

with. I knew him well, and I do not remember a single act or word—not even a look or a hasty phrase—that fell short in any way of ideal morality. His intellectual honesty was beyond fear of reproach. He was justice personified. No shadow of prejudice ever disturbed his calm and equable judgment.

In too many cases high character is austere and unapproachable. It tends rather to repel than to attract advances. But George Macdonell, though good with a goodness one has seldom seen equalled, was conspicuous above everything for his magnetic power of drawing others instinctively towards him. Everybody *loved* him. I have been privileged to look over the many heart-felt letters of regret and sympathy addressed to his wife in her irremediable loss by all classes and types of those who knew him—eminent lawyers, important thinkers, fellow townsmen, persons of a humbler position—and I noticed that both in these and in the words of his acquaintances the one adjective which cropped up about him oftenest was “lovable.” Who could wish for a better? And when, on that last sad day at Woking, his body, flower-covered, was borne away from us in the bare little chapel to be reduced