

bers of both Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches, according as they resided in Scotland or in England.

God fanned her with His ripening looks,

And heaven's rich instincts in her grew

As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

This Scottish girl, with her Gaelic name, nursed on tradition, on romance, and surrounded from infancy with the sound of the stirring melodies of her native hills, was only eleven when she first saw her present husband. It chanced upon a day that a young man of twenty-one who had been riding across the country, lost his way and came over the hills with a footsore pony to the entrance bridge of Guisachan. He was little more than a boy. Slight of frame although of ordinary stature, with a frank, fearless look in his eye, as he, after many apologies for trespassing, craved permission to put his pony up for the night at the



GUISACHAN HOUSE, LADY ABERDEEN'S ANCESTRAL HOME.

Parliamentary friend, the Earl of Aberdeen. He at once gave a highland welcome to the belated traveler. Ishbel, then a girl of eleven, saw the visitor and soon after she fell in love with him, nor has she from that day to this ever wavered in the whole-hearted devotion which exists between her and the man who afterwards became her husband. The portrait, reproduced by permission, of Ishbel Marjoribanks at the age when she first met Lord Aberdeen is copied from a beautiful colored miniature painting which is among the treasures of the family. The acquaintance thus auspiciously begun was continued in a friendship which was consummated and placed upon a more permanent foundation when in the year 1877 Ishbel Marjoribanks became Ishbel Aberdeen.

They passed their honeymoon in Egypt, where his father, Lord Haddo, had spent many happy months in the vain pursuit of health. It was while they were going up the Nile in their dahabeah that they had the good fortune to meet Gen. Gordon, then Governor-General of the Soudan. He was scouring up the river in his steamer, while they were slowly toiling up propelled by the sluggish stream. Not knowing how to attract the attention of the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen hit upon the idea of firing signals of distress. This at once brought Gen. Gordon to their boat, and recognizing in his visitor the head of his clan, he extended him a hearty welcome and rendered him the fealty which is due from every Gordon to the head of his house. Gen. Gordon took to Lord Aberdeen as if he had been his own brother, and before parting for the night he presented Lady Aberdeen with a beautiful set of little silver coffee cups as a token of their friendship. The dahabeah and the steamer parted in the night and in the morning they were out of sight. They met Gen. Gordon again at Cairo and dined with him in the spacious palace which was placed at the disposal of the simple soldier by the Khedive. They had a long discussion with him as to the possibility of repressing the slave



ISHBEL MARJORIBANKS.

lodge so that he might the next day continue his journey. Sir Dudley Marjoribanks, on inquiring for the identity of the strange wayfarer, found that he was named John Campbell Gordon, the son of an old