

where he remained for the usual four-year course, consistently working, taking many prizes, and "much respected by his fellow students and Professors." That last half unconscious touch of his sister's is eminently characteristic. For respect was the emotion which, next to love, he oftenest excited. A few days after he was so cruelly taken from us, I met the editor of a London paper for which George Macdonell had done much admirable work, and we spoke together of our common loss. "Above all other men I ever knew," he said, "Macdonell was respect-worthy." That opinion was universal. Second only to his loveliness, his sterling character was certainly the point everybody most noted in him.

At twenty, George graduated with high distinction in Classics and Mental Philosophy, taking the Hutton prize and the Seafield Gold Medal. In many ways, I think, his temperament was academic, while his knowledge of Greek and Latin, so far as I could judge, seemed to me greatly beyond our Oxford average. For Psychology and Philosophy, he had the marked native Aberdonian bent; the Pictish love of reasoning things out to the very bottom: his mind, indeed, had a peculiar subtlety