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CHARLES

In Memoriam

IAN CHARLES,

EIGHTH EARL OF SEAFIELD,

TWENTY-SEVENTH CHIEF

OF

THE CLAN GRANT.

*Born 7th October, 1851.*

*Died 31st March, 1884.*

*A. S. G. countess of  
Seafield*

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*Printed at the "Northern Chronicle" Office, Inverness.*

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1131609

Inscribed and Presented  
TO  
THE TENANTS AND FRIENDS  
OF  
*HER SON,*  
BY THE  
COUNTESS DOWAGER OF SEAFIELD.

W. Smith - \$ 3.00

5-30-75

*Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
I trust he lives in Thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.*

TENNYSON.

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## IN MEMORIAM

### Ian Charles, Eighth Earl of Seafield.

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IN the Spring of 1884, death suddenly removed from his Friends and Country one the promise of whose early years and ripening manhood foreshadowed a bright and useful future. It was, however, ordained that that future should be but of short duration.

The birth of Ian Charles, Viscount Reidhaven and Master of Grant, was made the occasion of great rejoicing on the part of the Grant Clan and Tenantry, and of the friends of the family. When he attained his legal majority there was still greater rejoicing, the number of those whose hearts were made glad being by that time considerably increased by the addition of the innumerable friends who had meantime become personally attached to him for his own sake. A third period in his life arrived when, in 1881, his Honoured Father died.

He had not been unmindful of the duty which rested upon him, to prepare himself for the position to which that sad event called him. He made himself acquainted with his Father's numerous tenants, and

interested himself in everything which concerned their welfare. He enquired into and took part in the administration and management of the extensive Estates which he was destined to inherit. For years he had, to the great satisfaction of the Commissioners of Supply, acted as Convener of the County of Inverness. He became an active member of numerous Associations and Societies in the several Counties with which he was territorially connected, and whose objects were good and useful. Over many of them he presided. At the same time he did not forget the social duties which his rank imposed on him. Thus he endeavoured to fit himself for the responsible position which, as Earl of Seafield and Chief of the House of Grant, awaited him. Always, and properly, proud of his ancient lineage, there was not a vestige of personal pride or affectation about him. His ideal of duty was a lofty one, and he always, and not without success, endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to act up to it. He was devotedly attached to his Clan and Tenantry, as his intimate friends know full well. Time was not, however, given him to become wholly what to them he might and would have been.

On many public occasions he avowed his adherence to the principle involved in a National recognition of Religion. His regard for the Church of Scotland was profound. It was evidenced by his becoming one

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of her active Office-bearers, and, had his life been spared, he would, during the past Session of the General Assembly, have taken his seat therein, as a member of that Venerable House. By him the duties of the Eldership were not undertaken without serious consideration, and those in whose midst he lived know how devout and earnest he was in his endeavour to fulfil these duties.

From his position, and with his responsibilities, he naturally was interested in the politics which rule and govern the State. Though a Constitutionalist, he was by no means a Tory of the old school. From his earliest years he took a lively interest, as in his later years he took a most active part, in every political movement. He knew that we live in a progressive age, and that as the nation advances in intelligence, by means of education, certain reforms become necessary, and when the proper time arrives, ought to be carried out. What he did most strenuously object to was hasty legislation, and especially legislation which might lead to the disintegration of the Empire, and to the lowering of the National prestige abroad. The attempt to admit an avowed Atheist to the House of Commons was utterly repugnant to his whole nature, and no one rejoiced more than he did at the exclusion of that Atheist.

It would not be seeming here to touch on the

Home life of him who is now no more, but this much may be said, that a more dutiful and loving Son to Honoured Father and Widowed Mother never existed.

Up to a week or two before his lamented death he was actively fulfilling the duties which devolved upon him, and apparently full of life and energy. He was, however, suddenly seized with a fatal illness, which on 31st March, 1884, ended in his death. The sad event occurred before many, who were interested in so precious a life were aware that he was even unwell.

The news of the unexpected death of one so universally regarded, and to whose future career, bright and promising as it appeared, so many people looked forward with the liveliest interest and hope, was received, wherever he was known, with the greatest grief and the most profound sorrow—grief for him who was gone, and sorrow for his Widowed Mother, who was so suddenly bereft of her only Child. No event which has occurred in the Northern Counties within living memory evoked such real feeling.

This was amply shown when the funeral rites had to be performed, and the remains of the Earl of Seafield were conveyed from Castle Grant to their resting place at Duthil. Kinsmen, Clansmen, Tenants, and Friends from far and near, assembled on that sad occasion to pay a last token of respect to the departed Chief.

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His death has been the theme of many Sermons and the subject of numerous Newspaper articles, while rich and poor, high and low, tenants, friends, and colleagues, have, in many touching Addresses, whispered consolation to the bereaved Mother, and given expression to their sorrow at the loss she and they have sustained.

Many of Lord Seafield's friends have expressed a desire that these Sermons, Articles, and Addresses should be preserved in a more permanent form than that in which they at present exist. Hence the present publication.

All that is attempted in the pages which follow is the grouping together of a selection of some of the many kind things which have been said and written of him who in life was regarded with respect, affection, and esteem, and who in death is sincerely mourned by all who knew how true and good he was.

This volume, it is hoped, will be accepted by Tenants and Friends as a slight Memento of one upon whose face they will look no more, and its contents may help to convey to those who come after them, and who knew him not, some idea of the estimation in which his Contemporaries regarded IAN CHARLES, EARL OF SEAFIELD.

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**PRESS NOTICES.**

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*Inverness Courier, 1st April, 1884.*

THE deceased Earl was in his thirty-third year, having been born on the 7th of October, 1851. He succeeded to the title on the death of his father in February, 1881, and has thus enjoyed his estates and honours only for the brief period of three years. Before that time, however, he was well known as Lord Reidhaven—a bright, active young man, popular with his father's tenantry, and pleasant and agreeable in all the relations of life. When his lordship came of age in 1872, the tenantry on the extensive estates in Strathspey, in Glen-Urquhart, and in Banffshire celebrated the occasion with rejoicings that were little less than princely. His portrait was painted by Sir Francis Grant, and presented to him as a birthday gift by the tenantry. The most distinguished clansman of his House, General Sir Patrick Grant, made the presentation in name of the subscribers, praying that the choicest blessings might descend upon the recipient—that "he might tread faithfully in the steps of his fathers, and be as they had ever been, a very father to his Clan and people."



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The young man, standing beside his father and mother, in front of hundreds of tenantry, and surrounded by a circle of distinguished friends, responded as Master of Grant with a spirit and good feeling that touched and gratified his listeners. The venerable and manly soldier—even then white with advanced years—who made the presentation, still survives, an erect and upright figure; while the youth whom he hailed as the coming Chief of the Clan—who seemed then destined to many years and honours—now lies on a bed of death. It is pleasant to be able to add that in his conduct as a great landlord the deceased Earl maintained the traditions of his House. Kindliness has ever been a characteristic of the dealings of the family with their tenantry. They did not forget the relations and claims of Clanship, or cultivate too closely the modern commercial spirit. As Convener of the County of Inverness, Lord Seafield showed a considerable business aptitude, and trained intelligence.

*Northern Chronicle, 2nd April, 1884.*

We have with the deepest regret to record to-day the death of Ian Charles Grant Ogilvy, eighth Earl of Seafield. All things are ordered wisely, but sometimes the ways of Providence are to men so inscrutable and hard to bear that it is difficult to bow submissively,

and refrain from murmured protest, when death, sparing millions who are ripe for the grave, or whose removal would not be a loss to their kind, strikes down young men, like the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Seafield, who are specially fitted for doing good, and for sweetening as well as purifying the social atmosphere of their country and age. A little more than three years ago the people of the North, on one of the stormiest days of a very stormy winter, gathered in large numbers, representative of towns and glens and all classes of society, to see the seventh Earl of Seafield laid in his ancestral place of sepulture. He was the best of landlords, the noblest of Chiefs, the kindest and justest of men, and was honoured and loved accordingly. His son, his only child, succeeded him not only as heir to his large estates and distinguished titles, but to his virtues also. The honourable traditions of the Grants suffered no loss by the change. The numerous tenantry were proud enough of the bright, affable, kindly, and good young man whom they got in the place of his excellent father. There is no paradise on earth. Discontent cannot be excluded from any place in the world ; but the most striking negative evidence that could possibly be given of the general contentedness of the Seafield tenantry was given last autumn, when not a single man from Glen-Urquhart came with a complaint before the Crofters' Commission, and

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when the organisers of the attack on Highland landlords, as a body, succeeded only in getting shadowy and theoretical complaints from the Grant estates in Strathspey. It is the custom to speak of clannishness and feudalism as things of the past; and to a great extent they are things of the past—the more the pity—but on the Seafield estates, as well as on other estates that could be named, those old kindly ties between landlord and tenant, and between Chief and Clansmen, have continued uninterrupted from generation to generation with the most blessed results. Long may it be so. The young Earl, whose death saddens the North to-day, was, under changed circumstances, as truly a Chief and kindly feudal lord as any of his predecessors. He had not inherited his father's retiring disposition. He trained himself diligently for those public duties which a man of his position ought naturally to discharge. He was the most amiable and unaffected of human beings. His modesty veiled considerable talents, which would have become more conspicuous had time been given him to gain the confidence of experience. Like his father before him, he was a Presbyterian, and a zealous, devout member and elder of the Church of Scotland. Like his father before him, too, he was a Conservative in politics, and one of the original founders of this paper, whose career he watched with

great interest, and in whose success he exultingly rejoiced. We shall not mix politics with mourning, further than to say that his death is a severe blow and a deep affliction to the Conservatives of the Northern Counties, all of whom looked upon him as their natural Chief. Only a short time ago he presided at the opening of the Fraser Street Hall in this town, and little then did his audience think that his voice would be heard no more at their gatherings in that hall, and that a bright life, so full of promise, and having such scope and heart for usefulness, should be so quickly extinguished. It deepens grief, and magnifies the feeling of bereavement to think of what he was, and what he would have become, had he been spared with health and strength to live to three score and ten. The ancients felt as people feel now, that there was a mystery not to be solved by man in the dispensation of Providence by which, age after age, useful and beautiful lives were prematurely extinguished, while the useless were so often spared to extreme old age. They made a proverb—"Those whom the gods love die young"—not to account for that mystery, but to mark human inability to account for it. And what, in this advanced age of the world, can be said more wisely on the subject? To young men of blameless lives and lofty aims, like those we mourn to-day, the King of Terrors can have no

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terrors whenever he comes to claim his prey. The loss is to those who are left behind, to the desolated families, the loving friends, and the people who were blessed by the kindly, elevating influences of the true young knights of Christian chivalry, whose quest of the Holy Grail was so early accomplished. We think, all of us, with deep sorrow and sympathy of the bereaved young wife at Claremont, and of our beloved Sovereign Lady, whose mother's heart is again wrung by the death of her youngest son. The desolation of the Countess of Seafield is to-day calling for and receiving in the North of Scotland equal community of sympathy and sorrow. She has lost her only son—her only child—her all on this earth. Her hearth and heart are desolate. Mother and son are not often so associated in close, and, on his part, lifelong bonds of affection as these two were. And according to the love is the severity of the blow to the survivor. But although there is no consolation at present for Lady Seafield, time will bring thoughts that must soften sorrow. The memory of her Knight of the Holy Grail will yet soothe her sorrow. Those who have lived for the good of their fellow men, and who kept duty and high aims in view, when dead yet speak comfort to their friends who are left to mourn them. Few widowed wives and desolate mothers have so much of the soothing comfort that comes

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from the worthy dead as Lady Seafield. The blow of affliction is inexpressibly severe, yet is it not much to have, as wife and mother, been associated for more than thirty years with two men whose deaths were universally mourned where they were best known, and where they were Chiefs and kindly Lords to a people who honoured and blessed them when alive, and sincerely sorrowed for them when they died? Will it not, when time has softened her grief, be a comfort to Lady Seafield to remember how sedulously she trained up the dear son she has so soon lost, to the conscientious and kindly discharge of all the duties of his high position, and how he succeeded in his short career in making for himself a wreath of fame, which is not of the earth earthy, but of Heaven heavenly?

*Aberdeen Journal, 2d April, 1884.*

There is mourning in the Royal House to-day that a Prince of the nation, whose greatness consisted not in his Royal blood, has been laid low, and the Royal widowed mother has the sympathy of her subjects; there is equal cause for sorrow to-day in the noble House of Grant, where a widowed mother mourns the death of her only son—a son whose filial attachment made him doubly dear. But if in the one case the

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feeling of grief is national ; in the other, the feeling over a great part of this country will be equally general ; and not only general but sincere, inasmuch as he for whom they grieve was personally known to many. If the sympathy of others at such times of trouble is any relief, the widowed mother who stands by the bier of her only son may at least feel assured that over the vast estates of the Grant family there is but one feeling—that the tenantry feel that her grief is also theirs, and that the sympathy extended on all hands is not merely a common assent to the sadness of the occurrence, but a sympathy genuine and sincere, extended from a sorrowing people to a grief-stricken mother, who has thus, in a second bereavement, gone through the fiery trial of affliction. At such a time it is comforting to know that the youthful Earl, who, if anybody might, had reason to be proud of his position, was one who looked not to the pleasures and honours of this world as the ultimate aim of his existence, but to a world beyond, where title and rank are dispensed with, and where earthly riches are of no avail. There could be no more beautiful sight than that of one in his lordship's high position using his means and influence, and addressing meetings of the lower classes, as he frequently did, in the cause of temperance and religion, or reading the Scriptures and taking part in

quiet prayer meetings, as he was known to do in Strathspey, where he signified his allegiance to the cause of religion by becoming an elder in the Established Church of Inverallan. He, indeed, realised the truth of the lines—

'Tis only noble to be good,  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

As a proprietor, the noble Earl followed out the traditional policy of the House of Grant, which maintained a feeling of personal regard for the tenantry, and among the aged tenants of Strathspey, in whom there still lurks a remnant of the feelings which animated a Clan towards their Chief, the event will be heard of with real regret. As a man, his Lordship was of a kind, genial temperament, easily approached, and ever ready to enter into conversation with his tenants, and to hearken to their grievances. The space of three short years, during which his Lordship had possession of the estates, may not have afforded him opportunity to fully develop the good qualities for which he was distinguished, but of late he showed a marked desire to mingle among those on his estate, and to become practically acquainted not only with business matters, but with his tenants. In fact, it was apparent to all who had opportunity of knowing, that a bright future



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awaited him, and that he was a model landlord. For Strathspey, where the chief seat of the family is situated, his Lordship had a special regard, and, like his ancestors, strove to promote what was for the good of his tenants, and wished to meet them on all possible occasions. The last time he appeared publicly there was on the occasion of the Strathspey Farmer Club meeting, in which he took a great interest, and he then delivered an appropriate speech, alluding to his desire to further the experiments in ensilage, and promising, on his return next year, to be able to tell them how his experiments had progressed. To him, alas! there will be no return.

*Edinburgh Courant, 2nd April, 1884.*

The age is not yet so Democratic that the sudden death of an estimable noble, living among his own people, should not cause a pang of regret. The death of the Earl of Seafield, like that of the Duke of Albany, does not affect the course of the nation, but it is deplored in circles far beyond his own private friends. Socially and politically his death must be mourned, for there was every certainty that in the House of Lords he would become a useful legislator. One need not be a brilliant speaker or a born administrator to be of value in the councils of the nation.

A nobleman who rules a vast estate with honour to himself and satisfaction to his tenantry, necessarily possesses qualities and acquires habits of which the Legislature gets the benefit. When social problems largely engage the attention of Parliament, the opinions of a man who lives in the midst of a devoted tenantry, who makes their interests his interests, and regards in every respect the welfare of those over whom he is set, cannot fail to be respected. Such a man was Lord Seafield. The extensive family estates embrace agricultural regions, they include some of the finest forest districts in Scotland, and they extend to a coast studded with thriving fishing villages. The prosperity of several of the most important national industries is closely linked with the fortunes of the Seafield estates, and the late proprietor, like his lamented father, heartily recognised the duties he owed to them. His establishments were maintained in a style which gave employment to many of the surrounding population. All that was good in the feudal system Lord Seafield retained, and his position among his people was almost that of a patriarch of old. As an example of what an ideal landlord should be and may be, the name of Lord Seafield can be quoted as a complete answer to those who insist that our present land system is productive of evil. He was an admirable representative of the great pro-

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prietor, doing the duties of his exalted station to the full, and restrained by a natural diffidence from pressing himself forward into positions which would have been at the beck of a man with his influences. In the ranks of his party he was as much esteemed as by his retainers and tenantry, and in the society in which he moved he was no less beloved. Who shall say that in the life of such a man, unobtrusive and unpretentious as is its story, there was not a store of usefulness, latent as well as evident, and a lesson to others in all stations ?

*Morning Post, 2nd April, 1884.*

One of the most gentle and popular of young men has disappeared suddenly from the midst of many friends. Reidhaven or Seafield was a type of the pleasant and high-principled noblemen whose large estates only mean obligations. Agreeable in manner and sincere in conduct, few men have ever won more golden opinions than the young Lord of Castle Grant and Balmacaan. His loss will be mourned not only in many wide districts of the Highlands but by many true friends in the South. He had, during his too short career, won his way to universal esteem, and his early death will be especially lamented by those to whom his amiable character and promising future seemed to augur a life of happy prosperity.

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*Moray and Nairn Express, 5th April, 1884.*

As a landlord, Lord Seafield did not forget that property had its duties as well as its rights, and early recognised the truth that what was the interest of his tenants was his own interest also. Although it might be said the magnitude of his estates placed him beyond the necessity of taking a part in their management, yet he wisely preferred to take an active and intelligent interest in the progress of improvements and in the welfare of his tenantry, and has left behind him a name well-deserving an honoured place on the long roll of his ancestors. As a man, he did not allow his exalted station to corrupt the better feelings of humanity ; arrogance or pride found no place in his nature ; he esteemed true nobility by its worth as a standard of virtue, and showed by his many little acts of unforgotten kindness and of love that with advancing years he strove more and more "to learn the luxury of doing good." He despised the opportunity which his rank gave him of ostentation and display, but rather counted it the highest pleasure to meet and visit his tenantry, and to esteem their personal acquaintance. As a politician, he took a warm interest in Imperial affairs, and in the furtherance of those principles which have ever been those of the family of Grant, he took a more active part

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than many of the Scotch peers. His unexpected death is a loss alike to his tenantry and his political party, but a loss which we hope will bind them, if possible, even closer together, and make them more than ever determined to further the good cause which his lordship had so much at heart.

*Banffshire Journal, 8th April, 1884.*

Seldom, if ever, has such deep and universal regret been felt in the North of Scotland as has been evoked by the death of the young Earl of Seafield. Even during his father's lifetime he took a lively interest in the management of the property, and since his father's death, on 18th February, 1881, the young lord, realising the responsibilities resting on him, did not fail to give the closest attention to the welfare of the thousands resident on his widely-extended property in the three counties of Banff, Moray, and Inverness. When, two years ago, there was considerable pressure on the farming interest, Lord Seafield carefully considered all cases calling for attention. Every case was disposed of to the satisfaction of the tenant. Aid was given in the form of addition to dwelling-houses or farm-steadings, or in drainage, or in rebate of interest charged on former outlays for buildings or other works of

improvement. He invariably sought to relieve tenants of all outlays for permanent improvements, thus freeing the tenant's capital for the stocking and working of the farm. Owing to the considerate and liberal policy pursued, and the tenants' possessing satisfactory covenants, there were seldom changes on the estate. In not a few cases tenants who had left and gone to other districts have expressed a wish to return to a holding on the Seafield lands. Lord Seafield gave a warm support to the various societies, in the districts in which his estates lay, which were fitted to aid in the promotion of agriculture. He attended regularly, and frequently, took the chair at the meetings of the county and district agricultural associations. His latest public appearance was at a gathering of agriculturists only a month before his death, when he opened two silos constructed on the farms of Woodside and Tochineal, and addressed to the assembled landowners and farmers observations of a highly practical character, giving evidence of careful consideration of the subject, and of a bent of mind towards this class of subjects which, with spared life, would have made him an authority and a leader on agricultural matters in the north. Besides maintaining at Castle Grant the celebrated herd of Highland cattle established there, he had founded at Cullen House a herd of polled cattle, in

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which he took a lively interest. In Strathspey planting also went on under him as vigorously as under his father, who was the greatest planter of Scotch firs in the north. The fisheries also engaged his attention. It is understood that, had he lived, he was to give feus to the fishermen in the villages on his estates. A short time before his illness he entered into an arrangement with the Town Council and community of Cullen for handing over to a Board the management of the Cullen harbour, an arrangement long desired and very much prized by the inhabitants of the burgh. In the first week of the present year, a series of meetings were held in Cullen for helping the fund for the improvement of the harbour. The meetings took the form of a bazaar, which Lord Seafield opened, and did all he could to promote. Every day he was present, and he lent all his influence to aid the object in view. On the opening day of the bazaar (the 3rd January), the Town Council conferred on Lord Seafield the freedom of their burgh; and the entry on the burgess ticket bears that the honour was conferred "for the singular favour and regard the Provost and Magistrates bear to his Lordship." Like his father, Lord Seafield was warmly attached to the Church of Scotland. He was admitted a member of the congregation of Inverallan by Dr Thomson in March, 1883. On that

occasion there were other seventeen young communicants, and when the class was formed, the young nobleman took his place in it, and went through the regular course. In September last Lord Seafield was, with six others, ordained to the eldership in Inverallan ; and the last visit he made to Strathspey was to discharge the duties of elder at the Communion there on the 2nd of March. On that occasion he attended the meetings of the Session both before and after the Communion. Nor in his own house did he fail to exemplify that he was himself under the influence and guidance of that religion which he sought to commend to others. In this way he was fast becoming a power for good among all within the range of his influence. It may here be added, as an illustration of his interest in the spiritual welfare of those on his estates, that, at the time of his death, arrangements were all but completed, and only awaited his signature, for the erection into a parish and the endowment of the district of Seafield. He took a warm interest in this scheme, and his death will not be permitted to prevent its realisation. Lord Seafield was distinguished by great frankness and affability of manner. To his dependants and servants he was most considerate and kind. He was a fast friend ; and for those friends who had been with him in his early years, or had helped in his training



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and guidance, he entertained and expressed feelings of unbounded esteem and gratitude. The bond of affection which united him and his mother was of a strength and tenderness almost passing belief; and the depth of the love that subsisted between them only renders the more intense the anguish of mind which the bereaved mother and widow is now called to endure.

*Truth, 10th April, 1884.*

The death of Lord Seafield is deeply and widely lamented. He was universally beloved and esteemed in the Highlands, and nothing could exceed his popularity among all classes on his vast estates. There was no better landlord in Great Britain, and he lived during the greater portion of each year at his family place in Scotland, and took an active personal interest in the well-being of all his neighbours and tenants.

*Elgin Courant, 11th April, 1884.*

It was expected that the funeral of the late young Earl of Seafield, at Duthil, on Wednesday, would be numerously attended, and certainly that expectation was fully realised, for we scarcely remember of such a gathering at the funeral of any nobleman in the

north of Scotland. For this, several reasons may be assigned, and among them may be mentioned the youth and the very promising character of the young nobleman, who may be said only to have had time to glance over his wide domains before being taken away. The old farmers in attendance have lived to see four Earls of Seafield carried to their long home. It was to be expected that the Grants in Strathspey and Glen-Urquhart, and other wide districts in Inverness and the neighbouring counties, would muster to a man to pay a last tribute of respect to a young nobleman whom they had hoped to see many years going about among them.

“Ailpein,” in *Northern Chronicle*, says:—Cha bheo Triath nan Graundach, 's cha 'n eil sliochd na dheigh, gu seasamh na aite. 'S duilich, duilich, an ni a thachair. Thainig aobhar broin air Srath Spe, agus feudar a radh gu'm bheil a Ghaidhealtachd gu leir a caoidh. Bha suil aig daoine gu'm biodh esan na cheannard san duthaich, 's bha earbsa mhor as, do bhrigh 's gu'n robh e ann an laithean 'oige, a leigeil fhaicinn gun robh a chridhe suidhichte san t-shlighe cheart. Ach cha robh e san dan gu'm biodh esan buan. Dh' fhas e mar chraoibh ghiuthais, agus chaidh a ghearradh a sios na lan neart. Co nach

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biodh duilich air son a leithid? Ach na bitheamaid air ar slugadh a suas uile gu leir le bron. 'San is coir dhuinn a bhi daingean agus misneachail anns' na h-uile dheadh obair, a cuimhneachadh air an deadh eisimpleir a fhuair sinn o na gaisgich dhileas a tha nis air falbh uainn.



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## THE FUNERAL.

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*From the Northern Chronicle of 16th April, 1884.*

THE funeral of Ian Charles, eighth Earl of Seafield, took place on Wednesday. It struck many, we dare say, as the long stream of men and vehicles pursued its way to the last resting-place of the Grants, that few Highland Chiefs, perhaps even in the olden times when clanship was all powerful, have been followed to the grave by so great a multitude. We feel convinced, moreover, that none could leave behind a more deep or general sorrow. In the funeral ceremony, which is still the right of a Highland Chief, there is that expression and circumstance which marks it as a most beautiful survival of ancient clan days. The outward and material aspects of Clanship have, it is true, disappeared. The system passed away because national, and intellectual, and social progress demanded new conditions, more homogeneousness, more national solidity. But Clan sentiment lingers as a hereditary possession in the hearts of the people. Occasion needs only to arise, and there is displayed with undiminished fervour that respect and attachment to a Chief and his House which formed the heart and soul of Clan organi-

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sation in the rough and troublous times that have for ever passed away. On no occasion does the modern sentiment and sympathy of the Clan seek more emphatic expression than when the hand of death lays low its natural head. As of old, the Chief at death is mourned for not merely in his capacity of landlord, however good a one he may have been. Above all personal interests exists that distinctive and peculiar feeling of kinship engendered by traditional Clan history and family associations, a feeling that is all the more peculiar because it has outlived by a century and a half the system which gave rise to it. The title of Chief has still a significance, though the visible symbols of his power have ceased to be. Recurring epochs in the fortunes of the Chief's family are the modern fiery crosses which call the Clansmen together, and elicit a loyalty and devotion which is always pleasing to witness. Within a short period three occasions have occurred in connection with the House of Grant which have been marked by an expression of Clan sentiment sufficient to prove that in Strathspey the ties of Clanship are still influential and potent. The first occasion was of a nature that never fails to call forth the best feelings of the Highland people. It occurred in 1872, when the Master of Grant, now-gathered to his fathers, attained his majority. The rejoicings with which all

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classes on the wide domains of the Earl of Seafield celebrated the event have been repeatedly mentioned within the past fortnight. It forms a red-letter day in the memories of those who took part ; and Sir Patrick Grant echoed the thoughts of the people when, on that occasion, he told the young Chief that, "however it may be elsewhere, the grand old feudal feeling is as strong as ever in Strathspey." That was almost twelve years ago, and two melancholy occasions have since arisen to corroborate his assurance. On a wintry day, three years ago, the seventh Earl of Seafield was followed to the grave by a sorrowing Clan. If anything assuaged the sorrow of the people and the grief of the Widowed Countess, it was the thought that the stalwart form which stood beside the bier at Duthil would be a worthy representative of him who had departed. It was indeed so. As the shadow of death cleared away it was seen with gratitude that the promise with which the young Earl assumed the responsibilities of Chiefship was being more than fulfilled. The sphere of his usefulness was expanding, and the beauty and strength of his character was daily emphasising the universal hope that he might be spared to old age. But death again asserted its sway. A few brief days' illness, and the eighth Earl of Seafield was taken away. The circumstances were such as called forth the feudal feeling of the bereaved people

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in an especial way, and the funeral ceremony of Wednesday will long impress those who witnessed it. There was the great gathering of the Clan. The Clan sentiment constituted every Grant a mourner; and the deep sorrow of the vast multitude was expressed in countenance and demeanour, and intensified by the wail of the Highland pipes. Few there were but felt that the funeral of an honoured Highland Chief possesses characteristics both eloquent and touching, and none who witnessed the late ceremonial can doubt the fact that the House of Grant lives in the affections of the people.

Strathspey everywhere exhibited signs of grief and mourning. In village and hamlet, farm house and cottage home, the subduing effects of sorrow were made visible. Every door was shut, every window-blind was drawn down. The plough was stayed, and the trowel was laid aside, that a last tribute of respect might be paid with becoming universality to the dead of the illustrious House of Grant. In the stillness of the morning the flag stirred languidly on the flagstaff of the Castle, and the great forests, which clothe the hillsides and impart to the strath a beauty which it knew in primeval days, bore silent testimony to the prudence and enterprise of the departed Chief and his ancestors. The name of Seafield now ranks first in the annals of Scottish forestry, and it is pleasant to reflect

that, in earning the distinction of being the greatest planters of their age, or indeed of any age since planting began in Scotland, the Earls of Seafield have conferred an actual benefit on the country at large by converting bleak and barren hillsides into thriving forests of valuable timber. The woods of Strathspey will, in their growing importance, serve as a lasting monument to father and son, who now sleep side by side, for what the father accomplished in tree-planting the son approved, and subsequently imitated in his brief opportunity. These woods will in their development recall the usefulness of two noble and kindly lives, and especially the early consummation of a life of more than ordinary promise. It is a curious coincidence that, while the House of Grant has suffered an acute affliction, the woods for miles around stand decimated by the angry blasts of two months ago. Hundreds of young trees in the shelter of the hillsides, as well as in the more exposed forest, lie as if hurled down by a ruthless hand. Strangely enough, the fallen trees point with their drooping branches to Castle Grant. It is a coincidence, and nothing more ; but to many it will appear a peculiarly appropriate conjunction—the unusual array of prostrated saplings of fir, the emblem of the Grants, and the sudden and premature loss of a Chief.



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Relentless Death, why dost thou tread  
In youthful fields of future gain ?  
Broken saplings strew thy train,  
And thousands mourn the noble dead.

A gloomy mystery is thy reign,  
Remorselessness thy greatest sting ;  
A lesser sorrow we would sing  
If thou'd restrict thy wide domain.

Divinity when lodged on earth  
In sorrow stopped the passing bier ;  
An only son of manhood's year  
Restored to her who gave him birth.

O Death, hast thou no whispering heart,  
Recalling thy arrest at Nain ?—  
A holy deed approved of men ;  
A widow's child might 'scape thy dart.

Or art thou but a soulless law,  
A part of Nature's mighty plan,—  
The wind blows strongly o'er the land,  
And trees, both young and old, lie low.

In forest wild, in beauteous wood,  
The sapling and the hoary fall ;  
In cottage home, and noble hall,  
Thou'rt there, O Death, in conquering mood.

By noon the Clansmen of Strathspey had gathered in hundreds at Castle Grant. For the tenants and friends, from the Counties of Inverness, Moray, and Banff, special trains were provided, and for a time there was some anxiety at the Castle on account of an unfortunate accident on the railway at Nairn. At first it seemed as if the funeral would be shorn of

a considerable part of its magnitude and interest by the non-arrival of the Inverness train. However, with commendable energy, the Highland Railway officials succeeded in making good the permanent way, and the train was enabled to pass after an hour's delay. At Forres the Keith train was waiting, and the two trains having been joined, the journey to Grantown was made. It formed one of the largest passenger trains ever seen on the Highland Railway, consisting of over forty carriages, each with its full complement of passengers. Although drawn by three engines, the rate of speed was necessarily somewhat slow. It was half-past one o'clock, an hour behind the time at which it was arranged the funeral procession should start, before the train drew up at Castle Grant private siding, where a temporary extension of the platform had been made. The scene in front of the Castle before the starting of the *cortege* was striking and impressive. Over two thousand people had disposed themselves on the grassy open in front of the Castle, and among the fine old elms, oaks, and chestnuts which surround the ancient residence. The sombre hue of the general mourners' garb was relieved by the red coats of the Volunteers, the showy robes of the Provost of Elgin, and the equally striking, if less flowing costume, of the halberdiers, who on such special occasions symbolise the

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dignity of the Corporation of Inverness. The demeanour of the vast concourse was entirely in consonance with the special solemnity of the occasion. Quiet and order reigned everywhere, and the deep grassy sward muffled every movement.

When the hearse, drawn by four black Belgian horses, had drawn up before the door of the Castle, the coffin was taken outside, and a short funeral service was engaged in. Many wreaths of beautiful flowers, which do so much to make death lovely, quite concealed the upper part of the coffin, and excited the admiration not less than the appreciation of those who crowded near to catch the emotional sentences of the Rev. Dr Thomson. What was said was brief and singularly fitting. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth." As the impressive words were heard every head was uncovered, and not a few eyes were bedimmed. The prayer was characterised by beauty of sentiment. Hard as it was to consign to the grave, the Divine ruler of the Universe was approached in a spirit of thankfulness that the world had been permitted to witness and benefit by the brief life of the nobleman whose eyes were closed in their last sleep. The procession was then formed. The mourners on foot preceded, and the carriages followed the hearse. Eighteen pipers headed the

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procession, eight of them being Athole Highlanders belonging to the Duke of Athole's regiment. The order of the procession was as follows :—

Pipers.

Abernethy, Duthil, and Grantown Volunteers.

Town Councils of Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Elgin, Cullen,  
and Bauff.

Tenants of Strathspey, and Inhabitants of Grantown.

Tenants of Glen-Urquhart.

Tenants of Rothes and Birnie.

Tenants of Cullen, Boyne, and Keith.

Clergy of all Denominations.

HEARSE.

Family Carriages.

Mourning Carriages provided.

Waggonettes provided.

Other Conveyances.

The Volunteers numbered over a hundred, and were under the command of Colonel Culbard, assisted by Captain Macbean, Adjutant Leslie, and Lieutenants Aitken, Grant, Christie, and Finlay. The various Northern Town Councils were strongly represented, and the different districts had forwarded a larger contingent than was expected, considering the distance they had to come. Though the people were arranged six deep, the front part of the procession was of very formidable length, the mourners being computed at between 2000 and 3000 in number. Following the

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custom on such occasions, each of those present was furnished with a sprig of fir, the badge of the Clan Grant. As the *cortege* wended its way slowly down the glade, the plaintive air, "The Flowers of the Forest," reverberating in the silent woods, the grandness of a Chieftain's obsequies could be finely realised. Nowhere but in the Highlands of Scotland could such a procession be witnessed. In magnitude it could no doubt be equalled and surpassed, but the pipe music, the character of the mourners, the pervading sincerity and earnestness, and the wild surroundings, give to a Highland funeral a tone and complexion which is as distinctive as the Celtic tongue and dress. As the procession emerged from the wooded precincts of the Castle, and approached Grantown, the pipes wailing "The Land o' the Leal," it was met by hundreds of the women and children of the district, and as it gradually gathered these up in its train, its proportions grew until the broad road way was crowded from side to side. Passing through Grantown, the lengthy street was crowded from end to end, and the mournful tolling of the Church bells, the sorrowful bearing of the inhabitants, and the mourning aspect of every dwelling, heightened the melancholy effect of the scene.

When the Highland Railway Station was reached,

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a point two miles from Castle Grant, the mourners on foot were left behind, and the hearse and carriages proceeded at a quickened pace to Duthil. The weather was lovely, and as the long train of carriages pursued its way along the winding picturesque Highland road, it was watched by interested eyes at every homestead and cottage. There were over seventy vehicles in the procession, twenty of these being carriages provided for invited mourners. The leading carriages were occupied by :—

Lady Seafield, Lady Buchanan, and The Master of Blantyre.

Colonel the Hon. James Grant and Hon. Lewis A. Grant.

Colonel Walker and H. O. Grant, Esq.

Hon. T. C. Bruce and Mrs Bruce.

Mrs Bryson, Mrs Smith, and Miss Brown.

Mr W. G. Bryson, Mr Smith, Inverallan ; Major Grant, Glen-Urquhart ; and Mr J. G. Thomson, wood manager.

At Duthil several hundred people awaited the arrival of the funeral. The pipers, who had preceded, received the hearse with a lament, the Church bell tolled slowly, and silence fell on the spectators. The coffin having been removed from the hearse, and placed on trestles immediately in front of the kirk-yard gate, the pall-bearers and principal mourners arranged themselves in the following order :—

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COLONEL THE HON. JAMES GRANT.

BRODIE OF BRODIE.

COLONEL THE HON. H.

FRASER OF LOVAT.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

THE EARL OF MARCH.

COLONEL WALKER.

CAPTAIN WALKER.

THE COFFIN

SIR G. MACPHERSON-GRANT.

MR R. MACLEOD OF MACLEOD.

MR H. O. GRANT.

MR R. A. GRANT.

THE HON. L. GRANT.

LADY SEAFIELD and the MASTER OF BLANTYRE.

LADY BUCHANAN and the HON. T. C. BRUCE.

The coffin was borne to the Mausoleum by a number of Clansmen. It was placed on granite trestles alongside of the remains of the deceased Earl's father, whose coffin was covered with beautiful wreaths of pine. The large collection of wreaths sent as tokens of sorrow and respect for the Earl of Seafield imparted to the Mausoleum chamber a floral beauty that relieved the feelings of the mourners, as they slowly filed past, and cast a last look at the coffin of the deceased Earl. Wreaths were sent by the following friends:—Sir Robert and Lady Abercromby, Forglen; Dr Ackland; General and Mrs Duncan Baillie of Lochloy; Lady Frances Baillie; Mr M. T. Bass and Sir Arthur Bass; Sir George and Lady Bonham; Lady Eleanor Brodie of Brodie; Miss Brown, St Andrews, Craigellachie; Hon. Mr and Mrs Bruce; Mr and Mrs Bryson, Cullen; Mr and Mrs

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Buchanan, Auchintorlie; Dr and Mrs Cameron of Firhall; Mr Cameron of Lakefield; Mr and Mrs Carland, Cowhythe; Lord Castletown; Lady Caroline Charteris; the Children of Inverallan; Mr Edward Clifford; Mr and Mrs Coleman, Stoke Park; Dr Wilfrid Collins; Mr Alfred Cooper, London; the Town of Cullen; Lady Jane Dundas; Rev. J. D. Evans, Walmesley, Bury; Mr John Forsyth, Cullen; Lady Gordon of Drumearn; Mr Donald Grant; Colonel the Hon. James and Mrs Grant; the Hon. Lewis A. Grant; Major Grant, Drumbuie; Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Lady Grant, and Miss Grant; Sir Wm. Gull; Mr and Mrs Charles Innes; the President and Vice-President of the Inverness Burgh Conservative Association; the Members of the Inverness-shire Conservative Association; Mr and Mrs Jardine, Rewack Lodge; Mr Johnston, Castle Grant Gardens; Mrs Kynoch, Keith; Mr George Kynoch; Mr C. B. Logan, Edinburgh; Marquis of Lothian; Louisa, Countess of Seafield, Grant Lodge; Mr and Mrs Reginald Macleod; Sir George and Lady Macpherson-Grant, Ballindalloch; Countess Manvers; Mr and Mrs M'Gregor, Balmenach; Mr and Mrs Michie, Cullen; Mr W. S. Christie Miller, 21 St James' Place; Mrs Bloomfield Moore; Lieut.-Colonel Needham; the Members of the Northern Counties Constitutional Association; the Officers of the 1st Life



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Guards—"in token of respect and grief from the Officers of the 1st Life Guards, his former comrades;" Mrs Aubrey Scott, Hampton; Mr and Mrs Kynoch Shand, Keith; Mr and Mrs Smith, Inverallan; Mrs Stuart, Eagle's Cairnie; the Hon. William and Mrs Stuart; Mr and Mrs Thomson, Cullen; Mr J. G. Thomson, Heathfield; Mrs Thomson, do.; Lord and Lady Tweedmouth; Lady Juliana Walker; Sir Samuel and Lady Wilson, Hughenden Manor. After the mourners had retired, the Countess entered the Mausoleum and arranged the wreaths, some sixty-five in number, with her own hands. One of the most beautiful of the wreaths encircles the simple inscription on the coffin—

IAN CHARLES,  
Eighth Earl of Seafield.  
Born Oct. 7, 1851.  
Died March 31, 1884.

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**PULPIT REFERENCES.**

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*Dr J. Thomson, Inverallan.*

Texts—Daniel x. 11—"Oh, Daniel, a man greatly beloved;" and John xi. 36—"Behold how he loved him."

One such man amongst us has just fallen out of the ranks of the Lord's host. We know not as yet the one selected in the sovereign grace of God to step into the vacant place. To earthly rank and station there is very seldom any want of claimants whenever a vacancy occurs. But that which is the only true adornment of rank and station—the crown of the coronet—and even the chief gem in the earthly crown, does not follow always, nor often, in any lineal succession. "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His, and everyone that nameth the name of Christ shall depart from iniquity." And we have faith in the Lord that He will provide the Moses, or the Joshua, or the Samuel, or the Daniel, or the Paul, or the John, or the hidden "man, greatly beloved," or the man of great desires to re-unite the scattered hosts, and to heal the breaches in the blood-bought Church, and so to reap where he whom God has been pleased to remove from his place has so carefully and diligently sown. Yes, "God will

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provide." Let us cordially receive and rest in His word. He is dead!—to use God's own expression, "Lazarus is dead," having reached the age of thirty-three years. The Earl of Seafield, in the communion of the Church of Scotland, among the youngest of her honoured eldership, having been elected by this church in June 1883, and ordained with six others in September of the same year, when in residence at the home of his fathers was never absent from the meetings of our Session, and in this, as well as in other respects to be mentioned immediately, he carried out the purpose which he had evidently formed in his mind, and which he had avowed in these words:— "Yes, I mean to be not only an acting elder but an active elder." In February last, when in residence at Cullen House, he had signified his intention to be present at the celebration of Holy Communion here on the first Sabbath of March, and, although far from well, and but ill able physically for the duties to which he had set himself, he came to Castle Grant on Friday, 29th February, attended the preparatory service conducted by the Rev. James Anderson, of Alvie, on Saturday, and also a meeting of Session, and on the following day, having heard the morning service, he took his appointed place among the ministrants at the first table, and afterwards his place among the recipients at the second table, at which our beloved

brother, the Rev. William Forsyth of Abernethy, presided. In the vestry, at the close of the service, he thanked us for the profitable services, adding, "I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed them." He was present with us again in the evening of that blessed Sabbath, to the surprise and even regret of some of us, for the weather was cold and chill. On the forenoon of Monday, before leaving this for Inverness, he visited one of the Lord's sick children who had been prevented from attending the Communion feast, and spoke to her words of cheer and comfort such as only one whom God had comforted could have employed, expressing the hope that on his return he should find her "bonds unloosed" and her sufferings abated. Such was his last service rendered to Christ as an elder in our Church, and his last opportunity of enjoying "word and ordinance," and joining with his people in the worship of God in the earthly sanctuary. Within four weeks thereafter, in the city of London, whither he and his mother had removed in order to obtain for him the highest medical skill, after a painful operation, bravely submitted to and endured with patience, and after several days of severe suffering, he calmly fell asleep. The Earl of Seafield was young in years, in the full vigour of established manhood, with everything about him to render life dear to him, and the world pleasant and desirable.

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His ancestral estates were extensive and valuable, his influence great and growing, and his responsibilities manifold. In his early years he was subjected to careful training at home by teachers of skill and experience, under the supervision of his parents, and especially of his now doubly-bereaved mother. A mother's eyes have power and liberty to penetrate where even an earnest tutor's eyes are all but blind, and her intuitions led her to foresee and forecast the coming time when the seeds of wisdom dropped into the soil of the young life should germinate and come to maturity in settled principles of conduct, which not only tend to the formation of character, but render that form of character permanent. Destined, in the providence of God, to a grand earthly inheritance, to his young mind there was revealed the necessity of preparation for the onerous duties to devolve upon him in the judicious management thereof. The largest opportunities for this were laid open to him, all was done for him that parental prudence could suggest and his high position demanded. In all this preparatory period of home education, and subsequently of public school instruction and culture at Eton, and military service and discipline in the Guards, I am not aware of there having been any defect. There have been, and there are, young men of greater constitutional force and powers of perspicacity, but few indeed

of our British aristocracy have made more of their education in all the elements that compose a high and honourable career than he. We can indeed only contemplate the barest beginning of this career, but even in that little of it we have had warrant sufficient to encourage the hope that had his life been spared, we should have witnessed yet greater and grander achievements at his hands. What we have seen of him in public and in private life has won our admiration and even our love, as it has assuredly won the admiration and high esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact, and who had the power to discern the pure and noble elements on which his character and conduct were founded. At or about the time of his attaining majority a new element in his life became apparent—viz., the presence and power of religious principle. Not that it was then new to him, for it had been observed in his character before, but at that time many more eyes were bent upon him than ever before. He came out as a Christian man quietly and unobtrusively, but decidedly. The day had but dawned on his soul, but it *was* day. I know of no man who can be named as the instrument of his conversion, and of no special means as having brought about in him the happy change; but that the change was brought about and that he was the subject of it has been proved beyond doubt or suspicion to all who were

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really acquainted with the tenor of his way. Since he came into possession of the ancestral estates on his father's death, a little more than three years ago, this power has been more and more largely developed in him, the blossom has expanded more and more fully, exhibiting in many varied forms the fragrance and the beauty of Christian love and holiness. His endeavours to promote the temperance reform among the people over all his vast estates have been conspicuous, and have in a great measure proved successful, especially in the north-eastern seaboard. His efforts to bring home to the hearts of young men the power of the love of Christ, and his addresses to the young on the paramount claims of Christ Jesus the Lord, have been constant, as also his deep interest in the welfare of his tenantry, and his plans and arrangements to increase their comforts and to assist them in every honest way to help themselves. True, we have, as I said before, seen only the first lines of stones laid, but even in that we have seen the beginning of a noble and generous ideal. Mysterious the circumspection that has brought a life so rich in promise to an end so soon. I hope that the few words further that I shall read to you, by the permission of his much-loved mother, may show you how a Christian man just entering the last dark cloud can be made strong to brave the swellings and the buffetings of

Jordan. Through all his sufferings, not a murmur nor even an expression significant of pain escaped him. From the first he thoroughly realised the extreme gravity of his case. "It is God's will," he said, "and therefore it must be right; all I have to do is to pray for patience to bear it." He never asked to be spared from the last dread enemy for his own sake, or that death might be made easy to him. He did pray that his darling widowed mother might be spared this fresh agony, and "If it be Thy holy will," he said, "to spare my life, let me only be more and more devoted to Thy glory, and to the good of my tenants, and of the people whom Thou hast given me; and if not, O God, comfort my mother." When the 23rd Psalm was read to him, he repeated every word, and with much emphasis the verse beginning "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me—Thou art with me," he repeated. To his mother, he said—"I am not at all prepared to die. I have never done anything I ought; but I have no fear;" and with a clear ringing voice, "I have no fear, God is so good;" like a shout of triumph from one safe in the arms of Jesus. On the last morning of his life, and when he felt the last enemy was at hand, he said, "O to think, mother, that I should be the cause of this great agony to you when you have had so much to bear."



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She answered, "Not you, my darling, but God is doing it." And as the last enemy came nearer, the patient, eager sufferer exclaimed, "Father, not my will, but Thine, Thine, Thine," the voice failing at every utterance, till in a soft whisper it died away from earthly sounds to burst forth in the joyous song of the Lamb among the redeemed in glory. His dying smiles were so beautiful that his mother said, "Surely, darling, that smile means that Jesus has come for you, and that His pierced hands are clasping yours, as he leads you across the River, and the River, though dark, is dry." He could not then speak; but his answering smile was so heavenly and so sweet that it must have been Jesus Himself who came. The eminent surgeon, Sir James Paget, said it was a life and death such as he had never witnessed, and he would remember it till the hour of his death; that the passions, good or evil, which had ruled the life generally manifested themselves on the death-bed, and that his ruling passion was evidently love to God and love to his mother. Sir W. Gull said that, in his long medical experience of forty-six years, he had never seen or even heard of such utter and entire devotion to a mother. Those who knew him best speak of it as a blessed ending of a blameless life—as a national calamity alike to Church and State—a sore blow to the dwellers within his wide domains.

Her Majesty the Queen, in the midst of her own great sorrow, wrote a most touching letter to his mother, expressing the tenderest sympathy with her "fellow-mourner" in Castle Grant, the widowed and now childless mother. We have followed his remains to the tomb of his fathers, and laid his dust with theirs to wait the issues of the resurrection morn. Age has sobbed out its sympathy with the living mourners, and childhood and youth have spoken in whispers their reverence and sincere respect for the memory of the Chief of the Clan Grant, for but a few years the guardian keeper of fair Strathspey ; we have known his worth and excellence of character ; we have shared in his prayers to God, and also in his purposes of goodwill and fair promise to his large and attached tenantry ; we know what he has done and what he has been since the cares and responsibilities of his high position in life were laid, little more than three years ago, upon his shoulders ; we know how near to his heart the highest welfare of his people lay, and we do not wonder at the deep and universal feeling of loyal affection displayed by the multitudinous assemblage on Wednesday last in our usually quiet village ; we know that, in the heart of the great metropolis of the south, great circles of its citizens were moved by the swift-flying rumour of his illness, and still more deeply by the announcement of his

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death. We know that in the great gathering of the Clans around Castle Grant on Wednesday, high peers of the realm and honest peasantry from the towns and burghs of the north met together to lay their tribute on the bier of one of the noblest, kindest, and most amiable of men ; and we know that men—true men—from among the leaders in commercial and agricultural pursuits from north and south and east, came brimful of honest sympathy with the widowed and childless mother, and with the bereaved relatives and friends, and brimful of high esteem and affection for the late Lord of Seafield—a true friend to all and an enemy to none. And we know that from north, south, east, and west of our country the representatives of all the Churches were assembled, and well they might, for he loved them all, and prayed for the union of all, and longed for the day when the divisions that separate them and cruelly waste their energies and resources shall do their foul work no longer. To say that Lord Seafield was a Presbyterian, and an attached adherent of Presbyterianism, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church, were only a disguised truth. He was all that from conviction wrought out by deliberate study, and sustained by the memories and traditions of his ancient house ; but he was more—Lord Seafield was a Christian man, an imitator of Jesus Christ, and being so, he walked in love towards

all men, a most courteous gentleman, and a really sensible friend. He had also a high place in his affections for the sincere and honest members of all Churches in the land; it was no matter of surprise, then, to those that knew him well to see prominent among the masses of good men that surrounded his bier the honourable the Moderator-Elect of the Church of Scotland, for whom the late Earl had long cherished a profound respect, and standing a little apart from him the noble chieftains of the neighbouring Clans—and these were from among the thousands of Israel and Judah gathered to the good man's burial. Let us now, my dear people, join as with one heart in thanking and praising the Lord for this heavenly gift of a consecrated life, received with the kindest gratitude, treasured with loving and all but reverential care, and only parted from through a filial acquiescence in our heavenly Father's will, always pregnant with mercy and truth, even when we are impotent to see it so, or unprepared to acknowledge it to be so. Let us study to be true and loyal to our Lord and Master, and true to all our convictions of right and truth. To strengthen us in this by no means easy work, let us cultivate daily fellowship with God, and live habitually under His all-revealing and all-searching eye. Let us learn to sit loose to all things that are of the earth, earthy, and to set our affections upon the

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things that are above. Our hold of the former is, when strongest, not only weak, but always uncertain; while should it be, as I know it to be with many of you, that these latter hold you firmly and according to truth and righteousness, then "they will make you that you shall be neither barren nor unfruitful, but always abounding in the work of the Lord." You have left you a noble legacy in our noble Earl's young life. Follow him in so far as he followed Christ, and give in your lives and characters, formed or in process of formation, full proof that the late Earl, Ian Charles, has truly been to you "a minister of God for good." You cannot have forgotten his final prayer—"Oh, Lord, if it be Thy will to take me away, comfort my mother." There is a profound mystery always in a mother's love, but the love of such a son to such a mother is very rare. In her first great grief he was ever at hand to help and to comfort her. The simple confiding love of childhood grew deeper, purer, holier, as his years were multiplied. It is a sore feeling which with vulture-like appetite rends the mother's heart when the first consciousness of widowhood is awakened. Rachel's grief was bitter when she rose to the consciousness that her children were not. It was in a measure assuaged by the fact that her husband remained. But the husband of the Widow of Nain was dead when her only son was taken from

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her ; she was following the mourning friends that bare her son to the sepulchre when Jesus met her and raised her boy from the bier and delivered him to her empty heart, no longer empty. Ah ! we met not with Jesus in the way to Duthil last Wednesday, and hence we returned without him, to preserve whose life we would have been ready at the Lord's call to have yielded up our own. "Comfort my mother." This is the work assigned to us of all that assembled multitude. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith the Lord." "Comfort my mother" was the final prayer of her only son. Let God send His comfort through your hands, young men of Grantown, to that dear one who has known so much and drunk so deep of sorrow. Let the virtues and the graces that adorned her son shine brightly also through your lives. Remember your parents to honour and to love them, and, if necessary, to deny yourselves that you may the better provide for them. This seen in you will endear you to her, for she will therein see the image of her son reflected in you. Dear friends, make much of the family relation ; study to keep it pure and entire and radiant with all holy beauties. I hold it to be, or rather to have been, the crowning strength and glory of our Scottish life. To every member of the humblest family the honour of the whole Clan was held to be a sacred trust.

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*Rev. James M'Intyre, Seafield Chapel, Portknockie.*

Text :—Psalm ciii. 15—“As for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.”

In the most of the pulpits throughout the land, and in not a few churches all over the world, reference would last Sabbath be made to the loss sustained by Her Majesty and the Duchess of Albany—mother and wife—by the startlingly sudden death of the young, the richly-gifted, and dearly-loved Prince Leopold. To-day—“How fast, alas ! has brother followed brother from sunshine to the sunless land”—it is the almost equally unexpected, and here in these Northern Counties the still more keenly deplored, death of our own young Lord, that has filled all our hearts with sorrow, and claims, and has received from some of us, the tribute of our tears. As in character, tastes, and pursuits, there was much in common between the young Prince and the young Earl, so, too, there are not wanting points of resemblance in the manner and circumstances of their death. In life they were friends, and in death an interval of but a day or two divided them. Little thought either when a few months ago Lord Seafield paid a quiet, happy visit, free from all state and ceremony, to the Prince, that the, as seems to us, untimely death of both would so soon, and in the same week, furnish occasion for visits of condolence being paid and messages sent to their sorrow-stricken



relatives by the rank and fashion of London society, as well as by many a friend of humbler station. What pilgrims and strangers we are here—prince, peer, and peasant, without distinction. More than one fair hall and stately castle owned him lord ; but strange and touching to think it was so ordered—doubtless for wise and loving ends—that Earl Seafield, like any homeless wanderer, had to meet and face the dread foe in an inn. Yet although the Prince died from home, snared suddenly by that cruel fowler Death, the same cannot of truth be said of him we still more deeply mourn, seeing she, the mother, in whose heart was garnered all the treasure of his love, was with him to the last, tending him in his sore pain like some ministering angel with offices of fondest affection. Her loved presence, thank God, must have carried the atmosphere and feeling of home with it for him, and helped, if anything could, to rob even Death somewhat of his bitterness. It is true, as Pascal says, that we must die alone ; but it is a great deal, it is matter for the deepest gratitude, when those who love us and whom we love are permitted by a gracious Providence to accompany us quite up to the entrance of the dark valley, committing us with many a tearful prayer to His guardianship whose rod and staff can comfort us even there. A soldier by profession, Sir Ian Charles, Chief of the Grants, was freer than most men were



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from anything like wilfulness or undue self-assertion in any of the relationships of life. He had learned the spirit of obedience, and, like the true Christian knight he was, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," he would be ready in simple faith and with un murmuring resignation to live or die as the great Captain of Salvation might see fit to order. It may be true, as Johnson said to Garrick, that in some cases, perhaps in most, the possession of high rank and great riches, of titles and wide domains, makes one cling the closer to this span-long life of ours, and part from it the more reluctantly; but I venture to say it would not be so in his. He had, it is true, almost everything this world can give—a fair, noble presence becoming his ancient lineage, gifts many of heart and mind, a name as stainless and a character as pure as that of Sir Galahad himself, loving relatives and devoted friends, dependants who held him in highest honour and esteem, domains comprising mountain and forest and sea-kissed plain, of an extent, a value, and a beauty that kings might have envied him the possession of. Yes, it was hard, very hard, for one so young, and with the prospect, as might have been thought, of long years of enjoyment before him, to yield them up at death's bidding. Yet I think, while not undervaluing, he lived as loose to, and was as ready to leave them as the humblest crofter his few acres. Ay di mi! ay di mi! as Carlyle

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kept wailing for his sainted wife, when three short years ago Lord Reidhaven succeeded to the burden and responsibility, as well as to the enjoyment of his titles and vast estates, what young fisherman, farmer, or tradesman of you all would have cared to change places with him had some hand drawn aside the veil which shrouds the future from our view, and shown dimly pictured that woeful fortnight of crisis in London, with its days and nights of anguish and pain? To me it is all like some wild, confused, distressful dream, from whose terrors I have not quite lost the hope and expectancy of being relieved, by waking up to find that it is but a dream, and that cruel death has not ruthlessly blasted hopes of such promise, nor with so little warning darkened prospects so bright. The only thing that relieves the gloom—but it is much—is the well-founded belief that he who some six Sundays ago worshipped with us, along with his widowed aunt, and now, alas! doubly widowed mother, in these then crowded pews, listening to the address of one whose spiritual counsels he valued highly and greatly enjoyed, had, taught by the spirit of all grace and truth, accustomed himself betimes to realise, as few do, the shadowy, insubstantial nature of earthly a compared with heavenly things, and to lay up for himself treasures where they can neither corrupt nor be stolen. Sitting in the choir seat with him, in the

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quaint old Parish Church of Cullen, hallowed by the worship of so many generations, these Sunday afternoons on which his valued friend and guest, Mr Clifford, gave his heart-moving, spirit-quickenings addresses, and singing with him from the same hymn-book, I felt rebuked and humbled by the thought of my own scant perfunctory labours in the great vineyard of humanity, and my own love of ease and softness, as compared with the eager willingness of one, so high above me in worldly rank and estate, and exposed from his station to so much fiercer temptations, to help on as he best could the work of the great Master. When I look back to the friendship and intercourse with him, which it was my privilege to enjoy, but which now alas can only be a prized possession of memory, he seems to me particularly of late to have acted in haste, like an unresting star, losing no time in doing what good lay to his hand, as if unconsciously under the impression his brief day might not be lengthened out unto the evensong. Alas! his sun has gone down before it had well reached the brightness of its noon. "The good die young, and those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust burn to the socket." Though some heavenly messenger had been sent a few weeks before to warn him that he must die when he did, it is comforting to think that these weeks could hardly have been spent by him to better purpose than

they were in the way of devout preparation for the solemn event. Pious as he was with that natural piety of which Wordsworth speaks, quickened, enriched, and transfused with those added graces which the Holy Spirit alone can give, there was nothing about him like religiosity, but in accordance with the maxim of Lord Bacon, "That it concerns all men to be religious," he felt apparently with increasing force as the end of his life pilgrimage drew near, that religion claimed his first and supreme regard. While not without intelligent sympathy with those prevented by intellectual doubt from seeing Jesus and recognising Him to be divine, content with a wise ignorance, his was that simple, trusting, loving faith in Him as the Saviour of sinners and revealer of God's love to men, without which no man can enter or enjoy His Kingdom. Those who heard him will not soon forget the unaffected deeply-impressive manner in which, while presiding at Mr Clifford's meeting with the fishermen of Findochty, he read to them his friend Miss Marsh's touching narrative of the way in which the old Anstruther skipper, when washed off his wrecked fishing boat, was heard by those who still kept their hold of her, pass singing into glory as he sank in the sea-retreating wave, and how the mate, his son, as he met the same fate, took up the beautiful hymn his father had left unfinished. Had the reader,

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think you, any presentiment he would himself so soon be struggling in the great waters? Strange to say, a song, or rather hymn, with death for its subject, the music of which was exceptionally beautiful, was often sung in Cullen House drawing-room during Mr Clifford's visit, and still more frequently during the week before that last most pitiful race for dear life to the London physicians. Little thought he, or those who sang it, that he was himself so soon to need the comfort its sweet words and tones of triumph could yield. He was not one to refer lightly to his religious feelings, far less to make any parade of them ; but apart from the office he had accepted, after the example of his revered father, of an elder of the Church of Scotland, he made no concealment of the fact that Christ ruled in his heart, and that he desired to shape his life by His law. One had only to hear him conduct family worship, with his guests and the servants of his great household gathered round him, to feel that religion with him was not a mere matter of form, but a blessed reality, and that the rich and the great equally with the poorest and the humblest need its consolations. Without saying that he scorned delights and lived laborious days, his life was a busy enough one, as you may well believe when you consider how many interests of one kind and another constantly claimed his personal attention. All through

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it was the earnest wish and prayer of his heart that he might be enabled to follow the example set him by his sainted father, and surely that prayer was heard. The light which beats upon an Earl's coronet may not be so fierce as that which beats upon a throne, but it is intense enough to show, in magnified proportions, flaws that in men occupying lower levels would escape observation. Even in that light it may be said of him, "That he has borne the white flower of a blameless life," and that his great influence has been exercised on the whole for good. This is not the place nor this the time to speak of his services to the Conservative cause, nor of the great loss his party—if it be for the advantage of good government that neither of the great parties in the State should be unduly weakened—and his country through them, have sustained, by a career of such promise being so untimely terminated. He had wide sympathies, and had been happy in forming friendships with men of every rank and class, not only with distinguished statesmen and leading agriculturists, but with men in the worlds of literature and art, like Froude the historian, Black the novelist, and Millais the painter. He was a lover of books, and read largely, particularly works in history, biography, and travel, keeping himself well abreast of the currents of modern thought. The great social questions of the day

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engaged his earnest attention, and as the result of study and research, he had formed opinions on them for himself, which he was always ready to defend with moderation and due respect for the views of those who differed from him. Indeed, he was gifted with such an instinctive delicacy of feeling and refinement of perception as made it impossible for him to act or speak in any other than a gentle, kind, considerate manner. In all my intercourse with him, I do not remember hearing him say a single unkind or uncharitable thing of any one, not even, though a keen Conservative himself, of Mr Gladstone, at a time when some members of his party were not careful to pick and choose the phrases and epithets they hurled at him who at present occupies the position of Prime Minister. Pride in any of its phases had no place in his heart, nor any power to prevent that kindly heart from beating in responsive sympathy to any suffering brother or sister. I can recollect with what considerate kindness he asked at the Cullen Harbour Bazaar to be introduced to young Mr Davidson, when he learned he was going to pass the winter in Bournemouth by his doctor's order, and at what pains he was to give him all the information he was possessed of regarding that avourite health resort. Who that saw the young Earl that day rejoicing in the consciousness that his liberal settlement of the harbour



question had won for him golden opinions from every one but would have pictured for him many years of a life happy in honour, usefulness, and love? Alas! how near was he, without any of us once dreaming of it, to the tomb! Was there none of his clansmen gifted with the traditional second sight to foretell the approach of the dread form that holds the keys which as easily unlock the gates and barred portals of the castle as they lift the latch of the cottage? But it is better, as it is more wisely ordered, that we, none of us, by study of the stars or otherwise, can know beforehand the day or hour we may be called. It is not necessary I should say much, if anything, regarding the origin and progress of the disease, which, manifesting itself so suddenly, and developing with such alarming rapidity, cut short so quickly and unexpectedly a career rich and bright with promise of usefulness in Church and State. I know, however, every detail of his fatal illness will have the deepest interest for you, and violating no confidence, I have a mournful pleasure in recalling and communicating them to you, my fellow-mourners. When I saw him on the Friday afternoon, before the Saturday he went south, he looked, as he sat up dressed with his feet extended on the sofa, like one who had been suffering pain indeed, but not in any way like one whom death had marked for his



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own. He was quite cheerful, it not, alas ! being his way to complain readily, and told me that a little before or about the time he went up to the Grantown communion, which fell on the 2nd March, he had been suffering slightly from rheumatism in the calf of his leg, and that while acting as an elder, and attending the day and evening services, he thought, the weather being wintry, he might have caught a little cold, that the pain had then shifted to the knee, but he was thankful it was now well away. I had, without observing any change in his appearance, seen him on the Wednesday of the previous week, the 5th March, and received his own and Lady Seafield's warm congratulations on the Presbytery having that day unanimously sanctioned the proposed boundaries and constitution of Seafield church and parish, which, with characteristic liberality, his lordship had, of his own motion, and unprompted by me, undertaken to endow. Though he has not lived to carry out his generous intention to completion, my gratitude to him, and I doubt not yours as a congregation, is as great as though, in answer to our united prayers at the close last Sabbath of our solemn communion services, his valued life had been spared to finish the good work he had so well begun, and many other good works in long succeeding years. As a warmly attached member and elder of the Church of Scotland, and holding the

memory of his sainted father in the most reverential regard, it was his fond wish and purpose to endow the church and district which bear his honoured name. The time, however, for signing the bonds would not have come in ordinary course till July, so that, wanting the signature which his loved hand, but for death unnerving it, would so willingly have attached, there is no legal obligation resting on his successors to extend to us the great favour he had it so much at heart to bestow. The process of endowment, as was intimated to you by the Presbytery, has passed the first stage before the Court of Teinds ; if means can still be found to pass the two remaining stages in May and July, the endowment of Seafield in perpetuity will be in memory, not only of that Earl who so well deserved the title of the "good," but also of his loved and honoured son, who made it the aim of his life to follow faithfully in his footsteps. As memory recalls the many and never-to-be-forgotten kindnesses of father and son to this Church and to myself personally, I can only sigh out my regret that the dust of death has for ever closed their ears against the expression of our gratitude. Alas ! the places that once knew them will know them no more. For me the landscape is less fair, the flowers and sunshine less fragrant and sweet, that they are no longer with us to enjoy them. Much as they loved them, neither snowdrop, crocus,

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nor primrose, with all their beauty, will have power to win them back from that fairer clime where "everlasting spring abides," and where the fadeless flowers bloom with a loveliness those on earth but faintly shadow forth. They are away from us, father and son, beyond the possibility of recall as much as if they had been gone a hundred years ago.

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The fount re-appearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Reidhaven no morrow.  
The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing,  
Waft the leaves that are serest ;  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

The seasons will come and go, but they will never return to the stately homes where their presence was as sunshine. One whispered word of comfort from either would do more to ease the sorrow-pained heart of her who sits in the loneliness of her double bereavement, sighing "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still," than all the letters of sympathy from titled friends with which her table

is heaped. But it may not be ; no other voice can come to her than such as come to all of us from every grave—such voices as, “ Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man shall come.” And yet voices do come from those graves at Duthil such as the ear of faith cannot expect to hear from every grave—such as, “ The dead in Christ shall rise first ;” “ Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.” “ He that asketh receiveth,” together with “ Our Father which art in heaven,” were words often repeated by the old Earl as he lay dying. May they come fraught with comfort to her with whom the Almighty, if one might say it, has dealt even more bitterly than with Naomi of old. Her gracious Majesty has other sons as well as daughters left her—may they long be spared to her—though the Prince the whole empire had learned to love, for his likeness to Albert the wise and good, sleeps the sleep that will know no wakening till the resurrection morn. Lady Seafield has lost her all. “ Her house is left to her desolate.” How much of sorrow has been crowded into her life since, three short years ago, the husband that was so dear to her was summoned from her side. Alas ! just as the cloud had begun to lift, and there was the promise of bright, warm sunshine, her sky has suddenly been darkened

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with a pall as of blackest midnight, and all her earthly hopes lie buried in the dust. The son who was to her half, and more than half, of her own soul is dead. The case, mournful as it is, calling for and receiving our truest sympathy and most earnest prayers, had its parallel in that of the Widow of Nain, and as in many another since ; in that, too, of the Empress Eugenie. That loss is common to the race may not make our own less bitter, nay, may even sadden us the more ; but the reflection that our case is not an exception to, but in accordance with, the great law, should help to teach us chastened submission and pious resignation, even though we keep saying the while, with Jacob, " I shall go down to my grave mourning." The prayer of faith may not bring back our dead to life, but it will give us in the hour of our sorest need, when heart and flesh are failing us, strength to live on, waiting all our appointed time till our own change come, and

The night gone,  
With the morn we see those angel faces smile  
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile.

*Rev. John Grant, M.A., Cromdale Parish Church.*

Text—Ecclesiastes xii. 5, last clause :—"Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

After referring a little to the idea of death as a "going home," and that "long home," literally trans-

lated, is "everlasting dwelling-place," the rev. gentleman said—Dearly beloved, we are all mourning to-day ; we cannot help it. No doubt many a young man, in the summer of his strength, in the opening of his usefulness, has been taken away from among us, as well as our beloved Chief, and all are equally precious in God's sight. Yea, the widow's two mites were more in the eye of Heaven than all the wealth cast into the treasury. Yet, when one dies so closely connected with us all, one in whose precious life we had such a deep interest, on whom so much was hanging, who was giving such promise of great goodness, the stroke falls with double solemnity. Ah ! me, it only seems as yesterday when he was among us reading, in such simple impressiveness, that thrilling hope-inspiring chapter, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters ; and he that hath no money : come ye, buy and eat. Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Seek ye the Lord while He may be found ; call ye upon Him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Some nineteen miles up the Spey, there is a richly wooded hill, called Kinrara. The birch trees are lovely there, and there "softly waves the drooping willow." On the top a

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massive monument stands, in memory of George, fifth and last Duke of Gordon. The inscription is in Latin, English, and Gaelic, and part of it is, "He was at once the delight of the noble, and the friend of the poor;" and so was he fast becoming whom we are now mourning. Dear people, our loss is a solemn and a great one. I most fully believe that every tenant, every cottager, every workman on his wide estates has lost a good friend, one who would grow kinder and kinder as the years rolled by, until he would be adored in a way we have seldom seen; and I speak not as a stranger. But he has been removed from among us. He has gone to his "long home," to a brighter inheritance than all his broad lands here, and we, the mourners, "go about the streets." There are several points in his character which, amid all our sorrow, we may study with profit. Let me mention a few, and you who knew him best will bear me out in what I say. First, he wished to live at peace with all. He bore no malice to any one. He tried to be perfect, as God is perfect, in loving his enemies, in blessing all. Second, you always found him the same. He had, no doubt, his own trials, and vexations, and crosses, but he did what few have been able to do—he did not sadden your path by his sorrows. He had always a kindly smile, and a kindly word, and a kindly welcome for you. His was a mind "alive to others' woes, but



to his own resigned." Third, his devotion to his parents—how he waited on them with watchful and affectionate care, which could not be surpassed. One was taken before himself; the other has been left. Dear children, who listen to me, and sons and daughters, do your kindest, your gentlest, your best for father and mother, whilst they are with you. After you have done all, when they are taken from you, you will still mourn you were not kinder to them. And how soon may the parting come in this life, which is so short at the longest, and so uncertain at the surest? And the last point I would mention is, his humility! How intensely marked it was, notwithstanding all his extensive woods and forests, all his fertile acres. No herdboyc in valley or on hillside could be humbler than he was. He realised in a manner that many princes and nobles might well imitate—that he was but a steward, and that all belonged to God. Will the world wonder then that we loved him so much? But all our wishes, all our prayers, could not keep him. He has gone to his "long home," and we, the mourners, "go about the streets." He had to suffer, because he was loved of God. "As many as I love," says Jesus, "I rebuke and chasten." Amid the pains of that sick room, he had all the comforts money could purchase, all the ease highest medical skill could procure. But he had two consolations of infinitely



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greater value to a soul entering on its last struggle. He had the memory of having done good religious work in the vineyard of his God. The pages of history may not record it, but Christ keeps it in his memory against the Judgment Day. And he had loving ones to hold his trembling hand, and cool his feverish brow. Oh! he had a fond mother beside, and an aunt who looked upon him as her own. Slightly to alter the words of a well-known writer—

'Tis sad to think upon him  
Sleeping his hard-won sleep,  
Far from his northern castle  
By Spey's lovely shore,  
Where old lives for this young life  
Sit darkened evermore.  
But why should weight of sadness  
Burthen our minds for him  
Who to peace, his way has wrestled,  
Out of suffering strange and grim,  
Leaving triumphant record  
How little pain could do  
To make that gentle nature  
To its happy self untrue?  
His death was not a lone one,  
His dearest were at hand,  
And he was of the loveable,  
Who love can still command.  
'Tis we that are the losers,  
Who lose such love; not he,  
Whose life here was but training  
For the better life to be.

Who has been long in this world, experiencing the vanity of its pleasures, and the changeableness of its friendship, and does not at times, and those the best, breathe the earnest cry—"O God, let me die while there are dear ones to wait on me?" Thus waited on, he went to his "long home," and the "mourners go about the streets." But among all the mourners there is surely one who this day claims our tenderest sympathy—"she who, fatherless, motherless, husbandless, childless, weeps o'er her silent dead." Doubtless, hearts are as warm in the Cottage as in the Castle, and partings as hard; and many a mother has been bereft of an only child, and left in weakness and grey hairs, penniless, on a cold, friendless world. But things are so ordered—the winds are so tempered, the burdens are so balanced in the Almighty's hand, that bereavement amid plenty is just as severe and as trying as bereavement amid poverty. They were so constantly together, fondly attached, far beyond the reach of poor, weak words, that all must feel for the solemnly sad separation, and the hardest heart cannot but pray, that He who came to bind up the torn and the wounded will be her support as she mourns in that street which few have trodden, weeps in that thick, mysterious darkness which has seldom fallen, and that the Lord in whom she has trusted, and of whom she has herself so often spoken to the pained and the

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troubled, may go with her through all the day and the shadowy night, until the glorious morning, when she will join her loved ones at home.

God hath marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every bitter tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all His children suffer here.

*Rev. W. Forsyth, M.A., Parish Church of Abernethy.*

Text—Luke vii. 12 :—"Behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

After an exposition of the text under two heads—the power of Death to afflict, and the power of Christ to console—the preacher referred to Lord Seafield's death as follows :—Some three years ago our Church was put in mourning for the late Lord Seafield's father, and now we are called to lament his own early and unexpected death. But there is a difference in the circumstances. Then it was winter, and the storm that raged without harmonised with the gloom within. Now it is spring. The flowers appear, the singing of birds is come, all around are the signs of reviving life and gladness. It is sad when, at such a time, death casts his doleful shadow over all. But so it often happens—

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set, but all,  
All seasons thou hast for thine own, O Death !

Another thing which heightens this affliction is that Lord Seafield has been taken away suddenly in the very prime and brightness of his manhood. When the old die, people sometimes speak as if it were a mysterious dispensation—as if death had come untimely. But this is to err. The dying of the aged is in the order of nature. Their work is done. They have finished their course. “They come to their grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn in its season.” Why then complain? On the other hand, when the very young die, though it seems strange that they should be cut down when life has only begun, and all their faculties are undeveloped, still there is much to moderate our grief. We cannot measure what is lost, nor can we make sure as to whether their future should have been good or evil. Therefore we are able calmly to say Amen, believing that they have been taken to a better land, where no blight shall fall, and no foes can hinder their ripening to full maturity and bliss in the sunshine of God. But it is otherwise when friends are taken “away in the midst of their days.” They had reached the vigour of their strength. They had given proof of their manhood and capacity. Hence their removal is widely felt and lamented. So it was with him whose loss we this day deplore. Born of a great house, with great traditions, one “to whom a thousand memories called,” it was his ambition to

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tread in the steps of his fathers, and to make for himself a noble name.

The world that cares for what is done  
Is cold to all that might have been.

True, but with Lord Seafield there was not only promise, but performance. Modest, gentle, kind-hearted, courteous, faithful to his convictions, he earnestly strove to discharge to the best of his ability all the duties belonging to his high position. It could not be said that his titles were "borne without desert." And more and more, as he gained confidence and experience, the hopes of his friends were raised, and the future grew brighter with the promise of honour and usefulness. But now, alas! all these hopes have been dashed to the ground. The last occasion when I met Lord Seafield was at the Grantown Communion, only a month ago, when I had the privilege of assisting Dr Thomson. Lord Seafield was present at all the services. On the Sabbath there were two Communion tables. He served as an elder at the first. He sat as a humble worshipper at the second. He also returned to the evening service to hear the concluding address, and to join with the congregation in their closing prayers and songs of praise. Perhaps this was the last time that the lamented Earl took part in the public service of God's house. Another thing I may venture to mention. After service, when

talking to Dr Thomson and myself in the vestry, Lord Seafield spoke with much feeling of Christian work, and specially referred to certain evangelistic meetings which had been recently held at Cullen, from which he expected great good. In all this, he not only showed his attachment to the Church of which he was a member and office-bearer, but also his desire to be more closely identified with his people in all that concerned their religious life and welfare—surely a good thing, and an example worthy to be imitated by more of our nobility. But there are other circumstances which further add to the heaviness of this affliction. It seems an intrusion to speak of private griefs, but something must be said, if only in the way of sympathy. The loss of an only son has always been held as the severest of trials, but even the bitterness of such a bereavement may be enhanced. Lord Seafield was an only son, and his mother is a widow. And surely, it may be said, never was a son more dearly loved, more tenderly nurtured, more devotedly ministered to from the first moment of life to the last. Rarely could two persons be found, even among the nearest of relatives and friends, who were more closely bound together. “Heart in heart reposed.” And now, the one has been taken, and the other left. The son, in the brightness of his manhood, has been called home to God, and the mother, in the gloom of her

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widowhood, sits desolate and alone. With all respect and tenderness, I would say that the Countess of Seafield claims our deepest sympathy and our most fervent prayers that God would support and comfort her. How full of consolation and hope is that precious portion of Holy Writ on which we have been meditating! Down through the ages we hear the sweet voice of the Saviour saying, "Weep not." Yet a little while, and in the day of His power and glory, He will cry, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." And when the time of the restitution of all things cometh, friends long parted shall meet again, and hearts that have mourned and been in bitterness, as for an only son, will leap for joy. "And he delivered him to his mother."

Thrice blessed whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure ;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

*Rev. Gavin Lang, West Parish Church, Inverness.*

Hebrews xi. 4 :—"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts ; and by it he, being dead, yet speaketh."

I am tempted to preach this morning more especially to young men, although what I say will, I trust, be useful and profitable to all of all ages—alike to men, women, and children. God in His providence has

been within the last ten days addressing very loudly the empire at large, and us in this portion of it in particular, in the deaths of two young men, filling prominent positions in society and the Church. Last Lord's Day I alluded to one of those deaths—that of a son of our good and gracious Queen, whom may Heaven long preserve to reign over a free and loyal people! I dwelt chiefly on that occasion upon the significance of his sudden removal as a national event, and upon the duty of sympathising with the widowed Wife and Mother, who are the chiefest of the many million mourners over his loss. Some of you may have observed—to me it was an intensely touching circumstance—that, during the wildness of her own first shock of bereavement, the Queen telegraphed her anxious enquiry after the health of another young man who lay in his final struggle with mortal sickness. I need not say to you who he was. The name he bore is, and has been for centuries, a household word in these northern regions; and, as we all now know, in that struggle the last enemy gained the victory. When the late President of the United States, who was cruelly assassinated, approached his end, after many fluctuations in the progress of his disease, he was heard to mutter, "Death wins this time." Medical skill and powerful restoratives had kept both him and the hope of



on-looking well-wishers alive for weeks, but at long length the sands in the glass ran down, and the destroyer of the feeble, emaciated body claimed his prey. So with him who has just passed away from our midst so unexpectedly. Much and often, from birth onwards, has the anxiety of loved ones been exercised about the preservation of his life, so precious to them and others. But "it is appointed unto men once to die," and the hour of his departure came when neither he nor we dreamed of. We may not intrude into the inner circle of those who grieve most bitterly over his death, least of all into the sorrow of the devoted mother who laments the absence of an only son and her greatest human stay and comfort, further than to give expression to our sincere condolences and the fervent desire that He who is the light of the world may pierce the dark cloud which overshadows their house and hearts. And, for ourselves, there are few of us who will soon forget the frank, genial, warm-hearted, and yet thoughtful, sensible, and wise Chief who has gone from our gaze, and whom we shall never again see in the streets or highways of our parish. We will remember him, not so much because he moved among us as a Peer in title and outward dignity, as because, for the too short period he was spared, he promised to be a Peer in the loftiest sense—Peer in all that is really excellent in patriotism and even

Christian attainment. Those who know me best will not imagine that his merely wearing a coronet and having a patent of nobility, however ancient or valuable, would ever induce me to exalt him as a model to others. Neither, in forming an estimate of his worth, need I be in the very least influenced by the fact that he happened to be one of the heritors of this parish, who hold, for the use of the Church, tithes which it is my right to receive. Still less, in judging of his character or actions, would I be swayed by any consideration of the opinions he entertained (I doubt not with an intelligence as clear as was his consistency) upon the issues which agitate Parliamentary life. With such matters we have nothing to do in this place ; and, while deeply interested in all problems and discussions involving the well-being of the State, I myself decline, save on the one burning question which affects the continued existence of the Church, to be dragged, on one side or the other, into the arena of political strife. No ! What in him attracted me most was—and it is this I wish to emphasise in exhorting young men to-day—the decided tone of his religious and ecclesiastical leanings. To these I have no hesitation in referring in the most pronounced language, and with no uncertain sound. Taking the last first, although it is less important, it could not but be

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pleasing to us, as Churchmen, that he had so uncompromisingly cast in his lot with the Church of his native land and of his fathers. When I made his acquaintance, an acquaintance which ripened into a friendship I much prized, it was where I was officiating previous to a dispensation of the Holy Communion. He had come purposely from a distance to participate in that most blessed sacrament among his own people; and the venerable clergyman told me that he had beforehand written him a letter, full of earnest longing to do this, of course principally for his own spiritual good, but also that he might so identify himself in the closest possible way with that branch of the Church of Christ happily established amongst us. I was a witness to the deferential, reverential attention he paid to the counsels and directions, vouchsafed to him as to the others who meditated the same momentous but soul-refreshing step in Christian discipleship. It was some months thereafter that, with all due humility, but with the conscientious determination of promoting God's glory and the prosperity of the National Church, so far as he could, that he acceded to the unanimous request of the minister and kirk-session of that parish, and was ordained to the office of the eldership. Since his death, one of our own parishioners, who enjoyed his confidence in a remarkable degree, told me that he was looking forward to attendance upon the meetings

of the ensuing General Assembly with unbounded satisfaction. This has been denied him, but already he has had ample compensation in the abundant entrance which has been ministered unto him into the infinitely higher and purer fellowship of the general assembly of the first-born in heaven. Brethren, in adverting to his Churchmanship, with the earthly sphere and scope of which he has nothing more to do, I cannot refrain from pointing out how peculiarly commendable it was. For one thing, there was a ring of manliness about it. With him it was a fixed and settled conviction. It consisted of something more and better than a sentimental and general attachment to what are called Establishment principles. There are those in his social grade, though their number is often exaggerated, whose support, for example, of our Church is more of the nature of a proffered patronage—a kind of support for which, perhaps wrongly, I feel very little grateful. His was from the heart. He worshipped in his Parish Church, for the maintenance of whose fabric he was liable, and of the endowments attached to which he was a custodian, sincerely feeling that it was alike profitable and dutiful so to do. He had no difficulty in finding delight in services, the simpler the more acceptable, which gave him a common bond of spiritual aspiration with those who stood in close relation to him as tenants and neighbours. He

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was thankful for, and appreciative of, the ordinances and means of grace, unliturgical and free from frigid formality, which had been provided by the piety of our forefathers for the whole nation. He would have nothing to do with churches or chapels where, whether with or without design, Fashion set up walls of partition between one class and another; and he regarded as rank heresy the doctrine that any one mode of worship was necessarily more suitable than another for the more privileged and cultured. In spiritual life, what was good for one was, in his view, good for all. The wisdom which taught, "the rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all," he received and endorsed as containing heavenly admonition for his guidance and governance. Like his and our beloved Sovereign, who is equally the temporal head of both National Churches, and who may well be followed in this as in many other things by her subjects, he was content, while reserving freedom to take Holy Communion when in England at the altars of the Sister Church of that country, to always and regularly partake in his own Scottish Parish Church. How striking was it that almost his last religious act, before his fatal illness sent him to die far from home, was to so partake—both serving and sitting down at the Lord's table among his clansmen and fellow-parishioners, neither he nor they

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realising that he would "not any more eat thereof" or "drink henceforth of that fruit of the vine until he drank it new with Christ in His Father's kingdom!" I would, however, utterly misrepresent, or rather represent too partially, the Churchmanship of this gifted nobleman if I did not, for another thing, associate with it sentiments of love and esteem towards those of Churches other than his own. I recall one conversation I had with him last summer, during which he told me, with an unmistakeable glow of gratification, that they had been having, in his parish church, occasional services conducted by ministers of different denominations. It was about the time that the Bishop of Liverpool was preaching in the churches of a parish, the honoured clergyman of which is a native of this parish, and was once a communicant in this very church in which we are met—a manifestation of brotherliness scarcely less significant of the growth, in spite of many discouragements, of that feeling than that announced, only the other day, in connection with Bishop Wordsworth of the Scottish Episcopal Communion, who had preached in the Parish Church of St Andrews, the city in which he lives and labours. That which our departed friend spoke of as prevailing in his parish was contributed to by more than the clergy of one Church—also by those of communions between which and us the differences

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are ridiculously trifling, infinitesimal, and microscopic. I believe that, more and more as he advanced, his vast influence would have been thrown into the scale *for* the spread of Christian union and *against* the spread of that sinful bigotry and sectarianism which are cursing God's heritage everywhere, and not least our dear old Scotland. He, like a multitude more numerous than ever appears, was an advocate of all healing measures by which the waters of our ecclesiastical life might be sweetened and made flow more softly and smoothly; and my prayer is, that from the serene heights which he has reached he may yet and speedily see the dawn of that promised day when no longer there shall be the unseemly spectacle of children of the same Father, believers in the same Saviour, travellers to the same eternal home, wrangling about things non-essential and secondary, breaking the unity of the Spirit by nursing bitterness and wrath one against another, wasting temper and exhausting patience in controversies which neither edify the body of Christ nor magnify the truth of God. Will not that be indeed a day of days—the Lord in His pity and compassion hasten it!—when “Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim?” But I have said enough, save for a reason which I need not explain, more than enough, about the ecclesiastical leanings of him whose death has surprised and pained



us all. I must add a word about his religious leanings. In the strength and healthiness of these, he was an ensample and epistle to other young men—to all of every sort and condition. He was a devoted Christian—unpretending and unobtrusive, yet none the less genuine and profound. He was a faithful citizen—discharging, to the best of his ability, the various responsibilities of property and station; assiduous and painstaking in his attention to the calls upon him as a public man and landlord; and winning golden opinions from even those who, had they listened to the voice of the demagogue, would have distrusted and opposed him. He was all this from no lower motive than his resolution to, in everything, praise God and “do good as he had opportunity.” His conduct and disposition were moulded and regulated by a continual reference to the Heavenly Father. He committed his way unto Him. One of his daily habits was to, along with his afflicted mother, ask divine help and leading in the midst of daily cares and engagements. The Word of God was his constant companion and inspiration. In his own parish, there are frequent gatherings of young people for increase of Scripture knowledge and the quickening of each other’s souls and purposes in righteousness. He went to these, and I was informed by one who also went, that he was ever ready to take his part in the proceedings, and never ashamed to own



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his Lord or to defend His cause—his Bible, it was observed, was as well thumbed and marked as any, and better than many. In altered circumstances, many incidents which, in themselves and at the moment, invited no more than a passing notice, come back to one's mind with new and renewed force. That fast-day, on which I first met him, I had, at the morning service, and for illustration's sake, quoted that one of the expiring utterances of Voltaire, in which he exclaimed "Can this be death?" and, along with it, the unwitting reply which one of our own kings gave to the question of that noted infidel when he cried out, also in the last gasp of nature, "This is death." With an eagerness begotten of awakened impression, and that the words might sink into his memory, he asked me to repeat what these two dying ones had said. There was floating in his consciousness the thought, which I had been trying to rub into the hearts and consciences of my hearers, that nothing can stand the sift and crucible, either during life or at its close, but that holiness without which no man can see God and that faith in Jesus to which alone is granted salvation through Him. Can we doubt that, walking in the light of these saving truths, he has found his rest, fruition, and home beyond the shadows, and that if it were possible for us, with these dull ears of ours, to hear the voice of his ransomed and raptured spirit,

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his testimony would be that, princely as were his possessions on earth, their magnificence pales into utter nothingness before the vision of that glory, touching which "it is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him?"

*Rev. J. P. Campbell, Parish Church, Glen-Urquhart.*

Text—Isaiah xl. 6—"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field."

His Lordship showed himself worthy of the best associations of his exalted rank ; and by his enlightened views of the duties of his position, and the unselfishness of his actions in every relation, he recalled the memory of his lamented father. High titles did not promise to be in his case a barren and idle distinction, for he accepted his position, his lands, his rank, under the consciousness of the immense responsibility attaching to them, and his great desire was to associate them with God's glory and the public good. His acts, his words, the gentleness of his nature, the nobleness that transcended the accessories of mere rank by the breadth of his Christian sympathies, the tenderly affectioned interest he took in everything affecting the welfare of his people, prove that in him were focused all that was noblest and best in the sentiments and

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traditions of his ancient house. His Lordship's character was rapidly developing when he was taken away. His interest in public matters increased in earnestness and activity of late years, and the intelligent part he had taken in current political and social questions marked him as one of whom much was expected. Few, indeed, were his superior in that rare combination of virtues which go to make the beloved landlord and the useful public man. Thoughtful, generous, far-sighted, unselfish, there was nothing small or narrow about him. His character was stainless, his aim was lofty. He was interested in everything that tended to promote higher feelings and kindly relationship. He entered carefully into the circumstances of his tenants, he understood their needs, he studied their welfare, for he loved them well. In his early blighted life we can see little but a fair vision of budding excellence, which, had he lived, would have added to his name. What wonder that he gained so high a place in the affections of his acquaintance, and that thousands to-day mourn his loss.

*Rev. James Grant, M.A., Parish Church of Fordyce.*

Preached at Cullen. Text—Psalm xlvii., 1st clause of 10th verse :—“ Be still and know that I am God.”

While the consideration of these truths, to which your thoughts have been directed, can never be out of

place in a world of sorrow and suffering, I need scarcely say that the one sad event which has filled the hearts of so many with deepest grief and is yet uppermost, I doubt not, in the minds of you all, led me to make choice of this text as affording subject of meditation suitable to the mournful circumstances in which you are this day met. The young nobleman whose mortal remains were within the last few days conveyed to their last resting-place amidst tears of lamentation and sorrow, filled a high position as one of the largest landowners in the north of Scotland and a peer of the realm—occupied a prominent place in the sphere of your observation, was usually a worshipper in this church during those parts of the year in which he resided here, and was in many ways closely and intimately connected with this parish and district. This is not the time or place to record at length the memory of him on whom we can now look no more. There are other and more appropriate channels through which that may and is being done. The great object of reference in the pulpit to such mournful events as that which is now prominently before us is not only that we may pay a tribute of respect to departed worth and goodness, but also, and more especially, in my opinion, that we may turn them to spiritual account—that we may derive from them the solemn lessons which they are fitted and meant to

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teach, and learn to repress under the most afflictive dispensations all murmurings and complainings, and take home to ourselves individually the admonition of the text, "Be still, and know that I am God." It is little more than three years since a deep gloom was cast over the homes and households of thousands on the Seafield estates by the lamented death of the then Earl of Seafield, and wide-spread was the sympathy felt for the widowed Countess and their only son. That gloom has since passed away. He who succeeded his father in his titles and estates during the short period he held them, gave undoubted evidence of his being one of the best of landed proprietors, pursuing a most liberal and enlightened policy towards his numerous tenantry, and taking a lively interest in their happiness and welfare and that of their dependants. Nor was it agricultural interests only that engaged his attention. The seafaring population was no less the object of his solicitude; and long, I am sure, will the inhabitants of Cullen remember with gratitude the liberal arrangements into which he entered with regard to the harbour, and the generous and hearty support he gave last winter to the measures adopted with the view of raising funds for its improvement. Besides all this, it is well known to all present how he spared, especially during the last twelve months, no personal labour and pains, and used

all the influence of his high station to promote, not only the temporal comfort, but also to advance the spiritual and moral well-being of all classes of the community, aided and encouraged in all that he did by a mother, of whom I shall only say that her love of doing good has been the very pleasure of her life. In private and domestic life he was a pattern of all that is true and kind and just and good, exemplifying in his whole character the strength and beauty of those Christian principles by which he was animated. That a life so precious and so valuable might be long spared we fondly hoped, but He who ruleth over all has been pleased to order it otherwise. Suddenly and unexpectedly he has been called away in the full vigour of manhood, and our fondly cherished hopes of a bright career and a power for good in the earth have been consigned to the silence of the tomb. But while we mourn over the public loss sustained by his death, and every heart beats, I am sure, with deepest sympathy for his bereaved mother, whose love to that only son was only equalled by his love and devotedness to her, blessed be God, we can have no doubt that to him death is great gain—"Early death, early glory." I say not so because of his exalted rank, for the soul of the poorest is as precious in the sight of God as that of the highest ; but I say so because I knew him to be a sincere, earnest, and decided Christian.

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*Rev. Thomas Pirie, M.A., Parish Church of  
Knockando.*

In the death of the young Lord Seafield, a life of much excellence and promise has been cut short in its meridian, and a thrill of sorrow has been diffused not only through his own extensive domains, but over a wider district beyond, in the North of Scotland. From the fact of Lord Seafield's connection, as an heritor, with this parish, as well as from my own associations with him and his family in former days, I feel that it would be consistent neither with your feeling nor mine that his death should be passed by us this day unnoticed. I remember well the father and the mother and the only child united together in the closest bonds of affection. I remember the bright promise of Lord Seafield's boyhood and youth. And, short as is the time that he has been spared to discharge the responsible duties of his high station, there are none but will allow that that promise has been well fulfilled, and the confidence increasingly justified that he would continue to realise and exemplify the best traditions of the ancient and honourable name which he bore. A dutiful and affectionate son, the stay and support of his widowed mother, he indeed exhibited a pattern of the domestic virtues. Singularly humble and unassuming, frank and accessible to all, loving his tenants and dependents, "dwelling among his own people," and

ever seeking to promote their interests, I believe that, if spared, Lord Seafield, and such as he, would have done much to restore that link—now, alas! so frequently broken—which should bind class to class, and would have proved himself, in the best sense, a real benefactor of his country. In his strict attention to the ordinance of religion, in which he had been trained from his earliest years—in his attachment to the Church of Scotland, for which his ancestors had suffered in the days of persecution, and in his zealous efforts to advance the Kingdom of Christ and the temporal and spiritual welfare of others—Lord Seafield showed an example which it would be well for their country and well for themselves if more of those who occupy the high places of the land would imitate. One of the last acts of the departed nobleman before he left his northern home was to partake of, and, as an elder in his own Parish Church, to assist in the dispensation of the holy ordinance of the Supper, which we, too, in this place are soon to celebrate. May we not trust that that observance was the means, under God, of strengthening him for what lay so soon, though unseen, before him—the final conflict with the great enemy, and of preparing him for the higher and better communion of the church of the redeemed in heaven? The sympathies and the prayers of many will go out for the bereaved Countess, alone now in her desolate



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home, to whom there has been heaped up, as it were, sorrow upon sorrow. Lately she had to mourn the loss of a beloved husband, and, in the loss of an only child, she must feel as if the light of her life had gone out. But, as she has comforted many in their times of trouble, we doubt not, but believe, that in this, the time of her own great sorrow, she herself will be comforted abundantly by the God of all consolation, and the felt sympathy and support of the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

*Rev. Stephen Ree, M.A., Parish Church of Boharm.*

Text—Matthew xxv. and 13—“ Watch therefore ; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.”

The lesson of the text has been forcibly brought home to us by the sad event whose shadow has, with more or less intensity, fallen across all our paths. To weak and bewildered human wisdom, the Earl of Seafield seemed one who could ill be spared. He was not only possessed of great material influence, but in the short time he was permitted to enjoy it, he showed that he had a high conception of his responsibilities, and a firm determination to wield his influence in a Christian spirit, so that not merely the physical comfort of those within his reach should be enhanced, but also their moral and spiritual life should be enlarged, purified, and sweetened. Human wisdom formed high

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hopes of the direct and indirect good he would be able to accomplish, and human affection cannot but sorrow over his loss, while still in the flush of vigorous manhood, possessed of great opportunities, and moved by the right spirit. But we need not sorrow as those who have no hope ; on the contrary, when faithful servants leave us, even suddenly—

Let us draw their mantles o'er us,  
Which have fallen in our way,  
Let us do the work before us,  
Calmly, bravely, while we may ;  
Ere the long night silence cometh,  
And with us it is not day.

*Rev. W. R. Pirie, Parish Church, Keith.*

Text—John ix. 4—“ I must work the works of Him who sent me while it is day ; the night cometh when no man can work.”

Are not the truths of our text carried home with all the greater impressiveness to our hearts this day, in the light of that mournful event which in these past few days has filled so many of our thoughts, which to some here, perhaps, carries with it the sense of a personal loss, and which has awakened, amongst our community at large, feelings of the deepest sorrow and sympathy. Whilst we commend the bereft mother to Him who alone can heal the broken-hearted, it is right that we should ourselves lay to heart the solemn lessons which are taught us by this sad event. It is

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not for me to refer to those qualities of the late Lord Seafield which gained for him such universal regard, which raised him so high in the popular esteem and affection. Of him we may say, as last Sunday we said of Prince Leopold, that it seems strange that a life so fair and so full of promise should have been thus early closed, and yet we must say those lives shall be crowned with a more glorious fulfilment in the life to come. But now, and in the light of eternity, I ask you, brethren, what is the feature in his life that speaks with the greatest power to our hearts? Is it not the memory of his unstained character, the memory of the good he did, and the good which he sought to do; the memory of the consecration which he made of himself to God? Is it not this, now that he has gone, that sheds the brightest radiance around his life, and which gilds his death with glory? His was a life which, by its bright example, urges upon us the need of living for a high aim and purpose. His good works were many—more, probably, than are known to us; but, to mention only what our thoughts remind us of, do not his interest and his personal efforts for the good of the railway labourers, his sympathy with, his Christian efforts and zeal in, evangelistic work—do not these prove how filled with high, noble purpose his life-work was? And then his death, how solemnly does it impress upon you and me, my brethren, the

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necessity for obeying the words of the text? Too soon, as it seems to us, did the sun of his life go down, but not, as we believe, before the time that God had willed. May He not speak to us in vain. May we so live as that, should death come suddenly upon us, it may only prove a swifter entrance into the higher life. May we so live that those who are left behind us may shed tears of hope as well as of sorrow, and may be gladdened by the memory of a pure, Christ-like life. May we so live as that, when the end comes, we may peacefully fall asleep in Jesus, knowing that the day's work is done!

*Rev. J. Mackintosh, M.A., Parish Church of  
Deskford.*

Text—Ecclesiastes xii. 7—"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Every month, nay, every week, is reminding us of the truth that man grows up in this world to find himself a sojourner and to die. But lately we have been furnished with a lesson regarding the evanescence of this earthly state more solemn and impressive than arises from the ordinary bereavements which affect only particular individuals or families. I feel assured that, while we deeply sympathise with our beloved Sovereign and her daughter-in-law in their recent bereavement, and especially the latter, we have no

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less cause to share in the widespread regret occasioned by the sudden death of the young Earl of Seafield. The pulpit is not the place for panegyric: flattery is base in any one, but honest testimony to truth may be spoken anywhere, and I am confident that never had we to advert to the decease of any one whose removal is more widely felt, and deeply and universally deplored wherever he was known. The deceased Earl was gentle, unpretending, and affable in his manners, and his kindly and genial disposition and other valuable qualifications endeared him to those who knew him best; and those who saw his lordship once knew him—intimacy gave them a deeper insight into his character, but furnished no ground for altering the opinion which they had at first been led to form of him. Simplicity and unaffectedness, which are essential elements in all minds of noble mould, marked his appearance and his whole conduct. Placed by Providence in an influential position, with ample means of doing good at his disposal, he made it his study to promote the happiness of those around him. As he advanced in years, he took a deep and intelligent interest in all public questions affecting the prosperity of the country. Watched over by a fond mother's tender care, whose affection he warmly reciprocated, and trained by her in moral and religious principles, he delighted to cooperate with her in schemes of benevolence—in promot-

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ing the moral and religious welfare of his fellow-beings. He was a member of, and recently became an office-bearer in a church in which his fathers, also office-bearers, delighted to praise the Lord, and in the extension and prosperity of which he took a warm interest. It is difficult to estimate the loss that has been sustained by the much lamented death of a nobleman who occupied so high and influential a position among us, and who, to human appearance, had before him a prospect of many days and a career of much usefulness; but how true is that saying, "Earth's highest title ends in 'here he lies,' and dust to dust concludes the noblest song." I cannot doubt that as he lived unassumingly and unpretentiously in the discharge of his public and relative duties, so also he died, looking to the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and "In hope to rise to brighter day, in realms beyond the sky." And if the death we have referred to has occasioned such public regret, how keenly must it be felt by the one most tenderly and intimately connected with the mournful event. It is little more than three years since the Countess of Seafield, by the hand of death, had suddenly removed from her a fondly attached husband, and now she is called to mourn the loss of her only son—a son over whose best interests she had tenderly and anxiously watched from his infancy till his spirit quitted the body. Her bereave-

ment is that which is spoken of as the sharpest arrow which can pierce the soul—that of a bereaved parent burying her heart in the grave of her only son—“They shall mourn for him as for an only son.” And the heaviness of her affliction is aggravated by every circumstance that can render the loss bitter and overwhelming. She has no husband to advise or sympathise with her, to support or take his share in bearing her load of sorrows. Husband, counsellor, protector, and all that these names imply, had centred in her only son—her only remaining earthly prop and staff; but that prop has failed—that staff is broken. Surely her bereavement is such as to kindle in every feeling breast the tenderest sentiments of compassion. It is but little that we can do for the bereaved lady for the purpose of mitigating so severe a visitation, but sympathy, even from those who can do no more, is balm to the wounded heart, and sure I am that one who is ready to sympathise with others in their times of sorrow will not fail to appreciate what others feel for her. Deprived as she now is of the beloved object of her regard, and feeling her need of higher consolation than human sympathy can impart, our Christian sympathies commend her to the mercies of Him who is the healer of the broken-hearted and the comforter of them that are cast down. May she be enabled to stay herself upon her God at the throne of grace,

which is always open, a fountain of consolation which is ever flowing—there she is privileged to pour her sorrows into her Father's bosom, to repose her throbbing head on the Saviour's breast, to lay her bleeding heart on His altar, and to raise the tearful eye to that happier sphere where Christian friends, whom death hath for a while severed, meet in their Father's home, no more to know separation, but eternally to rejoice in the unveiled glories of the Redeemer's presence and the full fruition of His love.

A few short years of evil past,  
We reach the happy shore,  
Where death-divided friends at last  
Shall meet to part no more.

The death of the Earl of Seafield reminds even the young among us of what their lot may be soon. He was young, in the prime of his life, in the prime of his strength, and one who seemed as secure from the stroke of death as any now present. But where is he now ! Beside the remains of his father, alas ! lies the blooming, promising flower, withered in the morning of life. Learn, then, that youth is no security against the stroke of death, and that the most healthful constitution possesses no infallible antidote against its shafts. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Could the vigour of youth, and of first medical attendance, and



the wishes and prayers of a numerous circle of friends and others, and title and rank been availing, the Earl of Seafield had not died. "But all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; surely the people is grass." Some of those hearing me may be called away at as early an age. You are now in good health, but you may soon fall sick, and your sickness may be unto death. "Choose ye then this day whom ye will serve;" to-morrow may be too late. To all of us the dispensation speaks with a clear and impressive voice:—"O that ye were wise, that ye understood this, that ye would consider your latter end;" and to some of us, who are far advanced in the journey of life, that voice speaks, if possible, still more loudly and pointedly: "Be ye also ready, for in an hour that ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

*Rev. Alex. M'Diarmid, Free Church, Grantown.*

Lord Seafield's power lay chiefly in that sphere in which we become likest God—the sphere of the affections. We need not refer to his love of country. He knew what he, who was a Scot in nature not less than in name, felt who sang—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead?  
Who never to himself hath said—  
This is my own, my native land, &c.

You all know his profound respect for the religion of his ancestors—Presbyterianism. So far from disowning it like so many of his class—disowning the very religion by the help of which it may be they have attained place and power—he exerted his great influence to uphold and further it. His personal piety was most marked. There have been in the past, and it is said there are still, some who champion the cause of religion in the State, who care little for its cultivation in the heart and home. It was very different with Lord Seafield. In private as in public—

He was not ashamed to own his Lord  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the glory of His cross  
And honour all His laws.

You have heard of his piety according to the beautiful old Roman conception of it towards his parents, his dutifulness as a son—the foundation of which was piety towards God. Very touching his last words—“It is the will of God our Heavenly Father, and we must believe it is for the best,” reminding us of the dying words of Chalmers—“My Father, my Heavenly Father;” the dying testimony of a still greater, the hero of the Reformation—“My Father, whose Son I have confessed, Thy will be done, take my soul to Thyself.” God has been pleased to call away our friend to be with Himself. Let us not speak of him as dead; he is not dead, but sleepeth!

It is not death to die,  
To leave this weary world,  
And join the brotherhood on high  
And be at home with God.

He has rejoined the earthly father in the heavenly place, he has left the inheritance below to enter on the one above, even the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. His gain is our loss. The loss to the clan he would like a true Chief rule, not so much in the spirit of commerce as of Christian consideration—not so much by force of law as of affection—is great. Great the loss to the congregation of which he was an elder. We shall not intrude on the loss to the sorrowing parent—that is too startling and too sacred. May the God and Father who supports our Sovereign Lady, support and comfort her exalted subject.

*Rev. W. Ross, Free Church, Abernethy.*

Text, Amos viii. 10—"I will make it as the mourning of an only son."

Associating these words with the sorrowful event which Divine Providence has pressed on our attention this last week, they may serve to guide our meditations for a little. The statement speaks about the cause and nature of a special mourning. The cause is told in two words—an "only son."

These suggest many thoughts. The loss is not that of silver or substance. It is not even that of an acquaintance or companion. It is not that of a familiar friend or distant relative. It is the death of a son. The circle invaded is the home of inmost love, and the prey taken is a son beloved. The noble mother of our departed superior this day mourns the loss of a noble and beloved one. And the sorrowfulness of this cause of grief is greatly increased by the fact that he was her only child. In the loss of him she was made to surrender up to God her Isaac, and the singularity of being her only son has made the matter a source of sorrow all the more intense. Nor is that the only feature that makes it special. The removal is marked with other things that add to the grievousness of the loss. Of these one is the early period of its occurrence. The length of a single generation, a period of three and thirty years, is rounded, and immediately he dies. In the vigour of manhood, in the sunshine of promise, of prosperity, of power, of honour, of active influence is he called away. His sun goes down at noon, the curtains of night are dropped in the brightness of mid-day. Nor is this all. That only son is survived by a mourning mother, and she in widowhood. Jesus raised from the dead when on earth three. One was an only daughter, but survived by both her parents ; another was an only brother, but

he was survived by both his sisters ; the third was the only son of his mother, and she had been a widow. And so sorrowful was this fact in the view of Christ that His compassion moved His power to succour her. Nor is His heart less tender now, for, ascended as He is on high, He bends to earth a human eye. And if He may not in this case succour in the same form, He may with the same sympathy. Nor should this fail besides to secure the sympathy and the supplications of all His people. Nor is that all that enhances the event as a source of sorrow. The place, position, and extensive connection and ownership of that only son increase its sadness. While the darkest part of the cloud is over the heart of a mourning mother, the shadow of it has also fallen on all the homesteads of this and other districts far and near. At the centre falling with crushing weight over the wide area of this and other counties, it has cast a nightly shade of sadness that is bound to last a generation. The nature of this mourning the Searcher and Consoler of the sorrowful assures us is peculiar. It is marked with sharpness. On that only son, no doubt the affections of the parent had been set. He was the focus of the parent's thoughts, the centre around which her earthly hopes and views revolved. Removed, bitterness blends itself with all the feelings and thinking of the mind, and, no doubt, the musings of privacy,

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contact and converse with friends, and consideration of circumstances will help to maintain the keenness of the edge. Verily, did that noble mother now give utterance to how she finds herself, her words might be, "Call me not Naomi, but call me Marah : I have gone out full, but returned empty." But it is deep as well as sharp. The wound has reached the bottom of the heart, and turned the soul into a seething sea of sorrow so profound as to make it find expression in moaning unutterable. And if at any time the breath should be free enough to shape the feelings in words, probably those of Jacob might be employed, "All these things are against me ; I will go down to my grave to my son in sorrow." It is also permanent. This is no winter brook which a sunny summer shall dry. The breach is without repair, the blank with a vacant stare shall gaze while life lasts into the heart of sorrow. Should the eye sleep the heart will be awake, and the eye refuse to cease to run. Rachel will refuse comfort for her son ; her only son is not. No sunshine will remove the dew of sorrow from the face. The sombre hue of sadness will never from the visage fade until either the pallor of death change it or the grave conceal it from view. Is it so? Then let us weep with those that weep, sympathise with those who mourn, and supplicate the succour of the love of Christ to the heart crushed with sorrow, and while we

do so let us not forget that there is a Son, an only Son, who can be a Husband to the widow, a stay, a succourer to her heart. And let us ever pray that from His lofty throne He may say to her, "Behold the only Son of God, thy Son because thy Saviour. He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," until—

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears from every weeping eye ;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, and death itself  
shall die.

*Rev. J. Forgan, Free Church, Cullen.*

Subject of lecture—"The Sacrifice of Isaac."

For reasons one and another, our ordinary course of forenoon lectures has been interrupted for some Sabbaths past. The voice of Providence itself has seemed to call us to resume it, at the point at which we have resumed it to-day. Abraham's trial in its outward form belonged to the early age in which he lived : in its essential features it belongs to all ages. The same discipline of pain and sorrow is appointed to us as to Abraham, and the only path to perfection lies through such discipline. God still comes and claims our Isaacs from us ; and the special discipline of Providence for all of us consists in our being made willing to give them up to Him. One has been called away during this past week, who, like Isaac, was an only son, and who, like him, was characterised by

gentleness of spirit and filial devotion. Only three short years have passed since he succeeded to the Earldom of Seafield, and little did we imagine that a career so hopefully begun was to end so soon. We recall his kindly bearing and his manner so simple and natural at our Harbour Bazaar at the beginning of this year, and it will be a still more grateful memory that his last public appearance in our town was at a meeting over which he presided for the advancement of the cause of Christ and the salvation of souls. He had begun to walk in a path that promised much for the future, and we had hoped to see his influence for good extending as the years advanced. God has seen fit, in His mysterious Providence, to order it otherwise, and the future is in His hands. Whatever changes may come we cannot but earnestly desire that the House of Seafield, with whom this community is so closely identified, may continue to exert the same influence for good. Meanwhile, we have again felt God's hand upon us as a community, in another young life brought suddenly to a close. Surely God has a purpose in the loud and repeated calls He has addressed to us during these past months. "Prepare to meet thy God." "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." And while we seek to learn this lesson for ourselves, our prayers and our sympathy are drawn out for her



upon whom this sore stroke has fallen on the back of another still too well remembered bereavement. May she have much of the sympathy of Jesus, who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows ; may she be enabled to stay herself upon her God, and, by His grace, be enabled to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

*Rev. Mr Duncan, Free High Church, Elgin.*

Text—Deuteronomy xxxii. 29:—"O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

You will all, my friends, readily recognise the reason for the selection of such a subject to-day, and you will naturally expect that I should make some allusion to him whose recent death has filled the hearts of many here and throughout the north of Scotland with sorrow. We do not think that the pulpit is a fitting place for empty panegyric, and it will certainly never be turned to such use by us, but when within a week we have been called upon to mourn the death of a prince and a peer, and such a prince and such a peer, it is but right that we should linger for a little on the image of their lives ere they pass away into the dimness and the forgetfulness of the vanished years. The pulpit and the press have already borne witness to the culture, virtue, and

worth of the prince who breathed his last on the shores of the Mediterranean, and whose funeral knell you may have heard the church bell toll as yesterday he was committed to his last resting place by the old Royal Palace of Windsor, where we will leave him till that day when the Lord God will make up His jewels, "and they that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Again the thread of life has been suddenly broken; the bird has been stricken in the middle of its song; the leaves have fallen in the spring. For this week there will be laid in the old clan home of his race the remains of him who but last Lord's Day might have been spoken of as the foremost man in this county. What he was as a landlord is better known to most of you than to me, but that he was kind and indulgent to his tenants, ever ready to aid all solid worth to the best of his ability throughout his vast estates, is the testimony of every one with whom I have come into contact. But it is not, perhaps, as a landlord that the deceased peer will be best remembered in the north. His period of ownership has been all too short for that. It is as a Christian gentleman who had given himself to active Christian and temperance work that he has gained the esteem and will live in the hearts of men. He seemed to inherit the quiet humble spirit of his father, with the religious spirit of his mother. King James used to

say that Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman, and, in the rank of life which the Earl of Seafield adorned, many have been of the same opinion, and have gone after the pomp and ritual of prelacy and popery ; but the late Earl was never ashamed of the plain simple religion of his fathers. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and had just been appointed a representative elder to the General Assembly by the Presbytery of Strathspey. But his piety was of no mere negative kind. He was wont to gather together the labourers engaged in the construction of the Coast Railway, and address them, and by his practical wisdom and good sense, combined with the natural sweetness of his nature, he succeeded in winning souls to the side of Christ, and many to the cause of temperance. His life was, in many respects, a beautiful one. There have been many of more commanding talents, many of more heroic and saintly virtues, but we do not think there have been many in whom the best qualities of head and heart have been so finely blended, not many whose life so beautifully reflected the meekness and the gentleness of Christ, or have been so richly adorned with the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." He is dead, but there is a world beyond the grave, a life out of the chrysalis sleep of death—there will the broken life be completed.

*Rev. Dr Macdonald, High Church, Inverness.*

Text :—St. James iv. xiv.—“What is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.”

Everything is calculated to remind us of the shortness and uncertainty of our time as tenants upon the earth. Time itself has been compared by one of our early English poets to a narrow isthmus that rises up between two eternities—a vision that issues from the twilight of the past, and is absorbed into the blackness of the future—the eternity behind on the one hand, and the eternity which stretches immeasurably before us on the other. But who can grasp the idea of eternity? What eye can pierce its shades or measure its depths? It is too high for us, we cannot attain unto it. But even standing on a lower point, and seeing that the life of man is short, even if it reach the utmost length to which it is ever known to extend—if the limit be four score years, or even in some rare instances recorded, it may be on doubtful authority, but, even if authentic, it reach five score, how rare and exceptional such an instance as this is! In the case of how many is the term far more limited? Of how many may it be said that they lived not half their days, but are cut off in the midst of their years? Look back, such of you as have lived for any length of time in the world, look back, and where are the companions of your youth? Where are those with

whom you took counsel in your earlier years, the friends in whom you confided, the neighbours and acquaintances with whom you associated? Numbers were cut off in early life, others attained to full strength, and died with their breasts full of milk and their bones moistened with marrow; but not one in a thousand has his life lengthened out to fourscore and attained to this extreme limit of human life. Every day and every hour admonishes us of the uncertainty of our own life. Again and again the warning falls upon our own ears, but we turn aside and try to escape the thought that we are standing on the crumbling brink of another world. More than one instance has occurred within the last few weeks which might well solemnise our minds. One of royal birth and princely station is suddenly cut down; not mental culture and varied accomplishments, not even moral worth and benevolent wishes and designs, could exempt him in the last and fatal conflict. Our own district has been pierced to the heart as it were with poignant pain by the removal of another in the bloom of life, of amiable disposition, it is said of serious thoughtfulness and earnest desire to be useful and exemplary—prince and peer have alike succumbed to their last foe, and their ashes have been laid in the tomb to mingle with the ashes of their fathers. On the one side, it is not sovereignty, nor on the other the

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possession of large estates, and the representation of a long line of ancestry, that could ward off the final blow. Both have sunk and gone done to the grave.

So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,  
 All that this world is proud of. From their spheres  
 The stars of human glory are cast down.

Their sun has gone down while it is yet noon, but if their light was kindled at the Sun of Righteousness, then it will never wax pale, but grow in increasing brightness through all those eternal ages, and in that land where the sun shall no more go down, nor the moon withdraw her brightness, the Lord Himself shall be their everlasting light, and the days of human mourning shall have ended.

*Rev. A. Macrae, Free Church, Glen-Urquhart.*

Texts :—(Gaelic) John xi. xxviii.—“The Master is come and calleth for thee ;” (English) Hebrews iv. ix.—“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”

He said he could not conclude the services without referring to an event which had cast a very deep shadow over the glen, namely, the lamented death of the Earl of Seafield, who was so suddenly and unexpectedly cut down in the prime of life. The occurrence ought to be a solemn warning to all, young and old, rich and poor, to be always ready, “for we know not the hour when the Son of Man

cometh." It is only about twelve years since the whole country turned out to do honour to the late Earl at his coming of age. Hopes were then expressed that he might live to fill the place of his worthy ancestors for many years to come. But we see that the Lord has ordered it otherwise. He was a young man of a kind and amiable disposition, and was expected to walk in the footsteps of his late lamented father, and for the three short years he was in possession of the estates we had no reason to think otherwise of him. But now, as the Lord has called him hence, we sincerely hope that He has prepared him for the solemn change, and it is our privilege and duty to pray earnestly for the Countess that this very heavy affliction may be sanctified to her, and that the Lord may sustain her under her great trial.



**TRIBUTES AND CONDOLENCES.**  

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THOUGH suffering Herself at the time from a similar sorrowful affliction, through the death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, Her Majesty the Queen, with that thoughtful consideration for others which Her loyal subjects have long ere now gratefully recognised as one of Her characteristics, was pleased, a few days after Lord Seafield's death, to send his mother a very touching and pathetic letter, written with Her own hand, and conveying an expression of Her gracious sympathy with one who, like Herself, was a widowed mother. H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany also, in the midst of her own deep sorrow, gave expression to her sympathy in a feeling telegram addressed to the Countess.

The following very kindly assurances of sympathy with her, and appreciation of her son, were, moreover, received by the Countess from Clansmen and Tenantry, from the various Public and other Bodies, and from the Societies and Associations with which he was connected, and in which he took an interest :—



(1) FROM CLANSMEN AND TENANTRY.

At Rothes, the 2nd April, 1884.

In a Public Meeting of the Inhabitants of Rothes and of the surrounding district on the Seafield Estates, it was resolved unanimously

To record the deep sorrow which the sad intelligence of the death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield caused in this part of the country ; to express the most profound sympathy with the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield in the severe bereavement that has befallen her Ladyship, the House of Grant, and the whole community.

That the foregoing resolutions be conveyed to her Ladyship by the Chairman of the meeting.

(Signed)      ROBERT DICK,  
Chairman.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

We, Feuars, Tenants, and others, in public meeting assembled at Grantown, receive with the deepest sorrow the sad intelligence of the overwhelming calamity which has befallen your Ladyship and the community through the death of your dearly-beloved son, the late Earl of Seafield, who has been removed in the prime of manhood ; and we deeply sympathise and condole

with your Ladyship on this melancholy occasion, and believe that the good example and teaching of a Christian mother have had their full influence in preparing him for "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and we assure your Ladyship that all classes of the community will ever feel the warmest interest in whatever concerns your future welfare, and we earnestly commend your Ladyship to the care and comfort of the King of Kings and the Husband of the widow.

Signed in name, and on behalf of the meeting.

(Signed) JOHN THOMSON, D.D.,  
Chairman.

Grantown, 5th April, 1884.

From the Tenants and Feuars of the late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, and from others residing in the Parish of Abernethy, to the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

Having heard with the deepest regret and sorrow of the death of Lord Seafield, we beg, with all respect, to offer to your Ladyship our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in the great and most distressing bereavement which you have sustained.

We lament that Lord Seafield should have been taken away in the prime of his life and in the midst

of a career of such honour and usefulness, and we shall ever cherish the memory of his high character as a landlord and Christian nobleman, whose ambition it was to follow in the steps of his revered father, and to discharge worthily and well all the duties of the important station in which providence had placed him.

That the God of all grace and consolation may support and comfort your Ladyship is our earnest prayer.

Signed in name and by the authority of the meeting by

(Signed) WILLIAM FORSYTH,  
Minister of Abernethy, Chairman.

Abernethy, 7th April, 1884.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield,  
from the Tenantry and others in the Districts of  
Advie and Tulchan.

We beg on this mournful occasion to add our tribute to the universal feeling of deepest sympathy with your Ladyship, pervading all classes of the community, on account of the severe bereavement sustained by the lamented death of the Earl of Seafield.

From early life we watched with ever increasing interest the progress of the gentle boy, the hope of his

noble parents, and the pride of their tenantry ; and as he developed into manhood, we failed not to notice how pre-eminently he possessed those virtues which best adorn exalted rank.

With unbounded pleasure we hailed his succession to the vast estates of his ancestors, the duties of which, as well as all his other public duties, he ably discharged. His was a life full of future promise.

Whilst we cannot but mourn his early removal as an irreparable loss, extending over and affecting a wide circle of interests, we feel that it is a source of consolation to your Ladyship that his short and unspotted life reflected lustre on the noble House of which he was the head.

Signed in name, and by request of all present, at a meeting within the School-house of Advie, convened as an expression of sympathy.

(Signed)      ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,  
Chairman of Meeting.

School-house, Advie,  
7th April, 1884.

Achnarrow Public School,  
7th April, 1884.

The Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield,  
Castle Grant.

We, the Tenants and others in the Braes of Castle.

Grant and Dellifure, humbly approach your Ladyship with our profound sympathy in your sore bereavement.

We feel acutely the loss sustained, not only by ourselves, but by the country at large, in the death of our much loved Chief and honoured proprietor, the late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, whose public and private virtues endeared him to all ranks and classes. We mourn with your Ladyship, and offer our humble sympathies.

Signed on behalf of the meeting by the Chairman,

(Signed) DONALD LAWSON,  
Achnagallen.

At a Meeting of the Tenants and others in Cromdale and surrounding district, convened by public intimation, and held in the School-room of Cromdale, on this the 7th April, 1884, the following resolution was moved, seconded, and unanimously agreed to :—

This meeting record their deep grief for the great loss which the Inhabitants of Strathspey, in common with many others, have sustained by the early and unexpected death of the Earl of Seafield, and express their most sincere sympathy with his sorrowing mother, the Countess of Seafield, in this the hour of her sore

bereavement, and they most earnestly pray that the same Spirit of all grace and consolation which carried her son so triumphantly through the dark valley, may sustain her Ladyship, and enable her to say with Christian resignation, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." And that the Chairman be requested to sign this resolution in name of the meeting, and forward it to Lady Seafield.

(Signed) JOHN GRANT,  
Chairman.

At a crowded Meeting of the Tenants and Householders of Glen-Urquhart, held on the 12th April, 1884—the Rev. John P. Campbell, minister of the Parish, presiding—the following Address of Condolence was unanimously agreed upon, and the Chairman authorised to forward it to the afflicted mother, the Countess of Seafield.

The Tenants and Householders of Glen-Urquhart have heard with deep regret of the premature death, on the 31st ultimo, of the Right Hon. the Earl of Seafield, and considering the high social position which his Lordship occupied in the country, the marked excellence of his personal character, and the great useful-

ness of his bright, pure, and promising life, they feel it a sacred duty to record their deep sense of his Lordship's great personal worth, the irreparable loss which they have sustained by his death, and to express their sincere condolence with his bereaved mother, the Countess of Seafield, in her sore affliction.

While yet young in years, and long before the period of life at which most men of rank and possession enter upon the duties and responsibilities associated with great wealth and station, the death of his lamented father suddenly plunged the late Earl into the whirl of care and duty; but these three years of brief authority showed by unmistakable signs a life as rich in performance as in promise, and to which the whole North looked forward with unfeigned hope and pleasure, not unmixed with pride. Especially by us and ours were the unfolding of his many social graces and Christian virtues regarded with pardonable pride and pleasure, as the best pledge and surety, to ourselves and to our children, of the continued peace of our homes and the security of our homesteads; and great was our longing for the time when he should in the future, as in the past, come back to live among us in his autumn seat at Balmacaan.

Deeply interested in every project of a charitable, philanthropic, or social character, his Lordship's services, we were glad to see, were cheerfully given

wherever they could be hoped to help the cause of religion, truth, and righteousness, which was so dear to him. Especially was he anxious to conserve all that is best in politics and religion, to which we owe the purity of our laws and the stability of our empire; and when he spoke on these subjects, it was with a force and clearness which promised that when experience had ripened his faculties he would not only here, but in the country, be a potent power and influence for good.

God willed it otherwise. Death has removed our beloved young Chief long before his life had time to open out into the full flower of the great promise which his youth and early manhood, spent among us, gave us the best grounds to entertain. It is, therefore, impossible to anticipate all he might have been. But if a warm heart and righteous spirit and generous nature, rich in Christian sympathies, and full of noble instincts and desires to discharge conscientiously his every duty, are in any one an earnest and a prophecy of a truly useful after life, they were his, in combination and in excellence as promising as they are rare.

The kindly relations existing between us and his father have been continued by him. From the dark cloud occasioned by his father's death, the late Earl rose over us like the sun in majestic silence, scattering the shadows of our anxieties, and flooding our hearts



with the sweet influence of his pure and gentle life. He made no change, and if he had any in contemplation we feel assured they were such as were best calculated to ameliorate the condition of his tenantry, and relieve the necessities of the poor. Our confidence was not diminished by the deepening earnestness of his Lordship's religious life and feeling of late years, and by the evidence which he had given of the Christian life by his Scripture readings and expositions to the spiritually poor. Nor did we fail to notice, with pride and satisfaction, his Lordship's allegiance to the Presbyterian faith and worship, in whose simple Scriptural forms he found all the freedom and refreshment which it is so fashionable to seek in more sensuous forms and elaborate ritual by many of his class; while many of us rejoiced to observe his growing attachment to the Church of Scotland, of which he was of late ordained an elder, amid the prayers and the blessings of an approving people.

Lord Seafield, like his father before him, lived under the consciousness of the immense responsibility attaching to his wealth and station, fully recognising the principle, so needful to be remembered, so readily to be forgotten in a selfish age, that property has its duties as well as its rights. No one was ever imbued with the patriarchal spirit of the true Chief more than

his Lordship. To the poor he was always generous and condescending, to his retainers kind and indulgent, to his tenants friendly and considerate. Ever solicitous for the welfare of the young, he was always ready to use his great influence to procure the deserving place and promotion; and as became the truly righteous landlord, he was ever watchful to discourage vice and misconduct in his property.

His Lordship's conduct was as exemplary as his life was pure. He sat every Sabbath that he could among his people in the Parish Church; he liberally supported every scheme of Christian usefulness; and by the gentleness of his behaviour and the righteousness of his actions he furnished a powerful incentive to Christian living. Our one—our only regret is that circumstances did not permit of his giving us the opportunity to welcome him to his newly-got, but briefly-held possession, and that it did not please God to spare him long enough to enable us to manifest by loyalty and affection the strength of our attachment and esteem for one whose life-aim was our temporal welfare, and whose last prayers were breathed for our eternal good.

But though dead, he yet speaketh. By the purity, humility, and righteousness of his life, and the sweet influence of his personal deportment, his Lordship embalmed his memory in our affections, and engraved

his name upon our hearts ; while to us and to all he has left the example of what influence for good it is in the power of an exalted Christian life to exert and leave, an example which, if universally followed, would unite ere long in bonds of mutual good-will the fast separating classes of rich and poor, and help more than anything else to secure and perpetuate the rights of property, and to develop the resources of the land.

This meeting instruct their Chairman to forward this Address of Condolence to the Countess of Seafield, whom they rejoice to know fully entered into her son's plans, and heartily co-operated in carrying them into effect. Knowing the tender love of which he was the object, and the more than filial tenderness wherewith it was reciprocated, they desire to express their deep sense of her grievous loss, and their heartfelt sympathy and condolence with her in her crushing bereavement, earnestly praying that God, in His infinite mercy and compassion, may comfort and support her, and in His own wise way sanctify it for her present and eternal welfare.

(Signed) JOHN P. CAMPBELL,  
Chairman.

On this, the 16th day of April, 1884, we, the  
Inhabitants of the landward part of the Parish of

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Boyndie and of the village of Whitehills, convened in the Boyndie Public School, agreeably to intimation from the pulpits, do most respectfully desire to express to the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield our sincere sorrow at the death of the Earl of Seafield. Knowing how his Lordship had been brought up, and witnessing how, since he succeeded his lamented father, he was daily giving the greatest promise of following in his footsteps, we wished he might be long spared to adorn his high rank by his many gifts and graces, enjoy his estates, and prove a blessing to all residing upon them, honoured and esteemed as he was ; and now we truly mourn over his early removal from us. With her Ladyship, in grief for so loving and beloved a son, we deeply sympathise, and our prayer is that she may be comforted and supported under the heavy bereavement by the Father of mercies and God of all comfort and consolation.

We authorise the Chairman, the Rev. James Ledingham, to sign this expression of our sorrow and sympathy, and instruct him to transmit it to her Ladyship.

(Signed)      JAS. LEDINGHAM.

Carr Bridge, Duthil, 19th April, 1884.

The Right Honourable The Countess of Seafield.

May it please your Ladyship,

At a largely attended meeting of the Tenantry and other Inhabitants of the parish of Duthil held here to-day, it was cordially resolved to forward to your Ladyship an expression of heartfelt sympathy with your Ladyship in your present distressing bereavement.

We assure your Ladyship that we deeply lament the loss of your late beloved son, the Earl of Seafield. We highly appreciated the excellent parts with which the noble Earl was endowed, and the evident promise he gave of proving an ornament to his high station, a beloved landlord, and a tower of strength for good in the community.

We trust that your Ladyship may be sustained and carried through this great trial, and we beg to tender to your Ladyship our sincere sympathy and continued attachment.

In name of the Meeting.

(Signed) EVAN MACLEOD,  
Chairman.

30th April, 1884.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

We, the undersigned Tenants on your Ladyship's estates in Bogmuchals and the surrounding district, in consequence of the sad bereavement which has befallen your Ladyship, in the removal of one so dear to you, and so highly appreciated by us, would venture to approach your Ladyship, and offer you our heartfelt sympathies. The thoughtful policy adopted in the management of the Seafield Estates during these years has commended itself to your numerous tenantry, and produced in us a just appreciation of our late noble proprietor's kindly disposition towards us, as well as his and your Ladyship's solicitations for the temporal and spiritual well-being of the community at large. We feel very deeply for your Ladyship in this bereavement, following as it has done so closely the removal of one equally dear ; and although it is but little of comfort that we can impart compared to that which God can, yet we trust your Ladyship will be pleased with what we offer ; and that God may long spare your Ladyship in health and happiness amongst us is the sincere wish of your Ladyship's humble servants.

SIGNED BY 83 TENANTS.

Ord, 30th April, 1884.

At a Meeting of the Tenantry on the Seafield Estate in this Parish, held here this day—the Rev. James Davidson, Chairman—it was unanimously resolved that an expression of their strong sympathy should be presented to the Countess of Seafield under the sad bereavement sustained by her through the death of her son, the Earl of Seafield, whose memory they fondly cherish, wishing that God's blessing may comfort and strengthen her Ladyship. The Chairman was authorised to sign this minute on behalf of those present, and to forward it to her Ladyship.

(Signed) JAMES DAVIDSON,  
Chairman.

Unto the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

We, the Tenantry on the Seafield Estates in the parish of Rathven, desire to express our sincere and earnest sympathy for your Ladyship in the painful bereavement with which you have been visited.

We are deeply sensible of the personal loss which we have sustained through the death of our late Lord, who was endeared to us by his gentle and unaffected manners, his personal kindness, and by reason of the hearty sympathy and interest manifested by him in

all that concerned our welfare. We believe that his death is an irreparable loss to the community.

While thus condoling with your Ladyship on your great loss and the terrible trial to which you have been subjected, we pray that you may be sustained in the future by the unfaltering trust in God by which you have been supported in the past.

Signed at Rathven Parish Church this thirteenth day of May, 1884, in name, presence, and by appointment of the meeting.

(Signed)      GORDON IRVING DONALD,  
Chairman.

Unto the Right Honourable The Countess of  
Seafield.

May it please your Ladyship,

The Tenantry and other Inhabitants of the Parish of Deskford, desire to sympathise deeply with your Ladyship in the sore bereavement you have sustained, in the death of your noble son, the late Earl of Seafield.

His high aims, his unselfish life, the lively interest he took in everything affecting the well being, not of his tenantry alone, but of all classes on his wide domains, are well known to, and will ever be remembered by, us all.



How he alleviated the distress of the poor, aided the deserving, and pursued a liberal and enlightened policy towards his tenantry, marked out the late Earl as one who, if spared, would have continued to be, as he was, a pattern of true nobility.

We all deplore the loss we have sustained by his death, and, though human sympathy can never repair to a mother the loss of a devoted son, yet we sincerely trust that your Ladyship will receive the expressions of our heartfelt sorrow for you in your great trial, while we pray that the Hand that supported him in his last hours may extend to your Ladyship that comfort which can alone solace the bereaved.

Signed by authority, and in name of the Tenantry and other Inhabitants of Deskford there convened, this 14th May, 1884, by

(Signed) JAMES MACKINTOSH,  
Chairman.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

Madam,

We, the undersigned Tenants on the Estates in the lower district of Morayshire of your ever to be lamented, noble, and most amiable son; the Right Honourable Sir Ian Charles, 8th Earl of Seafield, Chief of Clan Grant, filled with deep and depressing grief by

his Lordship's calamitous and melancholy death, respectfully request permission so approach your Ladyship for the purpose of giving expression to our heartfelt sympathy with you in your fearfully sad and terrible bereavement.

We are unable to employ any words of condolence that will adequately convey the sentiments of mournful respect entertained by us towards your Ladyship, and we are humbly conscious of how little we can do to mitigate the bitter pangs of such overwhelming affliction.

We therefore will only further intrude on your Ladyship's devoted sorrow, by offering our most sincere sympathy, and our earnest prayers that you may be strengthened to bear, with noble fortitude, trials such as few widows or mothers have been called upon to suffer.

SIGNED BY 63 TENANTS.

From the Tenants and Feuars of the late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, and from others in the Parish of Keith and surrounding district, to the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

We, the undersigned, having heard with the deepest regret of the death of Lord Seafield, desire to express

our sincere and respectful sympathy with your Ladyship in the sudden and severe bereavement which you have sustained.

The late Lord Seafield had always shown a very deep interest in this part of his estates, and had in many ways proved how much he had at heart the highest good of all classes of the community, amongst whom his loss has occasioned deep and universal sorrow.

This sorrow has been felt all the more that his life, which has been so soon cut short, was one of high purpose, and gave promise of a yet greater and more extended usefulness.

That you may find all needed consolation and support in Him who is the strength of the sorrowful, is our earnest prayer.

SIGNED BY 780 TENANTS AND FEUARS.

Unto the Right Honourable the Countess of  
Seafield.

We, Tenant Farmers in the district of the Boyne, and Feuars and Inhabitants of Portsoy, beg respectfully to assure your Ladyship of our sincere sympathy in the sad and sorrowful position in which your Ladyship is now placed through the irreparable loss you have

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sustained in the premature death of your much-loved and justly respected son.

While conscious that nothing we can say will heal the heart of a much devoted mother, we would fain express the hope that some consolation may be afforded your Ladyship in knowing that we justly esteem his short life as spent in a manner eminently befitting his high and noble station, and consistent with his family traditions and the great and honourable trusts devolved upon him ; and also that the recollection of his untarnished name and career will ever occupy a first place in our memories.

SIGNED BY 75 TENANTS.

At a meeting of the Tenantry and others connected with the Seafeld Estates, within the Parish of Boharm, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

The Tenantry of Boharm record their deep regret at the very sudden and unexpected death of the Earl of Seafeld, and their sense of the great loss they have all sustained in the untimely removal of one who gave so much promise of taking a full and kindly interest in the welfare of his tenantry, and of worthily upholding the noble traditions of his ancient House and Family. The tenantry of Boharm also desire most respectfully to

convey to the widowed Countess of Seafield the assurance of their sincere and heartfelt sympathy with her in the most sudden and irreparable bereavement she has sustained in the loss of her loving and only son.

In name, and by appointment of the meeting.

(Signed) . . . . . STEPHEN REE,  
Minister of Boharm, Chairman.

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(2) FROM ECCLESIASTICAL BODIES.

Extract Minute of Presbytery of Inverness of 1st  
April, 1884.

It was proposed, seconded, and unanimously agreed to—"That this Presbytery records its sense of the loss sustained by the Church in the death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, who, in addition to warmly professing the traditional attachment of his ancient House to the National Church, had already, though comparatively young in years, given proof of his earnest desire to use his great influence in support of her Christian work in the different parishes in which his estates lay, and was recently ordained to the office of the eldership; and further instruct the Clerk to communicate its expression of sincere condolence and sympathy to his Lordship's mother, the Countess of Seafield, with the earnest desire for her Ladyship's support and comfort under her unexpected bereavement."

(Signed) JOHN FRASER,  
Presby. Clk.

At Portsoy, April 2nd, 1884, which day the Presbytery of Fordyce met according to adjournment, and was constituted, *inter alia*,

The Presbytery unanimously resolved to record in their minutes an expression of their sincere sympathy

with the Countess of Seafield under the sad bereavement which her Ladyship has sustained by the unexpected death of her son, the deeply lamented Earl of Seafield ; and appoint their Clerk to send an extract of this resolution to Mr Bryson for presentation to her Ladyship.

Extracted from the records of the Presbytery of Fordyce by

(Signed)      WILLIAM MACVICAR,  
Presby. Clerk.

Cromdale Church, 6th April, 1884.

The Session met this day, and was constituted with prayer. Sederunt—Rev. J. Grant, A.M., minister ; Messrs Peter Stuart, James Macqueen, and William Fraser, elders. Mr Gillies, elder, Abernethy, being present, was associated with the Session.

The Session record their great grief at the death of the Earl of Seafield, and their sense of the great loss which not only his wide estates, but the Church and the country, have sustained ; and they desire to forward to Lady Seafield this expression of their deepest sympathy, and they most earnestly pray that He who is sufficient for all things may be her support and stay.

(Signed)      JOHN GRANT, A.M.,  
Moderator.

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To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

We, the Members of the Presbytery of Abernethy, in Presbytery assembled, beg respectfully to offer to your Ladyship our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in the sad and unexpected bereavement which you have sustained in the death of your only and dearly loved son, the Earl of Seafield. One of our last acts was to appoint Lord Seafield—our ruling elder—to represent us in the General Assembly, and we deeply lament that he should have been called away so early; and we shall ever most gratefully cherish the memory of his attachment and services to the Church of which he was an honoured member and office-bearer; and we pray that the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation may support and comfort your Ladyship.

Signed, in name and by appointment of the Presbytery of Abernethy, on this the 15th April, 1884.

(Signed) JOHN GRANT,  
Moderator P.T

At Elgin, 22nd April, 1884, which day the Provincial Synod of Moray being met and constituted,  
*inter alia,*

“The Synod of Moray desire to record their deep feelings of sorrow and regret at the early death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, an elder of this



Church, whose lofty station and extensive influence within the bounds of this Synod, whose warm attachment to the Church, and whose excellencies of character marked him out as one who would, if his life had been spared, have attained to a high position of honour and usefulness.

“The Synod also desire to express their heartfelt sympathy with his mother, the Countess of Seafield, in the distressing bereavement she has sustained in the death of her only and much-loved son. While bowing with submission to this dispensation of Almighty God, their fervent prayer is that she may be supported by the consolations of Him who comforts them that mourn, and by the hope of that heavenly inheritance in which separation and sorrow are unknown.”

Extracted from the Records of the Synod of Moray  
by (Signed) C. BRUCE,  
Cl. Syn. Moray.

Vestry of Parish Church of Inverallan, the 28th  
of April, 1884.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.  
Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wisdom and mercy, to remove from amongst us our dearly-loved brother in the faith of the gospel and in the eldership of this Church and parish, and to exalt

him to his appointed place in the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, that are written in heaven :

We, the Kirk-Session of the parish of Inverallan, in session assembled, beg to convey to your Ladyship a feeble but cordial expression of our gratitude to the Supreme All-Giver for His grace and mercy in sending your ladyship and his late lamented father such a son as the late Ian Charles, Earl of Seafield, proved himself to be—so generous, so watchful over your Ladyship's interests and over the interests of all his people ; so deeply and wisely concerned in the spiritual and temporal well-being of both youth and age ; so pure in character and kind in demeanour ; and so wedded to the best interests of the Church of his and our fathers.

Also of our condolence with your Ladyship under the heavy bereavement which it hath pleased God to bring upon you and upon the House of Grant, upon us his co-presbyters in the Church of Scotland, and the whole country, by his early removal by death. We mourn with you, we make your sorrow and your great loss our own, and we shall not cease to entreat the Lord on your Ladyship's behalf, that He may be pleased to bind up and heal your wounded heart, and to give you "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Also, that it may please Him in His infinite good-

ness and mercy to give your Ladyship both length of days in the land He has given you, and all needed grace and strength for the faithful discharge of the duties of your high and influential position, and that He may long continue you as His minister for good to all the people under your Ladyship's protection and guidance, and in token thereof we hereto subscribe our names as your Ladyship's humble and faithful servants for the Lord's sake.

(Signed) JOHN THOMSON, D.D.,  
Minister of Inverallan and Moderator  
of the Kirk-Session.

( „ ) JOHN GRANT THOMSON.  
( „ ) PETER CRUICKSHANK.  
( „ ) JOHN GRANT.  
( „ ) JOHN ROSS.  
( „ ) WILLIAM JOHNSON.  
( „ ) JAMES M'GREGOR.  
( „ ) JOHN STUART.  
( „ ) GORDON SMITH.  
( „ ) ALEX. URQUHART.  
( „ ) ANDREW GILL.

At Edinburgh, the twenty-ninth day of May, One thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, which day the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland being met and constituted, *inter alia*,

The General Assembly called for the report of the

Patronage Compensation Committee, which was given in by T. G. Murray, Esq., Convener.

It was agreed that an extract of that portion of the Report referring to the late Earl of Seafield be communicated to the Countess Dowager of Seafield, which is as follows :—

“The Committee have again to acknowledge with pleasure that, in some cases during the past years, the claims for compensation have been given up by the Patrons or their Representatives, including, among others, the Earls of Wharncliffe and Seafield. The death of this last-named nobleman is lamented by all, and is especially so by the Church of Scotland, to whom he was a true friend, and in whose Assembly he would have sat this year. We can only offer our sincere sympathy to his bereaved mother in the sorrow attending the early removal of one who so truly sought to use for good the extended influence which his position gave him.”

Extracted from the Records of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland by

(Signed) JOHN TULLOCH,  
Cl. Eccl. Scot.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

Madam,

May it please your Ladyship to permit the Free Church Presbytery of Abernethy met in Court to approach your Ladyship with this address of condolence on the occasion of the great grief in which it has pleased God to involve your Ladyship, by the death of your Ladyship's only and devoted son, the late Earl of Seafield. With deepest sympathy the Presbytery desire to sorrow with your Ladyship's sorrow, and mourn the loss sustained by the early decease of a son so true and noble.

The Presbytery is not insensible of all the consideration the cause of Christ in general, and of the Free Church in particular, has received at the hand of the noble House of which your Ladyship's departed son was the Eighth Earl. More especially is the Presbytery sensible of the uniform kindness the congregations of the Free Church on the Seafield Estates have experienced during the life of the Earl now departed, and of the noble father that predeceased him. The Presbytery lament the early removal of your Ladyship's noble son, so full of promise, so active in connection with useful and Christian objects, and so decided on the side of truth and goodness; and with one heart the Presbytery pray that your Ladyship

may be sustained and solaced in grief so profound by the grace of God, and the promises of His truth, and also by the presence and love of His only and well-beloved Son. They pray that your Ladyship may be comforted by the hope that the event which has involved your Ladyship in grief unspeakable, and the country in sorrow and incalculable loss, has been heavenly gain and glory to him whose early loss is the cause of mourning so deep and widespread.

In the name and by the authority of the Free Church Presbytery of Abernethy.

(Signed)      ALEXANDER MILLER,  
Moderator.

(3) FROM COMMISSIONERS OF SUPPLY.

Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of the Commissioners of Supply, Heritors, and Justices of the Peace of Inverness-shire, held on 30th April, 1884.

It was then moved by Lord Abinger, seconded by The Mackintosh, and unanimously agreed to, that the Commissioners should enter upon their record an expression of their deep sense of the great loss which the county had sustained by the death of the late Earl of Seafield, who had for the last six years, with marked ability, constant urbanity, and increasing devotion, filled the office of the Convener of this county, and had, during his too short career, proved himself a just and enlightened proprietor, a kind and liberal landlord, and a good and exemplary man in all the relations of life ; and should tender to his mother, the Countess of Seafield, their warm sympathy in the sad bereavement from which she is now suffering.

The Clerk was instructed to forward to the Countess an excerpt from this Minute.

A true excerpt certified by

(Signed)

JAMES ANDERSON,  
Clerk of Supply.

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At Nairn, the fifth day of May, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, in the annual Statutory Meeting of the Commissioners of Supply of Nairnshire, *inter alia*,

It was also unanimously resolved to enter upon the minutes an expression of the Commissioners' sense of the great loss which the North of Scotland has sustained by the premature and unlooked-for removal by death of the Earl of Seafield, at a time when he had only just entered on a career which promised to develop into one of much usefulness to the public in general, and of great benefit to the numerous tenantry on his extensive estates in the North; and to tender to his widowed mother, the Countess of Seafield, their sincere sympathy with her in her great sorrow. The Preses was requested to transmit an excerpt of this minute to the Countess.

Extracted by

(Signed)

J. D. LAMB,  
Clerk of Supply.



(4) FROM TOWN COUNCILS.

Excerpt from the Minutes of a Meeting of the Magistrates and Town Council of the Burgh of Cullen, held at Cullen, the second day of April, eighteen hundred and eighty-four.

That the Magistrates and Town Council do hereby record their grateful sense of the numerous and valuable benefits which they and the community have received from the late lamented Earl of Seafield, and their deep and unfeigned sorrow for the loss they have sustained by the sad and distressing event of his death.

That the Magistrates and Council are highly sensible of the many excellent qualities of the late noble lord, of his amiable and generous disposition, his earnest desire at all times to promote the welfare of all classes, and of the high estimation in which he was so deservedly held by the whole community.

That the Magistrates and Council do sincerely sympathise and condole with the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield in the sad bereavement with which it has pleased the Disposer of events to visit her.

That an extract of this minute be forwarded to Lady Seafield by the Clerk.

Extracted and certified by

(Signed)

JNO. ALLAN,  
Town Clerk Depute.

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Town Clerk's Office,  
Forres, 3rd April, 1884.

Dear Lady Seafield,

I am desired by the Town Council of this Burgh, to convey to your Ladyship their sincere sympathy and condolence on the lamented and unexpected death of your son, the Earl of Seafield. The announcement of the sad event has been received by all classes of the community with profound regret, and I am sure that the feeling given expression to by the Council will be heartily homologated in every household in Forres. The earnest prayer of all is that you may be supported and comforted in this hour of deep trial.

I may also mention that it was unanimously resolved that a deputation from the Council should attend the funeral in their corporate and representative capacity.

I have the honour to remain,

Your very obedient servant,

(Signed) ROBERT URQUHART, Jun.,  
Depute Town Clerk.

The Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield,  
Castle Grant, Grantown, Strathspey.

Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of Town Council  
of the Royal Burgh of Banff, held at Banff on  
7th April, 1884.

It was further resolved to express sympathy and condolence with the Countess of Seafield under the sore trial and bereavement with which she has been visited by the death of her son, the Earl of Seafield, and request the Town Clerk to send an excerpt from this minute to the Countess.

A true excerpt, certified by

(Signed)

JOHN ALLAN,  
Town Clerk.

Banff, 8th April, 1884.

City Chambers,  
Elgin, 16th April, 1884.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Elgin, in special public meeting assembled, resolved to put on record and convey to your Ladyship an expression of their sincere sorrow for the death of your much and most justly esteemed and respected noble son, the Right Honourable Ian Charles, Eighth Earl of Seafield.

They beg also to offer their deepest sympathy to your Ladyship in your sore bereavement, and to

express their earnest hope and desire that your Ladyship may be long blessed with health and strength for the discharge of the many and important duties of your high position.

I have the honour to be,

Your Ladyship's most obedient servant,

(Signed)            JAMES BLACK,  
Lord Provost of Elgin.

(5) FROM POLITICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Excerpt from Minute of Meeting of Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations for Scotland, held at Edinburgh on 14th April, 1884.

The Chairman, before commencing the business of the Meeting, proposed that the Council should record in their Minutes their sense of the great loss which they have sustained by the death of their President, the Earl of Seafield.

The following resolution was unanimously agreed to:—

“The Council receive with the deepest regret the intimation of the loss which the Conservative cause, and this Union, have sustained in the sudden and unexpected death of the Earl of Seafield, so lately elected its President. Exercising great and deserved influence over a large extent of country, the deceased Peer had, at a comparatively early age, shewn his constant desire to discharge the duties of his position, and to promote the public good. His support was zealously given to the advancement of Constitutional principles, and it was hoped that he was destined to lend yet more efficient aid in the future, in a part of the country where much still remains to be done. The Council desire to express their respectful sympathy



with a never-failing geniality and courtesy, which contributed in no small degree, both by his example and his unremitting exertions, to the promotion of the Conservative cause in Inverness-shire: That his presence produced harmony in the councils of the Association, and vigour in its action: That, while sincerely mourning his early death, the members are in some measure consoled by the thought that the effect of his too short connection with the Association has been such as to ensure its continuance, and to increase its usefulness in the future."

It was further unanimously agreed that a copy of the above resolution, signed by the Chairman, should be transmitted to the Countess of Seafield, with the expression on the part of this Association of their deep and respectful sympathy with her Ladyship in the irreparable loss which she has sustained.

(Signed) DONALD CAMERON  
of Lochiel.

Excerpt from Minute of Public Meeting of the Inverness Burgh Conservative Association, held within the Fraser Street Hall, Inverness, on the 5th of June, 1884, Mr Charles Innes, Solicitor, in the Chair.

At the outset of the proceedings the Chairman pro-

posed that the following Minute, relative to the death of the late Earl of Seafield, should be entered on the records of the Association, and that a copy thereof should be forwarded to the Countess of Seafield for her acceptance :—

“That the Members of this Association lament with the deepest sorrow the death of the Earl of Seafield, a nobleman who had endeared himself to all classes of the community by his urbanity, his unselfishness, his uprightness, and his attachment to his Clan and Tenants ; his attention to his estate and public duties ; his adherence to, and staunch support of, the Church of his ancestors ; his unflinching advocacy and maintenance of every movement which had for its object the upholding of the national honour, the integrity of the State, and the well-being of the people ; and that they express their profound sympathy with the Countess of Seafield in the irreparable loss she has sustained by the death of her honoured son.”

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

Signed in name and on behalf of the Meeting by

(Signed) CHARLES INNES,  
Chairman.



Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of the Members of the Northern Counties Constitutional Association, held, under the Presidency of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, within the Fraser Street Hall, Inverness, on Friday, the 11th day of July, 1884, at one o'clock P.M.

On the motion of Brodie of Brodie, seconded by Mr Reginald Macleod of Macleod, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

“That this being the first occasion on which the Members of the Association have assembled since the lamented death of the late Earl of Seafield, they desire to record their sense (1) of the great loss which has been sustained by the Conservative party in the Northern Counties by the sudden removal of one whose sincere, earnest, and enthusiastic attachment to, and advocacy of, all that concerned the interests of the party had so marked an effect in popularising the principles by which Conservatives are guided, and in stimulating the adherents of the party to exert themselves in its behalf ; and (2) of the extreme personal loss which each Member feels he has sustained by Lord Seafield's death, as well as of the irreparable blank which that death makes in the list of office-bearers of an Association whose President he was from

its inauguration, and whose success is mainly traceable to his intense zeal and thorough devotion.

“That a copy of the above resolution, signed by the Chairman, shall be transmitted to the Countess Dowager of Seafield, with an expression of the profound sympathy of every Member of this Association with her Ladyship in her sad bereavement.”

(Signed) A. D. MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH.

Excerpt Minute of Meeting of the Council of the Banffshire Conservative Association, held at Banff, on Saturday, the 26th day of July, 1884—Sir Robert Abercromby, Baronet of Forglen, Birkenbog, &c., in the chair.

The Council unanimously resolve at this, the first meeting since the lamented death of the President of the Association, the late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, to place on record the pain and sorrow which all the members of the Council felt on the occasion of the unexpected removal by death of the noble Earl, at a time when his Lordship, having emerged into public life, had begun to manifest those qualities which gave promise of a life of self-sacrificing devotion to the best interests of the numerous tenantry, feuars, and others on the family estates,

and at a time when his Lordship had already made his influence felt as a sound Constitutional Conservative politician, and as a liberal and enlightened landlord.

The Council desires to offer the Right Honourable Countess Dowager of Seafield its warmest sympathy under the solemn dispensation of Providence, and to express its grateful appreciation of the Christian courage which has enabled her Ladyship to rise above extreme grief, and fulfil the onerous duties of her high position.

The Council instruct the Secretary to forward to Lady Seafield an excerpt of this minute, attested by the Chairman.

(Signed)      ROBERT ABERCROMBY,  
   Chairman.

( „ )      ALEXANDER WATT,  
   Secretary.

26th July, 1884.

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(6) FROM CLUBS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

London, 3rd April, 1884.

To the Right Hon. the Countess of Seafield.

My Lady,

It is with the deepest and most heartfelt regret that I have heard of the death of your most dear son, the Earl of Seafield, who was one of our most esteemed Patrons.

In this hour of your great trial, I desire, on behalf of the Members of the London Inverness-shire Association, to offer your Ladyship our most dutiful sympathy, and to express the hope that your Ladyship may be consoled in your great affliction by knowing that he was a true friend and servant to his county, and that God has taken back his own.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) SIMON WM. FRASER,  
Hon. Sec. London Inverness-shire Association.

From the Grantown Young Men's Union to the  
Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

We, the Grantown Young Men's Union, having heard with the deepest sorrow of the death of the Earl of Seafield, desire to express our earnest and heartfelt sympathy with your Ladyship in the unexpected and

severe loss which you have sustained. Our Society has had the honour of having the late Earl of Seafield as Patron, and among the Members his sudden demise has caused general and sincere regret. That your Ladyship may receive that consolation from above, which is not to be obtained from things earthly, is our earnest and sincere prayer.

(Signed) JOHN MACDONALD,  
Secy.

April 7, 1884.

Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of the Glasgow  
Inverness-shire Association, held at Glasgow, 7th  
April, 1884.

The Chairman at this stage referred to the death of the Earl of Seafield, who, he stated, was so recently amongst them, and filled with so much acceptance and satisfaction the position of Chairman at the Annual Gathering of the Association, and also to the fact that his Lordship was not only a Life Member of the Association, but its prospective Chief. After various expressions of regret by those present at his Lordship's death, it was moved by Mr Grant and unanimously agreed to :—

(1) To record the deep regret of the Association at his Lordship's early death ;

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(2) To record the deep sense of the loss the Association has thereby sustained ;

(3) To record an expression of condolence and sympathy with the Countess Dowager of Seafield, his Lordship's mother, in her sad bereavement ; and

(4) That the Secretary be instructed to transmit to her Ladyship an excerpt of this Minute.

It was also unanimously agreed that the Association be represented at the funeral, and the Secretary was authorised to attend, which he agreed to do.

(Signed)      PETER STEWART,  
Secretary.

Excerpt from Minutes of Quarterly Meeting of the  
London Morayshire Club, held on Wednesday,  
the 9th April, 1884.

Resolved,

That this meeting record its deep sense of the loss the Club has sustained in the death of the Right Honourable Ian Charles Ogilvie Grant, Earl of Seafield, one of its patrons.

His Lordship took a warm interest in the progress of the Club, and was ever ready to lend the weight of his great influence towards the furtherance of the objects it had in view.

While his loss will be widely felt in the county

where he was so much beloved and respected, it will be no less so by the members of this Club, which had the honour and privilege of having his Lordship as one of its patrons.

Resolved further,

That this meeting desires to offer its condolence and sincere sympathy to the Dowager Countess of Seafield in her great and sudden affliction, and instruct the Secretaries to submit to her Ladyship a copy of this resolution.

(Signed) JAMES RAY, } Honorary  
( ,, ) ROBERT DAVIDSON, } Secretaries.

Extract from the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Banff Town and County Club, held 28th April, 1884, Mr Gordon of Cairnfield in the Chair.

The Report of the Council regarding the lamented death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, who was a Life Member, was read to the Meeting, and it was unanimously resolved to record in the Minutes an expression of the sorrow of the Club for the great loss the Countess of Seafield has sustained, and of sympathy with her Ladyship in her sad bereavement.

Extracted from the Minutes by me,

(Signed) JAMES MORRISON,  
Secy.

Grantown, 6th May, 1884.

From the Members of the Castle Grant Clothing Club.

To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager  
of Seafield.

We, the undersigned Widows, Members of the Castle Grant Clothing Club, as representing all the Members in the districts of Grantown and neighbourhood, Dava, Cromdale, Dellifure, Skye of Curr, and Dulnan Bridge, this day assembled, respectfully desire to approach your Ladyship on the present occasion to offer our very heartfelt sympathy on the death of your most noble son and our benefactor, the Earl of Seafield.

We have felt that this affliction must be to your Ladyship so overwhelming that no words of ours can be of any comfort, still we should like to assure your Ladyship that we one and all feel for you most deeply.

Many of us know what it is to be bereaved of husband and children, and so the more do we from our hearts mourn for you in the terrible loss you have sustained. We have shed many tears for your Ladyship, and many are the prayers we have offered that Almighty God, who has sent the trial, may comfort and strengthen you under it.

We again respectfully beg your Ladyship will accept,



along with the blessing of the poor of this district, the Widows' mite of sympathy.

SIGNED BY 17 WIDOWS.

Extract from Minute-Book of Cullen Poultry Association, 12th May, 1884.

On the motion of Mr J. W. Stuart, it was unanimously agreed to record in the minutes the great loss the Association had sustained in the lamented death of their patron, the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield. The Secretary was also instructed to send an extract of this minute to the Countess of Seafield, and to assure her Ladyship of the deep sympathy the members of this Association had with her in this sad and sudden bereavement.

(Signed)

GEO. SEIVWRIGHT,  
Secretary.

Glasgow Celtic Society.

Excerpt from the Minutes of a Meeting of Directors.

It was unanimously agreed to record in the minutes of this meeting an expression of deep regret at the sudden and unexpected death of the Earl of Seafield, and of sympathy with the Countess Dowager in her sad

bereavement, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to her.

(Signed) CHAS. MACDONALD WILLIAMSON,  
Hon. Secretary.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

Madam,

At a Meeting of the "Portsoy Young Men's Christian Association," held on the 14th instant, it was unanimously agreed to send to your Ladyship an expression of our sympathy with you in your present sorrow.

Very truly and deeply do we sympathise with your Ladyship. As individuals we do so, remembering the worth of your son, and the great love that existed between you and him. As an Association we have special reason to remember him, both on account of his most generous gift towards the building of our Christian Institute, and the interest he took in it and in the objects it is intended to promote.

We had hoped that this summer we would secure his valuable services in opening it, but a wise and loving Father has seen fit that it be otherwise. His last visit to Portsoy, when he sat beside you listening to words of truth concerning Jesus and His love, is one we must all look back upon with deep satisfaction, and

it must be consoling to you to be able to associate the closing days of his life with such memories.

Accept of our most cordial sympathy, and of the assurance that we pray for your consolation and strength.

In name of the Association, we are, your Ladyship's most obedient Servants,

(Signed) JNO. C. GRANT,  
President.

( „ ) D. C. BOYD,  
Hon. Pres.

( „ ) WM. SIMMERS,  
Hon. Pres.

## (7) FROM AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of Directors of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, held at Edinburgh on the 2nd day of April, 1884—the Right Hon. the Earl of Haddington in the chair.

That the Directors regard it as a duty to record the deep and sincere regret with which they have received the intimation of the death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, at such an early age, and when he was proving himself to be such a useful country gentleman, and to express their sense of the assistance which the Society received from him as a Vice-President and as an exhibitor of stock at the general shows of the Society.

That this resolution be engrossed in the minutes of the Society, and the Secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of it to the Countess of Seafield, with their respectful condolence and sympathy upon the occasion of the painful bereavement which her Ladyship has sustained.

(Signed)

HADDINGTON,  
Chairman.

Copy of Minute of Special Meeting of Glen-Urquhart Farmers' Society, held on 12th April, 1884.

The meeting resolved to record in their minutes their deep sense of the loss the Society has sustained through the early death of their President, the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield.

Young and active, three years ago, when it pleased Providence to call him to fill the honourable and responsible position of his noble ancestors in the country, he had already favourably impressed the public by his approachable manner, his intelligence, and marked capacity for business ; and the lively interest he took in the welfare of the tenantry on the family estates, and in agriculture generally, gave hope that a long period of usefulness and happiness lay before him, and of comfort and contentment before his tenantry.

As he gained experience and came more and more before the public, his popularity increased, his earnest desire to do good was more seen and more appreciated. Universally loved and esteemed in life, his sudden and unexpected death is more felt and more lamented.

The meeting also resolved to record their sincere sympathy with the Countess of Seafield in her sore bereavement, and the hope that the God of all grace

will console and comfort her, and be her strength and her stay in this her hour of trial.

(Signed) P. BURGESS,  
Chairman of the Meeting.

Central Banffshire Farmers' Club.  
25th April, 1884.

Excerpt from Minute of Meeting having reference to the lamented death of the late Lord Seafield.

Mr James Geddes Brown moved that there be placed on the minutes of the Club a record of the deep sense of the loss the Society had sustained by the lamented death of the President, the Right Hon. the Earl of Seafield, and an expression of their sympathy with the Countess of Seafield in her sad bereavement. Ever since the formation of the Association, first as one of the Vice-Presidents, and since the death of his lamented father as President, his Lordship had taken the warmest interest in its prosperity, both by material pecuniary support, and a keen personal interest and attendance at the shows. Mr Brown felt sure he expressed the feelings of all in saying that his Lordship's death would be a great blow not only to this Society but to the tenantry on his estates whose interests and prosperity it was his fond desire to promote in every way. This was seconded by Mr Leslie, factor for the Earl of Fife,

and unanimously agreed to, the Secretary being instructed to send a copy to the Countess of Seafield.

Extracted by (Signed) GEORGE HENDRY,  
Secretary.

At Banff, the 16th May, 1884, in a General Meeting of the United Banffshire Agricultural Society, held this day,

The Society resolved to record in their minutes an expression of their sincere regret that, by the death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, the Society has lost one of its respected Patrons and liberal contributors, and that so esteemed a nobleman has been so prematurely removed; and request the Secretary to convey this expression of feeling to the Countess of Seafield, and of their deep sympathy with her in her great bereavement.

Extracted from the minutes of the Society by  
(Signed) ROBERT DUNCAN,  
Secretary.

At Grantown, in an adjourned Meeting of the Strathspey Farmer Club, called for the purpose of electing a Patron and making Cattle Show arrangements. Present—Messrs John Smith,

Inverallan ; John Grant, Lethendry Lodge ; S. Fraser, Auchernack ; William Allan, Cluny ; D. Stuart, Balliemore ; James Allan, Tomdow ; James Grant, Dellifure ; Alex. Cumming, Curr ; P. Grant, Carr-Bridge Hotel ; John Kennedy, Dell ; John Mackay, Dellifure ; John Grant, Advie Mains. Mr Fraser, Auchernack, was called to the chair.

Before proceeding to the ordinary business of the Meeting, the Chairman, in feeling terms, alluded to the sad blow this Society had sustained in the death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, who was late Patron of the Club, and the Chairman moved the following resolution, viz. :—

That the Meeting (1) regret the very great loss this Society has sustained by the death of the Right Hon. the Earl of Seafield, who occupied the position of Patron of this Society since 10th March, 1881, and who was a most liberal contributor to its funds, besides the donor of several special prizes ; (2) express the Society's deepest sympathy with Lady Seafield in her present deep bereavement, and (3) order an excerpt of this Minute to be sent to her Ladyship.

The meeting having taken into consideration the appointment of a Patron to the Club, it was unani-



mously resolved to approach the Countess Dowager of Seafield, and to ask if her Ladyship would favour the Club by becoming Patroness.

It was unanimously agreed that, out of respect to the memory of the late Earl of Seafield, there be no Cattle Show this year.

JOHN GRANT,  
Secretary.

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(8) FROM PAROCHIAL AND SCHOOL BOARDS.

Extract from the Minutes of Meeting of the  
Parochial Board of Rathven, held on 8th April,  
1884.

On the motion of Mr Gordon of Cairnfield, the Chairman, seconded by Mr Reid, Connage, it was unanimously resolved to express and record the Board's deep sense of the loss which the parish has sustained by the sudden and untimely death of the late Earl of Seafield, a Member of this Board, and one of the largest contributors to the rates, and their deep and sincere sympathy with the Countess of Seafield, his mother, in her great and irreparable bereavement.

(Signed) JOHN P. GORDON,  
Chairman of the Board.

Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of the Parochial  
Board of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, held on  
21st April, 1884.

The Meeting resolved to record in their Minutes their deep regret for the early death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, and the loss it has caused to the parish. Having acted as Chairman of this Board since 1876, the Members had ample opportunity of observing the able and efficient manner in which his

Lordship conducted the business of the Board, to the entire satisfaction as well of the Members of the Board as of the Poor on the Roll.

The Meeting desired the Chairman to convey a copy of this Minute to his Lordship's sorrowing mother, the Countess of Seafield, with an expression of their sincere sympathy with her in her affliction.

(Signed) P. BURGESS,  
Chairman P.T.

Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of School Board of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, held on Monday, 21st April, 1884.

That this Board records its deep sense of the inestimable loss sustained by this parish by the unexpected death of the Right Honourable Ian Charles Grant Ogilvy, Eighth Earl of Seafield, which took place on Monday, the 31st of March, at Claridges' Hotel, London.

As a Peer of the Realm and Chief of the House of Grant, the feelings of regret at the sudden news of his Lordship's death must have been widespread, but nowhere within the confines of his vast estates has there been a more genuine or truer sorrow felt than by the inhabitants of Glen-Urquhart. All the Members of this Board feel his early departure as a personal

loss, and as the loss of a friend to education. They remember his invaluable services as a late Member of this Board. They had severally watched with interest his growth into manhood, and when, in the providence of God, he was called upon, earlier than any could have desired, to take his place at the helm of affairs on the death of his late lamented father, they took both pride and pleasure in observing the ability and tact with which he undertook the high duties of his station, and they hoped that he had a long and bright career in store for him. But God Almighty, who holds the thread of life and destinies of all in His hand, hath willed it otherwise, by taking him to Himself while yet in the flower of his youth.

The Lord hath seen good to take "the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

While believing that time is required as one of the means to soften and soothe such a grief, the Members of this Board desire to express their profound sympathy and condolence with his Lordship's mother, the Countess of Seafield, with their earnest prayer for her Ladyship's support and comfort under her sore, and now double bereavement.

A true extract.

(Signed) D. D. MACDONALD,  
Clerk.

Excerpt from the Minutes of a Meeting of the Parochial Board of Cullen, held at Cullen, the 16th day of May, 1884—Alexander Sim, Esq., Chairman.

The Chairman, before commencing the ordinary business of the Meeting, referred in a feeling manner to the premature death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, the highest ratepayer in the parish, since the last Meeting of the Board, and the great loss such a promising life was to the district; and the Meeting unanimously resolved to record their sincere sympathy and condolence with the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield in her trying bereavement, and instructed the Inspector to forward an excerpt of this Minute to her Ladyship.

Extracted and certified by

(Signed) JNO. ALLAN,  
Inspector.

Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of the Trustees and Governors of the Speyside Charity School, held on 30th May, 1884.

We, the Trustees and Governors of the Speyside Charity School, in meeting assembled, resolved to take this the earliest opportunity afforded us, of recording in our Minutes the irreparable loss which the Institu-



(9) FROM GOOD TEMPLARS.

“Seafield” Lodge, Independent Order of Good  
Templars (in session assembled).

Achnarrow Public School, 7th April, 1884.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

We approach your Ladyship with humble and heart-felt expressions of profound sympathy in this sore bereavement.

In common with the country at large, we mourn that so useful and promising a life should have been taken away in the vigour of manhood; but we derive comfort from knowing that the good never die. We shall never forget the kindly feeling and hearty sympathy which the late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield manifested towards every good work.

Our Lodge bears his honoured name, a name we cherish and reverence for those amiable qualities for which our Patron, the late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, was so widely known and beloved.

We pray that your Ladyship may find comfort and consolation in the surety of a happy and glorious re-union when the Master calls.

On behalf of “Seafield Lodge,”

(Signed)      ANDREW RIDDEL FORREST,  
Super.

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Public Hall Buildings,  
Grantown, 7th April, 1884.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

The Members of "Craigellachie" Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, in session assembled, humbly offer your Ladyship heartfelt sympathy in your sore bereavement.

The late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield's virtues are imperishable, and by his blameless and exemplary life he has left a name which we fondly cherish and honour.

Our prayers ascend on your Ladyship's behalf that you may find comfort and consolation in this sore trial.

Signed on behalf of "Craigellachie" Lodge by

(Signed)	ALEXANDER MOIR, W.C.T.
( " )	JAMES MACANDREW, W.S.
( " )	ROBERT MACKINTOSH, L.D.

Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of the "Star of Hope" Lodge of Good Templars, held at Whitehills, on the 8th day of April, 1884.

The Worthy Chief Templar thereafter stated that as this was the first meeting of the Lodge since the lamented death of the late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, he felt sure that every one of the Members



would join him in expressing sincere regret at the unexpected removal of his Lordship at a time in his career when he was manifesting such an interest in the special department of Christian work in which, as a Lodge, they were engaged, and he begged to move the following resolution, viz.:—

“That the Members of this Lodge have heard with deep regret of the death of the late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, the superior of the village, and beg to express their heartfelt sympathy with his mother, the Dowager Countess of Seafield, under the sore and sudden bereavement which, in the providence of God, she has been called to bear in the loss of her beloved son, a loss not only to her and to the tenantry at large, but in particular to the cause of Temperance and other such benevolent and Christian work as that to which his Lordship had of late devoted so large a measure of his time and attention; and direct an excerpt of this Minute and a copy of this resolution to be sent to the Dowager Countess of Seafield.”

The resolution was unanimously adopted by the Meeting, and the Secretary instructed accordingly.

Extracted from Minute and certified by

(Signed) JAMES ADDISON,  
Worthy Chief Templar.

“Heather Bell” Lodge, Independent Order of  
Good Templars.

Vestry of Baptist Chapel,  
Grantown, 8th April, 1884.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

We humbly approach your Ladyship to express our deep sympathy in the sore bereavement you have been called on to sustain.

The memory of the many public and private virtues of the late Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, which endeared him to all classes, must at this sad time be very consoling to your Ladyship's heart.

We feel our loss acutely, and humbly share in the general sorrow ; prayerfully commending your Ladyship to the promised source of consolation.

On behalf of “Heather Bell” Lodge,

(Signed)      JAMES FRASER,  
Super.

(10) FROM THE DIRECTORS OF THE HIGHLAND  
RAILWAY COMPANY.

Excerpt from Minutes of a Board Meeting of  
Directors of the Highland Railway Company,  
held at Inverness, the 1st day of April, 1884—  
His Grace the Duke of Athole in the Chair.

Before proceeding with the business of the Meeting, it was unanimously resolved to record the sincere regret of the Board, and their deep sense of the loss which the Company has sustained by the death in London, yesterday, of the Right Honourable the Earl of Seafield, who has for several years been one of the Directors, and who always took a warm and active interest in the affairs of the Company. The Secretary was directed to send an extract of this Minute to Lady Seafield.

Extracted by

(Signed)

ANDREW DOUGALL,  
Secretary.

(11) FROM THE CULLEN HARBOUR  
COMMISSIONERS.

Excerpt from Minute of Meeting of the Cullen Harbour Commissioners, held at Cullen, on 26th April, 1884.

Before proceeding to the usual business, the Meeting unanimously resolved, on the motion of Mr Seivwright, seconded by Mr Stuart, to record their deep and sincere sympathy with the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield in her recent sore and trying bereavement, in the premature death of her much respected and beloved son, the late Right Honourable Sir Ian Charles Ogilvie Grant, Earl of Seafield, and also to take the opportunity of recording an expression of the great respect they had for the young nobleman, and their regret that his life has been so short, on account of the influence for good he was bringing to bear on all brought into contact with him. Since his succession to the estates he ever shewed his great anxiety for the happiness and well-being of his numerous tenantry, and also for the prosperity of the Burgh. He was ever ready to lend, and did lend, the Commissioners a very substantial and helping hand in carrying forward the proposed Harbour Extension, and continued to interest

himself in the success thereof and the well-being of the community until his last. The Clerk was directed to send her Ladyship an excerpt from this Minute.

(Signed) ALEX. SIM,  
Clerk to Harbour Commissioners.

Cullen, 26th April, 1884.

## (12) FROM THE PORTSOY HARBOUR COMPANY.

Excerpt Minute of Meeting of the Directors of the Portsoy Harbour Company, held at Portsoy on the 4th day of April, 1884.

Before proceeding to the business of the Meeting, it was unanimously resolved to record in the present Minute the expression of the Directors' sincere sympathy for and condolence with the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield, under the very heavy affliction she has sustained by the lamented death of the Right Honourable Sir Ian Charles, Earl of Seafield, and in doing so to record their deep sense of the great benefit conferred by his Lordship upon the inhabitants of Portsoy in so heartily acceding to the wishes of the community by making over to this Company his patrimonial interest in the Harbour, and of the warm interest he has ever taken in forwarding its improvement; and the Secretary was directed to send her Ladyship an excerpt from this Minute.

(Signed) JOHN A. COLVILLE,  
Secretary of the Company.

Portsoy, 4th April, 1884.

(13) FROM ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT  
INSTITUTION, BUCKIE.

Royal National Lifeboat Institution,  
Buckie, 28th April, 1884.

*Inter alia,*

The Committee express their deep regret at the death of the Earl of Seafield, who had filled the office of President of the branch since his accession to the Earldom, and had uniformly shown a deep interest in everything affecting the well-being of the sea-faring communities in this district.

(Signed)

JOHN WILSON,  
Secretary.

(14) FROM THE WORKMEN ON THE KEITH AND  
BUCKIE RAILWAY.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

May it please your Ladyship,—

In name of the workmen employed on the Keith and Buckie Railway, in Banffshire, we, the undersigned, venture to approach your Ladyship in this way as an expression of our sympathy with you in the great sorrow through which you have lately been made to pass, and of our deep sense of the loss which we have sustained through the lamented death of the late Earl of Seafield. The kindness shown to us by the late Earl and your Ladyship in many different ways has deeply touched our hearts, and will never be forgotten by us.

We remain,

Your Ladyship's humble Servants,

JOHN ROSS & SON.

Signed also by 21 Heads of Departments.



(15) FROM WORKMEN ON THE GREAT NORTH  
EXTENSION RAILWAY.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

My Lady—

In name of the workmen employed on the Great North Extension Railway in Banffshire, we, the undersigned, venture to approach your Ladyship in this way as an expression of our sympathy with you in the great sorrow through which you have been lately made to pass, and of our deep sense of the loss we have sustained through the lamented death of the late Earl of Seafield. The kindness shown to us by the late Earl and your Ladyship in many different ways has deeply touched our hearts, and will never be forgotten by us.

We remain,

Your Ladyship's humble servants,

(Signed)

WILLIAM ADAMS.

( „ )

THOMAS ADAMS.

Signed also by twenty-two Foremen for themselves and those under their charge, and by Two Time-Keepers, and one Store-keeper.

(16) FROM THE EMPLOYEES AT ISLABANK  
MILLS, KEITH.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Seafield.

We, the undersigned, wish to express to your Ladyship the deep and sincere sorrow we felt on hearing of the death of your son, the Earl of Seafield.

Lord Seafield will be missed and mourned for by Keith as a community, and knowing as we do the special interest his Lordship took in all connected with Islabank Mills, and knowing also that he was always pleased to hear of our welfare and prosperity, we therefore, as from ourselves, take the liberty of adding our little tribute to the general and widespread sympathy for your Ladyship at this time.

We sympathise most deeply with your Ladyship, and pray God may comfort you in your great sorrow.

SIGNED BY 227 EMPLOYEES.











