

Do you remember how in later years her father used to say this was the greatest memorial ever made, and how our Lord in those words sanctioned such Memorial and Remembrance, that it should be told from one to another ?

I think it is to be granted that some such memorial is to be hers, and for generations it will be told as long as remembrance is made by these Island people. The greatest of all memorials, because the most like that which has our Lord's own words to sanction it.

It is a tryst of tears now. The harvesting is very wonderful, and the song of Harvest Home is her part of it, and in it, if only we could hear it as she hears it now.

---

On the Sunday after Lady Victoria's death, these words were spoken from the pulpit of St. Columba's church by the Rev. Dr. Fleming :—

"Those who saw that bright, brave figure among us, so keen and so assiduous, for a few weeks every year, must have sometimes wondered—as one wonders when the swallows disappear—whither she had gone when she left us. It was to the lone islands of the western seas—to Iona—to Mull, to Tiree. When the days were short, when the seas were rough and the crossings dangerous, and all but the native born had fled from the islands to the less rigorous south, it was then that the homing instinct came to her ; the hunger for the hills and the mists and the