

to ashes, it was with difficulty that I restrained myself from crying aloud from my heart, "Dear George, good-bye! You know how we all loved you!"

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George Paul Macdonell was born on January 2nd, 1855, at the small village of Rhynie, in Aberdeenshire. A Celtic Highlander by descent and by characteristics, he united the sweet and charming side of the Celtic nature with the robust strength and underlying solidity of the Aberdonian Pictish temperament. His father was James Macdonell, an excise officer; his mother, Rachel Allardyce, a cousin of the painter, John Philip, R.A. Eleven children grew up to maturity, many of whom have in various ways carved out for themselves high places in life, and in the respect and esteem of the best among their contemporaries. The father was a Catholic, devout though liberal-minded; the mother a Presbyterian. To that combination of conditions I incline to attribute not a little of George Macdonell's singular balance of mind and fairness to opponents. Descent from persons who have changed their religion, or from a