.*

LADY VICTORIA CAMPBELL.
(1895.)

[*Frontispiece.*

LADY
VICTORIA CAMPBELL

Æ Memoir

BY
LADY FRANCES BALFOUR

SECOND EDITION



HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

TO HER FELLOW-WORKERS
IN
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST
AND
TO THE PEOPLE OF HER LOVE
IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS
THIS MEMORIAL IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

A WORD of gratitude must be said to those who have helped me to write these pages of remembrance.

I owe much to our brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, not only for the encouragement he gave me, but also from what I learned when I saw him in the islands. He, with her, has lived for and amongst the people. In their love for him, in his perfect understanding of themselves and their homes, I have seen the working of the selfsame spirit that wrought so mightily in her.

Lady Mary Glyn has preserved a series of letters which show how, through the changing years, no shadow of change touched the love she bore for those of her name and race. The second generation, in her niece, Mrs. Edgar Dugdale, has given a page of recollections which is stamped with the vivid lines of a true and loving picture.

Counsel, which has not failed from the first to the last written word, I have had from her "London Bishop," the Rev. Archibald Fleming; without his

supervision I must have completely failed in my effort.

Mr. Ritchie, of Iona, has given the Celtic design on the cover of the book. He, in a friendship of a lifetime, knows the inner meaning of the galley, the symbol of her happy voyages over Life's tempestuous sea. Miss Lee Richmond, whose beautiful photographs of Iona are known to every pilgrim to the shrine of St. Columba, has given the picture of the window where Lady Victoria made her sacrifice of prayer and praise.

The photograph of herself in the buckboard, speaking to the two ministers, has been given to me by Mr. Isaac Cowie, who took it when he was visiting Tiree as a deputy of the Foreign Mission Committee.

The letters preserved by Mrs. Macdiarmid give the thread of the island story in words which are instinct with her life and purpose.

There are others, and one especially I name in my heart, for without his strengthening aid I could never have had the courage to attempt, in a time of special personal sorrow, this work of Remembrance.

To those I name, and to the many who have given me her written words or told of some deed of love and toilsome adventure; to those who have given me tidings of her journeyings oft, of her organised work, or who by some familiar quotation have re-

called the dominant, vital character, the happy laughter, the spirit of sympathy—to one and all I offer the gratitude of a full heart.

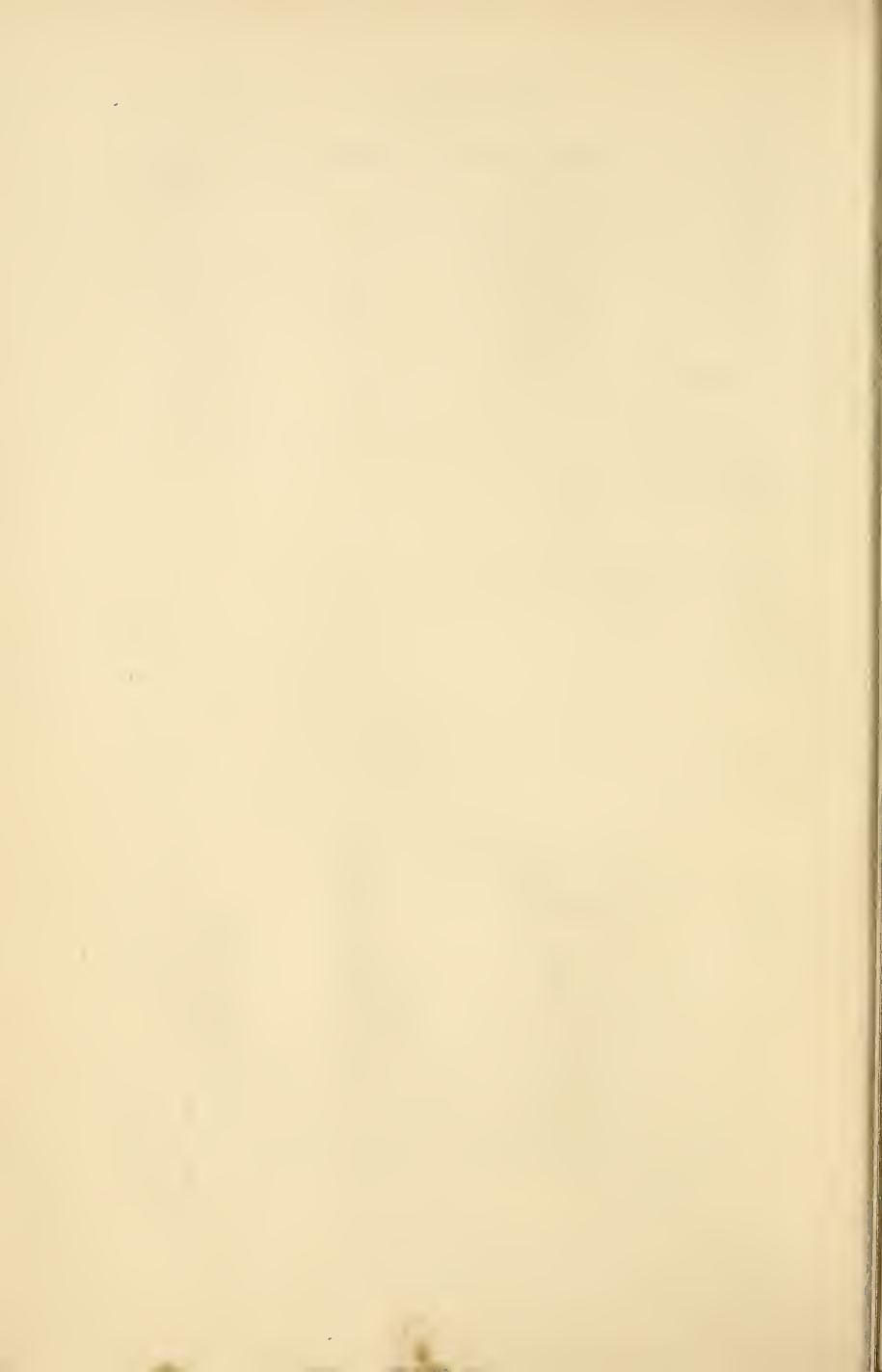
They who love her with an undying remembrance and bless the days that were brightened by her coming, these are they to whom I turn, confident of forgiveness for all the shortcomings of these pages. They alone know how the “deep dawn behind the tomb” hides from earthly sense the radiant life that was given to her friends.

“As sometimes in a dead man’s face,
To those that watch it, more and more
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race.

“So dearest, now thy brows are cold,
We see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

“But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.”

F. B.



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CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND HOME

“Oh, the garden I remember
In the gay and sunny spring.”

VICTORIA CAMPBELL, the third daughter and eighth child of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, was born in London on May 22nd, 1854. The house where her parents were living at that time was in Carlton House Terrace. Argyll Lodge, the London home of the family, had only just been purchased and was not yet ready for occupation; but very soon after this further addition to the already large family, the new homestead was entered and became a centre of life and interest to a wide circle of friends and relatives. It was a year of deep anxiety at home and abroad. The Crimean War had begun, and the Duke records “how the final order to launch our comparatively small army of some 30,000 men on the shores of the greatest military country in the world was a transaction in which the closing formalities make a deep impression. The final reading of the draft despatch directing Lord Raglan to employ the Army in an attack on the Russians in the Crimea came after a Cabinet dinner held at Lord John Russell’s house in Richmond Park.” It was near midnight when the

momentous meeting broke up, and the Duke records his pleasure as he escaped into the sweet and calm air of a glorious summer night. He offered Mr. Gladstone a drive home in his open carriage. "It was midsummer, and the air was full of the smell of all the blossoms that made sweet the whole air of suburban London at that season of the year." In those anxious hours, he must have thought with a sense of peace of the home into which he was just about to enter with the little daughter to whom Argyll Lodge was to mean so much throughout her life.

In the Duke's autobiography he tells the tale of its purchase: "Just at that time (1853) we heard that a villa on Campden Hill, which had long been well known in London as the residence of the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, was for sale. It had four acres of land about it, beautifully planted, and two very old oaks in the grounds would have done no discredit to any ancient chase in England. It was next to Holland Park, and absolutely removed from all noise of traffic. We went to see it, and the first thing I saw out of the late Duke of Bedford's room was a fine lawn covered with starlings, hunting for grubs and insects in their very peculiar fashion; moreover, there were other birds in abundance. To my amazement I saw nuthatches moving over the trees as if they were in some deep English woodland. Flycatchers and warblers were also visible to my accustomed eye. There were objections; distance was to be considered. But

the birds settled everything. All doubts and difficulties vanished before the rummaging of the starlings, the darting of the flycatchers, and the agile climbing of the nuthatches. Under such stimulus from birds it seemed quite a subordinate consideration that the lawn would be perfect for the children, and perfect too for breakfast parties. I returned to town, and instructed my agent at once to purchase Bedford Lodge."

Soon after the christening of Lady Victoria the family moved to Campden Hill, and the life there was begun which was only to end with the death of the Duke in 1900, when the house passed back into the hands of Sir Walter Phillimore.

In 1854 Dr. Cumming, of Crown Court Church, was at the height of his great fame. His was then the principal church representing in London the Church of Scotland. The Disruption had carried with it the church built in Regent Square for Edward Irving and the other Scottish churches.

If Dr. Cumming was wrong in his confident prophecy and advice to the Government, and tradition says he was one of those who fortified the deluded Lord Advocate with the prediction that "only a very few would come out," he at least kept Crown Court firmly attached to the National Church; and when St. George's, in Edinburgh, with other large churches left vacant by the Disruption, gave him a call to come and strengthen the things which remained, he refused to leave the church and the flock which followed his ministry in London.

† At that date his preaching was free of the interpretation of prophecy to which he devoted so much of his thought in the later years of his long ministry. The Duke attended Crown Court Church, and Dr. Cumming baptized several members of the family. Queen Victoria desired the Duke to call his daughter by her name, and Dr. Cumming administered the rite of baptism.

There was a family legend that the child screamed so loudly and insistently, that her father impatiently ordered her to be removed from the room before the christening took place. No doubt she was hastily removed after its administration, and before the close of the service. It was a great joke to Lady Victoria, especially as the record in the registry could never be found for her inspection. In one of the last years of her life she sent Mr. Macrae, the minister of Crown Court, an inkstand made from Iona marble, requesting him to use it for the proper registration of the infants baptized by him, and she used to say that the matter should be made certain, and she should receive, "conditional" baptism, though the day was far spent.

At Argyll Lodge her infant years were passed, and the circumstances of her life made it a place of more constant residence for her than for the rest of the family. Like her father, she dearly loved the home of her childhood, and in later years especially delighted in its peaceful surroundings.

† Secluded Campden Hill remains even now, but in the early fifties, from the upper windows of these

villas set on this pleasant height, the eye ranged over many a wide grass-field, now filled by busy streets. The Crystal Palace, recently re-erected, glittered on the southern heights of Sydenham; but then, as to-day, south and west, "grey Sussex fading into blue," bounded the far-distant view.

The roar of London broke on the ear at a more remote distance, and the children grew up amongst the trees and on the spacious lawn, where there was sufficient pasturage for a cow kept specially for the benefit of the nursery. The glowing flower-garden, planted in the Italian style, lay to the west of the house, gay in summer with its bedded-out plants, and bounded by the great forest trees of Holland Park, divided only by Nightingale Lane from the gardens of the Hill.

For many years a time-gun was fired at midnight from Holland Park, and its boom was listened to with awe by the inhabitants of the nursery. The susceptible nerves of a more modern generation put an end to this salute, but a chiming clock of peculiar sweetness of tone still warns the natives of Kensington that time has carried away the generations which have grown up under its silvery notes. The clock was an early instructor in the habit of complete and perfect punctuality which was so marked a feature in the daily life of Lady Victoria.

The Lodge was, and still is, a haunt of ancient peace, of a character hard to find now within a much wider radius of London. Home lands are made by the lives lived in them. The Lodge was no mere place

in which to sleep, and from which to rush in an unending round of social engagements. It was the centre where the Duke lived surrounded by his family, and where he carried on all his work, literary and public, and the spreading trees and wide verandah gave shade and air to his colleagues and friends, who sought the society of himself and the Duchess.

From those social gatherings the children were never excluded. They were brought up in the best of all schools, with a hearing ear to the conversation of the men and women who were filling the stage of life, and working in their day and generation.

One of the Duke's greatest pleasures in becoming a resident of Campden Hill was to find himself a neighbour of Lord Macaulay. He lived at Holly Lodge, and the elder members of the family recall his student walk to and fro in his verandah, and his frequent arrivals to sit under the horse-chestnut tree on the lawn at Argyll Lodge.

One of the sisters had been out purchasing a birthday present for a brother, and came rushing down the green slope to announce that the chosen volume was the then new "Macaulay's Lays." Seeing him seated in the circle, the narrator came to an abrupt pause. "That is right, my dear," was his quick comment, "never praise an author to his face." Macaulay was not to be a neighbour for long, and in a few short years the chilling tidings crept across the sunny lawns that the great historian, whose forebears had been ministers in the Argyll country, had been found dead in his library.

The next comers to Holly Lodge changed its name into Airlie Lodge, and another Scottish family came into residence.

The boy, who long years after was to die as Lord Airlie on Diamond Hill, as gallant a soldier as ever breathed, even in that race to which he belonged, asked in some natural anxiety whether the neighbourhood of the two families meant that Argyll would again "burn down the bonnie house of Airlie," to which they had just arrived.

It is a picture easy to recall, though the day and its tender grace has fled. The air less smoke-laden than to-day, and heavy with the scent of lilac and may. The groups of men and women of illustrious mind and bearing gathered on Sunday afternoons in the shadow and shine of the grassy slopes. The syringa bushes, and Madonna lilies in long lines in the flower garden, and the sound of the gardeners with their scythes in the dewy mornings. The nursery and schoolroom full to overflowing, and the garden ringing with the call of the birds and the play of the children. A fair beginning to life's pilgrimage, and a place of happy memories to look back upon when the road became less smooth and the way more difficult.

Lady Victoria was a particularly sturdy, active child, and can be remembered by her companions as moving incessantly and running about with great energy till she was in about her fifth year, and then the story of her future can be told in a few words which her mother wrote to Lady Emma Campbell :

“ Poor Victoria has a very strange attack of rheumatism, without fever. She is completely disabled, and cannot move her legs. Dr. Allan says it is not at all uncommon, and thinks she will be quite well in two or three weeks, at most. In other ways she seems quite well. She does not mind being stationary as much as most children would.” There follows a later letter where the diagnosis was more accurate : “ We went with Victoria to Brodie. I think it is very much the same view as Simpson’s. He has seen many worse cases recover, and many of non-recovery. He calls it, as Simpson did, Infantile Paralysis. He thinks the gouty element has to do with it—not scarlet fever. Blistering would have been of no use. He recommends very small doses of mercury and rubbing, but it is clearly a case where man can do little.”

From that time till her fourteenth year her life was bounded by the efforts to treat successfully the condition of complete lameness in which the attack had left her. The treatment was always slow, and necessitated her being near the various exponents of the cures. Liverpool, Brighton, and London were the places in which she had to live, and she was often separated for many months from the rest of the family. There was much suffering, very literally, at the hands of many physicians, and one surgical operation, which in the light of modern knowledge would never have been performed, rendered a complete cure hopeless.

The most successful and longest treatment, ex-



ARGYLL LODGE.

tending over some fifteen years, was used by Dr. Roth, of London and Brighton, and Lady Victoria always said she owed much to his "cure," and to his unwearying efforts to fit her with the mechanical instruments which afterwards aided so materially the activities of her life. Much less would have been accomplished had it not been for the conscientious energy, which even from childhood she put into following the tedious course of exercises and treatment prescribed.

One of her sisters was associated with her in later years, and was placed under the same physician for another form of lameness. She recalls the continuous efforts, often very exhausting, to carry out the directions and use the gymnastic movements prescribed, and how on the return home Lady Victoria would go back to the schoolroom, willing to apply her mind to study, in a way her companion had no intention of imitating, although she had not worked as hard as her sister in the gymnasium.

Dr. Roth substituted sticks for the crutches, on which the child moved with extraordinary rapidity. At one time there seemed a prospect that she might be able to walk with only one stick, but it needed patience, and would always have been slower, and finding she could move more quickly with two, Lady Victoria abandoned the attempt, and learned to use with equal speed the sticks which were to be such veritable pilgrim's staves through her life.

Her lameness was a heavy cross to a spirit so energetic and impatient, and few who encountered

her sunny acceptance of her disabilities realised how much she had to learn in the great school of patience, or how much suffering was involved in the constant double exertion all movement cost her.

Fortunately, the disablement came early, and became a second nature, but it never ceased to be a conscious trial; one she rarely spoke of as a thorn in the flesh, but it was one, and she could never forget the difficulties which encompassed her.

Her couch became to her the place where she learned the deepest and highest converse with the life unseen, and in the heights and depths her spirit found rest and peace. She understood what her cross, so gallantly borne, had brought into her own life, an experience which made her a guide and help to others.

To many the thought of her is associated with the figure prone on the sofa, so alert in face and action, and her cheery voice going out in welcome; and only since she has gone have they fully realised that that couch had become to her and to those who gathered round her bright, sympathetic presence, a place which might indeed be called "Bethel."

As a child, she was encouraged as far as possible to live the life of the family at Inveraray. She joined her sisters in their rides. It required courage in those who sent her forth, strapped into a Spanish saddle on the back of one of those island ponies she was to know more about in her future life. She was as fearless a rider of the horse as of the ocean waves, and her steed was always pushed well to the

front in the scampering party from the school-room.

Later on, she drove a pair of grey cobs in a four-seated pony-carriage. Driving herself was one of her greatest pleasures. She had a light hand and a strong arm, and she and her horses were soon on terms of understanding. After she had this independent mode of conveyance, she used to plan her drives so as to stop at as many cottages as she was able, and they were never complete if she had not visited some old friend or taken the needful to the sick. A less successful vehicle was a small goat-carriage, drawn by two goats. It was always difficult to say when the goats were doing their best, or when jibbing from obstinacy. The family were too inclined to be merciful to the beasts, and insisted, to the disgust of the coachman, that the splinter-bar should be padded so that the goats' hindquarters would not be inconvenienced when, instead of pulling, they sat down and contemplated the road they should be trotting along.

"Blackberry," the donkey, belonged to a still later day, but he and a series of small ponies were great allies of Lady Victoria's, when her riding days were done, and her visits through the town demanded some smaller form of conveyance than the carriage drawn by the beautiful greys called after the islands, "Largie" and "Sanda."

It was a long struggle to gain back even a measure of activity, but the happy, buoyant nature, with the keen vitality of youth, carried her through the

years till she was fourteen, when a great change passed over her. She lived the life appointed by her conditions as fully as it could be lived. As one of a large family, and perhaps getting as such too little individual attention, on the other hand she did not suffer from being considered an invalid. The memory glances back on the child with the thick golden hair and the sunny smile being wheeled about, or carried in the arms of those surrounding her, or racing home on the back of the pony, the leader of those who were reluctantly returning to less pleasant occupations.

She had a strong resemblance to both sides of the family. The maid who was wheeling her along the parade at Brighton saw two ladies in evident argument concerning her charge. At last they approached and inquired if she was not a relative of Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, and when they were told that she was a granddaughter, they said that the carriage of the head had enabled them to identify the child and be certain of her descent.

Her love of home life was always marked, and probably the frequent absences necessitated by the medical treatment enhanced the joy with which she returned to the society of her parents, and the large circle of brothers and sisters who from the earliest days loved to see her in their midst.

CHAPTER II

THE HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS

“ We were gentle among you, even as a nurse
cherisheth her children.”

THE biographer of Archbishop Tait records what he owed to his old nurse, Betty Morton. Dr. Davidson says : “ It is surely a fact worth noticing that three at least among the leading public men of our generation, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Lawrence, and Archbishop Tait, have each of them, in recalling the main influences which contributed to mould their lives, assigned a foremost place to the nurse of their early years. And, as Lord Lawrence’s biographer has said, “ there are few ties more sacred and indissoluble than those which unite the younger, ay, and the elder, members of a family to an old and trusted nurse.”

There are many families who, reading such words as these, or Robert Louis Stevenson’s dedicatory lines to Alison Cunninghame :

“ For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore :
My second mother, my first wife,
The angel of my infant life,”

recall at once what such lives of unselfish love and self-sacrificing service have been in their own time,

and they form a beautiful background in their remembrance of early childhood.

The Argyll children were especially fortunate in being surrounded by a household whose lives had been spent in the family service, in some instances for more than one generation.

Elizabeth Campion was the family nurse for over twenty years. She was a woman of a striking appearance. Her clean-cut, pale features were framed by two curls, secured by combs which projected from a close fitting cap, which she was rarely seen without. She always wore, when dressed for the afternoon, a black silk gown, secured by a solid gold brooch, the pin of which effectually helped her charges to obey the admonishing word, "Not to untidy me, there's a dear." Within loose, hanging sleeves, she wore close-fitting ones of snowy lawn, and in this costume, which to nursery eyes was part of their "Nana," she would escort the children, one in her arms, and a troop around the ample spread of her skirts, downstairs to regions outside the nursery.

Her rule was a despotic one, and her numerous nurserymaids did not find their posts a sinecure. The standard set them was high and strenuous, and "my girls" were not allowed much repose, nor was any amusement countenanced. The servants she trained are scattered far and wide, but in homes of their own many of them have remembered the unswerving integrity and deep devotion of the mother-heart, which was given so entirely to the children of her affection.

The ailing and suffering among the nurslings can recall the sleepless hours soothed by her vigil and ministrations. Bishop Ken's evening hymn her lullaby, and the sound of her voice breaking the feverish unrest of pain, her kindly arms the protection from the terrors of the night.

Failing eyesight obliged her to retire before the birth of the last and twelfth member of the family; a bitter and lasting grief to herself and the children who loved her with the love which was the only compensation she ever cared for. The remainder of her life was spent in a house as near Argyll Lodge as was possible, and on a route where she was sure of seeing some members of the family pass the window in which she was always keeping watch. Her long life ended in 1878, leaving the children of her love a memory time has not dimmed, and one which is held in grateful remembrance.

The interests of these retainers were so entirely one with the interests of the family in which they lived and loved, that service passed into the closest friendship and community of intercourse.

The conditions of service were not those of to-day. Wages had not reached the standard to which they have now attained. Holidays and days out were few and far between. Looking back, it is difficult to recall a single instance of a prolonged holiday, unless there was some urgent call of sickness or distress in their own families. The unrest and love of change of the present day, these unsettled conditions have all altered the life of the homestead, but assuredly

those who have not the remembrance of households passing their days with the family have lost a rich experience.

The oldest of the household friends was Elizabeth King, whose life was entirely spent on the Argyll estates, and in the service of three generations of the family.

She was the daughter of the estate carpenter, John King, a member of a family of the old Scottish type. A rigid Calvinist, and a man who might have sat to Sir Walter Scott for his character of Davie Deans. Lizzie was brought up under the strictest discipline, and the creed of her home was the simple one of "Fear God, and honour the Duke." She entered the service of George, sixth Duke of Argyll, in the Castle at Rosneath. His brother, Lord John Campbell, lived then in Ardencaple Castle, the two houses standing on opposite sides of the Gareloch. As Lord John's two sons John and George grew up, they were often across the loch, shooting on the Rosneath estate, and having a "piece" in the Castle, where the young caretaker looked after their wants. On the death of Duke George, Lord John Campbell succeeded to the title, and his son Lord Lorne, having married Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, the daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, the Castle at Rosneath was given them for their residence.

A short biographical notice of the life of this devoted friend and servant was written many years ago for the pages of "Life and Work." Lady Victoria

put together some notes of her own recollections in order to aid the writer. They have now a double interest, as she was one of the group of children to whom she alludes, and they gather into her own the recollections of her father the Duke. The tie between these two friends was a peculiar one. It extended over the lifetime of both, and in years they were not far apart. Lizzie, the vigilant caretaker of the Castle, when she was under twenty, was the same personality to the end. "Maister George," the slight lad with the red-gold hair, walking up from the boat, gun in hand, as he landed for his day's shooting, had the same individuality to the close of his life. Happiest when out and about, the student of God's "fair creation"; living a life austere in its simplicity, and seeking no other amusement or variety, save in those brought to him by the changing seasons and the book of Nature.

His life was to be cast in "the Parliament of man," in the tumult of the great City, in the stress of political conflict. It was not the world of his inner life, and he was always yearning to be apart in the peace of Nature. It was ever a rest to him when he could leave the necessary conditions of his large household and social duties, and live the simple life of his early youth. "A barefoot lassie, the best waiter," he would say, and there was nothing the Duke loved better than to find himself under conditions where Elizabeth King would both cook and serve the broth, which she alone could make, "as none other." That was a time of old reminiscences, and the happy jokes the Duke

would make with her were in amusing contrast to the attitude of devotion and awe she had for one who had been for all her life the centre of her homage and service.

The notes made by Lady Victoria are placed here, practically as they were written. They tell their own story and need little explanation.

“Whatever the advantages the young generation may enjoy, and no one doubts there are and will be many, it seems pretty certain the ‘family piece,’ in the form of the lifelong friend in domestic service, will not be a feature in the households of a future day.

“The fact that more than one society offers a reward for the benefit of young women who retain their situations for three years points to this change in modern life.

“The half amused, half scornful smile which played on the face of one of these old servants, as she heard the terms of this reward, would amuse my readers as much as it did me.

“Lizzie King was a part of her master’s earliest recollections, and naturally his children never knew a time when ‘Kingie’ was not part of their lives.

“The Duke used to say that the old woman, who was housekeeper to the last in his service, was ‘exactly the same’ in outward appearance, as when a girl she would open the door of Rosneath Castle to him and his elder brother, when they came across the loch for a day’s shooting in the woods.

“It is difficult to describe her appearance. To us she seemed so much a part of our lives. I recall the

puzzled, half vexed feeling when my father remarked, 'Kingie was not good looking.' The shock was so great as to evoke a burst of laughter, as he called on my artistic sense to describe in her anything of 'beauty.'

"Well! It was true her eyes were small and brown, and her short sight obliged her to use spectacles, in which we said she slept. The framework of the face was wide, and her complexion was a dead white, and in early youth her hair was probably auburn.

"She had a refined, sensitive mouth and good teeth. (I believe they were false; if so, they grew as I remember them!) No one can deny the trim form, the quick, light step. She had the most perfect tact, ever ready for speech or silence, and her smile was one of the most gracious and sunny that ever broke over the face of woman, and yet how stern she could be! Brought up under the rigid Calvinistic roof of her father, John King, one could hear the echoes of his voice, and trace the look of determination in his eye, as his daughter gave the account of bitter tears being shed by her, because of her wish and his refusal to allow her, at the age of fifteen, to enter the Ardencaple household as nursery maid to the wee Maister George. 'Na, Na, Lizzie, it is a hoosefu' of strange servants, ye maun wait till ye are older.'

"And so it came to pass, Lizzie's service began a very few years after this in the old house, under the eye of that father who daily inspected every beam, door, and chimney, and taught his daughter the meaning of faithful service.

“It was against all rules Lizzie King should thus be housekeeper at such a tender age, and before she had duly served in all the mysterious grades which constitute the well-ordered life of a large household. Yet, what other title could be given her? Her apprenticeship was perfect for the simple reason Old John King was the one general superintendent. Woe unto Lizzie if boards were not kept as clean as might suffice for serving a meal, or if ever a spider wove its web in any corner, however remote! A girl was hired to keep her company and help in the work. She had board wages of seven shillings and sixpence a week, and that was sufficient for the porridge and milk, the broth, and the eggs which were her fare, and out of that ‘abundance’ she was always supplying something for the wants of others.

“In 1847 the ‘Maister George,’ of Kingie’s would-be nursery days, succeeded his father.

“Probably, it was at this date that anything like formal recognition of Lizzie’s position became necessary. For two years Rosneath Castle had been the home of the Marquis of Lorne, and his young wife had won the loving reverence hitherto bestowed on ‘George and Emma Campbell,’ but still it was a moot question, one that no one cared to solve, as to which of the households she belonged.

“Lizzie made her decision promptly. Whether the touch of Highland blood in this daughter of a covenanting house enabled her to foresee that the Dowager Duchess would in a few years’ time join the Church of Rome, it is hard to say. If she did have a pre-

vision, there was no question as to her remaining in such service. The Argylls who identified themselves with Rome had no existence for Elizabeth King! To her there was only one 'great Marquis,' and one 'testifying Earl.' They had laid their heads on the scaffold, and for Christ's Crown and Covenant, no one doubted that if called upon, this daughter of the Covenant would also have faced cheerfully stake or gallows.

"The grace of toleration or Christian charity had lagged behind in Kingie's education, and long years after, when the children repeated something akin to bitterness from the lips of their beloved old woman, the mother said gravely: 'Perhaps better not talk to Kingie of Roman Catholics.' To be strictly just, we must hint that on this occasion Kingie's wrath had broken out on the question of some of her Duke's rights being interfered with, which led her to express a doubt whether she could go through the ceremony of wearing mourning for one who had not put her master's claims in the first rank for consideration. I can recall my father's quiet smile as he listened to his children's tales of the caustic remarks, and my mother's reproof; while he, silent and absorbed, divided his time between his public work and watching by the death-bed of the Dowager Duchess, who had been associated with his boyhood since he was seven years old. He received her last directions and her dying blessing, for, however they had differed in outward forms, they had met at the end, in the ties of family life, and of conduct not

only dutiful but instinct with a wide and beautiful charity.

“The most vivid recollection I have of Kingie is when she took charge of a separated group of children at the time when scarlet fever had come among the large family, and the head nurse was shut off with the wee ones. How she would flit in and out, and, helped by the trained nurse, supply all our wants !

“Then came days of convalescence, when a pet lamb was brought in, to play with the boy and girl who were on their feet. If anything could have worn out the strong matting of long ago, it might have been done then in the races which were run with this lamb, which entered into all our fun in a way I cannot understand now, looking at sheep and lambs, chiefly in island fields.

“Those were also days of discipline ! To go to the housekeeper’s room for tea was the height of happiness, and only to be enjoyed after a course of good behaviour.

“There came a day when the brother was shut into some upper room, so dark had been the crime. The sister, fourteen months junior, got hold of the nature of the sin, not of its depth ! She presented herself in front of the two reddish white curls, and spectacled face, and she pleaded : ‘ It was a very little one, Kingie ! ’ ‘ Na, na, dearie, there *are* no little ones, they are a’ big ones.’ ‘ Well then, Kingie, he is very sorry.’ ‘ Then he must come and tell me so himself ; but I canna have him to-day. He is a naughtie, naughtie boy.’

“Those were days when nerves were not studied, nor spoken of as they are now, yet how lovingly did this woman study temperament! I remember the terror one of us had at a big white bulldog, whose special delight it was to howl over our fat little forms. A bright idea occurred to Kingie. If the dog could belong to one of the most frightened?

“‘How much is it, Kingie? I have threepence.’

“‘No, it must be fourpence!’

“Her brother, hearing this, and looking with compassion on the bankrupt little maiden, produced the other penny. The price thus paid, the damsel believed that Fanny must hereafter give more respect to her mistress, and they lived in greater comfort together.

“In the succeeding years a black ‘Fanny’ replaced the white. A splendid Newfoundland, who let the whole nursery sit upon her at once, and for the delight of her playfellows, produced at intervals a lot of ‘photographs,’ as Kingie called the litter of pups, when she brought them up to the nursery to be claimed, named, and beribboned by the children. There was a sigh of relief deep down in the heart of the small maiden who had purchased the first Fanny, although she did not enjoy exclusive ownership in this last arrival.

“Which of us does not remember the little figure in the dark blue cotton print, the capstrings fluttering in the salt morning and evening breeze. ‘Away down to the cottage,’ carrying some dainty to the old mother who spent a long eventide

in the cottage by the loch. The same figure coming down to the gravel point, to stuff peppermints into the mouths of children, on whom the orthodox dip had been practised; or, best of all, was the sight of those fluttering ensigns of welcome, when the barge, rowed by the estate servants, came across from Helensburgh, bringing weary travellers from the south.

“With the arrival of the Lady Lorne, a new claim was made on Lizzie’s warm heart. No one understood her better than my mother. She realised she had in the young ‘caretaker’ a woman who was not only a clever, reliable servant, but one fitted to be what she was through all her long life, the intimate friend of herself and her children. She knew all the family affairs. She knew, and what was more, shared with deepest sympathy most of the hopes and fears and difficulties which must surround the lives of twelve children, from their parents’ point of view. She knew many secrets, and when the news became public property, none ever guessed from her manner that she knew all that was to be known before the rest of the world.

“What Lizzie was to her master and mistress, that she was to their children. Faithful in service, she insisted that servants and children should be equally faithful. Her manner was a fine mixture of the deepest respect, with a gift of racy and terse expression. She knew well when to take opportunity by the hand, and her tact was never at fault. We can all recall her entrance into the drawing-room at



Photo]

ELIZABETH CAMPION.

[Henderson.



Photo]

ELIZABETH KING.

[Faulkner & Co.

some moment when she knew she would be welcome, and beside my mother's chair she would make her requests known: tell of the new ideas of work and wage entertained by the modern 'girls,' usually making excuses for their weakness, smoothing over the difficulties, and never leaving without having won by her gentle firmness all that was necessary for the household economy.

"What a home she made it for these servant girls! In 1863, during the distress in the cotton trade, one of the Lancashire 'hands' came into service in the nursery. She found a mother in Miss King, and long after her companions had returned to the mills she remained in the service of the family.

"From 1868 till the year of her death Miss King left Rosneath, and moved with the household both to Inveraray and London. 'Where thou dwellest, I will dwell,' was her creed, and if she often longed for the peaceful setting of her early life, within the circle of the hills, she did her work, and was the same clever administrator in the stir of a London house as she had been in the large empty castle by the Gareloch. In London she attended the only church she could attend at that date, the English Presbyterian, and sat under a nephew of Edward Irving's, the Rev. Gavin Carlyle. The Scottish maids under her, and many another she knew of gathered round her in the church, where they met in a common worship.

"It would be untrue to say 'Kingie' had no faults. It may be guessed from the foregoing that there was

a certain hardness in her nature, and its iron rigidity was not softened by her creed. Her early youth had been passed amid the now dead controversies associated with the names of Edward Irving, Campbell of Row, and Story of Rosneath she had been taught to dread. The sough of 'unsound doctrine' which had ebbed and flowed round the waters of the Gareloch, a fear that the terrors of the law had not been sufficiently preached or held, spread a chilling bane on that unique spirit.

"It had all passed away ere the end! The lessons of the gospel of love were learnt by her at a later date, when in suffering weakness she heard the message once rejected as unsound from the pastor of another nation. When the message of love and forgiveness to all men in our Saviour Jesus Christ came at length to her, it was received with all the fervour of her strong nature, and came as 'good cheer.' She learnt if the theology was of a gentler mould, it was none the less faithful because it recognised 'Justice and Mercy' had met in Him who died for all. One of her last sentences was gratitude to the dear Duke for sending her a little book which bore on this subject. 'That he should have sent it,' she exclaimed, alluding to his well-known reserve."

These notes have been given in their entirety, because the life of this remarkable woman had a profound effect on Lady Victoria's own career.

When the Duchess's health grew infirm, Queen Victoria used to come and see her at Argyll Lodge. The visit was usually in the afternoon, and Miss

King's scones were a part of the tea the Queen would not have missed. No one loved old servants better than the Queen, especially if they were Scottish, and Her Majesty always asked to see Miss King. On one occasion the Queen desired her to come to Buckingham Palace, to initiate the stillroom there in all the mysteries which go to make the true scone.

On the appointed day Miss King appeared ready to set forth, armed with her girdle, her roller and her bunch of feathers. The English butler, himself a servant of over twenty years, though that to Miss King seemed but as one day, remonstrated, and told her that the Palace stillroom would probably possess these important implements. "And what kind of a girdle may I find there?" replied the veteran scone-maker, refusing to be parted from the materials which would enable her to carry out the royal command.

Miss King had to suffer much before the end. She was stricken with malignant disease, and after untold suffering, concealed as long as possible, and heroically borne, those who were watching around her knew that release was near at hand. She expressed a strong wish to die at Rosneath, if possible; if not, that it might be on Scottish soil. Sir Prescott Hewitt, who was attending her, said that removal was impossible.

The Duke was careful to satisfy her slightest wish, and to one of his daughters he said, "She shall have her choice, if you tell her the truth." The task was made easy. "I know, dearie, but I

cannot die out of Scotland." "Only as far as the train can take you," the Duke said, and accompanied by the doctor living then with the family, and all that could ease the terrible journey, she was carried out of Argyll Lodge. Her last look and her last word were for her master, as he stood to see the servant and friend of his lifetime carried from his door.

Lady Emma McNeill, the Duke's sister, had found a suitable house in Edinburgh for her last days. It stood in Canaan Lane, looking out on the Braid hills, and there on July 5th, 1875, tended by Lady Emma and those she loved, the faithful servant passed to her rest.

The children of the Argyll family felt themselves bereft not only of one whose door stood ever open, but also of one on whose sympathy they could reckon. They knew well the old home could never be the same again. The cloud which the first great bereavement brings had settled down, only to be pierced by the light which broke on her dying face when the remembrance of her beloved Duke and Duchess and of her bairns was told to her. To one of these bairns, privileged to be with her to the last, the smile which lit up the stern features, as she said her Saviour was with her, bore a message of assurance which no book of Christian evidences could ever give, and no subsequent mist of doubt ever efface. Her body rests in the Grange cemetery, "till the day breaks and the shadows flee away."

In a letter dated two days before Miss King's death, the Duchess writes to Lady Victoria: "All

this expectation of the end is very sad for you, but I am sure you will be glad to have made the most of these last hours of her life, and been a comfort to her. The return to Inveraray and she away is very sad, and she would be surprised, poor dear woman, if she knew how much she is missed, after thinking latterly she did so little. You may tell her that, whether ill or well, I feel it a blessing to have her in our house, and am thankful for it."

"Thankful for it" is the true note, for in the companionship with this friend of her early childhood, Lady Victoria first learnt the ministry of sympathy, and first encountered in another some of the doubts and perplexities which were encompassing herself.

Many and deep were the waters through which both of them had to pass before their warfare was accomplished, and the heart of the elder woman was opened to one who had early learnt the mystery brooding over life and death.

The difficulties and darkness of spirit which had to be encountered produced on Lady Victoria's own life a profound impression which was never effaced. She sought counsel with one who could meet the difficulties of the Calvinist doctrines, and she found in the ministry of Dr. Adolph Saphir, personal and public, a help which came not alone into the life of her friend, but was a light on her own path. Much of the inspiration of her future work was learnt in a double companionship at the suffering bedside of her father's old servant. The date of her death was one she always kept in special re-

membrance, and when thirty-six years later she herself entered into all light, the call came to her the day following that anniversary, and in the same "Holy City," as it was her wont to call Edinburgh.

CHAPTER III

FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE

“And unto God the Lord from death the issues do belong.”

CANNES, *Dec. 8th*, 1882.

Was much refreshed on the way by a fortnight in Edinburgh, where we saw much and closely of people, and once more one had the feeling of that place being very near to God. Much, of course, lies in association with me, but on the eve of many changes in our family life the answer, “Thy vows are upon me, O God,” seemed to go up. So may it be.

Oct. 27th, 1884.

Thy vows are upon me, O God. This is the day when of all others this remembrance of vows is incumbent upon me. The day I was brought to Edinburgh, as was then thought, a dying child.

Oct. 27th, 28th, 1888.

The anniversary of the day I was brought, as many thought, to die. Twenty years since, in fear and perplexity, I vowed my life to God. It surely is no accident that I felt last night and to-day as

if the difficulty was to believe in the forgiveness of sins. What a wilderness wandering I have to look back upon! What rebellings, what murmurs, what hard thoughts of God! How is it that I have felt the sin of all this so little?

As the anniversaries came round, in words such as these Lady Victoria commemorates the severe illness which brought her to the very gates of death. It was a time when, in a manner which seemed to the watchers almost miraculous, she returned to life, and, knowing as she did the seriousness of her illness, she felt that life was given back to her for some special purpose. With the slow return of bodily strength, she passed through a mental and spiritual experience which changed her outlook as completely as her illness and recovery altered the material conditions of her days. New influences came to her: much seed was sown in a soil which was ready to return a hundredfold, and from that great and solemn time she dated a new life and a dedication of herself, "body, soul, and spirit," in a new and consecrated way.

Lady Victoria spent the autumn of 1868 with the family at Inveraray. There was an intermission in the treatment which necessitated her residence in the south, and she was again united with the school-room party in all the so-called work, and thoroughly enjoyed outdoor life.

She had learnt to move about on her sticks with great rapidity, and her room was always the centre



LADY VICTORIA CAMPBELL.
(1869.)



LADY VICTORIA CAMPBELL.
(1871.)

of the fun and mischief that was going on in the family circle. Her sense of the ludicrous was always keen, the best tonic for all her life, and it was at its height in those days, and she led many a wild "causerie" with her heart-whole laughter. The schoolroom, after being presided over by a series of foreign potentates, was at this time ruled, or not ruled, by a lady as remarkable for her learning as she was for personal appearance and precise methods of speech.

Miss Georgina Johnstone was one of a family of five sisters, who were at that time living in Brighton.

She was a great friend of Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, and the latter informed the Duke of Argyll that Miss Johnstone was desirous of obtaining the post of governess. The family possessed independent means, and there had been no intention of any of the members taking to professional work. The desire, however, to assist in the education of some nephews made the two youngest of the Misses Johnstone seek for suitable employment, and in 1864 Miss Georgina became the friend of the wide family circle, and the instructor of the unstudious team she had to manage in the schoolroom.

Miss Johnstone's impression of the first sight of her pupils was often recorded in their hearing, but unfortunately was never placed upon paper. Some of the family were at Brighton visiting their sister, having swimming lessons, and enjoying donkey rides on the downs.

"Georgina" entered into the sitting-room of the

lodging house to find a number of girls with a bewilderingly close personal resemblance, and with a rapidity of speech and action which rather daunted the staid, deliberate little lady, who found herself looking somewhat timidly at those who were to come under her not very dominant personality. Especially was she impressed with the speed with which all writing was accomplished, and she took what she afterwards found was a very superficial view of the abilities of her future pupils.

For thirteen years she lived in the various "Studies" and remained to the last somewhat of a puzzle, but always appreciated by every member of the schoolroom. She spoke English in the most approved Johnson-ese, and was deeply learned, and entirely self-taught. She possessed the most insatiable craving for knowledge, and when she had exhausted every continental language she began both Gaelic and Sanscrit in the last years of her residence. She learnt astronomy from the minister at Inveraray, and her ardent pursuit of fungi during the "constitutionals" was one of the joys of the schoolroom walk. To be late in the return to lessons, and to bring back as a peace-offering something that might for a moment be considered a new species of fungus, was a great inducement to keep the scientific eye awake.

Miss Johnstone's father had been an officer in the army under William IV, and he had then retired to a small Staffordshire property to get rid of his patrimony in amateur farming.

The family were intensely English, and had been reared in provincial life. No opportunities were offered to the young women to cultivate the very remarkable brains possessed in a large measure by all of them, and Miss Georgina's attainments were all the more notable for the manner in which they had been acquired. Late in life, she was to be found in the small hours of the morning kneeling at the table of the schoolroom, in order that she might keep herself awake in the pursuit of knowledge.

It all seemed a little abnormal to her very un-studious pupils, especially as with the gift of instructing herself there came no aptitude at imparting knowledge. The teacher in the parish school could have instructed in a more effective way, but he could not have given the cultured atmosphere which hung around this learned lady. The lessons she set were rarely learnt, for her pupils had not the retentive memory of their governess. Brought up a high Tory, and a strict member of the Church of England, before it had been transfused by the Oxford movement, she never used a Prayer Book, and could repeat the whole service, including the singing of the Psalms, from memory.

Looking back, it is possible to believe that the mind of the scholar had strayed into the doubts and difficulties of the critical spirit of the age. If so, she honourably kept the understanding that religious matters were outside the sphere of her labours, and, Church of England as she was from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, she always attended the

parish church when in Scotland, occasionally going off alone to the service held in the Scottish Episcopal Church.

Her pupils owed much to the rare intelligence and interest which she brought to bear on all passing events. The reading aloud to her of Macaulay's "History of England" would usually result in a long discussion on the matter treated of by the historian, and the talk would be drawn to the politics of the day. Her loyalty and her political convictions must have been severely strained at the time of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Politically, she abhorred Mr. Gladstone and his works; but personally she was amusingly under the sway of his courteous manners and his gratitude when, as occasionally happened, he dined at Argyll Lodge, and she was ready with some needed bit of information in the after-dinner discussions.

"My dears, our lesson has been sadly neglected; we must hope, though, that our conversation has not been altogether unprofitable," had very often to be said at the close of the lesson hours, when the scholars had discussed a debate in the House of Lords, or the oncoming of the Franco-German War instead of doing Colenso's Arithmetic, or practising scales on the monumental piano.

The schoolrooms rise to memory! The London one, under the roof, and baked in the summer heats, till an adjournment to the garden was rendered almost imperative. "A sadly distracted and inattentive day," was too often the evening report on such

occasions. The tables, with their various occupants, characteristically idle or conscientiously working, and one figure on the sofa, who was never known to shirk the daily round. The coveted seat in the window, where the lawn with its hosts and guests were under inspection, or at Inveraray, where from the study window the eye fell on a vision of many waters, encircled by hills whose outlines are more indelibly imprinted on the tablets of memory than the lessons which were, or were not, committed to its care.

The short lesson hours over, there came the school-room tea, often added to by an incursion of the brothers and guests, attracted by the bursts of conversation and the laughter of the very lively party. The light of "long ago" streams in at the window of that room and falls on the sunny heads; the table set with scones and gooseberries, and very literally presiding at its head the small, prim figure of the well-known Miss Johnstone. Her pupils, struck with the intensely English ideas of their governess, early christened her "Pock Pudding." In spite of the gravest efforts of the seniors, the name rapidly became fixed to the first part of the title, and soon every member of the family, and those "without," were familiar with and used this unmelodious nickname. The Duke found in her a valuable helper in correcting for the press the proof sheets of "The Reign of Law." Many an enlightening argument as to style and punctuation, and the exact definition of a scientific fact, was carried on over the luncheon table, to the amusement of Mr. Strahan,

the publisher, who was often present, and to the edification of all who heard the choice language of the critic and corrector.

Naturally, she felt that her pupils were lost in the swamps of unfathomable ignorance! She herself wrote a beautiful, "correct" handwriting. Two of her pupils at least wrote in a hand which she characterised "as not becoming in a grocer's boy." Long years after, one of the said pupils heard her taking modest credit for the excellence of the same writing which had met with her just criticism. That pupil she had destined for a farmer's wife. "F. can never be kept out of the company of the stables and byre." When another fate overtook the most unlearned and troublesome of her scholars, and she was the welcome guest in a home not altogether uncultured, again she ventured to remind those she found there "that dear F. had been a pupil of her own."

Hers was the student life, and that her lore was kept from the dryasdust type was largely due to the world of youth under her gentle sway, and held to her by a very human sympathy. "She had been young," and her youth was marred by disappointments in health and hopes. Best of all, she had a saving and rich sense of humour, and a temperament naturally inclined to the morbid was redeemed by a keen appreciation of the fun which was to be found in conditions most unpromising for that element. She and her pupils relieved many a trying situation by convulsions of ill-concealed mirth.

Lady Victoria had few opportunities of direct

teaching from Miss Johnstone. When at last, after her serious illness, she remained at home her school-room days were drawing to a close. A warm friendship existed, however, between the two, who were not by nature intended to understand each other. In Miss Georgina's sisters, and notably in Miss Susan, who temporarily replaced her for one winter at Inveraray, she was to find much comfort and companionship.

In 1904, sixteen years after leaving the family, Miss Johnstone writes to her: "The approaching 22nd shall not come and go without bringing you a few loving lines from me. If there is one memory stronger than another concerning my first weeks at Argyll Lodge, it is the mental impression of you seated on the floor to 'put the ladybirds to bed,' on that May 22nd, 1865. Through all the years that have passed since then you have been safely led by the Faithful Promiser. The Pillar of Cloud has sheltered you under the heat of work and conflict, the Pillar of Fire has led you in the dark night of sorrow and travail, and sometimes you have been permitted to rest by the waters of palmy Elim. Throughout all these years you have been sustained by the Everlasting Arms. May His Presence ever go up with you, and give you rest through this wilderness world, and hereafter everlasting joy in the heavenly kingdom."

Earlier in her life, the elder sister in the home at Brighton writes: "I cannot tell you how often I think of you and the work in life which (as it seems

to me) your Heavenly Father has laid out for you. Very quiet, unobtrusive work, but very high and holy; —the gentle, loving influence which shall comfort and help all around you, and in doing which your own soul will be brought into nearer communion with your loving Saviour. He will help and comfort you while He makes you a comfort to others.”

The last of this band of sisters, with their gentle piety, their quiet home, their interest in the two adventurous members of their family, “Pock and Susie,” had all passed away before Lady Victoria’s death. In the brilliant pages of Miss Thomeycroft Fowler’s “Isabel Carnaby” a portrait of Miss Georgina’s personality and manner of speech may be traced.

It would be hard to reconstruct the early Victorian characters, the refinement, the talents, and, in the one instance, the rare gifts of mind, which were found among them. Their interests were closely woven in with the family which brought so much colour and life into their own quietly ordered lives, and their influence and home were among the things which contributed to Lady Victoria’s happiness when a child at Brighton.

It was in the midst of this happy home life at Inveraray that Lady Victoria contracted the severe illness which so nearly cost her her life. Hitherto, she had been peculiarly healthy, considering the restraints of her disablement, and nothing more serious than the usual maladies of childhood had troubled her. During the autumn of 1868 she

showed signs of grave illness, and no treatment arrested the mischief, the cause of which was not properly diagnosed.

It would serve no purpose to revive the memories, or recall the sufferings through which she passed. The malady grew daily worse, the symptoms more distressing, and the medical skill was at fault to relieve or to cure. It is sufficient to say that the symptoms were treated as, and believed to be, of an acute gastric nature, while the real cause of the disease was a severe abscess in the lung.

The Duchess was at the time much engrossed by the last illness of her mother, Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, and she did not take the alarm which was felt from the first by Lady Emma Campbell, who was that autumn, according to her usual custom, staying at the Castle.

Lady Emma Campbell, the younger and only surviving sister of the Duke of Argyll, had always been closely associated with the family life, and she loved her nephews and nieces with the most complete devotion. After the death of her father, she made her home in Edinburgh, and it was soon the centre of much work and many interests.

In appearance Lady Emma was not like her brother. She had brown hair, and her face, with its beaming smile and large blue eyes, closely resembled her mother, Joan Glassell. Lady Emma never had very strong health, and her energies were, at an early age limited by a strength which never bore being overtasked.

In the Disruption of 1843 she was one of those who "came out," and she upheld the cause of the Free Church of Scotland with singular fervour and zeal.

It was a great disappointment to her that the Duke, having sympathised and understood the case for the Free Church, had withdrawn himself from the party when he saw that schism was inevitable. He has left it on record that the controversy made him retire for the rest of his life from Church Courts and their politics, as far as was possible. This was not the case with Lady Emma. She threw in her lot with the Disruption leaders, and urged them forward with all the ardour of her brave and truth-loving spirit. The bitterness which was unfortunately the distinguishing mark of that unhappy controversy was not absent from the attitude Lady Emma took towards the National Church, and those who remained within its walls. She was essentially a fighter for the truth as she saw it, and her zeal swept her vehement spirit into many sayings and actions which seemed at the time extreme, and are, like so many other extinct volcanoes, difficult to reconstruct amid the cold ashes of a day that is dead.

It says much for the warm and generous love which was the keynote of her character, that these ecclesiastical controversies never separated her from her brother and his wife. If they could not see eye to eye they agreed to differ, and the Duchess had a wide tolerance and a deep, trustful love for Lady Emma.

Half the year was spent by her with the family at Rosneath or Inveraray. Special rooms were always

ready for her, and a morning visit to this beloved aunt is among the memories of the golden age. The early sunshine lighting up the turret where she sat. The eager, bright smile at the approach of the children, "Goldie Locks" and "Wee Wifey" their titles. The little ones played with her china parrots, and a wondrous crystal scent-bottle with four stoppers. On Sunday the picture Bible, and the teaching of the Scottish paraphrases. To the elder ones she was confidante and companion, and her home in Edinburgh was the lodging-place of the brothers, pursuing their studies at school and university.

There is no doubt that the Free Church carried with it and created in its midst a spirit of Evangelical fervour, lacking in the Church of Scotland at the time. Lady Emma sought the ministry of Dr. Candlish and Dr. Guthrie and other "lights," and in their teaching found rest and the life of service to which she devoted her time. In a letter written near the end of her life to Lady Victoria, she reviews the past in these words :—

July 11th, 1879.

You dear small woman thinking of me. Yes, I have had heavy hours there, but also much comfort, specially one season, when about twenty, and many weeks in those two rooms. I dreaded almost to leave them. But the place is terribly *dead*—and forgive me for saying, specially the Established Church—for what was most living had to leave it, and the worst of the division to me

was the feeling that those who remained were shunted out of the current of Evangelical life and interest.

Oh! if I could tell you how intensely I echoed *in my heart* Prepensé's strong expression yesterday: "Il faut que les Eglises d'Etat périsent afin que l'Évangile triomphe." Mark you—as Eglises d'Etat. That is simply that they be set free from bands and ties that hinder and hamper and divide from brethren.

But patience—each where we are have to seek a present God, and seek to be a means of blessing. I have looked out of that turret window and longed to see a field-preaching in the field beyond the river. Suppose we pray for that? Why not agree to do it, if it be His will, or He may send the blessing another way.

To you I say—Be strong and of a good courage, and believe in God. Believe in His Son. Believe in the Holy Ghost, not only as a creed, but in life. He knows all—can do all. Look at the three-fold blessing (Num. vi. 24).

I have been revelling in Dr. Buchanan's "Life." It stirs me as a trumpet might an old horse. There is pain too, not small, mixed up with it, but I am thankful to have lived through these days.

I wish people would ponder the fact that the conditions of membership in Church and citizenship in State was essentially different. I am involuntarily a subject and citizen.

In the Church I must enrol myself voluntarily, and enter on a quite new circle of duties, and privileges with which no man can meddle, unless in the prosecution of them I hurt or injure my neighbour. If the Church as a body, that is, the believing Christians associated together, are to be Christ's witnesses and servants, they must take heed to be free and disentangled, and out of free and willing gifts Christ's service should be upheld. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

In these words the vehement spirit looks back with the calmer insight that the years had brought her.

It is possible to wonder whether the Disruption would ever have taken place had the Church of Scotland been at the time a living and progressive force. A decade before it had "slain the prophets," in the persecution of Edward Irving and Campbell of Row. Had its own life died out in the effort to silence Truth, and had its members to suffer from all the sin of schism in order to find Evangelistic fervour?

There were more forces of upheaval at work than those which met the eye, and the blind folly of the Government was but the instrument in letting loose a spirit which was to quicken and leaven both Churches.

The Pope and the ministers of the Established Church were alike anathema to Lady Emma, and it was amusing to watch the conflict between the unquenchable and fiery zeal of the sectarian and that same ardent spirit in its works of warm-hearted love

and sympathy towards all the brethren of mankind. The poor were with her always, and her presence in their homes was a ray of pure sunlight. After Lady Emma's marriage to Sir John McNeill, she had a property at Liberton and a villa at Cannes. There are still many who recall the picture of her in her garden cutting the flowers with unsparing hand, and sending her guests of every degree away laden with blossoms and fruit. "Take these, and come back for more; they are the better for being cut." The voice so cheery in its sincerity and transparent truthfulness, and her words musical with the purest and pleasantest of Scottish accents.

The words spoken by Mr. Dodds after the death of Lady Emma in 1893 complete the picture of this woman so greatly beloved by a large circle of friends and kindred :—

"The Free Church has not been distinguished by being able to point to many names of the Scottish nobility upon her roll, but those of them whose names have been written there have been very noble. Their fame has been in all the Churches, for amongst them have been many whose lofty record of character and sacrifice makes them the truest types of Christian heroism.

"One of these—the last that death has removed—Lady Emma McNeill, widow of Sir John McNeill and sister of the Duke of Argyll, is eminently worthy of the place she occupies in the list of Disruption worthies commemorated in D. O. Hill's well-known

picture. From its day of small things to the present year of its jubilee, she was ever one of the faithfulest members of the Church, and herself one of the best types of religious character which it has produced. Few loved and trusted the Church as she did. She had seen enough of its history to believe that as it began under the influence of the highest ideal of loyalty to Christ, so along the lines of its present development will be found the solution of many a question, social and ecclesiastical. She had gladly borne her part in its earthly struggle, and ever since considered it a privilege rather than an obligation to share in its enterprise. In a life that had inherited so much from the past, and that was in contact with all that was best in the Scottish Church, it would be difficult to find any one chief moulding influence; but it is interesting to remember how it was her delight to talk of Dr. Candlish and the early days of St. George's, evidently under the feeling that she owed much to that distinguished man.

“In the days of her youth and strength—like many of the noblest of that time—she was full of that enthusiasm for the churchless crowds which Dr. Chalmers inaugurated, and was a prominent figure in the beginning of that now signally successful territorial experiment the Pleasance Free Church. The graceful tribute paid to her memory from that pulpit by the devoted pastor the day after her funeral showed how the early devotion of such a lady to Christ's cause amongst the poor still lingers as an inspiring memory. In the later years of her life,

when weak health made a personal share in such activities impossible, her means and influence were most generously at the disposal of every good cause which came under her notice.

“ Possessed of great gifts of mind and heart, like so many of the members of the ancient and noble house to which she belonged, she kept close watch on the theological movements within the Church, reading the literature of modern questions in various European languages; and while conservative in her own theological views, she had the fullest sympathy with every earnest attempt of accredited scholars to set the old faith in a better light. In matters of worship, too, whilst having her own preference for what was simple—for her whole manner of life was simple—yet her natural generosity of disposition made her ever ready to adjust herself, in matters non-essential, to the prevalent need; and she was ever ready to adopt, even to her own discomfort, anything which could be shown to be likely to make the Church a more effective weapon to influence the greatest number to a new or fuller interest in Christ. *O si sic omnes!* ”

“ But of all that she was the Church at large, and the congregations at Cannes and at Liberton in particular, were deprived with startling suddenness. Those present at the close of our Jubilee Assembly will remember the fitting reference in the Moderator’s prayer at the opening of the evening sederunt to the loss which the morning of a day bright with much promise had brought to the Church. It was



Photo]

LADY EMMA MCNEILL.

[Ferrel, Nice.



the more sad when one remembers that during the weeks immediately preceding, her health had been much better than usual, and that she was looking forward eagerly to her home-coming and residence in a newly purchased villa at Liberton, which during the winter, when she had been at Cannes, had undergone enlargement and alteration.

“ Her death has removed a name and an influence from amongst us which in many ways was a very great gift to our Church ; and while it creates a loss that is felt widely, to the congregations with which she was connected it is more than loss. Those who knew her feel to-day that it will not be easy to know again any one of such rank and such gifts, and at the same time with such humility and simplicity of character, as were the marks of that noble lady whose place is now empty, and who while with us in the days and years that were, made faith easier by her life, and work more joyous by her sympathy.”

Lady Emma had suffered too much from ailing health not to be very conscious of all its signals in others. What was wrong with Lady Victoria she did not know, but she was certain that the illness was of the gravest character, and neither she nor the devoted maid who was in charge were satisfied with the treatment, or the persistent optimism which maintained nothing serious was amiss.

The sketch which has been given of Lady Emma will have been very incomplete, unless it has shewn how fully one she was with all the family.

“ Coveting one’s neighbours’ daughters is as wrong as coveting anything else,” she wrote in after years to Lady Victoria, when desirous of her presence and feeling there were other calls on her time. Her nieces were to her as her very own children, and she had the full confidence of their parents.

It was resolved to move the invalid to Lady Emma’s house in Edinburgh, and there to place her under the care of Sir James Simpson.

The journey was done by posting, crossing the high pass to Loch Lomond, by the road with the stone bearing the inscription to “ Rest and be Thankful,” down to Balloch, where the train hastened and eased the weary journey.

On the road they learnt the death of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Emma felt that another and yet nearer loss was at hand for the Duchess, who had kept so long a vigil by the bedside of her mother.

Lady Emma’s house was then in St. Cuthbert’s Street, since renamed Torphichan Street, and the house to which Lady Victoria was taken “ a suffering child to die ” is now a nursing home. Very gravely ill did the beloved physician find the child of his friends, and he at once called in the aid of Dr. Halliday Douglas. For long there seemed to be little hope, the mischief was so extensive, and nature seemed exhausted. Probably the worst danger was over, and the discharge from the abscess, which had been taken for gastric trouble, had really been complete, and the poison had ceased to undermine the constitu-

tion. If this was so, and no operation was attempted or performed, it showed a very remarkable constitutional healthiness.

What watching and ceaseless care could give was hers. Dr. Halliday Douglas had the daily and almost hourly charge of the patient, and what his deep skill and knowledge could bring to the case was freely given. He was not only her doctor, but her friend. He early perceived the remarkable character and the reserve of vitality in the young girl under his charge, and he ministered as successfully to the mind as to the body.

In October, 1889, Dr. Douglas writes to his old patient: "Is it twenty-one years ago that we met! How shall I thank God that I retain your loving confidence. As time runs out, I value more than ever your friendly regard, and your pleasant memories of the past. I trust you did receive the blessing yesterday that wonderful Ordinance conveys. I wish you had been with us and received the help to Communion my simple ardent friend gave from the transfiguration, and the mount where it occurred—so simple—so true—so earnest. But if your soul has been fed, that is all."

On the anniversary of her birthday, Dr. Douglas writes: "It never returns without calling forth my sincere and earnest interest in your welfare and happiness. I seek for you a growing aptitude in the methods of the divine grace, of growing enjoyment of the Word, as the Revealer of God in Christ, and a growing joy in serving and enduring."

In 1895 the physician had lost none of his affection for his old patient, but he had lost his understanding of the indomitable courage and vitality which made Lady Victoria "a law unto herself" in matters of health. Neither perhaps could any doctor resident in Edinburgh understand the healing and reviving power that the West has for its own children of the mists and waves.

"Well! Of your plans. I am not very happy at the prospect of the winter in the Islands; but your London doctor of whom you write so pleasantly should know.

"For your own dear sake, and for many friends you will take care. Beware of distant journeys involving late or stormy returns home, and where you cannot get *comfortable* up-putting—and you know how that is (or is not) to be got in Tiree. I would rather have you near us at Mentone, or see you comfortably settled in your ancestral home at Inveraray. Wherever you go the Master will find work for you; oh, that I had some felt fitness for service, but I find there is a service that is not active."

The advice and admonition must have amused Lady Victoria, as her returns home were always late, and nearly always stormy, and her "resting-places" were often so in name, but not in fact.

That, however, is part of a history which this memoir has not yet reached, and the story must go back to the room "where in her breast the wave of life kept ebbing to and fro."

The Duke and Duchess returned to Edinburgh, and the family were at different times summoned to see the last of their sister. Even on January 10th, 1869, Dr. John Brown, "Rab and His Friends," as he was usually styled, wrote to his friend the Duchess:—

I hear from Lady Emma that your dear child is gently fading—to bloom lovelier than ever in the Paradise of God. This is sad, but it is less sad than not. I hope you and the rest of yours are all well. May The Almighty Father watch over you and them, and keep you as He has, hitherto, so divinely done, from the temptations of earthly greatness, and intellectual powers and reach.

Slowly, and to the watchers, as it seemed, almost miraculously, the life was given back, and the wonderful constitution began to gain ground, and recovery very slowly but surely set in. It was an uphill climb, and the exhausted nature told on the buoyant spirit. The sense of her crippled condition seemed first to have dawned on her as she again faced life.

There was also the realisation of another burden, not that of the flesh, "fightings and fears within, without," and the hill Difficulty was very steep to the young pilgrim. The necessary aid came to her, but the battle against principalities and powers lasted longer than the struggle of Nature.

"Dec. 23rd, 1880. Twelve years ago to-day," she writes in a diary, "Dr. Guthrie paid me his first

sick-room visit." It was not the last, and by degrees light came out of darkness. What Lady Emma was to her in these days it is impossible to say. She devoted her whole time and thought to the room in her house where the weary fight was being maintained for so long without any hope of seeing a recovery, and she was only desirous that the tired mind and body might be led by still waters and green pastures.

When the tide of life returned, Lady Emma was unwearied in her efforts to minister to all that could amuse and revive the mental condition. There was much need of encouragement, and how Lady Emma understood the girl who was to be such a comfort in her own future life, the following letters will show:—

1878.

My darling bairny,

I am sure no rough step or bit of your road has been without its purpose and its blessing. When I began to think you were to live and not die, nine years ago, I was sure you had work to do, and you may remember my telling you, when you would not believe it, that a life of much *use* and work at home might be before you.

Peculiar training and discipline—if we are taught to accept it—is ever for a purpose and one of abundant recompense.

1874.

Darling,—The day I left you, as we drove along, the two subjects that came to my mind suggested

by the place—the season and all that has been—were: The grass withereth, the flower thereof fadeth, and the grace and the fashion of it perisheth.—**BUT** the Word of the Lord endureth for ever.

And this—“ I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work.” The contrasts between the utter insecurity of all here and the Word that is abiding. Yesterday, Dr. Guthrie was preaching about the things that are shaken and “ the things that cannot be shaken.” You are just learning to know by experience a little of the change and the pain of it which pursues one so continually. Do learn to know and to *lean on daily* the “ Word ” that is abiding, and Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. You *know*, but follow *on* to know.

CANNES, 1874.

We had a delightful Communion yesterday. Mr. Minto alluded to what I think is scarcely spoken of enough. The wonderful evidence afforded by the institution and continued celebration of the Supper of the truth of the Gospel story, for no other intelligible explanation can be offered of what has been done for eighteen centuries, and if it be all most really true do not let us dishonour or grieve the Lord by doubts ever renewed, but remember His words, “ Blessed are they that have not seen but have believed.”

In connection with difficulties and difficult

questions, perhaps you err in going *about* for the solving of these. Truth is central. It is in Him who is the Truth, and to *us*, He is the faithful and true Witness, and to Christians the secret of peace and stability is to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, because knowing Him, considering Him, we learn to trust in Him absolutely. He does not here explain all things to us, and we consent to wait. I do not believe there is any solution of our difficulties possible till we are stilled and hushed as in the presence chamber, thanks for *this*; that God reigneth, and can take refuge as Jesus did in this—"Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Dec. 24th, 1877. CANNES.

Dearest V. It is a hundred years to-day since my father was born. The thought came to me this morning with such a feeling how short it all is, and then look forward to another hundred years and how short the time here will have been, and yet how momentous. Depend upon it, "the golden haze" *gathers* in looking back, and *then* the haze was golden in looking on. Now our hope should be brighter, not being an instinct, but a hope God-given and resting on Him, who is not only true, but the Truth.

I wish you would send me Mr. Saphir's tract. It was just the thing to write when he felt low—and so it will be not the outflowing of a mere mood, but a strong word for those who may be cast down.

As Dr. Dykes once said about David's word, "I will trust and not be afraid." Evidently he was afraid, and was setting his face, as he elsewhere says, "encouraging himself in the Lord His God"; and all lower props and comforts fail. The one is enough, never failing, ever sure.

CANNES, 1880.

Light has been on the hills of Grasse most of the day. Everything is beginning to grow. The heavy rain and the warmer air have set the life stirring in all the plants, and it is a comfort to see the leaves look clean and fresh: they had been so dusty and so parched.

Some anemones are coming up just below our window, and one of them the genuine red; and the yellow crocuses are also opening their eyes.

Oh, dear V., He who reneweth the face of the earth each year hath much better in store for us, and not withered leaves of the dead past, but flowers and fruit, of the life to be, are our portion. It is written, we are saved by Hope, and in that Hope let us live, so this life, though brief, shall not be vain—only the sorrow of it need not crush us.

Spring had nearly passed into summer before the convalescence was assured. The Easter message of Risen Life came with new meaning to those who saw that health was restored, and the mind and spirit were ready to acknowledge the supreme call for a life of dedication.

As this chapter began with Lady Victoria's own words, so must it close with words commemorative of this season of clear shining after rain.

1878.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Just ten years since in fear, in weakness and darkness, I vowed this, then heard it claimed in chimes of Love and Peace as being indeed "reasonable service," and then the mercies! How innumerable they are, even now the "knowing hereafter" has been in a measure granted, and yet I know again and again my restless spirit asks why?

CHAPTER IV

HOME FOR GOOD

“ Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.”

THE summer of 1869 was fully past before Lady Victoria was fit to move. It was not thought expedient that she should return to the activities of the family life at Inveraray. A longer period of quiet, and a climate less damp than that of the west coast, was prescribed for her further recovery.

Lady Emma took a house at Crieff, and there a happy autumn was passed in long drives and walks with a pony-chair. Her sister, Lady Evelyn, spent the time with her, and the return of strength was steadily satisfactory.

With the approach of winter it was necessary to consider where that season should be spent.

Sunshine and warmth were deemed essential for the still delicate lung, and it was decided that Lady Emma should take a villa at Cannes, and that she and Lady Victoria should go there, and that later on two of the sisterhood should join them on the Riviera.

It was a wise decision. The change was the more complete to Lady Victoria, that she had never been abroad, and her love of scenery, and the revelation of what sunlight and flowers were in the land of "Fair France," all aided and stimulated her complete restoration to health.

For another reason, it was well that she was removed from Scotland, for a heavy shadow was hanging over the family at home.

The Duchess had been staying at Alnwick, and returned alone to Inveraray in the month of December. A bitter frost, accompanied by the usual fog in the Clyde, disorganised the steamboat service, and the Duchess landed late at Lochgoilhead. The carriage sent for her returned, believing that she had not been able to come, and the Duchess crossed the Pass to Loch Fyne in an open carriage. The night was intensely cold, and she arrived at the Castle after a most trying journey.

The Duke was detained in London by public business, and only the five daughters were at Inveraray. The same evening the Duchess had a paralytic seizure of great severity, and but for the prompt measures taken by Dr. Macdonald, who was then the medical officer in the town of Inveraray, there would have been no recovery from the critical condition of unconsciousness in which she was found by one of her children.

It was a night never to be forgotten by any one of those who lived through its wakeful hours. The time seemed very long before the Duke could return, or Sir

James Simpson, hastily summoned from Edinburgh, could possibly reach the Castle.

A recollection abides of the arrival of the great physician. He had posted from Balloch, and to utilise the long, dark hours he had fixed at the back of his carriage two candles, by the light of which he had read with complete absorption, totally oblivious of the mountains of wax which had freely dropped on his massive head with the long, thick, grey hair, and on his broad shoulders.

The family, hastily summoned, gathered from every quarter, and for many weeks life hung in the balance.

The Duchess made a partial recovery, but her health from that time to the date of her death was a matter of constant watching and anxiety. To Lady Emma, hearing the reports at Cannes, and to others within the circle of the home, there came many thoughts as to what the future must have in store for her children. The remembrance of the life given back in so marvellous a manner the winter before, rose to every mind, and the words Lady Emma wrote to Lady Victoria when the long and anxious watch was ended, that her life had been given back for some "special purpose," were fulfilled in the years that followed this sad calamity.

After several weeks, the immediate and pressing anxiety was relieved, and the sisters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Evelyn, joined the party at Cannes.

Some of their letters have been preserved, and they show how happily and with what restored youthful enjoyment Lady Victoria was taking in her

surroundings, and entering into the life of the new country.

Sir John McNeill came to live in Cannes. His beautiful presence, and stately, kindly manners, made him a great addition to the friends residing that winter in Cannes. The young people loved him at first sight, and he devised for them many an enjoyable picnic and expedition. Their keen eyes soon perceived that it was not for their edification only that he found so many opportunities of passing his time in their company.

Lady Emma had been an old friend of Lady McNeill before her death, when she and Sir John lived at Granton. The mind of Lady Emma, engrossed with the charge of her nieces, did not as quickly perceive the happiness, as great as it was deserved, which was coming into her own life. In the secret fun and nonsense of the happy party, Lady Emma often heard her friend spoken of as "Uncle John," and she would bid her wild charges keep their tongues in check, and not talk more nonsense than they could help.

The young people were not deceived. When at last Lady Emma brought Lady Victoria back to her home, Sir John McNeill also returned to London and sought an interview with the Duke, who was then Secretary of State for India, and in that Office he heard news which surprised him more than it did his daughters. He had not had all their opportunities, but he knew Sir John McNeill both in his distinguished life of public service and as a personal friend, and he

realised that Lady Emma's future happiness was assured.

Thus was the parting with her "dear bairny" made easier, and those who wondered how it was to be with her, when bereft of one on whom her mind had centred for so long, saw the path made clear for all.

Among the many interests at Cannes during that winter were the presence of the then Princess Frederick of Prussia and her two young sons, Prince William and Prince Henry. They came occasionally to the Villa, and Lady Victoria refers to their visits in the following letters:—

VILLA SEVERIN, CANNES, *Dec. 28th, 1869.*

My dearest Frances,

Many thanks for your letter; I got it on Christmas Day. I am afraid you will think me very lazy about writing, and now it is rather late to wish you a happy Christmas, so this letter must come in for the New Year. I wish you a very happy one.

It is so nice to hear that dear Mama is so much better; I do hope she will go on all right now. It will be very nice having Libby and Evey here. I wish you could see this place, it is so beautiful, but just now we seem to have got a touch of your weather. It has been so cold for three days, and there is snow on the Grasse Hills. The chemist told Knowles yesterday, when she went to get something, that the Cannes people are quite

frightened at its being so cold — they are so unaccustomed to it. To-day, however, we have had a nice sun, and I just took a turn for about half an hour. The donkey was quite frisky after his three days' rest—kept kicking up his hind legs in running, whereupon as usual I rewarded him with bread. I am afraid there is not much to tell you until to-day; I have not been out since Friday. The birds even look quite astonished at this unusual weather, and come knocking against the windows. We have put some bread on the balcony. Last Saturday Dot went to a Christmas tree for the Protestant Sunday School; they have it at two o'clock, because people and the tinies don't go out much here after sunset, so they shut the shutters and make it quite dark. Mademoiselle Penchina helped the French pastor to make things for it and to decorate it.

1870.

Many thanks for your letter. I am so sorry to hear that Mama is not quite so well, and I am very anxious to hear again. Do write very often and give us news, because if you don't there is nobody else, now Libby and Evey are away, so you and Mary will have plenty of use for your pens.

It has been such a lovely morning here. Dot and I have been sitting out on the balcony; it is so unlike January at home. The Dufferins are here now, but they are not going to stay long. Coupé, the donkey, is very well, in excellent condition.



ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.
(1868.)

I have had a good many long walks with Knowles lately; the roads just now are in such a dreadful condition. The soil here is very sandy, and when it rains the roads are in a state fit neither for man nor beast. It is dreadful hard work for the beasts. The other day we drove to see the Campbells. The little bit of road leading down to their house was so bad, that the coachman and horses that they hired struck work, and said it was too much, as they were not very strong beasts, so they have got to get another pair.

What a shame it is, the horses being killed! Why were not Jones' horses used, or, at any rate, the Tarbet horses sent on to meet them? We are expecting Lady Dufferin to luncheon.

It is now half-past nine in the morning, and the thermometer outside in the shade is 60°, and the flowers are quite lovely. I hope Mama will get the box all right that Dot has just sent her by the railway; they won't let them go by the post now. I suppose they think as the flowers are becoming so plentiful it would become troublesome, as people are so fond of sending them, at least they only make objections to them to England. They go from one part of France to another quite easily. People here are very busy getting up picnics. On Monday Libby and Dot are invited to a large party of Lord Dalhousie's for the Islands. There are a good many people going: Mr. Milne, the Scotch minister, the Kintores, and the Balfours, and I

don't know whether there are any others. This afternoon we are going in the carriage to join Lady Kintore, and then we go on to a country road, and Lady Kintore and Dot are to take some tea. It is quite a small affair, chiefly to gather ferns, there are a good many on that road. Evey and I are just going to have a walk; I am going out in the little carriage. I have been a good deal on the saddle lately, and have had many beautiful views from the hills. Last night we had two tremendous peals of thunder, a very odd storm; the lightning was very forked, but there only seemed to be two of them. Last Thursday afternoon Dot, Libby and I drove to Antibes, and heard the band; it was very pretty. Evey rode the same afternoon with Mr. Campbell. Antibes is such an odd-looking little fortified town. Coming back we had a lovely view of Nice and the Alps, at least we could only see a little bit of the Alps, because there was a mist over them. Coming back, Dot got out and got some tulips. The field where she got them from was almost scarlet with them.

(About one o'clock.) We have just come in from a walk in time for the rain. I suppose the thunder-shower we had last night will break up the weather for a day or two. There is such a delicious breeze down on the Croisette off the sea. We took little Papillion out; he is beginning to follow very well.

Are there many snowdrops in the garden still?
One misses them here. We have not seen one,
they don't have them.

Good-bye now.

Yours very affectionate,

VICTORIA CAMPBELL.

I seem to be in a mood for making mistakes
to-day in my writing.

April 22nd, 1870.

We have had a very nice tea-picnic this afternoon with Sir John and the two girls of Mrs. Cumming, at least, one is her stepchild. We went down to a beautiful place here that turns off from the Fréjus Road by the river. It is quite lovely, and a little fir wood just before one comes to the river. Sir John took the courier, who is dreadfully fat, so much so, that one of the coachmen, the one with the pannier, objected to take him with only one horse; his name is Constantine. He says he was abroad with Papa and Mama and Edith at Rome. I am not quite sure if it was the last time, or some years ago. He made a beautiful fire to boil the kettle, and we had a very cosy little tea. I had Coupé to meet me there, so I was able to go about; it is such a pretty place.

We went to the Esterels the other day. One drives to a small village called Napoul at the beginning of them, where the donkeys meet one, and then you ride. It was quite beautiful. The white heather

there is much later than at Cannes ; it is nearly over now. Yesterday afternoon the two little Princes, Princess of Prussia's boys, came with their tutor. They are such nice boys, the eldest is eleven, the other seven ; the eldest is very like the Queen. They gave us two large eggs (imitation). Mine was white, with a robin upon it ; and Evey's pink, with some tiny little figures inside. They are going to come again some day.

November, 1869.

Dot and I had such a beautiful drive up to a village near here. The man who drove us had such a nice dog, called Marquise ; it was half a Pomeranian, and seemed such a wise beast. He ran along by the side of the carriage for a long time, and then he took him on the box. It was such fun to see the charge he took of the horses, which were very nice little beasts.

I have not seen the donkey since Saturday—at least, I have seen him, because the girl brought him on Monday afternoon, but I was too tired, and it had got cold just before this rain came ; so we gave him some bread and sent him away, and I have not been able to get out since. I expect he will be lively when he is used again. I must write you a longer letter another day, but now I want to write a note to Mary, and then I expect my French mistress at four o'clock."

The return home was in every sense "for good."

Deep as was her love for her aunt, and deeper still her gratitude for all that she had brought to her, her spirit craved for the home-life and intercourse with her parents. What she felt about "the sisterhood" is best put in her own words, as she wrote it to one of the number. "Nothing in life will ever be so merry and jolly as our sisterhood, although none of us doubts there is another and better happiness. I often think that one does not sufficiently appreciate, so long as one is in the midst of it, a life among ourselves that, however present anxieties may mar it, has always the charm and freshness of a youth that can never quite grow old with us."

She was to be "the solitary in the family." The thread of family life was often snapped and woven afresh, but through the whole of her life the home had the first claim on her heart and remembrance.

Lady Victoria knew what the parting between her and Lady Emma would mean. At times she had had doubts whether her duty would not be to remain beside her. But now Lady Emma was not to return to the life she had led before her niece became her first and absorbing care. Another claimed her deep and tender affections, and Lady Victoria's love "turned again home."

Sorely was her presence needed. The illness of the Duchess had changed many things, and much had to be faced. We can trace how these new conditions were understood and their meaning grasped. Life had been deepened and instructed by the experience and discipline of the past. A child in years, she had

the sense of responsibility of one who had passed through much and learned some of the deepest lessons of life. There was "much land yet to be possessed," but the spirit had entered into its heritage, and all things had become new.

One other matter had to be faced during this period. After her return from Cannes, Lady Victoria, when in town, again went through the treatment prescribed by Dr. Roth. After two or three years, it was necessary to decide whether any further benefit was to be gained by its continuance. The exercises used were a great tax on the strength, and the conditions of the lameness seemed to preclude any further improvement. It appeared more useful to turn all the ingenuity and perseverance of Dr. Roth in the direction of superintending the mechanical supports he had already devised for her assistance. Dr. Radcliffe, the specialist, who was in constant attendance on the Duchess, was consulted, and he gave the final decision that nothing more could be achieved by pursuing the course of treatment which, during the years of growth, had been so beneficial.

The following letter from the Rev. Dr. Story, of Rosneath, was placed by her among her thoughts at this time, with a prefix: "Received after Dr. Radcliffe's decision, I was to discontinue Dr. Roth, and glad though I was in one sense, it was a trial to feel the door was shut." "I was very happy to hear that you were free from the Drs. this season. What a relief it must be! How I wish they could have done all for you one would wish to do, dear Lady Victoria,

and yet I believe that you will see, when the plan of your life has been worked out, that the want of that has been better for you than the possession of it could have been. I did not know that I had been a help to you, and what you say about yourself I could not read with dry eyes,—partly from the pleasure it gave me to hear you say it,—partly from a sense of my own unworthiness to have such things said to me, partly from the feeling, the strong feeling of regard and sympathy I have for you personally, dear Lady Victoria. When you speak of your ‘narrowed life,’ you do not know how much those that have watched even a little of it may have learnt from it, and how it may have helped them to understand :

“ ‘Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that fails not by the way.’

These lines always echo in my mind with a deep meaning that I daresay you will not comprehend. Whether the future is to bring you, or can bring you, any enlargement of outward activity or not, I am certain your life will always be in a far higher sphere, a life full of usefulness and light.”

In 1877 Lady Victoria went with Miss Susan Johnstone to Paris, to take advantage of the delicate skill in mechanical contrivances, in which the French were at that time, at any rate, in advance of the English makers. Her difficulties, and those of the instrument makers, were not easily overcome, and she spent a month in Paris before returning to London. Even then Dr. Roth’s unwearying patience and

vigilant eye, as to the means of helping this old and creditable patient of his, was not satisfied, and the short daily diary kept in this year is full of notes and observations on her new "steel." When at last completed, it did credit to the ingenuity of her friend, Dr. Roth, and to the delicate adjustment of the makers. How effectively they assisted her, those who remember her activities will understand, but though she never flinched from wearing these supports, as the aids to her going out and coming in, they always meant great fatigue, and rest was only complete when "I have my steel off."

March, 1877.

Trying to make plans for usefulness, but it seems as if it must wait.

Thinking much over plans for work, but as yet unsettled. Resolved on Cripples' Home. Made inquiries about Workhouse.

Went to see a play. Confirmed in dislike of them. Paris. Measurement for new steel. Drove to see Notre-Dame. Wished for more beauty in our churches. Week of much thinking on self and prospects. Letter to my father. Feel fresh energy.

Went to Deaconess Home. Charmed with it. Saw Flower Mission. Went to Louvre.

All day in dressing-gown, expecting Steel people. Miss S. went after them. Came at five. Not right, taken back. Feel very anxious as to its success.

April 21st. LONDON.

Feel very thankful to be back. Feel in heart for work. How much since I left have I cause for thankfulness.

Went to see Beau Coventry at Mildmay. Think the Deaconess House charming. Saw how much was required. At the same time, what home scope, if faithful. Renewed vows.

May 22nd.

Twenty-three to-day. Thoughts of past and future life. Mildmay opened my eyes to much.

Week of realising how much is happily changed for me, while feeling what the thing in itself is to me.

There must be no undue emphasis placed on this part of her life. She overcame any morbid shrinking in herself, and fought her rebellions, and made this thorn in the flesh no burden to her friends. On the other hand, it would be no true history if there was not some account of "the fecht" which had to be fought and won.

Her lameness never caused acute physical suffering, but as her mind grew, and the impulse to energetic action expanded, so did she realise how heavy was her handicap in the race she had to run. Constantly her inner meditations turned on the purpose of this not light affliction, and her diaries record the "fits of wild rebellion," repented of in such deep sincerity and truth.

Only in the full realisation of the trial is it possible to understand the dauntless courage which faced all difficulties with so unshaken and cheery a front.

Her medical friends—and she notes in a letter to a correspondent, “I feel as if my world had been composed of Drs., and I know how tiresome it is”—were well accustomed to her humorous demand that they should cut off the useless limb. In all the perils by land and sea the difficulties of her movements were not only made light of, but described with irresistible humour.

“If it has got to be done, it can be done,” she would say to Knowles, her prop in life, and those who understood the particular way to aid and not impede her movements by over-caution received the reward of her humorously worded praise.

Nature intended her for a life of vigorous physical freedom and exertion. When she returned home, Lady Victoria found her mother laid aside from much of her usual life. It was natural that the daughter, whose disabilities prevented her taking part in the amusements of her age and of the society to which she belonged, should find herself left the guardian and companion of her mother. This was the first call on her love and duty in the nine years which were to pass before the death of the Duchess.

A letter, written to the sister who had shared the treatment of Dr. Roth with her, and whose disabilities, though of a different nature, had brought her into close comradeship with her elder sister, may fitly close this side of the story of her life.

May 21st, 1878. EASTBOURNE.

My dear old F.,

I do not think I can employ my evening better after C. has gone to bed than in writing to my old red-hair hackle. I am sitting opposite the sea, which is tossed about with white horses, every now and then overclouded with wild storms of wind and rain, then lit up with a bit of rainbow, while little ships ever and anon appear tossing, but whiles lit up with a gleam of light. They all serve to remind me of one who has tossed on such a sea, but on whose sails there is light, although, F., I suppose there must be, to a certain extent, tossing and fechtig until our Captain leads us safe into harbour, whereunto He will surely bring us if we are keeping under His orders, and are waiting on His word of command.

I know in my own case there are many, many tossings which are my own incurring. F., I hope you will ask for a blessing on "Martha," as, doubtless, you will be smiling over her texts to-morrow.

Twenty-four! I can hardly believe it. The time was, and not long ago, when I used to make it my stage (her birthday) to watch the progress of my walking powers, begun in old days by maids saying, "I hope by the time your next birthday comes round you will be able to walk about."

I hope you are not among those who are deceived by my so-called "patience." As I knelt only last night in Kingie's room the old longing seemed to spring up anew with the mixture you may guess, as

God does not chide the longing. I felt it was a storm which must have its way, but oh, F., how ungrateful it is, because even already I have traced light out of this very darkness, and can see as clear as daylight how much I have needed and do need it, and such storms are, I am thankful to say, fewer and farther between, and cannot, I think, have anything of their old bitterness.

I tell you this because I know you will understand it, and I wish you to know. Although each one must fight out his or her own battle, still, there are some who can enter more closely into one another's struggles, and I suppose it is partly this feeling which has wrapped you so much in my life.

Do you suppose it was only because I was tired and weakminded, after I saw your golden pow disappear down the stair, I felt I must and might give way? All the same, I was very glad to see you fairly off, and am glad you are doing what you know to be useful as well as pleasant.

Don't waste the time, F.! Be the sister of "Martha"; nothing like the wish to help other people makes one find out how much one requires this.

23rd.

I cannot tell you what your letter has been to me to-day. Not difficult to know where "the green spot" has been. Sometimes I did feel the awful responsibility you were. I was so afraid I might

be doing harm instead of good, as I daresay I often did, but I believe God has overruled all for good. If you needed the telling, I think you would see by my last letter to you what you are to me, and I am glad your letter crossed it, because, although it is not your nature to speak "fair things," I might have had a lurking fear you wished to shower comfort on me. Don't be afraid of a too-"Martha" spirit just now. These last months have taught me much. You have taught me much, and I do know how sinfully unbelieving and distrustful I am to God. You have been the means of keeping me going very, very often, and perhaps you would be surprised how much I lean upon you, dear old child. Strange you should have that sentence over your writing-table, "Our hearts are restless, till they rest in Thee."

Remember, "God will give us the souls, for whom we wrestle." "Tho' mercy long delay," it is still coming. May God help you to bear and wait, and be a blessing to many.

Last night I sat listening to the southing of the sea, and the whole thing brought back my Liverpool and Brighton days to me, and the still small voice heard in the hush of evening seemed to reproach my ingratitude. The almost total helplessness of those days, and now I have C. in charge, and am well enough to do it, and feel the parents do trust me. Such thoughts, as you know from my last epistle, were much needed. Many, many thanks for that letter of yours. Much as I un-

deserve it, it has brought its own message. I agree with you about "God's Peace." If you could compare, as I can, the whole state of things from when I first came home for good in 1870, you would see how blessedly God has been teaching and leading many of us, and I look upon us four as a united little band.

"Trying to make plans for usefulness, but it seems as if it must wait." These very characteristic words describe the whole of her attitude on her return home, and during the next nine years, much as there was to do in the home, her energetic mind turned constantly to what she always called "outside work."

In those days when young women were more tied and hidebound with the conventional idea of what women should or should not do, and the injunction "thou shalt not" was more often laid upon them than not, it was difficult, especially for one in Lady Victoria's condition, to do philanthropic work. Lady Emma had long before led the way among the women of Edinburgh, and though she was always beset with fears whenever anything was proposed that was a tax on her niece's health, still she knew that her unresting energy would never be really content with an existence passed on the sofa, and she helped to break down the conventional ideas which barred her usefulness to others.

The first definite work which Lady Victoria undertook was to visit, in company with her sisters, at the Home for Crippled Boys in Kensington. There,

weekly, a pleasant hour was passed in reading aloud to the boys in their workshops.

One of her companions well remembers the nervous strain and the efforts to overcome the natural shyness and deep reserve which Lady Victoria had in these first ministrations. To the very end of her life, speaking to classes and meetings was always with her a great effort, and though she seemed to do so with outward ease, the preparation was always most careful, and the effort took much out of her.

Her next work was one which drew her into closer relations with "the family of mankind." It required a greater effort to overcome her shyness, but she fought that difficulty and overcame the other obstacles, and was at length permitted to visit the wards of the Kensington Infirmary. At the bedsides of the patients she had her first training in a ministry to suffering humanity under some of its saddest aspects.

It was "twice blessed," for in those wards she learnt in the temptations of life that no strange thing had happened to herself, and in hearing the trials of others she lost the sense of her own individual cares.

To every strong nature there comes the temptation to believe that it stands alone in the world's battle-fields. A strong sense of individuality is apt to cause a morbid introspection. A large family is too often centred in itself, and believes devoutly that its ways are not as other men's, but greatly superior. For all such self-contained and self-sufficient errors, the school of life is the best remedy. When the gates

of knowledge were thrown open, and freedom came from the schoolroom and the gymnasium, she became an eager scholar in the great school of humanity.

A year or two after her return home, Lady Victoria saw that the health of Miss King was gradually failing. Her anxiety was not lightened by knowing how carefully the old woman was concealing her illness and sufferings from the Duchess, for the thought of her mistress was ever foremost in the mind of this devoted servant.

Lady Victoria shared the secret with another friend in the household, Elizabeth Knowles, who was unwearying in her efforts to save Miss King all the work she could undertake for her, and she brought to her aid a rare gift of nursing.

There are many places in this memoir where it would have been possible to give some account of this friend and servant of Lady Victoria's youth. At no time was she drawn into closer intercourse with Lady Victoria than during these years, when the two had a common friendship, and were sharing together the hopes and fears of a sick-room, and it seems appropriate to place here some of the story of her life of service.

Elizabeth Knowles had been recommended to the Duchess as a reliable servant to be with Lady Victoria, when she was obliged to reside apart from the family. She had been in the service of Miss Morritt at Brighton, the beautiful girl to whom Sir Walter Scott dedicated his poem of Rokeby. Miss Morritt was a friend of the Misses Johnstone, and



Photo]

[*Marshall, Wane & Co.*

LADY VICTORIA CAMPBELL.

(1885.)

through them the Duchess heard of the maid whom she desired to place in so responsible a position. The "character" was more in accordance with the truth than many which are given, and from the day that Knowles entered the service of the family till the year when age and infirmities obliged her to retire from her many forms of service, she was always the devoted "watch-dog," as she was truly called, of all that belonged to the interests of her young charge.

For thirty-nine years Elizabeth Knowles belonged to the household, and when Lady Victoria ceased to reside with her father, she accompanied her to Tiree. In a wonderfully preserved old age, she is still able to supply many a tale of Lady Victoria's wandering life.

Knowles was a native of Leytonstone, a district of Essex, which is now a part of outer London, the great town having long ago swallowed up the country village of the days when she was born and brought up there. At the age of fifteen she first went out to service, and it was in 1866 that she entered the service of the Duchess.

Knowles recalls the first sight of her charge. For some reason, on arriving at Argyll Lodge, she had been told she was not to see Lady Victoria till the next morning. The lively inquisitiveness of that young person, who was then twelve years old, disregarded this edict, and she appeared "keeking in" at the door of the room where Knowles was seated. Thus the two, who were to tread together through the rest of life's pilgrimage, met face to face. Still vivid to the

survivor is the picture of the bright face, smiling and full of mischief, the masses of her abundant golden hair standing out of the dusky background—the whole a vivid contrast to the crutches on which she then moved.

If Knowles were able to write all the story of the days she spent in that lifetime service, it would be one of deep interest. She was well fitted to carry out the instructions of the doctors, and her perseverance in the long hours of home treatment, if it did not do all it was intended to do, set a fine example of conscientious and undeviating duty. It was no "eye service" with her, and she was as faithful to her orders, when apart from supervision, as she was when the authorities were at hand. For the first four years of her service she was much alone, and she managed the situation of being servant and overseer with a complete understanding of the relative positions of herself and her charge.

Knowles was most helpful in stimulating and encouraging all Lady Victoria's growing efforts, and she never lost the outlook of her future life. It was she who first taught her to walk with one stick and the support of an arm, and almost to the end it was Knowles who best understood how to help and aid her.

It was Knowles who first watched and tenderly nursed the earlier as well as the later stages of the long illness of 1868. It was she who was convinced that the grave symptoms had their root in some serious cause, and her efforts never relaxed till she

had made the doctor and Lady Emma perceive that life was in danger. Fortunately, though with no special training, Knowles was a born nurse, and her sleepless vigilance and tender, resourceful handling were among the good gifts which were sent for the restoration of this life.

In a very literal sense, she was always the "handy man." In the island life of the future she was to learn how to cook and housekeep, and when supplies failed, she learnt of necessity how to make bricks without straw. It was good to see the shrewd, keen-eyed Londoner dealing with the western Celt. She was never known to spare the truth as she saw it, and to exact an honest account of labour which had been paid for. Whether she was residing in "the ancestral home," where Dr. Douglas wished to think of Lady Victoria, or far away with her among the winds and billows of the mystic Isles, she said her mind in a manner which left nothing to be understood. Some farmer pedigree must have been in her blood, for she had the eyes of a tiller of the soil, and she understood animals thoroughly.

Two Pomeranian dogs which gave much happiness to Lady Victoria as a girl were trained by Knowles. Frisky and Papillion were great additions, the first to her life in Brighton, and the last, a Frenchman, came into her possession at Cannes.

When Knowles began residence among the island crofts, she had plenty to say concerning the lack of enterprise, the makeshift idleness, and the absence of all go-ahead methods in the farming of her many

neighbours. Her comments were all full of a pungent accuracy which her victims had not energy to combat. She was never content with comment. When she was finally installed as housekeeper at the newly enlarged lodge in Tiree, she told the factor he had not sufficiently considered the interests of those who were to dwell in the house. It must be owned, had she been made clerk of the works and given a free hand, its amenities would have been considerably increased, and money would have been spent to better purpose.

However, Knowles made the best of many a worse job, and she set herself to rear poultry, and make a garden out of an enclosure of sandy grass. It was discouraging when she watched the wild winds lift the cabbages from their shifting roots, and whirl them aloft. But it was not her rôle in life to be left grumbling, and she possessed endless ingenuity in making the best of every situation. Many were her contrivances under varying conditions to insure the comfort of one who was always too engaged in a wider field to take note of household cares.

It is on record that in many of the resting-places Lady Victoria chose in the islands, those who came to call her with the morning cup of tea would find her in a room so thick with smoke, the occupant of the bed was almost invisible, but not inanimate, for she would be found immersed in writing, and oblivious of the gale which howled outside, or the reek which concealed her within.

“ Who will cook for her, who will provide? ” were

the anxious queries of Lady Emma, when Lady Victoria first resolved on life in the islands. "You may be certain, my lady, that Lady Victoria will not be allowed to starve," was the answer of Knowles, on the defensive

She relates how on one of these early occasions a pair of rabbits had been left in the kitchen. They had to be skinned. The island girl professed herself ignorant of the art, and after the manner of the islanders, ran away from the difficulty. Knowles looked at the rabbits, and at the empty pot, and the runaway girl, and decided that if that pot was to boil she must try her hand. All went well till she reached the head of the rabbit, and then a certain lack of technique made the head come off with the skin, to her disgust, and the making of a good story against herself.

Many and wild are the adventurous journeys she can tell of now her lips are unsealed. "Say nothing about it," was the frequent command in the early days of their adventures, when her companion feared if all were known the powers that be might recall the travellers into a safe harbour.

Often the start was made in the dark of a winter morning or moonless night. The road to the landing-places rough, the guide to the boat, the light of a flickering lantern. The steamers famous for their unpunctuality and their total disregard of the creature-comforts for man or beast.

Then the tossing boats, the slippery gangways and deck ladders. Through it all the strong, skiful arms

of the crews who knew how to help, and had no intention she should ever suffer for lack of care. "If it has got to be done, it can be done," the motto for the day's journey. "Give me hold of a rope, and I'll manage." On one occasion, owing to the tide, the carriage had to be backed into the sea, and when the footboard was awash, and the water stood to the horse's shoulder, she was got into it. "If she had seen fear, she could never have done it," thus Knowles summed up the life she was describing. The sentence reveals the whole secret of her enterprises.

Knowles "saw fear" for her charge, but never failed to follow her leader and, mercifully, she saw with her all the humours of every situation. She was not made of the stuff of too many modern servants. It never occurred to her to talk of the work for which she was, or was not, engaged, nor did she know that tiresome situation called "her place." She did what her hand found to do, and if the work was out of the way, she had the pride of perfect service, and brought to the crisis a clever brain, an observing eye, and a mother wit that saw how the thing could be done, and spared not the telling of it.

Her fearless comments were always just, if not always judicious. Perhaps she expected too much from the raw material which came under her rule, and at times she was heavy on the feckless do-less-ness of her subordinates.

For thirty-nine years she watched the strenuous life she had so materially fostered, and she knew, as no one else knew, how heavy was the tax on the

frail body and tireless spirit. Often her sensations were those of a hen, when the duckling takes to the water. It was her lot to nurse Lady Victoria through innumerable breakdowns, and she never shirked the duty of saying "I told you so" with every variety of cheerful intonation. When these reminiscences reach the days of island life, Knowles, as "the universal provider," will often reappear.

CHAPTER V

“ PASTORS AND MASTERS ”

“ Oh, friends with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man, I bear.”

AFTER her homecoming “ for good,” Lady Victoria kept no regular diary. There are a few scattered notes, but the little books, sometimes conscientiously begun, usually became memorandums of sermons she had “ sat under,” to use her constant phrase.

It is difficult not to regret that her own experiences were not more often her theme, rather than sermons, which occasionally do not seem quite worthy of her elaborate care for their preservation. One such effort was made in 1871, when a small diary notes : “ The Queen paid a visit to Argyll Lodge. Cockey died.” This last being a very ancient and much-beloved Australian cockatoo of the grey and carmine tribe, who had been one of the family for many years. It was not till 1876, when a diary was presented to her with an inscription by Dr. MacGregor, that she began that daily record which was written up week by week, till within a day or two of her death.

The constant recording of the sermons she heard was only the outward evidence of her weekly “ times

of refreshing.” The deprivation she felt most serious, when she was laid low by her many illnesses, was any prolonged absence from church. She always noted how few or how many Sundays in the year, this misfortune had overtaken her.

She much resented the attitude of doctors towards churchgoing. There is nothing more absurd in the not infrequent absurdities of medical advice than the dictum that the atmosphere of church on Sunday is detrimental to the health, while that of the theatre during the week is perfectly salubrious. It is part of medical “ common law ” to pander to the taste for bad air when it suits the patient’s desires to breathe it.

Lady Victoria had learnt from Lady Emma to seek medical advice on the Monday morning rather than on the Saturday night, and this habit of hers was well understood by her many friends in the world of doctors, in which she says she had lived so much. Many of them were among the greatest friends she possessed, and she repaid all of them with a bright outlook, however painful the condition in which they found her. None of them perhaps ever gauged to what an extent mind told upon matter, but from all who attended her she received an ungrudged devotion.

After Lady Victoria’s return in 1870 the family, when in London, attended the English Presbyterian churches in Allen Street and Notting Hill. The National Church of St. Columba had not yet been built. The minister in Kensington at that time was the Rev. Gavin Carlyle, the nephew of Edward

Irving. His church was near the Lodge, and she and Miss King were soon regular attendants.

The family were all brought up as members of the Church of Scotland, but the practice of the Duke and Duchess was to attend the National Church in England, as well as in Scotland. The Duke cared first of all to hear good preaching, and he went wherever he could find it. In the early days of his London life he attended the ministry of Dr. Cumming, in Crown Court Church, Covent Garden, and in later years he went regularly to Westminster Abbey, where Dean Stanley was making it one of the greatest preaching stations in London. He also went with his children to the church in Regent Square, where Dr. Oswald Dykes was ministering to many a Scot, as well as to the English Presbyterians.¹

Within this period the parish church of Kensington had received its young vicar, the Rev. William Mac-lagan. For forty years, Archdeacon Sinclair had been the vicar of the quaint Queen Anne church, built for “the Court suburb” of Kensington. He had lived to plan and rear the stately church of to-day, and into its newly consecrated walls came the vicar with the Scottish name and descent. The time he spent in London was destined to be one of widespread influence, and when he left the vicarage it was to move forward to high place in the Episcopate of the Church of England. His evangelical preaching and the weekly Bible readings were of the greatest

¹ The Duke, writing of Dr. Dykes, says, “so glad about Dykes’ sermon. He is the most instructive preacher I have ever heard in any church. So much thought, so many, so little mere ornament.”

interest to Lady Victoria, and she with the Duchess and other members of the family were constantly in the parish church.

In those days the order of service left something to be desired in the Church across the Border, and very notably so in the Highland parishes. It was not easy at that time, and in all places, to find life either in the pulpit or in the pew, in the Church of her fathers. There is a note among her papers as to the effect of hearing for the first time the hymn “ Through the night of doubt and sorrow, onward goes the pilgrim band.” Those who were not brought up on “ human hymns ” had for recompense the conscious joy of receiving a first impression of their meaning and beauty :—

Hymn 274, A. & M. Heard first when with my mother hearing Canon Body preach. A procession passing through the world, ever and anon others come and join. Light beams on them through the darkness, and they follow the Captain of their salvation through suffering. “ One hope of your calling.”

Lady Victoria loved the stately liturgy, and, above all, the music of the Anglican services. She was often a communicant, though the administration of the rite had its difficulties for her, and she preferred in this and its services of “ free prayer ” the forms of her own Church.

No such exclusiveness as she had seen in her Edinburgh surroundings ever hampered the Church life of

herself or the family. They were destined among themselves to be closely in touch with both the National Churches, and in Scotland the Duke's friendships were never interfered with by the name of the Church. At Inveraray Dean Milman, Bishop Wilberforce, and Dr. Guthrie were all asked to preach to a “ willing people.”

As the services of the Church Catholic and Apostolic were her great comfort in life, so naturally any stone of offence cast into that “ comfortable way ” was the greater stumbling-block. She knew from a varied experience the seamy side of Church politics, but it never narrowed her own charitable outlook. She found green pastures and still waters through many channels of church life, and ecclesiastical titles and sectarian labels never hindered her attendance or her friendships with the clergy.

She had a keen eye for character, and anything which was not “ straight ” she detected very quickly. She had to suffer a great deal from sectarian partizanship, and the ways of Scottish dissent, whether of Episcopalians or Disruptionists, were often “ hard to thole.” Those who belong to small sects, whether in Church or State, are apt to pursue their ends by means not always open and above board, and the weaker they are in numbers and influence, the more shifty and intolerant are they likely to become.

Among her friends at this time were Dr. Guthrie and his son, the minister of Liberton Free Church ; Dr. Ker, of the United Presbyterian Church ; Mr. Carlyle, Dr. Saphir, and Dr. Oswald Dykes, of

the English Presbyterians. Dr. Story, Professor Charteris, Dr. MacGregor, with Mr. Maclagan and Mr. Webb-Peploe, were all guides to her spiritual life, and with all she formed deep and abiding friendships.

It may well be said, about these friendships and the many more she made as life went on, that her best and truest friends were the ministers of the Church. From the first contact with her mind and character they recognised her rich gifts, and knew that they were from her early years dedicated to the highest service. All along the ascent of “the hill Difficulty,” she met from them with recognition, encouragement, and everything that could stimulate her mind and aid her spiritual life. They understood the intrepid spirit, the keen intellect, the unselfish thought for everyone before herself, her powers of organisation, and if in some things they felt her eager zeal outstripped their own, they never grudged her all she asked of their time and energy.

In the bag she always wore at her side, the scrip of many a pilgrimage, there was found after her death the few lines yearly written to her by her minister, Dr. Fleming, in the church of St. Columba, as she set sail for the islands. The notes were written through several years. All of them remembered the perils and wearinesses of the road, and wished the traveller God-speed. As she prepared to journey west these words of encouragement and benediction were placed ready to her hand. There they were found, “when travelling days were done.”

Chiefly through the early friendship with Dr. Charteris her lines were in these years firmly anchored in the Church of Scotland. The great awakening of her spiritual life had come to her when she was under the influence of the Free Church of Scotland. She knew and thoroughly understood all the history of that body of Presbyterian belief. She drank of its evangelical fervour, but the fruits of the sin of schism had been seen by her, and she knew it was best to abide in the National Church. Her instinct of loyalty to the Church of her father, and the advice and encouragement of Professor Charteris, made her fling herself heartily into the renewed " life and work " of the Church of Scotland.

She had a tendency towards what Dr. Story called " dissenting tabernacles," if they contained what she was wont to call " spiritual food." No one felt more quickly than she did when there was " no message," when, as she termed it, " the place seems dead," or when she realised with keen intuition that the pastor was merely a hireling whose own the sheep were not.

If she received much blessing from those she termed pastors and masters, they in their turn were stimulated and uplifted by the presence of that reverent and intense " hearer of the Word." " She was always a wonderful listener," was the description of one of her ministers, when he knew he would never again look down on the still figure with upturned face, the clear eyes fixed on the preacher.

If the ministers gave much to her, one and all

felt themselves inspired and enriched by her presence in the parish and church.

After a short residence in one parish, and at a time when she was suffering from great weakness after a long illness, the minister wrote to her :—

You have no idea what a strength it gives to a minister to have a parishioner like you. I had a talk to-day with Mrs. H., and she said you had heartened her in a way no other person had ever done. She appeared to have been quite touched by what you had said to her, and it gave me an opening I have never had before.

I shall carry out your instructions to the letter, to the best of my ability. If you allude to church attendance, might you say something about the very depressing effect irregular church attendance has on the minister ? I hate, myself, to enter on these personal matters, but you have no idea how down in the mouth I sometimes am on a Sunday evening from this reason. Many, many thanks to you, Lady Victoria, for your keen and kind interest in the welfare of this parish. I know it is to you a labour of love, but to me it is an unspeakable joy. My hope and prayer are that your example may infect some of the parishioners.

Such words as these will find an echo in the heart of many a toiling minister whose isolation, sometimes of spirit as much as of place, she in her turn ministered unto. Probably her wandering life brought her into

communion with more churches than almost anyone of her generation. Very many, and scattered over a wide field, were the pulpits from which the Sunday after her death words of thankful remembrance were uttered from the heart for this strong daughter of the faith.

Loyalty to the minister was her first demand from all church-workers with whom she was associated. She was not destitute of the true mark of Scottish Presbyterians, and she knew how to criticise the minister. "How can he give anything out if he puts nothing in," was a comment she would make on a sermon destitute of study. Her criticisms were always to the minister, and not on him to others, and in friendly confabulation she communicated to him her mind without reserve. One minister relates how she once arrived at his door on behalf of one of his parishioners, for whose welfare she was at the moment deeply concerned. "Be quick! The man will be dead while you are waiting to go to him." "I knew," said another when the record was closed, "that she always kept me up to the mark; I did not realise she was keeping fifty others."

She had the strongest dislike to the petty and disloyal backbitings, however Christian their site and environment, which too often sap the vitality of Church organisation.

Certainly no minister had ever cause to complain of her absence from ordinances. Occasionally they joined their brethren of the healing art, in recommending less strenuous church-going. They were not

those who knew best wherein she found rest. “ No true friends,” she would laughingly say. A description of her, uttered by an old woman at Inveraray, was often quoted on such occasions, and no one enjoyed the story more than she did herself. “ And how’s Lady Victoria ? Dear lady ! She is sore on herself, she is that gospel greedy.”

“ Gospel greed ” was satisfied in these years of residence in London and Edinburgh, and her friendships with the men who understood her difficulties, and the participation in the Christian year of the Church of England, all contributed to the growing expansion of her mind.

The mental and bodily sufferings of Miss King made her turn eagerly to the counsel and help of one who, in the story of Miss King’s Life, she describes as “ The Pastor of another nation.” Dr. Adolph Saphir’s refined and sympathetic friendship stood her in good stead in this sad time. He was a frequent visitor to her and to the sick-room, and Lady Victoria confided to him the clouds which darkened the valley of shadows. Difficulties which were shared in by herself, and the fatigue of body, told on her in great spiritual depression. Lady Victoria’s notebooks show what a learner she was, and how gladly she heard this preacher. Dr. Saphir expounded the Law and the Prophets with profound knowledge of the history of his own race, and with the fervent evangelical piety of his Christian ministry. The life of this remarkable minister, written by the Rev. Gavin Carlyle, contains a correspondence with Lady Victoria. The subjects,

both of these letters and others which were not published, show how wide was the range of her inquiries, and on how many topics she sought for information from this tender and fervent evangelist.

After the death of Miss King, Lady Emma was determined Lady Victoria should have a complete change, and arranged that she should accompany them to those western isles which had only just begun to appear on the horizon of her life. In a letter written in 1875 she says :—

I am very glad to have been with her to the last. She wandered a little sometimes. She asked me for myself one day, and then, when she found it was I, she muttered something about being alike. She thought it was one of the others.

It is so difficult to take in one will never see the dear face again. I am going to see her grave before I go, it is not far from Dr. Guthrie's. I am so glad Uncle John went. It was a glorious day, and so Dot was not fussy about him. He came in on Friday last to see her. She said she wished she had words to express her gratitude to him. Just in her old way, and then fussed about his cup of tea being right.

The McNeills think of leaving this next Friday, and go by Iona to Colonsay. I think it will be nice going with them. I have not seen either place, but naturally nothing can seem very cheerful just now.

“ I have not seen either place ! ” So do our destinies meet us, and with a heart left behind in the Holy City her steps were turned, for the first time, to the sacred isle. Ten years later she wrote to one of her sisters, who was going there, “ Make use of Iona. Next to Auld Reekie, it is the dearest spot on earth to me. I wad fain lay me doon and dee there. ”

There is no record left of this her first visit. She returned to Inveraray to take up again her home work, and that her spirits were returning is shown by the extract given here of a letter she wrote to one of the sisterhood.

INVERARAY. *Oct. 8th, 1875.*

. . . I had a very nice drive with Papa this morning which was extremely good for me. He showed great solicitude about my driving at breakfast, and I accordingly found him ready to go with me. The start was a little anxious, as Largy appeared as usual alone, and Donald informed me he was not in quite a serene temper, as Colin, who had had him the other day with Mr. Meikle, had whipped him off from the door, “ and he has not forgotten it, my lady. ” Baby, who had met him and driven him to the door, hastened to assure me he had got quite quiet directly she took the reins, which I quite believe, and felt pretty confident Mr. Largy would be quite satisfied as soon as he found it was I, which view Donald also took.

No sooner had my father taken his seat than he inquired if we could go to the Queen’s Drive ?

Assent was given, and in a south-west gale off we set ; Papa making some rude remarks anent being blown away were it not for my solidity, and if I had become incapable of keeping my seat through giggles it would have been thanks to him. Largy behaved like a gentleman, as he is, and you may tell Dot with my love, that women's driving with horses of that character is preferable and safer on the principle of gentleness. I took the opportunity of hinting strongly for a gig-pony, told him you had had more pain, and heard again from him that you must not over exert. All these put together, who can say what may not come of it ?

A little earlier the Duke had purchased the yacht " Columba," which was to add greatly to the happiness of himself and the members of his family who enjoyed yachting. It was considered the best thing for the Duchess's health, and the Duke loved nothing so well as to get away " as free as the seagulls " to his yacht, and turn her course to the winds and waves of the western isles. In the " Columba " the family became intimately acquainted with the islands, and gradually Lady Victoria read in those waters the message to herself. She preserved among her papers two letters from the Duke, written about his visit to that island when it was to her, what Dr. Mair of Earlston called it later, when declining to find someone exactly fitted for the post she described : " I am afraid such a person is not kept in

stock here—she would need to be made to order! Besides, I doubt that at the *East* of Scotland it would be thought expatriation to go to Tiree—the place is a *terra incognita*.”

One person, in these years of training, was being “made to order,” but the time was not yet, and the Duke writes to her of two expeditions he makes to the *terra incognita*. It was a land he loved dearly, and the description he gives is as vivid as his affection was great. The second visit was after the death of the Duchess, in 1878.

July 15th, 1874. BENMORE COTTAGE.

We made out Tyree beautifully, but the “Columba” rocked gently all night, and Mama felt as if she had “to hold on,” so it prevented her sleeping. Therefore we did not stay long, and ran back to Bunessan where we had a glorious sunset. We trawled with the net out of Bunessan Harbour, and caught a great deal of the Norway lobster, which I had never seen before. It is like a gigantic prawn. Very pretty, and excellent to eat.

We start to-morrow for Skye to see Loch Coruisk, as the weather looks again fine and settled with wind from the north. If this weather continues, I shall be tempted to run to my favourite Glen Dhu, in Sutherland. The fishing here is nothing now, and Baby chaffs the Doctor about it. Mary has been riding on a pony from Knock, and she rode in Tyree. That island is delicious with birds. Larks in thousands, plovers, sandpipers, and sea



birds of all sorts. The smell of the grass, too, is full of perfume.

" COLUMBA," TYREE. *Sep. 16th, 1880.*

Dearest Victoria,—The morning rose so fine that I determined to run to Iona to see the cross and then on here, all which we have accomplished in the most delicious weather. The cross is beautiful in itself. Rather spoiled by the railing and the low wall round it. But we could not allow all who come to get access to it. Blackguards would inevitably break the edges off and damage it. It is beautifully worked, and dear old Vass touched me by the intense delight with which he received my praises of it. He walked off, averting his face, and repeating, " Well, that's good to hear." It is very conspicuous from the sea, perhaps hardly massive enough from that distance to have the best effect, but it is on the site with the finest view, and closest to where she sat last time we were there. The day has been divine. I never saw one more lovely. All the hills of all the islands were clear under a sky of the softest creamy whites and blues. The sea nearly quite smooth. I hope to spend all to-morrow on the island if the weather keeps as fine. We had a good fishing to-night; Constance, as usual, catching most of the biggest. Hamish much excited. The bay here is quite calm. All the islanders busy taking in their harvest. I enclose a bit of fern from the spot where Mama last sat at Iona.

BUNESSAN. 17th, 6 p.m.

Just come from Tyree, where we had a most successful visit. Yesterday was glorious.

Your affectionate father,

ARGYLL.

It was in 1874 that the personality, mentioned by the Duke as “ Hamish,” was to bring his enthusiastic and vital friendship into the Argyll family.

The Duke had been to hear the great preacher in Edinburgh. He had no personal acquaintance with Dr. MacGregor, but being in town for a Sunday, and all his “ auld Lichts ” being dead or gone, he asked advice of the waiter in his hotel where he should attend church.

He was directed to St. Cuthbert’s Church, to which Dr. MacGregor had just been called. The Duke heard him in the morning, and followed him in the evening to the Tron Church, an act which considerably discomposed the preacher as he heard the Duke was again sitting under him, and his intention had been to give the Tron congregation what had served that of St. Cuthbert’s.

The Duke wrote at once to the Duchess that he had “ found a second Guthrie,” and according to his wont it was not long before he had made the acquaintance of the minister whose preaching had at once so deeply attracted him.

Dr. MacGregor arrived at Inveraray in the autumn of 1874. He came as a new acquaintance of the Duke’s ; he left it a friend who had entered into the

very heart of the affections of every member of the family. He himself had passed through the heaviest trial it was possible to sustain. His home had been destroyed by a series of devastating losses, and was left unto him desolate. He came to Inveraray well able to understand the brooding anxieties which hung over the family, and he saw with living sympathy the portion of care which fell to the lot of each one.

The new interests and surroundings ministered to his own bereaved life. No touch of morbid introspection ever clouded the fervent belief of " the little doctor." He found too much of it among his new friends, and he set himself to teach one and all that religion was the happiest and brightest thing in life.

He became the intimate friend of the Duke, and the Duchess, if at first a little surprised at the eager excitement of his manner, trusted and understood him completely. " I suppose he considers it an apostolic injunction," was her comment, as she witnessed an unconventional and fervent leave-taking. He never left, but he was bidden to return. He was the life of the schoolroom, and he created one for himself. He found a lamentable ignorance of the Gaelic among the young people, and, sending for a number of Gaelic grammars, he inscribed the names of each, and at a table round, in one of the Castle turrets, he instituted himself schoolmaster. With a long quill pen as ruler he endeavoured to reduce to order " the girls " under his tuition. There

was more fun than learning of Gaelic, and only one of the scholars took seriously to heart the admonition that Gaelic ought to be as much part of their lives as was their highland ancestry. The first repayment that was made him was to give him the Gaelic rendering of his own name, and he soon learnt that he had become better known as “ Dr. Hamish ” than by his proper designation.

He read Italian with another of his new pupils, and in the long summer nights of the first of his many arrivals at “ beautiful Inveraray,” he taught the whole party some elementary astronomy. No yachting expedition was complete without him. “ Hamish much excited,” might have been entered into the log-book of the yacht every hour. The glories of “ God’s world,” and the wonders of the deep, never palled on his eager spirit. He was as welcome in the smoking-room as everywhere else. “ All things to all men,” and ever bringing with his presence the power of throwing himself wholeheartedly into the lives of those who always sought his society. “ Roars of laughter,” in his own words, marked his whereabouts, and the bright vitality of temperament cast sunshine wherever he went.

Many of the friends of that day can look back and see what a good gift his friendship was in their lives. He had come to stay. Never did his interest and grip of their hands and hearts loosen, till death had thinned that large circle, and he himself had passed with his triumphant and joyous faith into the light that never was on sea or land.

Some notes from Lady Victoria's diary of 1877 are indications of her work, and give slight memorandums of the early visits to the islands with her parents.

LONDON. *March 17th, 1877.*

Went with M. to Infirmary, encouraged to go again. The difference of people's lives. Encouraged to go on.

July 11th.

Left Inveraray for Campbeltown. Morning on deck with Mama. Afternoon sat and talked to Mary by the wheel. Lovely lights on Arran Hills. Saw the hills of Rosneath.

July 12th.

C. and I went in the boat to fish.

July 13th.

All day on board. Wet. Began Dr. Saphir's book.

Sunday, July 15th.

All day on board. Very stormy. Read Liddon and Erskine. Mr. Maelagan's Bible-reading notes.

July 16th.

Still detained by weather.

July 17th.

Came round the Moil to Lowlandman's Bay.

July 18th.

Lovely morning. Paps of Jura clear. Ran to Oban. Beautiful sunset.

July 19th.

Started with Dr. MacGregor on board, but, coming on wet, ran into Tobermory. Read Liddon's sermons.

July 20th.

Went to Iona. Heavy swell. Lovely day. Landed at Iona, walked about.

July 21st.

Read Skene to M. while the others went ashore. Then to Loch Scridan. Trawled, but too wet. Places recalled much to me. What deep cause for thankfulness there is.

July 22nd.

Dr. MacGregor had service on board. Text, “ The Lord is King, let the earth rejoice.” The doctrine of God's decrees, and the comfort of them. “ I know no other ray of hope and of light.”

July 23rd.

All day at Bunessan. Read to M., and wrote out Dr. MacGregor's sermon. Thunderstorm in evening.

July 24th.

Went to Iona for letters. Back to Salen. Took Dr. MacGregor to see Dr. Cumming.

July 25th.

Blowing hard. Morning with Mary. Writing out sermon. Back to Bunessan. Fishing and walking.

July 26th.

Started for Oban. Stopped to see Staffa.

July 27th.

Trawled near Lochnell. Anchored at Lismore. Brought back to me the time in 1874; so much ground gone over since then. Never, I think, to be retrod.

The next break in the family life was caused by the fire at Inveraray Castle in 1877.

There is a characteristic entry of this event in Lady Victoria's diary :—

Awoke about five by Knowles. Castle on fire; all got out safely into stables. Rest of the day in inn. Fire got under soon. Mrs. Blair died.

The last name was that of the wife of one of the tenants, whose sick-bed she had been attending. The fire was to be a landmark in the family life. It broke the routine of the passing years, and it proved to be the close of one of the chapters in the story of their lives.

It may be that the shock, so calmly borne at the time, or the sudden exposure in the stormy morning,

affected the Duchess's already shattered health ; she failed steadily from that date till the end.

The Duke removed his household for the winter to Rosneath Castle, a return which was an unmixed joy to the members of the family, who had not for many years revisited the home of their early youth, and the centre of their devoted affections.

Among the friendships which were strengthened and renewed by the return to Rosneath, was the one with the widow of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Row. Mrs. Campbell and her family were living at the house where Dr. Campbell had died. Achnashie, on the Gareloch, was, what its name denotes, “ the field of peace,” and Lady Victoria found much comfort in the sagacity and warm-hearted love of Mrs. Campbell, and in the friendship of her daughter, Margaret. To this last she writes, after the winter had passed :—

I am so very glad to know your mother and yourself. It is amongst the very pleasant things of this last winter, and I feel in you I have made a friend for life, for your own sake, but the beginning of my feeling was your being your father's daughter. He is one of the causes which made me look on Rosneath as a corner of the Holy Land, and, as I tell you, the verse which always comes to my mind in connection with him is this, “ He being dead, yet speaketh.” I read both the pamphlets, and think them, as I think all his writings, beautiful.

Oct. 18th, 1877.

Started for Rosneath. Thinking much of all that had happened. Feel return to Rosneath, very sad. People on the pier.

Oct. 20th.

Saw Dr. Story. Feel the blank of Kingie terribly. Think of the time passed since being here when only thirteen.

Oct. 21st.

All went to church. Dr. Story on, " Be watchful, strengthen the things which remain." Applied to our own spiritual life.

Oct. 22nd.

Dr. and Mrs. Story called. Would like to see more of him. Feel the blank more and more.

Oct. 27th.

Afternoon in donkey-chair with Louise and the sisters, round the Green Isle point. Thought much of old times and my lonely rides there. Week of much anxiety. Feel how much cause for thankfulness we have, and that now we must settle down. A week of much dreaming.

The year closed in the old home in peaceful quiet. The intercourse with the Manse was a happy feature of the winter, and the family had their first experience of an observance of Christmas Day in the parish church.

The dawn of the year 1878 she met with a note of remembrance.

Jan. 1st, 1878.

“ Thy vows are upon me, O God. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path. In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep us.”

Dr. Story preached on “ Redeeming the time, for it is short.”

The Duke and Duchess removed early in January to London. Lady Victoria was detained at Rosneath by the very serious illness of Knowles. Some of her sisters remained with her, and Communion Sunday was in the last week of January. Her mother wrote to her :—

I shall think of you in Rosneath Church next Sunday. You will tell me all about it. My first Scotch Communion was in the old church there in 1844, a very long time ago. I send you my best blessing. God grant His blessing more and more, and give you the happiness which comes from believing in His redeeming love—“ the peace which passeth all understanding.”

Never again was the Duchess to return to her Scottish homes. In the May of 1878 the long struggle against increasing weakness ended with startling

suddenness. There had been two attacks of her malady in recent years ; the final seizure was one of great severity, and she never recovered consciousness. The Duke and Duchess were dining with Lord and Lady Frederick Cavendish, to meet their old friend, Mr. Gladstone. He was among the first of the guests to see, during dinner, that the Duchess was seriously ill. By him, she was carried into the adjoining room, where, in the early morning, she passed away.

Lady Victoria was at the seaside with a sister, who had gone there for convalescence after an illness. Other members of the family were absent, but they gathered quickly, and were with the Duke through the sad home-coming to Rosneath. Her own records of this time were as brief as the impressions were abiding. She returned to London, and in a letter written to a sister, absent in Edinburgh, she says :—

I would rather have been there, pain and all, but we were saved a great deal, and she was totally unconscious. I feel every now and then as if it must be a dream, but it is a terrible reality. One longs that the last part of her life should not have had so much pain, but we must try to leave it all with God. Miss Marsh came to-day, and she said in her prayer with me this sorrow, which an earthly father would have spared us, if he could, the Heavenly Father must have sent in love to all. Our first object must be our father. All future plans must be more or less uncertain ; but, for the

present, we are to go to Helensburgh, where I suppose you will join us with Knowles. Next day we go on to Rosneath, and the following day we girls go, as well as everyone else, to Kilmun. They move her to Westminster Abbey to-morrow, there to lie until she is taken north. The brothers go with her.

Mr. MacLagan is coming to have prayers with us to-night.

In her diary she writes :—

Was awoke at 7.30 by two telegrams telling me Mama had gone. Came up with C. and saw Papa, and then went to see her. There prayed, with God's help, to do what I could, specially for little C.

June 1st.

One whirl of seeing people and arranging things. B. Coventry done me much good. Feel how terribly often I have failed. But He can and will forgive. So much cause for intense thankfulness.

June 5th.

Day of the funeral. Beautiful service in library by Dr. Story. The boys of the “Cumberland” played the Dead March as we moved off. The sight of the hills broke me down.

June 6th.

* Everybody, except Dr. MacGregor, went away. Percy remains with us. The days pass as in a dream.

The Duke went for a yachting cruise during July. The sight of the “ Columba,” with its many memories, was a trial to all; but to launch out into the deep, and to be again with what he describes as “ the perennial fountain of refreshment,” the world of Nature, was the best thing for the one who was the special care of his children.

July 6th.

Came to Iona. Thinking so much of last year. Week of facing anew the great sorrow, but able, as it were, to sit under the shadow of it.

July 7th. BUNESSAN.

Mary and I landed to go to church. Were joined by Papa and brothers. Thinking of Dr. MacGregor’s sermon last year.

July 8th.

Started for Iona. Saw Staffa on the way. At one went in boat to see white marble quarry. Trawled. Afternoon went to Tiree. All landed except me. Feel self-made line must be carried out.

July 9th.

Landed with Ian, and joined him at Chapels in minister’s gig. Quiet time there.

July 10th.

Landed with Libby, and went along sands and reef with minister. Waited for Papa at Manse. Came back to Bunessan in evening. Much roll.

July 24th.

Telegram from Ian anent going to Canada. Dr. MacGregor came. On Sunday preached on “ He that overcometh.”

In October, 1878, the Duke took a villa at Cannes, and with his daughters spent the winter on the Riviera. There was a short stay in London.

Came to London, saw Dr. John Brown on the way. He looked intensely sad, and feels the change among us. Parish church. Took the Communion with Evey, F., and Mary. The new vicar. What an oasis that church has been! Yet speaking as with a voice from the past. We must press on.

Nov. 8th.

Lord Dufferin came to see us, recalling old memories. Arrived at Cannes. The villa delightful. Feel it to be an harbour of rest. Wish it to be so. Grow in grace and in knowledge. Many difficulties and failures there must be. Life of entire consecration, forbearance, and love, overcoming strife.

The return to Cannes in her twenty-fourth year marked the next decade since the crisis of her illness. The home life had called her, and she had given herself to its absorbing claims. The death of her mother had closed one chapter in her

life. She had seen the islands of her future love. As she drove to the ancient chapels in Tiree, she little thought of the home that was to be built beside them for her life's work, and when she drove along " the reef " there was no vision of the many journeys across its sandy road it was to be her lot to make. She had only seen the promised land, and for a time other cares and thoughts were to engross her life. Courage she ever possessed, but she was always anxious and troubled, and needed the words sent her by the minister of Rosneath on the eve of the New Year.

Xmas, 1878.

The passing of the old year must have been full of trying associations, which gather and do not diminish as time advances. " We are saved by Hope," and, as what lies behind us darkens, the horizon of the future should expand and brighten.

She had begun the year, fraught with so many changes, by recording the words of promise; in the close of that time, she drew up, for her own guidance, the days and subjects for her own intercessory prayers.

Sundays. 1878.

For members of my union and clergy in particular. A deeper realisation of that rest in Christ, which He has promised.

Mondays.

For special grace and strength in meeting the duties and trials of another week. To let some “ chime,” heard on Sunday, echo on throughout the week.

Tuesdays.

The Infirmary day in London. For my ward in particular, and for all sick and weary ones. For grace and wisdom for myself.

Wednesdays.

Special pleadings for those near and dear to me.

Thursdays.

Our C.C. meeting. A blessing to follow on it, and on the place and ministers.

Fridays.

For anyone or any cause brought specially before me in an exceptional way.

Saturdays.

Remember the past week. Self-examination. Ask for blessing and refreshment on the morrow. Expect an answer.

Later. Saturday is to be for God’s ancient people too.

CHAPTER VI

“ ONE, THE MARCH IN GOD BEGUN ”

“ I cannot rest by day or night
Till all men's burdens have grown light,
Till round my neck their sins are hung,
Till their dull sorrows loose my tongue.

I will not rest by night or day
Till I have flung my life away,
In every stream, that whoso will
With sympathy his cruse may fill.”

To Lady Victoria the return to Cannes, after an interval fraught with so much growth in her own life, and which had brought such changes in the circle of her home, made a great landmark in the highway of her life.

Cannes, to her, had many associations with the past. To others of the family it was their first experience of a foreign country, and the first introduction to scenery out of their native land. However determined they were to cherish their national prejudices, and to leave their hearts in the highlands, they could not altogether escape a conviction that sunny France had a different order of merit from their misty west. The Villa Isola Bella was worthy of its name, built on one of the terraced heights of the hills that surround Cannes, and sheltered

from the keen mistral winds. Its garden, set with olives, mimosa, and arbutus, sloped steeply towards the sea. The stucco pillars that supported the portico of the house were twined and clustered with Gloire de Dijon roses, and they framed the outlook from the windows over the Mediterranean Sea and away to the Esterel hills, whose outlines had become familiar and dear to Lady Victoria during her first visit to Cannes.

The Villa Poralto, which had been purchased by Sir John and Lady Emma after their marriage, was close to the gates of the Isola Bella, and the near neighbourhood for the winter of the McNeills made it more like home for all the large party.

In the late autumn Lord Lorne had gone to Canada to take up his duties as Governor-General. His departure, so soon after his own great bereavement, had been severely felt by the Duke, and as many of the family as were able came out to stay with him at Cannes. There were also other interests, and more changes were at hand in the circle of the sisterhood.

Lord George's future wife was staying with her parents in Cannes, and the addition of Eustace Balfour to the party filled Lady Victoria's mind with new thoughts and concern for these "home politics."

There were various causes for anxiety. The Duke had a severe attack of gout, and other matters, combined with Lady Victoria's usual habit of trying to bear everybody's burden besides her own, undid the beneficial effects of her first month on the Riviera.

The change and refreshment of the brighter climate had done her much good, but she needed a more complete rest from the past strain, and more quiet than was possible under the circumstances; and she was completely laid aside by a severe nervous breakdown, entailing much acute suffering, and for many weeks she was seriously ill.

As was so often the case, she was happy in her medical friend. Dr. Franck's name had become well known for his services during the Franco-Prussian War. He was the principal, and most widely beloved physician in Cannes, and his marriage with Lady Agnes Grosvenor had connected him with a wide circle of family and friends.

Ill as she was, Lady Victoria's room was, as always, the meeting-place of the household life. Her father was constantly with her, consulting her on all the many " affaires " which were in progress, and reading to her in the days when she was too ill for conversation.

As soon as she was better, she began to find outside work for herself. There were many invalids, and an " Asile " for those in poorer circumstances gave scope for all her ever-living sympathy towards such as had fallen by the wayside.

Some pages from a diary she began at this time show her thoughts during these months and subsequent years.

First day at Cannes. *Sunday, Nov. 20th, 1878.*

This olive branch (pasted into diary) brought

home in remembrance of my first time in the Isola Bella garden, where I have had a very happy time, feeling that God will bless to me the return here, and having looked back over these past eight years and a half through which, however dark and weary much of it was, I know my heart's prayer when last here, to be more with, and to know more of, my mother, has been granted. I was allowed to be of some use, and, I think, comfort to her.

Strange, too, to look back upon my determination not to spend a winter away while she was with us. The olive brings back to me her intense love for the trees. Reminding her, I believe, of Gethsemane, and the Peace which our Saviour through His agony brought to us, if we bring to Him our heavy load of sin and sorrow. This is the only rest! On looking back, every step of the way is marked by failures, sins, rebellings, and murmurings of heart. It seems almost strangely appropriate that one of the Psalms for this morning is the LI., 17: “ The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.” Then the call my “ Daily Light ” has given me to-day is from Rom. XII. 1.

Perhaps this time at Cannes is a call to rest awhile, but not in slothfulness. The leisure to be employed for God. A time of growing in grace, and in the knowledge of God.

The last injunction, as their Pastor, our Bishop (Dr. Maclagan) gave to his people, the last thing he sent us away with, was that call so oft repeated,

to find our rest from the burden of sin, from the weariness of the way, from the desolation of bereavement, in God the Father.

Dec. 30th, 1878.

Only one more day in this sad year, but underneath it all are there not deep undertones of thankfulness? Have we not learnt to join in the thanksgiving for those who have departed this life in His faith and fear?

A fuller consciousness of how the only peace in this world must be in having a mind at perfect peace with God.

This year closes leaving me with deep thankfulness. My dear F. is towed into harbour by one who, I believe, will be a good and tender husband to her. Little C. has fallen in a peculiar way her sisters' charge and responsibility.

Dec. 31st.

Ross has been playing the pipes in the garden. "The Land of the Leal" wakening up the echoes of Inveraray, and the last chapter of Rosneath life associated with Kingie; then he played the last night at Inveraray, and now at Cannes.

So closes the record of this last chapter of days that had been, and were no more.

The family life was broken at its centre. The Castle burnt, its hall a ruin, roofless and deserted. The old year vigil kept under a southern sky, with the

piper calling the coronach among the olives of the Riviera.

Changes and chances hovering over the sisterhood, and an unknown future before them all. Well might her minister, remembering them and writing from “ the Point of the Sanctuary,” remind her that “ we are saved by Hope.”

Violets brought home to me by my father the first Sunday in 1879. In bed until evening with bad chest cold, on the top of my neuralgic illness. Colin read to me the VIII. Romans and the VI. of St. John. Thinking much of Mrs. Hall’s note received this week, on trustfulness in our Heavenly Father. Casting on Him the many cares which would press. Might not these flowers, emblems of humility, lowliness, and the care taken of them who take no thought for themselves, be an echo of this lesson, and one, surely, with which to begin this new year ?

I feel thankful for this time of retirement, and I feel how I have failed in pondering these things, and thus making them more my own, and seeing how grievously I have failed in not committing all to Him. Long to seek more earnestly to abide under the shadow of His wings. To go or come, to work, wait, or suffer, according as His will may be.

Have sometimes almost longed to die, but I know this has been more from weariness of body and of spirit than aught else. Not in the spirit of

absolute surrender to what He sees best. He has given me work to do, I know it, if I only can sufficiently lean on His promise of perfecting His strength in our weakness.

In the evening watched the moonlight and stars coming over the hill covered with stone pines, and thought of that verse :—

"Come to me in the evening shade,
And if my heart from Thee has strayed,
Oh, bring it back, and from afar
Shine on me like the evening star."

This begins the week of Prayer, bringing with it the message that though debarred from the public services, "Praise and Prayer may, and ought, to ascend from my heart."

April 13th. Easter Sunday. 1879.

If all goes well, and as we expect this is our last Sunday at Cannes, I have been looking at my entry on our first Sunday, and I feel and know, however guilty of misusing and neglecting I have been, it has been a time fraught with lessons and mercies for me. Not such a time of leisure as I then thought. During the weeks of my neuralgic illness I seemed to see clearer than ever before the uselessness of any work or activity except in the spirit of Christ. The willingness to serve or to wait ought to be the attitude of our minds. Take more quiet time, when possible, to meditate on the things of God.

I never realised before how time may pass without the help of reading or writing. Doing either to any purpose was out of the question for months. Dr. Hanna's vivid realisation that above and through all the perplexities and mysteries God's Love shines, has helped me greatly.

Eustace's music spoke to me at this time more than any other. And this being settled for dear F. is a great matter for thankfulness.

After that I passed through a time of physical and spiritual (?) collapse, when I felt I could not bear the thought of taking up the burden of life again, and shrank from its jars.

I have sometimes thought this was one reason why the work with Frances Jarvis was given me to do. A little while ago I saw her and told her I believed her illness to be hopeless. Since then, surely, in her message of love to me, and saying she was reading her Testament, there is a glimmer of that day-star for which so many are longing and waiting, and which is surely coming. These days have taught me more than volumes of theology, how we must learn of Christ and sit at His feet, if we would be His children. How vain it is by intellect to try and find out God! How needful it is in a time like this to keep very near to God! To be clothed with humility, and seek to speak His words; when the door is shut, to remember it will be opened when the time comes.

I felt the Revelation of Jesus Christ to be irresistibly true, as I watched the vain struggle

for peace or happiness without it. How talent and perception of the Beautiful completely failed. Also, how entirely alone each soul must strive to be with God. She said, almost scornfully, she could not believe Baptism could give it; I echoed the same. Those words had renewed meaning to me, "The wind bloweth where it listeth." I felt, in those first weeks of knowing her, such an earnest truth-seeking spirit must find its rest in Him. During the last fortnight of her life, faith and hope seemed to fail. I felt I must know she had it ere I could ever again hope for peace. What gratitude ought to be mine, as I think the knowledge of that last night might have been denied me. She really turned to Him as her "Mediator and Redeemer," and pleaded His own promise, "Where two or three are gathered together," with her conclusion, "Now He must hear us, because it is His own Word."

I had seen her four days before, and *saw and felt* what a different expression was in her large blue eyes, as she affectionately and, as I thought, gratefully looked at me. I felt I also had confessed Christ more than I had ever done, urged on by the feeling I had not spoken of Him as early or as fully as I might. Now there is the poor mother, who wishes to remain on at Cannes.

Now, before the clock strikes midnight, I must stop. It seems a strange coincidence that in my Daily Light this morning, and from what our Bishop in St. Paul's has sent to the other sisters,

there comes the old, yet ever new and necessary call, to yield ourselves body, soul, and spirit to God.

May He grant to me more faith, deeper, intenser love, and more knowledge. And now Mary and I have been saying we must look forward to our new, unknown life amidst the old haunts and familiar scenes.”

“ I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my guide ;
With a childlike trust, I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side.
The only thing I say to Him
As He takes it is : ‘ Hold it fast ’ ;
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me Home at last.”

The friendship with Frances Jarvis and her mother was one of the first things to call into expression the missionary spirit, which was to be the key-note of her future life. They were, like herself, strangers in a strange land, and there is no record how she became acquainted with their lives. Frances had probably come in search of health, and Lady Victoria may have found her at the “ Asile.” The character and education of the young girl struck her intensely, and it was her first contact with the agnostic tone in the region of spiritual belief.

Her own experiences were such as to make her an ardent believer in the profession of the belief in a living Saviour, and she had the note of the true missionary, a hunger for the souls of mankind.

Her natural bent was for the far mission fields of the Church, and her wistful gaze was often turned

in that direction. Her own desire to render personal service was behind all her deep and lifelong interest in foreign missions, and she never understood reluctance on the part of those who seemed fitted for that particular task in the vineyard, in not coming forward.

When her diaries record "rebellions and storms" in her inner life, it was mostly when she felt her bodily conditions limited the scope of her service. She was a born traveller; at one time she thought it right to contemplate going out to India with her brother. When her father allowed her to consider the scheme a possible one, she writes: "It was not all self-denial. I have a passion for seeing new countries, and have long had a dream of Zenana work."

She was a fearless traveller, and would have gone through discomforts in foreign lands, as hardily as she encountered the discomforts of crossing her native seas. There was no greater rest to her than to feel that "duty" led her to go abroad. She prepared for a winter in Rome or Geneva, or a journey to see an old friend in Brussels, and she went off to survey Kaiserwerth and its deaconesses with much less fuss than many people make in a journey from London to Edinburgh.

When the news of Lord Colin's illness came, she writes of that event:—

As I was preparing to go to him, the telegram to say all was over arrived.

In October I was with the Macmillans at Greenock. He put me on board the boat for Iona. A week there, another at Bunessan, then here, to prove, as I believed, whether these islands, or farther afield, was to be, in future, my sphere.

During this last week I had such a strong letter from Dr. Dykes, as to the former. It makes me wonder whether it is a “ message.”

Probably it was in the same year that Dr. Charteris, who had long known of this desire, writes to her in an undated letter.

Don't you think you should be made a deaconess, and get a Church commission, the Church of Scotland Deputy to the western portions of Scotland? That is my humble contribution for your consideration. You could be ordained in St. Giles or St. Cuthbert's, or anywhere you preferred, when here at Easter, of which you spoke.

And, again, in a year when he knew her back at the work she had made so peculiarly her own, he writes, in cheer :—

I had your short note, the shortest on record, yesterday. I think you are in low spirits, so I am writing this wee “ sursum corda.” You are probably working above your strength. Please remember that when we give what we have, the Lord makes it enough. He did not bid His

disciples bake more loaves: would not even let them go to the villages for more. It is the blessing, not the amount of work, that tells. I always think the sower might have saved the seed that he wasted on the wayside and the shallow ground. He was in too big a hurry. I have always been a waster, so am now serving as a beacon to you, dear Highland maid. How fine and dear your father's salutation, "My wee seagull!"

Dr. Charteris again recurs to the hope of having her as a deaconess. "Have you any thoughts of going to that Conference? It would be fine to have you as deaconess, or in prospect as such." The letter is annotated by Lady Victoria, "Only as guildswoman!" She knew, in her inmost heart, that her mission had been given to her, and that the double consecration of which she speaks had bound her to her father's people in the islands.

Year by year she had visited Iona, and the brief chronicle of the daily life tells of landings on the sacred isle. "Walked to the cathedral, and sat long in it. Walked to my mother's cross;" or sometimes the word is, "The others landed; I sat looking at the cathedral." It was not the restored cathedral, for which she gave thanks before the close of her life. It was in the roofless choir, beside a window in the south transept looking to the East and across the Sound, that she saw the vision clearly, that her life and its gifts must be dedicated afresh to the loving service of "our people."

It was probably about 1882 that she felt, within the sanctuary, this sudden light on her future life. “ I remember her telling me,” says Dr. Fleming in his memorial service, “ how, long years ago, she was looking out of the ruined windows of Iona Cathedral, and it was there and then that the call came to her to dedicate her life to the islands.”

There have been few vows made in that holy fane which were more faithfully kept in the spirit and in the letter, and when she was free to follow “ the call,” she obeyed in the same spirit that brought the saint of old to that spot which she said was the most sacred on earth, “ next to the Holy City.”

The year 1879 contains two more entries in her book of meditations. Her life was too active to permit of more than two or three lines of a compressed notice of the daily round, but at longer intervals she wrote her garnered thoughts for the time that was passing.

Sunday, April 20th, 1879.

First Sunday in London this year. Bells chiming—what memories they recall! How difficult to take in that the mother, the centre round whom, this time last year, life revolved, is no more, and we can only serve her in carrying on work and life as she would have wished. I am laid up again, but these sofa-days ought to be very good for me in many ways.

May 8th, 1879.

G.'s wedding-day. I cannot be there, owing to a heavy chest cold. It is a disappointment, but with me there are always two sides of the question on these public occasions ; and I know, if I use the time rightly, my spirit will be cooler and calmer for doing what it ought to do for him and his bride in such an hour—join in the censer of intercession ; and surely such prayers must prevail. I have found it hard lately to rise—life seems sometimes a dead level, and I am afraid has done so dreadfully to me of late. It seems so strange to-day not to hear her fervent " God bless you ! "

This is the fourth wedding in the family from which I have been absent. I sometimes feel as if " the cloistered cell " has providentially been meant for me. I think and hope this quiet hour will be one of the milestones on my life's path. I do love these Holland Park trees, bursting into green, and, as I look at them this evening, with a peaceful, grey-blue sky, and think of all that has happened since this time last year, it seems as if it must be a dream.

Reading this week the " Holy Life " has again echoed to me the key-note, " Harmony of our will and His will. "

During the years after her mother's death, Lord Shaftesbury became more than ever a comfort in the life of Lady Victoria. He was devoted, from her earliest childhood, to the Duchess, and had always

been on intimate terms with the whole family. His youngest son was the godchild of his old friend, and, in writing to Lady Victoria, he says, “ You are as dear to me as one of my own children.”

To more than one she spoke of the influence his character and mind had had on her young life, and when he died she wrote to Mrs. Campbell, Ach-nashie :—

The death of Lord Shaftesbury is a dreadful one to me, for, besides the old, much-loved associations, he has been so much to me individually since my mother died, and many a time has he recalled, by his life as well as by his voice, her lofty ideas of love and duty ; but I do thank God for what He gave him to be to us, as to so many, and I know, if ever there was an occasion when we ought to join in that thanksgiving, it is in this, for his day's work was done.

Sunday, Nov. 2nd, 1879. INVERARAY.

For the first time this year I feel I can count on being alone with the thoughts and memories, and these last seem just now wellnigh to overwhelm me. The now almost leafless trees. The group of firs and my “ anniversary hill.” The heavy clouds, with ever and anon bursts of sunshine. How it brings back to me those Sunday afternoons spent between my mother and dear old Kingie. This afternoon the longing to hear her voice once more has come over me, but I think God is teaching

me to sympathise in their joy, for they are with Him ; and as the life of communion with Him goes on, and deepens, one feels that love which was lavished on us, and which now one feels at times as if one had no longer, is yet met in Him, who is daily pouring it out in larger, fuller measure.

I have had such an echo of Cannes this morning, reading dear Dr. Hanna's " Measureless Love of Christ." I heard it first in that little chapel, and his teaching on the Atonement opened my eyes to so much. I do feel very thankful for that friendship.

To-morrow Mrs. Grant, our Biblewoman, comes. I hope God will prosper it. Sometimes I have felt almost too happy to take it in, when I have thought I have had the privilege of helping this. My father has been so good about it, and so begins another chapter.

Dec. 14th. Sunday evening. 1879.

This has been a ceaseless wet day, and I have had a sense of oppression, mentally and, I fear, spiritually. I have been thinking that perhaps there is too little of that intercommunion of thought and speech which ought to be between those who wish to love and serve Him ; and how far too apt one is rather to discuss plans and worries, and take thought for the morrow ; and yet, over and over again, we have been taught how vain this is, and how we may trust Him with that Future, which, indeed, at times presses on one with its own

punishment, namely, with a sense of intolerable weight. I have been looking over the diary of this time last year, and how I ought to be filled with gratitude when I see how doubtful I was then whether I was to be raised up from that time of weakness and illness !

Dec. 28th. Last Sunday in 1879.

I got to church this morning. We were all there except F. Mr. McKichan preached on the miracle of turning water into wine.

This evening the wind is shrieking and howling and whistling. It seems to make every chord in one's being vibrate. I have been looking again at my landmark group of trees, and have been thinking much of the Past. The two who formed the Sunday afternoon care and watch have passed beyond the shadows. To-day has been more taken up than I like with planning and cares for the Future. How many causes have I for thankfulness this past year ? My dear F. safe and happy in her earthly life. Growing satisfaction and pleasure in little C. I have seen some work set going in the dear old place—clothing club and mothers' meeting every Thursday. Mrs. Grant much liked, but I know not yet whether she will continue with us.

The work set agoing “ in the dear old place ” was to grow and increase, and be the training ground for herself for the same class of work, begun under more difficult circumstances in the distant islands.

At Inveraray the town was the focus of her classes, and she had the approval and assistance of all her old friends, the ministers of the town.

She started, first of all, the mothers' meeting and the clothing club. Her great aim was to draw all those capable of helping her into the work of organisation, and of influencing the women of the place. She had a strong feeling that the work ought not to depend solely upon her own presence. Her absences were necessarily frequent, and life, she said, was always uncertain. "Fellow-workers" she claimed everywhere; some she found only eager for "a lead," and others she trained, who are still at work in the corner of the vineyard she pointed out to them as their own.

No one who came under her system led idle lives. She never spared herself, and she never supposed anyone wished to be spared. Fitfully she remembered the frailty of poor human nature, and when she remembered she was full of consideration. Any "do-less-ness," or inertia, born of the western temperament, met with short shrift from her.

By nature she had a temperament of nervous impatience. The check on her naturally vivacious energies caused by her disabilities was a constant source of irritation, and to have slow helpers around her tried her in a manner some found it hard to understand.

Near the end of her life, one who was with her made a jest on the patience she had shown under a small, but irritating trial. Her answer was in a

serious tone, “ I have learnt to be more patient.” Only those who knew her well understood the signs that she was mastering the inclination towards impatience, with a daily watchfulness, which was seldom broken down. Those who worked with and for her had always the reward of her complete confidence, and she could touch no lives without trying to know their real inwardness, and to feel she had ministered in any way to their need was her greatest pleasure. To be associated with her works was to live in an atmosphere of cheerful energy. She never missed seeing the humours of a situation, and she loved to share the fun with all those who “ knew the ropes.” In every complication she was glad if she could get those “ in the scrape ” to see the laughable side, and she nearly always could discover one. It was easy to embarrass her by a whispered word on the humours of the crisis, and her agonised “ don’t ” was the prelude to an uncontrollable attack of laughter, which she would struggle in vain to hide. “ The sense of the ludicrous has saved us many a time,” she would truly say, and it was a special gift given to help her spirit, apt to be careful and troubled over the perplexities and turmoils of life.

The young loved her society as much as the old. The same alert sympathy which made her room, or the couch on which she lay, the central thought of all those who had news to give, or a trouble to unfold, or a good family joke to reveal, made her presence a welcome one in the midst of her meetings and classes, and among that band of women who,

in many places, and under differing circumstances, were her friends and fellow-workers.

Jan. 4th, 1880. INVERARAY.

My first Sunday this year spent away from church owing to a threatening return of cold. I felt I must take care, in view of being this week alone with my father, Libby, and Conny. Especially here, my Sundays spent in solitude seem to rest me more, and I think Divine things have appeared very real and present to me this morning. Particularly the thought of how emphatically it is said, "Good news, good will towards *all* men. All flesh shall see the salvation of God." Surely enough to make us feel that whatever mystery and perplexity with which we are brought in contact we may trust God with it. He cannot mock us by holding out the cup and then withdrawing it.

I have been cheered at this opening of a new year by Mrs. Grant telling me she means to stay here for a year, at any rate. This seems to point to the work having a definite footing, which so far has begun well; but there are many things which call one to the necessity of having the single eye as the one thing. "This one thing I do." One thing is desired of the Lord. One thing is needful.

INVERARAY. 1880.

To-day, with Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. Macdonald, and Mrs. Grant, I began our first meeting at

Kenmore. They wanted to join in January, but I did not think it right with all the “ Housework ” to pledge myself away for another day. Now, as Archie and Conny generally ride there is no obstacle, and I think we had better have it fortnightly.

Kenmore is a crofting district lying some five miles down Loch Fyne. It was prosperous at the time Lady Victoria began her meetings in it ; to-day it is true that—

“ The little crofts are falling,
And fields are lying bare,
And curlews calling, calling
As the only creatures there. . . .
The lads that lived in Kenmore
Are long ago at rest.”

Sunday, March 14th, 1880.

This last week has brought us news of the dissolution of Parliament, and one wonders what will be the result. This winter to me has gone like a dream, and I cannot realise this is March. I am leaving with a deep sense of thankfulness to God for having permitted me to work a little for Him here. My father has written so kindly about it. The soup-kitchen these last weeks has been a great pleasure. I have felt something of the truth how one is helped if one seeks it in prayer.

Have felt that text, “ My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest,” has been a stay to me to-day, when feeling a sense of burden and

shrinking from the London life in spite of its many church privileges.

THE DEANERY, CHESTER. *Easter Eve, 1880.*

Here it is next to impossible to get a quiet hour, Mrs. Howson, the Dean, or the girls coming in to talk. It is a pleasant and a resting little episode.

This afternoon I went into the cathedral and heard the chiming bells; it seemed like "the King's arbour," and the music is an intense delight, but, as I had the cheek to tell the Dean, more and more do I feel I could not live in it entirely. I think you know how bitterly I feel the loneliness in these things at Inveraray. It does teach one its own lessons, which to me at least would have been harder to learn while in the midst of every external help. I think it has saved me from the temptation of resting in anything of the kind. I liked so much what you said in your last letter because it is so true. He does reveal Himself when we are feeling the lowest, the most needy, and then we experience the spiritual teaching of all these days which I love, and which are a help to me; and I have so much in this deeper inner self to rejoice and give praise for to-morrow. I hope to be at His Table, and there have Communion in Him, with her with whom all these days are so associated.

July 11th, 1880. ARGYLL LODGE.

This is my fourth Sunday away from church. Once more it seems to me as if I had been near the

Borderland. Once more recognised how infinitely loving and tender the Good Shepherd is, and how He does uphold when all else fails. Now it seems as if I was coming back to life, and to begin a new chapter. “ He hath spoken in the darkness.” Surely I may leave with Him the burden of the Present as well as the Future. Sometimes I have shrunk back, feeling so unfit; but may not one lesson have been to bring home once more the truth, “ My grace is sufficient for thee.” Oh, that one could learn more fully to *abide* in Him, the living and true Vine!

Oct. 6th, 1880.

We have been nine together lately.

St. Leonards-on-Sea. Dec. 31st, 1880.

I sit down to write a few notes for my recollection of this strange, lonely time. Some feeling of rest and peace has come to me to-night after a week of special hurry and anxiety, causing me, alas, to feel the weakness of my own resolutions by the frequent failure of patience.

I have been struck by E.'s wish for me in this new year. So true, so knowing, and deeply tender in knowing what will be really best for me. “ I wish you all *He* sees you will need of happiness and strength for His glory in the coming year.” Now and then, amid the dense darkness, that thought of God's will being summed up in that He wishes, nay, longs for our sanctification, ought

surely to breathe a deep calm into my wearied, anxious self, but it has seemed as if "All His waves and billows have gone over me." God grant my first and most fervent prayer to-night may be that in this time next year, if I am here, I may reflect more of His image than I have done in the past.

Jan. 1st, 1881.

I must write a few lines this first evening of the new year, on which I have felt as if God has given me new faith and patience. May He grant that it may last. He has showered upon me tokens of His love, shown in the love of those most dear to me. Such loving letters and cards from the sisters, telling me of the different entertainments. How I have longed to be with them! Thank God, none of these thoughts disturbed my vigil last night. I felt as if He were giving me the spirit of grace and supplication, and the Word which seemed to me was, "This one thing I do"—if the one thing be in reality and truth our one and sole aim, then everything will become straight.

How much more I ought to live in intercessory prayer and in meditation! I longed for some music. Some bells, but there was only one to be heard, a sort of tolling sound. I liked to think of the thousands who were meeting in His name to see out the old and welcome the new year in.

It was best for me to be alone; such moments

have the worth of years. Deeper, more fervent love to Him will be one of my chief aims during this year into which we have entered. It was when the disciples “feared as they entered into the cloud” that they heard the voice of God telling them it was His beloved Son, to whom they were to give heed. Let us seek, in trying and dark hours, to hear what He will have to say to us, even though He speaks in the darkness. We may have to tell it out in the Light.

Sunday, March 20th, 1881. ARGYLL LODGE.

It has been with a feeling of surprise I sit down to write a few lines in this fragmentary journal, as I see the length of time which has elapsed since my doing so. More than three months! Tomorrow spring begins, and never before has it awakened within me such a sense of the Resurrection life, after the long, cold, dark, and anxious winter.

In January, after my return to London, I was struck down with an attack much like the one I had at Cannes, and for four or five weeks I led a complete invalid life. One night I wondered whether it was to be my last. Accompanied with a feeling of *fear*, which, in view of death, distressed me; for surely if we are trusting Him simply and implicitly it will be robbed of its terrors. I think a sense of the importance and supremacy of the home life and its duties were given to me at this time, and such a feeling of rest and gratitude

when the sisters returned from Scotland. The separation from C. had been especially trying.

I came back to ordinary life very slowly, and I had much work to overtake. I was able to be at the second of Dr. Saphir's Thursday lectures; they have, indeed, been a source of great delight—I hope profit—for it is a "talent," surely, for which I shall have to give an account.

I have, thank God, had a glimpse into the blessedness and peace of "casting the burden" and going on steadily, and even joyously, with the work of the day. The week which has just gone has been a very bright one, as far as outside pleasures go, beginning with a long visit and talk with Dr. Saphir. I had an interesting and quiet time at the Infirmary. I also have heard Mr. Peploe with Ina Dent. Such strong, steady, bright, shining faith. A "Greatheart" like Dr. Dykes.

I have also met Mr. Meyer, the German Jew missionary. He was intensely interesting, telling me of his own conversion.

ON THE DEATH OF DEAN STANLEY

ARGYLL LODGE, *July 25th*, 1881.

My dearest F.,

I must not turn in to-night without sharing with you, in some measure at least, the events of a day through which I thought of you and wished you were with us. It was a most touching sight, and in many ways, I am quite sure, it will stand out



WINDOW, SOUTH TRANSEPT, IONA CATHEDRAL.

as unique, however long one may live. And then to us individually—exactly three years and two months since we went there to worship together, little thinking what our next service would be—it all had its special associations. Evey, Mary, and I started about the same time as Papa ; he to the Jerusalem Chamber, while we went round to pick up Sophy, and by sending at the Deanery door for one of the Baillie boys, and, farther on, by the assistance of Algernon Stanley, we were admitted at once to Henry VII’s chapel, and there waited three-quarters of an hour, hearing faintly, in the distance, the organ and the singing. We had some utter quiet for one’s ain thochts, with perhaps a greater yearning to know more of the Resurrection power and life than one had ever had. Shortly before the procession filed in, some sunlight struck upon the old banners ; it was very pretty.

The dear little Dean ! One could with difficulty take in that all that was left here of him was in the small coffin, carried past, as he would have wished, by men of different denominations. Dr. Story looked very fine, then came the long train of family mourners, servants included. First of all, the choristers with the clergy, then the Prince of Wales, and the representatives of the other members of the Royal Family. Then the crowds and crowds of men, of Cabinet Council and Parliament, dear old Lord Shaftesbury very prominent. The Bishop of Lichfield, Dean of Chester ; indeed, wherever one looked some familiar face, bringing back such

chapters, greeted one. At the most unexpected moment little Henry de Bunsen looked up and somehow one knew that he was thinking of that last funeral, when we were together away amongst the hills.

A great life has gone out of London, as well as another link from that chain which binds one to the Past. How little we realised this time three and a half years ago what a complete uprooting we were to undergo! Papa looked very white and ill; I was glad when it was over for him.

Lord Salisbury was close to Papa; "keeping him in order," I suppose!

Your very affectionate,

VICTORIA CAMPBELL.

Feb. 12th, 1882. INVERARAY.

These two snowdrops were picked to-day as I returned from a visit to the Kellys. She followed me out, and we sat upon a seat by the river, talking of the possibility of her joining the Lord's Table this coming April Communion. I felt what a real help and joy it would be to me in looking back upon this winter, with all its groping and stumbling, if I had let some ray of light fall upon a weary life.

In the afternoon of this Saturday came Lord Shaftesbury, bringing such a waft of old days. "My last counsel to you, my dear, is to keep the letter of Holy Writ; the moment we go beyond this we lose ourselves." Such were some of his words.

It is difficult to express one's feeling of love and veneration for that old veteran in God's service. What a life of labour and love his has been !

July 29th, 1882. ARGYLL LODGE.

The month of May, already so associated to us with death and separation, was singularly marked this year by the deaths of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Dr. Hanna, and dear Dr. John Brown. For all, how one can enter into the Thanksgiving for all those departed in His faith and fear. What a world of memories it brought over one ! Freddy, who with his wife had been so much to us all at the time of my mother's death in their house. His having been found on his knees in the drawing-room, was a testimony as to where he sought for refuge. One of the things which has spoken most strongly to one of the vital truth of Christianity has been the way in which his widow is bearing the trial. It is now a month since I spent an hour with her, and I shall never forget the brave, patient, tender, self-forgetting spirit.

Then “ Rab,” who has shed upon our path of late years a peculiar light, so bound up with my mother's days, so full of affectionate sympathy ; but for him and Dr. Hanna one felt one dare not grieve. One could see in their case the work was done, and with both, though in different ways, one felt rising into the joy it must have been “ to know even as they were known.” Dr. Hanna was a true messenger of God to me during my suffering

time at Cannes. The memory has remained with me of his key-note being an intense realisation of the Love of God, and of our Salvation through Christ.

God has given me peculiar and frequent privileges this season in meeting with His people and hearing the preaching of the Word.

My Sundays in Halkin Street under Dr. Saphir have been a great pleasure, and one for which I know I ought to and must give an account.

Then Dr. Dykes, who always seems to me to answer to "Greatheart," I have heard several times. One fitted to guide and strengthen when faint and falling by the way.

Such a messenger as he was, especially one evening, when one felt more inclined than ever to give up the fight. I do not think things have ever been quite the same since.

Then my Conference days at Mildmay were a great blessing. It brought before me the unity, love, and fervour of God's children towards Him, and towards each other.

Mary's marriage to Edward Glyn has been a source of much gratitude, and has brought real sunshine into the home.

Jan. 4th, 1885. INVERARAY.

It is again on the Lord's Day I enter a few lines, for how can I go over the ground of a year and three-quarters? How much have I to look back upon! On the first Sunday in 1885 may I

not put my seal, “ He faileth never,” although I feel the effects of that illness still, I am much better, and have never missed one clothing club meeting in town since they began in November, and only two at Kenmore.

The close of the year 1884 saw a large assemblage in the Newton Hall of clothing club members, and ladies who chiefly contributed the things for a large social tea ; and Mr. Meikle, Mr. McKichan, and Mr. Rose all took part. The Hall beautifully decorated, and several of the ladies sitting down at the tables pouring out tea ; so it was more like a family gathering. I felt that surely God had granted some of our prayers as we saw the happy faces, others, again, bowed down with anxiety or sorrow. All within hearing of the fervent prayer and exhortation of Mr. Meikle. Surely “ the token for good,” I have longed for God to give me this winter, as to whether it is His work. During the past year, I have had it put before me from two very different quarters, as to whether my life among these people was likely to be long continued. God knows, but Mr. M’Pherson’s text this morning, as I was alone in church, “ My grace is sufficient for thee,” may suffice me.

Oct. 24th, 1885. EDINBURGH.

On returning to Inveraray it was *pressed* upon me to go forward and see whether a Bible-class could not be formed. Mrs. Grant, telling me that some young girls, going to her for prayer and

reading, had stopped owing to being "twitted," put a spur to what had been a long, slumbering desire. I told the two ministers, and began about the second week in September. It has gone on increasing in numbers every week, and they seem really interested. How much it helps me, I can never say, in trying to make things plain to others; they are certainly made plainer to oneself. The subject is the "Life of Moses."

During these weeks there has been the heavy trial of losing Lord Shaftesbury. The Goschens and others were in the house at the time, and one felt as if one had to go about with an unspeakable burden upon one. I think I did chiefly feel gratitude to God for giving me through him, during those last years, such counsel and friendship.

I am finishing this on October 25th. I have once more joined in the Communion at St. Cuthbert's. Mr. Williamson preached upon "Christ Crucified." It was a great help.

I must mention what gave me deep joy before leaving Inveraray. Those two in whom I was so deeply interested had gone forward to the Communion, and I was able to speak more freely about it than ever before to many.

Once more have I pledged myself in the beloved City. On the 27th, the day we return to Inveraray, it will be seventeen years since I came here with Dot.

Feb. 23rd, 1886. INVERARAY.

I have seen all I can of the girls attending my

Bible-class. I think we shall end with about fifty-eight. I feel very thankful to have so many enrolled in a society which is lifting up its standard for purity and uprightness in thought, word, and deed.

I have found many among the girls very nice, and such as we can count upon for being helps to others. Surely, then, I ought to conclude with “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.”

April 23rd, 1886. Good Friday. ARGYLL LODGE.

Only a few lines can I write to-night before joining Evey, Jamie, and Conny. It has been a day blessed with private and personal associations to me. Eight years ago on Good Friday I spent in the Parish Church at the three-hour service, and F. spoke to me at night of the prospect which had opened for her. All rushed back to me as I saw her in church this morning with her bairn. The day is a marked one in my spiritual history, for I think it was only that day, eight years ago, I entered into the meaning, “Christ for us.”

On Easter Sunday, April 23rd, 1886, Lady Victoria writes that she has only been able for the morning service at Dr. Saphir’s.

It has been a blessed day; he, as few others, seem to bring one close to the feet of the Messiah. I can never thank God enough for his ministry.

It brings me back to that Easter of 1875 when I was left here with Kingie, and so first came into contact with him. All through her spiritual struggle, and my darkness, the words were ringing in my heart, "At eventide it shall be light." It was most assuredly with her, and so, too, may I say at the close of another Easter Sunday is it with me.

The longing increases to be more directly in the so-called "Mission Field." It came to me with a deep sense of rest this evening, when reading the Epistle to the Ephesians, that if God has prepared the ways that we should walk in them.

The burden of thought for this ought to be laid aside, for where and when He needs me for other work He will make it plain.

I would do better to ask whether I have the "perfect heart" in the present sphere, and whether my wish for another does not lie in great measure in the sense of difficulty.

Home ties, she says, "are getting fainter and fainter," and with the marriage of Lady Evelyn the last of the sisterhood and of "us four" had left the home. The wrench was a severe one, but in this, and in other changes, she read, more and more clearly, that the claims upon her were lessening, and that wider fields were opening for her.

She had learnt what were her powers. She had tried to teach, and had an answer in the full and warm-hearted classes which gathered round her.

Her life had been enriched by much friendship and social intercourse within and without her home ; and the next record of her life is that of work, where her heart had long been set, among the people of the islands and highlands of Argyll.

CHAPTER VII

“AND THEY WAKEN'D THE MEN OF THE WILD TIRREE”

“Sunlit isles of sapphire seas!
Far, ethereal forms,
Can ye be the Hebrides?
Are ye nursed in storms?

Days that breathe of Paradise!
Are ye glimpses given,
As if earth, with thinner skies,
Closer lay to Heaven?”

THERE are many who will read this Life, who have never seen the Hebridean Isles. They picture them as remote, surrounded by seas, as stormy and grey as the mists and clouds with which their imagination enshrouds them.

The islanders they see in hovels, dim with peat reek, their sodden crops green and unripe, their fishing-boats tossed on treacherous and uncertain seas, their language an unknown tongue, their religion as sombre, and their Church government as full of strife and division as were the days of tribal warfare. It would be as reasonable to form an estimate of the fertility of Holland from the top of Mont Blanc, as it is to describe the Hebrides from a passing visit to the congested districts of the Lewes, or some remote corner of Skye.

Standing on the island of Tiree the nearest mountain visible is Ben Mohr, in Mull. The native of Tiree may be basking in sunlight for days together, “ while the winds Ben Mohr has harboured, burst in thunder from their home.” The grey mists may sweep in trailing torrents, blotting out for the time the vision of all the islands round, and Tiree may experience only a passing scud.

On the other hand, it has its own vaporous storms, when earth, air, and sea seem composed of water ; when not a rock, or tree, breaks the force of the wild west gale, which like a fury sweeps everything before it, and then, spent with its own gigantic efforts, drops to sleep like a tired child.

Tiree was the island where Lady Victoria spent most of her time, and it was the place where she ultimately made a settled home ; and it will not be without interest to quote the words in which the late Duke of Argyll describes his visits to the island, first in 1847, and again in the year 1850.

Soon after my succession to the family estates in 1847 a friend of mine, who was a great agricultural improver, and an excellent judge of the value of land, offered to buy the island of Tiree at a price which represented an income of £1400 a year. As my returns from the estate were then nil, this offer was pecuniarily a great temptation. I declined the transaction, influenced largely by my reluctance to diminish still further the family estates, and also by my liking for the island ever since I

had seen its charms in the summer of 1840, when I was enchanted with its wealth of sky and sea, its long, beautiful bays of pure white sand, its rich pastures, its air ringing with the song of skylarks, its multitude of corncrakes, whose curious cry I have always loved, and its rocks full of shining crystals of felspar and hornblende.

Besides all this, I felt sure the new proprietor would deal rather too summarily with the excessive population. I considered that, although, in a sense, that over-population was the fault of the people, it was also, in a sense, the fault of my predecessors. If they had kept watch, and had fully enforced the rules of the estate against subdivision, the evil would not have arisen.

There was not only no tree, but there was not even a bush upon the island. It was absolutely bare and open to the sky, and to every wind that blew.

On the other hand, there was an abundance and exuberance of the richest meadow grasses, a corresponding abundance of that curious and charming bird, the landrail, or corncrake, and such a population of skylarks that the air was always ringing with their music.

All the tenantry, and most of the cottagers, dwelt in comfortable houses of a type which is almost peculiar to that island. The walls were low, and always double. The roof was of neat straw thatch, somewhat beehive in shape, and rest-

ing always on the innermost of the two walls, so that the space between the two walls, being filled with sand, made a sort of broad ledge, or bastion, round the roof. On this ledge the women and children, and often the men, sat or stood in groups to see us as we passed. We were everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm.

It was a large and teeming population, approaching at that time to nearly five thousand souls. They were well-clad, cheerful, and evidently happy, as yet untainted by the passions of the demagogue, and the ignorance of fools.

As there was nothing to interest me much in the session of 1850, my wife and I determined to spend some of the midsummer weeks in visiting my island estates in the Hebrides, and particularly Tiree, which had been the source of so much anxiety ever since 1846, and where the work of reform was still going on to such an extent that the whole rental of the estate was absorbed. Accordingly, we hired a steamer and made our way to that lovely island. The only house we could inhabit was one used by the island factor. It was in the singular position of being built on a promontory projecting into a small and sheltered lake, at some distance from the sea. I do not doubt that this was a traditional site where a crannog, or lake-dwelling had once existed, and that its connection with the shores of the lake had been effected by subsequent filling in of the isolating channel.

A large part of the island of Tiree is not raised 50 feet above the waves. But all the more completely are we delivered over to the two great dominions of the ocean and of the sky, with just enough of earth to indicate the relation of both to its abundance of life and joy. The sea comes in on every variety of beach, but chiefly on great curved bays of pure white sand; sometimes in the gentlest ripple, sometimes in rollers which are magnificent. The grass pastures are rich in clover, and full of larks. The skies in the evening are often gorgeous beyond description; the clouds imitating sometimes towers and battlements, and even mountain ranges, so solid, apparently, that I have seen strangers convinced of their substantiality. Much of the glory of the sky, and of the long after-glow which succeeds the sunset, and in that latitude "lies in heaven half the night," was reflected in the little loch underneath our windows; whilst terns and plovers of various species came to roost on the boulder-stones which were above the water. Coots and water-hens floated among the reeds, busy with their peaceful quest of water-reeds.

My enjoyment in this peculiar scenery was greatly enhanced by seeing the happy effects upon the people of the policy which I had entered upon four years ago. The emigration of several hundreds of half-starving tenants, and the annexation of their wretched little possessions to those held by their more capable neighbours, together with systematic

draining of large areas of land, were measures which were already bearing most satisfactory fruit. The interest chargeable on capital laid out on these improvements seemed to be met with ease out of increased produce, and other tenants were eager to have their land drained on the same terms. The people throughout the island were most cordial in the reception they gave us, for as yet the “Epoch of the Fools” was far away, when they were to be taught that every power, which had been exercised by me and my ancestors for their benefit, was a power which we never ought to have possessed.

Thus was the island described by the Duke, recalling near the end of his life his two early visits to this outermost of the lands he possessed. He does not note in his reminiscences the extraordinary storm which burst over the island, during the time he and the Duchess stayed in Island House. It was August, and not the season for lasting tempests. This one was preluded by a phenomenal fall of the barometer, and raged with such severity that the party were storm-stayed for a considerable period. It gave the Duchess a sense of insecurity. The possibility of being again detained from her family on the mainland prevented her visiting the island, till in later years the yacht “Columba” took her from the safe harbours of Bunessan and Tobermory, to lie for a few hours in Gott Bay.

The Duke’s interest in the improvement of the

land and of the people never relaxed, however distant he might be. He knew the history and conditions of the crofter population. He had seen the island at its worst, had witnessed famine, and had helped to combat it. He had seen a low state of living in the houses, and an ignorant tillage of the soil raised and improved. Rents had gone back into the land, and there had been peace and prosperity where there had been misery and ignorance.

Then arose, what the Duke alludes to with trenchant severity as "The Epoch of the Fools," when mercenary agitators went to and fro preaching a gospel which had for its motto, "Blessed is he who removes his neighbour's landmark."

Long ago, the agitation in Tiree has died the death it deserves. A melancholy cairn, erected to himself by the chief agitator, alone marks the days of the Land League and its folly. But such "epochs" make history, and no country is the same where, even for a season, lawlessness and disorder have obtained the upper hand.

There were, doubtless, mistakes on both sides. The Celtic temperament is peculiarly susceptible to personal influence, and it is sensitive to a fault where honest pride is wounded.

The Duke could never forget the misrepresentation and injustice which his life's work had received. It would have been better had he gone among the people of his own race, and met the lies of the paid agitator with the words of ringing truth, as he alone knew how to utter them. The work was less effi-



Photo]

ELIZABETH KNOWLES.

[H. & F. Stuart.

ciently done by what his daughter called " the middlemen," and by the arrival of the soldiers. Their chief occupation was assisting the islanders with their harvest, while the officers were the pioneers who laid out the first of the golf courses, destined to be famous in the annals of first-class golf. It would be useless to revive the story of the agitation. It has been repeated in other islands, even though the Crofter Act has changed many of the conditions. It will be repeated again, as long as any man ignores economic laws, and the change which has passed over the conditions of rural life.

It was during this " epoch " that Lady Victoria's mind was becoming more and more concentrated where there was most trouble, for such was ever the place whereunto she felt called.

Living at Inveraray in the winter of 1884 she entered in the diary brief but pregnant notices of the events which made it so dark and troubled a season for those who were beside the Duke. In August, during the yachting cruise, she says at the end of one of her weeks : " Another possible opening put before me."

In the beginning of December she writes : " Heard of crofters seizing land in Tiree."

Dec. 31st.

The crofter agitation is our great trial.

The year closes with the happy record of her work at Inveraray.

Yesterday we had a delightful clothing club social tea. Quite sixty, I think, sat down to it, and the spirit so hearty. I feel very happy about it.

The year 1885 saw no improvement in the agitation, and the Duke addressed a letter to his people. It contains his reasons for seeking the forces of law and order, and the letter never received any answer or denial of the facts which he put before the crofters. In all the evidence given before the various Commissions ("Land," and others), and in subsequent inquiries, not a tittle of evidence could be found to prove one act of injustice or mismanagement on the estate over an extended period of years.

Crofters of Tyree,

With great sorrow and extreme reluctance I have been at last compelled to take legal steps to enforce law, justice, and common honesty against a few of your number.

For more than forty years my relations with you have been not only most peaceful and friendly, but, more than this, they have been marked by special cordiality. On all my visits, at intervals, to the island, and to your cottages, I have felt the evidence of an old affection, and I have returned it in helping and rejoicing over the steady and manifest improvement in your condition.

Only within the last three or four years has there been any change on the part of any of you,

and as there has been no change in my system of management, which was eminently favourable to you, and as agricultural distress had not, till last year, affected the kind of produce you depend upon, I had no doubt from the first, and I have no doubt now, that the beginnings of lawlessness in the island have been due entirely to the instigation of outsiders. But these instigations have been of the worst character, and have led to consequences which are shocking to every sense of justice, and in some cases to every manly feeling. My information comes from individual members of your own body, as well as from the public knowledge of facts notorious in the island. Many amongst you who are most deserving have suffered most. I will mention a few cases.

Three years ago the neglect of kitchen or vegetable gardens—too common all over the highlands—having attracted my attention, I gave notice in Tyree, as well as in Mull, that I would give a prize of £10 to the crofter who would enclose, dig, and plant, the best vegetable garden in the island. One of your number, who is a widow, wished to compete for this prize. She began the necessary work, whereupon intimations were made to her by some members of the secret society which tyrannises the island that she would not be allowed to do so, and that any enclosure she might make in the day would be pulled down in the night. Being a lone and unprotected widow she was intimidated by this threat. Another of your

number, being a strong man and of independent character, resisted intimidation, and got the prize. But the poor widow was deprived of her freedom, and of her right to the possible reward of her own labour and intelligence.

Another widow, whose industry and thrift have enabled her to educate her son successfully for the ministry of the Church, in which he is now a highly respected pastor, has had her little croft invaded by the son of one of your number, who, not being allowed, I suppose, by his father to erect a new house on his croft, has seized upon a portion of the little possession of a defenceless woman, and has erected a house upon it, in defiance of her will, and to her serious damage and inconvenience.

In a third case, another crofter, also a poor widow, has lately had a number of cattle turned into her croft, and she dare not drive them off. Her pasture is consumed by others who have no right to it, and her enjoyment of her possession is destroyed.

These outrages are condemned, I have no doubt, by the great majority of you. But you don't rebuke them, or resist them openly. They have been followed in consequence by other outrages, which imply the sympathy and complicity of a larger number of persons, and prove the lawless and growing tyranny which you have allowed to be established among you. The farm, or township, of Sandaig is held by crofters, who are among the most respectable and industrious of all my tenants

in Tyree. The common pasture belonging to them has been violently seized by other crofters from the farm of Moss; the dikes and fences have been broken down, and the tenants to whom this grazing belongs, as part of the farm, have been violently prevented from rebuilding or repairing them.

Again, violence equally oppressive and unjust has been resorted to against another crofter, to whom I have let the little farm of Greenhill. This farm, having become vacant by the late tenant determining to leave the island, it was duly advertised, and it was open to any of you, individually or collectively, to offer for it. But only one of you did so, and no other proposal or offer of any kind came from any of you. I was willing to accept his offer, although at a greatly reduced rent, because it was a promotion to one of your number, who is, I believe, an industrious man. Accordingly I did accept it. He bought stock for his farm, and went, in due course, to take possession. He was met by a rabble of men, crofters and others, who threatened him with violence, and drove him away from the exercise of his legal rights. Those who committed this violence have not the least pretext in defence of their conduct. It has been an act of pure violence, of gross injustice, and of defiant lawlessness.

It is my clear duty to defend all my tenants in the enjoyment of their lawful rights, whether they be defenceless women or individual men, or joint possessors in a township.

I feel sure that most of you must detest this tyranny, but you have been wanting in the moral courage to combine and to resist it. Perhaps it has been partly my fault, in hoping so long against hope that a sense of honour and of justice would return without the help of the officers of the law. But I have been disappointed. The spirit of lawlessness, as it generally does when not resisted, has been spreading. Violence has been getting worse and worse ; and I know a case in which a poor woman has declared that when asking payment of some small debt on an ordinary account, she has been rudely repelled by the debtor, who told her that there was now no law in the island of Tyree.

I can no longer delay to procure for the peaceful and honest and law-abiding people of Tyree that protection of the law which is the right of every subject of the Queen. I call upon you all to help me in this duty. You know that none of the stock grievances of the agitators have ever affected you in Tyree. No deer forests have ever encroached upon you. There are no big mountain-sheep grazings, which have swallowed up your townships. On the contrary, your crofts were almost all given to you since the beginning of the present century, by my grandfather cutting up former large farms for the purpose. Since then I have helped you to recover from excessive subdivision, and you have largely profited in consequence. There is not one of you that does not enjoy now more land than you or your fathers had when I succeeded to the estate

forty years ago. Many of you have double, treble, quadruple the extent you had then. Some of you have a great deal more. You may depend upon it that nothing that has happened lately will ever lead me to forget our old relations. I ask for any intelligible complaint. None has been addressed to me, except from a few individuals, which I have always answered. If rent is in question, which it has seldom been, the law now provides a remedy. But nothing can be done in the way of improvement where lawless violence prevails. It is my duty to protect all of you, as far as the law enables me to do so. But you must help to protect yourselves.

ARGYLL.

The islands do not appear much in the diaries of this year. “*Jan. 1st, 1885. Feeling very down. Bad news of Tiree.*” At the close of the first week of the year she says: “One of great disappointed sadness. But feel things brightening as week closes.” On February 5th she writes: “Terrible day of suspense; heard before luncheon by telegram from Papa that Khartoum had fallen. Contradicted, but again asserted. Again, later in the week, concensus of opinion that Gordon lives. Feel very down about it all.”

The Duke had gone to Glasgow to make a political speech, and the news had not yet come in as to the fall of Khartoum. He said he could not have spoken at all had he heard the truth, and not believed, as all the country rejoiced in believing, that “at last” Gordon had been relieved.

Feb. 11th, 1885.

The wishes "for a happy new year" have been all too soon drowned, and in exchange it may truly be said there has gone forth throughout Great Britain an exceeding great and bitter cry, for the dreadful news, now anticipated for a week, of the death of General Gordon. Stabbed—and the massacre of the garrison. We can hardly ever live through a more terrible time than this last week. One shrinks from the pain yet to come in the strife and war of words, for most assuredly will Gladstone's Government be bitterly arraigned. Only time can show how they will come out of it.

Certain it is that to them must now fall the heaviest share of sorrow and disappointment when Gordon's rescue seemed so close at hand, and thinking they have been in the wrong will not make it less hard to bear.

The disappointment is a bitter one, and while wondering why God (alas, one always asks "Why?") has seen fit to refuse such united supplications for the life of Gordon, one thought has come to me. Did He not see it would be best to take him from this year's close and lonely watch with Him, away from the temptation, glare, and pomp which most assuredly would have awaited him, and which one feels would have been so distasteful to him.

1885 was still to be a time of quiet preparation. It would have been a good thing had the way

“been opened,” and had “Nighean an Diùc” (the Duke’s daughter) gone in among the people whose hearts she ever understood; but she was too clear-sighted not to see the folly, and too upright not to condemn the dishonest and disloyal methods of the Land Leaguers.

It was not the moment to speak of her ambitions and resolutions, so, as usual, she bided her time, and set her hand to any work which was open to her.

She began to learn shorthand, and the daily round is filled with the record of practising this method, and learning Gaelic from any instructor she could impress into her service at Inveraray; the Rev. Mr. McKichan was her teacher during this year, and Mrs. Grant was also beside her.

The shorthand must have been dropped, as it was not used in any of her voluminous notebooks. Up to this date, and for some time later, her handwriting was singularly legible. No pen ever traversed so much note-paper more rapidly, or was ever held for a longer time.

She was peculiarly long-sighted, and only recognised very slowly that long-sighted people, with the passing years, need reading-glasses. She never had efficient help in this direction, or was too impatient to adjust what she had. A form of writer’s cramp completed the illegibility of her later writing, and her letters were a puzzle to those even who received the most of her correspondence.

She had a strong objection to being told her handwriting was a difficulty, and to the end she thought

the fault lay with the perverted sight of her readers, rather than the crooked ways of her letters. To one correspondent she sent a particularly badly written letter from a friend, with the endorsement, "Is this writing superior to mine?" It came back to her with the truthful answer: "Yes, except when you take pains."

Dr. Cameron Lees said that the deciphering of one of her letters lasted him just three weeks, when another would arrive. The rapidity of writing was only an index of the working of her mind. It required an intimate knowledge of her line of thought, a firm grip of the central idea, a determination to wait for the verb, and to hold on to the noun, and not to be distracted by the parenthesis on parenthesis, to make out the full gist of her conversation. It was always an outpouring. "Listen!" she would begin, and the hearer was launched into a sea of other folks' affairs. Before very long the listener would realise he or she had a part to play. "Go here, and go there; write this, and see this person." She never spared trouble, never doubted others would be as interested, and would toil after the schemes of her brain. She was seldom disappointed. If the methods seemed cumbersome, the directions not always lucid, behind them lay the clear determination to achieve.

The doctors in the great Infirmaries of the west knew her handwriting well. If they were able to grasp the name of the patient who had been sent into their wards, that was all they had to know. They learnt they need not spend time deciphering all the

story written to them ; the behest to them was sure to be to cure and send back the patients she had ordered away for their good. They must not lose interest, and must do their utmost ; and the poorer the patients the more certain would be Lady Victoria's grip of their lives and destinies.

In bed, late or early, the writing-pad and the busy pen were always at hand. Through the day a thought would enter her head : down it was written, and footmen and coachmen in London were kept on the go with special messages, which could wait for no postal hours.

One of her sisters once went down to meet her as she was landed on a rough day on the boat-slip at Iona. She was carried out of the boat, and placed, enveloped in many soaked wraps, on the wet pier. "Don't speak to me till I have written these post cards, for the steamer to take with her," and oblivious of the rain that curled the paper and blackened her pencil strokes, the cards were written. If they were illegible, the recipients certainly never dared to say so, and always acted in faith when the missives reached them. It was no use to trust that she would forget. She kept no memorandum-book of her many engagements, for memory never failed her. When others forgot her errands, her commands, her commissions, and her messages, it was a lapse she might, with an effort of patience, forgive ; but she could not understand the failure, and the sinner was given next time a written document "to make everything clear."

When the work of life is done, and the tools of the worker, with the accomplished tasks, are all on view, it is possible to consider the method and the achievement both together. In many cases the orderly mind goes with methods of order, the organising brain finds other hands and feet; labour-saving apparatuses are used, and the office of the brain is provided with appropriate pigeon-holes.

Lady Victoria's own work was always on the lines of labour-giving, and not saving. She never had a trained secretary, and her many "girl friends and fags" only did a minute portion of clerical work. Her thoughts ran into the minutest detailed instructions, and she left nothing to chance.

Her work remains. Behind the classes, mothers' meetings, Y.W.C.A., and Guilds she had a "connecting link." She saw them as bringing the women and girls of the highlands and islands into helpful touch with the life and work of the churches, and, socially, she saw in their fellowships and protection a great stimulus to a higher moral standard among the younger women. Her clothing clubs were baits for the ingathering of her classes. When she had got the mothers she was in touch with the children, and that led to soup-kitchens in the winter, and greater facilities for procuring milk for the school children. The Duke's cows were instituted. There were battles royal, and much ink was spilt over imperial quarts and fair prices; but the thing was accomplished, and has continued. How it was done is not easy to reconstruct from the voluminous notes and letters which still

survive. The ink has faded, and only those who knew her, above all those who were driven forward in the whirlwind of her energy, her fellow-workers of all ages and sexes, and of every social degree, these alone hold the secret of her practical successes, and can read the handwriting aright. During a vacancy in one of the parishes, one of her family asked the late Dr. Mackenzie, of Kingussie, why he had not one of his "boys" ready to answer a call? "I can't get anyone to go; they are all afraid of Lady Victoria," was his feeble and laughing excuse. Every drone shunned her presence, and her energy was an almost irritating reproach to the slack in thought and deed.

In the last year of her life, when physical strength was at a very low ebb, and her enterprises were limited, a member of her family went into her London lodging, after a day of somewhat strenuous exertion. She was saluted by the figure on the couch leaning forward eagerly, holding out a pamphlet, the face full of the spirit that quickeneth: "F., the moment you have done with this Commission, you must take up the white slave traffic."

"To ride abroad redressing human wrong," was an instinct with her. Sometimes she rode full tilt, and the object did not gain from her impetuosity. Occasionally she was too strenuous to be tactful. To say her sense of time and place was always in proportion would be inaccurate, but when the whirlwind had gone by, and the zeal which had overdriven fat cattle had died down, there remained the still small voice which showed the conscience that she

had been right ; that there was a dark spot which needed light, there was error which needed the truth. No one could ever comfort themselves with the thought that they had done right to abide by the stuff, because they could not work in a sphere according to her directions.

It is needless to say that, brought up in the atmosphere of her father's house, she was deeply interested in political life. The politics of Church and State were the staples of conversation in the home life. Nothing she enjoyed more than the privilege which gave her a seat in the gallery of the House of Lords, and many a weary climb did she undertake to that exalted region, after driving with her father down to the House.

Naturally she followed the politics of the Duke, but her experience of life led her into many independent opinions. She knew the land question in a manner which would have shamed the knowledge of most Members of Parliament, and she had pronounced views on the various Secretaries for Scotland, and their administration of that State department.

She was an early supporter of the movement for the enfranchisement of women. Here, again, her convictions came to her through experience. She knew how imperfect were the laws which regulated the industrial lives of women, and she felt how little legislators had done to protect and guard the morals of girls and children ; and she had strong views on licensing and all temperance legislation. As usual, it was the desire to have the power to do something,

to have the responsibility of the faiths that were in her, that made her desirous of having a vote.

Those who cared for the suffrage, often wished that she had borne a platform testimony to this cause. She was not a platform speaker, and had a shrinking from women taking any such part in public. She saw its necessity, but while watching it in others, she never practised it herself. She addressed classes and meetings of women, but men, especially the clergy, were always sent out of the room when they had done their official duty. She spoke sitting, and spoke with great fluency and rapidity. She had no oratorical gift, and her addresses were delivered with less animation than her conversational gifts would lead one to expect.

She had the greatest difficulty in mastering the nervous tension of public utterance. No conquest in her life-story was greater than the overcoming of the deep reserve which she inherited from her father on all that concerned the spiritual life. She saw that her work was to lie in bearing testimony, and the missionary spirit helped her in the line of this duty. To the very end it was a great strain on body and mind, and, to use her own frequent expression, "it took it out of her" to an extent she hid successfully from those who had gathered to hear her.

All public notice and comment on her work she greatly disliked. She was upborne by the remembrance and recognition of her friends. She leant heavily on human sympathy and love, and she was

encompassed by it; but the ways of the Press commentator, and the advertising of her name in papers, was almost comically abhorrent to her. Except in church magazines her name rarely appeared; if she wrote to the papers it was usually with the signature, "Hebridean"; and when the school of wood-carving, which she instituted in Tiree, formed the subject of a paragraph in the newspapers, she would have been happier had her name been left out of the notice.

On the day of her death there soon appeared at the house a carrion-crow from the Press. He sought an interview with one of the family, and uttered the complaint: "We have nothing written up of her. Who was she, and what did she do?"

"You have paid her the only compliment it was in your power to pay her," was the answer he got, as the door was opened and shut upon his carcase.

She was a real student of the newspapers, and to have them read aloud to her was the relaxation of the hour after dinner. The last interest she had in the region of politics was the side she took in the Fiscal controversy, being to the surprise of some of her people, "a convinced Tariff Reformer."

Writing in 1903 to her sister, Lady Mary, she says:—

What a time it is in politics! I never remember such a time since you and I came down with Papa from London in 1881, when he had resigned after the Irish Land Bill proposals. All down the line

posters up with " Cabinet Crisis." I can't help feeling it is a pity. From what little I have seen of agriculture, I have long felt with regard to Foreign competition, how are we to succeed? I remember asking father, one of those last years, to explain how Free Trade *could* pay, as other countries had not taken to it, and being struck with his halting answer! How one longs for a talk with him!

Her sense that protected emigration was the proper outlet for the surplus women of the country, brought her into close and vital touch with the dominions beyond the seas; and consciously, or more probably unconsciously, she was a strong Imperialist, believing that for Great Britain there was yet very much land to be possessed for God and the Covenant of Promise.

This period of her life cannot be passed over without some account of her life among the younger generation. In her the mother-instinct was in overwhelming proportion. Her parents had been the veritable roof-trees of her existence, and she clung to the memory of the one, and missed the mother-love from her surroundings to the end of her life. There were some of her friends for whom she had the feelings of a daughter: Mrs. Gordon, of Melrose, and Louisa, Duchess of Northumberland, had both a peculiar position in her affections. Writing of a visit to Albury in 1886, she speaks of the rest it had been. " The Duchess's strong counsel to be in no hurry to

seek other work seemed like a message." In 1890, she says :—

On Dec. 18th the dear Duchess of Northumberland "fell asleep." God only knows what a loss she is to me. For the last few years it has been such a deep, sacred friendship that I have seldom spoken of it. How can I thank God enough for her long, faithful sympathy ! Her one fear was that of doing or being anything contrary to God's will. "My darling, you will, I know, desire only to be all your Heavenly Father would have you. Put aside every other side-consideration, every motive but one : can I do this thing ? Is it God's will for me ?" Such are some of her sayings which seem wafted back to me. I could not have believed her loss could have given me such a sense of loneliness, such a reawakening to the pain of my mother's death, such a breaking of old ties. Three passages of Scripture will for ever be associated in my mind with her :

"For I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul."

"Upon this I awaked, and beheld ; and my sleep was sweet unto me."

"And He shall sit as a Refiner."

A visit to Mrs. Gordon, her "Mother President," at Melrose was to her always a time of refreshing, and in work and spiritual communion she received much help from her old friend. Mrs. Gordon writes to her

when the islands were looming large on Lady Victoria's horizon :—

My dearest V.,

Of course I give my blessing. I think on the whole, and I said so surely, did I not ? that this plan is decidedly the best. All I ever feared was the length of the dreary island winter for your delicate health. I comforted myself that you had many homes to go to, which you might cheer and bless for a time when this proved the case. I don't think that at all a suggestion of the enemy to keep you from other work ! The worst of the case is that one can't express all one feels in this change in life for you, my dear, dear child. The leadings you tell me of do look, indeed, as if the Lord pointed in that direction ; and, of course, for our work it is a very great boon. May He give you the Jabez blessing : “ Oh that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me ! ” A blessing, “ indeed,” fitted for dwellers by the sea. May you have your “ coasts ” enlarged, and your work prospered. There is as much work for God when we have quiet times of gathering honey and laying up manna for further use, as when engaged in full feverish activity. But I just trust you to your Guide and Teacher, for “ who teacheth like Him ? ”

A later undated letter, after island life had fully begun, says :—

How thankful I am that the Lord preserved you in all that danger ! Oh, what a state the dear aunt would have been in ! Thank you dearly for keeping me up to your doings. I pray for you on Thursday mornings as well as Saturdays. I want to pray more and better for my friends. How long ago those strange, solemn Kinellan days do seem to me ! I am so touched at the thought of this anniversary day. The Lord had most loving purposes for you that day, and every day since ; and one can but thank Him for all He has done, and, prospectively, for all He is yet to do.

Once more, and it is the last words from Mrs. Gordon's pen to her, Lady Victoria had written to tell her she was contemplating going to India.

I do feel breathless, my dear child, but I can quite see it was right to make the proposal, and I do thank you for letting me know that I may plead for wisdom and guidance. I am sure you are on the right path, when you do it in utter submission to the earthly father first, taking that as the gauge of the Heavenly Father. May He be with you in the waiting-time.

There was no need to bid her wait on the wishes of her father. His word was her law, and there was

to her no happiness in any enterprise which had not his full approval. She was an old-fashioned believer in the fifth commandment, and thought it far too little observed by the youth of her day.

The last year that she was in London she consented to accompany a member of her family to Westminster Chapel, to worship with the congregation and hear the preaching of Dr. Campbell Morgan. Unfortunately it was a day of special celebration, always destructive to good preaching. The subject was the place of children in the home and in the nation, and they were undoubtedly given the uppermost seat in the preacher's exhortation. Lady Victoria's companion instinctively felt that one hearer of the Word was not altogether satisfied. She was fully prepared for the comment, that there was too much about our duty to the children, and far too little said of the duty to the parent, and to parental authority.

At this period "the eight grandchildren in the Castle," whom she records, were all coming to the years of discretion, and there were many who were elsewhere, or not yet of an age to enjoy her society. Lady Victoria loved her nephews and nieces, even when not brought closely into touch with their lives; and where she had the run of their society her days were always planned so as to include an hour or more of their company.

To many her room and her couch became, what the turret sitting-room was to the elder generation, who had gone to it to find "Aunt Dot." Lady Victoria had always a great dislike to closing her door against

any incursions from the young. She loved that they should seek that sympathy which was so keen and vivacious, and she enjoyed the comments, criticisms, and even the instruction which the young people were so ready to bestow on her.

"So glad you are to have Lesley," she writes to Lady Mary. "Do let me know about her. One can't have a creature for six months, and not feel like a bit of her." That was an exact description of her relation to the young, whether of her own kindred or the many young girls she mothered.

She made her mistakes with them. She trusted too little in the Providence which watches over "fules and bairns," and she worried herself and her adopted charges to a degree which was wasteful of time and energy. She never could understand that children would rather suffer any physical pain than be subjected to the mental torture of taking care of their health: "changing their feet," and being duly wrapped up. She was a curious mixture of being one with them in much, and yet straining the authority which parents are the first to know can only be best used when least is said.

But, when the worst is said of her management, there remains the fact that children loved her, because her heart was in their keeping. She saw, with a quick eye, the sorrows which are so living and absorbing in the days of childhood. She wished for them all that had been denied to herself; and if she knew the home life was happy, in that centre she came oftenest to rest.

One of her nieces, Blanche Balfour, who was much in her society at Inveraray as a child, and who always sought her company in later years, has written some words of remembrance, and they are the reflection of what the young generation felt about her.

“My recollections of Aunt V. begin when I was quite a small child, which is probably the reason why they are so mixed up with the rooms she lived in. When I think of her now it is never among the surroundings of later years, but always I see her lying on her sofa in her sitting-room at Inveraray, as she used to be when we came to spend the hour before luncheon with her. The sofa had a pattern of pink-and-white roses on a black ground, a thing entirely satisfying to the æsthetic taste of ten years old, and beside it was the little table heaped with books, and her writing-pad covered with sheets upon sheets of letter paper scrawled over with her marvellous untidy writing. That had always to be shoved on one side when she held out both her hands to us as we came in. Then—“Come away, dear little people,” she always said, and we settled down beside her to thread bead necklaces for the Blantyre Mission. She was by way of reading aloud to us then, and sometimes did, but generally conversation was so absorbing that it lasted all the hour. Then, as ever afterwards, she seemed the person of all others to whom one wished to tell everything one had been doing. I never met in anyone else quite the same intense keenness of interest in all that concerned one. It

never failed. It was there for everyone whom she loved, it made talking to her one of the most exciting things in the world. I do not think I ever heard her say a dull thing, nor ever remember having been bored for a single second in her company. Such an intense force of vitality as hers was bound, of course, to fling itself sometimes against other people in a way that produced friction. I always loved Aunt V. intensely, sometimes I did more, I adored her. But often in those years she irritated me madly. But when I look back now at the incidents of life with her I see that the mistakes she made were simply the defects of her magnificent qualities. It was her grip on life, her power of living it, down to its very depths, that led her to make too much of things which she might have let slide. She was so devoured with the wish to do right, so conscious of the responsibility of influence which her older life might have on the young lives so near her heart, that sometimes she made one feel that she fussed. I have told her so. Even at such moments it was always possible to say anything to Aunt V., and I shall never forget the look of distress which came over her face, the earnest, perplexed gaze in her eyes.

She had a boundless sympathy for young people, and delighted in their friendship. Probably one of my most delightful memories of her would surprise most of her friends very much. I used to go into her bedroom at Inveraray when she was dressing for dinner, and choose the jewellery that she was to put on that night. My recollection is that this amused her

quite as much as it did me ; anyway, she always put on whatever I chose, and we used to spend immense pains in finding things that matched each other and went well with her gown. Then, as we turned over the things in the box, she used to tell me about their owners and their givers. The big, early Victorian lockets, which had hair inside them, or monograms twisted on their vast expanses, were foundations for family histories, which she made extraordinarily alive and interesting to a child's mind. We used to go into shouts of laughter together over all sorts of things. She laughed gloriously—helplessly and infectiously.

All this was quite in my early days, before I was twelve. It was later on that Frank and I went to stay with her in Tiree. Though I was only there once, and that in August, which was not her busy time in the islands, with no programme of daily work of meetings and classes like her winters had, still, it happened that I had a chance of seeing something of what her life there was. When one had seen it, very little imagination was needed to realise what it might have been for any person who had less driving force within them.

But she delighted so much in adventure that the shortcomings and difficulties of life were always full of possibilities. Her spirit rose to meet them, like a cork upon the waves. We travelled with her, at the end of our visit, all of us going together to Jura, where Uncle George had a house that year. No boat goes naturally from Tiree direct to any

landing-place in Jura, but this circumstance only gave Aunt V. an opportunity for one of the elaborate plans which her soul loved. "Links," she used to call them. Anyone who knew her methods and heard her open a conversation with that word knew quite well that no apparent impossibility would deter her from accomplishing her desire, whatever it might be. If one was destined to take one's share in forging the chain one might as well acquiesce at once, for there would be no hope of escape.

It was so upon this journey. She decreed that the passenger steamer, on which we left Tiree, should cast anchor in the middle of the Sound of Jura, to allow us to get off to a row-boat, which Uncle George would cause to be in waiting at the appointed place. I recollect the turmoil of correspondence which preceded this decision, and the triumphant arrangement at the end. When the day came for us to leave Tiree it was pretty rough, and we had to wait a long time for the boat to come, and had a really bad time getting on board when she did. Aunt V. was half carried over a long stretch of slippery seaweed by two sailors; we walked behind, with the maids, who screamed and thought they were going to slip. Aunt V. turned round and told them not to be idiotic, then winked at us, and burst out laughing. It was on that sort of occasion that one felt one would like to go to the world's end with her. She was splendid in a crisis, especially if it involved some sort of personal risk to herself. I believe she enjoyed these occasions so enormously that she was really

disappointed when things went uneventfully, and she had a knack of stirring up storms too. I am sure the wind always blew when she was out. On this particular day it certainly did. The sea got rougher and rougher, and after we had passed Iona the Captain came to Aunt V., who was sitting on deck covered with innumerable shawls, and told her that he was doubtful about the possibility of stopping in Jura Sound unless the wind fell. But that was not a point on which any doubt could be allowed, and so she told him at once. He was wise enough not to argue and retired.

In the Sound there was a perfect hurricane, and a great deal of swell. We saw the boat sent out for us far to the southward of the steamer, having been swept there by the current, and quite unable to make her way back to us against it. The captain reappeared, and again told Aunt V. that we could not stop, and that he must take us on. She looked at him sternly, and drew his attention to Uncle George, who could be dimly seen across the heaving waters, gesticulating wildly upon the pier. "Do you see Lord George?" said Aunt V. "I shall not leave him. You *must* wait." The wretched man obeyed. We all watched the little boat breathlessly.

Passengers, till now unseen, came out from hiding-places, and seemed to wish to know the reason of delay. Aunt V. paid no attention to them at all.

The boat had given up trying to get back to us direct, but went under the shelter of the shore, till she was above us, and made another effort to be

swept down to us. But she failed again. Things were getting rather serious. More than half an hour had passed. The captain collected all his courage, and came and told Aunt V. that if he did not go on soon he would not be able to land his passengers in time for the London train.

Aunt V. lent a very favourable ear to this argument, and told him that if the row-boat failed in the third attempt to reach us he might go on. Then he tried to point out that even if she succeeded it would be impossible for Aunt V. to get on board her in such a sea. Then Aunt V. became really angry. She withered him absolutely. She told him not to talk nonsense. To my intense relief it became clear at this point that the little boat was getting alongside. Soon she was grappled to the steamer. I don't know to this day how they did get Aunt V. safely down the ship's side and into the boat without an accident. I have heard it said that it was possible for the sailors to do almost anything with her, because she had such nerve and presence of mind, and the confidence of perfect courage.

Anyhow, by the time my turn came to be helped down I saw her safe in the boat far below, a bundle of wraps, and a beaming face, looking up. Once more she had brought off the impossible. She, a woman and a cripple, was safe at her journey's end, under circumstances in which many a strong man would have submitted to be landed like a sheep in Greenock, and taken no shame to himself for it.

It is when one remembers such scenes that one feels

that the world is a duller place since she left it. But she would not have wished that feeling to remain. She found nothing dull. She went through life with a brave and merry heart, not stumbling over the rough places in her own path, and quivering always with eagerness to help other people over theirs. How often she did so no one of us will ever know. Her life had so many threads, such wide interests, and so diverging. But though no one now can gather them all up, or see her completely as she was, we all, who knew her, from whatever angle it may have been, can agree in this, which was said to me lately by an old woman at Inveraray. (Mrs. Campbell, who used to live at Kenmore.) I told her that my mother was writing about Aunt V.'s life.

" Ah, well," she said, " she's right to try it, and maybe she'll make it good. But I ken fine this, that it'll never be as good as Lady Victoria was herself. We shall never see the like of her again."

The year 1885 ends with this backward glance :—

This election recalls the words, " Men's hearts failing them for fear," and never did one feel so utterly ignorant as to what a day may bring forth.

It is long since we have been so many together at Inveraray at this time. The Archie and Balfour children have been a great pleasure.

The year of " being free for the islands " dawned with 1886. The diary of the months between January and August are full of the busy, and, on the whole,

happy life in London. Her Sundays were spent in good health, and record steady attendance in the churches where Dr. Saphir and "Greatheart," her name for Dr. Oswald Dykes, were ministering. Her wards in the Infirmary saw her regularly, and there are many notices of the cases she found and never left unaided. She had what had become the greatest joy of her summer time: a visit to her friend and relative, Miss Coventry, at Mildmay; and she "revelled" in all she heard, and those she met at the Conference.

In May she writes: "Teddy (the Vicar of Kensington), at the Devotional meeting, was upon, 'My heart is fixed';" and then follow the words: "Papa worried, Tyree and Political." In July she says: "A full week. One full of political excitement. Joy at Unionist victory. Went down early to Mary. Went to Bible-reading. Struck with Teddy's conclusion: 'Saving a soul from death.'"

Aug. 7th.

Long talk with P. about Tyree. A little with Frances. Sorting and arranging. Went to men's ward. In garden, joined Eustace and Baffy. Been a week of a good deal of strain. Feel glad that Tyree seems nearly settled.

Lady Victoria moved to Edinburgh, and had a pleasant time there with her aunt, seeing Dr. John Ker, and other friends, and then travelled with Miss McNeill to Colonsay, which was then in the possession of Sir John McNeill, v.c.

Aug. 24th.

Came to Colonsay. Struck with retrospect of ten years.

Aug. 27th.

Mrs. Grant came. Much talk with her. Writing and Gaelic. Walked on yellow beach with Ina. Feel so glad to be here again.

Aug. 30th.

A good deal of Gaelic. More hopeful about Tyree. Afternoon on sands with Ina. Delightful day at Oronsay. Thinking much of past days at Jura.

Sep. 3rd.

Lovely day. Came to Iona from Colonsay. Sick at crofter debate. Touching reception by the people.

Sep. 4th.

Quiet evening. Long boating cruise. Great beauty. Mrs. Grant went to four houses. A week of much enjoyment, and feel now fairly embarked. Long time in the ruins. Settled for Y.W.C.A. meetings. Visited village.

Sep. 9th.

Great storm. Had a talk with Ritchie. Worrying post. Got quiet after answering them. Had a good deal of talk with Miss Steinberger. A week of a good deal of collapse, but intensely happy.

Sep. 12th.

Got to the Cathedral in morning. Betsy M'Kinnon came with flowers and shells. Crossed to the Ross. F.C. Manse meeting at night.

Sep. 14th.

Came to Bunessan. Called upon people. C.C. and Y.W.C.A. Settled upon Kintra. Touched with the feeling of the people.

Sep. 17th.

Drove to Scoor. Called on people. A week of getting through much. More than I could dream of. Ps. 103.

In August, Lady Victoria had written to Mrs. Macdiarmid, in Tiree, as to her intentions of visiting the island. The house where she was to stay has been described by the Duke, in the extracts quoted from his books. Island House was lived in by the factor and his family ; but whenever the Duke or his children came to the island it was their residence for the time they remained in Tiree.

Mrs. Macdiarmid was already acquainted with Lady Victoria, and the ties of friendship and fellow-working were to be much strengthened in the years that lay before them. Letters to Mrs. Macdiarmid form almost the only material for reconstructing her work in the island, for her letters to the outside world contain little detail.

Many of the exertions which she undertook, and



Photo]

[T. & R. Agnew & Sons.

GEORGE 8TH DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T., K.G.

most of the storms she encountered by land or sea, she thought it prudent to say nothing about to her family, and for the life, she would say that you needed to live in the islands to understand about them. Her letters, therefore, were chiefly comments on the affairs of her family, or of the world outside her kingdom; and this biography owes a great debt to Mrs. Macdiarmid for preserving the letters of one whom she speaks of as her friend and teacher.

Letter to Mrs. Macdiarmid :—

Aug., 1886.

Towards the end of August I hope to land on Tyree, and stay at least a fortnight with you in Island House. I hope I may be able to set something on foot amongst the women and girls which may occupy them for the coming autumn and winter.

The Duke's principal objection to my going is the difficulty of landing in rough weather.

I am not afraid; but as I am going with Miss McNeill to Colonsay, it has determined me all the more not to shirk our own people. It is a grave matter if some of the family do not come from time to time and take an interest in the people, even though some of them have behaved badly. I have long wished to do this, and even though I should encounter anything unpleasant, there is no reason now that I have the leisure that I should not encounter it as well as you and your husband. It will go far to show the people that, although the

Duke must see that the law is maintained, he has no unkind feeling towards them.

Owing to my ties at home, I have long been hindered doing what I felt was a simple duty.

Again she writes to the same :—

I am in hopes, if I put off as long as possible, the excitement may have abated ; and I should like the Marines away, as it might look as if I were trusting to their protection.

Then, also, the reporters might leave !

Every line written here is characteristic of the writer. The Duke knew her well enough to express no fears, save as to the rough landing. " I am not afraid," was always her answer, and she would know instinctively that no " unpleasantness " would ever be shown to one of her race.

There had been foolish threats of personal violence among the islanders. A few of the biggest cowards, men afraid of their own shadows, had threatened to hang an individual from his chimney. Most of them would have run away from a child carrying a dog-whip. It was not the attitude of the mass of the people, and was of course injudiciously advertised by those reporters whose absence Lady Victoria greatly desired.

The brief entries from the diaries continue the story.

COLONSAY, *Sep. 1st, 1886.*

Three weeks since Evey's marriage. Two days after it I went to Burnhead, where I found Miss McNeill, whose desolate life is left still more so by the death of her old mother. As she was about to return here alone I offered to come with her. It seemed to be the duty, and, as it has turned out, the blessing appointed for me. Many things combined to make me feel shipwrecked when I left London. It was a wrench, and a last link broken (in one sense) with the old sisterhood.

I had had my wish out with my father to go to the islands. I have such a longing to know more of the lives of these people, and see if, by some quiet influence and intercourse brought to bear upon the women and girls, something may not be done to lessen the present strain.

Oh, that they could know the deep pain of it all, and perceive the utter folly of all attempting to live upon one piece of land ; but it is a large subject.

IONA, *Sunday, Sep. 12th, 1886.*

What am I to say to-night, which, if all goes well, will be my last in Iona at this time ? I have had such a happy time these ten days. I feel the expression which suits me best is, " My cup runneth over."

My prayer has been more than answered.

Looking out on the Sound, across it to-night there is a silver pathway. The hills and islands clear in the moonlight.

I have been longing to go into what is called "The Great Harvest Field," which God seems now to be putting in a measure into my hands.

I never expected when I came to leave a branch started of the Y.W.C.A. numbering twenty Iona girls. This gives me a greater sense that it has not been of mere human arrangement.

To-day, being unable to get as far as the Free Church, where the only service was being held, I got away into the Cathedral by myself. I think there is no place like this little island. The very air seems to breathe peace. As my mother must have felt when she wrote the lines :

"Iona, green Iona, gem of the soft west sea,
Blessed still be thy loveliness in heart and memory.
For beautiful are still the feet
That once thy rough ways trod,
And the holy air is full of pray'r
Which hath been heard of God."

The first evening I arrived I went up to our mother's cross. It was something to dream of. The setting sun just caught the circle, while the rest was in shadow. The red granite rocks, the blue-green water of the Sound. The dim blue of the Mull Mountains, while to the right one could see the spray dashing up against the rocks.

I had heard so much of the spiritual deadness of Iona that, in some ways, I have been agreeably surprised. For instance, the footing between the Established and Free ministers—putting each

other up in their manses. The night Miss Steinberger went to the Ross to get the people's signatures to Mr. Finlay's Bill, she slept in the Free Church manse.

Surely such a spirit is more in accordance with the mind of Christ than in many other places, and in neither of these cases does it proceed from indifference.

Gaelic books have been eagerly asked for here, and Mrs. Grant has, I think, been a success.

Sep. 13th, 1886.

Went to the Ross of Mull. Had meeting for girls in the school-house. Many older women also came. I asked them to meet me the following morning to speak about the clothing club, and also the possibility of taking in work. Their pale, eager, wistful faces told only too plainly the account of their struggle with poverty was not overdrawn. The distress of the people haunted me. How selfish it is that it does not do so more.

Sep. 19th, 1886. BUNESSAN.

This has been an incessantly busy week. Consulting with local people about Y.W.C.A. and C.C. I have had two meetings with girls. Many have joined the Y.W.C.A. The outburst of affection from the people has been very touching.

Sep. 21st, 1886.

Came to Tiree. Horrified at extent and depth of Land League.

Sep. 22nd.

Went to see people. East end of island. To the Manse. Late home.

Sep. 23rd.

Mrs. McFarlane. Some daylight. Afternoon : Mannal, Balemartine.

Sep. 24th.

Visited Balinoe. Glorious drive to Balephetrish. Struck with conversation of the men. Afternoon, wrote long letter to my father.

Week of intense interest and cause for gratitude.

Sunday, Sep. 26th, 1886.

Mr. McRury, "Christ is our life." Sometime out alone. Heard of his beautiful Gaelic service.

Sep. 27th.

Went to Buchanans, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Wallace. Some daylight about Y.W.C.A.

Sep. 28th.

Long talk with Mr. McRury. Wrote to Dr. Story. Visited crofters.

Sep. 29th.

Dreadfully trying day. Saw Macdiarmid. Went to Mrs. MacFarlane for nought.

Sep. 30th.

Went to Mrs. Mottram. Large gathering in school-room. Pleasant day. People waiting on arrival.

Oct. 1st.

Got word boat would not be in before daybreak. Writing letters. Mrs. McLeod at night.

Oct. 2nd.

Down at Scarinish by 8.30 a.m. Long day of waiting. Embarked about five. Feeling of intense thankfulness. Some anxiety on part of Dot.

Oct. 3rd.

All day on board. Sick in afternoon. Talk with young Ritchie. Got to Glasgow about 11 p.m.

Oct. 4th.

Came to Burnhead, Liberton. Glad to be at rest.

Dec. 31st. INVERARAY.

Thankful I have been to the Islands. My two consecrations.

Thus, at last, the desire of her heart, the fulfilment of her second consecration, had come to her. Henceforward she was to obey "the call of the blood"; her father's people claimed her life and her leadership. Freely she gave her life to them, and, however rough were the waters through which she passed, her spirit found its rest beneath the everlasting hills, and among the people of her love.

CHAPTER VIII

“ THE FAIR HAVENS ”

“ And thou, O Iona,
Of Islands most blest,
Where saints have their slumber,
And kings have their rest.

“ Dark Staffa broods yonder,
There beacons Duni
To Ulva and Islay
And stormy Tiree.

“ O peace ! and O splendour !
The thoughts of the soul,
Like doves to their windows
Wing swift to their goal.

“ The wishes oft wander,
The fancies may roam,
But here, O beloved,
The heart is at home.”

FROM 1887 to 1890 there was little change in the routine of Lady Victoria's life. A visit to the islands of about six weeks formed part of the autumn campaign, and the amount she accomplished in the time and at each place, the manner in which she “took up the links,” and remembered individuals and households, remained an astonishment to all who worked with her.

The records of the journeys had often “weary” written after them; the landings had the note,

“ Long waiting on the cargo-boat ; ” and those who travel by Hebridean steamers know what those words mean.

But the more contrary the winds and tides, the more her spirits rose to the waves, and the weeks were recorded as “ delightful,” and “ Ps. 103 ” was nearly always written at their close.

In 1889 one significant line during her stay in Tiree tells of the future “ looking at empty house with Mrs. Macdiarmid. Long talk of arrangements in Island House.” The Duke knew as long as she remained with Mr. and Mrs. Macdiarmid her physical comforts would be secured. A comfortable house to which to return seemed necessary to those who watched her fatigues. She measured her strength by the amount she could put into the hours, and even in these early days of her work it is not uncommon to find the note, “ Started at 10.30 ” to some outlying district, and “ returned 5.30.”

The rest would be made in some house or cottage, where the hot-water bottle for her feet, the first necessity to her existence, could be replenished ; she herself fed, the horse rested, and her class held, or the consultation about “ new openings ” made.

The vehicle a two-wheeled gig, and the roads a mixture of well-worn ruts, loose stones, and fixed boulders ; only one track was always smooth, over white sands, the tidal roadways, and they were a reward for all other roughness in the goings from east to west.

Lady Victoria’s thoughts were always with her

work. She had many centres for it, and it was a marvel how she "knew the ropes," keeping them separate in her mind; and how, when she reached the different "airts," she managed to pick up all the "links," and rivet them afresh on to her daily round.

Some extracts from her letters and reflections in her diaries for the next three years, tell in her own words what was going on in "the land beneath the waves."

Extracts from letters written to Mrs. Macdiarmid at Island House, Tiree, 1887.

We will look upon the Tiree branch of the Y.W.C.A. as begun in 1887.

It is a sore day for whichever section of the Church it is that calls her minister, not because of his qualities as such, but on account of his political views.

Both Established and Free! I am quite wretched about the ecclesiastical state of our Highlands. We ought to be very earnest in prayer that God would send an outpouring of His Holy Spirit, for nothing else will alter it.

TOBERMORY, *Sep.*, 1887.

What a dear little place this cottage is! I am resting as much as is possible, with poor Tiree weighing on my mind, as it must do.

As I left that lovely autumn morning, I could not but think of the contrast between Nature's calm, and the turbulent spirit swaying, alas, many of

the hearts—while too many of God’s children forget that He requires them sometimes to be “ valiant for the Truth,” and to fight.

“ Truth and righteousness have perished,” were the words ringing in my ears.

INVERARAY, *Sep.*, 1887.

Many a time have I written to you in my heart, and rejoiced to think of you being abundantly fed with manna, and rivulets from the Water of Life, while seeking physical health. May God grant you both in rich abundance.

During the last trying weeks the thought has come with a great sense of rest, that if we are wholly given up to God we really shall not, cannot lack anything. All will really and truly work together for our good. Too often, I fear, we believe all this only in a kind of head-knowledge way.

The news that my father had another relapse of gout reached me at Tobermory. I got through my work there, at Oban, and in dear little Lismore, with a tug at my heart. I did not wait at Dunstaffnage over the Sunday, but after the Lismore meeting took the 6.30 p.m. train from Oban, and came on here at night. A lovely drive it has been, with a brilliant starlit sky, and the night air fragrant with the scent of heather, bog myrtle, a general sense of *greenness and trees!*

Ever since I have been immersed in home duties, taking the watch by him, and seeing to relatives in the Castle.

The news which greeted me at Dunstaffnage of the death of Dr. Matthews Duncan was a real grief to me. He has been my only doctor and a true friend for twelve years. I am wae to think of his wife and nine bairns.

Remember the " watered lilies," don't fight and struggle about one particular class or meeting. If God intends to use it, or a particular worker, the way will be made plain if not easy.

Jan., 1888.

Ah! I shall have to come and spend a winter with you. I think it would suit me very well. I think the Y.W.C.A. will overcome the Land League.

Feb., 1888.

I hear you are still detained looking at the uncongenial ocean. The words must be passing sweet: " There shall be no more sea."

Feb., 1889.

Your letter has been a cheer to me. I have been laid aside for the last five weeks. It began with an influenza, then severe neuralgia, accompanied by prostration. I have known again what it is to long to be up and doing, and yet kept back by weakness. An old woman said to me to-day: " Eh, my lady, the Lord does'na wush that we should do more than we have strength for."

July, 1889.

I hope to set out on my travels in September. I think Tobermory, Oban, perhaps Iona, all want me early in the month, but I am not ubiquitous. I need not say I want to go where I shall find Mr. Macdiarmid, if only to guard me when the L.L. minister is interviewing me, and to prevent your coming down to the quay when the weather is only fit for a stormy petrel. If you don't promise me not to play such pranks again, I shall have to cut Tìree, and put the reason in the “ Oban Times.”

Sep., 1889.

If the boat goes Friday tell your husband, D.V., I go. The cargo-boat, as we know, is the best for one to be thrown into, if rough.

Your husband will tell you we had a strangely difficult embarkation. The swell was so unexpected. Young Mr. McLean came out grandly in the light of a muscular Christian, hoisting me on to the ladder like a baby.

From Mull :—

There are touches of infinite comic in one's life, especially when, after weighing the respective merits of boat and machine (to Knock), one is told one must take the latter ; but boulders are apt to come down upon one ! Then Lorne telegraphs : “ Have you closed carriage ? ” Bless his heart ! I have replied by silence.

Knitter's tea. At the last moment I was told it was just the women who did *not* knit present.

Put your mind at rest about your secretaryship. God will send forth more labourers into His Harvest when the time is ripe, and in the meantime Tíree is a field which brings fresh to one's mind, " More things are wrought by Prayer."

Oct. 9th, 1887.

Sunday at Burnhead, Liberton.

A year and a half has rolled by since I last wrote in this book. What cause I have to thank God ! Two expeditions to the Islands, and establishment of Y.W.C.A. in them.

Sep. 28th, 1888.

What a lapse of time since I wrote. This day finds me in Iona, having made a tour of five weeks. Tíree, Tobermory, Iona, Bunessan, again Iona. Strange contrast from family and home life. It has given me a great insight into the greater call of the mission life. One's spirit always at home, and yet the poverty, the sin and suffering, and that great social problem of Land Leagues, have surged round me, coupled with the devotion and loyalty of the people.

From her diary :—

March, 1889. EDINBURGH.

I have had more than one token of blessing on the work in Argyll. I felt this in the islands,

especially in Tobermory, Ballimore, and Oban ; and now, through correspondence chiefly, Strachur, Lismore, Ardrishaig, and Lochgilphead are likely to join the Y.W.C.A.

The fortnight here in the autumn teemed with life and interest. There was the great tryst at the Communion.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. G. Wilson, Miss Farquhar Spottiswood, and Miss Elliot, originator of the Fellow-workers' Union of the Church of Scotland, of which I have been asked to take the Presidentship. Then I got the emigration business completed. A great English Society changing its name to British in order to include Scotland and Ireland.

The longer Lady Victoria remained at Inveraray, absorbed in her classes, or secluded in the remote Highlands, the more eagerly did she look forward to her “ breaks ” in the companionships and Church services of town life.

She often used an expression, familiar to all her friends, and recurring frequently in her diary, “ Running down the Rest.” It was a saying denoting a pause in strenuous exertion, and was reminiscent of the posting drives to and from Inveraray. The long, high pass to Loch Lomond is crowned by the inscription on the mile-stone : “ Rest and be Thankful,” and that summit attained, the post-horses of the past, and the motors of to-day, “ Run down the Rest ” ; either, as it was, to the Argyll children home to Loch

Fyne, or down on Loch Lomond on their way back to the habitations of “ white men,” as Dr. Cumming would call the return to the City.

At this period the spring and summer were passed in London, and in both going and coming to and from England, Edinburgh was a place which claimed her time. Some weeks were always spent either at Liberton with her aunt, or with Dr. Cumming at Kinellan.

That home of rest lasted far into her days, and it only closed with the death of Dr. Cumming in 1892.

Perhaps a review of this long life is as well placed at the close of its story, as it would have been in an earlier page of this memoir.

Lady Victoria’s diaries contain many entries written at Kinellan.

Sunday, Feb. 27th, 1887.

A glorious day, and when in the garden, looking over to the beloved City with its distant hills, I thought I could plead the promise : “ He shall give thee thy heart’s desire.” My two consecrations, and the western highlands.

And again :—

KINELLAN, *March, 1889.*

What an oasis, a harbour of refuge, has this dear home often been, with its beloved host, and how good of God to bring me back once more. He alone knows how weary and homesick I have been for its peace and loneliness. And yet not

loneliness, for I have been feeling so keenly to-day how surrounded one is with those in whose hearts are ringing the “ Chimes of Eternal Peace.”

“ The beloved host,” Dr. Cumming of Kinellan, had been the friend, and his life an essential fact in three generations of the Campbell family. No parent could stand in a closer relation than did “ the long Doctor ” to his early charge, the Duke, and to the long succession of those he was ever wont to call and to consider as “ my grandchildren.” He lived to see the birth of a large army of great-grandchildren. The warm heart, the undying interest and love, never failed any of the generations, and the door of his home, and all that he possessed, were very liberally at their disposal.

There are many in Edinburgh who can recall the familiar figure, as it went out for the daily “ hurl ”; the open carriage, the grey horses, and the well-known figure of the driver, William Peck; in the corner, a little bent to one side, the thin figure of the Doctor, with the heavy military cloak, and the tall hat of correct Victorian fashion.

Dr. Cumming had been associated with the Duke in his early youth, having travelled the grand tour as his medical adviser and guardian, while Dean Howson was his tutor.

In a story, long out of print, called “ The Highland Nurse,” the Duke gives his early impressions of this remarkable man. He was with his father, Lord John Campbell, at Ardencaple Castle, when he heard the rapid approach of a vehicle.

"Look out," said my father. "Who's that?"

"I see nothing," I reported, "but part of a big black portmanteau with only the word 'Captain' in large white letters on a bit of it." "Captain?" said my father. "Who can it be? Run to the hall, and see what you can see." The front door bell had been rung, and an old soldier-servant of my father's, named McVicar, was issuing from a subterranean pantry, struggling to get his arms into a more seemly coat than that in which he had been at work.

On his opening the door I could see a gig, and in it, seated beside the driver, there was a tall man, much muffled up in cloaks, with a hat pressed down upon his forehead: under the brim of this hat there projected a long and strongly marked hooked nose. The chin was retiring, so that the prominence of the upper organ was all the more accentuated. Long and bushy eyebrows hung over eyes which were small and penetrating. Fixing them on McVicar, when he appeared at the door, the stranger said: "Is the Laird at home?"

This question was put in such a voice as I had never heard, and find it difficult to describe. It was not only a deep bass, but a bass with a powerful metallic ring in it, like a trombone. It seemed to throw into vibration the whole air of a somewhat lofty hall. Every cavity seemed to take up the resonance, and, as in the case of some of the deepest organ notes, a tremulous vibration was communicated even to the floors.

Riveted to the spot on which I stood, my surprise was, in another moment, intensified by its effect on my father. “ The Captain,” I heard him shouting in the workshop behind me, and the exclamation was followed by the noise of falling tools, as if, in his surprise, he had forgotten his usual careful handling of all his implements.

The Captain had stepped down from the gig, and was just entering the doorway when my father met him. Such a handshaking I had never seen, whilst the Captain’s face exhibited a new feature. When he smiled, the smile was on a mouth of unusual breadth, and exhibited a set of teeth perfect in their regularity, and tremendous in their size and strength. “ Oh, Laird,” he kept repeating in the same tremendous voice, as he shook my father’s hand, with a shake which seemed as if it would never end.

I had now time to take fuller observation of this mysterious Captain, when all his cloaks had been thrown off, and his comforters from round his throat, and when his hat had been, last of all, removed and deposited with his gloves on the table in the hall. He was above six foot in height, with long, thin legs, rather knock-kneed ; his shoulders were sloping, his neck was long, and his brow high, leading up to a dome-shaped head, clad with long, but scanty hair.

Thus the Duke recalls vividly to the generation that knew him, the figure which for half a century was

associated with Edinburgh. The return thus described was from India, where Dr. Cumming had been a surgeon in the service of the East India Company. All that part of his life was far behind, when the grandchildren realised "Docky" as part of their existence. Kinellan belonged to Sir James and Lady Cox, the sister of Dr. Cumming. He had his room in their house, and his guests were always welcome to Lady Cox. After their death, Kinellan was left to the Doctor, and there his long life closed in 1892. Soon after his return from India he was totally paralysed in both legs, and could only accomplish walking with the greatest difficulty. The Duke gave him a house on Loch Baa, in Mull, where he was able to practise the ruling passion of his existence, the art of the angler. "Tusculum, by Lake Regillus," was the Mecca of many an angler, and the rest-house of numerous guests. Far and wide was the circle of the Doctor's friends, and in the little house by the loch, beneath the shadow of Ben Mohr, there was much of the simple life and joyous holiday existence.

At Kinellan, Lady Victoria had the society of all that was best in Edinburgh. Thither came Dr. John Ker, a near neighbour and friend; and Sir Arthur Mitchell the intimate friend and companion of the Duke in his cruises and researches. There, came the Docky's minister, "Lang Tam," the great Dr. Guthrie, Colonel Yule, or "Marco Polo," while Dr. MacGregor brought the cheer of his presence, after he had learnt to know Kinellan, through his life at Inveraray.

It was a centre of varied interests, and the simple, pious life of the old Doctor could not but tell on all the grandchildren. He had the ways of a military martinet, which presented a curious contrast to the peculiarly soft heart, of which the grandchildren knew well how to take advantage. "I'll garr you do it," met all defiance. Punctuality he had drilled into his first pupil by the application of "cold pig" in the face of the sleeper, and it was not a forgotten remedy when the young generation "slept in." Dr. Johnson and Robbie Burns were instilled into the minds of the children, and they knew Rasselas, and learnt the passage on Iona by heart, stimulated by alternate threats and tips. The Doctor never passed the Scott monument without a military salute, and no one reared and instructed by him can to-day pass that spot with a clear conscience, unless they have given some outward token of respect to the great man they were taught thus to reverence.

The Duke used to say that Dr. Cumming had lived through the Disruption, and had never been able to grasp what it was all about, or to attach any significance to the dispute. In the hottest days of the conflict he would bring together men of the divided camps, and utter some bombshell remark, which showed both the innocence of his heart and his ignorance of the wordy warfare. The deep piety of his religion was unable to grasp ecclesiastical strife. His Bible and the prayers of Dr. Johnson were ever at his side, and Sunday by Sunday he was a reverent worshipper in the Church of St. John.

Unlike Lady Emma's house, his was the meeting-place of men of all schools of thought, and the grandchildren can look back and bless the years that brought them into " a large place," and gave them the memory of a life so full of simple faith and the best wisdom of the world.

Probably her infirmity, akin to his own, made " the V.C.," as he called Lady Victoria, among those the Doctor loved most dearly. Whenever possible, Kinellan was her place of abode, and the days always contained hours spent in reading or playing chess with " the beloved host," and rejoicing in the friends who came in to see the Docky, happy in the company of his ever-welcome guest.

In 1888 Dr. Saphir retired from his public ministry in London, and two years after Lady Victoria was to lose this pastor and friend of her life. Somewhere about the same date, she notes the farewell sermon of " Greatheart," and the cords which bound her to two ministries were loosened.

In 1889 the name of Dr. Donald Macleod is entered in her journals, and in close proximity to his name appears the familiar word Gaelic. The acquaintance begun with a " Macleod," meant at once another Gaelic instructor. Dr. Donald Macleod has kindly written his recollections of his friendship with Lady Victoria.

" In 1888 she became a member of St. Columba's Church, and it may be fairly said that it was from this time that she began to take such prominent part in the Life and Work of our Church, in Scotland as well as in London.

“ Our personal friendship began with her repeatedly expressed desire, as she put it to me, ‘ to know Gaelic thoroughly.’ It was then that I found out the secret of a life that could brave so much, and accomplish so much, in the face of hindrances and difficulties which would have disheartened and baffled many others. With a purpose that seldom allowed interference, she set herself, at once, to the task she had undertaken.

“ For six months, two hours were devoted daily to her ‘ Gaelic lesson.’ Once a week she reported progress to her ‘ Revd. Tutor,’ as she styled me, and on her return to Scotland so faithfully did she continue her Gaelic studies that in a wonderfully short time she was able to speak and read and write the language.

“ I remember once saying that I preferred her Gaelic letters. She replied with a very meaning smile, ‘ I can believe it.’ If the Gaelic was not written plainly it would have been a hopeless business to decipher. The English did not require so much pains in writing, though the cost might be more in reading.

“ Lady Victoria learned their ‘ tongue ’ as she determined, for she knew that in this way she would reach the hearts of her islanders as otherwise she could never do. And it was not in vain, for among these islands of Argyll, Lady Victoria was especially esteemed and loved, and the remembrance of her kindly and helpful interest will be long and fondly cherished.

"Lady Victoria needed to be known to be understood. There was a side of her character and life that many, even of her friends, never seemed to find out. She was not without faults, but no one knew it better than herself. She was not apt to confess mistakes, but she felt them, and did not forget them. She was sometimes impatient with others, but she never spared herself. She might say the word not too well considered or too gently put, but a 'Celt of the Celts,' she was a warm-hearted woman, and a loyal friend. She seldom spoke of her Christian experience, but it was often plain how really she lived in the presence of a personal Saviour. It was the explanation of a faith and a courage and a hopefulness not very common among Christ's disciples. It was the secret of a service that never seemed to tire, and of a devotion that grew more intense. 'Instant in season and out of season.' Bent on doing 'what she could.'

"Allowed to see her for a few moments, in a sickness nigh unto death, after prayer that she might be spared to us, she whispered to me in her weakness: 'If He will, perhaps I may do something more for Him before I see Him face to face.'

"Some two weeks before she was taken from us I saw her. She was full of the great World Missionary Conference which she had been attending in Edinburgh, and greatly lifted with the hope of the Union of the Churches in Scotland.

"Little did I dream then that we should never meet in this world again. I had promised to visit

her, in the near autumn, in her island home, and as we parted, in her own bright way she said : ‘ Remember you keep your tryst with me.’ God had ordained it otherwise. She was gone from her beloved Iona and Tiree, but we will keep our ‘ tryst ’ on the further, safer shore.”

On one of the Sundays of the spring-time there is a new entry in church attendance : “ Service in Pont Street, with Baffy and Margaret Maclean ”—this last a native of Tiree, and the devoted nurse of the two eldest Balfour children. She was soon to return to her home, and be one of Lady Victoria’s fellow-workers.

From that time onwards there were to be no more “ wanderings ” when Lady Victoria was in London. St. Columba’s (Church of Scotland) claimed and received her full allegiance.

The old connection with Crown Court Church had long ceased to exist. The ministry of Dr. Cumming in its later periods had not satisfied the Duke, and probably the distance from Argyll Lodge had helped to sever the ties which bound him to the church.

The National Church, after the Disruption, had been left with “ the Kirk of the Crown,” as its principal representative, and its affairs were at a low ebb in the years when Lady Victoria began her Church life. She had not missed its presence, for the English Presbyterian churches around her had contained all she needed.

The Duke had never interested himself much in Church organisation, and he had taken no part in

the history of the Scottish Church in London. The influence of Dr. Cumming was literally world-wide, and he had gathered into the ark in Covent Garden " every beast after his kind," and the Scot was by no means in the majority. He might have reared a church three times the size of that whose name he had made famous, and had he thought of the future of the Church of Scotland, and its people in England, he ought to have exercised his gifts as a seer, and established and settled the things that remained.

He saw otherwise. His affections were rooted in the old church and the place, and particularly the slums in which it then stood, and which he had adopted for the field of his philanthropic labours. There he had preached, and there he wished to end his ministry. Fortunately for the Presbyterian system of Church government, the minister is but the centre of a Kirk Session, and the wisdom and power of that Church Court was never better exemplified than in the decision which brought St. Columba's Church into Belgravia, and gathered a congregation of Scots around its new minister, with a name dear to the hearts of all who loved the Church of Scotland. Among those who became members of the congregation was the Duke, who came to the church after Lady Victoria began the connection which was to last for the rest of her life. Argyll Lodge passed, with the death of her father in 1900, out of the number of her resting-places, and Lady Victoria's visits to London were more intermittent, and the times she spent there were always short. Wherever she lodged, her first

thought was that she should not be far away from the church with the name so full of every sacred association in her mind.

When "Professor Pax," with energy and clear-sightedness, brought into being the Guilds of Life and Work to revivify the Church of Scotland, Lady Victoria never rested till all the churches with which she was connected had started this powerful machinery of Church life.

The connection with St. Columba's carried her back to Crown Court, and she was in helpful relations with both the ministers who succeeded Dr. Macleod when he went to the Church of St. Columba. She was President of the Crown Court Guild and regularly addressed its mothers' meetings; when her lodging for the time being was at Stafford House, her ways led her, almost by tradition, to Crown Court Church. "Go," she wrote to one whom she thought slack in recognition of the Scottish Church, "and see that congregation of young men in the evening, and hear Mr. Macrae preaching on the characters of the Old Testament." She clung to the traditions of the old site, and when, a quarter of a century after the building of St. Columba, the old Kirk of the Crown was rebuilt she was full of regrets. She desired that the church furniture should be sent to her for her island churches, and she only admitted the renovation was right when she entered for the first, and as it proved, the last time, the newly dedicated building.

In the new church, among the monuments of the

long past, the women of the congregation have raised a Memorial to her, designed by her friend, Mr. Ritchie, of Iona. It has the only inscription in the Gaelic language among the churches of London. In the archives of Crown Court her name is placed as a baptized member of the Church of Christ.

None of the congregations of the National Church with which she was connected could claim an exclusive position in her affections. At Edinburgh, in St. Giles, St. Cuthbert's, and St. Michael's, her presence was a familiar sight. Her love of all music, but especially good Church music, was intense, and she felt the inspiration of beautiful architecture. "I weary for the beauty of St. Giles, after our Highland barns," she would say; and when in London, the daily service in Westminster Abbey, where:—

"The organ rings
And the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall,"

was a treat she gave herself as often as she could manage to go.

There is no greater mistake than to imagine her an intolerant Presbyterian. She had seen too much of bigotry and ignorance in Anglicans and Presbyterians not to banish it in herself. She was a frequent worshipper in the early Communion of the Church of England when in London, or when she could not get that service in her own church. One of her joys was "to keep the great tryst" at the Easter observance of the Lord's Supper in St. Giles, and it was

her deep regret to find herself in her last year in London, at Eastertide, with no Communion service in St. Columba. The desire she then expressed helped Dr. Fleming to institute the keeping of the feast, and since her death the Easterday celebration has become the established custom.

Her attitude was one of loyalty and not of prejudice. She believed for herself, and for all those who were privileged to be Scots, that the National Church was the one they should uphold, and live under its organisation and discipline. She knew its history. The blood of its martyrs was drawn from her own race; and by every tie patriotic, patriarchal, and clannish, she clung to its landmarks and its services.

Fortunately, loyalty in Presbyterians leads to no narrowing of the channels of grace. For them the gates are open in all the Reformed Churches, and Lady Victoria found her spiritual food quite as often in the liturgy of the Church of England, and in the thoughts of the Church Universal, as in the Church of her fathers.

“Ah me!” she writes to Lady Mary at Peterborough, “what a golden link it is which binds strong fibres of one’s heart to our mother’s Church.”

As well used as her Bible and her Psalm-book were Keble’s Christian Year, the Confessions of St. Augustine, the Imitation of Christ, the works of St. Francis of Sales, and Dean Goulburn.

The year 1890 has the words: “Island of Tiree quieted down. A good earnest minister appointed.”

The story of her life is best continued by extracts from her letters to Mrs. Macdiarmid and others.

Feb., 1890.

My thoughts have many a time gone out to you and the wild Tiree, especially since I narrowly escaped being wrecked in the Firth of Clyde about a month ago. It was that fearful Saturday, with high tides. Lord Lorne had asked me to join him at Rosneath. After two successive boats had tried in vain to make for the submerged pier of Kilcreggan, we had to put back, amid such remarks as: "Think yourself fortunate if you get to Gourock. It will be all right if the paddle-wheels hold out." I longed for the sturdy "Dunara," or "Hebridean." Made up my mind what to do. Went off to Dr. Hugh McMillan and wife in Greenock. My maid and I arrived 8 p.m., just when the gale was at its height, and pleaded for admittance, and a right royal welcome they gave me. Such a delightful Sunday, and such sermons. I felt indeed I had been brought into the haven where I fain would be! I joined Lorne next day at Rosneath. My conduct by him was voted "plucky." My father said: "Monstrous," as he was against my starting. I don't quite know which version to take.

April, 1890.

I heard Dr. Norman Macleod the other day; it was a feast; and if he accepts this call to Inver-

ness it will be a great strength to our Church, but, better still, the cause of the Master.

IONA. *Aug.*, 1890.

I walked up to my mother's cross yesterday evening, with the setting sun lighting it and the grey old Cathedral. I felt calmed and refreshed.

Nov., 1890.

I have a great wish to winter some day in Tiree.

1891.

I have offered Colin again to go to India, but there is a talk of his coming home. Somehow, during these last weeks when I think I have honestly been seeking God's guidance, it comes clearer and clearer to me that I may be free and willing to spend the winter in Tiree. Now, don't have a fit!

You see, I feel there is a wide sphere for women's work. I could see, at all events, if one could organise and help.

June, 1891.

My father has actually agreed, without any demur, to let me try Tiree. I can read between the lines; he thinks I shall not persevere.

My hope and desire and intention is to stay in Tiree, at all events, four months, dating from November.

Remember, if I have a fire-place which smokes not more than needful, a sofa, a tolerable bed,

means of getting a hot bottle, it is all the luxuries I need.

If I had the language, the health, earlier training, I would have gone further afield for mission work.

Will this quiet you? Prevent you thinking I require all the flesh-pots of Egypt?

The “ hope and desire ” with Lady Victoria always meant that action followed, and in 1891 the residences in different houses began, till at last the Lodge was enlarged, and settled on her as a permanent home.

The first house which she rented was at Balemartine, a township in the west end of Tiree; it was near the mass of the people, and it was easy to gather her classes round her. In it she lived the four winter months, and they were among the very happiest that she ever spent on the island. In returning, in after years, to see her landlady Mrs. Sinclair, she would bring her friends to see “ the dear wee rooms.” It was a two-storied house, with a very steep stair up to her bedroom, but such difficulties as these were only made light of. In the kitchen department Knowles was to begin her long series of culinary successes, without all the implements which she had seen in the kitchen and still-room of Lady Victoria’s home. If there was sometimes too much of the spirit of “ Martha ” in Lady Victoria’s works for others, she had none of it as a housekeeper for herself.

She had one or two simple “ fads,” as she called them, but if the barrel of meal was full for her friends, and the cruse of hot coffee always running for herself



CROSS OF ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, IONA.



Photo]

[*Valentine & Sons.*

IONA CATHEDRAL.

and guests, she made very light of the difficulties of store-room and larder, which perplexed the soul of the universal provider downstairs. Knowles was to be in far less comfortable quarters before her pilgrimage had ended. If Lady Victoria desired to remain in a district in any of the islands which she visited, there she was determined to find that the available houses were quite suitable for her. In one region there exists an amusing correspondence between her and the factor.

Negotiations had been begun by her for a cottage with no water supply, no sanitation, and to which there was no road which any vehicle could use.

The factor pointed out in a letter all these defects, combined with what he thought a demand for a rent which was out of proportion to the amenities of the place. “ The house is surely too much of a toyhouse for your ladyship ? ”

The letter is endorsed in her own handwriting : “ And where is Lady Victoria to go if not to toyhouses ? ” To this there was no answer, and the tenant took possession.

In engaging her maids, she would always laughingly inform them that they must be prepared to live in “ a castle, a manse, a cottage, or a town lodging.”

And as she “ turned to,” and accommodated herself with infinite pleasure to all varieties of dwellings, in like manner she expected the same joyous acceptance on the part of her servants. They did not all enter into it with the sense of humour and enterprise with

which, in one house, Knowles ascended a perpendicular ladder to her bedroom.

It was while happy, in at least having got her own way as to winter quarters, that Lady Victoria made a short attempt at keeping a full diary. The few pages that she wrote makes it the more regrettable that it was not kept up longer. She never thought of her own doings as of interest, and her powers of keen observation were of too minute a nature to make it easy after the exhaustion of the day's enterprises to write of them in detail.

Diary for Tiree. Winter, 1891-92. *Nov. 27th.*

A letter from my father two days ago revealed to me how very remiss I have been "in taking observations" about things they wish to know about, bird life, etc.

The chief reason of this has been the sense of pressure of time, until I get all the classes for girls fairly set in motion before the weather breaks up. Up till now it is true, as the people put it: "I have been very fortunate" in this. We have had one storm from the south-east, which prevented the mail-boat reaching us on the day she left Oban; but by dint of anchoring in Gott Bay, she managed to call the following day and land the mail-bag. Five young men went out to her when it was scarcely daybreak. Something on the ship's side caught the little boat and capsized her. All five were saved, although none could swim. One was the son of the old pilot MacDonald, who has

another one lying very ill with abscess in the region of the lung. The doctor, the only medical help in the island, is laid up with an injured knee, unable for the last week to go to anyone.

I think his last visit was to Mr. Campbell of East End Manse, who died very suddenly on the 21st, at midnight.

He has been minister for thirty years, but for the last ten totally bedridden. When the messenger came to the Moss Church with the news, I had a strange sensation which I feel can never pass away.

There was a little crowd waiting to see me get into the Buckboard, not yet quite accustomed to the sight of it, nor of the small occupant. I was much shocked when, at last, I caught the name of who it was who had gone away, for I had been with him the previous Monday, and he was so affectionate, and gave me such a hearty grip of the hand in leaving, that I little thought that the end was so near. I told him and his sisters I would try and go to him every ten days or fortnight. There was “a hush” among the people, as there was to-day.

I was much struck with the scene at the funeral. An ideal winter’s day, with gorgeous snowy clouds here and there, while the whole outline of the other islands was clear, the Mull hills covered with snow.

The sun shone out on the mass of men gathered round the coffin, which was placed on chairs outside the Manse, while Mr. McLean, the parish minister of Hylipol, gave an earnest Gaelic address, which

I was glad to find I could "take up," more than I have been able to do on the two Sundays I have had as yet. Then he read the 90th Psalm, and Mr. Hector McKinnon prayed; one felt it was a prayer which carried the people with him. The proof of this was emphatically given in the almost involuntary "Amen," unfortunately too little heard in our Scottish silent gatherings.

The two sisters, Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. McLean, with her husband, stood at the head, and after the prayer the coffin was beautifully lifted by Mr. Macdiarmid, the two ministers, Mr. McKay, of the Free Church, and in this way it would be carried by relays to the Kirkapol Churchyard. The women followed for a little way, while I turned back into the dark, dreary Manse. The Gaelic servant busied herself about me, most touching in her attentions; but I felt, after that long stand and the stony feeling which always comes upon me on such occasions, as if all strength was gone, and I hurried away as soon as Archie brought round the Buckboard. The lovely drive home was refreshing, right into the sea across the sandy bay, as the tide was coming in fast.

The said Archie produced a revulsion of feeling at my cottage door so that I nearly laughed. Looking at the little bracelet watch, which I put upon the Buckboard to keep him punctual, he said: "All the Funerals were looking at the watch," meaning the men who had come to the funeral. I got in, too tired to think of much else but the sofa, hot

water to the feet, and tea. I got my cold a little worse, and I was indoors till Wednesday, 18th, which was wet and stormy. I only knew afterwards, when the old pilot MacDonald came to see me, that we had narrowly that day escaped a tragedy.

The accident to the boat which went out to the steamer has led to a fresh agitation about having the pier. Two-thirds of the money has been promised by the Government as a grant. When at Dunstaffrage, Colonel E. Malcolm asked to see me alone, and advocated the advance of the rest of the capital. It is amusing, if it were not provoking, to see the implicit trust in “capital” which the people have, while they abuse those who have it. In the same way making use of the farms to buy their stock, while at the same time, in their meetings, advocating their overthrow.

This Pilot is a character. When asked if the men who were so desirous of a pier could give something towards it, in labour at least, he said: “No, there was no chance of it unless it was at Hynish, the place which would suit the fishermen. When I said: “That is hardly a Christian view,” he promptly replied: “Christian, or no Christian, it is the fact. We can a’ be Christians when we like.” Which statement I had to acknowledge was often too true. When I said it was too bad the young men here should not know how to swim, he stoutly maintained, and gave instance after instance of boats upset, all going to prove that the

men who could swim were the lost ones ; those who could not, the ones saved.

Here, again, it was impossible to deny the fact, seeing that his ideas on the subject were drawn from one or two instances in which all had clung on to two young men who could swim, and so had dragged them down, while the non-swimmers had naturally acted on the principle of *sauve qui peut*, on pieces of wood, or whatever came to hand.

On the 19th I met at Island House for tea and consultation some of the working members of the Y.W.C.A. We agreed to open sewing-classes for girls in Moss, to be held at Island House, Cornaig, Mannal, Baugh, Kirkapol. This, with my Bible-class on Friday, makes six classes. Fine for clothing club and Foreign Mission works. I have, since that meeting, spoken to seventy-nine girls, all keen and eager to join. I feel the workers all too few, although one great difference between this and — is the way in which there seem several so willing, only waiting for guidance and organisation. Another great rest is the willingness of the four ministers—two Established, Baptist, and Free Church, to help and co-operate.

All Saturday, 28th, it blew hard from the south-east, with torrents of rain. No question of going out. Did not see a creature except the servants, but got through a great deal of writing.

Sunday I thought all was right for going to the Moss Church, but a sudden gust of wind propelled the Buckboard so that the shaft struck

the ground, and it has split right up. I managed to walk a little later on to the Baptist Church, where Mr. Macfarlane preached at some length in English as well as in Gaelic, for the benefit of myself and of Miss Martin from the lighthouse.

To-day I started in Mr. Macdiarmid's gig, as the Buckboard was under repair. Then to see the school people. Then tea at Margaret Maclean's, and the opening meeting in young Mrs. McKinnon's house, where ten girls were assembled. I got back here 5.45. It was a dreich night, and as we came across the reef in the dusk it seemed like a kind of Sahara.

The larks keep up a kind of song here all the winter. I saw some ringed dotterels, and heaps of curlews. The golden plovers are in quantities, and great flocks of starlings.

Dec. 1st.

Raining and blowing hard from the south. No mail-boat again. Only as far as Island House. Began “ Life of Carstares.”

Dec. 2nd.

Sent Knowles in Buckboard with messages to brush off some “ Martha ” cobwebs. She is working beautifully, and behaving generally like an old brick. I stayed quiet till the second sewing-class at Mannaal. About twenty-five present. Very late; seemed to think it a matter of no consequence if they were at least half an hour late; but I pro-

tested, and, I think, with some effect, as one of the Bible-class arrived this evening a little before six o'clock.

Dec. 3rd.

All day indoors. Wanted to send a telegram in afternoon, answering a business question from Edinburgh, a week old to-day. Archie tells me the telegraph wire is broken, and even if it had not been I could not have sent it, as it blew and rained too hard to admit of him or the horse going. Of course, the mail-boat has failed us.

Mr. Macdiarmid has sent me the Duke's statement of facts about the pier question. Quite excellent. It will meet the case, in showing the people he is quite as willing as they are to have it. Indeed, more so, inasmuch as they openly say they wont assist with labour, though I believe they are prepared with pier dues.

Dec. 4th.

Awoke with violent neuralgic headache. Kept quiet till eleven, when I got downstairs; and, as the pain lifted after luncheon, I got to Island House to begin, as I had promised, Mrs. Macdiarmid's sewing-class, she not being well this week.

The meeting was summoned at 3.30 p.m., but they kept dropping in till 4.30, when I had to leave for my own class. This feature of unpunctuality is a great trial in island life. The evening was comparatively calm, but looked as if it would blow

up again, and so it did, but subsided again, and to-day we have had “ a quiet day.” I walked to young Miss Donald this afternoon, while the Buckboard went for the Macdiarmid children, to whom I intend, whenever possible, to devote Saturday afternoon. It was a lovely little walk. The sun came out, blue strips of sky, and the larks singing in the peculiar winter way they have here.

Dec. 10th.

At Hylipol Church. Not out again. Mr. McLean came in for tea and to discuss local work, classes, etc.

Dec. 11th.

Glorious day. Visited Mannal in the morning. Struck with the people’s gratitude for one going in to see them. They are mostly parents or relations of girls belonging to my Bible-class. In the afternoon opened the Cornaig Y.W.C.A. Mrs. McKinnon, the schoolmistress, tried to accommodate us in the parlour, where she had put on a fire, but by the time we had sung the first hymn we found we must adjourn to the school-house, where we settled to hold our weekly sewing-class, chiefly for Foreign Missions. An Aberdonian assistant teacher is the life of this division.

I have been laughing over the blessing there seems to be in connection with this Cornaig meeting, for the evening both last week and again yesterday was too beautiful. Bright moonlight, with Jupiter

very bright. The afterglow still lingering, while from a deep bank of cloud the Skerryvore Lighthouse kept flashing out.

Visited upper Balamartine in the morning, and one there, who encourages four sons to settle down with her on one small croft. I could not help it, but broke out, and told one of the sons that *my* brothers never thought of such a thing. It is a typical case, for he might make his way as a mechanic, being a singularly handy lad, but he protested he could not live upon what they gave him, or would give him while being apprenticed : four shillings a week. Little enough, it is true, but I can see that M——, who went to considerable trouble about it, thinks he could have got on quite well by getting plenty of meal and potatoes from home.

One could cry sometimes at the *do-lessness* of the spirit.

Here the diary breaks off. Hers was not the spirit of *do-lessness*, and it was the only spirit that made her inclined to cry. The keen energy of her nature could never understand an unenterprising spirit in others, and it caused the impatience which she felt she had to restrain as what she called a besetting sin. Even diary-keeping was crowded out of her time, always so full of urgent calls for the moment. Nearly a year elapses, and then the diary is kept for yet another page or two.

Nov. 24th, 1892.

It seems strange to be beginning again, after a year of making the first feeble attempt at a Tیره journal, but the truth is, I was too done after the day's work to go on with it. The work crowded upon me. The need of organisation in the Y.W.C.A. besides the current work of conducting the classes and visiting the people, setting on foot also mothers' meetings, all seemed too much to overtake.

This year, I think, all will be easier, and I propose only to enter the items of visits paid, and classes attended, etc.

Landed from Buinessan on the 17th. Saw Mr. Maclean that evening ; decided upon opening the five Y.W.C.A. classes.

Sunday, 20th.

Hylypol Church. “ Have faith in God,” the text of the sermon.

Nov. 24th.

Visited Doctor's wife. Spoke of nurse. I feel this is a subject we must get settled. It is disgraceful, such a large island should be without a sick-nurse. Went after Y.W.C.A. girls who ought to be in church if not at class !

Went to see —— . Met with a great disappointment here. Found she had embraced strong Plym views, which I feel will, to say the least, cripple her usefulness, as she seems taken up with the thought of who is fit to worship with. She continues with the

Sunday School. It is to be hoped she will not teach the children to despise the ministry.

Class at Moss. Only three present. A dreary night, and it said much for the kindness of Macdonald and his sister that they gave me tea, fresh hot water for the bottle, as they were not settled in their house, and the chimneys were smoking.

Sunday, 27th.

At Moss Church, and in Baptist church in evening.

Nov. 28th.

Pouring day. Caught in regular gale returning from Cornaig. Not one present, but spent time in talking over Guild with Margaret Maclean, and getting to know Mrs. Mackinnon. Visited Mrs. Wallace, who gave me tea, a Gaelic lesson, then C.C. ; seven present.

The vigil of the year 1891 was kept by her alone in her cottage, and she writes a brief note : “ The old year going out to the sound of the sea. Girls meeting at Kirkapol. Leaving parcels for people.”

CHAPTER IX

“ ETHICA ”

“ Here with her face doth memory sit
Awhile, and wait the day's decline,
Till other eyes shall look from it,
Eyes of the Spirit's Palestine,
Even than the old gaze tenderer :
While hopes and aims long lost with her
Stand round her image side by side,
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre.”

As early as 1891 Lady Victoria notes down “ beginning pier agitation,” and the diary of that winter contains allusions to some of the many difficulties. The need of a pier was brought home to her every time that she landed, or with other passengers waited long hours about the harbour of Scarinish, doubtful whether the steamer would lie-to, or the cargo-boat go out to meet her.

Passengers are never the first thought in the ways of Hebridean steamers, and if the embarkation of human beings was always difficult, and sometimes dangerous, the same held good of the transit of the numerous flocks and herds, which year by year had to be transhipped.

The western Celt and Government departments have at least one thing in common. If there are

difficulties, and differences of opinion as to the right course, then a policy of masterly inactivity is the one that they pursue. If the Land League had taken the line of agitating for the proper development of the resources of the island, and threatened the hanging of officials in the Scottish Office and the Board of Trade, their agitation might have served the purpose of drawing attention to their real wants and felt grievances.

Land Leagues seldom consider the benefit of the community, and the comforts of the Government yacht blinded the eyes of the Secretaries of State, who came over summer seas to view the Hebrides. They never had to lie awake through the hurricanes of winter, or watch, as Lady Victoria said she did from her bed, “to see the Fingal coming in on her hind legs.” McBrayne’s steamers are run for profit, and on no humanitarian or philanthropic principle. Tiree was never a paying port of call, and, in one sense, the islanders were thankful to possess in the weekly service the advantages given them.

If the tourist traffic lasted longer, or went off the beaten track, no doubt steamers run to the Hebridean isles would, ere now, have had more of the decencies and comforts of civilisation. In the modern boats these are more observed in respect of first-class passengers, but the Company has much to answer for in the boats they send, and the overcrowding and discomfort to which they subject the girls and women they convey to the mainland, for the work of the fishing season. It is a yearly and regular

business, presumably it is one of profit, and the Company consider the conditions under which the women make their long voyages far less than they would do the safe stowing of valuable stock.

However, this is a review of “McBrayne’s Fleet” as a whole, and not only from the standpoint of Tiree. Had Lady Victoria lived in the outer Hebrides she would, no doubt, have been as urgent in levelling up the standard of comfort, as she was in pressing the claims of the storm-tossed natives of the islands, whose transits she so often shared. If the McBrayne steamers left something to be desired, she never grumbled while a passenger on them. The captains of that fleet were all her friends, and many a message they sped for her, and many a device they used for her comfort.

There is a story of one of these friends in need, not unworthy of record. He had Lady Victoria on board as a passenger during a night voyage. The sea was rough, and the ship was rolling, as only a Hebridean steamer knows how to roll. He remembered the narrow, unprotected bunk on which she was lying, and though sea-sickness rarely added to her discomforts, he knew she would find it hard to retain her position.

When free to come down from the bridge he entered her cabin, and found himself opposite the laughing countenance, and the dangerous instability of the helpless figure. “Give me hold of a rope, and throw my legs after me,” was a command she would give the seamen, as the boat approached the

side of the steamers. It was the same principle which guided her anxious friend. He hastily attached to the low ceiling above her a pair of his braces, and on their support Lady Victoria steadied herself till the steamer reached more sheltered waters. As her journeys were usually made in the winter, “fearful tossing” was the common record, though, when she could say “a heavenly calm,” it was written in with great “remembrance of mercies received.”

The mail-boat calls at Tیره, winter or summer, three times a week, between five and six in the morning. The steamer always “passes,” but there are many mornings when the mails and passengers in the cargo-boat cannot go out to her, and this may happen for a week, or ten days in succession. Very often it turns on the number of young men present, and willing to take a hand, and with two or more men at each oar, they assist the agent of McBrayne, to get the boat out of the narrow straits of Scarinish Harbour to the steamer.

If it were not for the voluntary aid of these men half the days in the winter the island would be without a mail, for the one man and a half, which represent McBrayne’s crew for the cargo-boat, could never face alone the wind that drives a fierce sea into the funnel-shaped entrance to Scarinish.

“No one knows,” she has said, “the depths into which we go when the mails are not landed; on the other hand, they can never rise to the heights that we reach when we know that the steamer has effected their landing.” Lady Victoria used to say that in the

Lodge she had a barometer over her bed. There was a special slate in the roof; if it rattled, she knew that the wind was furiously from that quarter, which would prevent the steamer lying off, or the boat going out to her.

There were occasions when Lady Victoria could take no risks. Some imperative call from her family had reached her, or she wished to keep “ the great tryst ” in Edinburgh. To get away on a certain date was a necessity. If the boat could go out to the steamer she would be in it, but she not infrequently accomplished her journey by doubling part of it, in the following manner.

The ways of the mail-boat are full of mystery, but its course is regularly irregular. It calls at Tiree with the mails at any hour between noon and the early afternoon. It then crosses to Bunessan, in Mull, one of the finest harbours in Scotland, and lies there till early next morning, when “ it rolls back ” to Tiree, and picks up the mails and passengers. Lady Victoria, in stormy weather, would get on board the day the mails were landed, go for the night to Bunessan harbour, and come back to Tiree the next morning, secure against the risk of the boat not being able to get to the steamer with the outgoing mails.

Oban is reached “ some time,” and occasionally Lady Victoria would stay the night. More often she pushed on: if to Inveraray, she posted the sixteen miles from Dalmally; and if “ to the Holy City,” she would thankfully record the arrival about ten at night.

Such journeys are tiring, even to the strength of those who can move about, and, if on the steamers, shift their outlook. For her, once on the seats of the dim narrow cabins, she rarely moved. Twenty-four and thirty-six hours was she often on board, storm-staid here, and delayed there, “ aching from the hardness of the seats,” she would write, but never daunted, frightened, or bored. If the seas were “ beyond anything,” she had the captains down to report, and their assurance it was a breeze, or a dead calm, when she was hanging on to the ropes placed in her way, was enough for her. She had confidence in her guides through the deep, and she knew the routes too well, and had experienced the ways of the steamers too often, to do more than ask the officials at the Board of Trade how long the “ Fingal ” was to be run over the waste waters of the deep. Unfortunately, the “ Fingal,” small and desperately un-up-to-date in all its fittings, was a good sea-boat from the point of view of the department, and she was not taken off the route till near the end of the days when she was needed by Lady Victoria.

There were other grievances and calls for a pier. Perhaps before these are described, some further account may be given of what these landings at Tiree meant for those who assisted Lady Victoria, as well as for herself. Mr. Macdiarmid was always present to welcome, or to speed her on her way. For many a long hour he waited for the steamer, and on many occasions the waiting was in the dark wild nights, when the getting of the able-bodied on and off the

boat was no mean feat. Mr. Macdiarmid has written a short account of some of the many adventures, which extended over a period of twenty years.

The landing and embarking in Tiree was always a source of anxiety and care to those assisting Lady Victoria, but, as a rule, she was singularly fortunate with the weather conditions, and when there was a heavy cargo to land, the steamer people were very obliging in sending her ashore before the cargo.

I remember one trying landing. It was getting dark, and there was a good deal of swell on the sea. It was dead low water, and when the boat came to the shore, it could not get near either of the small piers at Scarinish. There was nothing for it but to run the boat in as far as possible on the beach, and get the horse and buckboard through the water to the stranded boat. The boat, being a heavy one, the water alongside was deep; the horse became frightened, one of the traces broke, and there was a great commotion.

Willing hands, however, plunged into the water. The horse was quieted, and with great efforts we got Lady Victoria transferred from the boat to the buckboard, and all was well.

There was real danger, because if she were to fall between the boat and the buckboard, the water was so deep that she might be suffocated before she could be rescued, on account of the plunging horse.

I was really very nervous, and wrote the late Duke about the danger of her landing in Tiree at all hours.

The last landing was on a very dark night, with heavy rain. One time she was anxious to get away from Tiree, and when the steamer arrived at Scarinish it was so stormy that no boat could go out. The steamer went round to Gott Bay, and launched one of her boats. The surf was so strong that the boat could not get near the rocks. It was run up on a sandy beach, men standing in the water steadied it, the horse and buckboard were driven through the water to the side of the boat, and with great difficulty we managed to get her into it, to our great relief.

Another time she was leaving Tiree. The steamer was to be at Scarinish in the evening. We were all there, but the steamer did not arrive. We sat up all night in the Hotel, and the steamer only arrived some time next day.

On another occasion we arrived at the side of the steamer, and it was so full of sheep that the regular gangways could not be opened. The only way to get on board was by an opening in the railing on the quarter-deck. The quarter-deck was high above the boat. I had to lift her on my shoulder, and two men above took her arms and lifted her on deck.

These are only a few instances of the many landings at Tiree, and with good fortune there was no accident.

She was always very plucky, and never complained.

These unadorned facts leave much to the imagination, and only those who have seen an ordinary landing in a gentle swell can conjure up the scenes here narrated by Mr. Macdiarmid. He, and those who always went out to help Lady Victoria, made light of their wet and difficult task, not made easier by the deep anxiety which was experienced by one and all. It was never increased by her attitude. She had complete confidence in the strong arms and warm hearts which were welcoming her arrival. “As she never saw fear,” she did not understand why others should fear for her. “You seem all very cheerful,” she said to Mr. Macdiarmid and his band of helpers, as they effected her landing for the last time in the drenching rain, and “pit mirk,” of a winter’s night.

“We are glad to have you safe on shore,” was an answer whose deep thankfulness she hardly realised. No one was ever injured through these years, but no life would have been grudged among her friends had her own peril needed it. This she felt, and her love of the adventure, her reliance on the well-known figures that came in the boat and waited her landing on the shore, were her strong confidence, and the only reward her friends ever asked or needed from her.

The landing in Gott Bay, to which Mr. Macdiarmid alludes, was that which dwells with especial vividness in the mind of Knowles, and allusion to it has already been made.

“ It is not fit for your Ladyship,” was a well-worn expostulation, and only added to the humours of the day. “ Don’t say anything about it,” was the answer she always received, and Knowles knew by the experience of revolving years that it was not of the slightest use to say anything for or against such transits.

Gott Bay was a spot where landings could often be effected when Scarinish Harbour was impossible. The aggravation of seeing the mails pass and passengers return to their distant dwellings was much enhanced by knowing that, but for the red-tape which binds the Post Office and its contracts, the mails might often have rejoiced the hearts of the storm-staid, if both harbours had been available.

One captain, who was a native of Tiree, managed to achieve greater things in this way than others who had no great desire to lie off Tiree in a contrary wind ; and Gott Bay was to be the site of that pier Lady Victoria rejoiced to see running out into the sea, but which she was never destined to tread.

Every bit of the construction of the pier meant as great a battle with the powers that be, as the engineers were to fight later on with the foundations, and against the tides and storms of the site.

Through it all Lady Victoria led. Her unresting pen brought the island within the practical politics of the Offices of State. The official forms of “ do-nothingness ” were hurled in vain at her. Impertunity she understood as an art, and unjust judges of every sphere and scope fell wearied at her feet.

She enlisted the interest of the shooting tenants, and Lord Elphinstone enclosed her a letter from the Postmaster-General with the comment: “I am afraid we can give up all hope of ever seeing the ‘Fingal’ running into Gott Bay.” The letter is endorsed by Lady Victoria as “Last try.”

GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON. *Jan., 1905.*

In the letter which you and Mr. Cobbold sent to me on the 16th ultimo, reference is made to the landing of mails at Tiree. In this connection I may inform you that I have already considered the question of arranging for the mail-steamer to call at Gott Bay on occasions when, owing to stress of weather, a landing cannot be effected at Scarinish. It appears, however, that no proper provision is made for landing at Gott Bay; no ferry-boat is kept in the Bay, and there is not even a boat-slip.

Moreover, the “Fingal” has a small crew, and if a boat were lowered to land passengers and mails at Gott Bay, the crew left on the steamer would not be sufficient to work her.

The captain of the “Fingal” does not think it safe to attempt to effect a landing at Gott Bay, when the weather is too bad to admit of a call made at Scarinish, and I do not consider it advisable to interfere with his discretion in the matter.

Two years later an understanding and more sympathetic Post Office surveyor writes to her from Edinburgh:—

After seeing the difficulty in embarking at Scarnish on Saturday morning, I can quite understand the desire for improvement.

Perhaps had the authorities of Post Office and steamer company been less rigid, the impulse which drew so many together for the construction of the pier in Gott Bay would have been less active. In 1908, when a better type of steamer was at last launched, Lady Victoria, with the pier nearer in sight, wrote a letter to the papers. As usual, the things that lay behind pressed heavily on her pen, but it is a vivid, if allusive, presentment of past troubles and future hopes.

GLIMPSES FROM TIREE

July, 1908.

More than one paragraph in the well-known “Oban Times” has greeted the debut of the new mail-steamer “Lochiel.” None of them give an adequate idea of the pathetic surprise, the rejoicing, while trembling lest this priceless boon of an up-to-date steamer should be withdrawn, after years of pleading that a quicker vessel than the far-famed “Fingal” would mitigate late summer posts, and long periods of detention for passengers, on a vessel originally designed for inner waters.

Knots of people gathered to witness the “Lochiel’s” arrival. School children will remember the year when one of the “popular” fleet approached the shores even with ease in our

summer gales, during two of which it was impossible for the cargo-boat to go out to her.

When the pier is built on the spot designated by our Viking forefathers, the prowess of the “Lochiel,” with its well-trying captain and crew, will find their efforts crowned with success.

Those who have been born and bred in islands, to whom a boat by oar or sail is “Home,” who watch, year in and year out, the effect of gales on this isle, called by our great magician “wild,” even as he named Coruisk “lone,” realise how much is in a name. They marvel why a pier should not stand with the application of the latest engineering science.

Some of the cold water which greets the scheme proceeds from the artist who fears the motor might be landed! This would indeed be a shock to the maternal “Tern,” who wheels and shrieks over the horses. But the fear is remote. Others, again, may have a sigh for the good old days when goods were dumped, forgetting the rats, the long detention in sheds, the frequent carrying past. The return journey of miles, for pigs or sheep, not to mention an occasional broken leg of animals, comes to greater expense than pier dues.

But these last critics are few and far between. The native islanders, whose knowledge of their coast, whose pluck in going out to meet the steamers a few years ago, evoked the heartiest commendation from the Lifeboat Commissioners, are united in the resolve that the time for talking is

past, the time for action is come. It is to be hoped that every encouragement will be given to the scheme to help those who have contributed no mean share in men to our public services.

By their efforts three regular steamers are kept going. It is to be hoped the valiant, but wholly inadequate, steamer “Fingal” will now form an honoured monument in the Exhibition, while one with greater speed will be accorded, which will help matters. It will not only suit our summer visitors, but those for whose sake the Government of 1886 was approached to open up the island by more frequent mail communication.

In some parts of the islands, hitherto dependent on the old Hutchinson’s steamers, the railway and motors have come nearer. (It is, however, forgotten that neither of these can cross the sands!) No such plea can be urged in excuse for the “Granary of the West.” Neither tunnel nor viaduct will disturb the steamer monopoly, but neither the difficulties nor the facilities can be gauged by men who dwell in pleasant harbours, when not in City offices, surrounded with telephone wires, etc.

It requires a Plimsoll, or a George Aberdeen, who determined to experience for themselves what they had to legislate upon.

Alas! We see not their successors.

A HEBRIDEAN.

The building of the pier might make a lay as long as the one on “ the keeping of the bridge.” By slow processes and strenuous exertions the Scottish Office and all the necessary powers were upheaved, and Lord Archibald and Lady Victoria and the parish minister, Mr. Gillies, who had done such excellent work in the cause, saw the first sod cut in the year 1909, and for her last winter in the island, from her bedroom eyrie, Lady Victoria’s “ longing eyes were blessed ” with the vision of the works.

The story must now turn back to her earlier residences in the island.

The year 1893 was darkened to her by the loss of Lady Emma, and she had the additional burden of having to arrange for the break-up of the homes so associated with most of her life. The winter before her death, Lady Emma had written to her from the house of her oldest friend, Mrs. Paisley, at Helensburgh. The house was close to Ardencaple Castle, Lady Emma’s birthplace.

It is a vision of the Gareloch over which she was gazing, and remembering “ the dear bairny ” of langsyne, who was fulfilling that dedication made beside Lady Emma in the days of her childhood.

The letters of 1892, and the thoughts in her diary for that year and 1893, are placed here.

From Lady Emma McNeill.

HELENSBURGH. *Aug.*, 1892.

My dearest V.,

Here I am. Thankful not to have to face the

storm. This house is so close to the shore it might be a fixed bathing-house, and one feels as if in a ship. I watch the squalls coming up from beyond the Cloch Lighthouse, and think how you would have defied weather, and gone your way. The sea-gulls run about the shore, with their dainty white garments unsoiled by mud and sand, and look like scattered pearls from a broken string; and then some rise, and one sees the gleam of strong sunshine on them as they fly.

The crowds of Ardencaple crows come down, and I look at them as relatives I had lost sight of, and who do not acknowledge me. White waves roll in, and there is the ceaseless wail of wind and sea. Yes, I rejoice "there shall be no more sea," as we know it. Only the glory of the sea of glass, mingled with fire. "Brightness and strength, not change and desolation."

Expect me if the day is fairly calm, not otherwise; I am not heroic.

TREE. *Feb.*, 1892.

My dear Mrs. Macdiarmid,

I had looked forward to a talk with you the end of the week, but I felt an extra pressure upon me, feeling that the efforts of the past month for the young women must be put into shape, so that the best for them may be done.

I hope a helpful monthly meeting may be provided for them. May we not hope that some who are groping their way may be led into de-

cision ? Some who are sitting at ease, waiting for this wonderful experience called “ conversion ” with folded hands, may be led to see that it has something to do with the will ?

Lastly, I feel how erroneously we may and must judge each other “ whiles,” so that, while being careful, I think we should hail all earnest willing-heartedness. . . .

Were a local guild to be started here to-morrow, it would be to teach the women (not only the young ones) the duty of Church life. I don't mean “ sectarian ” life, but being members of some one Church (however much they might go out to others), and doing the work of that Church before going out to other duties. . . .

We have four ministers who unite in all Evangelistic effort, and who have bound themselves to withstand, as far as possible, our accursed drinking customs. They have, and particularly the two young ministers, special difficulties to contend with. I hope they will see their way to have Bible-classes after the work-classes close, if not before. When the classes have learnt *something* of discipline, coming even in time, or on regular days !

I feel we are privileged to be what I have long maintained the Y.W. should, a “ feeder to the Church of God.”

In sounding the W.M., the replies have all been : “ It would have such a good effect upon the girls. It would show them that the ministers took an interest, and so forth.”

I have never had to deal with the same state of things at once so dark and yet so bright.

The bright, in having such ministers. The dark, the utter disuse of all Church congregational life amongst the young. No spirit of chivalry or honour about it, but I think it is coming.

Last year increases my love for the all-denominational work, as it brings me in touch with all. Most amusing touch—with the Episcopalians of this county! But, as I wrote to our present President, Miss Hay, apropos of the Foreign Mission controversy, I should resign to-morrow, if I could not do my duty when possible as a member of a church. . . .

When one thinks you may be away next winter, and I may never come back. (I allude to the uncertainties of life, especially with this influenza.) Even if a Y.W. could overtake all the girls, which it never could, I feel the path before us is no longer one of perplexity, but one of lucid clearness, if we be willing to follow it. . . .

I chortle in the thought that perhaps Tiresias will take the lead in what they were considering in Conference the other day in Edinburgh. If ever Guilds be started, that they may be linked on to our great Y.W., not only in the Island, bringing us all to know and love one another, but ensuring for our girls the protective aid, as well as the ministerial guidance.

This brings me to the last point. Somehow or

other, we must have discipline maintained, as far as possible, in the Y.W.

I don't mean only the W.M. ; I am meeting all the senior girls separately this week, and I mean to speak plainly. I have been leading up to it all these weeks. The same reason which made me join the Y.W. (here, again, Guilds cannot help us, or compete or distract) and made Frances take the Presidentship of the Travellers' Aid, when London was ringing with the dangers to which girls were exposed, had kindled within me the flame which, I hope, will never die. It made me refuse to join the Girls' Friendly, namely, we must remember the girls' bringing-up, their greater temptations. The constant example set of low tone about such things. Fancy E. saying to Knowles : “ No one thinks anything of it here.”

I have long known that one of the reasons that noble minister, Mr. McRury, suffered was his fidelity regarding this matter, as well as in refusing his church for the Land League.

If the Christian women of this and other islands were asked to do nothing else of work in the great Harvest Field, this would fill their heads and hearts.

Forgive this long letter, but I wanted in all love and faithfulness to show you why your speech pained and worried me. “ The work you were sure would go down after I left.” You have prayed for blessing for years. Do you not expect the answer ? From the moment Mr. MacLean, as minister of this parish, welcomed me and the Y.W., and told

me he was praying for a blessing on the work, I knew we should have it, in accordance with the Master's promise.

Yours affectionately,
V. CAMPBELL.

To Mrs. Macdiarmid. ARGYLL LODGE.
1892.

I cannot tell you what joy it is to me to hear of all going so well, not but what I thought it would. I *never* had such a solemn sense of God working with us, or rather through us.

Lorne writes now that my father is a British Duke, I am to be made Female Tetrarch of Tiree. I have replied, I think a Scottish Duke quite as good as British. He will get my letter at Windsor, and I can but hope he won't repeat it to the Queen !

April.

I have a sense of blank, now that I cannot follow the days as they come round with the various meetings. I am sure you will all remember that during the summer months, when words which have been spoken or read may come home with fresh power, how important it is to be, what they call here in the south, "aggressive." We Highlanders especially are slow to express our difficulties or longings, but a loving, sympathetic word, delivered, as Dr. Saphir used to say, "in the Master's tone," because we have been "with Him," will be blessed to many.



COTTAGES IN TIREE.

Last Thursday I was in that crowded Hall listening to Moody, and as those hymns went up from the thousands, with our two respective Moderators-elect, Dr. Blaikie and Dr. Charteris, taking part, I felt there was no reason why our Islands should not be as glad and as thankful, if they will receive the simple message of Life now in Christ, which must have as its consequence a life of consecration and service.

May, 1892.

When I was in Tiree I got a letter from one of the Argyllshire secretaries asking me to remember I was district Referee, and there were other places besides Tiree. I have been in no danger of forgetting this lately. The Returns give a dreadful amount of work.

I can't say how pleased I am at the way in which you have developed the organisation. May it have that blessing of life which will make it effective.

To Mrs. Macdiarmid. Written from Tiree.

This year, I suppose the harvest won't be in before Xmas!

We *did* catch it across the Machar last night. No girls came, but I don't wonder. I didn't lose time! Got to know friends, arranged matters, and had a Gaelic lesson. I left at five.

1892.

Such a full class again, from three townships; and I felt, with renewed force, while the sewing-

class lasts we must get them any help we can. I could have heard a pin drop during the Bible lesson, and I left them being led so prettily in “ I hear Thy welcome voice.” And this is the class which I was so low about ! Surely we are taught again and again it is “ not by might.”

[On getting someone she wished to do a bit of work :] I feel as though the millenium may be upon us.

We have much to be thankful for this winter, but I confess my heart is sick at the low moral tone. Also, the stifled conscience which can let an old minister walk five miles to preach to six people, to say nothing of the younger ministers who would have large congregations elsewhere ; but perhaps we are all waking up to the fact that the most needful places require the best men.

Where we have the ultra-Episcopal type, of course, there is a difference, because they teach one must belong to them to be in the right way at all ; but we have, happily, not this gulf between Baptist, Free, and Established.

Xmas Eve, 1892.

Will you arrange that from all the treats the fragments be gathered up, that nothing be lost, and a list of the sick taken ? No other deserters from treat, but perhaps a birch-rod might be sent afterwards !

Really the “ Dunara ” ought to be pulled up for passing us yesterday.

Jan., 1893.

Do you know, I am left with one overpowering sense of all that needs yet to be done with the Y.W.C.A. I have often thanked God for the hearty co-operation of all the ministers in evangelistic work, but all you say of Mr. McLean is true. I never saw anything in my experience like the fervent, patient, catholic working for the common cause. I feel so strongly that if his own Church-members will form round him in a Guild, it will keep them in hand, give them some guidance, lift it out of “ nighean an Diùc ” atmosphere.

Don't fuss about me. The strength has been given for the day, and will be.

[About magazines :] I don't want Tìree to play the pauper.

May 15th, 1892. From her diary.

To-day in the old Tolbooth Parish Church, outside the May breeze rustling, the green bushes emerging from the Rock of the Castle, I saw the setting apart of another Deaconess, Janet Beck, who is already a missionary of the Church of Scotland in the Blantyre Mission.

The Rev. D. Clement Scott preached on, “ Bring ye in the tithes.” The key-note was, we are redeemed that we may first give the tithe, and then the whole of ourselves and of our substance, to God. The unity of the race, the claim that Africa has upon us as such.

Professor Charteris spoke of one of the ancient

offices of the deaconess, which was to keep the door of the women. So Janet Beck might be said to keep the door of the women in Africa, and as in that early Church they prepared the catechumens for Baptism, so, as she bends over the African children, she might think of so instructing them.

Whatever variance of opinion there may be as to this particular form of being set apart, I could not but think of the great advantage to those who, being sent forth by the Church they represent, know that they have its sympathy and prayers. It must be a real help in their lonely and arduous outpost work.

I wish that workers in the great harvest field could realise more that they are joining one great orchestra, each with a distinct part, but which is needed to blend into perfect harmony.

Perhaps as my own life work, for the most part, has led away from associated work, I see all the beauty and help it might be, more than some who are accustomed to it.

I have got this time to know “ my fellow-workers,” dear women and girls each one. We need much faith and prayer.

ARGYLL LODGE. *June 25th, 1892.*

My dear Mrs. Macdiarmid,

I have been longing for the leisure and the strength to write you a good crack ! This sounds as if I had been working hard, and such I cannot feel to have been the case ; but somehow I think

this friggle-fraggle life takes it out of me more than the arduousness of meetings in the dear Tiree against all wind and weather, and the breezes meanwhile giving me that wonderful thing called “life.”

I spent part of this week at the Mildmay Conference. I thought of and longed for the Tiree workers, that they should have all the help. Thinking of it, I send you the Syllabus of it. Next week I will send you the “Christian,” which contains the fullest reports.

More than any of the addresses, powerful as these were, from Mr. Wilson of St. Michael’s, Dr. Pierson, and Mr. Stuart, as out-standing ones, I always feel freshly struck with the feeling, “one heart, one voice.” A sense of the communion of God’s Spirit and fellowship one with another. I always think Sir Arthur Blackwood is especially happy in setting the key-note. It was a solemn time. One felt there was so much searching of hearts, and such a sense that work, if it be genuine, must be done in the power of the Spirit, or prove utterly barren and unfruitful.

I left after the united Communion on Thursday, when over two thousand must have sat down.

Sir Arthur greeted me with: “Well, shall I go to Tiree?” I said: “Yes, do.” “Well,” he said, “I shall see if McKinnon can put me round in his yacht.”

I really believe a few of these bigwigs are possessed with a burning desire to see it!

In all the inevitable anxieties of this time, needless to say, I shall think with special thoughts of the wild Island. I am delighted with the account of the closing meeting. You really are in splendid working business harness. I trust so much that, in whatever form, work true and living may be set agoing and prosper for next winter.

April, 1894. INVERARAY. From her diary.

Nearly two years since the last entry. Just after I wrote it, I was at the first Moderator's breakfast I have ever been at, that of Professor Charteris. I went to London when Dot arrived. How glad I am I went at once to welcome her! In 1893 I was to have visited her at Liberton before she left for Cannes, and I for Tiree. I stayed for the home visit to be over; our married couples here with eight grandchildren. I went to Edinburgh, to Lady Liston Foulis, Dr. Charteris, and then Dr. Macmillan, who put me on board the "Dunara," and I left again for Bunessan and Tiree. In this last place I took lodgings this time. We got two Guilds formed. Of those months I cannot venture on details. Influenza seized Knowles, then me. I can never forget the home-sickness I had during my convalescence for my father and the family.

I left early for London, where Aunt Dot spent three weeks with us.

Home Rule and Disestablishment for Wales the burning topics in public life. On the 29th

May came the summons to Bournemouth. It was to be with Dot in her last hours. God only knows how I got through. The oppressed breathing was terrible. The glad light flitted over her face, as I quoted familiar texts or hymn. The awful suddenness of the end all seemed like a dream.

Then, going to Edinburgh, the wonderful beauty of those summer days. The true friendship it all cemented between Mr. Charles Guthrie and me. The tender, strong sympathy of dear Dr. Charteris, I can never express what it was.

Jan. 17th, 1893. TIREE.

My dear Mrs. Macdiarmid,

An enormous class yesterday from the Sahara and the two Cornaigs. Only Flora McLean for my aide-de-camp. All these need cards. The whole of “ the Sahara ” require almanacs.

I am getting on. Neuralgia pretty severe, but I am thankful I went to Cornaig. In haste. Yrs.,

V. C.

To Mrs. Macdiarmid.

Aug. 24th, 1893. ARGYLL LODGE.

We must do the best we can in the meantime, and I have the hope ultimately that we may manage some local association for Argyll (Home Industries). A regular working Branch, as Sutherland and Inverness, have been organised.

The idea of the “ Exhibition ” in November

for Oban seems odd, but it *may* air the subject, and lead to someone starting a Depot to be open, at all events, for the tourist season. When I went to the great sale here, held in a private house, and opened by Princess May, I felt with such a rush of fashion and patronage, the Tiree people, at all events, ought not to be left out. It requires an introduction to get into the London Depot. I hope to call there in a day or two, and will then find out whether the caretaker thinks it worth while to have any of these up.

The winter journey was not an easy one. On November 13th, 1893, she went from Bunessan to Iona.

Friday, Nov. 17th.

Started on "Dunara." Detained all day at Bunessan. Fearful night.

18th.

Very bad with headache. Got through writing in evening. Wonder when we shall get to Tiree.

19th.

Landed at Bunessan. No service in our church. Had class at night.

21st.

Arrived at Tiree with Mrs. Grant.

Dec. 13th, 1894. INVERARAY.

Dear Mrs. Macdiarmid,

How my heart warmed when, yesterday evening, I was told “ Donald McDonald from Tiree ” wished to see me. We had such a crack over the Revival and all. What a blessing it is ! and, thanks to the nobility of our ministers there, the movement will be guided, and, let us hope, supplemented, by the people by earnest *work*.

You know, I feel this is the great need of the Tiree folks. They are apt to be “ revived,” and then faint again. I told Mr. McLean, when he wrote somewhat regretfully about all the Y.W. classes, not to fret. If good, real work is done, it matters not under what auspices, if only the occasional tide does not follow of despising God’s ordinances.

Then I should so like, as a practical outcome of all this, to have a coffee and common mission-room in Balemartine. If only we could get it to be self-supporting, with a soup kitchen. Do make all inquiries, and let us determine : “ It shall be done.”

In the beginning of 1894 Lady Victoria was recalled to Inveraray by the death of the Duchess Amelia. The Duke needed her presence, and she was unable to leave him, or give the winter, as usual, to the islands. By correspondence, she kept in touch with all her island links, and the network of classes she had helped to spread over Argyll.

Physically, it was a break which rested her. She was happy in the close society of one who was always the centre of her thoughts, and she enjoyed the prolonged intercourse with the large family circle, so soon to be thinned, that gathered round their father at Inveraray.

At the close of December she writes :—

Dec. 30th, 1894. INVERARAY.

Such a happy close to what has been one of the saddest years I have known. The April week in Edinburgh, with its visit to Dr. and Mrs. Charteris. The Communion Sunday, under Dr. Matheson, and the blessed ten days of heart and spirit communion with the Sholto Douglasses at Balma-carra. Miss Marsh's days here are the oases.

What a contrast to last year, alone with Mrs. Grant in Tiree !

The year 1895 again opened with a painful shock, and it was followed by a series of events which broke down her strength, and for the first time her heart wellnigh failed her.

The Duke went to Glasgow in order to make a speech in defence of the House of Lords. While speaking, he was seized with a severe fainting attack, and the nervous exhaustion which followed resulted in a long illness, and much subsequent weakness. Lady Victoria was at Inveraray at the time. The presence of Lord Lorne and one of her sisters, in Glasgow, made it unnecessary for her to go to the

Duke, but the strain of being absent from him told as much as if she had been with him where he was laid up in the house of Lord and Lady Kelvin. The spring brought the news of her brother Lord Colin's death in Bombay, and it closed to her a field to which her eyes had turned.

As I was preparing to go to him [she writes] the telegram came to say all was over. The next week I went to Mildmay, staying with Miss Coventry for the Conference. I attended a few other meetings, feeling terribly ill, and on the 3rd of July the smash came. It was internal inflammation, followed by other complications. I had two dear nurses from Mildmay. I longed to die, but I am afraid it only proceeded from physical weakness. God only knows how unfit I was for it.

In August I was able to move to Foxton, where Edith cooked me up for a fortnight. Then a week in Edinburgh lodgings, where I broke the long fast from all Church ordinances in St. Giles on Sunday, and I was at one weekday service. What memories of dear Dot and her friends came over me !

A few days at Douglas Support, then with the Macmillans at Greenock, before he put me on board for Iona. A week there, another at Bunessan, then to Tiree, to prove, as I believed, whether these islands, or further afield, was to be, in future, my sphere.

She needed all the cheer her friends could give her, though the short diary is written with her own indomitable will power.

After eleven weeks illness, feeling more like facing life.

Oct. 3rd.

Started round the Moil.

Oct. 4th.

Iona, and in the chair to the Cross.

Oct. 11th.

Crossed the Sound to Mull.

Oct. 18th.

Came to Tiree. Good toss. Got in about six.

Oct. 19th.

Full of restoration to work. Miss MacGregor with me.

Dec. 31st.

Feel encouraged. Is Tiree to be the field ?

To Lady Mary Glyn.

DOUGLAS SUPPORT. *Sep.*, 1895.

A lovely place, as far as grounds go. Beyond, a terraced garden, trees, and harvest fields.

My Doctor quite satisfied with Islands, because, with due care, it is the *only* life in which, short

of a thorough invalid, I can command hours, and recover the tremendous nervous exhaustion.

I loved my first Sunday in St. Giles after eleven weeks. I should like the Communion here, but I am not sure if it is feasible.

I sail, D.V., by Moil for Iona, Oct. 3rd.

From Dr. Oswald Dykes.

Dec. 26th, 1895.

I like the beautiful photograph of yourself, now before me, very much, and shall prize it.

Do you know, it has so much of your aunt in it that it seems to recall her also, when I look at it.

The letter which came with it gave me the tidings of you, for which I have been wishing. I do not know that any retreat could afford you, in finer combination, the elements of restfulness for mind and spirit, as well as body, which you need after the recent prolonged strain of various kinds, and the breakdown which it naturally brought on. The remoteness from jar, the soothing solitude, the free air and open sea lifting one above petty frets, the loyalty and gratitude of these clanswomen, the old-world piety, and to all this the solicitude and aid afforded by that good Miss MacGregor, what more could be added to do “ a body ” good ?

You will tell me that jealousies and divisions mar even the paradise of Tiree, and people can be petty and stupid by the sounding sea ! I dare say. The big world may minister peace, but the little

world man creates for himself will still be—like himself! The cure lies in turning one’s “ little world ” into a bit of the kingdom of God. Where He rules, there is peace.

I hope the “ clanswomen ” appreciate your fulfilment of the noblest of the duties of a chieftainess, by living among them to help them to live better. Whether they do or not, I like better to think of you there on an island of Argyll among your own people, than (as you seem to hint) missioning far afield among aliens of a foreign tongue. No, I can’t think that is for you.

You will be able, I trust, to repose your nerves and collect your thoughts, and, above all, settle your heart on the Divine will, which rises serene above our tumultuous wills, and to which, if we only embrace it, we should find it so good to submit all our private and errant longings. What better can I wish for you, than that the Divine Peace should take you for comfort into itself for a space. That you may forget all else in the strengthening persuasion, that your Heavenly Father knows and cares, and loves and provides, and is more to you a thousandfold than earthly brother, or father, or friend.

The thoughts and prayers of your friends will go with you in your retreat, and hover near you! And that is not unpleasant to think.

From “ Professor Pax.”

I am very sorry indeed, but not surprised, that

you find your return so inexpressibly sad. How strange are the paths to which children's feet go, when they leave home ! How comforting the hope of the Home from which “ they go out no more, for ever ! ” You will find your own burden lightened as you take up that of others. Divine compensation.

To Lady Mary Glyn.

THE LODGE, TIREE. *Oct.*, 1895.

When you have time to write, explain fully about the Congress, and if you were afflicted with women's meetings ! And if, perchance, they spoke sense !

Did Normandy do you good “ afterwards,” like chastening ? I mean, you did not seem to answer to it at the time, which is like the German waters theory.

You can imagine me here this time, near the Manse in Gott Bay. The dark-grey villa-looking house the Mackenzies used to live in. I see the dear Jura hills from my bed, and from the sofa the Mull range.

From her Diary.

Last Sunday, 1895. TIREE.

The text to-day from which our “ laddie minister,” Mr. Macpherson, gave his English sermon, might well speak to me : “ The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it ? ”

The main teaching of his sermon was in the first

part: “ Put up thy sword into the sheath,” “ It is a strong nature which is patient ; impatience is a sign of weakness,” such were some of his thoughts on a Sunday when, with blessed outward calm, after a week of terrible storm, he prayed it might be to us an emblem of the time when the storm and stress of life should be over.

It was during these years that her attendance on the meetings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in Edinburgh, became regular. “ She was an institution there,” said Dr. Norman Macleod. It was a true description of one of the best-known figures in Edinburgh, in the time of “ May and the Assemblies.” Of course, it was an occasion when she physically steadily overdid herself, with long sittings listening to debates on subjects about which she was “ wildly excited.” No matter that her feet were cold as ice, and she in every form of discomfort, nothing would make her abandon the Assembly.

How many “ fathers and brethren ” can recall the eager face, bending over the Throne gallery, saluting and beckoning to the many friends, gathered, like herself, from field, and mountain, and flood ! The innumerable confidences and consultations, the burning desire that the vote should go her way, and her whispered expostulations to those who were passing beneath her, into the wrong or right lobby.

“ I follow my leader ; I always follow Dr. Story,” pleaded Colonel Wauchope, as, in full uniform, he passed the head that was being shaken at him.

Then there were the progresses up and down the gloomy stone stairs. The minister, or elder, selected because he understood “how to give his arm”; the less favoured, bearing cloaks and foot-warmers. The cab attained, there was always a pause before the driver could get off. The head with the fair hair framing the radiant face at the window, as her eye caught sight of this one, and then the other, bidding all and sundry to come and have a crack, or a “ceilidh,” and meals were promised, and “trysts” were made. Or she would have been to hear “Rainy” in the Free Assembly, or her feet had strayed into some “conventicle,” and the stricter sect of the fathers and brethren would come reproving her for backslidings and defections, and she enjoyed the innocent mischief she had been in, and bade them give her absolution. She loved the element of ecclesiastical life, and the social gathering together, and the Assembly ten days were always bright to her; though she would pay for her “Gospel greed” by many a neuralgic attack. “It was worth it,” was her summing up, “and that it was good to see her,” was the heartfelt feeling of the friends, who miss her coming, and can no longer stand by to aid her progress to the Throne gallery of the Tolbooth Church.

CHAPTER X

NIGHEAN AN DIÙC

“I’ve wrestled on towards heaven,
’Gainst storm and wind and tide ;
Now, like a weary traveller,
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life’s lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel’s Land.”

THE diary of 1896 closes with these words, written in Iona :—

Went to west end. To the Cross and to the Cathedral. Why am I brought here ? may be the question. Surely to rest awhile. In the midst of trouble His Presence can make all bright.

It had been a strenuous year, and over it all there was weariness. Lady Victoria had had another heavy sorrow, in the sudden death of her sister, Lady Elisabeth Clough Taylor. The urgent call to leave Tiree, and start for Inveraray, came to her in September, and there was the usual entry in the diary : “ Got on board at night. Fearful tossing, but got into Oban by two next day.”

The funeral was at Rosneath, and Lady Victoria went with the steamer that conveyed the coffin,

and those of her family who had been able to gather together. It was a lovely bright day, as the boat passed down the familiar waterways, and brought them all again within the circle of the hills. "Great sense of rest in the old Home," Lady Victoria writes, as she turns back again to Inveraray to help her brother-in-law and his children. For this reason she was detained both at Inveraray, and in a prolonged visit to London. In her review of the year, she says :—

Dec. 31st, 11.50 p.m.

The year is dying out, and as I wait to hear the little church bell ring it out, I record its chief events. The inner *record*, one cannot. Libby taken from us. I summoned home again, and for weeks doubtful whether I could return to Island life. Matters were so arranged that I was able to do so. I returned to Bunessan, then I came here, and am seeing it out in the Blessed Isle.

Bunessan was one of the spots where her work was heaviest. Accommodation suitable for her needs was hard to find. The population was numerous, and yet wildly scattered, and for her the difficulties were far greater than either in Iona or Tiree. Wet and wild gales she had often to face under the mountains of Mull. Here, as elsewhere, she was surrounded by a band of willing fellow-workers, who never failed her, and she never grudged her strength in the service of the people. Not always were her classes able to meet,

and she went through many a rough day to keep her part of the tryst. On one occasion, it took four men, walking beside her pony-chair, to ensure that it was not blown bodily off the precipitous road with her inside it, so fierce were the blasts which were sweeping over the place; and the girls, having no one to hold them on to the road, had not faced the elements.

The Duke, writing to her about this time, alarmed by her journeys, and not in a mood to do justice to a place which was causing her so much over-exertion and fatigue, asks, in pretended ignorance, what keeps her in Mull.

My dear V.,

I was very glad to hear this morning from Bunessan, and admire your pluck in going by that beastly boat, all the way round by Coll, Tiree, and Iona. Could you not get to Bunessan by a shorter route? And, now, what on earth are you going to do at Bunessan? The dullest place on earth! Why don't you go to Tiree, with fine skies, and fine seas, instead of muddy ebbs and dirty seaweed?

Lady Victoria's correspondents loved teasing her on her choice of abodes. Her dear "Rev., Sir James, Dean" called her Ethica "your sand-bank," and she returned their chaff, giving as good as she got; she loaded them all with her pity that their minds were unable to understand how her lines had fallen unto her in fair places.

No one loved more deeply both land and sea, and the blue heavens above her. The sunrises over Jura, which were her winter's joy; the long, curved sweep of the white sands of Gott; the circle of the islands, glowing in sunset radiance. From Iona she looked across the Sound to the "jasper walls" of the Ross, or from Ethica saw the soft cloud-caps gather round the dark hills of Mull.

She needed all the strength her lifted eyes could gather from them. It was not the sadness of Nature which oppressed her, as the grey mists swept eerily across the sunless seas. She knew they were often but the symbols of the unspoken burden of sorrow and want; but the remembrance of days "when there follows a mist and a weeping rain, and life is never the same again." It was the knowledge of the storms breaking over many a lonely cottage, and the aching hearts within, which made her intent on crossing the threshold of these homes, bringing the cheer of her voice, and the tender, eager sympathy which, like a ray of sunlight, came with her going out and coming in.

The sorrows of the year had fallen heavily on the inner sanctuary of her affections. Her heart ever "turned again home," for in the background of all her thoughts and actions there always stood the presence of her father, and the family were but the links which bound her to him. Stronger than death was the love she had borne him from her earliest years. She once said to one of her sisters, that she could never remember the time, after she returned home for

good, when she did not count the hours which must pass before she could again be in his company. In temperament they were alike. The rapid thought translated into immediate action. The strong desire to pour out with voice or pen the ideas which were so pregnant, and burnt till utterance was given to them. Apart lay their roads. Different spheres of influence and action were to demand their energies. Yet through it all ran a thread closer even than that of blood, the golden thread of a community of spirit and an understanding desire to be led into all Truth.

Dear to her as were her brothers, and the sisterhood, they were but the frame to the central figure. The homes where his presence had ordered the daily round, instinct with his vitality, were the dearest to her. As she and her people carried "to the old home" the first to break the band of the seven sisters, she quotes some lines written by Lady Elisabeth, on the land of their childhood:—

“Once again the snowdrops spring
Underneath the ancient beech—
But never again, ah me! shall ring
Childish laughter, lispng speech,
Half as sweet in coming years,
Seen through mists of unshed tears.

“Baby feet that roam'd erewhile
'Mong the flowers, tread other ways;
But still the joy of the snowdrop's smile
Charms them back to childhood's days;
To their fairyland of dreams,
Songs and mists and strange bright gleams.”

Rest was needed, and it came to her always in Iona. The sacred associations of the long past, and the influences which had led her own spirit, made the cathedral to her “none other but the House of God.” There she had felt her second consecration. No hands setting her apart had been laid upon her. The wind blowing where it listeth, through the clustered pillars and arches, had blessed her with the peace which passeth all understanding.

Through the nave, whose floor was the thyme-scented turf, her feet had often led her; till by the window, looking over the translucent seas, she had heard the call that bade her pass through many waters to the havens whereunto she was called, and where her work and the people awaited her.

One, who was her earliest companion in her visits to Iona, writes:—

We visited the people together, and in the evenings we sat in the ruined cathedral to watch the sunsets. We used to scramble up on the ledge of the south window, and sit there. It was rather difficult for her, but she was not to be daunted. I helped her, and there were loose stones below to assist us.

Very dear to her was the ruined Church of St. Columba, but many anxieties connected with its history in “the Church Universal” made her hail the dawn of its restoration.

The General Assembly of 1896, at its twelfth

session, appointed "A Thanksgiving for the introduction of the Gospel into our land, to be held on the 9th of June, 1897, the thirteenth hundred anniversary of the death of St. Columba, or on the Sunday following." A meeting of Churchmen was held in Edinburgh, and there it was resolved that, whatever other means should be taken to carry out the injunction of the Assembly, arrangements should be made for a special celebration in the island which had been the headquarters of St. Columba's mission and the place of his death. Application was made to the Duke of Argyll, the proprietor of Iona, for access to the ancient church, built on, or near, the site of the Columban Monastery.

Although the original building has long since disappeared, it was felt that the memorial service would be most appropriately held within the walls of that which had succeeded it. His Grace, at once and cordially, agreed to the request. "I shall," he wrote, "of course, be delighted to help the General Assembly in any way to celebrate the date at that spot."

The necessary preparations were accordingly set about, and, with the hearty and ready assistance of the minister of Iona, and the concurrence of the Presbytery of Mull, were completed in full time for the 9th of June.

The chancel, choir, and sacristy of the church were roofed, the windows glazed, a pulpit and harmonium provided, and benches for a congregation of about two hundred and fifty fitted up.

It was verily a time to be held in remembrance. Pilgrims, drawn from every part of the country, gathered into the island, and every cottage and out-house was occupied. Lady Victoria took a house in the village, close by the port of landing. There she kept open house to all her innumerable friends. One of her sisters stayed in the house for the Commemoration, and recalls it as a time of unclouded brightness with the hostess. She had been charged to bring from London additions to the larder and storeroom. On arrival, she found a small room, set with a dining-table, which filled its dimensions. Knowles was emerging from the kitchen with a lordly dish of mince collops, and laughing over a deficiency of cutlery. Into the room poured the guests, some of the largest ministers in figure and reputation, and at the head of the table sat the laughing, happy hostess, "rejoicing to see the day," and full of thanksgiving that the strain was again to be upraised; that her feet were yet to stand within the gates of a church restored to its ancient use.

On the morning of the 9th she listened to her great friend, Dr. Norman Macleod, preaching in the Gaelic; for it was felt fitting that the first of the services of Commemoration should be in the ancient language of the Celts, and then she was one of that great congregation, which once again kept the feast, and remembered, "the blest communion, fellowship divine."

Lady Victoria had helped those deputed by the Assembly to secure the cathedral for the Church of

Scotland, on that anniversary of the thirteen hundred years since the death of Columba, the greatest missionary ever possessed by the Church of Christ in Scotland. Deep into her heart sank the concluding words of the inspiring sermon by Dr. MacGregor, which summed up the great festival.

From this holy service, on this holy spot, let us carry back with us a warmer devotion to Him whose dying love we are now to remember. If loyal to Him, we cannot help being loyal to our Church and country, for our ideals will be high, our lives noble, our homes pure. The Scottish Church and the Scottish State were born together. They exist this day together. Let us carry hence the determination to do our best, by holy living and by ceaseless prayer, that this long connection shall never be broken. Across the ages S. Columba says to the Scottish people to-day: "These, O children, are the last words I commend to you, that, with peace, ye have mutual and unfeigned charity among yourselves."

"Pax vobiscum," wrote Dr. Story to her, as he turned from the cathedral, which his request had given to the pilgrims of a day, and deep "as the unfathomed sea" was the peace that rested on her, and went with her as she turned again to her journeys.

The temporary but effective preparations, which had roofed and made the cathedral ready for its ancient services, had their effect on all Scotland, and

many were the appeals made to the Duke, that the cathedral might remain in its restored condition. The Roman Catholics, as was fitting, obtained from those who had been entrusted with the time of commemoration, the use of the cathedral for a service, according to the rites of their Church; and the thoughts of many hearts were turned to the future of the nation's greatest relic of the storied past.

Two years later the Duke decided to give, in trust to the Church of Scotland, the Abbey Church of Iona. He had thought much and said little, and even to Lady Victoria the news from him came on the eve of an information to the general public. Ecclesiastical strife was always a weariness of the flesh to him, and he could not but know that a restored Iona would mean, that those who desired to claim St. Columba as belonging, not to the Church Universal, but to some branch or sect, would be jealous that the Church of Scotland should have in trust this shrine and beacon of the Light of Christianity. The Duke foresaw that, in the future, it could never remain as it had been before the Commemoration, and he determined it should be in charge of "the Scottish Church and the Scottish State which were born together."

The Duke's letter is brief and characteristic, but it bears the stamp of the conflict "within and without," and the shadows which were gathering round his own days.

Her own diary has a sentence, even more compressed: "Wonderful news of redemption of Cathedral."

Sep. 30th, 1899.

My dear V.,

I have made over by deed, signed and sealed, all the ruins of Iona to the Church of Scotland. In the hands of a body of Trustees, of whom Story is one. The deed will soon be published, perhaps to-day. Hamish is very excited about it. He has been here, and has gone off to-day.

My Deed will be grief to the Roman Catholics, to the Anglicans, and to the Scottish Anglicans. All pretty nearly equally disliked by me.

I hope they will soon put a roof on the Cathedral, and open it with a grand "diet of worship."

Wyllie brought an account of your "cowp" to-day. We are looking out for a new chair. I can't understand how this one was so rotten.

Your affectionate Father,

ARGYLL.

The letter has an explanatory note on it in Lady Victoria's hand: "Refers to my wheel Bath chair collapsing. Harold (the pony) behaved angelically. Let me creep out from under the ruins."

The much-excited "Hamish" wrote:—

Oct. 5th, 1899.

Seadh! Mo leanabh! Is'e peagairt do irmingh agus obair.¹

It is twenty-two years on the 10th instant since I wrote a long letter to the Duke on the matter,

¹ Yes! My child. It is an answer to prayer and work.

the first time it had ever been brought before him. It was the result of a meeting between Dr. Story and myself with the late David Richardson, of Hartfield, eight days before. There have been many assaults upon the Duke since then. Circumstances have led his strong, loyal, and reverent mind to see the matter in its right light, and the result is the great and splendid gift to the Church, to which your family has been from the beginning devoted. His heart is wholly in this business, and we all hope he may be spared to see it finished and the building opened. No time will be lost in putting matters on a sound footing, and raising the necessary money. Receive my blessing.

Your affectionate friend,

JAMES MACGREGOR.

P.S. The war, we learn, has begun. God defend the right.

Iona had always meant a home-coming for her, and her friends in the island had been Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, in the Columba Inn. Their family were among the foremost of her "fellow-workers," and Mrs. Macmillan, at the Manse, and Miss Ritchie were her right hands in helping with all the plans for the people.

"Young Ritchie," ever the guide, philosopher, and friend of all who seek the shrine of Columba. His gifts in Celtic art were early discovered, and noised abroad by this his early friend, and the "Columba"

was a true "guest-house" where she rested. After the Ritchie family had ceased their connection with it, Lady Victoria always had a welcome, warm as the love for her guest, from Mrs. Mackenzie.

It has seemed best to finish the story of the restitution of Iona Cathedral here, but the narrative must now go back to the diaries and letters of Lady Victoria.

To Lady Mary Glyn.

TIRRE. *Nov., 1893.*

I thought that Evey's letter, telling her and all of you my adventures in getting here, would have been off long ago. I really don't know when we shall have communication again with the mainland. The mail-steamer has not called since she landed us on Tuesday morning, in the most wonderful lucid interval of this long storm I have ever beheld. After being kept from midday on Friday till Sunday tossing outside, just opposite Ardfinnaig in the "Dunara," we were "once more again" cast up on Bunessan itself.

How it recalled old days to me! Your little despairing face on coming down to the big berth, V.! "Bunessan again!" I feel since last summer when you were there, as if you knew something of what I mean, when I say I think if we had known, young as we then were, what we might have been to the people had we gone more amongst them. Since coming here, with all the first settling in and inevitable difficulties and discomforts,

I have been so struck with the intense love of the people. I am actually staying in *the* farm of renown, Greenhill, kept by three McNeill brothers. The orphan lassie who waits upon me is quite delightful in her utter want of conventionality.

I went to bed last night, voiceless with that complaint rare here, a cold. In all that first aching misery a cold gives, I was conscious of her demanding to know "whether I was better."

I felt how unutterably selfish one can be in one's work, when I tried so hard, if delayed, to spend the Sunday in Iona. The girls at Bunessan, with that short notice, came in force to the evening class.

I could not have faced Church, feeling rather sea-sicky. I found there was none, only the Baptist.

I am perfectly determined the benefit of the soup kitchen shall be extended to the children. There is a fear of it "pauperising." It will have to be done for all the schools, or the children won't attend. (It is forgotten that the old form of school is gone.)

In the first place, I mean the parents of the children who can, to pay. No one has any idea what it is to see their pale little faces, and to hear the schoolmasters say, that many come miles with only a potato on their stomachs in the morning.

I am fighting it, but the delays in the mails are dreadful. It does seem strange (this sounds bitter,

but I don't mean it in this sense) a word from any of the officials goes a great deal farther than from one who has worked for seven years amongst them. Moreover, I have been quite hard about self-help. I know too well the thriftlessness, and all else. Dr. Donald Macleod, of Glasgow, wrote me the other day: "Our western Highlands require a special mission, quite as much as any part of Africa."

I don't want to talk at home about some one case. It would exhaust all they would do. My effort is to secure their help on some great central object. Such as soup kitchens, coffee- and reading-rooms.

I am much better to-day. Have sent Mrs. Grant to a preliminary meeting of workers about the classes, and to report herself afterwards at the Manse.

The ministers here delightful. I hope to be "fit" for next week, but I never felt anything like the cold at Bunessan and the worry besides.

To Mrs. MacPhee, at the Manse of Kilfinnan, she writes on her work in the Y.W.C.A. As "District Referee" she had much to do with the mainland of Argyll, and in many instances managed to visit the local branches. Her warm friendship with all at the Manse was drawn yet closer by the companionship of Margaret McPhee. She was the last of the many girl friends and helpers to be with her in the closing days in Edinburgh.



ISLAND HOUSE.



SCARINISH HARBOUR.

Nov. 14th, 1888.

Dear Mrs. McPhee,

It has been a great refreshment to me to find, in this dark but beloved Argyll, such a Lighthouse as Kilfinnan Church Manse. We ought, surely, very specially to agree together to ask that the Lighthouses become less few and far between.

THE LODGE, TIREE. *Feb. 14th, 1896.*

Dear Mrs. McPhee,

The work here is overwhelming. We have five classes a week, and five treats coming on, in view of my departure next month. It is but slowly strength has returned to me after the severe illness of the summer.

To Lady Mary Glyn.

16 MORAY PLACE, EDINBURGH. *April, 1896.*

From the length of time I have taken to say so, you would not think how glad I was to get your Easter greeting, although it was not the first thing which took my thoughts out to St. Mary's on the blissful Easter Sunday, when Georgy and I took the Communion in dear St. Giles. Dr. Lees preached both morning and evening. Two of his tender, strong human sermons, with the ever-fresh remembrance of the host who have gone on before.

BUNESSAN. *Nov. 12th, 1896.*

Dear Mrs. McPhee,

Many thanks for your most kind letter. It

is, indeed, a terrible sorrow and shock. Elisabeth was one of the most constant of the sister correspondents.

I had settled down to the Hebridean work earlier than usual, and was called off as you saw. Now, please God, I shall go on with the plan of being here all November. Iona for December, and getting on to Tiree in January, if my renewed house is by that time ready for me.

I saw dear old Mrs. Gordon in London, on her way to Montreux, and in passing through Edinburgh I saw Miss B. Douglas. I am indeed glad to hear of the Junior Branch. To interest them in mission literature is the thing, I think, which is most right and easiest, for really the papers and books which are published now are equal in romance, even excitement, to what stories of an ordinary kind are. To say nothing of the unvarying demand of childhood, of its being "all quite true."

I do long that you should organise, develop Guild work. I don't believe it to be disloyal, or detrimental to Y.W. interests, or how could I hold the post I do? With you and your husband being what you are, I feel we owe a loyalty to our Church in the matter, and what with our "Mothers' Unions," Children's Mission League or Union, we have handles whereby to grapple with the sore blot of our Land, and I would let the missionary news be the heart of the children's meetings. Telling them of the Y.W.C.A. as a great Christian social union, with all its temporal blessings, its

call to purity, and its recognition of all “ who love the Lord Jesus.”

I don't mean I have arrived at all this without a fight, and probably even now in some quarters I am suspected of being sectarian ; but I preach the same doctrine wherever the Free Church has its Guild, because I do believe in the “ Society ” Christ formed and left, and then we have provision for continuance.

We have the “ Faith Mission ” here just now, and, although personally I don't like women holding forth to mixed audiences, I am thankful our parish minister sees his way to going in heartily with them, even to the Church next Sunday when he is absent. I told him I must go to the Baptist, because I still think St. Paul's “ *opeinion* ” about women, *perhaps*, was the right one !

Ask your husband what he thinks of me in this ? Do get your little ones to work for some mission. I am having the bairns here twice a week, and women and girls on Sunday, and I hope to catch some of the women with “ shawl over the head ” kind of business in a back room. Get up a mothers' union.

From the Diary.

Easter Eve, April 17th, 1897. EDINBURGH.

On Jan. 22nd of this year, Atta McLeod and I got to Tiree, to be greeted by old Knowles and a white kitten from Rosneath, at the Baptist Manse.

A terrific snowstorm came on, and regular work did not begin before Feb., when we set to with our classes, and continued them till April 9th. I intended to get off on the 13th, but we were defeated, as the cargo-boat could not go out to the "Fingal," so we had to wait till the mail took us to Bunessan, and rolled back, via Tiree, next day.

Having remains of work to do at Bunessan, and wishing to make sure of getting here in the beloved City in time for Good Friday, made us determined to persevere. Certainly, never did Edinburgh look more like the Celestial City than it did in the moonlight at ten at night.

Atta joined me yesterday for the St. Giles service. How can one be thankful enough that it has been given to Dr. Lees to *wed* music and beauty of architecture with purity of doctrine, and such strong spiritual food as it always is?

For me to-night, in my nice apartments under the shadow of the Castle Rock, I wonder, as I wait, what "the nexte thyng" is to be.

The white kitten was henceforward to be a great companion to her. "Snowball" occupied a high position in her regard, and had a joint command of the Lodge, in the move which was about to be made there.

In 1897, the Duke wrote to Lady Victoria concerning the Lodge, which was getting ready for her occupation: "The rent I want to charge you on

Tiree Mansion is one Barley Corn, and will tell Howe to make out a lease for your life."

The days were long past, if they had ever existed, when the Duke thought "I shall not persevere." Winter in Tiree had become an established order, and was accepted by all who knew Lady Victoria as an accomplished fact. She came back with the spring; her appearance bearing no marks of devastating storms, and the sough of the winds was too far away to rouse more than fitfully the fears of her friends.

The Lodge, originally built for a school, had then become the gamekeeper's house, was now added to and enlarged, and became a mansion, or a villa, or a palace, according to the ideas of those who watched its walls breaking the outlines of the Bay of Gott.

It was to become a City of Refuge, and "the House Beautiful," to many who sought its hospitable doors. It suited Lady Victoria; in it she could "settle down," and it was a home in which she could have her first, and always greatest happiness, the company of Lord Archibald and of his daughter Elspeth. Her brother was as well known in the island as herself, and Lady Victoria found in his knowledge of the people, and his love of the "wild island," a perfect community of interest. Into the Lodge for the winter work came her fellow-helpers. The girls who taught her many classes, and helped her in a hundred ways. "Their name is legion." Many of them met their future destiny while with Lady Victoria. She loved

them all, and was often possessed with an unnecessary anxiety as to their welfare and future.

By none of them is she forgotten, and the example of devoted service was a thing which never passed from the possession of those who had both seen, and been called to share it.

It was right that she should have this house, and she used every inch of its wall spaces ; but her affections lingered away in the townships of the west-end of the island, where she had begun her work, and experimented on and experienced all manner of cottage homes, and become one with the Macdiarmid family in Island House. Those were the days when the unknown future was yet before her. In "fear and doubt" she had gone on her way. No good thing had failed her, the "very much land" had become her own, through faith and works.

To Lady Mary Glyn.

1897.

Archie has had such a reception in Tìree ; I feel it worth all one has gone through with and for them. Land League *need* never have been. "If thou hadst but known," comes to me so often !

To the same.

BUNESSAN.

Perhaps it is as well in some ways this has grown to be the place of the most unceasing work. I have to set meal-times, rest-times, aside as little

islands in space from the incessant demands. It is far fuller than the other islands of memories of our yacht days, with all their blues and their brightness.

EDINBURGH. *April 2nd, 1898.*

I had no intention of giving you the "go-by." I feel it supremely unnatural not to be able to picture you in your new surroundings. I was immersed in the last and hardest bit of Tìree campaign. Getting the nurse subject into gear was a heavy addition to all else.

I arrived here, Moray Place, about 10 p.m. on Tuesday in Passion Week pretty well done. Miss Mackenzie is the nearest thing to Dottie we have left to us, and for a week I did little but "wurrship" in St. Giles, ending with a beautiful Communion service.

You do not mention your boy's Confirmation. Do you think I am so true blue, I was not thinking of him? I was not sure about Ralph having come to that, but I knew about dear Frank, and my heart went out to him.

I shall make a point of you about the 11th. I long to be bathed in some music.

FIONPHORT, opposite Iona. *Oct. 11th, 1898.*

I am in such cosy quarters here till to-morrow, when, as Coll says, "we'll slip across." After a month of Bunessan, Iona Cathedral in the setting sun yesterday looked like Jerusalem to the Jews.

Dec. 20th, 1899. TIRÉE.

Oh, yes! Tell Teddy this terrible time of war and dread anxiety reaches this lone island. It is the unexpected which, I think, upsets us Campbells, physically. I was horrified to find myself quite unable to go on reading prayers on Saturday, having just been told by the ghillie, in a kind of haphazard way, of Wauchope's fall. News of this had reached the island on Thursday, but the minister, with a vague feeling he was a friend of mine, had kept it from me.

Mr. West, the English shooting tenant, is on the island, and so he and I had a long "white-man" talk on Sunday.

He was furious with the red-tape mismanagement on the part of McBrayne, which could make them take Rhona Campbell Auchindarroch *past* on Friday to Bunessan, and back to Tobermory, when Gott Bay was feasible; to say nothing of the mails.

The first landing was effected last Monday for a week, and we waded through six "Scotsmans."

Mr. West has lent me "Transvaal from Within." To-day it is as bad as ever. Fortunately, Rhona is with the Allans in Tobermory.

I was in touch with an Iona woman (for service), but she was carried past to Oban, and calmly wires me, she is too fatigued, cannot go to sea no more.

I am putting irons in the fire, and must hope to get someone.

The "Iona woman" who pleads fatigue will probably meet with more sympathy from the readers of this letter than she did from a mistress who always felt that idleness and fatigue were both vices which must be overcome.

No one, who does not know the dreary harbours of Tobermory and Bunessan in Mull, the uncomfortable steamers, the grey winter wastes of rolling waters which divide Mull from Tiree, can understand the sinkings of heart (and we may add, of stomach) in being again and again "carried past."

One of these victims appealed to Lady Victoria from another point of view. After having been "carried past" three times, she wrote from the mainland, giving up the situation, saying it was clearly not "the will of God" that she should keep her engagement.

The year 1899 was one of the last, when she was fully fit to be "on the go." There were to be ten more years of activity, but the pace had begun to tell. The severe illnesses became more frequent, and the recoveries from them were slower, each leaving her on a lower plane.

Once, when alone with her brother Lord Archibald, she said to him that her life would not be a long one. She was looking particularly well at the time, and he hoped there was no reason for the foreseeing remark. He told her so, but her answer was quiet and decisive: "I have worked too hard to be long-lived."

The diary of one year, with the days of actual travelling and of occupation, is given as a specimen of many similar ones.

1899.

- Jan.* 1st. Dropped nurse after Hylipol. Service on Prayer. Euodias and Syntyche.
- „ 2nd. Went to Green and far end.
- „ 3rd. Far end. Balephuil. Two invalid women. Got caught. Baited Balinoe.
- „ 4th. Went to Island House. 6.25. Furious storm began.
- „ 5th. Ship in distress.
- „ 7th. Ship relighted.

Memo. Week of great effort, physical and mental.

- „ 10th. Gave up west, because of storm. Visited Coalas.
- „ 12th. Took nurse west. Found Dr. Caught in wet.
- Sat.* 28th. Week of great “ go.”
- Sun.* 29th. Stayed to both services. Walked home.

- Feb.* 8th. Mail came first time since 3rd.
- „ 13th. Taken ill. Very stormy. Sent John on horseback — links. Dr. came afternoon.
- „ 18th. A troubled week ending in peace.
- „ 25th. Ending with rest, and full of events. I kept wonderfully well.

March 25th. A very full week. Running down Rest.

- March 28th.* Stormy passage. Held nursing committee.
- „ *29th.* Arrived at Greenock about five.
- „ *30th.* Came to Edinbro'. Feeling, rest and be thankful.
- April 1st.* St. Giles service.
- „ *20th.* Auchindarroch.
- „ *21st.* Lochgilphead meeting.
- „ *22nd.* Went Glassary.
- „ *25th.* Came to Largs.
- May 2nd.* Came Douglas Support.
- „ *5th.* “ God behind difficulties.”
- „ *8th.* Came to Edinburgh.
- „ *15th.* Drove to Inveresk.
- „ *19th.* Came to Peterborough.
- „ *21st.* To Cathedral. “ Be strong,” from Dean.
- „ *24th.* Came to London.
- June 6th.* Started for Brussels.
- „ *7th.* Cologne.
- „ *8th.* Came to Bethel.
- „ *9th.* In bed, headache.
- „ *10th.* Running down Rest.
- „ *11th.* Early service chapel. Supper with Pastor.
- „ *24th.* Facing work in future.
- July 3rd.* Went up Rhine.
- „ *4th.* Very stormy. Started 5.14. Spent at sea.

- July 5th.* Came to York.
 „ *7th.* Came to Edinburgh.
 „ *8th.* Dentist and friends.
 „ *10th.* Lawyer Bank. Y.W.C.A. Queensferry.
 Home.
 „ *11th.* To Dunstaffnage.
 „ *13th.* School treat. Spoke to girls. Met
 friend of Dr. Lees.
 „ *14th.* Came to Tیره.
 „ *15th.* Drove west. Hylipol Manse. Week of
 taking stock.
 „ *18th.* Archie and Elspeth arrived.
- Aug. 5th.* Full of interest and work, and such
 beauty.
 „ *8th.* Came to Lismore. Halted at Oban.
 „ *9th.* Went to schools.
 „ *10th.* Kilcherran.
 „ *12th.* Opened Sale. Full of work.
 „ *14th.* Came to Helensburgh.
 „ *15th.* Went to Deaconess Laurie Fogo.
 „ *16th.* To Rosneath.
 „ *17th.* Visited Clachan.
- Sep. 17th.* Twice to church. Gale rising. New
 interests in old place.
 „ *18th.* Came to Oban via Crianlarich.
 „ *19th.* Came to Tobermory. Large Y.W.C.A.
 „ *20th.* Great nursing meeting. Desperately
 tired.
 „ *21st.* Very stormy.

- Sep.* 22nd. Boat did not go on.
,, 25th. Came to Iona.
,, 26th. Severe cold.
,, 27th. Writing hard. Harold (the pony)
came.
,, 28th. Preparing for Y.W.C.A. Chair smashed
up.
,, 29th. Visited mother's cross and village.
Week of great tension.
- Oct.* 1st. Took Sunday School. Quiet time of
preparation. Good class at night.
,, 2nd. Excitement over Cathedral.
,, 3rd. Got to Cathedral. Storm-staid.
,, 4th. Got to Kiliemore. Meeting evening.
,, 5th. Oban meeting at night.
,, 7th. Delightful journey to Ravenswood.
Wonderful sense of rest about Iona.
- ,, 11th. Went on board at night.
,, 12th. Long day in Cavalier. Reached Oban
midnight. Went on "Fingal."
,, 13th. Fearful toss, got to Bunessan.
,, 14th. A full class, twenty children.
- Nov.* 14th. Very stormy. Kept in. Sending out
Fiery X for men.
,, 24th. Fearful day. Feeling ill. Worry over
nurse.
,, 30th. Clearing up things.

- Dec. 1st. Started for Tìree. Splendid landing.
 „ 2nd. Desperately tired. In bed till after
 luncheon.
 „ 9th. Got to both services.
 „ 10th. Defeated in getting to church.
 „ 11th. Rhona still at Aros. Fearful day.
 „ 13th. Expecting Rhona all morning. Started
 west, defeated.
 „ 15th. “ Fingal ” arrived without Rhona.
 Heard of her back at Tobermory.
 „ 16th. Terrible news about Wauchope.
 A week of anxious suspense.
 „ 20th. Post came.
 „ 22nd. Rhona arrived.
 „ 25th. Wild snowy day.
 „ 30th. Week of feeling carried.
 „ 31st. Only ourselves at church. Very *wet*,
 not stormy. War clouds. All tend-
 ing to make things as dark as can be.
 Is it a time of Judgment ?

The description of her interests would not be complete, were they only confined to the work of teaching the girls and women who gathered into her classes. Clothing clubs, milk and soup kitchens, had to be established. Once she saw what she thought “ a felt want,” nothing would delay the work of supplying it. Giant Indolence was always lying across her path. The fatalism of the East, and the do-less-ness of the West combine to make a beautiful harmony in the Celt of the mystic seas.

Writing to Lady Victoria, "the Rev. Dean of the Thistle" says, "The Celtic blood in me, on this matter, says, 'Do nothing you can help doing.' How have you overcome it? There must be some Sassenach strain!" Whatever "the strain," the language was always in the spirit of fighting the good fight. The diary only marks the conflicts with words of remembrance. "Tremendous morning of Soup Crusade. Balemartine men. Milk raid. Milk battle won." There was no rest in battles won. The conflict had almost certainly opened a vista of some other reform, and at it she went, levering "the middle-man," instructing head-quarters, and making forays among the feckless ones of the island. Many a conscience gave wings to the feet in the townships, when, from afar, the approach of the buckboard told that the reformer was at hand. No flight ever availed those whose dormant energies she intended to rouse, and by letter, or interview, they were all rounded in at last. There is something infectious in the spirit of work, as there is in that of idleness, and the single-hearted desire for the good of all under her eye and hand was too obvious to be long resisted.

"Lady Victoria was right," has been said in many a quarter since her passing, and best is her memory cherished where the slack purpose is again braced, and loins girded anew for the race of life.

Some account of the ground covered by her was written for the "Oban Times" by the Rev. William Gillies, who had seen some of her work, though "not in her most active years," while he was the minister

of the parish of Kirkapol from 1906-9. "She inspired me with courage," he says, writing to one of the family. "Any good that may have resulted from my ministry in Tìree was mainly due to her."

"In order to have the ailing and bedridden poor carefully attended to, Lady Victoria strove to have a Jubilee Nurse settled in each district. The nurses were at first regarded as an innovation, and, as in other Highland districts, they met with some prejudice, but very soon Lady Victoria had the satisfaction of seeing the district nurses fully employed, and acknowledged by all sections of the community to be a necessity.

"It was always a great grief to Lady Victoria that some children of the cottar class in Tìree and elsewhere should be allowed to grow up without an adequate supply of milk. She maintained that when she visited the schools, she could pick out those children who came from homes where no cow was kept. To give these cottar children a chance of growing up strong and healthy like their neighbours, she got the proprietor to subsidise milk cows at different places. In this way, all who required milk were supplied, whether they were in a position to pay or not.

"It was Lady Victoria's sharp eye that detected in the young people of the Ross, Iona, and Tìree a genius for wood-carving. She brought instructors to the districts, who developed the latent talent. Her success in this direction is widely known. Artistic designs lay ready at hand on the sculptured stones

in the graveyards of Iona and Kirkapol, Tiree. The pupils found beautiful Celtic patterns to inspire them. These, with various modifications, they transferred to wood with surprising results. The exquisite panels in the pulpit of the new Parish Church in Hylipol, in the erection of which Lady Victoria took an active part, will ever remain a monument to her success in reviving a forgotten art.

“ She never lost sight of the necessity of bringing the Ross of Mull, Iona, Tiree, and other outlying places, into closer touch with the mainland. She herself frequently experienced the trials and dangers of voyaging in these stormy waters, and of being ferried in places where, as she truthfully declared, only lifeboats should be used. Among the many schemes that occupied her busy brain, the procuring of a pier for Tiree had a foremost place. When she visited the island in her younger days in her father’s yacht, she had seen engineers taking soundings and surveying Gott Bay, with a view to the erection of a pier. From the facts submitted to her, she firmly believed that the construction of a serviceable pier was possible, and that it would prove an inestimable boon to the community. She was, therefore, unceasing in her efforts to procure this blessing for the people, and the success that attended the last scheme was largely due to her unwearied advocacy and to her influence.

“ Lady Victoria was fortunate in having the satisfaction of seeing much of what she strove so

hard for, being realised. A telegraph cable was laid to the islands of Coll and Tiree. The postal arrangements were greatly improved. The mode of travelling to and from the islands was rendered more comfortable, and this year, before taking her last farewell of Tiree, she had the pleasure of seeing the pier stretching well out into Gott Bay, and about half finished."

The nursing of the poor and sick was the thing that she had from the beginning most on her heart. Poverty that could not command good nursing, and disease and weakness which could be relieved by trained and tender skill, engrossed her attention at once. She had an almost pathetic belief in the healing art, and no scepticism ever tinged her faith in the medical profession.

That the islands should have good doctors and highly trained nurses was to her a simple necessity.

Unfortunately she could not see eye to eye always with those who managed these affairs, and one of the sharpest and most wearing controversies through which she ever passed was on the question of whether the islands should have the nurses whose skilled training meant heavy expenses, or the less highly trained, which meant economy.

She had no sympathy with "the penny-wise and pound-foolish" economy where the poor were concerned. Lady Victoria won and kept for Tiree the boon which ought to be appreciated by the people, the presence in the island of a fully trained nurse. To achieve this, it was necessary to break off from the

Association whose officials, with a wonderful lack of understanding of the character they were fighting, and with an unusual absence of courtesy and kindness, had caused her much vexation of spirit. Neither party seems to have been absolutely sympathetic with the outlook of the other. When the "bonny fecht" was over she bore no grudge, and was ready to see all the humours of the fray, and her own impetuous onsets throughout the battle-royal she describes in a letter to Mrs. Macdiarmid.

TOBERMORY. *Sep. 1st, 1904.*

Dear Mrs. Macdiarmid,

I think that panacea which often before this has saved the lives of us Argylls, i.e. the sense of the ludicrous, has come to me this evening, after meetings. I am sure Mr. Macpherson has given you the grave, anxious side; but, while too tired to tackle all the outing which lies before me, I must give you "the ludicrous."

After they had all voted for *status quo*, although shewn the constitution no longer represented facts, then I said: "There is but one thing to be done now. I resign. I take with me my two Committees."

There was a flutter! After Mr. Macpherson left, with a handshake, which I think meant: "You have been good and kept your temper," a point Mr. McVean, I could see, was dreadfully nervous over. When he came to fetch me, I said: "I think you can trust me to behave as my Father's

daughter." I had two delicious flings! I think, just before the vote was taken, Mr. S. said: "Don't you think it might be remitted to local committees?" "Yes, indeed," I replied. One is Mrs. M., who knows so well the value of the fully trained nurse. She was busy getting one, while legislating for us; that anyone would do! She said: "Because I thought I was told there was a lack of money." "Yes," I *flared*, "you judge everything by £ s. d."

Another scene! After I had given in my resignation, while A. was putting away his things, I said: "Now my lips are freed. I thought I had seen sad things in our lonely places, but I never saw a place terrorised like Tobermory! Who of? You ought to know, but I suppose it is yourself!"

Imagine some of them sending me a message: "Tell Lady V. we agree with her." Then, why did you not so vote?

CHAPTER XI

“ REST AND BE THANKFUL ”

“ My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part ;
I give a patient God
My patient heart.”

From Diary.

Jan. 6th, 1900. TIREE.

Doctor and inspector. Clearing up. Good carving-class. Week closes on better news from South Africa. Anxious about father.

The anxiety deepened through the following weeks, and soon it was clear that there was to be no return of the wonderful vitality which had sustained the strength of the Duke.

On March 24th Lady Victoria reached Inveraray, and in another month, as she notes in “ the time of the singing of birds,” the end had come.

From that hour the ties which bound her to home, and to the work among “ His people,” were loosened.

Later on, she writes from Campbeltown to Lady Mary Glyn : “ I cannot bear to think of that beautiful harbour without Him. But all places live anew to one, in another sense, if one has human interests there.”

In that spirit she was able to continue her labours through the scenes haunted with thronging memories :

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee ;
Take,—I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me."

Henceforward there was a more wistful outlook for "the rest that remaineth," and her thoughts were more detached from the many claims of her outward occupations.

Her advisers were pressing on her the desirability of winters passed in regions other than the islands. Warmer climates were recommended, but the real object aimed at was to limit the sphere which called upon her energies. She went again to Kaiserwerth, in Germany, and two winters were spent with her niece Lesley Clough Taylor, the one at Geneva and the last in Rome. When Lady Victoria had made up her mind to this adventure, she was filled with amusement as to the probable interpretation which would be put upon her "going to Rome." Lord Guthrie did not fail to remind her that in pre-Reformation days a Victoria Campbell, daughter of an Earl of Argyll, had been a nun, and another might follow the ancestral example. Both winters she thoroughly enjoyed. She found *jeunes filles* to address at Geneva, and *Waldensians* in Rome to support. "Decided against Vatican," which appears in the daily notes, alluded to an expedition to see its wonders, and not its Head. The last record in the

diary is given, and the letters which follow are in their order of subjects.

Last entry in Special Diary.

Feb. 2nd, 1901. THE LODGE, TIRREE.

What worlds have “ rolled between ” since the last entry until to-day, when our beloved Queen’s body has been laid to rest. Lorne, in his official duty, receiving it at Windsor Castle. A little before Xmas he warned me he saw a change, but anything happening to Her seemed unbelievable. When, on Jan. 21st, I got a telegram from Archie, speaking of “ a rally,” I had a sense of shock. I have been between bed and couch, thus my going to London, for which I had a longing and yet a shrinking, has been impossible. I should have liked to see the wonderful sight, and hear the glorious music.

Here, I think I have been able, spurred on by a telegram from Archie, to get ministers and the factor to mark the event by piper procession and church services.

After a storm of wind and snow and sleet ever since she went, it did seem like a special benediction to have such a day of blessed sunshine. From morning to night it was one vista of beauty. The Mull hills deep in snow, seen first with the morning light, then in evening’s crimson glow. Mr. Macdiarmid after service in Kirkapoll Church marched the five pipers up to the gate here and proclaimed the King.

Then the pipers played laments in the hall, and came in to shake hands and bid me farewell. Mr. Macdiarmid was pleased with my well-merited praise, for he had managed it very well; he and the ministers and Mr. Barr worked splendidly.

To Lady Mary Glyn.

TIREE. *Dec. 20th, 1901.*

I like to think of so many of you being together. If ever the day comes when the needs of these Islanders would not press even more heavily on me, were I away from them, I should like to join an English Xmas. As it is, as time wears on, one feels afresh what it is for a community to have no one "to look up to." I mean in the sense of giving them any little cheer.

I have had rather a nasty knock up. Came from Mull desperately tired.

Such sunshine to-day, as I write lazily in bedroom for mail!

GENEVA. *Jan. 3rd, 1902.*

My dearest Mary,

I could not make out whether you were actually spending Christmas in the old haunt, and hesitated to write, only shooting off cards to the bairns, and quite in accordance with your views about its being for them one keeps high day.

I have been so living in spirit where that brave, true and noble life was hovering (Archbishop

Temple). The final news came on Christmas evening, when I had insisted on looking from a raised room up two steps at the Tree lighted by the widow landlady for the amusement of her exiled guests, and having listened through dinner to a string band, while a sumptuous banquet had been served.

I felt, deep down, a wee bit sick, thinking of the mother's way of keeping it, remembering the poor, etc. etc.

I asked an English lady if she had seen the latest paper. “He is dead,” she answered. I was glad to let Lesley finish the twirling round which the children and girls had begun (only one old pater in this hotel) and let her join me before making a move up. I could have cried. I know what it means to you and Teddy.

The truth is, with no mention of it in the English Church yesterday, thinking of the wonderful beauty of the sun rising (*à la* Inveraray), tipping the mountain-tops with fiery gold and crimson, I had let it go by me. I felt as if the vigorous constitution would again assert itself.

How touching his last speech on the Education Bill! It read like a farewell!

Yes, dearest Mary, I love kith and kin. I own the first Christmases in the lone Island were hard work. Since one made them “keep it,” it became a festival to the little group of ministers, school-masters, etc. It made one wae to think of them missing it. I wondered more and more, even in

the simplest Hotel life, how people can do it for long, and short of the sternest duty.

To the same.

March, 1902.

Although very well physically, I am desperately head tired. I never thought, save for one, I could care for land questions, i.e. settlement, as I have done. All the longing to bring classes together without the middle-man. Seeing, as one can't help doing, "both sides." The unutterable touchiness of the people. Their simplicity, leading them to be duped by mercenaries.

I feel it is selfish to leave them, but I think I have done all I can meanwhile. Would that it could have been more.

It has been a stiff campaign ever since we landed in Iona.

For weeks I have been pledged to dear Fanny Mackenzie for some days. My dear! I am running in like Cinderella! I am only fit for an old friend's house, till I can look round.

To the same.

LISMORE. 1903.

I think Tiree was a success with the little Balfours. Oswald reminds me mentally of Papa. Such an appreciation of scenery I never saw in so young a child. Dear little people. Somehow, my maiden—grandmotherly heart—Martha, all else went out to them nearly as much as it did to Lesley.

We halted at Iona one night. The “ Cottage Nurse ” there in addition to the Queen’s, as well as here, a great success. On Friday last, I am happy to say, Mr. Allan, at Tobermory, was beaten, seventeen to six, in an attempt to foist them on two of our districts, instead of the all-round trained ones.

I believe Eustace accuses us of never ending a letter without descriptions of a sunset! I must begin with the morning on the mountains. Such a beautiful little smack with brown sails, just with its snail-pace making for the shore; and I knew the wife was looking so anxiously to see it would be all right in a fast-approaching thunderstorm. It seemed to “ go over us,” in answer to an unspoken prayer, as I hurried, escorted by this redoubtable woman, past a bull, and with thunder rolling. I said: “ Ahem! *these* storms not so bad for ships, as the wind ones.” Here, then, she is, at 7 a.m., trying to make for the cottage below me on a painted ocean. If ever the words, “ As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,” lived for one, it is in this glorious plateau of an Island.

I meant to have written to Ralph when I heard of his success, from Tiree. I never had a more crowded five weeks. I feel such a longing, as members of the family *have* taken to Island life, that our own should suffice. I feel such a (holy?) jealousy over it all!

I can say it because it is in the departments, especially where we can say, “ Because I am one

of father's children," it seemed as though *one* purpose of the call to lift anchor last winter was to show one it must not happen again. Never have I known since the 80's such deep discontent in Tiree. Nearly all of it traceable to mismanagement.

To the same.

Dec. 28th, 1903.

I have had a knock up with a tired chill, though hoping to get out to-day for first time for three and a quarter weeks. The people I lent the house to last year broke my Inhaler, so, pending getting another, I was working with a wee jug when it splashed over my arm. The wicked old Dr. said it was a "providence," as it gave me rest.

The last entry for the year is :—

Been a time of great weariness. Got to know nurses well. Kelpworks. Great nursing difficulty settled so far.

In spirit with all Christ's people to-night.

From Diary.

TIREE. *Jan. 8th, 1904.*

Ran to see sick cases. Dr. not pleased.

To Lady Mary Glyn (on the Church Case).

IONA. 1904.

I think her dear heart would have broken, could she have foreseen this Judgment. What a

marvellous old man the Lord Chancellor is in his subtle arguments! Do tell me what Archbishop “Chimes” (Maclagan) says on the occasion. Tell him I long to know. How I wish he could persuade them to “discourse sweet music!” Do you remember, “the harmony of our wills with God’s will”?

Ritchie’s things are beautiful, but I wish they could have combined it with help to the people in founding a school here.

Some of the letters which were written to Lady Victoria through these years reflect the news they have received of her undying remembrance of all the life and interest of the mainland, and her frequent demands that her kith and kin should let her hear all that was going on. If there was reticence on such matters, it was only from the common knowledge that if she thought she could be of use, she would “fling herself into the first cargo-boat” and come off to be at the disposal, as she termed it, of those who were in very present straits. She never demanded sympathy for her own remote life. She was literally too busy to write or think of herself; if it had been otherwise, these pages might have told her own outlook and not the vision, as it was seen by others. Miss Coventry, writing on her “Life,” in the sense that it had passed and was about to be written, says:

I don’t think I ever knew anyone who did so much, and said so little about it. In fact, not only

"so little," but actually nothing, i.e. her share of it, for of that she never spoke to me! And I doubt if anyone would be more surprised than herself to find what you are finding as the result of her life of unselfish devotion amongst them. A real case of, "When saw we Thee?"

There were many friends who never forgot her, remembered ever the way she had gone, thought of her as winter storms swept over the sheltered city streets, and when her well-known and most tantalising handwriting came to them through the mail, they knew she was thinking of their peculiar sphere, and was going to use them for her own "irons in the fire," or as "links" in a chain of good works. Sometimes, those who loved her well read between the lines they so slowly deciphered that the spirit was flagging, or the perplexities were pressing on her always over-anxious mind. Their answering letters of understanding were kept by her, and bear evidence of having been often re-read.

She asked advice of many, and it was sent back to her wrapped in the words which bid her be of good cheer, for she was not forgotten. Many of these letters fill blanks in the records of her days, and a few of them are placed here as evidences that her thoughts were often afield.

The first is from the late Dr. David Clement Scott, one of the many letters she had in answer to those she wrote to the workers in the Church's far-flung battle-lines.

From the Rev. David Clement Scott (Blantyre),
TUNBRIDGE WELLS. *August 31st, 1892.*

Dear Lady Victoria,

I thank you so very much for your letter. I have never heard a better name for Dr. Charteris than “Professor Pax.” He is not Professor Pax quite regarding Africa, because he writes to me about it and also to others, but in a whispering gallery as far as our Committee is concerned.

One never saves his life by carefully watching it, and I fear Reconstitutions of a good many bodies will suffer by timidity and despondency.

A good deal of faith is needed when one comes to face problems of God’s presence and judgments among the powers that be. And yet that which does not fulfil its trust must resign its power, but at what a cost! I have been translating the Gospels, and with only Greek and Mang-anje before one, the vividness of these marvellous books is greater than I have ever yet seen. One interprets and translates, however, from all the memory one has, and all the memories the world has of a mighty past, as well as from experience of pain and trial and life discipline presently experienced. I shall write to you from Africa, if I may. We sail on Saturday at 2 o’clock, s.s. “Mexican,” from Southampton.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID CLEMENT SCOTT.

From the Rev. Dr. Charteris.

1902.

Your notes of your journey are very interesting. I believe Mr. Brechin, the new minister in Paris, is a very fine young fellow. I know his wife is charming, and his father-in-law, the Rev. William Smith, of Unst, is a very fine type of the old Scottish minister. I am glad you saw them. You are a thorough Presbyterian!

There are some people in Geneva who have always taken a great interest in our Church of Scotland service. A Mr. Bossi and a Mr. Bois, I think.

They once, three of them, dined with us, and I remember when a syphon was slowly distilling its ginger ale in a tempest of froth one of them watching the other said: "Ma foi, besoin de patience," which has become a proverb with us since.

Yes, I see very well the Highland child is homesick: trying French service, German service, reading of Gaelic Bible, and moralising on the excellent school "Lesley" is attending, in order to keep down the lump in her throat and dry up the haziness in her eyes. They are looking, those poor eyes, to find rough Highland hills in Mount Blanc's smooth cold snow, and hear the swish of Atlantic waves in the ripple of the Lake of Geneva. And then you croon to yourself the hymn:

"Oh, think of the HOME over there!"

And you find comfort in this, that you are doing your duty. God bless you in doing it.

From The Very Rev. The Dean of the Thistle,
Edinburgh.

1904.

I wish you a pleasant voyage and speedy return to us, but do not wish to let you go without saying how grateful I am to you for your kind help, in regard to our new Guild.

From Dr. Charteris.

1905.

I wonder how you are in these gales ; I think I see you bending to one side in your buckboard to meet all this fury of the blast !

It is clear that the Church Controversy won't be cleared up by an Act of Parliament in the current year. The Commission Report won't be ready, surely.

Do you care for a creed ?

Ever, dear senior associate, yours very affectionately.

Sep. 26th, 1895.

May you have a real good, useful, happy time ! and may many, many, even in the present time, rise up and call you blessed !

May your own heart rejoice in peace and rest in the Lord. May yours be health and strength, and every good thing of heaven and earth.

I wish you much blessing in your visit to Tیره ; many souls brought nearer to Christ ; many untrained recruits trained to fight the battle of

the Lord in their own cottage, clachan, and village.
God be with you.

A. H. CHARTERIS.

The Rev. George Wilson, D.D., St. Michael's,
Edinburgh.

1906.

Dear Lady Victoria,

I will gladly send you a parcel of elementary teaching on the Lord's Supper. But I know of nothing in English that will meet your need. What is wanted is a tender and faithful statement on the fact that coming to the Lord's Table is for the Christian, not permissive, but imperative. And another fact which should be tenderly and faithfully set forth is that those who are not fit to come to the Lord's Supper are not fit to present their children for baptism. Can you not find a wise, spiritually-minded Gaelic minister who will write a readable little book on these lines? I have long thought the state of the Highland mind on the Lord's Supper a kind of Christian scandal. I know the feeling of the "shrinking" Highlander, but surely the Pastors should try at least to let in the light.

Ever yours,

GEORGE WILSON.

In these later years there were more meetings of the family in the summer months in the islands. Lady Victoria was jealous when they were in islands "not our own," but she went to see Lord and Lady

George in Jura, the little Balfours found her in Tiree, and Iona was often colonised by those granddaughters the Duke called “ the Suffragan Bishops.” “ Week of great beauty. Pleasure in Glyn girls,” is her remembrance of these days. She loved to find herself with the young generation, and the letters to the absent parents, not half as anxious as the “ Martha ” Aunt, were full of detail. In Iona she trusted Mr. McPhail to aid her in a watchfulness she could not exercise when they took to the boats. “ I tell McPhail I *do* put my trust in man,” she writes. McPhail had more than once withstood her own intention of crossing the Sound, when it was a smother of foam below, and of drifting blasts above ; days when she would have quaked to let anyone but herself put foot in a boat.

To keep her trysts, and to do her work, Lady Victoria had always a firm conviction that the way would be made plain. It was not always so clear to those who had to take her across the ferry. Their faith did fail them. She once, not too well pleased to meet with opposition, told McPhail he was no Christian. The answer she received was conclusive, that he preferred they should be living Christians on Iona, than dead ones at the bottom of the Sound.

IONA. *Sep. 18th, 1905.*

My dearest Mary,

With the preface that the trio are delightful, I shall give you details to make you laugh, but mind you don't betray me.

Let me recommend to all parents the Isles for an over-development of the Free-will. I hope I shall find the Clerk of the "Dunara" to explain how (as I suspected) that route was closed. I handed it to Ralph, who, however, had got the information of another new quick communication with Small Isles, so he came prepared to catch that connection by leaving to-morrow with the "Grenadier."

Maisie came off the steamer with the gauze veil, and sat opposite me with a look, half of absent "stares," so like Mama, mixed up with Teddy, it was all I could do to prevent laughing. She and I gossiped till one o'clock luncheon, while Meg went out with Ralph to vapour about McPhail, as Pock would have said. We have Mrs. Dixon in the house, the mother of the Professor of Literature. She gave me a sense of rest, as I got over feeling head tired on such a glorious evening. I went up to see their rooms, and exhort sheets be extra aired. I had Ralph's fire laid. Then, that afternoon, I bathed my soul with this delightful literature person. I own that I have had as strenuous a six weeks as I ever had. I feel something "resting" in the bairns, while beginning again the routine here to-day.

Saturday afternoon they all elected to come with me in pony-chair, with the promise of fishing between tea and dinner, rabbit-shooting after dinner by moonlight.

This last, I thought, sounded doubtful, but I

held my peace, and again had a great inward smile when Ralph and Maisie, who seemed to be his shadow, said: “McPhail says it is too dark; can see nothing smaller than a haystack.” I replied: “Yes, you might be the rabbit.” So, instead of this, these two sportive persons went out to see Professor Dixon’s boat drawn up for the winter by moonlight, which, Maisie declared, was a weird sight.

Before dinner Meg and I walked over to the Cathedral. I showed her the window where we sat langsyne, after coming over the Bishop’s wall.

Sunday we worshipped very much according to the Presbyterian rites. When I apologised for the absence of hymns, explaining how they were always used now in modern churches, Maisie said reprovingly: “Oh! I do like the paraphrases so much.” I felt small. Then Meg: “I would much rather go to this Cathedral, than the one down there,” signing to the Cowley Fathers.

Then on Sunday the trio walked, and got well away before I had the Class in the dining-room. We had high tea in the evening.

As you will see, the Islands are the last places to let one get one’s own way entirely.

If Lady Victoria did not always get her own way in the islands, neither did the islanders under her beneficent laws for their welfare. “She would gie’ us an awful cuff with one hand, but she wad aye be liftin us up wi’ the ither,” was said by one who lived under

her rule. She was always convinced that her view of a situation must be the right one. Due largely from the integrity of her purpose, which had no other aim in view, save the good of those whose walk in life she wished to stimulate and direct.

IONA. *Sep. 21st, 1906.*

My dearest Mary,

It is strange and nice the way in which the Hielan' Mary's Birthday, always (of late years) in the autumn manœuvres, finds me in a place in which there is an ineffable peace, and so do I feel it.

Another of these glorious days, which have come to bless us after a pre-equinoctial period in Bunesan. One has an increasing joy in the beauty of it all.

It has been a strenuous time there with nursing, clothing clubs, etc., so that when we literally glided across yesterday evening from Fionphort (where I had put in three nights) as in a gondola, it seemed like Heaven! I had leisure to think of my kith and kin, and toddled with my German maid to the fast-disappearing stock of Miss Muir, at the end of our Columba garden, to seize upon two little articles I don't think you have seen yet.

The Harvest is a good fortnight behind, and the Islanders are all working frantically.

McPhail out in an expedition with nearly every child for a picnic on Kintra, so I had a kind of royal private landing, with Archie MacArthur

helping one, as no woman ever does (I don't mean strength).

IONA. *Sep. 21st, 1907.*

My dearest Mary,

I was delighted with your Bairns yesterday, as showing real gold of character.

I had purposely not even proposed their singing at one or both of the women and girls' teas. Even after Miss Ritchie proposed and requested, I said I would leave utter freedom, but would pass it on.

Maisie said as a singer had promised to give one or two she would not be wanted, but would help in handing things.

I arranged all for their fishing. High tea, supper, etc. When she learnt that Mrs. Lamb had failed, on the spot she produced quite beautifully, “Ye banks and braes.” It is indeed a wonderful gift. A glorious voice. Then she managed so well to get them to join in the chorus of “Bonny Dundee.” She nearly did for me!

They are boating whenever feasible. I feel quite at rest. I told MacPhail I put my trust in man with regard to him in this.

They are great darlings, and beloved here. Life is a hustle here, as elsewhere, but I thought I must just tell you and Teddy what joy it was to me.

What memories crowd round one! Do you remember Georgina Ritchie bringing us the cups

of tea in the window of the south transept? Amelia's shock? My telling her, and you, our Lord would have fed the multitudes?

Two Belgians here for quarries, turned up yesterday. Mrs. Mackenzie pleaded with me for the French. I did what was necessary for the moment, then told her to turn to nieces if required.

From the Rev. A. Fleming, D.D.

KINGUSSIE. 1907.

I have more than once since our visit to Iona meant to write to you; for that visit opened my eyes in a way that they have never been opened before to all that you are, and have been, to the Islands.

I confess that it was with much wonder and admiration that we both realised all the hardships, all the obstacles and difficulties, your triumphant faith and unalterable devotion had enabled you, by God's goodness, to overcome, and how much your name meant to many an unknown old woman crooning over the fire, tholing her rheumatism and bronchitis all alone, and with no earthly name that was magic to her save that of Lady Victoria. The sick and poor of Mull, Iona, and Tiree are your intercessors at the Throne, and your monument stands on a high hill among them—to those who have eyes to see it—out in the seas of the west. I shall always now think of you as "The Lady of the Isles," and your ministry there shall be for a remembrance for you.

You might—forgive my saying so!—be at any number in Ainslie Place, so far as your calligraphy “ is concerned.” God speed your coracle.

ROME. Dec. 21st, 1907.

My dearest Mary,

Such a longing comes over me to have father and Dottie to tell over their memories here, as one recalls scraps of news, old letters, when they in one of our old carriages entered all the ways. No wonder Papa travelled for two years with Docky. We are established *en Pension* with a glorious view over the old city. St. Peter’s being the centre-piece. The sunsets a joy, especially to me who, of necessity, am somewhat of a stay-at-home.

Lesley and I have read together the Bible, learnt dialogue, and it is beginning in my case to oust the Gaelic.

The Embassy people have been most kind. Now write to me what you are all doing. How I long for Archie to get the *Sun*!

In 1908 Lady Victoria was at Bunessan, when Lady Mary with “ the trio ” came to Iona. One of the many letters she wrote, in order to effect a meeting, is given here. It is extraordinarily typical of her thought for detail; she left nothing to chance, as far as minute directions could ensure success. These notes were sped by many a hand on shore, and by many a purser on board the steamers. In Tiree Mr. Macdonald, the postmaster, earned the name she gave him,

“ The Prince of Links.” He forwarded her missives over the island by a series of messengers, called by Lady Victoria “ sandpipers.” Often the words occur, “ sent out the fiery cross,” and John Mac-kinnon, mounted on one of the many well-known horses which drew the buckboard, would be sent hastening along the sands.

The minister at the Manse tied a string on his gate, certain that a missive would be hanging to it, when he saw the “ fiery cross ” speeding on its way. Everyone knew her methods, and lent their powers to aid her “ links.” There is a tale of her in bed at the Lodge on a wild winter’s morning. The “ Fingal,” unexpectedly, had come in on her hind legs, and would leave the shelterless island as soon as might be. It was imperative someone should be met on board, or some message sent away by her. The occasion brooked no delay, and as the necessities of the position faced her, the means of meeting them instantly came to her mind. “ Is John downstairs ? Is he ready to go ? Has he had his breakfast ? No ? Then take him *this*.” And the tray, daintily set with the fare provided for her slender appetite, was hastily thrust into the hands of the messenger, with the command that John was to be instantly fed, and to make all speed.

Necessity was literally with her the mother of invention, and when the telegraph cable was broken, and mail and cargo-boats were fitfully absent, then her genius, and the prowess of her linksmen, sandpipers, and mounted horseman, came to the fore.

From Tiree. Going to Bunessan. Arrangement with Lady Mary, coming to see her from Iona.

1908.

I wrote return in a feverish hour. When the boy whistles, if we are not ready—all hope over for two days.

I write this data for your guidance, so that you don't waste time or strength. I think you forget the uncertainties of weather and distance. You cannot be in and out, so arrange when on the spot to have a good day with me. Getting all food and a dressing-room.

Wire for a machine. Better mention wagonette as safest, four-wheeled.

Let me have a wire. Before Monday, hopeless. The earliest I can arrive is the 4th, and it takes a day or two to get things arranged, so that I can turn round in the cottage.

Then, if I could find a note to say—Such a day is the first he might be over for fishing—I could say to a friend: “ May they have it any day after—up to such a date.” This would leave them free.

If I get a wire, my second room, food all day, will be ready, and a joy to have a talk. It is a six-mile road.

7 p.m. This did miss our first, but here goes. I see, poor dear, you don't arrive till 7th.

All right! Then don't cross till you hear I am safe over, *established!*

You see, if you come over, and I don't know,

I might be out visiting, which would be trying. I can arrange a cosy time if you follow my directions.

Some attempt must be made to give a consistent picture of Lady Victoria's settled presence in the Lodge. When she regularly returned to it, she was able to make it more of a home than when she had passed from one temporary abode to another. Wherever she stayed, she planned out her day and her work. She needed, and was fortunately able to take, short rests during the day, and the good gift of almost instant and refreshing sleep was always with her. Her day began early; she was called at seven, and very often was awake and reading long before that hour.

In the morning, when able to come downstairs, she was to be found in the "sanctum"; a room where she did the routine business of her household, and saw all the people connected with her work. Some days "the plan of campaign" would take her far west. Then Ian Deleas would bring round the buckboard before noon. In it were the various horses supplied by her friend, Mr. Barr, and their names were suited to their qualities. Of one it is written: "Drysdale took his name from a famous Free Kirk Evangelist who used to haunt Tiree. Of the two, the type accomplished far more genuine evangelistic work than the prototype!" Lady Victoria loved "the dear beasties," and thought of their rest days and feeds, as she did of those of all her brethren. Settled

into the buckboard with all her haps and arrangements, the expeditionary force would be set in motion. Visits to the sick, to the officials, and to the people who must be “ looked up ” and organised. Baiting took place in some friendly crofter’s house. There the coffee was made hot, the sandwich was eaten, the hot bottle refilled, and the few minutes taken of a deep slumber, and then John and the carriage were once more in readiness. One day in the week the class was held at “ Sahara,” a distant district, white with the heaped and driven sands. There the “ mothers ” were met, the affairs of the clothing club discussed, and a talk held with everyone present. No one was a stranger to her, after the first hour of acquaintance : no one was forgotten even after years of absence. Most of her friends had a name given them. Where there are so many of one or two clans distinctive titles are a help, and Lady Victoria had a happy knack of suiting the title to the individual.

If their peculiarities were successfully described, with that instinct for character which she possessed, there was no sting in the humour that nailed the quality to a name. “ The Rev. Laddie ” remembers that on hearing his title, “ I had the audacity to read the following Sunday, ‘ Let no man despise thy youth,’ for which I was duly and deservedly whipped.”

It was late afternoon before the buckboard was seen coming home over the sands of Gott. “ Many a time,” says one of those in Island House, “ I

used to watch her going home from a class here, the buckboard jolting away into the dark, the gleam of the red lamps marking its course." When her work had lain east, the drive home was over the wet, glistening sands, reflecting the sunset glow; she rejoicing ever in the glory above and below, for to her it seemed "the very gates of heaven."

As soon as the carriage was visible over the sands, Knowles would be prepared to receive Lady Victoria. If it had been "a wild day," there was first the stripping of the streaming outer wraps. They were ultimately hoisted by a pulley to the kitchen ceiling, and there allowed to drip. Often the traveller came in so cold that the bedroom couch would be drawn almost into the fire, and water of the hottest was brought to dip the stiffened hands in. The admonitions of those who had told her the weather was unfit for the keeping of the tryst were met with the laughing account of the day's difficulties, till at last even the vexed soul of the indignant Knowles would be healed by having to join in the convulsions of laughter. Or, if fatigue and neuralgia had for the moment prostrated her, there was a revival after tea, and a long evening of rest, and a "gossip" with the girl friend, or some other guest. After dinner, Lady Victoria put aside the thoughts and work of the day. There was to be a rest and change from "the rough island story." Newspapers were read, the letters written for the outgoing mail, or some book read aloud which had to do with the larger world of interest. On Saturdays she was at home to all who cared to

come and see her. It was the day, as far as possible, that she kept for the Island House children, and Mr. and Mrs. McDiarmid's family had a very warm place in her heart.

No one came without receiving the outpouring of an hospitality which never recognised that a larder or store-room could be empty. If Knowles pointed out the stores had not come in, and this or that was not to be had, she was sent out for a drive to brush off the “ Martha cobwebs,” or sent back to her domain with the assurance she could make it right, for she always knew how to manage. The word “ difficulty ” she only recognised when it came into conjunction with the word “ overcome.” Sometimes every room had a visitor waiting to have a conference, but time is of no moment in the mystic isles, and the waiting was done under the sense that the welcome was always there when the hostess was disengaged.

Close to the Lodge is the croft, christened by Lady Victoria, “ The Lodge Farm.” Mrs. Mackinnon and her family were among the first of her fellow-workers. When she lived in the west end, and drove east to have her classes, it was in this house that Lady Victoria first held them. There the girls met till at length they were crowded out and had to adjourn to the school-house. They were happy hours she spent among them. The success of her work already evident, and the friendships which she made with “ the Rev. Hector,” the minister of Kirkapoll, and with his brothers and sisters. “ Ian Lady ”—

Ian Deleas—"Faithful John," was her right-hand man in the Lodge, and he knew, as none other, how to help her into the buckboard, and save her from all the fatigue that strong and thoughtful aid could give.

So sped the winter months, till the day came round for looking across the waters towards "the Holy City," and preparing there to keep the great tryst. She was often laid aside in the islands, but she never had in the western seas any of those alarming illnesses which elsewhere brought her to the gates of death.

One of these she was to undergo in the winter of 1906. She had left Tiree to pass Christmas at Inveraray, but she only reached it to be taken with a long and wearying illness.

Dec. 22nd, 1906.

Reached the old Home. Feeling very done. Great strain. Running down the Rest.

The death of Principal Story in 1907 affected her much, and in January there occurs the rare entry: "Must give in." She reached Edinburgh, but the illness there became a very serious one, and it was not till March that she was able to get out. "Perfect reception of good-byes," she notes. She rested nearly a month at Peterborough, and in May, when she came to London, "the Dr. indicated must be a time of rest," was the not unnatural result of a consultation.



THE REV. DUGALD MACLEAN. THE REV. T. S. MACPHERSON, LADY VICTORIA CAMPBELL IN HER BUCKBOARD,
JOHN MACKINNON.

In November, 1908, at Edinburgh, she had an attack of influenza pneumonia, and the family were rapidly summoned. For days her life hung in the balance, but she was once more, aided by her high courage and brave endurance, to be given back to the large world that loved her. As she recovered, her room was one of the best places to be in. Certain was every incomer to hear the ring of welcome in the voice which, however weak, was always bright. There were to be found her old friends, bringing her all the news, and finding ever a keenly interested hearer.

Miss Macrae, “ Phœbe,” was her secretary, and the fellow-worker in all her plans. Her transgression in having summoned the family had been forgiven, with many a reproof for giving unnecessary alarms, but in reality she knew how ill she had been. To one of the sisterhood, who lived near Edinburgh and was able to see her almost daily, they were weeks to be held in remembrance. When work was impossible no one rested more completely, and she took the gift of loving friendships brought into her room with complete happiness. “ Who do you think I have had ? ” Or, as Christmas drew near, “ Are you prepared to help me with Christmas presents ? Come back in time for bohea, we will have a cosy crack.”

And the cracks which had waited over many a busy year were held, and her gathered wisdom and deepening charity towards humanity gilded the communing of these latter days.

The move to Rhu Lodge on the Gareloch was

made by motor in January, and it was an experiment which was surrounded by anxieties. That the weather was tempestuous was nothing in the thought of a journey for Lady Victoria; but it was also bitterly cold, a thing she always felt acutely, and for some days snow storms blocked the roads. The start was at last made, in two motor-cars, one following with Miss Macrae inside, in case anything happened to the one in which was Lady Victoria, her nurse, and one of the sisters by the driver. In a short time it was the relief car which came to a halt. Those with Lady Victoria hoped that this would not be noticed, and as the object was to get her as soon as possible to her destination, the driver was told to continue his way. Very soon a knocking at the window with backward signals indicated her usual opinion: "We ought to go to the rescue." For once she had no control over the driver, and signals were made in return that there was to be no delay. Fortunately for the peace of mind of all concerned, the relief motor, having dealt with a puncture, overtook the leading car, and the safety of Miss Macrae was obvious to the anxious invalid.

It was a strange home-coming, through the deep gloaming of the winter's afternoon. There had been so little hope of her recovery that her return to the shores of the old home was very like a dream. As the motor sped by the shore of the Gareloch her eyes were fixed on the circle of the hills, and across the racing tideway of the ferry the lights of Rosneath Castle were a welcome to her.

On the sunny shore of Row she waited for the return of her strength. The coming of spring-time was always a help to her, and her brother, the Duke, was often at Rosneath, caring for all that could help her convalescence and induce her really to give herself rest.

The letters which are given are those which tell of the parting with her friend “ Professor Pax,” a review of her illness written to Lady Mary, and a word of request to her minister in Tiree.

On Dr. Charteris’ death to Mrs. Maxwell.

May 9th, 1908.

My dear President,

I don’t know what you must think of me, but you will have been able to make allowances for a London rush at the last, and in the midst of a bereavement which I confess to feel more than anything since my Father’s death. I think I wrote this to Dr. Lees, which, I suppose, is the reason he spoke strongly yesterday on its being quite wrong not to feel how mercifully dealt with he had been. One occasion more for thanksgiving. “ He had been allowed to see his work accomplished, which few are,” then taken at one stroke with little or no suffering. It is all true, but he and Mrs. Gordon came on my horizon about the same time, and in their several ways had the strongest determining influence which has come into my life, and one’s heart cries out, as one pillar after another is removed. Will you find out about the

two "treasures" for me at once. I should prefer a Scotch maid if such can be found, to face Islands, Continent, and all.

6 PALMERSTON PLACE, EDINBURGH. *Dec. 22nd,*
1908.

My dearest Mary,

There has been a horrible fatality about days when I tried to write to you and I have been obliged to postpone it. It all seems like a dream. I felt so "fit" when I returned from Islands this year; and when Ian first offered Rhu Lodge I felt what a rest it would be, but that I ought to be in more of a working place! Then the crash. I have so wondered "why." It has certainly shown one the unbounded love and kindness of people. Now, the last week, I do feel as if life were returning, not only restored existence! I have followed everything. So glad you are pleased about Stepney.

I wrote to the dear Archbishop, perhaps quite illegibly. He must have had crowds.

Dr. James has been wonderful about getting the heart steadied. He is so interesting. No wonder father used to ask for "the Edinburgh doctor."

To the Rev. D. Macpherson.

RHU LODGE. *Jan. 23rd,* 1909.

Oh, my dear minister, you will bring my grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave! . . .

She had replied advising another season of the year. I took that side of matters, explaining how she might be tossed to and fro, with no *good* meeting for weeks. Urged her corresponding again in summer when, D.V., I may be permitted to go again to you, when we might arrange (before harvest) for a *special* gathering. Do, meantime, urge our necessarily small classes as to weekly gatherings to go on the lines I tried to teach, i.e. if you approve.

1st. Encourage *all* girls to join Y.W.C.A., because of its world-wide protection to wanderers.

2nd. To enlist all women, including girls, belonging to our Church into Guild fellowship, under at *least* the pledge: “ To desire to be taught with a view to becoming workers in God’s vineyard.”

I found the first pledge on card frightened some. Justifiably so, if it meant full-blown Christians !

Do write me a regular “ ceilidh ” about everything. I came here on Tuesday in a motor-carriage with a nurse, my sister, Lady Frances Balfour, and following us Miss Macrae, who has been a devoted friend, a sister of the Crown Court minister.

It is going to be recruiting here. At present I don’t feel much good, as the journey tried me dreadfully, seventy-four miles. I prefer the “ Fingal,” but tell it not in Gath !

Tell the dear people my heart often goes out to them.

I am only joking when I pretend to be in despair with you.

The Islands were to have her for another winter. Less was attempted, there was more waiting for all and sundry to come to her, fewer attempts to face in all weathers the tracks which led to her people and her work. "She was quieter," all say, as they look back on that last time when her days were to be spent in the west. "She seemed less vexed if things went wrong, so gentle and patient." The strength so severely tried by the winter of 1907 had never returned, and the change was only concealed by the spirit which always kindled with renewed ardour as she met her friends and those who needed her sympathy.

Christmas Day, 1909, was to be the last that Lady Victoria kept in the Lodge.

She had determined to keep it with even greater observance than before. She sent out cards that she was "At Home," and the whole day was planned to include the pleasure of as many of her friends as she could get into the Lodge. A service began the day, "the Ship of Good Hope" was lighted up, and her gifts of loving remembrance distributed. Annie Campbell, her friend and housekeeper, had inherited the mantle of Mrs. Knowles; she understood as well as her forerunner how to save Lady Victoria from all "Martha" cares, and she arranged the hospitality in a way which never gave even that hostess any anxiety. "Annie understands how to do it all," she wrote, when her kith and kin bade her not to be given to too much hospitality, and to remember the limits of her strength. Katie

Mackinnon was kept by illness in Glasgow, and Lady Victoria did not forget the absent member of the Lodge Farm.

THE LODGE, TIREE. *Xmas Eve, 1909.*

And so, dear Katie, Dr. Benjamin was right, was she? How good of Rev. Hector! If it had been me, I should have preferred a private hospital ward. Just because everything is at hand. Write me all particulars! I miss you here. John is a Commander-in-Chief as usual. Ship to be lit up to-morrow. Pipes, a gramophone. But at 11.15 we begin with Rev. Macpherson and wife coming to a Christmas Service. Then everyone at 3.30 p.m. A gentleman shows the gramophone. Glorious weather.

Yours most truly,
VICTORIA CAMPBELL.

The letters from the Lodge to Island House tell best the tale of the fleeting days.

To Mrs. MacDiarmid.

Nov. 8th, 1909.

I shall be back (D.V.) soon, when, I don't know. I shall wire; it won't be this week.

Jan. 13th, 1910.

I was really unhappy about you on Sat., and thought how amusingly we had changed places, for it was the kind of weather in which I would go to you in 1896. I leaving *you* in bed or sofa.

(On nurses.)

I feel *so* certain if with all—beginning with ourselves—we adhere to the "Reign of Law" firmly but gently it will keep us straight.

Jan. 21st, 1910.

It will be a relief to me if you will be in readiness to take the mothers on Monday, they gather up quite by 2.30. I fear the Buckboard hood is the signal, so if you can, be in sight by 2 p.m. We begin by singing Gaelic. They have the Gaelic hymns too. Then I give a prayer (offer Ann to read the chapter, or part chapter, if not, take it yourself). If you have a little reading like Gaelic "Life and Work," or English, they like it. I give this in English. The devotional had better not exceed half an hour.

I was on Sahara on the Friday. Said it might be announced at Balemartine on the Sunday. This was at the Elder's house. I shall be so glad when Mr. Smith comes. I am jealous he finds at least we women have not sat at ease!

I have said since 1891 the people have far too little recreation, of a wholesome, open character.

March 4th, 1910.

I feel so exhausted with the collapse of every link. Poultry and Post! It only remains for us to be told the cable is broken, to be reduced to pulp, and to turn and try to forge fresh links thus. Tell your husband, I hope he will be really

ingenious about linking up the poultry commissioner, whose motto, I hope, is that which Mr. McRury used to address to his wife, as he took me on those first rounds: “ We shall return, Flora, when our work is done.”

I feel more and more it is useless for people to come here to *work* without that motto.

Her last written words in the island ended with “ work,” and none of those who saw her realised that the working days were so nearly sped. Afterwards, when they knew, “ then they remembered.”

It may be that as she left the lone island some of the sadness of farewell hung over her partings. She bade the “ mothers ” remain in the room as she left their meeting, and told them they were to sing as she went out from among them, “ We shall meet in the sweet Bye and Bye,” and as they obeyed she passed from their midst.

Her friend, Captain Murdoch, of the Government yacht H.M.S. “ Minna,” had arranged to take her to Oban. He had forwarded her journeys many a time before. “ I am sitting like a cormorant on a rock, waiting to see the ‘ Minna ’ come into the Sound,” she wrote of this “ ship in need ”; and whenever the “ Minna ” and its Captain could take her off any rock, it was the swift messenger of her destiny. In March the “ Minna ” stood into Gott Bay. It was wild weather, and she was carried in her chair by the two she relied upon, John Mackinnon and “ Johnnie Mohr,” to the boat which was waiting

amid the washing surf. Her serenity was not as unshaken as usual, there were tears in her eyes, as she looked her last on the white sands, on the low hills and curving inlets of her beloved Ethica. Away from the pier, the Stones of Remembrance to be for ever associated with her as the landmark of her strenuous life. That breakwater will stand as the type of her own outlook for the kingdom of this world, where to labour is to pray; and it is the symbol of her faith that only within the harbour and shelter of the Eternal strength are to be found the quiet waters which revive the thirsting soul that is anchored on the Rock of Ages.

The gale did not abate, and Captain Murdoch, having received her on board, had to consider how to get her safely disembarked on the pier at Oban. It is not often that that harbour of refuge does not give shelter from the storm. On this occasion the gale blew right on to the landing-stage, and when Lady Victoria was placed in her chair in the boat, the Captain fervently wished he had her back on the "Minna." She asked one question, for her experienced eye saw and understood the force of the gale, and the welter of sea and sky. "Is there any danger, Captain?" "None," was the answer. With that word she was content, and the landing was effected, but the boat did not that night attempt to return to the vessel. "A great gale," are the three words in which she describes her move to Edinburgh.

To Mrs. MacDiarmid.

Edinburgh. March 22nd, 1910.

I am between dentist and what St. Giles services I can get in. It seems a blessed rest. Crocuses—land birds—since Tuesday, spring air.

I never had such a landing at Oban; but Captain Murdoch does not wish too much said.

EDINBURGH. *March 23rd, 1910.*

My dearest Mary,

Such a rush of convalescent memories come over me of three years back in your beautiful home. I felt for the moment a strange longing, but common sense tells me to get on. Settled in rooms *en pension*, in Egerton Terrace, found for me by dear Miss Lumsden. We shall meet in London. I am still “careful,” but wonderful. I am undergoing dentist, relieved by St. Giles services. I get friends to come to me “up the hill.” South rooms, crocuses, and land birds. I shall get the Communion Easter Sunday, St. Giles. We shall be together in thought. Much love to Teddy. You know I am proud of the Lords! Dr. James in this evening. He looked proud of me, as well he might. A gale arose, and we landed at midnight in Oban. I never saw the Bay in such a state.

From Edinburgh one word occurs almost daily.

Rested. Had dear Lees. An intense Running down the Rest. Heard Dr. Williamson. Turned into St. Giles. Saw Mrs. Charteris, Dr. MacGregor.

Then, on April 1st, she came to London, accompanied by Miss McPhee. She notes that she was "feeling the contrast of last year's state." Next comes the word she has been to St. Columba. "Heard London Bishop (Dr. Fleming) on Life in Christ. Very helpful." She rested a great deal, and her expeditions out were usually to church, or, as a treat, to the daily service in Westminster Abbey. She remained in London for Easter Sunday, and took the early Communion in St. Michael's Church, which was near her house, going to St. Columba and to Crown Court Church, morning and evening. On one of these Sunday evenings one of her sisters accompanied her, as she went to church in a Bath chair. She observed an unwonted weakness in Lady Victoria's movements, and there came the unusual direction "to hold the chair steady." For an instant there was revealed the loss of nerve, and the marked failure in strength. The impression passed away, and was too soon forgotten. Forebodings could never live long in the face of the vitality which seemed to spring from an unquenchable well of life.

Her family were much with her, and the one for whose coming she was always on the watch was her brother the Duke. From him she learnt the first anxious tidings of the illness of King Edward, and she was glad to be near him through those memorable days.

By the kindness of the Duchess of Wellington she saw the funeral procession from Apsley House. The start was made at 6.40 a.m., and she got back at noon.

In getting to the seat arranged for her she had some climbing to accomplish ; “ but after my experiences on the ‘ Fingal,’ ” she said, it all came easily to her.

In June, Lady Victoria writes to Lady Mary :—

I wish we could have seen more of each other. I feel I have indulged myself long enough here. The gathering in Edinburgh will be unique, and in dear Fanny Mackenzie’s lent house I may get a talk with one and another. In any case, I must be moving soon to get ready for Conny in Tiree, week of July 10th. After she leaves me, I am likely to get through other islands while weather good.

She had reluctantly decided to miss the General Assembly, and reserve her strength for the great Mission Conference about to meet in Edinburgh. The thought of the gathering filled her with happiness. Through the kindness of Miss Mackenzie’s cousin, Mrs. Savile, the house filled, to her, with happy memories was put at her disposal. In anticipation she filled the rooms with guests, and the dining-table she knew was large enough to receive even the world of missionaries she was so eager to entertain. The eldest of Mrs. MacDiarmid’s daughters was to be married in July, and her friend, Atta Macleod, was to make happy the Manse of a minister who had been “ the Rev. Hylipol ” in Tiree. The happiness of both these friends brightened her thoughts, and into “ the wonderful Conference ” she went body, soul, and spirit.

The last letters written during these months are given. Tiree had not been out of her mind in London, and one of its ministers was called to order for his remissness in not filling her hungry thoughts with the news for which she craved.

Last letter to the Rev. D. Macpherson, Kirkapol.

April 26th, 1910.

Dear Mr. Macpherson.

Forgive me if I plead for a little fuller information! I have been longing to hear from you.

1. The Pier. 2. Dear Jeanie Deans. 3. The scarlet fever. 4. Has the Hospital been used?

You knew I was coming to London, did you not? My address is always with the Prince of Links. Do you go to the Assembly? I am thinking of not going to *it*. But to the Mission Conference. I *wish* you could hover about, and go to *that*.

Is the Eremitus Dr. *still* in Tiree?

In short, Tiree might be under the sea for all I know!

To Lady Mary Glyn.

May 25th, 1910.

How this anniversary lives back to one with the memory of that dear Archbishop Maclagan's voice, which is *not* still mercifully, and I suppose sounds as ever.

I think you are right, after the first staggering blow, and feeling "What can it *all* mean," as the

King was a peacemaker. I think one gets the glint, the hope that all parties will be softened. At least, honestly, I don't think this word applies to the Unionist side. I mean, they were, whether for good or ill, the attacked. What I felt was, not the *fact* that the Ministers might appeal to the Crown, but the way at every side meeting it was brought in as though it were a twopenny-halfpenny question as to whether they did or not.

But what is the use of talking! One recognises at every turn so many of them are not gentlemen, and it is when one's lot is to meet in *work* all and sundry, one recognises this element, or the absence of it, means *so* much. It is indefinable!

I shall only just be in time to catch the world-wide, wonderful Conference in Edinburgh of missionaries. Do come to Tiree! I hope some day to visit dear Peterborough again, but the stairs are steep, and I hate increasingly giving trouble.

To Mrs. Paisley.

16 MORAY PLACE, EDINBURGH. (Inveraray tomorrow), *June 30th*, 1910.

My dear Mother Sabina,

You must have thought me a brute! When I got your letter I was in the midst of entertaining several delegates and others in a lent house of the late Miss Mackenzie, who was to me like an Aunt Dot, *if* that were possible. Then this day week I had to subside with a chill, and I have been delayed in going to Argyll, at Dalchenna.

Do you know, if this invitation had not come, I had thought of making a raid into your dining-room again. It cannot be now. I must be off to Tiree.

I was not up to many meetings, but saw a lot of interesting people, especially the Bishops, (Tell Jo) and Lord William Cecil; it was like a foretaste of Union in Heaven!

I hope you read Mr. Norman Maclean's articles in the "Scotsman." With much love, and wishing I could go with you,

Yours ever affectionately,
V. C.

16 MORAY PLACE. *June 28th*, 1910.

My dear F.,

Your letter ought to have crossed one from me, as I intended to try and give a private impression of this really wonderful time. But Mr. Norman Maclean did yeoman service, and I spent much time between the open table—luncheons and teas, and in reading up myself, which was one compensation for not getting to *many* meetings. Except for Synod Hall, which has a long, trying stair, I got to a specimen of each. The popular ones in our Assembly Hall, where I heard Bryan give a sermon of an hour and half (or twenty minutes after the hour). It was quite a quarter too long, which I never felt with Liddon, and there were touches of that American humour, which went down on a week-night.

It really was a diagnosis of and beautifying the fundamentals. “The Tree bare twelve manner of fruits.” He elaborated the twelve, beginning with Repentance. Beautiful touches in each delineation. Next night scores of people turned away, it is said, although empty seats in U.F. Hall not admitted. It is explained since that some delegates came late—bound to keep the seats for them.

This was borne out by Lord William Cecil, who looked in on me late one afternoon, and declared when late from Niddrie where he was staying he had difficulty in getting in.

What a striking appearance he has, and so interesting; he pours it out so easily, with such a sense of humour, as when he said, apropos of the Sunday (when, to Dr. Mitty’s horror, I went after the Bishop of Durham, to a “Pisky”): “Yes, everyone is rejoicing in the other’s religion.”

The other “popular” Tolbooth I got to was Lord Kinnaird, in the chair, where he was very heartily cheered. The U.F. Evening (what we called the Parliament) I got to was dull, closely read papers. Then there was one morning on Education, when Mrs. Creighton and two other women spoke. Dr. Mitty’s face of wonder was killing! He was much impressed.

Lord William asked where you were, and said: “Tell her we have had a great outburst of oratory.” I had to luncheon and teas here during the days—Eugene Stock, Principal Moore, whom you know. Bishops Moule and Montgomery, an interesting

man from Japan, who knew dear old "Fanny" here. A very interesting American woman, working in China, left a widow with one little girl of eleven. A nurse from our Blantyre. The Scott girls, two or three, off and on, sleeping in the house. Before the rush, Dr. Norman and Dr. Mitty came to see me. The beloved old Dean, Professor Paterson. Of course, the *misses* are the great debates. Lord Balfour of Burleigh on Union. I had a single ticket, but besides not caring to face it alone, I could not keep it from the Scott girls.

Yes, there was a *sense* of "seeing the day approaching." One felt hearts were being knit together.

I have been delayed going to Inveraray, with a touch of cold fatigue. It was a very sudden change from heat, with the thunder. But it is passing off.

Margaret MacPhee has gone home. The last Scott girl departed Saturday. So, with dear old Phoebe in and out, I got to the Communion in St. Giles on Sunday.

Dr. Wallace Williamson very fine the Sunday before the Conference. It seems to be his subject. Hoping to get to Dalchenna Thursday or Friday. I wish —— would write to C. I feel so sure people are helped with expressions of sympathy.

Your very affectionate,
V.

This is a delicious home with its evening light.

From the Very Rev. Sir James Lees.

I happened to be in Edinburgh the Thursday before her death. She wrote me to the New Club that she was still in town with a cold, and to come and see her. I went to Moray Place after my meeting, and found her in bed. She was very cheery, but I noticed she was a good deal flushed. When I came away, I kept her by the hand, and knelt down and prayed with her, and said the Blessing. She thanked me very much, but I little thought it was a farewell. God rest her soul! She was one of the best, and the old mystery crops up again, that He takes one so useful and leaves so many to drag out their lives in uselessness.

The last of these letters from herself reached London on June 29th. It was opened, glanced through, and put aside for reading on a return from a day's expedition into the country. Late that afternoon, Miss Macrae telegraphed to the family that Lady Victoria was seriously ill. It was the third summons which, always against her knowledge and will, had been sent out by this friend who had watched her through so many illnesses. With deep misgivings the summons was answered, and two of the "sisterhood" were soon by her, and through the days that followed.

The fatigue cold rapidly developed into the dreaded pneumonia, and the heart failed under the strain. To the last day, consciousness and courage kept the flickering torch bravely burning. She rested, deeply content in the presence of her "pair sister" Lady

Evelyn, shook her head at "Phœbe," who had frightened them all again. She asked for her daily reading, and always was ready with talk. Hoping against conviction, and trying to believe that her wondrous vitality would rally, the days were spent by those around her. She had always had the deep shrinking from death that comes with the consciousness of life. From the sight of the last enemy she was kept. If she knew she was passing through the Borderlands, it did not trouble the serenity of spirit, which was plain through all the stress of the laboured breathing. As the afternoon closed in, she gave her friend, Dr. James, the wonted bright smile, and a whispered joke that he must not again try to make her take "stimulants."

The lingering sunset of a July night lay over the peaceful waters of the Forth, and beyond them were the hills dark against the afterglow. The minister of St. Giles came to speed the passing soul with the blessing of peace, and as the night fell sleep was given to the Beloved.

"Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace."

B. *May 22, 1854.* D. *July 6, 1910.*

Lady Victoria's grave is beside that of Lady Emma McNeill. Together they lie on the brow of the hill, under the shadow of the parish church of

Liberton. The western sunlight falls on the grassy slopes, and beneath that hill the Holy City lies outspread.

The Rev. Norman McLeod, and the Rev. Dr. Wallace Williamson, minister of St. Giles, took the service in the cathedral and by the grave. It was a summer day of stillness and light; around her were brought the flowers that she loved, amongst those from the gardens of the Land of Long Ago lay heather from the hills, and the sweet gale from the moors of Mull. By her to the last stood those who had gathered from the isles and from Argyll; her kith and kin were there, and the fellow-workers from city and country. All of them the companions and helpers of the way which had ended in the rest that knows no weariness.

In the Church of St. Columba, in London, there gathered a yet greater number of those who remembered and in spirit were following the prayers which committed “ this our sister ” to the ground in the sure and certain hope of the risen life.

One of her friends wrote of that day, and of the stricken hearts that kept watch through that hour :—

A bereaved people; how few leave the world with that so truly felt! “ Then they remembered, then they understood ”! How often, perhaps always, it is so. In the heart of all grief is the knowledge that death alone could rend the veil that hides the Holy of Holies, of a Life hid with Christ in God. This shall be told for a memorial of her.

Do you remember how in later years her father used to say this was the greatest memorial ever made, and how our Lord in those words sanctioned such Memorial and Remembrance, that it should be told from one to another ?

I think it is to be granted that some such memorial is to be hers, and for generations it will be told as long as remembrance is made by these Island people. The greatest of all memorials, because the most like that which has our Lord's own words to sanction it.

It is a tryst of tears now. The harvesting is very wonderful, and the song of Harvest Home is her part of it, and in it, if only we could hear it as she hears it now.

On the Sunday after Lady Victoria's death, these words were spoken from the pulpit of St. Columba's church by the Rev. Dr. Fleming :—

"Those who saw that bright, brave figure among us, so keen and so assiduous, for a few weeks every year, must have sometimes wondered—as one wonders when the swallows disappear—whither she had gone when she left us. It was to the lone islands of the western seas—to Iona—to Mull, to Tiree. When the days were short, when the seas were rough and the crossings dangerous, and all but the native born had fled from the islands to the less rigorous south, it was then that the homing instinct came to her ; the hunger for the hills and the mists and the

sad fretful waves ; and above all, the hunger for her own people. And who were her own people ? I remember her telling me how long years ago she was looking out of the ruined windows of Iona Cathedral. And she said that it was then and there that the call came to her to dedicate her life to the islands. And that is what she did. That fragile frame was made servant to an indomitable will and purpose ; and where strong men would have shrunk, she went ; in the open boat, on the stormy seas, in the drifting sleet she crossed her ferries and sought her ports, always with her brave face to the blast, and a cheerful smile, and a heart that quailed before nothing—the heart of a chieftainess though withal the heart of a woman.”

In the folk-lore of the land of the setting sun and misty seas there is an old belief that those who wait by the sound of many waters can see a magic green island, which floats over the translucent waves. It rises here, and vanishes there. Always verdant and sunlit ; no storms stir the placid seas, no treacherous rocks break its glistening shores. The mariner sees it, and has no fear. No chart can mark its presence, for it moves silently across and away from the course of the galleys that pass by the ferryways.

It is the mystic Isle to those who have the vision, and those who see it have no shadow of fear in their hearts.

Among the people of her love there are still those who “ see things.” They meet the long processions

that come bearing their dead with them. To them there are shadows among the quiet graves, their hearts fail them amid the forces of Nature and the world unseen. Let these watchers lift their eyes to the hills, till in the peace that flows from their strength their own hearts cease from troubling. Then to their purged gaze may be given the vision of the green island that has no earthly foundation, there revealed to them, they may see the Lady of their hearts passing by the sea of glass mingled with the fires of everlasting and yet higher service.

It may be she will come to them, moving on feet that are no longer weary, the swift messenger to their souls, from the heart of the Eternal Love, bidding them be of good cheer; for they, with her, are the servants of God and of His Christ, and they, with her, must spend lives in a service of love to all mankind.

THE END

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