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MONT

A GENERATION  
OF  
MONTGOMERYS

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LEABHARLANN DHUN NA NGALL



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Pa

Desmond Montgomery.  
Given him at Newpark  
by his Father and Maria  
Cole.

Aug 23. 1897.

A

## GENERATION OF MONTGOMERY'S

### "THE AULD HOUSE."

Oh! "The Auld House"—"The Auld House,"

What though the rooms were "wee."

Oh! kind hearts were then dwelling there,

And "Bairnies" full o' glee.

The "Bairnies" are a scattered noo,

Some to the Indies gone,

And some, alas! to their lang home,

Not here we'll meet again.

Oh! "The Auld House"—"The Auld House,"

Lanely though it be,

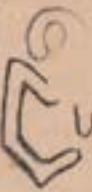
There ne'er can be a new house

Will seem sae fair to me.

*Lady Nairn.*

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LEABHARLANN



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THIR CHONAILL



MY FATHER.

AUNT CHARLOTTE.

AUNT MARY.

A

# GENERATION OF MONTGOMERYS

SAMUEL MONTGOMERY

1805 to 1874

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

1809 to 1887

CHARLOTTE ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY

1806 to 1889

MARY SUSAN MONTGOMERY

1811 to 1890

BY HENRY, BISHOP OF TASMANIA

*For private use only*

I hold it to be the duty of sons and daughters to put on record  
for their own generation, and for those who will follow them, the  
memories of their early days, and more especially the debt they owe  
to those who trained and inspired them. This simple record, meant  
for the eye of but a few, is penned as a tribute to the beloved dead  
by a grateful son.

## NOTE

I BEGAN this record in January 1891, when staying for a brief holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas, at the Ouse, Tasmania. I finished it upon the 'Southern Cross,' when engaged in work for the Melanesian Mission, in August 1892.

H. H. TASMANIA

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THE STORY  
OF  
A GENERATION OF MONTGOMERYS

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MY DEAR CHILDREN,—It has been God's will to transplant your mother and myself and all of you to a distant land, far away from the old mother country which we still call Home. Duty has called us, and we have obeyed, because God's children must always obey the summons of their Heavenly Father. But it is also a duty to keep up old family ties, to know as much as we can of the past, and to thank God for all the good we have inherited from our nearest and dearest. Whether your future home will be in the northern or southern hemisphere I do not know: that is in God's hands, and whatever He determines will be best. But wherever you may all settle some day, it can be nothing but good that you should know something of my old home, of my father and his family.

So I take up my pen to tell you something about four persons, all of whom I knew intimately and loved

most dearly. They are all gone now to the better home above: my father, his elder brother, Samuel, and their two sisters, Charlotte and Mary. The last-named passed away only a few months ago. She was the last of a wonderful family. Your father can hardly tell how much he owes to them by way of example and precept. And as he thinks over the countless acts of love he has received from them, he feels that the least he can do is to tell you all something of what is in his heart—of their sterling worth, and honourable and useful lives.

One result, at least, should spring from this simple piece of family history. It will make us proud of the name we bear, and impel you to carry on the traditions of high-minded conduct in your lives in turn. You have all been taught that we must be true and pure and upright because we are Christ's disciples; but next after that reason there is no incentive to live nobly which is so powerful as the possession of a great family tradition. You come of a family of 'gentlemen'; you know that word does not signify mere outward refinement: it tells of a refined and noble mind, to which anything dishonourable or mean or impure is abhorrent and unworthy. And I am going to tell you of some members of your family in order to help you when your turn comes to be left alone—when you find that your father and mother have passed away, to uphold, by God's grace, the family name for all that is honourable and true and pure.



NEW PARK.

## THE OLD HOMES

THERE are two Irish homes about which I shall have much to say. Some day, please God, you shall see them. And perhaps it may come about that, in the providence of God, you may get to love one of them as much as your father and mother, and my brothers and sister love it now.

## NEW PARK

First there is Moville—dear Moville! For twenty-five years we, the younger members of the family, looked forward to summer holidays there as an entrance almost into Paradise. New Park, our home, was built about the year 1760 by Mr. Samuel Montgomery, who had in 1750 bought the property there. And this house has been beloved by at least four generations of our people. The various members have often been scattered over the face of the earth ; but wherever they have been their hearts have always turned to dear New Park, and they have hoped to return again and revisit the old Irish home.

Though many of us have seen the loveliest scenes in the world, we still place the view of the Lough and of Ben Evenagh beyond, with all its changing shadows and colours, as perhaps, to us, the finest landscape of all. If some day you will say that affection blinded us, I shall only declare that it is a good thing that love should thus transfigure for us our early associations.

We have loved Moville—we have loved its people. For years (and even at this moment I believe it is the same) I was never the vicar of a London parish, nor afterwards a bishop, but simply 'Master Henry.' So it was with all of us.

The hills rose gently up from the house and garden till you came to a great black bog, the scene of many an exciting afternoon among the snipe, and then the heather began to cover the slopes until, at the height of some thousand feet or more, you reached the summit, and saw before you wave after wave of purple mountains with scarcely a house in sight, far as the eye could see.

And all this pleasant prospect was the scene of our shooting excursions. The grouse were few and far between. Seven brace was the largest bag two of us ever made. Five brace and a half was the most I ever killed of snipe in one day. But there was never any shooting we ever enjoyed so much as this. Each addition to the bag was gloated over and its feathers admired: after each successful point the dogs were petted and encouraged.



FAMILY GROUP AT NEW PARK.

And at length we stopped—at times at the edge of the great cliffs which sank down some four hundred feet into the Atlantic—to rejoice with ever fresh delight in the glories of our Irish hills. Were not the cliffs covered in places with bracken? Was not that honeysuckle growing in unrestrained splendour over there? Yes; and all the while the waves thundered at our feet far away below; the surf ceaselessly churned itself into foam among the razor-like edges of rock; bay after bay, headland after headland, stretched away right and left; not far away was the most northern point of Ireland; and right before us, over the blue sea, was Greenland, if only you could see so far.

Among these hills and valleys my father enabled us to roam day after day. How can we ever thank him enough? Here, year after year, we came, exhausted from the London streets, with joy in our hearts, to renew our vigour and to lay up happy memories which will be a help to me as long as life shall last.



*Ballynascreen - Co. Down.*

BALLYNASCREEN.

### BALLYNASCREEN

There was another home endeared to me by the memories of my uncle, the Rev. Samuel Montgomery (always to us 'Uncle Montgomery'), and my two aunts, Charlotte and Mary. For seventeen years I knew them at Ballynascreen. They went there many years before 1858. But it was in that year I first saw them in the rectory, where they exercised such wonderful hospitality, and were the life and soul of the parish.

Ballynascreen is about a mile or more from Drapertown, where the church stood ; not far from the house was the river Moyola, famed for its trout. Trains in those days were unknown in that peaceful valley. As you looked from the rectory door you seemed to be surrounded on all sides by hills, the chief of which was Slieve Galleon. Inside the grounds was 'the Glen.' No one could fail to see how proud the ladies at the rectory were of their glen. All visitors were quickly taken to see it. There the snowdrops came up in thousands, and all sorts of shrubs grew in profusion ; and the blackbirds

and thrushes and robins built their nests in perfect security within its precincts. To the life of the rectory, and of the unique group of servants whom my uncle and aunts had, I must return in due time.



MY FATHER.

## MY FATHER

YOU children know him best as Sir Robert Montgomery, who had been so many years in India ; perhaps Harold, at all events, has a dim recollection of a white-haired gentleman who was so kind to everybody. I want to tell you now of what I have heard of his early days at New Park, partly from his own mouth, partly from his sisters. His father (your great-grandfather) was rector of Lower Moville, and New Park was the rectory, because the landlord was also the rector.

Your grandfather was born in 1809. He was, as a boy, as full of fun as he could be, and as fearless as possible. He often rode the horses bare-backed down to water, and brought them back again. One day the horse he was riding galloped home and made for the door into the back yard. It was a door in a high wall, with just room for a horse to get through. The young lad saw his danger, and, in place of throwing himself off, he bowed himself flat upon the horse's neck ; the top of the door tore the button off his braces and off the back of his trousers ; another half inch and I suppose the spine would have been shattered.

He was always wandering about with his gun, an old bell-mouthed blunderbuss; and on one occasion he went down to the shore to shoot a heron if he could. In those days the grounds of New Park extended to the shore. All that is now Ravenscliffe was then part of New Park. On arriving at the shore, he saw a long-legged bird standing on the point of rock opposite the present Ravenscliffe. So, stealing stealthily down to within some sixty yards, he rested his gun (which had a ball in it) on a rock, and took steady aim and fired. The bird did not move; so, with a shout of joy, he jumped up to go and pick up his game. What was his astonishment when he approached the bird to find that it was a little boy fishing! The boy was quite unconscious that he had been fired at, and called out as Robert Montgomery came up, 'I can catch no pitchcocks to-day.' It is needless to say that the young sportsman said nothing about his shot.

On another occasion he was in want of a loading-rod. Now, there was a very handsome rod with a fine top which was kept in his father's study, and the orders were that none of the boys should ever take it without leave. However, your grandfather borrowed it on one occasion without leave, and, having poured in the powder and shot, began to ram it down for the last time. By some accident the rod became jammed in the barrel, and though he tried his best he could not pull it out. Then a happy thought struck him. There stood at the

back of the stables a large haystack. Why not fire the rod into the stack and thus recover it safe and sound, and put it back in its place without being discovered? No sooner had he thought of it than he put it into execution. He cocked his blunderbuss, aimed at the middle of the stack, and fired. The concussion against his shoulder was so great that he was hurled backwards, and when he rose up and looked for the ramrod it was nowhere to be found! The next day he went back to school in Derry. Some weeks afterwards his sister Charlotte wrote to him, saying, 'Oh! Robert, such a curious thing has happened. You know father could not make out where his loading-rod had gone to. What was our surprise when the men who were cutting out the haystack the other day found the rod in the middle of the stack!'

I remember my father telling me also that about this time his father wrote to an old servant in Derry to send him down some powder. In due time the parcel came down; but when it was opened, what was the consternation of the rector of the parish to find that they had sent him hair powder, and such an immense quantity of it that it would be years before it could have been all used.

Boys always have been regardless of danger. Your grandfather was no exception. There was a man who lived in a cottage near the present Ravenscliffe Lodge who had some favourite ducks. Lads from the town

used to come and steal his eggs, and sometimes his ducks. So the owner gave notice that the next boy who attempted to rob him should be fired at. No sooner was the threat made than my father and a companion determined to pay the man's poultry yard a visit to see what the effect would be. They went and they were discovered, and also they were fired at. But, fortunately, it was not easy to aim very straight in the darkness.

It will interest you some day, when you visit New Park, to hear the following story also. Those were days when there was a great deal of smuggling. One day some kegs of whisky had been made at Greencastle, and the men had slung them across their horses, and were galloping along the road towards Moville. There were no slated houses then. Moville was a very small fishing village called Bunnyfubble. The gauger was pursuing the fugitives at a great pace; and just as he came opposite the spot where St. Columb's church now stands, a man who was stationed there among the bushes fired at the revenue officer with a bullet. The ball smashed the pipe he had in his mouth to atoms.

The times were rough. But your great-grandfather, then rector of the parish, was never afraid to do his duty. There was a Fenian meeting once held in Moville. The rector heard of it, and he at once went to the house and demanded admittance, and told them what he thought of their conduct. It was an act full of

danger. I mention it in order to show you that the Montgomerys have never feared to do what was right.

And when your grandfather went to India, the same sturdy, fearless spirit was exhibited by him in the Mutiny. What he achieved there is part of the history of the nation now, though many say that he never received due recognition for what he did because he was not a man to push his own claims. There are many books which tell of his Indian career. The best, probably, is Mr. Bosworth Smith's 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' and you must all read in it the deeds which have brought an added glory to our family history. The 'vote of thanks' to him from both Houses of Parliament you have often seen in its crimson case. At a very early age (he was not more than eighteen), he left his home to go to India. It was a tremendous journey in those days. An answer to a letter could not be received in less than a year. My father told me that just before he left home an old friend of the family said to him, 'Well, Robert, you are going out into the world; and I should like to give you one piece of advice before you go. Remember that manners are everything to some people, and are something to every one.' In India he met the Lawrences again, old schoolfellows of his at Foyle College in Derry; and together they have shed a bright lustre upon our Indian administration. Your grandfather was not only a wise man and a man of action; he was also a man of God.

I have been telling you at present of my father's early life, with which, of course, I was not personally acquainted. I turn now to the days when I knew him myself. I was born, as you know, in India, at Cawnpore. When I was eight years old—(I think it was in February, 1856) I remember well how I was dressed for a journey in the evening—and as it was growing dark, my father and mother took me into a room, and we knelt down, and my father commended me to the keeping of God. I cannot remember the words, but the memory of that prayer I can recall very clearly. When we had risen from our knees my parents bade me farewell, and I entered a palanquin with a Colonel Martin on my journey to England. I did not see my father again until 1865. I was then a Harrow boy and in the eleven.

That summer my father had taken New Park on a lease from his brother. The outside of the house is very much in front what it was when it was first built, except that the low windows have been added. But the interior is entirely transformed and immensely improved. And now began for us a long series of happy summers. I do not think there was any place on earth half so dear to your grandfather as New Park. Bit by bit he improved the garden. The round hedge in the middle, near the present greenhouse, has been there from time immemorial. It is called Uncle Newburgh's hedge, and must be at least a hundred years old; I hope no one

will ever destroy it. But the present flower-beds date from my father's time. It was he also who made the terrace and the tennis lawn. And it was in 1868 that I built the summer house by his permission when I was reading by myself for my degree before the family came over.

Your grandfather took the greatest delight in the garden. The memory of him which rises up most clearly before me is that of a gentleman with white hair and of a hale and ruddy appearance, walking up and down the terrace or along the garden paths, clad in a suit of grey tweed with a grey felt hat. On rainy days he put on a grey Inverness cape of Irish frieze of great thickness, and with this he defied the rain and continued his walks. By his side there often walked 'Maguire.' I fear he will be but a name to you. How much more he is to us than that ! He was a type of servant that, they say, is getting rare now ; but I hope that is not true.

Mr. and Mrs. Maguire came to us in 1865, and left New Park in 1889, a month or two after we all sailed for our new home in Tasmania. They were both one in this respect, that they transferred all their allegiance to 'the family.' Our interests were theirs. They lived for the sake of making New Park comfortable, and a beautiful place. They knew how my father loved the house and garden ; and their one aim was to aid him in the most loving care of every tree and shrub on the place. The house was only inhabited, as a rule, for two

months in the year. For the rest of the time it was shut up, unless one of us came over in winter for a little shooting, or my father's sisters entered it while St. Columb's was undergoing a spring cleaning. But it made no difference to the Maguires whether we were there or in London. Not a stick was permitted to lie on the paths; not a blade of grass grew on the gravel. Theirs was a service which needed no overlooking. May the world ever know such good and faithful service, so full and devoted—the service of those who felt that their post was to be fulfilled as in the sight of God as well as in that of man!

Among the lessons of life for which I thank God, not one of the least is that which I have learnt from the faithful service of the Maguires for twenty-four years. Mr. Maguire took care of the place generally; Mrs. Maguire had charge of the poultry and of the cow, &c. But the truth is that the whole place was in the joint care of both of them. If there was one man more than another whom Maguire worshipped it was 'Sir Robert.' His return to Ireland for the summer was the sunrise; his departure was the sunset. Like some of the Northern regions, the summer sun shone only too briefly for those faithful servants; the months of loneliness were many in number.

I must not lead you to suppose that Maguire was a docile servant. The old Scotch blood in him gave him his sterling character, but also an amount of obstinacy

which made it hard to persuade him to do anything to which he was unaccustomed. Trees were ordered to be cut down; flower seeds of an unusual kind to be sown; alterations made in old arrangements. 'Yes, Sir Robert,' was the reply. But there was an uncertainty in his look which told us the order would have to be repeated many times before it was executed. I have seen my father laugh many times, half in vexation, half in amusement, because he could not get his own way.

The profusion of vegetables which he had put into the ground was amazing. 'Maguire,' he used to say, 'take more ground into cultivation; I like to see the vegetables growing.' Soon the original garden was too small for his aspirations, and ground was broken both in the orchard and in the back garden until it looked as if the whole of Moville might have been supplied for the twelve months. The same prodigality was visible in the flower garden. Roses were sent over year after year: and they were my mother's greatest joy. The fowls were the best fed of any in Ireland; and the hundred which were sometimes ready for eating were often supposed to have cost 50*l.* in food alone.

On one occasion I was left alone with my father in September, and came away with him. Just before we left the house he said to me, 'Come into the garden once more.' And I remember what a sigh of regret he heaved as he gave one last look, and then turned his back on his Irish home for another ten months.

In those days we used to have great discussions as to the best route from London to Moville. We each had our favourite way. 'Very well,' said my father one day, 'we will each go our own way to-morrow ;' and three of us started and went three different ways, and met again in Derry the next day to catch the steamer to Moville.

In London your grandfather had many dear friends. For a long while on Sunday afternoons he would go and sit with Lord Lawrence, who was blind, and talk over the old days. Later on, when Lord Lawrence was dead, he used to go and see old Mrs. Hutchinson, the friend of his youth, and bound to him by many ties. In his own house young men from India were always welcome. He used to ask their opinion upon all sorts of questions, and listen so quietly and genially, while they often seemed to me to lay down the law upon points about which they knew little and he knew a great deal. From him I learnt the importance of asking the opinion of all before action is taken. Indeed, I never knew a wiser man than my father. Upon all questions of common sense, or depending upon knowledge of human character, or upon the right way of dealing with people without giving offence and yet without conceding principles, I do not think he had his equal. Often and often I was deeply indebted to him. Sometimes people said that he was not a genius. However that may be, he had the genius which is, perhaps, the least common and the most useful —the genius of common sense.

Of course this was exemplified in India a thousand times. One great instance of it I can give you which I saw in Ireland. When the times of trouble with regard to rent began, he at once rose to the occasion. There came a day when all the tenants of Glenagivney were at New Park, sitting in a long row along the tennis court bank. My father sat in the summer house with maps and papers before him, and one by one each tenant went in by himself and explained his own position. They all returned that night to their farms perfectly charmed with their reception and enthusiastic in their expressions of loyalty to him. In due time the revised rents were announced and were all accepted. No one ever went into court during his time. The only tenant who has entered the Land Court since his death has had his rent not lowered but raised by the Government.

I have told you the Montgomerys have never been cowards. I remember that on the last evening that I ever spent with him at New Park, he went upstairs and brought down a paper parcel, and said: 'I have had this in my possession for eight years. Eight years ago I received an anonymous letter threatening that I should be shot if I came over to Ireland. I told no one, not even your mother. This is the first time she has seen this parcel. But I went out in London, and bought this revolver and these cartridges, and determined that I would die hard at all events. But I have never opened

the parcel till this moment.' That revolver I have in my possession. I keep it as a relic.

Your grandfather was fond of quietness. He used to rise early and read his Bible, and pray much. Once in India a visitor called on him at about 5 A.M. and asked if he could see the Lieutenant-Governor: was he up? The native said, 'The Sahib Excellency is up, but he cannot be seen—he is at his prayers.' He kept up the same habit of early rising throughout his life, and was enabled thus to be always beforehand with his work. Again, before dinner he liked to retire to his dressing room and read his papers, and be out of the reach of visitors. There upstairs I used to find him, and talk over my own affairs, and tell him of my work.

But a few extracts from his letters to me will bring my father before you better than anything else. The following words were written in 1864, when I was a young boy at Harrow: 'I shall hope some day to see you in the eleven, or in one of the other games. If in all of them, so much the better. I like to see boys not only good at lessons but also at games. The leaders at lessons and games will generally be the leaders in the world. Strive to perfect yourself in everything, and then, with God's blessing, you will be the successful man in life.'

Referring once to gaining the co-operation of others in work, he writes: 'Give credit to the workers. This is just and also politic, and wins hearts. Indeed, we all

depend for success more on others than on ourselves. The great secret of success is to draw out the hearts of workers. As a young man entering on life, I at first did nothing. My superior took no interest in me and never asked me to work. When a change of masters came, and I was entrusted with confidence and felt I was of use, then I threw myself into work, and ever afterwards did so *con amore*.'

His was a bright and happy nature. 'Many thanks, he once wrote in 1884, 'for your happy and cheery letter of January 1. It is pleasant to know that you are contented when so many are the contrary. You follow me in this, for the Lawrences used to say I was the only contented man in the Punjab !'

I learnt many lessons of prudence from him. Here is one. He writes, 'My father, a very wise man, impressed two things on me. I. Never to be security for any one. II. Never to grumble. I may say I never did one or the other. It saved me many a large sum—in one case certainly 5,000/. My reply always was, when asked to be security, that it was against a rule I had laid down. And do you make the same rule: and if even a near relative asked you to be security, I would not have you agree. You are no longer a free man. In the present case, if there was a failure and you had to pay, cannot you fancy — cutting out his pound of flesh? Write civilly but decidedly, and lay down your rule and stick to it, and you will be a free man, and not in bondage to

any one.' So excellent is this advice that for years I devoted an evening with each set of Confirmation candidates in London impressing these lessons on them. I remember also how my father suggested a way of getting out of a difficulty with a friend who asked for such help as the above. 'Tell him,' he said, 'that you cannot go security for him, but *give* him what you can. No man can be angry if you say, "I cannot back your bill, but here is 5*l.* which I can spare, and I gladly give it you."

In all positions in life there are disagreeable duties to perform. This is how my father wrote once :

'I am sure you decided rightly. As time goes on you will occasionally have to meet difficult questions. It is the lot of all as they rise higher and higher in the scale, with large responsibilities. In fact, it is a part of the price one pays for advancement. There is nothing for it but to take a high standard and to act unwaveringly in the right direction. In the end it will tell with the public, and it will be approved in the sight of God.'

The following letter, written on November 13, 1878, is one I hope you will often read :

'MY DEAR HENRY,—I arrived in India on November 13, 1828. I have, on this November 13, 1878, completed a service of fifty years. I am still in harness. How merciful God has been to me! I landed in India not knowing any one, for I was not at Haileybury. I had neither talent nor interest. But I was advanced in my

career from step to step, and received wealth sufficient for all purposes, and honours. The review of the past, thankful as it makes me, is very humbling. I can only from my heart thank God for all He has done for me. For surely, surely, it was neither of my own might nor power all this has come about. And then, when I look back on the numbers I started with in life almost all gone, and I have been spared. Many have been cut off in the midst of a career of wickedness, and I still spared. The goodness of God has been indeed great to me, and in the fulness of my heart I cannot help writing a few lines to you.

'Ever your affectionate Father,

'R. MONTGOMERY.'

'December 12, 1886.

'Your remembrance of my birthday is very pleasant. I have completed my seventy-seventh year—a truly patriarchal age—and few had so much cause for gratitude to God as I have had, for His love and watchful care over me, and for His many mercies and blessings—not the least of them children who have never caused me a sorrow, and who have been a crown to my old age ; and also for daughters-in-law whose love and affection I do greatly prize.'

I cannot forbear adding a few extracts from his letters to my brothers, James and Ferguson. To the latter he says : 'I have great cause for gratitude to God for the success of my children and for the useful positions

they occupy. My prayer when I first awake in the morning and my last at night is for them, their wives and children.'

'How time passes! I seldom now meet any one older than myself, none who have been so greatly blessed.'

The next extract I insert here with deep emotion. It is all true; I thank God it is all true. Writing to your Uncle James a letter of farewell ere he left England for India for the first time in January, 1868, he says: 'You are now fairly launched in life, and you will find much temptation and much to entice you to evil. You cannot resist it by your own unaided strength. Do not omit daily to commit yourself to God and His care, and watch all your own actions narrowly. In any difficulty or doubt, lay it before God; and accept whatever He brings about, feeling assured it will be right, although you may not be able to think so at the time. And be kind to the natives. So far as you can, protect them from abuse. You will see them horribly treated by some Europeans. They are alive to kindness, and you will find them faithful and respond to anything you can do for them. You will be introduced to many natives of rank who know me; tell them that I always bear the Punjabees in grateful remembrance. It was the natives who raised a subscription to build the hall you will see at Lahore.'

(These papers of family history I had begun, and put

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away for completion at a future date. I have applied myself again to them on Sunday morning, August 28, 1892. Morning service is over, and I am sitting by myself in the saloon of a mission vessel at anchor off Araga, a coral island in the South Seas. My companions have gone ashore to conduct a native service at one of the schools of the Malanesian Mission. I have been prevented from accompanying them by a bad leg; and in this quiet hour, whilst the hymns of Melanesians in the forward schoolroom sound sweetly to my ears, I have let my thoughts fly far away to memories of home—home so far away. Your mother and Una are in England, you three boys are at Hobart. And I am bound on a mission of mercy and helpfulness to do what lies in my power to strengthen the hands of this great mission, linked with the names of Selwyn and Patteson. Try and remember to help this mission in days to come. Remember that your father visited all these islands, and that his heart went out to the dwellers among these lovely scenes, praying ever that they might be brought to know their Father in His Son Jesus Christ. Remember that, perhaps, nothing we can ever do can make amends for the awful cruelties perpetrated on these poor savages in days now past. For instance, on this very island of Araga, a few years ago, a foreign vessel of war, sent to punish some act, came within sight of the village, and seeing men sitting on the shore watching the man-of-war, without a word of inquiry, without landing to investigate

the charge, they opened fire upon the party on the shore, killing and wounding many. These people were a party of visitors from the neighbouring island of Ambrym, who were innocently watching the ship's manoeuvres. And this was Christian justice ! Truly, it is little wonder that it is difficult to bring these people to Christ in exact proportion to their acquaintance with traders and white people. I have said that in this quiet hour my thoughts fly far away to home—to you, my dear children, for whom (as my father before me prayed daily for us) I pray that you may do your duty on earth as those who are true and faithful servants of God, honourable and upright, 'fearing no one at all because you fear God so much.'

I return to my father. Again he writes to your Uncle James upon hearing from him of his doubts about himself on gaining a higher appointment.

'The one thing I always felt was that it was a wonderful Providence that raised me up with all my deficiencies, compared with others, to take the high position I did. Under Providence, my success was owing to the opportunities I had in the troublous and stormy times. I was always cheerful and contented, with a certain amount of tact and judgment; never made difficulties, got on and worked cordially with all, well aware of my own defects, endeavoured to enlist the aid of men who were able to help me, never afraid of responsibility when it was necessary to act in a difficulty. These were,

under God, the main features of my success. There were dozens of men all round much abler and cleverer than myself; but still I commended myself to those above me. If I differed, I gave my opinion freely, and, if not accepted, carried out with all my heart whatever was ordered. The Lawrences used to say I was the only contented man in the Punjab. All round there was grumbling. In fact, the feeling I had always was that I had, either as Commissioner, or in the Board of Administration, or as Judicial Commissioner, or Lieutenant-Governor, a position far above what was due to me, and felt nothing but thankfulness. I may end this by saying, what I have never before expressed, but it has been drawn out by your letter, that the great source of my strength was daily invoking Divine aid, guidance, and direction, and then leaving all the results in God's hands.'

In this letter he also said that, in his opinion, of all his sons it was your Uncle James who was like him, and possessed the qualities which he had mentioned. I think this is so true that I wish you, my sons and my daughter, to bear it in mind.



UNCLE MONTGOMERY.

## 'UNCLE MONTGOMERY'

YOUR grandfather had an elder brother, Samuel, who never was strong. In his early days he caught a cold after an attack of measles, and some mischief was done to his spine. He was somewhat humpbacked. He was ordained, and at one time was curate to the Rev. Robert Alexander, the father of the Bishop of Derry. It was then that he taught the Bishop his catechism, as he was afterwards so fond of telling us when he was one of the Bishop's clergy.

When I first knew him, in 1858, he was rector of Ballynascreen. I have described the house and grounds to you already. I do not know which formed the most remarkable group in their different stations of life: whether it was the rector and his two maiden sisters, or their staff of servants. One still lives, Mrs. Rider, an old and most faithful nurse and true friend of the family. She was needed in that household, in the first place, because one of my father's sisters, Mrs. Heyland, died young, and left three children to the care of her sisters. One of these, Langford, was killed in the assault on the

Redan in the Crimean War. He was leading on his men many yards in front of them, when he fell at the age of seventeen. The other two are Major Heyland and Mrs. Cole.

But I must return to the servants at Ballynascreen. The butler was Esdaile, the coachman John Wilson, the gardener Hugh McQuiggan. All four whom I have mentioned had been, I believe, thirty years in the service of my uncle and aunts. They were, in their different ways, members of the family almost. Perhaps John Wilson, the coachman, was the greatest character. He was a typical Irishman, with a great deal of black hair, a florid complexion, and blue eyes, and he stood over six feet in height.

If the truth were spoken, I think we boys looked forward to Wilson's society in the harness room as much as to anything else in going to Ballynascreen. We spent whole afternoons there laughing at his jokes. When once we were joined by our cousin, Alick Heyland, the fun grew fast and furious. Alick used to tell surprising stories of shooting in India, and about elephants. Wilson used to express great horror. 'Ach! those great wild bastes wou'd scare me out of my life.' He had a love for his wea.ely master which amounted to a passionate devotion. My uncle, in his turn, was the most considerate of men ; and Wilson would say to us, 'Mr. Montgomery is the best master in the world ; he sends for me and he says, "Wilson, I am coming to see

the stables in two hours' time." There's a master for ye!' He was brought in to wait at table on the evenings when there was a dinner party. We boys were kept constantly amused on these occasions. He used to come behind us and in a loud whisper tell us which was the most dainty dish; and sometimes he would impart information to his master on some topic of the conversation. Then he wore a very grave face; but if we looked at him he would give a most expressive wink.

The first time I ever saw him was when he drove me with my uncle, Captain George Lambert, from the station to Ballynascreen. It was raining in torrents; after we had gone a mile or so, he got off his box and let down the window, and said gravely to us, 'Saft day, sir.' Then after a moment he pointed to the pocket in the carriage, and said, 'There's a cake there.' Then he mounted and drove on. How well I remember also the last drive with him that I ever took to the rectory. I had just come back from Palestine in 1874, and my uncle had just died. Wilson was overwhelmed with grief. But his Irish nature could not be kept long in one groove, and soon I was laughing at his jokes, and he was cracking them as merrily as ever before in his life. The innate delicacy of feeling in an Irishman was, however, shown so conspicuously by his sudden change when he came to the avenue gate. 'Now, Master Henry,' he said, 'the ladies would not like it if we trotted

up the avenue ; we'll just walk the horses slowly up.' So in this quiet and sympathetic manner we came up to the hall door.

Once, when my father happened to be at Ballynasscreen, a horse was brought up for his inspection as he wished to purchase one. My father never knew much of horses, though he had possessed hundreds. But when the horse appeared my father began feeling his legs, and after a time he looked up at Wilson, who was standing gravely by, and said, 'Look at this, Wilson ; here's a lump which seems serious. What do you think of it ? What is the lump ?' Wilson never moved a muscle of his face as he quietly answered, 'It's the knee joint, Sir Robert.' This was the man who was such a feature in the household. It was he who drove my uncle everywhere.

The rector was one of those men who are too kind-hearted ever to pass a pedestrian without offering to give him a lift. Now in Ireland it often happened that pedestrians were dirty beggars, who looked like a mass of ill-smelling rags. But my uncle could not pass them without offering a seat. At the same time he did not like it, as he was very sensitive. At length he hit upon a scheme. He had an Irish car made which held only two people. There was no driver's seat, and only just room on each side for one person. I never saw so diminutive a car before or since. 'It would just suit the steep hills,' said the owner. And now, when he

passed people on the roads, he used to tell Wilson to stop, and then he would say, 'Good morning, sir, I see you are walking. I am sorry I am not able to give you a lift. This car is so very small.'

Uncle Montgomery was absolutely ignorant of the ways of the world. I believe he only travelled in a train two or three times in his life. On one occasion, when some one accompanied him, we were told that at every station he put his head out of the window and said to the guard in the most courteous and humble of accents, 'Well, sir, and where are we now?' I can only give you the words he spoke. I cannot pass on to you the tone of his voice, which seems to ring in my ears as I write of the old days. He once went to London. It was a strange and bewildering experience which he did not care to repeat. When he reached Euston Station he did not know exactly what to do, but he wished to spend as little money as possible. So, as he saw a gentleman getting into a cab with his luggage, he went up to him and said, 'Perhaps, sir, I may be going the same way as yourself; in that case I should be much obliged if you would let me share your cab.' In after years he used to tell the story against himself, and laugh as he related the astonishment of the man.

But though my uncle was ignorant of the ways of the world, he was a great student. He was always reading. His library was a most miscellaneous assort-

ment of literature. Many of these books are at New Park. He was curious about subjects such as archery (he bought two enormous cross-bows, which are at New Park), gardening, the weather, trees, flowers, agriculture generally, and also church history and divinity generally. He left his library to me, and I found dozens of books with half their pages cut out, and their places taken by extracts on all conceivable subjects kept for use. One lesson I have learnt from him. He saw the necessity for definite religious teaching, and he compiled many catechisms for his schools. There were hundreds of copies at New Park when we left England.

Perhaps I can best recall him and his voice at prayers in the evenings at Ballynascreen. Sometimes, indeed, he made the prayers long, and I remember his sister Charlotte once whispering to him as the servants came in : 'Now, Sam, dear, you need not read the whole Prayer-book through to-night.' Two prayers were often used—one or other every night, and they are worth giving here. I never heard who wrote them. This is the first : 'O ! Thou whose eyes are everywhere, who art God over all, blessed for ever, we pray Thee for the sake of Jesus to guard, protect, and bless the members of this family now absent from us. Watch over them for good : preserve them from dangers both of body and soul. Keep them in Thy faith and fear. Draw them and us each day more closely to Thee, that so we may be closer to each other in the bonds of the Gospel of

Peace. Manifest Thyself to their souls ; give them an abundant measure of Thy Holy Spirit. Teach them to live less for the world and more with a single eye to Thy glory. However separated here below, keep us rejoicing in hope of the glory that is to be revealed, where all Thy scattered children shall meet in the city of their God to sin, to weep, and to part no more ! This we beg for Jesus Christ's sake.—Amen.'

And the second :

' Protect, O Lord, with Thy continual favour each member of this family and household—those that are absent from us as well as those who are present with us. Grant that the young may be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ; that the more advanced may be guarded from the snares and temptations of an evil world, and that the aged may be prepared to depart from it in peace ; that finally we may be all re united in the heavenly kingdom where Jesus Christ our Saviour is gone before to prepare a place for us, that where He is there we may be also.—Amen.'

I do not remember much about his sermons, but I recollect well the scene in church. The service was of the regular old-fashioned sort. The rector and his curate got into a big reading desk together and faced the people. The rector was very short of stature, the curate was of large proportions. When the time for the sermon came, the rector went into the vestry to put on his black gown. He also used for the sermon a special

pair of spectacles, whereby there hangs a tale. They were in a case which opened with a regular pop. Sunday after Sunday the congregation used to hear the pop before the sermon, until at length one of his sisters had to take him to task, and say: 'Sam, dear, you really must get your spectacles ready beforehand. All the people are beginning to say that you open a bottle of whisky before you can preach.'

There never was a kinder pastor, nor one more beloved. He truly lived among his people. There never, again, was a kinder uncle. He tried, during one holidays, to encourage us in our studies. He produced a book full of the rules of Latin grammar, and promised us twopence for every rule we learnt. So we boys learnt two a day for a month, and reaped a fortune. And I do not think there was ever a wittier story teller when his health was good. Often we have been kept amused by him at meals until we were surprised how the time had passed. But latterly his health was bad, and he shut himself up. His crooked spine reacted upon his nerves, and in his last illness he was much depressed. 'God sometimes puts His children to bed in the dark,' he said. How bright must the awakening be after the sleep, for one who lived so true and holy a life! His death broke up the old home at Ballynascreen. My aunts left it, never to return to it again.

## THE AUNTS

My father and my uncle spent their lives far apart from one another. One was delicate, and secluded himself more and more from general society ; the other always possessed good health, and from his earliest days was thrown among men of action, and bore his part worthily in some of the most stirring times of our century. In the case of my two aunts, Charlotte and Mary, there was hardly a day in their lives when they were parted. I suppose it is almost true to say that for seventy years they were not away from one another for a single night. Yet they were very different. Each had a strong individuality which seemed to supplement that of the other.

In 1858, when as a boy I first went to Ballynascreen, I saw in the drawing-room two ladies, one with a beautiful pink and white complexion. She wore little ringlets on each side of her face, and was lively and voluble. The other sister was of heavier build altogether, having the same ringlets, and dressed in identically the same

manner, but with a graver and stronger face, with deep-set eyes, and massive brow. These were my two aunts. Very early in life they became grey, but they were as full of vitality as they could be.



AUNT CHARLOTTE.

### AUNT CHARLOTTE

She was full of a kind of romance. She did not mind sometimes being asked who her lovers were in early days, and when asked she would laugh knowingly and shake her ringlets. She was the chief talker. Nothing she enjoyed so much as to get one of us to sit on the sofa by her side and ply us with question after question. Her curiosity about all our life was insatiable. It used to be quite exhausting to have to answer all her eager questions. Indeed, this exhaustion was not on one side alone. 'The aunts' (for so they were always called) did not care to be interrupted at all times of the day.

We had to be very careful at what times we called when we were at Moville. They were often 'resting.' After breakfast Aunt Charlotte had her 'psalms and chapters' to read. They were never visible with comfort before eleven o'clock. So again after their midday dinner. They 'rested'; and it was no wonder if we, who had probably been working or actively engaged in some way, became wearied when we were swooped down upon, after a preliminary rest upon their part, and

questioned minutely upon some matter or other. It was of no use to try and turn the conversation upon themselves. Sometimes they would not even hear the question. It was for them to lead the conversation ; and we were too fond of their happy wilfulness ever to do aught but to obey.

One thing we knew. There was no family in the world, in their estimation, like the Montgomery family ; there were no nephews and nieces like their own. They had the highest possible notion of the honour of the family. 'The Montgomerys,' they said, 'were honourable people.' And, indeed, I am glad to be able to say that in looking through the annals of the family there is no record of any one who has disgraced the family name. Neither of my aunts understood, however, what is vulgarly called 'chaff.' They liked amusing stories of a certain sort. But if you attempted a certain very common kind of badinage, they used to draw themselves up and say, 'You know we don't understand these things.'

Nor was it much use to go and see them in their house two or three at a time. In that case it became a visit of ceremony. But the plan was to go alone. We arranged when each should go. Then, when one appeared by himself, their faces brightened. They had had their rest ; they flew, as it were, upon their prey. Seated upon a sofa, with an aunt upon each side, you felt that you would be questioned until there was nothing left to tell. And you knew all the time that they

wished for information in order to realise all the better the great glory of the Montgomery family, and how well we must all of necessity be doing.

On some points they often dilated : their nephews Langford, Alick, and their niece, Maria Heyland. These were their children, for they had brought them up. Also they had many a story of 'our father,' as they always called my grandfather. But I suppose there can be no doubt that their best love was given to their brother Robert. The overflowing affection they had for my father was visible always. The summer time, when they could see him daily, was their jubilee. No day passed but what he went to chat with them on all the subjects that were nearest their hearts and his. Often and often they came up and sat on the terrace at New Park with him, and when we had all gone away I believe they paced that terrace, still recalling the tones of their brother's voice, and waiting till he should return again.

Aunt Charlotte was ostensibly the housekeeper—at least, she appeared as such to the world. But it is difficult to define the real position to those who did not know them. They were so united in all their actions that it was often not easy to say where the initiative began with one and where the office of the other came in to carry it out. In a sense, then, Aunt Charlotte was the housekeeper. And there never was a house so noted for hospitality as Ballynascreen. 'We always keep good fires,' they said. The need of doing the same in my

lodgings as a curate was often enforced. Their table groaned with good things. They were famous for a bewildering number of cakes for breakfast and tea—'baps,' and scones, and tea cakes, and wheaten cakes, and what not. The danger consisted in enormously overeating ourselves. We had to prepare by a preliminary starvation for the teas at St. Columb's.

You will see that for the last twenty-five years they had two residences : St. Columb's at Moville for their summer holiday, until their brother's death made them leave Ballynascreen altogether in 1874. It is impossible to keep the two houses distinct in speaking of the aunts. One custom they had at Ballynascreen which always interested us. There was a clean cloth put on the dining-room table every day. It made no difference if the two sisters were alone, and there was not a speck of dirt by the evening. Esdaile, the butler, had orders to put on a fresh cloth every morning. At Christmas time there used to be a flock of some thirty turkeys which had to be eaten. Attached to the household there was always some old retainer who was getting past work. To turn him away was out of the question. So he came to perform the one duty reserved for those who could do no more. He had to go to the avenue gate, a distance of some two hundred yards, and get the mail bag from the postman and bring it up to the house. This duty was in the hands of an old man named Robin Ferry when I first knew Ballynascreen. He has long

ago passed away. So have all those faithful servants—Esdaile, McQuiggan, Wilson—all but old Mrs. Rider, the former nurse and afterwards housekeeper.

But I must not forget to tell you of their useful parochial life. In the parish they were queens indeed, at the head of everything. On Sundays they went to church in the carriage. It was some two miles off, and afterwards taught in the Sunday school, which was held in the church directly after the service. No one can ever know upon earth the vast good they did in that Sunday school. Their scholars are scattered all over the world. Many are in Australia. They used to hear from time to time how some girl from their classes had emigrated, and then had married some one whose speculations in land or in mining had made him immensely wealthy. It is easy to see that two such strong personalities, full of the deepest earnestness and Christian spirit, must have helped to form the characters of hundreds in the many years during which they worked in that parish—strong, silent, personal work. This it is which lasts ; others will reap where they have sown, and at length 'he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.'

These two noble hearts took the deepest interest in the foreign mission field. The money they sent to the Church Missionary Society was so large in amount that it would amaze those who do not know that the more you send out of a parish for God's work the more is

always forthcoming to help all the parochial agencies. There was a little church day-school at Ballynascreen (it was afterwards, later on, Wilson's cottage), which was their special charge. The children knew their Bibles so well, and they were famous for their needle-work. We were always taken to see the school, and a child's song rings in my ears as I write, and the refrain I can never forgot, sung, as it used to be, with an Irish accent :

‘Cuckoo ! cuckoo !’ until the next spring,  
And then my cuckoo shall sweetly sing.

The church school for girls and infants at Moville was, in the same way, their great joy. It began, I believe, in one of the rooms of the old cottage at St. Columb's, and by degrees grew so large that the present school-house was built. One afternoon was kept for years for the school treat at New Park upon the terrace—a day of happiness and doubtless of anxiety for the dear aunts.

You will have gathered by this time that the two dear ladies were unlike any whom you will ever meet. They must ever stand by themselves. One of their peculiarities was their early appearance at church. Had you gone there nearly half an hour before service time you would have seen those two well-known faces in their pew in the empty building. And if the truth were told I believe you would know that their first work was to change their shoes and put on a dry pair if the day had

been wet. They were a constant protest against the hurry of modern days, when we dislike only too often to be in our places before the organ has begun to play. Surely their devotions were all the sweeter and more fervent because of the constant preparation made in silence in God's House. Then, after the Sunday morning service, they came regularly to New Park, and walked with us all, and dined with us. A mysterious square box always preceded them, containing their Sunday caps.

Ah, me! as I think of those happy days, far away now from the old homes of the old country, my heart is sad, for I know that those days can never come again. My father gone, his brother and his two sisters all gone, to be together in the abiding home above. Why should I mourn over it? They glorified God in their lives, and, having done their work well, they each went, in a good old age, to the life that knows no death. If ever the family life at New Park is revived, it is you, our children, who will be the centres of it. God help you to follow worthily in the steps of those about whom I am writing!

Knowing as we did how indispensable the two sisters were to each other, we often used to ask ourselves which would be taken from us first, and which of them would bear best the absence of the other. Aunt Charlotte was the most pliant, Aunt Mary the most unbending in character. The actual event I will relate to you. About the year 1886 Aunt Charlotte began to fail. She was getting more and more bent, more and more

deaf, and found a difficulty in eating anything. How tenderly her sister nursed her no one can ever fully know. But the tax on Aunt Mary was very great—so great that at length she was even persuaded to leave her sister for a month in order to get rest. Aunt Charlotte knew how great a labour it was. She sometimes said, 'I have the dearest and best of sisters ; no one can know how good she is to me.' Once, when I was with her alone, she came up to me, and said, 'Henry, I want you to know that I trust in Jesus alone. I trust in my Saviour alone as a poor sinner.'

It was in her days of weakness that one day—it was on December 28, 1887—I had to telegraph to Colonel Lyle that my father had died. It was holiday time and there had been few posts. The aunts had had no preparation. Colonel Lyle went with a heavy heart, almost appalled at the news he had to break to them. It was, indeed, a blow. Their brother came between them in age. He was their last brother, the last of their family. Colonel Lyle went from their house to New Park to tell the Maguires. He said he met Maguire on the terrace and could not speak. He held up his hands and said, 'Maguire—Sir Robert!' Maguire knew what he meant, and sat down on a bench and burst out crying. The aged sisters and the old servant were one in their passionate devotion to my dear father.

The next summer but one—in 1889—we had hardly arrived in Ireland when Aunt Charlotte grew rapidly

worse. Strange to say, the last time she went out was for the purpose of seeing the tablet in St. Columb's Church put up in memory of her two brothers. She had been very feeble. She may have felt that she must go at once if she were to see it at all. So, on a Tuesday morning she was, with difficulty, taken over to the church and read the inscription through. Three days afterwards she died (on August 2, 1889). Her sister, your mother, and I watched by her bed. We were there when she gave her last sigh. When she seemed to have ceased to breathe, I remember Aunt Mary stooping over her and calling 'Charlotte!' But there was no answer. Her spirit had gone to God who gave it. We had read her favourite passages to her, her hymns and prayers. But she had been unconscious from the very first. We buried her among her own people—with her father and mother—in the tomb where, such a short while before, we had carried my father. That grave is holy ground to us. It contains all that is mortal of a generation of such true Christian men and women that I thank God who has given us such noble examples. And as we have inherited their blood, so may we inherit the soul of Christian nobleness which their lives from first to last have exhibited.

Your cousin, Maria Cole, has lent me a little book of Aunt Charlotte's in which from time to time she jotted down thoughts, some of which she certainly wished to be read by others after her death. I have, therefore,

no scruple in giving you a few examples from among them. They will help you to realise her deep Christian character.

In 1844, after her sister Annie's death (Mrs. Heyland), Aunt Charlotte wrote :

'This was our beloved father's dying wish : " Love each other dearly, and let the interest of one be the interest of all."

Later in her life comes this extract : 'My dearest Mary, you have indeed been everything to me ; what should I have been without you ? God Almighty only knows the sensitive, nervous constitution I had to struggle against. He mercifully gave you to me as a stay. You were never selfish, you never thought of yourself, and gave up your dearest wishes for my sake.'

November 23, 1880 : 'On this my 74th birthday I must write to you, my dearest Mary, one line of love and gratitude, to thank you for your unwearied kindness and attention to me during the many, many years we have lived together. You have been everything to me, so helpful, so unselfish, and from my heart I thank you.'

A little later : 'I know myself to be a poor, miserable sinner : but Jesus is a great and loving Saviour.'

In the book from which I am quoting there is a page given to each year from 1863 to 1885, marking the chief events of the year. The Church Missionary Society's collection in their church is always noted. On one

occasion it rose to 30*l.*, and this is marked with an expression of deep joy. (I am sure my present visit to the South Seas would have given them intense interest.)

On June 1, 1865, there is the entry: 'Entered St. Columb's for the first time. First saw it September 1864.'

In 1885 she writes in a shaky hand: 'In case I should not be able to express my thoughts and wishes at my last hour, I think it might be as well to say to my dearest and best of sisters that after I am gone it might be well for her (if able) to go to England to dear Maria, and dear Robert, and Matilda Dalison for a little while.'

Soon afterwards she prays that she may be taken first. On November 23, 1885, she writes: 'I am not able to write more—my birthday.'

It is the last record in this precious book, giving the sweet, tender, unselfish thoughts of one who lived very close to her God. I give her words all the more readily because, writing of her as the young are apt to regard the old, I may have given you the impression that we thought less of her than we all really did.



AUNT MARY.

### AUNT MARY

It has not been possible to keep apart the history of one aunt from that of the other. How could it be done, seeing they did everything together, and were virtually never separated? And yet, as I come to this last name of the four about whom I promised to tell you, I feel that I can never write all that I should like to say about dear Aunt Mary.

Her character inspired all who knew her with a sense of reverence. She was so strong, she was so noble in her attitude towards everything. There were in her all the characteristics which go to make up a great and high-minded administrator. 'Mary,' my father used to say, 'ought to have been a bishop.' Her sister Charlotte was the eldest, and took the lead in talking. But when the hour of difficulty came Charlotte turned to Mary. Who can doubt this who has once read the extracts from that private book of Charlotte's? When anything had to be done that required skill and thought, then the elder sister left it, and wisely left it, to Mary to lead. And yet Mary so acted that you could almost believe that it was Charlotte who had

done all. Whatever came from the two was expressed in such a way that it was 'we,' not 'I,' on every occasion.

Although the solid strength seemed to be in one sister, we knew that Mary was too much bound up in Charlotte to be able to live without her. As a matter of fact, if I were to answer the question I put just now as to which of them could have lived best without the other, I should say unhesitatingly that Charlotte could have done better without Mary than Mary without Charlotte. There are some people who bend to the storm, and when it is over they can raise their heads again. Others cannot bend; when the storm reaches them they break. Charlotte was the willow, full of little graces, fed by the stream of a pure faith, bending to the winds. Mary was the oak, planted by the same perennial stream, but when sorrows came she could not bend.

When all her own generation were gone, her heart slowly broke. Less than three years separated her death from my father's; exactly one year and nine days intervened between Charlotte's and her own. We who loved her most, and depended upon her advice so much, would not recall her if we could. She is best as she is with her Saviour, with her own best loved, for whom she would have done or suffered anything. But it is not at all my purpose to make you think that Aunt Mary was more than human. She had her own peculiarities.

In common with her sister she had a great love for making plans. They set their hearts upon arranging matters, not only for themselves, but for us too. Some of us younger ones used to talk occasionally of 'the aunts' programmes.' I remember that on one occasion one of my brothers and I had come back from a long day on the mountain, and were very tired. What was our consternation at discovering that the aunts had arranged that we should go to a tea at some friend's house! At first we were mutinous, but we could not bring ourselves to hurt the feelings of those who loved us so much, and we did as we were bidden. From time to time teas were given at St. Columb's, to which many were invited. The family at New Park were informed on these occasions what they were to do. Some were to come a quarter of an hour before the time, as, for instance, my sister Lucy. The main body were to arrive later. Then sometimes there was a flying column, who were to take people into the garden at a certain signal. With laughter in our hearts we all did as we were told, and were glad to obey the dear aunts.

It was at these teas that at times it became somewhat difficult for us. I have told you how proud they were of us all; that was well enough; but it required some sense of the humorous to be able to endure the mode in which we were occasionally introduced to a stranger in Moville. 'This is our nephew, Henry

Montgomery. He is a great friend of Dean Stanley—a very rising young man.' Or, 'I want to introduce you to my nephew, James. He is a most promising young Indian officer.' Or, 'This is our niece, Miss Lucy Montgomery, a most attractive girl; I am sure you will like her very much.' I think we were more afraid of Aunt Charlotte than of Aunt Mary on these occasions.

The latter, of whom I am now chiefly speaking, held very strong political opinions. I doubt if she could be really happy if a Home Ruler were in the house. I have known her have a bad headache for the rest of the day when some one praised Mr. Gladstone, and when she felt herself called upon to speak on the other side. You can imagine what a power 'the ladies' were in Moville. They were called *par excellence* 'the ladies.' They bore the family name in Moville. They had been born at New Park, and there was not a family about whom they did not know everything. They were not rich, but their alms, though done in secret, were lavishly given to the deserving. There is not a family in Ballynally which would not rise up and call them blessed.

Aunt Mary, with her wonderful head for business, was consulted by my father in everything connected with the property. Her minutes were so ably written, and entered so fully into every detail of importance, that my father, used as he had been to public reports all his life, was never tired of expressing his admiration

for her great capacity. People knew her powers, and also her sterling goodness and great integrity. None of them would have felt easy or would have expected to be successful in any matter in which they would have been opposed by her.

I shall never forget the chivalrous manner in which she put aside her own feelings when I first came as landlord to New Park. She came to see us at once, as if there were no change apparent in the place. I know what she must have felt. The glory had departed from the old house for her. Her dearest brother gone. No longer was the old order possible. No large staff of servants. But never by a look did she betray what she must have felt. I can remember instinctively watching her face as she came to us, guessing the agony that was in her heart. She must have gained strength upon her knees ere she came, before she could have greeted us with so genial and bright a smile. For our sakes she forgot the past, and wished to welcome the new occupants. They, too, felt the difference, and thanked her in their inmost hearts for her goodness. Afterwards Aunt Mary told Maria Cole that it was the loss of her brother Robert which she could not bear. It was worse than losing her sister. Nor could suffering borne thus fail to leave a trace upon her countenance. Those deep-set eyes seemed to me to sink deeper at the end. The post-mistress at Trefnant, in Wales, used to speak of 'that dear lady with the beautiful face.'

Do I weary you by lingering over the brief story of this life so precious to us? A few words more and I shall have finished my task. Hers was a silent nature. Characters so strong are often reticent. She used to say, 'Never sit down and write all your depressed feelings to some one. It only depresses them too; and in a few hours the cloud may have passed away.' That is the advice of a strong nature. There are some people who would go mad, I think, if they had not some heart to whom they could pour out the story of their anxieties and difficulties. It is well that there should be all kinds of characters. It was my greatest delight to write to her of my doings. After we came to Tasmania I wrote repeatedly. But no answer came in return. I felt sure it was because she was suffering, and she could not bear to have to own it for fear of grieving others.

When her last illness came, she set her face steadily towards death. But she left no little book of her inmost thoughts. Nor would she consent to see the clergyman of the parish. Even to Maria Cole, her daughter almost, she would not open out much—just a word at times, telling that her heart was broken. And so she died. Her day's work was done. Never did worthier or more trusty soldier lay down his arms at the call of the great Captain.

To us who loved her, her memory remains as an inspiration. We shall never be able adequately to tell how much we owe in our lives to her great example.

Not that she ever knew a tithe of what we have gained from her. But it is thus, you will find in your turn, that we are generally helped heavenward—by the silent influences of the good—by such prevailing pressure as this that has been exercised upon myself and my generation by the four of whom I have been telling. It was not an influence consciously exerted for our benefit. Had it been so, I feel inclined to doubt whether it would have availed as it has in reality. And this fact I commend to your consideration: that we all wield an influence continually by being what we are. And no force in the world, under God, is so potent for good or evil as this.

I have written these papers because in my inmost heart I hope that your generation may produce characters as worthy and as great as those of Robert and of Mary Montgomery. I know how much may depend upon the lives of your father and mother to help or to hinder. We remember it upon our knees. And commanding you daily to God we rest content. Through all the changes and chances of life God will keep you, making you remember your eternal heritage, and leading you through the experiences of life—some, perhaps, bitter,—others, oh! how sweet and full of peace!—to walk with a firmer faith and a more loving heart the pilgrim's path towards the shining light. May this record, however feebly and inadequately expressed, be an inspiration to you! Thank God for the gift, better

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than any which money can buy, of men and women of your own flesh and blood, bearing the name you bear, who were the true servants of God. Carry on, my dearest children, the holy traditions of godliness and humility, and steady labour and true piety, so that the name of Montgomery, as it has borne no stain in the past, may receive no injury when it is chiefly in your keeping.

## MY STUDY WINDOW.

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NEWPARK,

*September, 1905.*

THIS room in which I sit has many memories. Ninety or a hundred years ago it was inhabited by my aunts—Charlotte, Mary and Annie. Their governess slept in it, too. I suppose there was a bed in each corner, or perhaps there were two double beds. Later on, forty years ago, it became my bedroom till the outer room became my abode, and then my father made this room his study. Now it has been my study for many years. The view from it has become famous in our family, and to-day it has come to me that it must have a meaning. It may not mean the same to everyone, it may mean different things to the same person at different times of life. But now, to-day, I feel that it is telling me something.

All my life, and for the most part of my father's life, this room has been used for holidays—for retirement from hard work in London. Time spent in it marks a pause during which we have surveyed the past, thanked God for one more interval of rest permitted us in the old home, and then we have looked out wonderingly into the future. What will the next year bring us? Shall we be permitted another rest here after another spell of London?

The whole scene then seems to me, in dream fashion, to divide itself into three or four parts. The hills behind the house, out of sight from here, are the past; this house is the present; the lough, spread out below and afar, is the future, the future of work; the hills beyond, with a rim of shore shining in the sun but fading into unknown spaces, are the distant future beyond the future of work in this life.

**THE PAST.**—It has a memory of very hard work indeed. Many a time I have walked all day on those hills behind us and have shot scarcely anything. I have been chilled to the bone in snow; once or twice I should have been lost in fog had I not had a guide. At other times I have had the happiest days of my life (almost), successful in sport, rejoicing in the air and in full health. It is all a parable of the past. The

past is a mixture of experiences. Would I like to have it all over again? I don't think so. As one looks back on the past there are so many dangers which one has escaped; it is wonderful how ever one escaped them when others didn't. No, I should not like to have to face it again. I don't know whether it is cowardice, but life seems to me to be a journey through such very difficult country, that having got through nearly sixty years of it, I am thankful, inexpressibly thankful. I should not like to have to face those perils over again. Nor do I think Christian would have wished to have made his progress twice. Then there is health, would it last as well if one tried again? Again, there are the explosive forces felt so terribly in youth and growing manhood: the moments when all restraint is irksome: when we long to be free from all trammels: when home is too prosaic and antiquated and even the world seems small for our energies, and we feel we can do anything: when we are urged on to be sharp in speech and sarcastic in tongue and intolerant of any who are older. What might have been the result of one of these hours of protest against the conventions of home and school? Some have succumbed to them, and I did not. But to go through it again—the wish to do so—that is a different matter. Fortunately there is a Divine Coachman who knows what are the freaks of yearlings, and He harnesses these outside the shafts and gives them very long traces, and does not touch them with the whip unless they deliberately pull at right angles to the road or turn round and pull back. But no ordinary deviation of a less character produces anything more than a smile, I think, from the Divine Driver; and it really is a fact that those very trying yearlings turn out in the end, when great care has been exercised, the steadiest of all wheelers who one day are invaluable for breaking-in other colts into double harness. But to return. The sorrow and anguish of the past at certain moments, the heavy tasks, the going forth 16,000 miles to a work quite new and without a friend, the decisions in difficult questions—No, I should not like to face it over again, any more than a sailor would like to live some momentous voyage over again during which he had been compelled to face very heavy weather indeed, and had no very complete charts, little, indeed, except his compass. That instrument, however, stood him in good stead and brought him into port. To me the most fearful form of religion seems to be the religion of the Hindu. The poor fellow strives to lead a perfect

life; if he fails he has to begin again, reincarnated, and expects to have to undergo this discipline through scores of lifetimes on this earth, climbing up the hill of perfection and rolling down again, age after age, with no hope that he will ever succeed. The Christian's heart overflows with gratitude that the discipline of life is given once only, more especially when he can at least say that he has come through with belief and trust and hope unimpaired. The compass has not failed him; the Pilot is on board, though the ship is strangely knocked about and much patched and mended. The predominant feeling in looking back is intense, overpowering, evergrowing thankfulness.

**THE PRESENT.**—Here, at Newpark, the present has a stillness about it. It is life in a garden in summer, and all is green, and there is much shelter from winds. It is not hard to believe that the Lord God walketh in the garden. It is possible to be silent, to sit still, to think, to repair what needs repairing. In some ways it is like a good long sleep.

And, of course, there are the duties of the present. Passing by the social duties, I speak now only of the laws of the household. In my father's time this was naturally a quiet house. Comparatively few young people came to it, at least not in any numbers. There were men servants, and all was formal and in splendid order. The sons of the house went their own way, and made their own amusements, and these were mostly outside the house and grounds, almost entirely up on the hill. It was not very easy to offend against the rules of the house or of the parents, so long as we were in time for meals and were properly dressed. One act troubles me. It must have been forty years ago, in the days when my father used to come on expeditions and shoot. We boys went with him on an expedition to Loch Inn, taking with us Mr. Kelly (father of the Kellys of to-day in the town). I had a gun and wanted to get a duck. My father told us on no account to be late in starting home for we had to go to tea with the aunts at S. Columbs. I had started to walk round the loch to where the reeds grow on the further side, and he called us to come back—we went on, pretended not to hear, etc., had a shot at a duck, but did not get it, arrived, after walking round the lake, and found my father furious, almost the only time I remember such a thing. He reproached us strongly, and I pretended not to care, and we had an unpleasant journey back. After forty years that

act of disobedience still pains me—it is a way these acts have of paining like an old wound long after the surface has healed.

The house to-day is a different place, very populous, very young, often tempestuous, and generally very happy. Of course, it has its difficulties. One of these is a modern one, it has to do with smoking. This did not come into our horizon in my young days for it was quite too altogether impossible then in the house. Smoking in the drawing room would have laid the house flat from sheer horror. But the old order changes, and the changes are hardest for the old folks. Moreover, there is a perennial difficulty in families that are growing up. Ever since the world begun it has been very hard for parents to recognize the exact moment when sons and daughters are no longer children, and must be treated more as equals or as guests. Indeed, the process is so gradual that any parent may be excused for not being able at once to detect what the parent ought to discover before the sons and daughters do. That is the point. But it is also true and at the same time difficult for the sons and daughters to recognize what comes in their case, too, so gradually, that rules of the household are not to be kept unthinkingly, simply because they have to be kept, but loyally as part of discipline. Gradually it will become impossible to enforce rules among the grown-up except by common consent. Equally gradually the rules should be kept without enforcement. Even the fact that the rules may be stupid or antiquated ought to make no difference. It is here that *noblesse oblige*. It is here, too, that a sense of humour should come in among the young. There never were parents, I expect, who did not at length become to sons and daughters something approaching to old fogies, or antiquated fossils, or even duffers. Still, *noblesse oblige*; and there is something pathetic in the fact that each generation has thought the same of the one preceding it, made the same mistakes, learnt its lessons too slowly and not without stumbling, and has in due time been sorry for it forty years afterwards. Certainly one of the great joys of after life consists in having very happy memories of the old homes, with as few pangs as may be mixed up in them. I believe it will be so with the younger generation of to-day in this house.

**THE FUTURE.**—That lough spread out before me is a symbol of the future. All great waters are mysterious places,

with their depths, their unknown populations, their varying surfaces. One never knows what a day may bring forth for a small boat; and to me the individual life is typified by the little boat pulled with a pair of sculls. Who dares cross those six miles pulling himself across in a sort of dingey? Yet that is life unaided by the Unseen Hand. Of course, it makes all the difference if One walks upon the waters with us. Again, as I look out over the lough, I ask myself whether I should like to know what will befall me during the next twelve months, or two years, or any other period of time. Youth eagerly desires to know the future; age shrinks from it, firmly determined not to know. And the reason for this is a good one. We know that when something comes which will test our strength or courage or principles we shall then have power to cope with it—then, but not till then. It is a dreadful thought to think of knowing of some dread moment of sorrow or evil or trouble before the strength or the experience to bear it has also been given. No, I don't want to explore the depths of the lough. It is not my own element. Nor do I wish to explore the future. It will be a hard enough battle with my pair of sculls when the time has come.

But *there* goes a steamer with its cargo of human beings. It is there, and then it is gone—just like the people we meet in life—shoals of them. Some are coming to be our guests, possibly to be our most cherished friends for life; some are to be our tempters. I wonder whether we shall choose well for the next few years, and see through those who are not fit to be friends.

One object is always present opposite this window, and my telescope is trained upon it on most days. It has a beautiful lesson, and one also that is first humorous and then deep enough too.

It is a buoy—well, it marks a shoal; it shows a channel. It was put there by One who wishes us well, though we cannot see Him. It is a parable; and I am glad there is One who knows the future and what will happen to me as I scull across.

On the buoy there is nearly always a cormorant, for so my telescope tells me. Yes, there certainly will be a great deal of eating in store for us if we live! Is that a coarse and a shocking thought to mix up with the future? It depends. My cormorant friend reminds me that, as a matter of fact, all the noble deeds done, all the noble things said, all the prayers uttered in the future, will be in consequence of the

strength gotten from food eaten. It may not be the only strength, but it is a vital element of all the work done on earth. That dear bird over there says to me: "Do you really suppose that anything you can do for God on earth can be done without those creatures you call soulless, fishes, sheep, oxen, poultry, vegetables? These soulless personages are laying down their lives in order to live in you. It is a great, vicarious work, and they will get the credit due to them. They are one of the foundations on which the work of the Kingdom of God stands." I am bound to say that the voracious one speaks truth, and that mysterious future is all the more mysterious from the fact that no great work of any kind on earth will be done in it, without the constant co-operation with us of birds, beasts and vegetables, who die that we may live and work. So, I like my buoy, and I like my cormorant. I see no reason why I should be ashamed of training my telescope continuously on them. And there lies the lough—typifying the unknown future. May it do so for many generations of us, with thoughts that calm as well as humble. It is a good thing to trust and not to know; and to repeat what I have often said, "He knows, He cares, all is well."

**THE FUTURE YET BEYOND.**—It is when I get to this last point that I rejoice that the view is over a lough and not over the ocean. You see, there is a further shore. It may be dim, you may never have been there, but there it is. The human eye unaided may not make much of it, but with the proper instrument a great deal more is known; I can make out buildings with the telescope, and human beings, too. All this, too, is parable. It is an old story that the human intellect unaided by revelation can make nothing of the future. Plato, who had a heart, dreamt beautiful things about that distant shore. But Aristotle, whether he had a heart or not, brought intellect to bear on Plato's myths, and swept the dreams and visions clean away. But we have a telescope. He who gave it to us in the form best for us said: "There is a further shore; if it were not so I would have told you. And there are mansions there, and God has a heart; and His Son has drawn humanity there, and countless human souls are there." There is not much more that we can make out, most things over there are inaccessible to us. Will you smile at me if I dream that I see over there the old generation of Montgomerys? This room lends itself to such imaginings

Yes, they have crossed the lough with the Pilot ; they are over there, not far away. To me these thoughts take me up above that inaccessible face of rock over there. I think I am afraid of that high region, too. I am sure I could not look upon it now and live ; but when the time comes some new strength will come first. When the time comes to meet God face to face, a great deal will have happened to us first, a great washing in the lough under the care of an angel, who hides his face, his name being Death : a tremendous stripping off of old clothes, worn out and tattered—which we call bones, flesh and skin—a sudden blossoming of new clothes out of the old, but so different in texture, that it is of no use to conjecture what it is like. Even then the sight of God must be an awful fact—like passing through flame or light—but we shall live through it because there will be a chain round us, fashioned by our Pilot and Elder Brother. We shall dare to face the perpendicular cliff, and be able to enter upon the life beyond it, pulled up by Him.

I cannot help asking again—what will that life be like ? Two things I feel inclined to say : both may be utterly wrong. But all experience leads me to prophesy that where we leave off here, just there we shall begin on that shore, and that there will be no sudden advances. The other thing is, that there will be heavy work there to do, far heavier, far greater, than here. I don't mean that it will fatigue or pain—I don't know what those words can mean when there is no need for air or food—no limits of a material kind anywhere, no need for rest or sleep, I suppose. But if on that shore life has been prepared for here, then it will be ruling ten cities, because we have ruled one well here. We seem to die just when our wisdom is at its best, when we have learnt our lesson, perhaps when earth has no more to teach us. But all such lessons may be the elements of knowledge for beginning work for God in a far greater arena, with more tremendous issues and worse foes and more glorious aid, face to face with God and with evil. God and evil. Those are two realities so awful, so blessed and so cursed, that one can say no more, but await awe struck the day when we reach so tremendous a battlefield. I like to think of the great and good who stepped on to that land trained and prepared to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," many of them little known, but every one marked and recognized by Him who trains us here to do His work, not only here but also in that dim hereafter.

Let the other side of the lough be then what it is in dream vision—a picture of the future, beyond the future. After all, our business is here, in the study and the old home; and without doubt, one of the gains of middle life is that the eyesight becomes clearer in the things that matter. The process is the reverse of what happens to bodily eyes. In the most real things (if we have been trying to see) the eye focuses better, the distance is clearer, the lines more distinguishable. The awful form of the Son of God upon the shore, and at hand too, is more distinctly visible; and consequently life is more single in aim and, therefore, more full of peace. The dearest wish of one's heart, too, is more evident, namely, to "finish one's course with joy." I don't know that the temptations are less, but they are not so coarse. I can never forget the dictum of an old French confessor very learned in human life, who said, when asked what were the *greatest* temptations—"those of middle life." He meant that they were more subtle. So I do not grudge the quiet hours here, and hope to overcome the subtler dangers whilst I use the sculls in my little boat upon the lough. Nor do I forget that "there with Him other little ships," if I may venture to use that text. I look forward to the day when we shall all reach the other shore; it may be "some on planks and some on other things from the ship." But how ever it may be, let the last words of that verse be true for us—"And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to the land."

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I read this to the company below on the Eleventh Sunday after Trinity (September 3rd, 1905), in my study. (This was the Sunday on which, in 1892, I finished writing a "Generation of Montgomerys," at Araga, in the New Hebrides).

The company consisted of—

Harold, Donald, Bernard, Una.

Hilda Eardley Wilmot, Irene Kelly, Constance Adams.

Neville Montgomery, Arthur Thomas, Theo. Adams.

(Harold had come home from S. Africa for a few weeks, and returned ten days afterwards).

H. H. MONTGOMERY (*Bishop*).

INSCRIPTIONS  
ON THE TOMBSTONES IN THE  
CHURCHYARD OF ST AUGUSTINE'S CHAPEL OF EASE  
LONDONDERRY  
AND IN THE  
CHURCHYARD OF BALLYNASCREEN, CO. DERRY  
AND ALSO IN THE  
OLD GRAVEYARD OF COOLEY, MOVILLE  
CO. DONEGAL

*Inscription on Tombstone in the Churchyard of  
St. Augustine's Chapel of Ease, Londonderry.*

Under this Stone are interred the  
Remains of SAMUEL MONTGOMERY, Esq.,  
late of this City. He departed this life  
on the 20th of August, 1803, in the 77th  
Year of his age.

Also the remains of ANN, his Wife,  
who died on the 7th of May, 1818,  
Aged 85.

Also those of their Children,  
DAVID, ANN, ELIZABETH, MARINO, JAMES,  
and ARTHUR NEWBURGH, Husband of their  
Daughter Ann.

Also here are interred the remains of  
The Rev. SAMUEL LAW MONTGOMERY,  
Rector of Leck Patrick,  
of MARY and of SARAH MONTGOMERY,  
Children of  
the above Samuel Montgomery, Esq.

Also the remains of SUSAN MARIA M'CLINTOCK, Wife of  
the Rev. Samuel Law Montgomery,  
who departed this life, June 14, 1837.

Also of Sir ROBERT MONTGOMERY, K.C.B., G.C.S.I., LL.D.,  
Late Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and Member  
of the Council of India,  
Son of the Rev. Samuel Law Montgomery.  
Born in Derry, December 12, 1809;  
Died in London, December 28, 1887.

And of his two Sisters,  
CHARLOTTE ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY,  
Died August 2, 1889, aged 83 years; and  
MARY SUSAN MONTGOMERY, died August 11, 1890  
Aged 79 years.

*Inscription on Tombstone in the Churchyard  
of Ballynascreen, Co. Derry.*

SACRED  
To the beloved Memory  
of the  
Rev. SAMUEL MONTGOMERY  
for 30 Years  
Rector of the Parish of  
Ballynascreen,  
Who departed this life  
May 16th, 1874.  
Aged 69 years.

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'God be merciful to me a sinner.'—Luke xviii. 13.

'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

Romans vi. 23.

*Inscription on Tombstone in the Old Graveyard  
of Cooley, Moville, Co. Donegal.*

MARY CAREY

or

PORTER,

Marino Porter's Widow,

Died in the year 1761.

Anne Porter, daughter of Marino Porter  
And his Wife Mary Carey, was married to  
Samuel Montgomery, Esq., Chamberlain of the  
City of Londonderry.

SAMUEL MONTGOMERY, Esq. died on the 20th of  
August, 1803, in the 77th year of his age, and his  
Widow, ANNE MONTGOMERY, died on the  
7th May, 1818, aged 84 years.

The remains of Samuel Montgomery and his  
Widow Anne Montgomery are interred in the  
Churchyard of the Chapel of Ease,  
Londonderry.

Where are also interred the remains  
of all their Children, viz. :

DAVID, ANNE, ELIZABETH, MARINO, JAMES,  
MARY, SARAH, and SAMUEL LAW,  
who was many years Vicar-General of  
the Diocese of Derry,  
Rector of Lower Moville.

Also are interred in the same grave

ARTHUR NEWBURGH, Esq.  
Husband of their daughter Anne, and

SUSAN MARIA MONTGOMERY, Widow of their Son  
Samuel Law Montgomery.

\*This is my comfort in my affliction, for Thy Word hath quickened me.  
Psalm cxix. 50.

\* This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, &c.  
1 Tim. i. 15.

\* The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Romans vi. 23.

## OUR GARDEN.

slipping loquaciously along all about me, I have had more than most usual here because several whose visits here used to bring pleasure to **OUR GARDEN.** have now gone to other parts. I often think of them, and to some give the benefit of my knowledge of the garden, and of the pleasure it has given me.

It was a bright summer morning, just that sun-melting hour when the leaves of the trees are like a banner set out to catch the sun, and the flowers are flushed out with a glow of color. It was on Easter morning, and I had come over to get time to think. We had passed through a hard winter's work; many big questions had called for answers; a new house had to be entered; Congresses and Conferences of infinite importance had to be organized; and so I found myself alone in the old home for a few days, breathing its memories, dwelling upon the past, looking once more upon the portraits and possessions of past generations.

The facts grouped round the Passion of the Lord had been pondered once more—Good Friday had lent its aid to devotion. Now the Easter morn broke, calm and still, and I left the house early, purposing to pace the garden awhile ere the bell called to Easter Communion. I think silent musings always bring the unseen nearer to us, and almost lift the curtain which divides us from a life so unreal to some, so real and near to others. I half hoped I might see some sign of the Lord Himself in the garden, or catch among the trees a glimpse of the forms that once walked there.

I opened the red gate and entered the garden. I was not surprised to see beds aglow with flowers which yesterday

were bare earth ; and along the paths were groups of people ; here and there single figures wandered and looked from side to side. They seemed to love the place, and this deprived me of any sense of fear or of wonder ; clearly I had a tie with them.

Presently there passed me a strongly-built fresh-coloured gentleman, not tall, but vigorous, dressed in a coat of a past age ; he wore knee breeches and a thick cravat. In his hand he carried a stick which seemed familiar to me. Arrived at the front door he looked at it keenly, then passed on and stood upon the grass before the front windows and gazed long at them—"Enlarged," I heard him murmur—"improved; they have added a great deal to what I first built after I bought the land. I planted those fuchsias—how strong they have become. Look, Ann," he said, to a middle-aged lady who now came up, "they love the house, and I am glad." Then the two turned back towards the garden, but stopped before the long line of names cut in the bark of one of the trees ; "And I planted those trees," he said. Then he counted the names—"Nine children, Ann : and we have had eight—these are all Montgomerys I see."

I left them there—surely they were the builders of our home—and I turned back into the garden, past the greenhouse, till I came to the round hedge. Within it there stood a young man, stylishly dressed ; he looked almost a fop ; a lady was hanging on his arm, and to her he said : "The hedge still stands, Ann. Do you remember our planting it just before our wedding day ? We made it a perfect round, because we believed it would be a type of our own married life. And after we were married we thought of planting a tree somewhere before each opening for every child given to us." The lady sighed—

"Yes, and we never planted any tree. I longed for a young Arthur Newburgh, but he never came." The gentleman was silent, then he said—"How strong these roots and stems are. They who tend the garden now, of our own kin, love the past, and it is well. Let us hope that each generation of our people will be as happy in their married lives as we. But they cannot expect to pass through the veil as happily as we did, almost together, in the same year." I looked with interest at this childless couple. We have their Newburgh plate with the Moor's head for its crest, and know how ancient a stock the name represents.

Something drew me now to the terrace, and at the commencement of it under the rustic archway I saw a gentleman standing. He had a fine open countenance, and well-marked eyebrows, a shaven chin, and close-cut white whiskers, and wore a white cravat and a black coat with a high collar, exhibiting every sign of being a kind and worthy clergyman. He was the first who seemed in any way to realise my presence. When I came up to him I hesitated to pass by, and he continued his soliloquy. "Yes, few people lived here in my time. I never thought a Church would come to the Rectory; what a pleasure it would have been to walk by that orchard path to prayers. All my Church ministrations were carried on at Greencastle." Then he turned to me, saying, "You, too, look like a clergyman, sir, I think." "Yes, and bear your name. I have tried to uphold its reputation, but it is difficult." He smiled sympathetically and then retorted, "You think I am in part the cause of your heavy task?" "Without question, sir." Then he pointed to the Church, "I hope the ground was given by us?" "Yes, your son Sam gave it." "That is well; Sam

was always generous and kind—too kind, too gentle perhaps, for this world." "Yes, but the love that gathers round such natures endures when mere force is forgotten." He smiled assent. "And did the family give the money for the Church?" "Most of it, or else collected it. Sam, Charlotte, Mary, Robert, all helped and loved to help. They planted the grounds; and on the wall of the Church they put up your name, and under it 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'" The light flashed in his eyes as he answered, "Yes, He liveth." Looking up once more, he spoke, "And who more exactly are you, sir?" "I am Robert's son." Then he fell to musing again. "Robert had good capacity and excellent sense. When he went to India with those Lawrence fellows, I knew they would all do well. Is Robert's name in the Church?" "Yes—and Sam's, and Mary's, and Charlotte's, and James', and Annie's." He looked up again and said, "I am glad you all love the past and honour it and build upon it; and what is your own work?" "I am a Bishop." Upon that the old Rector of Moville made a full and courtly and old-world bow, and passed on along the terrace. I watched him till he turned into the orchard.

... And as for me, I fell to thinking and wondered whether I should see yet more. Slowly I followed the Rector, but ere I had gone more than a few steps I was arrested by the sight of one whom I had every reason to know well. My father issued from the summer house, as he was wont to do. Once I found him years ago sitting there when all the household were out. There was a look of great peace on his face then, as he said, "I like to be here by myself." Now he came out in the old dress, the grey suit, Inverness cape and grey hat, and stood and looked at the view. And as he stood there,

there emerged from the little path at the end, apparently from S. Columbs, two ladies, evidently maiden ladies, dressed alike; one with a grave, strongly-marked face, the other with merry blue eye. My father turned to them; they each took one hand of his and sat down beside him on a bench. I dared not stay nor look any longer. It was holy ground. My father and his sisters had met.

So returning to the shelter of the trees by the garden gate, I almost fell against a pair who stood there. They looked like a gardener and his wife. "The Maguires" I said at once. They gazed with affection at every tree and shrub and made for the gate into the yard, and I did not follow them but entered the garden again. There were children in it now; at least I bethought me they were children; but about them there was something mysterious; a veil, a mist, a something to me quite unfamiliar, wrapped them round. Were they children or had they been growing since they passed from us and were no longer children? I could not understand. One girl figure I sought for. But I could not see and the mist gathered. I knew that I must wait yet awhile.

Then I saw that the groups began to collect in the garden and no longer wandered happily yet without premeditation: there were now no longer noting the old scenes, but stood together and looked as if they waited for something. A change, too, came over their faces; the look earthward seemed passing, if that phrase conveys any meaning for you, and an expression born as in the heavenly places made their features shine and glow with light. Something was about to happen, and I longed to see for myself what it could be. There was a stir, too, among the flowers and shrubs, not like the whispering of leaves in the wind but more

human, as though they murmured in their own language. A great stillness fell—a silence to be felt, and the very ground seemed to heave and sway with emotion. Then of a sudden it seemed to come upon me that I might have experience of something of what happened on the first Easter Day, recorded indeed by but one Evangelist, yet an event which fitted well with the wondrous story—“Behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent; and the tombs were opened; and many bodies of the saints that had fallen asleep were raised, and coming forth out of the tombs after His resurrection, they entered into the holy city and appeared unto many.” Was it true then that ever since on the Resurrection morning holy souls have been permitted to visit each his best loved home throughout the world, and all over the world have watched their Lord pass by in some wonderful and special manner? “Oh! that I too might see Him,” burst from me. “If I might see but the skirts of His clothing or feel the breath of His moving.”

The groups heeded me not but were listening. And at length He came. I could see naught. But I could detect Him in the faces round me. How can one explain it? The aged pensioner meeting his old general, the prisoner his advocate who saved him from penal servitude and proclaimed him free, the girl the strong man who saved her from drowning, the patriot his triumphant leader, the lifelong friend his old comrade—these are but indications of what I noted in concentrated form on those faces. The strong joy, the complete trust, the overwhelming gratitude, the wordless devotion, the personal tie between redeemed and Redeemer,

all expressed by silence more eloquent at times than any language. Only there was a lifting up of hands and faces, a mute suggestion of words such as "Unto Him that loveth us and washed us from our sins in His own blood." He passed and I saw Him not. He passed as it were towards the Church, towards the low gate in the orchard. And I said, "Then perhaps I may see Him yet in some fashion. I will run; may I run?" Then it seemed to me that those faces turned to me for the first time and urged me to go, and supported me in my desire. So I went towards the Church. The worshippers were entering and I went in with them, and there at the altar rails I lost sight of the priest and the externals of the little sanctuary. I saw HIM standing before me. His voice said to me and to all, "Be of good cheer. It is I, be not afraid. This is my Body. This is my Blood." Old things once more passed away, all things became new. He alone was the Great Reality. The service ended, and with great peace I retraced my steps to the old garden. But there was naught to be seen there but the bare beds and the early springtime in the garden. No groups paced the walks. At first I was unhappy, but soon I became content, for I knew that for us here in this life it must be, it ought to be, a life of faith with just now and then an uplifting message by a word, a dream, a look, an event.

I awoke, and lo! I had been dreaming. But I was happy, and I hoped that such a dream, mingled with memories of home and ancestry and the Faith of the Gospel, might give me strength for the tasks which had still to be accomplished.

you must come to monopoly under scoldings of Isengrav. He  
is good here, should be quite satisfied a man wants who  
desires nothing but to be at home alone. He only suggests when  
will I be told when will I be free the next day. Isengrav likes  
silence, there is no living with him without house or household.  
I have, Isengrav tells me, a very good and quiet day and I  
would not care for Isengrav to speak. I don't know what has I  
been up at six length have made twice half an hour of hunting about

I read this to the Company below on the Eleventh Sunday  
after Trinity (August 11th, 1907) in my study.

The company consisted of—

Donald, Bernard, Una, Lucy Dalison.

Dorothy Tallents, Beatrice Adams.

Arthur Thomas, Mike Thomas, Andrew Holden,

Charlie Adams, Bernard Chavasse.

H. H. MONTGOMERY (*Bishop*).

INSCRIPTIONS ON  
MONUMENTS TO THE MONTGOMERY FAMILY  
IN THE CHURCH OF ST COLUMB'S  
MOVILLE, CO. DONEGAL

## Montgomery of New Park, Moville.

MONTGOMERYS were tenants of Killaghtee under the See of Raphoe from about 1650, being descended from the Eglinton family. There are many branches in Ireland, and through the Eglintons the pedigree can easily be traced to Norman times. In the case of this branch of the Family (Montgomerys of Killaghtee) it has been found impossible at present to give the pedigree during a period of some fifty years. Catherine Montgomery owned the lands of Killaghtee in 1701, but who her husband was it has been as yet impossible to discover, owing to the fact that all wills and leases in the Diocese of Raphoe were destroyed by fire at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

CATHERINE MONTGOMERY, will dated 4 March 1722, bequeaths her thirds of Killaghtee to her daughter Mary for life; remainder to her grandson John Patterson.

John Montgomery of Killaghtee, living 1722. —

David Montgomery of Killaghtee. — (? Mary), daughter of . . . Law and sister of Rev. Samuel Law of Cumber, co. Derry.

2. Samuel Montgomery of Londonderry, merchant, and Chamberlain of the City; purchased the estate of Ballynally, and built New Park, his residence, on which the town of Moville was afterwards built; died 20 August 1803, aged 77, and buried at Londonderry.

Anne, daughter of Marino Porter, Surveyor of Greenycastle, by his wife Mary Carey, both of whom are buried at Moville; she died 7 May 1818, aged 85, and buried at Londonderry.

1. James Montgomery of Killaghtee, died unmarried 1 July 1763.

3. John Montgomery.

4. Michael Montgomery.

5. Alexander Montgomery.

1. Sarah, mar. . . . . Crawford.

2. Marino Montgomery.

3. David Montgomery.

Died young; buried at Londonderry.

4. James Montgomery.

1. Mary, unmarried.

2. Anne, married

Arthur Newburgh.

3. Elizabeth, unmarried.

4. Sarah, unmarried.

## A

1. Rev. Samuel Law Montgomery, Rector of Lower Moville 1812 ; of Leckpatrick 1830 ; Vicar-General of the Diocese of Derry 1801 ; B.A. 1788 ; LL.B. 1801 ; died 19 May 1832, in the 63rd year of his age, and buried at Moville.

Susan Maria, daughter of James McClintock, Esq., of Trintbaugh (and widow of Rev. Mounsey Alexander, M.A., Rector of Lower Moville 1785, who died 1790, aged 34) ; she died 14 June 1837 ; buried at Londonderry.

1. Rev. Samuel Montgomery, Rector of Ballynacreen 1843 ; died 16 May 1874, aged 69. M.I. at Ballynacreen.

3. James Montgomery of the 60th Regiment, died at Simla 1843 of wounds received in Afghanistan.

1. Charlotte, unmarried.

3. Mary Susan, unmarried.

2. Annie, married A. C. Heyland, Esq., of Bengal Civil Service, Judge of Ghazepore, and had issue : Langford Rowley of 33rd (Duke of Wellington's) Regiment, killed in the attack on the Bodan 18 June 1855, aged 17 years 11 months. Alexander Samuel, Major Royal Artillery, married Clara, eldest daughter of A. Jessup, Esq., of Philadelphia, U.S.A. Maria Susan, married 1st (1856) Rev. Robert Le Poer McClintock, M.A., eldest surviving son of Mr. McClintock of Drumcar, co. Louth, and Lady Elizabeth McClintock, daughter of the Earl of Clancurty; 2ndly (1883) Francis Burton Owen Cole, Captain Royal Fusiliers, of Bransham, co. Monaghan.

Frances Mary, daughter of Rev. James Thomason, Chaplain, Bengal ; born 1 February 1816 ; died 23 March 1842. Had issue : Frances Mary, born 10 October 1835 ; married 10 October 1854 Donald F. MacLeod, Esq., B.C.S., afterwards Sir Donald MacLeod, K.C.S.I., Lieut.-Governor of Punjab ; died 22 August 1855. Robert Thomason, born 17 December 1836 ; died 7 February 1853. Mary Susan, born 8 November 1838 ; married 1 March 1858 James Crofton, Royal Engineers ; died 22 December 1860. 1st wife.

2. Sir Robert Montgomery, K.C.B., G.C.S.I., LL.D., Judicial Commissioner for the Punjab 1853—1858 ; Chief Commissioner, Oude, 1858—1859 ; Member of the Indian Council ; Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab 1859—1865 ; born 12 Dec. 1809 ; died 28 Dec. 1887, and buried at Londonderry.

Ellen Jane, daughter of William Lambert, Esq., of Woodmanstone, Surrey ; married 2 May 1845 ; living 1897. 2nd wife.

1. Arthur Samuel Law Montgomery, died unmarried 1866, aged 20.	2. Right Rev. Henry Hutchinson Montgomery, Bishop of Tasmania 1889; B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, 1870; D.D.; Vicar of St. Mark's, Kensington, 1879-1889; eldest surviving son.	Maud, 3rd daughter of F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, formerly Archdeacon of Westminster; married 28 July 1881.
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Sibyl Frances, died young.	Harold Robert.	Donald Stanley.	Bernard Law.	Una.	Winifred Maud.	Desmond.
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3. James Alexander Lawrence Montgomery, 92nd Highlanders, Colonel Staff Corps, Settlement Commissioner, Punjab; married 1st (1876) Jessie Alice, 2nd daughter of Sir Thomas Douglas Forsyth, C.B., K.C.S.I.; she died 27 April 1879, leaving issue Helen Violet and Winifred Ethel. He married 2ndly (21 September 1881) Katherine Mary, eldest daughter of the late Colonel F. J. Millar, and has issue Frances Muriel, Lucy Marguerite, and Alan Douglas.	4. Rev. Ferguson John Montgomery, B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, 1875; Chaplain in Bengal 1879; married 26 June 1879 Edith Elmina, youngest daughter of Henry Thomas Raikes, B.C.S., and has issue Hugh Ferguson, Neville, and Hilda.	Lucy, married 4 Oct. 1884 Rev. Roger W. H. Dalison, 3rd son of Max. H. Dalison of Hamptons, Tonbridge, by Matilda, 2nd daughter of Rev. R. Alexander, Prebendary of the Derry Cathedral.
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## COLUMBA AT THE WELL.

*(The spring in the Bath Field at our Moville is known as St. Columb's Well).*

NEWPARK,

August, 1908.

"HAVE a care," said a deep voice. The sound came from one of two well-laden boats of the old Irish type—the exterior being made of hides sewn together, and kept in place by wicker work and beams. Six men were visible in one boat, seven in the other. "Have a care," one who seemed the leader repeated, "it is a stony shore." A high rock sheltered them on their right; before them there was spread out a green, rising in rough terraces, dotted here and there with bushes; low down near the water's edge gleamed a brilliant patch of grass, evidence of a spring. "How couldst thou forget that large waterskin, Carnan?"\* said the same voice again. "Thou wilt make a poor victualler of ships. How shall I trust thee in the far land?" "Pardon, master," answered a merry faced ecclesiastic, a true type of happy and careless Ireland, "I confess my fault utterly; and yet we shall lose nought by my error after all. The water will be fresher, and art thou sorry, master dear"—here the young man looked slyly at the leader, as one who was permitted to take liberties—"art thou sorry to step once more on Irish soil, which thy soul loveth? Methinks thou almost owest me thanks."

"Thou art ever ready with thy tongue, lad," said Columba, for it was he, "Be as ready with thy wits in the coming days. Yea, I am glad to touch the land since we must," and he sprang on to the rocks while the company brought in the boats and anchored them by ropes round the stones. The day was cloudless, and the sea like a millpond. "Now bring the skins and waste no time; we will not tarry a half-hour." Twelve men now landed, all ecclesiastics; some laid themselves down; Carnan, Cobhthach, Lugaide were busying themselves at the spring, when voices, exclamations, shouts were heard,

\* See the list of Columba's companions at the end.

and a party of Irish, looking like a family, rushed down to the shore. The elder among them ran to Columba, knelt, and cried, "Welcome, thrice welcome, father; we heard the news that thou wert departing to the further Dalriada: we hoped but to cry a farewell to thee and thine, but this is joy indeed: give me thy blessing, father." Columba raised his hand, and his lips moved. The mother followed, then grown-up sons and daughters. "Have ye no young ones, mother?" asked the saint; "I love the little ones." "There is Eachan-Bui (fair-haired Hector) hiding in the bushes; he feared to come forward. Come, child," cried the mother. The bushes moved but as if a fugitive were retreating. "Come hither to me, Eachan-Bui," said Columba, in a deep, tender voice, "come, fear me not." There was a pause, then a face emerged, then a little body, and a child of six approached the saint, looked up in the leader's face, first awestruck. Columba smiled, and held out his arms, and lo! the child sprang forward, laid his little head on the saint's breast, and moved not. "God bless thee, child," said the deep voice; "God enable thee to grow up a man of peace if the times permit; God keep thee from battles"—his face wore a look of pain—"the memories of which live to trouble us elder ones, old in sin and covered with infirmity."

The twelve had by this time gathered round, and there was silence, for they understood his allusions to battle. "Where do ye live, my friends?" "It is but a short half-mile to our camp, seawards, from here. Our entrenchment<sup>\*</sup> stands at the head of the glen; wilt thou come with all these and accept our hospitality, and give such honour to our house as we never dreamt of?" "Nay, friend, it is impossible, we may not linger; we are on duty, delayed already too long."

But the embarkation was not to be yet, for now from the other quarter were seen a company rapidly approaching.† Their dress was like that of Columba's company. "God be praised, father, for this meeting; we have been praying since the early hours for thy safe passage. A brother brought us the news from Derry that thou and these would leave at dawn for thy long journey. We have not ceased to pray that the angels should be thy guide: when, of a sudden, I myself beheld thy boats turning shoreward out of the tide stream. We wondered

\* The so-called "Danish Fort" on the Greencastle Road.

† From Cooley: where the ruins of S. Finnian's Abbey are situated.

what was amiss: wilt thou tell us what we may do?" "Nought: it is but water that we need; canst thou not pick out by his looks the culprit who omitted to fill the big skin? Look at them!" There was a laugh: Carnan coloured; the priest smiled and cried, "Nay, I thank the brother who brought thee to land: it was a good deed; be not angry, oh master, at our happiness! And now, since the Lord has led thee hither, surely it was for a purpose. To me the reason is clear. Dost thou not remember that thou couldst not come to bless the stones of our Church? Come now, just for a short hour; seest thou how calm the day is? the moon is at the full to-night: God's hand is in this landing. Refuse us not, perchance it is thy last act for us: one more blessing, just one more, we crave." Columba hesitated, looked seaward, scanned the sky. In truth there was no sign of wind, the very peace of God lay upon the Lough, and Benevenagh basked in a haze of sunlight.

"Nephew," said one of the company, "It is not for me to order thee, but consider whether thou canst not grant this boon: it means much to these." "Let it be so then, Uncle Ernan; let us go so that two remain with the boats; let Carnan be one; he will know it is his only punishment." "Run," said the priest, to one of his monks, "Run as thou never hast run yet, shout to every cottage that Columba cometh to bless the House of God; call them to come forth and greet him." The monk fled like the wind, whilst Columba, followed by all save two, turned Derrywards, crossed a stream brawling over the stones and climbed up a hill to where a Church was rising from the ground, though not yet completed.

He was lost in thought as he walked; his eyes seemed to search the future: he looked round the landscape and back over the waters of the Lough, and then he spoke again, "It is not our custom to give human names to our churches, but in Gaul and Italy they begin to keep fresh the records of the great Christians: and, not only of the Blessed Virgin and of the Apostles, but of the Fathers of the Church. This will become our way also, for there is no break in the line of Saints, albeit, time must elapse ere one is actually to be numbered among the Standard Bearers. I would that I could pass from these shores leaving all ill will behind me. I will pray that one day this Church now rising from the ground may be called by the name of him with whom I have lately quarrelled. Do thou, my brother note the fact in thy records here." "Dost thou

refer, my father, to Finnian?" "Aye, to him of Moville.<sup>2</sup> Thou knowest the story?" "I think I do, but tell me the facts as thou knowest them."

"Finnian was my early preceptor on the eastern shore of our land. He taught me to paint the missals, and while writing the sacred oracles, to love and feed upon their words. I had borrowed his psalter after I had left Moville for Clonard: and day by day I sang the songs of Zion, and poured out my heart in confession, in praise, in deep longings for righteousness in life, and in prayers for strength to fight for the Lord. I said, too, I will copy out the words of David since I have the time, and thus possess myself of my own book of the psalter—see, I have it with me"—and Columba brought out from under his vest the *Cathach*†—"it is my constant companion. In due time I returned to Finnian his book, and wrote to tell him with joy that now I, too, had his psalter, since I had made a copy of it by which to remember him and to comfort my soul withal. Canst thou believe it"—and the speaker's voice deepened and a light flashed in his face—"that Finnian made protest at my copying? he averred that the copy belonged to the original, and that I must send him both and not one only. I wrote words of defiance; I called to his remembrance who it was that instilled into me love for the Scriptures, and taught me to write and to illuminate with colours. I had but put into effect his own lessons, not for sale or gain, but for my own soul's profit, and that I might instruct the ignorant. He would not be persuaded; he sent back but this word, 'Return me that which is my own.' I was angry; I rebelled; and yet I bethought me of a way, just, and free from blame. I would appeal to the King at Tara, and he would give me my due. So I wrote, I trust with meekness, to Finnian, 'Since thou wilt not be just to me and leave me what is my own, the fruit of thine own teaching and of my own labour, I appeal to Diarmait against thee. He will decide justly. Wilt thou come to Tara and state thy case and I will state mine? I will abide the verdict if thou wilt.' Finnian answered that he too would stand by the King's word. So we two went to Tara, and stood before Diarmait, Finnian and I. Finnian spoke first, then I followed. The King answered that to-morrow he would give his judgment.

<sup>2</sup> Moville, where Columba was first educated under Finnian, is on Strangford Lough. Columba afterwards went to Clonard, where another Finnian was also his instructor.

† Columba's Psalter was famous in after days, and was enclosed in a silver casket and called his *Cathach*. I have imagined it to be the copy which caused the dissension.

I slept peacefully, well content that justice would be upon my side; and in the morning we stood again before the King who said, 'I have decreed what ye must abide by; ye have promised to accept my word, have you not Finnian and Columba?' 'Aye!' answered both of us. Then spake Diarmait, 'Ye know that by our ancient laws, to every cow belongs its calf, so to every book belongs its copy. Let that copy be given to Finnian!' I cannot well remember what followed, for my anger mastered me: I spake what was in my heart, hot words against the King for his folly in perceiving no difference between the offspring by nature of a cow, the calf being nourished and brought up by its mother, and the handi-work of a man who with his own genius and toil made a copy of a dead thing that could give birth to no offspring. My anger availed not. They took my copy from me and bade me begone; I returned crying that there was no justice to be obtained in Kings' Courts, and men must take the law into their own hands if they desire to secure for themselves the fruit of their labours."

"Thou knowest what followed; how the coolness between the northern family of Hy-Neill and the southern became heated by this injustice; how I led the northern men to battle, how at Cooldrevny we defeated the southerners, captured the copy I made, and left 3,000 dead upon the field. Such is the result of passion, brother. Look again at this Psalter. Thou seest that it bears upon it the blood of 3,000, but I go to wash it clean by the new births of as many pagans in far Dalriada." "Was this thine own thought?" asked the monk. "Nay, I fled to Inismurray.\* There upon the quiet isle I had time to repeat me of my wilfulness and hasty temper. I made confession to Molaise, my soul friend of many years. He it was that laid this penance upon me, bidding me to lead to the Prince of Peace as many pagans as the number of the slain at Cooldrevny. The Church hath indeed bid me begone and gain complete restoration by this penance. Finbar, Kieran, Brendan, all counsel me to perfect this penance. It is a welcome sentence, my brother. I go gladly; my spirit stirs within me to do battle for the Lord more righteously than of late I have done. I yearn to wash the blood from these pages in the way prescribed."

By this time they had drawn near to the site of the Church; men and women were collecting on the hill, and

were running in considerable numbers towards the group that ascended. Fearing there would be a crush, the priest of the Church called to his monks, "Come, pick up these four beams. Two of ye take each an end of one of them. Let these eight form with the beams a square of moving rails round the Master, to ward off the rush." Columba smiled, yet he did not refuse this attention, fearing to hurt their feelings. So, within such a fence of beams, and freed thus from pressure of the crowd that surged round with shouts and songs, the procession approached the half-built fabric. It was being erected on the slope of a hill—beneath them lay the mouth of the Lough, far away were visible Rathlin, Cantyre, and other dim shapes upon the horizon. The course of Columba towards his mission was spread out at his feet. "Glad I am," said he, after gazing, "for this Pisgah view. Thrice glad am I to will that one day this spot may be linked with Finnian's name, him against whom I have raged. I bear thee now no ill will, Finnian; even the passions of men, even the injustice of kings, if it be injustice, fashion a highway for the steps of the Lord, whereby he may come unto His own." He paused, and the priest in charge said, "Pardon, father, I have a plan. Dost thou see where thou standest? I have it in my mind on this very spot on which thou hast paused when thou didst look back and confess, and speak gently of Finnian, to erect a cross. Peradventure, centuries hence men may be drawn hitherwards by it. Thoughts of peace and duty may flow more easily and angry passions die, because of the sign of our Redemption. Thou opposest not the project?" "Nay, brother, have it as thou wilt." Then standing there he began the prayers, blessed the ground, petitioned for the builders and worshippers, pleaded that they who ministered at its altars might see their duty widely spread, symbolized by the sea and land outspread at their feet, till time should be no more, and the Lord should return to claim His own. Then—"We must haste away, good people, the day declines. Come, my brothers who voyage with me." With swift steps they descended to the strand again, where the two watched by the boats, the skins now ready filled.

Beside the dripping well now stood Odhran.\* Looking down into the pool, he turned to Columba saying: "I know not what leads me to it, but I would drink a handful from the

\* The first to die of Columba's company.

spring ere we embark ; to me it seems that I shall not see these shores again" : he lifted the water and drank ; then turned to the Master and said, "Wilt thou not bless the well ere we go?" Columba had been standing against the flat side of a rock in front of the spring upon which he could with comfort lean his elbow ; he had opened his Psalter and was reading. Looking up he smiled at Odhran and continued, but now aloud: "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks so longeth my soul after Thee, O God. Why art thy thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? Put thy trust in God ; for I will yet give Him thanks for His countenance. I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep nor my eyelids to slumber ; neither the temples of my head to take any rest ; until I find out a place for the Temple of the Lord ; an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob. I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God, and will make mention of his righteousness only." He closed the book and came forward a few steps to the spring ; he lifted his hand and said, "God bless thee, oh well, and give thee long life ; let none turn thy waters away ; here may men and women come, and children too, bearing vessels wherewith to carry away thy treasure. Let thy waters ever be sweet and free from pollution ; may they who accept of thy bounty bless the Omnipotent Hand that guided thy drops through the dark earth, and as in Moses' day gave them in this spot to the wayfaring man for food." Then ever in touch with nature, he did a natural thing ; he stooped and kissed the rock whence the water came. Turning he made for the boat signing to his companions to follow. They entered, he waiting to be the last. Then as he was about to step in he cast one look Derrywards and sighed : "I have said my farewell to that beloved spot : I have spoken of the seven angels who each will descend upon the house, one on each day of the week, to ascend in turn to the recording angel with the message of the deeds and prayers of Derry. Farewell, most dear of all my homes ; farewell all this land, now let us face the future with good courage." He entered the boat, and silently they drew away from the shore. The priest from the Church above was left with his people standing bareheaded : he murmured, "*Pro Christo peregrinari volens enagavit.*"

The boats moved away, two black spots on the smooth surface of the Lough ; behind them a gleam of sunlight fell upon the smooth edge of the distant shore ; the white strand

\* "Willing to go abroad for Christ he hath embarked."

became a bright line of gold ; the rays ascended ; now Benevenagh was touched with glory upon its head. To those who stood upon the shore it was an omen for good, for the master, chastened and humbled, forgiving all, and blessing all, ready to be guided and to repair the past, would do great things for God. Perchance he would return to them again bringing his sheaves with him.

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The details introduced, such as the story of the boy, and of the beams, are taken from the "Life of S. Columba."

The historical facts are well known, but the visit to Cooley does not come under this category.

#### NOTE.

*Traditional Names of Columba's Twelve Companions :*

Carnan.  
 Catan.  
 Cobhthach.  
 Eochadh.  
 Ernan (uncle to Columba).  
 Grellan.  
 Lugaide.  
 Mac-cuthen (wrote a life of S. Patrick).  
 Odhran (died October 27th, at Hi (or Iona), in the same year).  
 Rus.  
 Scandal.  
 Torannan.

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Read on Sunday afternoon, August 23rd, 1908 (the Tenth Sunday after Trinity) to—

The Bishop of Rangoon, Rev. Dr. H. J. C. Knight, H. P. Philby, Donald Montgomery, Bernard Montgomery, Dorothy Tallents, Hilda Wilmot, Una Montgomery, Winsome Montgomery, Desmond Montgomery.

SACRED  
 To the Memory of  
 The Reverend  
**SAMUEL LAW MONTGOMERY,**  
 Rector of Leck Patrick,  
 For many years Vicar-General  
 of the Diocese of Derry  
 And Incumbent of Lower Moville,  
 Who departed this life  
 the 19th of May, 1832,  
 in the 63rd year  
 of his age.



'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

## SACRED

To the Beloved Memories of Two Brothers  
United in Life-long Affection.

The Rev. SAMUEL MONTGOMERY, B.A.  
and

Sir ROBERT MONTGOMERY, K.C.B., G.C.S.I., LL.D.  
Sons of the Rev. Samuel Law Montgomery  
of New Park, Moville.

## SAMUEL MONTGOMERY.

Born in 1809. Died May 16, 1874.  
For Thirty Years Rector of Ballynascreen.  
A Pastor beloved by his People and by all who knew him.  
By his Liberality and untiring Exertions this Church  
was built (Consecrated on April 16, 1858).

## ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Born in 1809. Died December 28, 1887.  
For 36 Years a Member of the Indian Civil Service,  
He was Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab  
And a Member of the Council of India;  
The first who, at the outbreak of the Mutiny, assumed  
the responsibility of disarming Native Regiments at  
Lahore, thereby saving the Punjab and rendering  
possible the Recapture of Delhi.  
For his eminent Services he received the Thanks  
of both Houses of Parliament.  
A devoted Friend of the Native Races of India,  
the Friend of all Missionaries, a Man of God  
and full of Wisdom, a Christian Gentleman  
without fear and without reproach.

'Thanks be to God which giveth us the Victory  
through our Lord Jesus Christ.'—1 Cor. xv. 57.



*Inscription on Brass Mural Tablet beneath the Memorial Window<sup>1</sup> in the Church of St. Columb's, Moville.*

To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of  
**CHARLOTTE ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.**

Born November 23rd, 1806. Fell asleep August 2nd, 1889.

And of

**MARY SUSAN MONTGOMERY.**

Born October 5th, 1811. Entered into rest August 11th, 1890.  
 Both of St. Columb's, Moville.

Eldest and Youngest Daughters of the late  
 Rev. Samuel Law Montgomery  
 of New Park, Moville.

—  
 This Window is dedicated by their Nephews and Nieces.

—  
 'Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear  
 no evil, for Thou art with me.'—Psalm xxiii. 4.

<sup>1</sup> This Window is divided into two Compartments, and the subject is our Lord, and Martha and Mary (the sisters of Bethany). St. John xi.

INSCRIPTIONS ON MEMORIAL BRASS  
IN THE CATHEDRAL AT LAHORE, INDIA  
AND ON MEMORIAL WINDOW  
IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF BALLYNASCREEN  
CO. DERRY

*Memorial Brass in the Cathedral at Lahore, India.*

In Memory of

SIR ROBERT MONTGOMERY,  
G.C.S.I., K.C.B., LL.D.

Born in Londonderry, Dec. 12th, 1809.

He entered the Bengal Civil Service in his Twentieth Year.

Having risen to distinction in the Upper Provinces

He became in 1849

Commissioner of the Lahore Division of the Punjab.

Appointed Afterwards

Member of the Board of Administration.

He took part with Henry and John Lawrence  
in Organizing the Government of the Province.

As Judicial Commissioner

He made Justice cheap, speedy and accessible.  
And for Signal Services in 1857

Received the Thanks of Parliament.

Transferred in 1858 to Oude as Chief Commissioner  
He engaged with Energy in the Work of Pacification.

Appointed in 1859

Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab

He administered the Province for Six Years

With Vigour, Judgment, and Success,

Securing by wise Measures

And warm Sympathy with Chiefs and People

The hearty Respect and Affection of all Classes,

Returning to England in 1865. He was for nearly Twenty Years

Member of the Council of India,

And Died December 28th, 1887.

Greatly Beloved and Lamented.

In Death, as in Life,

Resting in Faith on his Redeemer.

*Memorial Window in the Baptistry of the Parish  
Church of Ballynascreen, Co. Derry.*

A TWO-LIGHT WINDOW.

On the left, the figure of our Blessed Saviour  
and the words,  
'Lovest thou Me?'

On the right, another figure of our Lord carrying  
a little lamb in His arms, and the words,  
'Feed My Sheep.'

Underneath,

In Memory of the Rev. SAMUEL MONTGOMERY, who died  
May 16, 1874. Erected by his  
Friends and Parishioners.

These all died in faith.'

Hebrews xi. 13.

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