

**IN MEMORIAM: REV.
GEORGE ROBERT
WHITE SCOTT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649289196

In memoriam: Rev. George Robert White Scott by Mary Dow Scott

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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MARY DOW SCOTT

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GEORGE ROBERT
WHITE SCOTT**



G. R. W. Scott

In Memoriam

Rev. George Robert White Scott

Ph. D., D. D.



BOSTON
Privately Printed
1905



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FOREWORD

IT has been my purpose in preparing this book to share in part not only my own knowledge of the noble, manly soul, great heart, and earnest brain that has gone from us, — but to let some of those who have been permitted in various ways to enter into the inner circle of his life and purpose testify their high appreciation of his character, worth, and work.

No man ever lived who won friends more readily. His very smile, illuminating as it did his whole face ; the warm grasp of his hand, the tender word, and thoughtful helpful sympathy ; his generous response to the many calls upon his charity ; all told in a large way of the loving heart that controlled his purpose and his life.

And how his friends loved him ! His churches one and all were most devoted and loyal, bound to him with bands of steel. So close was the affection that it made every visit, though years might elapse between, a going home to his family. Truly it may be said of

him that once his friend, always his friend, for the more he was known, the better was he loved.

First in the story of his life must ever be placed his work as a minister of the Gospel, for it came first in all his plans; nothing was ever allowed to interfere or to take precedence over this work which he loved so dearly. I can think of no phrase which will so fittingly describe him as "Singleness of purpose." These texts were truly exemplified in his life: "This one thing I do;" "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." From my earliest knowledge of him this has been his paramount desire; to it all things tended, all things contributed.

Strong in his religious convictions, and firm in his determination to adhere ever to that which was right, with much emphasis could he say, "I have kept the faith." Not only did he keep his soul stayed on the "eternal verities," but he preached the Gospel, and with no uncertain sound. He loved to preach. As a student, a scholar, he was indefatigable. His books were his daily companions — his friends. He loved them as friends, and selected them with great care.

I have prepared this book for his friends, and not

for the general public ; therefore some details and extracts from letters have been included which would perhaps have been omitted from a biography intended for the public. If it shows even in part the man he was,—and that is all that can be given,—our loss will seem the greater, our sorrow the more sacred, and the hope of reunion the more glorious.

MARY DOW SCOTT.

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
SEPTEMBER, 1904.

