

into fresh studies herself in order as much as possible to keep pace with her sons and give them, when beside her, the stimulus of her interest in what they were reading, and I recollect once feeling divided between sympathy and amusement at the despair of the factor, unable to get a reply to his letters, while I knew that she was taking time to accompany one of her sons in studying Chaucer and was probably giving her mind freely in other directions of a similar kind.

She watched with quick attention for signs of the special bent and talent of each, and, so far as this was discerned, she sought to cultivate it and give it scope and opportunity. Her third son's liking for Natural Science was early decided and obvious. First he took to geology, and his tutor was got to study it for his sake. Later on he came to have special interest in marine zoology. He was accordingly given full scope for dredging off Dunbar, a fisherman and his boat being engaged for him; and so it came about that very early in life he was practised in those observations at first hand in which, as well as in his rapidity of happy generalization, he was one of the foremost men of his generation of scientific students.*

I am sure that in the education of her children Lady Blanche thought rather of the duty of cultivating mental gifts than of any successes to which this might lead. She seemed to me to have the strongest conviction of any one I had known of the moral benefit of intellectual discipline.

Of her own personal part in the teaching of her children, her reading of the Bible with them had the first place, and of the few photographs of that time it is a happy chance that one survives, taken by

her second son, showing her seated with her Bible open on her knee, and her children gathered round her. Her daily lessons in the Bible, usually just after breakfast, were largely conversations, and she knew wonderfully how to make them interesting. "You know what boys are"—so I have had this described—"yet none of them would have missed those readings in the Bible."

She had a great dread of allowing sacred things to become tedious, and it seemed to me characteristic of her when in looking through a volume of Frederick Robertson's sermons, which I had borrowed from the library at Whittingehame House, I found one of them skilfully shortened to about half its length by crossings out with pencil, and new brief connections in her handwriting, written in the margin. Evidently this was done either for reading to her family with the least possible strain on their attention, or, more probably, for reading at Sunday evening prayers with her household. The sermon was one in the fourth volume on "Love," and, I think, from the text, "Have fervent charity among yourselves." As her health became still more shattered, and her weakness too great for these readings with all her children round her, she had them still to her own room to read the Bible with her one by one as long as she was able.

Very often on an evening she read aloud with her family for their amusement, and generally French stories—those of Dumas and others—dexterously changing, or giving a different close to the story when she did not like it. While she read they sat round the table occupied with drawing. Now and then in such evenings she read from Shakespeare, and in that amplest field of literature she found such scope for her powers

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