Souvenir of the House of Cromar

In "The Heart of Mar."

Tarland, Aberdeenshire.

To Miss Rose Menzies
67 Jacob, Old Aberdeen Street
Aberdeen

The Netherlands

Note.—"Heart of Mar" is the Translation of the Gaelic Name "Cromar."

Grateful thanks for kind remembrance - Isabel Aberdeen

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Beautifull
With Lord & Lady Aberdeen's greetings and best wishes
Johanna Majoribanks 1866
Johanna Aberdeen 1877-1933

Reproduced from Baroness Elisabeth Barnekow's copy of a portrait of Lady Aberdeen as a child of three years old, by E. U. Eddis.
With warmest remembrances and all best wishes

from

Ishbel Aberdeen and Temair

Gordon House
Aberdeen

Christmas 1937
and for the New Year
With grateful thanks for your kind remembrance and understanding, sympathy from

[Signature]
HAUD IMMEMOR
JOHN CAMPBELL GORDON
9th Baronet of Nova Scotia
7th Earl of Aberdeen
1st Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair

Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire
1880-1934

BORN AT EDINBURGH: AUGUST 3, 1847
PASSED BEYOND, FROM HOUSE OF CROMAR: MARCH 7, 1934

“Sursum corda”
ANNOUNCEMENT

Made in the General News Bulletin of the B.B.C.
7th March, 1934.

We deeply regret to announce the death of that most distinguished Scotsman, the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair. He was taken ill last night, and died at his home in Aberdeenshire this afternoon, in his 87th year.

We have called him a most distinguished Scotsman, and the description is just, in spite of Lord Aberdeen’s world-wide reputation. He held high office under the Crown, in London, in Ireland, in Canada; but first and last he was a Scot, with an unwavering belief in his own country. There is no disrespect to his memory in recalling his great gift of telling Scots stories—a gift which he used in the cause of charity. They showed how well he knew and understood his own people. As for his interest in charity, you may have heard him yourself; only the other day, when he broadcast for the Week’s Good Cause.

It is 48 years since Lord Aberdeen first went to Dublin Castle as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; he had been one of the big figures in public life as long as that. He was Governor-General of Canada for five years in the ‘nineties, and was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland again from 1905 to 1915. We might mention also his unbroken office as Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire for 54 years, his Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews University, his service as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Honorary degrees from many universities, and the Freedom of many cities, showed that his distinction was recognized.

The long and happy association between Lord and Lady Aberdeen, in public and in private life, is not likely to be forgotten. It found expression in two books which they wrote in collaboration, under the homely title of “We Twa.” One was published a year or two before, and the other a year or two after, their Golden Wedding in 1927. Lady Aberdeen was with her husband at the end, this afternoon.
ADDRESS
Delivered by the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, D.D.,
Hon. Chaplain to the late Marquess,
at the Funeral Service, Haddo House,
12th March, 1934.

We gather to-day to lay to rest, with the honour and circumstance in which grateful and affectionate admiration attempts to express itself, one who endeared himself to men the world over by the purity of his character and the selfless devotion of his life to the highest interests of those amongst whom Duty called him to serve.

And we are a company representative of a very great cloud of witnesses who unite with ours their testimony and their thanks to Almighty God for the gift, to his own generation, of the life that has handed back its commission fulfilled to Him from whom it derived.

For Lord Aberdeen, faithful servant of the State, was first and foremost a faithful servant of God. His characteristic devotion to duty, the lofty and the lowly alike, sprang from the supremest of all loyalties. The streams of purifying and uplifting influence which flowed so copiously and so consistently from his personality had their rise in the High Hills to which—and beyond which—he lifted up the eyes of a virile and robust yet a childlike faith. His strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure.
THE CEMETERY, HADDO HOUSE
MARCH 12th, 1934.

Goodness and mercy all my life
hath surely followed me:
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

Lord Aberdeen's grave is in the centre, where the yellow wreath lies. On his right side is the grave of his son Archie, who died from the results of a motor accident in 1909, and beyond him is the grave of an infant daughter, Dorothea, who died in 1882.
So it was that he never flinched from any service, public or private, to which events and those in direction of them called him. And in the discharge of it he demonstrated, with beautiful unconsciousness, a spirit so gentle and yet so decided, so sensitive and yet so resolute, so conciliatory and yet so steadfast, so disciplined and yet so free, that even those who opposed his aims, differing themselves from his views, were uniformly impressed by his goodness. While evil could not live in his company. He carried about with him, at all times and in all circumstances, a pervasive and protective perfume of “myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the Ivory Palaces.”

His social and political faith came to him as an implication of his religious convictions and assurances. Hence his unwavering allegiance to ideals that by no means always secured popular acclaim for them that pursued them.

It fell to him to live a considerable part of his official life in an age of fierce controversy, and to serve in exalted station at a veritable storm-centre, where, it is only bare truth to say, his personal good-will and transparent disinterestedness did more to soften asperities and reconcile inevitable temperamental prejudices than has ever been recorded.

But conflict and difficulty in carrying out what he conceived to be right—and hence wise—never daunted him. His courage was of the noble order of deeds—not of brave words only. Never did he suggest—never did it occur to him to suggest—that the Standard, once it was rightly raised in any issue, should be brought
back to the troops. For him only one thing was plain: that the troops must be brought up to the Standard!

He was no stranger to battle-wounds, though himself never a man of strife. But the bitterness of misconstrued motive, of misunderstood and misrepresented purpose, and of unrecognized sacrifice (by which much of his service to the State was necessarily carried out) never embittered him. No one ever heard from his lips the word of resentment. He added no fuel to any fires of angry recrimination.

He dwelt too deeply and too securely amid the Everlasting Verities, in the Peace that passeth all understanding, to be moved from his steadfastness by any storm of vain passions. He actually found his life by being willing to lose it.

And he condescended to men of low estate without any consciousness of condescension on his part or theirs. In him "Noblesse Oblige" received an unique interpretation. To-day, in every land, the memory of his kindliness, his courtesy, his unselfishness, his humility, his abounding sympathy, is treasured by people of all classes and creeds upon whom, in the chance meetings of life, his shadow fell to their undying enrichment in the Things of Abiding Worth.

Now from our earthly scene he has gone, to live for ever in our hearts—God's good man. And as we say our "Farewell, Brave Heart!" we think with proud thankfulness of his welcome in the Land of the Leal, the Better Country of whose citizenship he bore the authentic marks.

From Thence the call to greater service has come to

one ripe and ready for the august summons of his Redeemer Lord. So he passed over, and all the Trumpets have sounded for him on the Other Side.

"Be ye also ready! For in such an hour as ye think not the Master of the House cometh to take account of His Servants!"

"And the world passeth away, and all the desirings thereof.

"But he that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever!"

The first part of the funeral service was held at St. Moluaig's Church, Tarland, on 10th March. Memorial services were held at—

The West Church of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen;
Methlick Parish Church;
Tarves Parish Church;
St. Columba's Church, London;
The Abbey Church, Dublin;
University Chapel, Dublin;
Peamount Chapels, Co. Dublin.
Extracts from a few Letters.

From the Archbishop of Canterbury.

“No one ever came into contact with Lord Aberdeen’s personality can forget his wonderful goodness and kindness of heart. They radiated from him through manner and speech and expression of face.

It is well with him now. I think of the words “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

Cosmo Cantuar.

From the Moderator, Church of Scotland.

“Lord Aberdeen’s memory is a fresh and beloved one. He served his King, his country, his Church and his Lord in a measure full beyond that which is the privilege of any of his day. And he has earned that rest in the King’s gardens, waiting to welcome you home.”

Lauchlan MacLean Watt.

From Sir George Newman, K.C.B.

“To homely joys and loves and friendships
His genial nature fondly clung:
And so the shadow on the dial
Ran back, and left him always young”

“The dear memories of his gentleness and loveliness are infinitely more valuable and enduring to me than his famous name and illustrious services to Scotland and Ireland, Canada and the Empire.”

From Colonel Edward Courtenay Warner, D.S.O., M.C., writing to The Times March 10, 1934.

“As one who served on the staff of Lord Aberdeen in Ireland before the War I should like to add a word to the official obituary descriptive of his distinguished career. To us he was a chief who bore with all, whether misrepresentation of his motives and lack of understanding of his ideals by political opponents, or his advisers’ claim of youth to override experience. We learnt the lesson of a life devoted to the service of the State and of a broadminded tolerance which, admitting opinions unacceptable to his judgment and traditions, never attributed them to baser motives.

Many in Ireland to-day owe life and health as a result of social work carried on in spite of political disturbance and often in the face of factional opposition. Few Victorian statesmen have stood so truly to their religious, political, and social faith. What was good in man he found: he found the bad more difficult to discern.”