

Gartnavel Gazette

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THE GLASGOW ROYAL ASYLUM

Founded 1810

New Series.
APRIL, 1911.
No. 32.

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Notes.

WE are now in Spring, on the very threshold of Summer, when the voice of the cricketer will again be heard in the land. Winter has its pleasures, but we all hail with joy the advent of the warm weather, the joyous songs of the birds, the hum of the bee, and the perfume of the flowers. "Oh the long and dreary Winter! Oh the cold and cruel Winter!" sang Longfellow in the "Song of Hiawatha," with all its fogs, rain, and long dark evenings, and we certainly have had our share of mist and rain. But now we may gladly sing with Thomson—

From bright'ning fields of ether fair
disclosed,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth and felt through
Nature's depths.

During the long winter evenings our life was brightened by concerts, dances, lectures, "At Homes," and

whist parties, while our own Dramatic Company won golden opinions by their histrionic skill, to which reference is made in another column. We tender our sincere thanks to our friends who so kindly favoured us with lantern lectures, and will only be too happy to welcome them back again next winter. Our thanks are also due to our friends the Directors of the Abstainers' Union, and their secretary, Mr. MacKerracher, for the truly excellent concerts they gave us, at which we had the pleasure of hearing many of the leading singers of the day.

All our lantern lectures were most enjoyable and also instructive. Mr. Stafford Webber lectured to us on the "Humour of Punch," and exhibited on the screen pictures from the early numbers of that journal, which illustrated a period unknown to the present generation,

who laughed heartily at the follies of their ancestors, especially at the famous crinoline and bloomer period. One of the most interesting of the lectures was given by Mr. James Dalrymple, General Manager of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways. The subject was "Our Tramways," the lecturer, beginning with the early sedan chair, bringing us down gradually through the 'buses, old steam-coaches, and antiquated cabs, to the modern tramway car with all its latest improvements. We are now convinced that Glasgow has the finest and cheapest service of cars in the world. Let Glasgow Flourish! We had also the pleasure of hearing our old friend Mr. Samuel lecture on "Old Tounaine," his lantern views of French towns, palaces, and scenery being very fine, recalling the ancient alliance between France and Scotland. Mr. D. C. Andrew gave us a most interesting and instructive account of Ceylon, illustrating the famous tea-gardens, and showing us how tea is grown and dried. We had also a lady lecturer, Miss O'Connor, who described "Irish Life and Song" with vocal illustrations; and we had also a lecture on "Palestine and the East" by our own Physician-Superintendent, Dr. Oswald, illustrated with views taken by himself while in the Holy Land.

Our new Laundry is now finished and in full working order. The large and airy apartments, lit from the roof, and lined with enamelled tiles, are a vast improvement on the old, where everything was cramped for want of space. As we have to wash for between five and six hundred people weekly, the enlargement was urgently required. The machinery is new and up-to-date, and we may safely say that Gartnavel now possesses one of the finest and best

equipped laundries in the West of Scotland.

We duly honoured the 25th of January, as a matter of course, amid a perfect blast of "Janwar wind," and remembered the immortal "Rab" by dining on haggis, which was really most excellent; indeed, there is nothing more appetising than a good haggis, and our English friends appreciate the dish.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race,
Aboon them a' ye tak your place.

We had a professional visit from Sir James Russell, His Majesty's Inspector of Anatomy for Scotland, on 27th January, the object of his visit being the inspection of the Western Asylum Research Institute, which is situated within the grounds of Gartnavel. We were glad to see that Sir James had completely recovered from his recent illness and was well and strong again. His opinion of the work carried on in the Laboratory was most favourable and encouraging, indeed the public have no idea of the valuable research work which is being done in connection with mental diseases. We congratulate Dr. Mackenzie, who is in charge of the Laboratory, on the success and general appreciation of his work.

At the annual meeting of the Directors and contributors to the Glasgow Royal Asylum on the 17th of February, Lord Dean of Guild Henderson presiding, the ninety-seventh Annual Report was submitted, which stated that during the year 119 patients were admitted and 90 discharged. The report stated that although the Asylum had attained its centenary in August, 1910, its career of usefulness did not

begin until 1814, when patients were first admitted, and for this reason the Directors had resolved to postpone the celebration of the centenary.

In common with other churches throughout the country Gartnavel also held "Bible Sunday," our junior chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Douglas giving an eloquent and most interesting address on the Authorised Version of the Bible. One of his statements impressed us deeply, viz.—"To learned men reading the Bible in the original tongues a sense of this amazing miracle is felt at every page—the unity of the Book. In the minds of the unlearned the same feeling should come up when they read the Authorised Version. The question is, Was there one man—one master mind—among the translators? A careful search among our Church's records ought to show that there was." It must be interesting, however, for Scottish people to know—and few are aware of the fact—that the proposal for a Revised Version of the Bible originated in Scotland, and was made at a General Assembly of the Kirk held at Burntisland in 1601, King James VI. being present, and giving the proposal his hearty approval, as he disliked the Geneva Bible which was then used in Scotland. The first copy of the Bible printed in Scotland was called the Bassandyne Bible, and was printed in 1579. Professor Milligan informs us that a Scot named Murdoch Nisbet had a copy of the New Testament in Scottish as far back as the year 1500, and that it is the one version which has come down to us in the old Scottish tongue.

We deeply regret the untimely death of Mrs. Carswell and we all sincerely sympathise with the Rev.

Mr. Carswell, our chaplain, in his sad bereavement. Mrs. Carswell, in spite of other and more pressing duties, found time to visit here, and was well-known throughout the Institution. In summer she attended the various functions in connection with outdoor amusements, and her pleasant and sympathetic conversation, and desire to help those who sought her advice, made her always a welcome visitor. On several occasions she entertained parties from the Institution in her own house. The bright personality of the hostess and the capital arrangements made for the entertainment of her guests, made those occasions a pleasure to all who received invitations. Owing to the lingering illness which carried her off, we saw little of Mrs. Carswell before she died, but the memory of pleasant intercourse will long remain with those who knew her, and who now mourn her loss.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed in the Church, on Sabbath, 23rd April, at 3 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Carswell will officiate, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Douglas.

Our respected chief, Dr. Oswald, has gone for a short but well-earned and much-needed holiday. We hope to see him return reinvigorated in health and strength.

In Memoriam. THE GENERAL.

Thy race is run, the goal is won,
The web of life quite fitly spun,
While fortitude the shuttle led,
And years, fourscore, in fullness fled.
Yes, fled, in singleness of aim,
Respect from fellow-men to claim,
Now honour beaming bright, and clear,
Memory will thy name revere.
EAST HOUSE, A. STEEL,
March, 1st, 1911.

The Play's the Thing.

As Christmas each year approaches, and the various entertainments provided for residents here, at the winter festival, come under discussion, none is more eagerly looked forward to than the annual performance of the "Gartnavel Opera Company." It brings with it the special relish found in amateur-acting; and being "produced on the premises," so to speak, we may justly be proud of its existence and its success.

As on many former occasions, some members of the medical and official staff most kindly undertook the roles of the play they selected, which was: "Freezing a Mother-in-law, a frightful frost," a farce by Edgar Pemberton. Now the mere mandating of such a play as this, is in itself a good piece of work; and when we consider how the officials, busy from morning to night, must look forward to their evening's rest, we feel that the time and labour requisite to produce a good *ensemble* and which they freely gave, was, indeed, a generous gift. They may rest assured that it was valued, and that their end was gained: a merry evening to a full house.

The play opens with a pair of disconsolate lovers in the not infrequent quandary caused by "mama" not approving. "Papa" has no influence whatever, or at least no power to use it, he, poor man, having led the life of a dog (something very much worse in fact) for 20 years with his "model" spouse, who in all things not only loveth but taketh the pre-eminence, and decrees what everyone in her neighbourhood should and shall do—or not do. Amongst other things this young man shall not marry her daughter, but shall leave the home instantly.

There presently arrives on the scene a nephew of Mr. Watmuff.

He is fresh from America, and enthusiastic over a patent, a liquid, which, to use his own words he has "discovered that another man over there had discovered," and out of which he desires to make a fortune by applying it to human beings. He is in search of a felon in Britain upon whom to experiment. He affirms, however, that the application of his patent for temporarily suspending animation is a harmless thing, and points out its practical uses. Very soon Mr. Watmuff is reasoned into allowing him to practise upon his wife, under the excuse that it will cure her neuralgia. Mr. Watmuff's cravings after his port wine, laid down by him twenty years ago and still untouched, and some fine odorous Havanas brought over by his nephew, supply a powerful motive for this most doubtful proceeding; for wine and cigars have, all these years, been strictly prohibited in Mrs. Watmuff's household. Uncle and nephew then set off to seek the innocent victim, when the main particulars of this conspiracy are rapidly revealed by Walter (the lover) to Mrs. Watmuff. He hopes by this not only to save her life in all probability, but to ingratiate himself into her favour, and thus secure his own ends. Withdrawing, he conceals himself behind a screen, and thence watches the lady laying her plans not of straightway accusing her husband, but of falling in placidly with his plot after rendering it futile. She has just time to empty the phial of patent stuff and refill it with water ere the two conspirators, brimful of persuasion and plausibility return and induce her to make a trial of the "neuralgia cure." She complies, is well frozen (or supposed to be) and the cellar key having been taken from her pocket, she is removed rigid to the cupboard, from whence

she presently peeps out at her husband and his nephew now returned from their raid upon the cellar and gaily engaged in their blissful orgies. The difficulty and danger of the unfreezing process causing sudden anxiety as to his own safety in the mind of Mr. Watmuff, he rushes off, in a state of semi-remorse, to get the hot water necessary, while nephew Ferdinand hurries to his hotel in hopes of finding there the remedy which had been left behind. A search in the cupboard reveals the fact that the "body" has been removed. Consternation! Just then enter the trio: Mother, Emily, and Walter, all on good terms evidently with each other, the heart of the mother having been completely won by a conversation she overheard between these dutiful young hypocrites and which they concocted for this very purpose—not without success. As may be supposed, Mrs. Watmuff has now her innings; and although the point of her closing remarks seems to lie in her asseveration: "I will freeze you when we are alone, Sir!" the audience are of quite another opinion, feeling thoroughly convinced that she will assuredly give it him *hot*.

It is easy to see that this play supplies ample scope for the development and display of many telling characteristics. It was listened to throughout with close attention, and loudly applauded at the close; also again when Dr. Oswald, in a few appreciative, hearty words, thanked the actors, in his own name and that of the audience, for their well-directed efforts.

We would congratulate the actors upon their strong imaginative power, which, for the time being, converted a most sunny helpful presence into disagreeableness personified; an earnest healer into a conscienceless

villain; a shepherd and teacher of the flock into a rascal of deepest dye; and two faithful workers, occupied incessantly in watching over and ministering to other folks, into two young people vastly taken up with their own affairs. Each of the five parts was carried through with much verve, and perfect ease and rapidity of utterance, while the entrances, exits, and gestures had wonderfully little that was amateurish about them. We ought to mention that the characters were not without those human traits which, even in burlesque, are necessary to carry the sympathy of the audience.

The lovers were faithful, and had some excuse for practising their innocent duplicity. What sins can not be palliated in a man scourged for twenty years by a woman's tongue? What bitterness in a woman racked by chronic neuralgia? As for Ferdinand, he—well, perhaps the less said about Ferdinand the better—as the only genuine thing about him seems to have been his cigars. Nevertheless his ingenious arguments, his surprising calm villainy, and his belief in himself were productive of even more laughter than the absurdities of his able colleagues. And as a hearty laugh is well appreciated here, and "the merry heart doeth good," we would thankfully acknowledge our indebtedness to Dr. Marshall, Dr. Sinclair and Dr. Robertson, to Sister Williams, and, very specially, to Mr. Douglas, for providing so amusing and exhilarating an entertainment. The hand of the Master of Works and his assistants was apparent in the very nicely got up drawing-room scene in which the play was acted.

The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading.—Dr. Johnson.

John Henderson Lindsay.

A FEELING of intense sadness pervaded our whole community on the announcement of the death of Mr. Lindsay, which took place about 1.30 on the morning of the 28th of February. Mr. Lindsay, who was in his 86th year, was one of our oldest patients, having entered the Institution in 1870, his term of residence thus extending to forty years. He had been ailing for about five weeks, and though naturally of a cheerful disposition and of very active habits, it became plain to all that the good old man was gradually failing. His end was very peaceful, and for some days before his death he had sunk into an almost semi-conscious state. Mr. Lindsay was a favourite with every one, filling the important office of our "Postmaster-General," the name coming to be gradually contracted into "The General" by which designation he was always addressed. He was also our "Astronomer-Royal," taking a great interest in the movements of the heavenly bodies, and keeping himself supplied with books on all the latest astronomical discoveries. He possessed a vast amount of general information, and was, in fact, a kind of living encyclopædia of general knowledge, so that any one at a loss for a date of any great event, or who wished to verify any historical statement had only to "ask the general," who was always correct in his information. We miss his familiar figure bustling about the house and grounds delivering letters and parcels, with which indeed he was often burdened, for the Gartnavel mail is often no light one. Often on a cold day some one would remark, "You should have on your topcoat, General, it's very cold." With his merry laugh he would reply, "Na, na, it's no cold, it's you that's

no hardy!" He lived indeed a most strenuous life, allowing himself no rest except on Sabbath, when, after attending church, he devoted his time to reading. His favourite books, besides the Bible, were the "Life of St. Paul," and "Farrar's Life of Christ"; he also delighted in reading the "Quiver" and the "Sunday at Home." His was a simple, child-like faith in his Redeemer, and he lived in accordance with his faith, his life being full of acts of kindness to every one. In his younger days he had been in business with his father as a builder, but suffered along with hundreds of others by the disastrous failure of the Western Bank. He never spoke much about himself, though he once told the writer that many of the large self-contained houses at the west-end of Bath Street were built by his firm. We had the privilege of laying his head in the grave at Sighthill Cemetery, and when the Rev. Mr. Douglas, our chaplain, had concluded his impressive prayer, and we stood gazing upon the coffin which contained all that was mortal of the good old General, we thought that if it could be said of any one, it could be truly said of him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

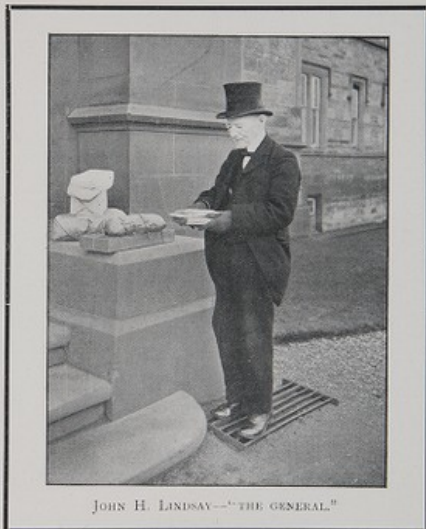
THE EDITOR.

Work in the Garden.

MR. BARR and his staff have been very busy for weeks past in preparing for the gorgeous and fragrant summer display of flowers in the beautiful gardens of Gartnavel, and the work is now well in hand. Already the flowers of Spring heralds of glorious bloom to come, are brightening the sallow and sodden earth, and the mass of golden crocuses under a tree near the Kirk is inspiring to look upon because it

tells of hope uprising and triumphant in spite of meteorological adversities. "The rather primrose which forsaken dies," according to the poet, is very much alive here, and whether it smile on us in winsome cream, or pale pink, or rich carmine, its greeting

very industrious, for it is all work and no play—or play only as you work—while genial Tom Barr, himself a worker, and his genial father, the master gardener, drop in to crack a joke, to give an encouraging word, or to discuss some new phase of



JOHN H. LINDSAY—"THE GENERAL."

is welcome. In the rockery, by the bowling green, are to be seen the pretty double-pink hepatica and other alpine flowers, ever ready to brave and laugh at the rigours of our climate.

In the potting-shed we have been

horticulture. During the fortnight, since Tuesday, February 21st, we have unboxed, cleaned, and potted some 3000 geranium cuttings which you will see by and by making a blaze of colour in the borders; some 500 gladioli of the scarlet Brench-

leyensis variety; a similar number of dahlias of all kinds—single, double, pompons, and cactus, and some of last year's tubers were monstrous in size, and the surgeon's knife had to be applied ruthlessly to their grosser limbs. Another day we potted up 13—a baker's dozen—rhododendrons ("rhodas" they are called in the cultural vulgate), a large number of border rhodas and azaleas for house and gallery decoration. Chrysanthemum cuttings too numerous to count have been dibbled into boxes and pots. Sweet peas are the most popular of all annuals, and many pots of special sorts have been sown, while thirty long troughs, constructed out of orange boxes, have been filled with mixed varieties and when planted out in trenches will provide an abundance of cut flowers from next June onwards. The planting will be very simple, for the sides of the boxes will be torn away, and the contents placed in the trench with the minimum of labour.

Then we set to work sowing annuals, lobelia, antirrhinum—(snapdragon)—pyrethrums, salvia, tobacco plants, stocks, asters, and others too numerous to mention; though the tomato and cucumber and vegetable marrow seeds must not be forgotten, lest the kitchen staff should become alarmed by fear of a famine in succulents. The wonderful display of forced rhubarb in the old boiler-house—the warmest place in Gartnavel in this weather—is like a rich red and yellow forest suggesting endless puddings and tarts to come. For the East House alone a day's supply is 12 stones weight, and the order from the West brings a day's demand up to 18 stones.

The greenhouses are very interesting just now, and we often have visits from kind and appreciative ladies

and critics of the male persuasion. Even these cannot carp at such proofs of the beneficent effects of Gartnavel food and treatment. The lovely white azalea indica, perfect in semi-double form, and pure as the driven snow on the Campsie hill-tops, is in full bloom. Other azaleas of divers rich hues have done splendidly. The tulips are arrogant and proud of their portly figures and brilliant colours; beside them the modest primulas, exquisite in texture and contour, chastely claim notice, while the dazzling golden narcissi, Sir Watkin, and golden spur, command it, seeming almost to blow their own trumpets in self-praise which is thoroughly deserved.

All these treasures have to be watered and cared for, and in our intervals of leisure we syringe one another as well as the fuchsias, the deutzias, the eucalyptus, the rubber plants (paying a huge dividend of big green leaves) and the other exacting denizens of our crystal houses; we pull off withered leaves, sponge into a watery grave green fly on the tulips; execute tiny caterpillars which bore a graceful pattern of white flagree in the young chrysanthemum leaves; and exterminate presumptuous weeds which come in the seed boxes before the lobelia dares to cause the winds of March to be laden with remonstrances not loud but deep. The rest of the day is spent in wheeling heavy barrow-loads, offering the nurses a hurl in the empty barrow—invariably refused with scorn—and in shovelling up mounds, loam, and sand, and mixing it to the consistency of unboiled plum-pudding, with the eye of the critic-captain ever on you to see that you don't go wrong.

And so the day slips by with snatches of song, jest, and story, for laughter brightens labour, and

we are all conscious that by that labour we shall see sweet and fragrant fruits. And Tom pulls out his watch and says, "Just on five-thirty" and we go to tea, "something attempted, something done," to enjoy a night's repose.—S.

Exchanges and Press Criticisms.

WE acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the *Morningside Mirror*, the *Passing Hour*, *Excelsior*, the *New Moon*, and *Under the Dome*, the quarterly magazine of the London Bethlem Hospital. We thank the editor of the latter magazine for his good opinion of the *Gartnavel Gazette*. "It is very well edited," he says, and there is plenty of "good meat about it; the meat is well cooked, and it is good eating." The Institution has a chaplain who is a running stream of humorous verse: we should be glad to borrow him occasionally [We can't spare him!] The *Gazette* prints a pleasant story, which smells like fresh wholesome fish, of a Scottish artist who left his painting to take the place of a sick fisherman, and gather in the harvest for his bairns, who would otherwise have been half-starved during the winter." The *Glasgow Evening Times* says, "The *Gartnavel Gazette* is always worth reading." The *Glasgow Evening Telegraph* says, "What is, we should think, unique amongst magazines is the 'Gartnavel Gazette.' It appears quarterly, and its singularity consists in this, that it is contributed to and conducted by the patients of the asylum of that name which Glasgow maintains for the care and treatment of the mentally afflicted. The notes and articles refer, of course, mainly to matters of domestic interest, but they have an attractive

literary flavour which is not without its appeal to a wider audience. An eye for the beauties of Nature, and a feeling for the inner harmonies of things characterises some of the articles, such as 'The Winding Road,' 'The Old Red House,' 'Ruskin at Derwentwater'; and there is an enthusiastic description of the floral glories that are displayed in the Chrysanthemum House at the Asylum.

Altogether the little periodical fairly justifies its existence, which is more than can be said of some more ambitious specimens."

NOTES FROM THE ORCHARD.

I.
I love a little bird,
But ah! she loves not me;
She takes the gifts I bring;
Electeth to be free.
Could I but find a tenderer tone
In which to woo her for mine own,
For if my bird I cannot get
'Twere better we had never met.

II.
Long had Robin sung to me
Blithely from the apple tree,
But I loved my liberty
More than I loved Robin.
Ceased the song—ah! then I knew,
Suddenly, how kind—how true;
What without him shall I do?
Robin!—Robin!—Robin!

Darting like a russet flame
Through the snowy blossom came
Bird that bears the sweetest name—
Robin Redbreast—"Robin!"
What he warbled then to me
Must have been love's mystery,
For I am bound—nor would be free
From my Faithful Robin.

April, 1911.

C.

First Prize Essay.

The Essays sent in for our Prize Competition were submitted to the decision of a neutral party, a gentleman of great experience in such matters, and he has awarded the first prize to the Essay entitled, "The Value of Suggestion," bearing the signature of "Tranquility." As it was decided to give a second prize in books to the value of 10s., we have to intimate that the prize will be divided between the writers of the Essays entitled, "A Cricket Festival" and "Hops," both being considered equally meritorious. We print the first Essay in our present issue, the others will appear in due course.

Ed.—G. G.

THE VALUE OF SUGGESTION.

To every one who would work to purpose in any direction, hints are more valuable than direct teaching; as in Art suggestion is, as Whistler demonstrated, the better part. To work to purpose we must work on plan, and when our plan is definitely formed we will find that Art, Nature, and Providence will help us, and aids to development will lie along our pathway. Unsought suggestions will reach us from all directions, amplifying and enlightening, and, to some extent, leading to successful issues.

The writer once heard a woman exclaim: "This world is made for men." The remark was made fourteen years ago, and in that time women's opportunities have enormously increased. Now we can say the world is made for the worker—man, woman, and child. Only get an impetus for work, if necessity has not made it, and the work, for its own sake, will yield a sure reward.

Women, as a rule, are more apt in the art of imitation, and will follow out suggestions much more readily than men. Their intuitions are more easily set on motion, and their adaptability to outside influence is greater.

When Schliemann, a poor un-

educated German lad, serving in a grocer's shop, heard one day a drunken sailor recite passages from the *Odyssey*, the music of the verses caught his fancy so firmly that he prayed every night that he might find an opportunity to learn Greek. The opportunity came, and Schliemann not only acquired the Greek language with surprising ease, but was fired by an ambition to visit the country. That opportunity also came with the years, and the result was, as all the world knows, the wonderful excavations at Athens. Schliemann presented to the King of Greece marbles and torsos sufficient to fill four large museums.

How unconsciously we sometimes help others! A busy clergyman in a city charge had so many uncalled interruptions on the time he had set apart for study, that he was inclined to complain, till he remembered that, after all, some of these interruptions turned out to be the salt of the day's work, yielding touches of the unexpected that pointed and illustrated the dry bones of his mental exercises. Of course, a narrow-minded personality does not care to run this chance of getting an equivalent for these surprises and encroachments. But these persons lose more than they know. Our plans should be sufficiently elastic to yield to any unexpected strain on them. If taken with good humour, and in good faith, they are certain to repay us sooner or later.

Robert Louis Stevenson, notwithstanding his constant ill-health, always found life interesting; so filled with possibilities that it could not, he said, be anything else. And who writes more delightfully than he did about these "Faithful Failures" we have all known and

loved? The unwise souls, like Walt Whitman and Henry David Thoreau, who found time to saunter through life ("To loaf and invite my soul" Whitman called it) who found their Holy Land in time and in silence; emerging therefrom like men who had seen visions and young men who had dreamed dreams.

Seekers after God have all been, more or less, *saunterers*, always ready to pause by the way to listen to the Divine Voice; to offer aid to others or to ask it for themselves. They are the welcome comrades of life; ready, not only "for rides in curricles and dinners at the best taverns," but ready, also, to meet the stress and strain of life, always quick in their sympathy for the sorrows of their neighbours, and eager with their help in every emergency. Nature is in a perpetual state of flux. She gives us no definite teaching. We must work humbly on her hints, taking results as we find them. We must follow her alluring ways with open mind and responsive heart; postponing, if need be, our chosen tasks, and accepting even defeat itself with calm cheerfulness, for who can estimate the benefits given and received by those "Who pass in the night and touch one another in passing."

TRANQUILITY.

There is one art of which every man should be master—the art of reflection.

—Coleridge.

In literature the charm of style is indefinable, yet all-subduing, just as fine manners are in social life.—Alex. Smith.

In the long run, genius and wit side with the right cause; and the man fighting against wrong to-day is assisted, in a greater degree than perhaps he is himself aware, by the sarcasm of this writer, the metaphor of that, the song of the other, although the writers themselves professed indifference, or were even counted as belonging to the enemy.—Alex. Smith.

St. Monan's.

THE ancient village of St. Monan's situated on the East Coast of Fife is well worthy of a visit. During the herring season the fishing community may be seen mending their nets and fitting them into the "floats" preparatory to going out with the boats. They take a pride in explaining the intricacies of their craft to the interested visitor.

But perhaps the chief attraction of St. Monan's lies in its Parish Church, one of the oldest in Scotland. It is a curious little Gothic edifice, situated so close to the sea as to be occasionally wet with its spray. It was dedicated to St. Monan, the follower of St. Adrian, Bishop of St. Andrews, both of whom, along with other six thousand persons, shed their blood for the cause of Christ. According to Keith, there was here at one time a monastery of Black Friars. "The Chapel," says he, "was founded by King David the second (successor to Robert the Bruce) in the 14th year of his reign. This Chapel, which was a large and stately building of hewn stone in the form of a cross, was given to the Black Friars by King James III.

The walls of the North and South branches of this monastery are still standing, but want the roof, and the East-end and steeple serve as a church for the parishioners. A small old-fashioned model of a ship, in full rigging, hangs from the roof like a chandelier, an appropriate emblem of the general calling of its parishioners. In former times, the bell, which rung its inhabitants of St. Monan's to public worship, hung upon a tree in the churchyard, but was removed every year during the herring season because the fishermen had a superstitious notion that its noise scared the fish from the coast.

BON ACCORD.

Cricket Fixtures.

May, 6—Denny ...	At Gartnavel.
„ 13—Kenilworth, ...	„ „
„ 20—Ferguslie, 3rd XI., ...	„ „
„ 27—Bellshill, ...	„ „
June 3—Anniesland United, ...	„ „
„ 6—Westbank, ...	„ „
„ 10—Clydesdale Titwood XI., ...	„ „
„ 13—University, ...	„ „
„ 17—Unitas, ...	„ „
„ 24—Meadowbank, ...	„ „
July 1—Hamilton Crescent XI., ...	„ „
„ 8—Gartloch Asylum, ...	„ „
„ 12—Woodilee Asylum, ...	„ „
„ 15— <i>Fair Saturday</i> , ...	„ „
„ 22—Kelburn Extra 2nd XI., ...	„ „
„ 29—Rutherglen, ...	„ „
Aug. 5—Golfhill, ...	„ „
„ 12—Gartloch Asylum, ...	At Gartloch.
„ 19—Poloc 3rd XI., ...	At Gartnavel.
„ 26—North Western, ...	„ „
Sept. 2—Uddingston 2nd XI., ...	„ „

Football.

OUR football correspondent writes: Our football season is almost at an end, and when I look at the results I do not feel comfortable. Out of five matches played we have only managed to draw one, and the rest were lost! We require whole-hearted efforts on the part of every one concerned to make football anything like a success here, as we have many difficulties to encounter. Youth and energy are required in this the king of winter games. It is of no use any person getting on in years attempting to play football, they are only running the risk of hurting themselves, and at the same time putting a bigger strain on those who can play fairly well. While the average man is quite good playing cricket at the age of forty, it is a well-known fact that football players are done "as far as playing football is concerned" at that age. We cannot expect to reach the same level of excellence as the Cricket XI., but we hope to improve on what we have done, and that we may have our hopes fulfilled is the sincere wish of

W. B.

Golf.

OUR golf correspondent writes:— Under the able supervision of Mr. Barr, three fine new putting-greens have been laid out which will add greatly to the amenity of the course, and by early Autumn they should be consolidated and in good playing condition. There has not been any competition for the cup yet; probably it will be deferred until the course is in full working order. At present, the golf course, under the influence of the steady easterly winds, has dried rapidly, and is now in good order for a game; but we would greatly like to see more golfers taking advantage of their opportunities while they are to be got, for we know many in the house who do play, though it is seldom they can be induced to indulge in a round. The continuous wet weather was a great drawback.

IN MEMORIAM.—THE GENERAL.

So long he had been with us, year on year,
So long through summers green and
winters hoar
Had trod our ways, and now we shall not
hear
His footfall any more.

So long he had been with us that to me,
Who caught the mood from such as
knew and loved,
He had become as one who needs must be,
One who might not be moved.

Sun gave to snow, and snow to singing
bird,
As though for him such change would
never cease;
Snow gave to sun, and then the solemn
word
Whispered of home and peace;

And so he passed. But that grave
drooping form,
Those uncomplaining eyes so bravely
set,
The quaint old gesture of that greeting
warm,
We shall not soon forget. T. L. D.