

and feelings that to hear her was memorable. She had a strong sense of humour—a fortunate thing for one who had to go through so much suffering—so she could easily amuse and be amused, sometimes going into fits of laughter at funny incidents; and, partly in consequence of this, with all the force and earnestness of her character, she was still companionable with her children.

Her authority in her family and household was unquestioned. She was indeed a woman fully corresponding to Wordsworth's ideal and description :

“Nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.”

Hardly ever did son or daughter attempt to resist her wish, and her presence instantly quieted fits of temper even in others. From their first years her children learned self-control, and if in public life they have been commended for this characteristic, they owe it in no small degree to their mother and her training. She expected obedience, and was for the most part scrupulously obeyed in great and little things both.

The obedience of her children was not yielded under pressure ; but love, admiration, and awe of her were so mingled that they did not think of disobeying, and they found her sympathy as constant as her authority.

She disliked waste, had an abhorrence of debt, and used various devices to make her family habitually exact in such directions. What virtue she sought to cultivate most in her children may be judged from her giving each of them, one after the other, at the time of their confirmation, a ring with “Truth” as the motto on the seal, and in the inside some text of Scripture engraved, containing the same word. She herself always wore a similar ring with the

text inside, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” Another favourite seal of hers, which always lay on her table, had the motto, “Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra”—“Do the right in scorn of consequence.”

I have said she avoided making religion tedious. She had also a special dread of unreal forms in religion, and I remember being struck by the kind of grace before meat which I once accidentally heard her use at luncheon. As she moved forward to the table with her family round her, she said in low, distinct, spontaneous manner, “Thank God,” and then took her seat.

Her work in her family was not merely that of the affectionate and most capable mother, but that of the true servant of Christ. A servant of Christ she would have been, and with her might, although she had not had the impulse of affection for her children. And what kind of service she might have chosen may be judged from her saying once, “When I have finished with these young people I intend going to the East End of London to work there.” I was surprised in hearing this—not surprised that she should think of so devoting herself, but that she could still hope so far to recover strength so as to be able for it. The spring and constant support of her life was indicated in an expression of hers to a very intimate friend—“I think I know what it is to pray ‘seven times a day.’”

Lady Blanche's devotion to her children and anxiety for them were not allowed to take the form of giving way to nervous apprehension and so cultivating in them what the French call “mollesse.” When her eldest son had arranged to go with two friends during an autumn vacation for canoeing among the Hebrides, and a suggestion was made to her of the