

Gartnavel Gazette

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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum

Founded 1810

New Series.
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No. 38.

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Notes.

WE see from the daily newspapers that Mr. J. A. Roxburgh, one of our Directors and a member of the Weekly Committee of Management, has been nominated as Dean of Guild for the City. Mr. Roxburgh takes a very active part in the public and charitable work of Glasgow, but we know that he is specially and sympathetically interested in this Institution, an interest indeed which he may be said to have inherited, as his father represented the Merchants' House on the directorate for many years and was from 1860 till 1888 a member of the Weekly Committee.

We offer Mr. Roxburgh our sincere congratulations and we are naturally proud to think that he is the third of the Weekly Committee to be chosen for this position of honour, the others being Dr. Gourlay and the present Dean, Mr. Francis Henderson.

As we write it needs more than the hints of our contributions this number to convince us that summer is past, for it is genial and bright (more so than it has been for a long time) and unlike late September. However, the calendar says Autumn is now here and we bow.

There was a certain publication which enjoyed the undesirable reputation of being neither edited or published—"it merely happened once a month"—and after each GAZETTE has gone to press we feel that by the next number it will "just have to happen." To our delight contributions came steadily in, incidents that are worth recording occur in the interval and the result is this readable brochure.

What we wish, however, is more attention from the staff, which, after all, is the moving spirit of the place. Will those referred to kindly send in contributions?

A very good response to our Essay Competition has made the work of selecting those for prizes more than usually difficult, but we feel satisfied in awarding them to "Patroclus" and "Wellesly" for their respective essays on "Derelicts" and "A Holiday in Cleveland (Yorkshire)." The first of these is printed here and the other will be inserted in our next number at Xmas. Prizes of books to the value of half-a-guinea have been given to the successful authors.

Now that the summer season is over it is appropriate to review the games and sports of the Institution. In cricket we were fairly successful, fourteen of our nineteen matches were won, the others we lost. Three of our losses were the first three matches we played and before we had settled down to business. Another was to Gartloch by the narrow margin of 10 runs, while the other was a good beating on Fair Saturday from Vale of Leven.

We were lucky in having only three matches put off on account of unsuitable weather in a very wet season but unlucky in that one of these was the return match with Gartloch, who would have found us in rampant form. Our last match was exciting in the extreme. We batted first and were put out rather softly for 28 runs. It looked an easy thing for Unitas, but our men bucked up wonderfully and won by seven runs, the chief praise of course being merited by the bowlers, Lynas and Schofield. These two, not to mention the man behind the wicket, were the mainstay of the side as the averages show; but there are others who served us well. Mr. A.—'s beautiful batting was always a treat to watch and his fielding splendid. Dr. MacEwan did us a good turn, while on a visit, to come out top scorer with 14,

the number of runs we won by, and Dr. Walmsley on the same day had two wickets for one run and two "gallery" catches. Hamilton could not do himself justice in batting this year but did yeoman service as wicket-keeper. We won't forget his nippy style to break bowling, or his habit of standing with his nose at the stumps to the "lightning" ones from the Pavilion end. Dr. Marshall's patient style was a lesson to the smiters who seldom scored many, and his one handed catches at silly point were always much more difficult than he would have us believe; while the clinical's excursions in the "country" always brought down the house. Schofield's fast bowling and vigorous hitting form a most important part of our success this year and we lift our hats to him. It is unfortunate that we will be the poorer next year by Lynas, who leaves us shortly. He heads the bowling and batting averages and his loss will make a gap that is difficult to fill. His bowling was always "heady" and he could play most of our opponents to a standstill, and no one could get rid of a "tail" with less trouble. His masterly batting, too, was worth going a long way to see.

The others who served us so well in all departments of the game we have no space to thank individually but do so sincerely.

The averages will be found further on.

Croquet can no longer be regarded as the province of the Ladies' Division; this year the final of the tournament being fought out between V. Gentlemen's West and IV. Gentlemen's West; the former gallery winning the cup after a keenly contested game. The tournament was very successful, 32 couples taking

part and the management of it admirably carried out by the Ladies' West.

Only two bowling matches have taken place this year and as these were so well appreciated and patronised it is a pity more could not have been arranged. Woodend sent up a couple of crack rinks that were given a good run, and Parkgrove got us napping one evening and won by eight over three rinks.

Two tennis matches have been played with Technical College who, after being beaten, returned to claim a merited victory.

Now that the new tennis courts are in full swing it is to be hoped that matches will be a feature of the season at Gartnavel, who can hold their own in most sports.

The Golf Competition has been in abeyance during the period the other games are pursued but practice has been going on steadily, and in one case very brilliantly, for the gentleman did the first round of six holes in 22.

The Competition will be started again this month.

It is appropriate in the magazine of one of the Institutions on whose board of management he was for many years to refer to the loss we have sustained in the death of Mr. William Ker. Elected to the Weekly Committee in 1888 in succession to Mr. J. A. Roxburgh's father, he was one of its most valued members till 1908, when he retired on account of advancing years. He remained, however, on the directorate and till his death his interest in our work and welfare was unabated. He was a warm and generous supporter of all efforts directed towards the relief of suffering and his personal friendship was highly esteemed by those to whom it was privileged to be given.

We extend a welcome to Dr. H. S. Keer who has joined the staff as an Assistant Physician, and trust she finds her stay profitable and pleasant.

In the April GAZETTE it was suggested that at the coming season of concerts an attempt should be made to discover the songs most appreciated during the series, and a plebiscite concert arranged. We hope that something will be done to achieve this end and welcome suggestions from readers.

By the departure for the Gairloch district, last month, of Mr. Dugald Sinclair, for 38 years gardener here, a link has been broken with the past. Mr. Sinclair has had the unique experience of serving under three Superintendents; and no official on the policy—with the exception of Mr. Barr—has had so long a connection with it. He has, during that period, most faithfully and efficiently filled his post as one of the working-staff of this Institution, for there is but one opinion of his work: it has been intelligent, thorough, and dependable. What wonderful changes must have come about since he came here in 1874. Why! even we have seen many. For, have not, for example, the new iron gate entrance, the new shelter, the hayfield, the splendid bowling-green with its pretty pavilion, and the handsome rockery all sprung into existence within the last eight years alone.

We doubt not that 'our Dougal'—with his sociable ways and his keen interest in all public questions of worth—will, in the land of his kith and kin, spend many happy years, and contribute an enlivening influence to his surroundings and his large acquaintanceship in the west. We assure him he will not be forgotten by his friends at Gartnavel, whose good wishes follow him.

At the recent examination the following members of the Senior and Junior Nursing Staff were successful in satisfying the examiners in the divisions indicated.

Final examination for certificate and badge from Medico-Psychological Association:—

Nurse Brown.
Nurse Forsyth.
Nurse McIntosh.
Nurse MacIver.
Nurse Wilson.
Attendant M'Lennan.
Attendant Rennie.

Preliminary examination in Anatomy, Physiology, and First Aid:—

Nurse Barbour.
Nurse Gould.
Nurse McKeelnie.
Nurse A. C. McLean.
Nurse McLeod.
Nurse Murray.
Attendant Hamilton.

A musical treat was given one Saturday afternoon recently when the Pipe Band from the Boys' Brigade in connection with Temple Parish Church visited us and played selections in the grounds. The boys have been trained to an excellence that would hardly be credible had it not been demonstrated. Their repertoire is varied and the enthusiasm of patients and staff over their visit was well merited by the interpretations they gave of pipe music. We hope to welcome them again.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of "The Morningside Mirror," "The New Moon," "The Passing Hour," "Excelsior," and "Under the Dome."

Coming Events.

Tuesday, October 8—Staff Dance.
Thursday, October 10—First Weekly Concert.
Monday, October 14—Lectures, etc., to Staff, First Monday Fortnightly.
Wednesday, October 23—First Grand Concert.
Saturday, October 26—Cinematograph Entertainment.
Saturday, November 9—Lantern Lecture (probably) 7.30.
Wednesday, November 20—Second Grand Concert.
Tuesday, November 26—Musical Recital, 7.30, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Drew.
Saturday, December 7—Lantern Lecture, 7.30.
Monday, December 16—Dramatic Recital, 7.30, Miss Ethel Orway.
Wednesday, December 18—Third Grand Concert.

Other engagements are in contemplation and will be announced later. As in former years the Christmas and New Year arrangements will be intimated in the New Year number of the GAZETTE, which will be published about Christmas.

Church Notices.

ON 29th September the Harvest Thanksgiving Service was held. Under the direction of Mr. Barr, who was ably assisted by several ladies and gentlemen, the church was beautifully decorated with flowers and fruit. The morning service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Oliver of Maryhill Parish. In the evening a Service of Praise was held when Nurse Cochrane sang.

The Sacrament of Holy Communion will be celebrated on October 13th. Rev. Mr. Carswell will officiate.

The Anniversary Services will be held on 27th October, when Rev. Prof. Milligan, D.D., will take the early service and Rev. Mr. Carswell will take the evening service.

The Summer Holiday.

As October draws near we are more inclined to look forward to winter work and entertainments than to cast a backward glance upon those of the summer months. Yet there are possibly some among us who may care to recall their visit to the country; others who may be interested to hear about it.

After a good deal of searching, a suitable dwelling was found by Miss Darney at Moffat, and thither under her care and that of Nurse Shand a party of ladies, in the last days of May, repaired.

Moffat is so well known that it is hardly necessary to describe its position; but we may state shortly that the county of Dumfries is traversed by three large 'waters,' flowing—all of them—in a south-easterly direction: the Nith with Dumfries at its estuary; the Annan passing the town of Annan as it too enters the sea; and the Esk. The

lands bordering these—they do not reach the expanse of 'Straths,'—are known as Nithsdale, Annandale, and Eskdale; and in the upper reaches of Annandale, far north in Dumfries-shire, lies the little town of Moffat, snugly protected on north, east, and west by the lowland hills. It is the centre of a district most attractive to pedestrians and mountaineers. The hills in its immediate vicinity are not very high, but within a radius of some nine miles three of the summits reach about 2,600 feet, and from many less lofty vantage points may be obtained. The hill-walks are endless, and one can always return by a different route; so also with the drives to places of interest. Pleasanter strolls could hardly be taken than in the innumerable glens, along meandering 'waters' and their crystal or turbulent tributary burns.

The house selected had the advantage of standing high, and of being retired. It had also a wide outlook, and was roomy and comfortable. The first two days being very warm were chiefly spent in wandering up through the exquisite beech wood on the border of which we lived; or, in forays upon the warehouses of Moffat to see what they could yield,—a good deal it ultimately proved. Then suddenly came disappointing rain and a fall of temperature. No more teas on the lawn; a fire in the evening very acceptable. It was soon apparent, however, that this uncertain weather, with its blatters of wind and rain, its sudden calms and brilliant sunshine, was not unsuitable for brisk and easy walking, for gaining health, and for catching fine glimpses of the country under various aspects. So the institution of at least two regular walks a day was established and kept up; for the

weak folk short, for the strong and enterprising long and varied, the result being: sharp appetites and good sleep, better far, we found, than lounging about in excessive heat would have produced.

What strikes one about the Moffat district is that its associations, historic or otherwise, are so very diverse. But when we consider its position—not far from the border—and recall the old reiving days; its mountainous nature, supplying places of refuge; and the fact that the great road from Carlisle (not to mention miles of Roman roads) sweeps past it, it does not seem so very surprising. To give even a list of these associations is here impossible, but we may mention that they include the Knights Templars; the march southward of Charles II.'s army of 10,000 Scots; one of Wallace's victories; the haunts of Burns; and the hiding-places of the Covenanters. At St. Mary's loch, easily reached by coach in the summer months, is the classic hostelry, once kept by Tibbie Shiel with whom passed away a mass of 'ana' concerning Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others. Round the feudal stronghold of Lochwood there is a brotherhood of oak trees, hoary and grotesque, which are among the most extraordinary and interesting trees in Scotland. Those spots connected with Burns, and the Covenanters, appealed most forcibly to us. True, the so-called 'Burns Cottage' in Moffatdale is merely a modern structure erected on what was once a roadside alehouse, said to have been frequented by the poet; but the adjacent woods of Craigieburn were among his favourite haunts, his biographer (Currie) tells us; and Jean Lorimer, a member of the Craigieburn family it was who inspired several of his finest lyrics, including the lovely "Sweet fa's

the eve on Craigieburn." Jean was his Chloris. It was not difficult when there to imagine the well-known figure with its shapely head and glorious eyes, swinging along that fresh country road with a joy in life, and in all nature's lovely wild things, given to few. One knows that as he sped forward he must have heard the cry of the curlew as it rose from the hill-side; and the babbling and swirling of the Moffat water would mingle with the rising poetic numbers. How that face—now known all the world over—would light up at the first glimpse of Saddleyoke or of lofty White Coomes, holding the last rays of the setting sun; the widening dale sinking into peace and silence. What would not one give to have met him thus!

The brave spirit of the Covenanters too seems still to haunt the region; for hardly a dark glen or fissure in these hills exists that has not its tale of persecution to tell. How thankful were our forefathers for "the strength of the hills"; how constantly had they to make use of it.

We must not forget to mention the pleasant Bird-Banquet which used to take place every morning on our lawn. It was attended by what is known as a white blackbird. In the evening, two little hedgehogs, moving rapidly as if on wheels, arrived and played the useful part of scavengers to perfection, not a scrap remaining. One of our number, a true bird-lover, enticed, amongst other feathered gentry, a whole brood of young chaffinches to her window-sill, and called us all out one day to see a stately pheasant sweeping through the long grass just behind the house. On another occasion it was to watch a fine brown owl that had perched high on one of the noble beeches, striking terror far and wide through the winged population, unusually numerous there.

We cannot close without recording—and here we speak for the entire party—our appreciation of the unwearied and successful efforts of our nurse in catering, and in planning and carrying out with spirit, for us, the various walking and other expeditions. Also our culinary Ancilla did nobly.

Now, here endeth the story of the first month; but there was more to follow.

CRANSTON.

The Further History of Epipactis.

WANDERING in our woods in July who should we come upon but our curious old friend *Epipactis latifolia*. He was a solitary specimen; one and a half feet high and branchy, therefore very perceptible, springing from a massy soil; and was a considerable distance from his old habitat. The *Epipactis* has conducted himself in a very sporadic fashion in our grounds. Sixteen fine plants suddenly appeared in 1904 to the surprise and delight of our botanists, for the plant is by no means common hereabouts. In 1905 they were supposed to have been mown down in youth; certainly they vanished, or rather never grew up. In 1906 *Epipactis* re-appeared in great force as if to make up for lost time, no less than 46 large specimens being found, all nearly in one place but each growing in a single independent way, not in groups. During the following six seasons not a trace of these was to be seen; and now this solitary creature has struggled, in 1912, into existence and fulfilled the law of its being by bearing flower and fruit. It is probable that the seeds came here in the top-dressing the grass received; but why the plants should thus come and go remains a mystery—like many other things in nature.—E.Y.

Memories of Moffat.

AUGUST 1912.

"The Tweed, the Annan, and the Clyde.
They a' rose oot o' ae hillside,
And tried wha first aae the sea wad rin.
Tweed ran, Annan wan,
Clyde broke its back ower Cora Linn."
—Old Rykme.

THIS way, gentlemen!—"It was the well-known voice of Attendant J., as with smiling lips and sparkling eyes, he bade us welcome to Moffat. We entered the minibus, and a few minutes afterwards having passed through the Market Square, were climbing the hill up to "Beechwood." It was a case of "Welcome the coming, Speed the parting guest," for four of our friends were making their adieux just as we four arrived.

"Beechwood" is beautifully situated: overlooking the town, and commanding a charming view of bonnie Annandale. There is a good flower-garden; both house and garden being well-screened by the hills behind and the trees in front, the walls picturesquely mantled in a thick robe of green climbing plants. Inside, too, there is every comfort; with an abundance of excellent books, good pictures, cosy seats, and well-lit rooms. We were in luck, and congratulated ourselves accordingly!

Next day Mac, and C, set out for a walk, and "speired" their way to a famous spot bearing the poetical name of

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.
The day was fine and Mac, doffing boots and socks, was presently "Paddlin' in the burn," while C. drank of its crystalline waters, and busied himself gathering a posy of fair and fragrant wild-flowers. (The lovely golden *Mimulus* grows wild on the banks of the Annan). The 'waters' that 'meet' here are—in the middle, the Annan; on the west

of it the Elvan; and on the east the Moffat water. In the lower reaches, in the whirl of the three-fold flood, a gentleman, wading knee-deep, was wielding a fishing-rod, while his wife waited on the bank to receive the trout which were seemingly slow to rise, preferring to leap out of the waters close by us and feed upon hookless flies!

We may as well say it now—the weather was broken, and our plaint was “the rain it raineth every day.” Yet there was generally some part of the day when we could be outside in comfort. So another time a party of four of us walked over the hill-path to the famous

MINERAL WELL.

C. said he had drank of the waters nearly thirty years ago, and the memory of their nauseous taste haunted him still! Yet an old lady we met there told him that by taking the water regularly she had come to like it! “But you must drink it when it has the sparkle on it—not when it has become flat.” It is deemed a specific for rheumatism. Her little cry of pain as she rose from her seat to go away caused him to remark she reminded him of the old lady who thought the Psalmist must have had rheumatism, because he had written it that “The Lord knoweth my down-sittings and mine up-risings!”

The scenery of the Well's surroundings is very fine. As you approach it, by means of a little bridge, you cross over a deep, narrow, shrub-clad gorge, where the little Birnack water plunges and fumes and frets and foams between the rocks and over the boulders. The medicinal draught is dispensed from a tidy little pavilion, behind which the green hills, purpled here and there with patches of heather, slope upwards towards the great heights of Hart Fell and the

White Coomb, both rising more than 2,000 feet above sea level.

Another day R. and C. journeyed by the

DUMFRIES ROAD

to the point on the hill-top where the road divides into two: that on the left going to Glasgow, and that on the right to Edinburgh; the former city being rather more, and the latter rather less than fifty miles away. On our way we passed the beautiful new cemetery for Moffat, to visit which was Mr. R.'s favourite walk. It lies on the steep hill-side overlooking the Annan, and contains many beautiful monuments. The forenoon was fine, and the pedestrians were tempted to loiter by the way, refreshing themselves by drinking of the cool sweet water of the wayside well on the hill, with the result that they arrived back at Beechwood just in time to hear the dinner-bell ring. Our housekeeper's cookery was excellent, and so were our appetites! Attendant C., shrewd, genial, and kindly, sat always at the table-head, Mr. R. acting as croupier!

An event which awakened up the usually quiet little village of

BEATTOCK

was the Flower Show, Athletic Sports and trained Sheep-dogs Competitions. Mac. and C. walked down and witnessed the panting efforts of the Scottish Collies shepherding the timid sheep on the hill-side. In the evening the local brass band returning from the sports tarried a little in our Market Square, and entertained us to a selection of favourite Scotch airs, while numbers of sun-tanned farmers passed us on their way to their country home.

Nor must we omit to mention our visits to the local churches, especially to the

PARISH CHURCH

a handsome building of red-sandstone

adorned with numerous really artistic stained-glass windows; furnished with an excellent organ, and blessed with an enthusiastic and highly competent organist, a good choir and a right good preacher. The whole service there was both very enjoyable and edifying.

Besides two pianos, we had a harmonium at Beechwood, and when the rain came back (as it had a habit of doing!) the lilt of Scottish airs on the former, and the strains of favourite hymn-tunes on the latter occasionally resounded through the house.

After meals the veteran Mr. E. usually disappeared, occupying himself with some of the more intellectual contents of the book-case. In the mornings, before breakfast, the gentle Mr. G., although the clouds were threatening, sallied forth for his “constitutional” walk armed with his umbrella and his pipe, his favourite route being the vicinity of the wood-clad Gallowhill. In the forenoon Mr. M. usually set out by himself on long perambulations through the strath. Mr. D., like Shakespeare's “Schoolboy with shining morning face,” set out, with a handful of bread, to feed the birds on the washing-green: a habit which soon came to the knowledge of a smart little hen at a neighbouring cottage, who, calling together her brood of pert, well-formed little bantams, soon made D's morsels disappear with a celerity far exceeding that of the smaller “aviators,” for whom they were intended. He then contentedly returned to his special seat on the lawn. The other Mr. R., him of the brawny arms, had also his special corner in the garden-bower, and both gentlemen clung to their seats as tenaciously as the most ardent M.P. to his. On the lawn, too, little Mr. H. promenaded all day

(weather permitting) save when some one took him for a walk over the hill or through the town. Here, too, dear little “Addie” walked slowly to and fro, always ready with his bright smile and cheery “Hilloah!” Our busy and competent housekeeper in her few intervals of leisure was kindness personified to lame little Addie. Mr. M., quiet and courteous, had a friendly word for everybody.

As we passed through the noisy streets of Glasgow on the following evening, at certain street corners groups of people, mainly young, were keeping watch for the appearance of the fire-ship tramway-car which had been fitted up to celebrate the centenary of the primal Clyde-steamer “Comet.” To their impatience, the “Comet” was long of coming. Much longer still, however, will be the coming of the real Comet (which appeared in 1812, and after which our first little steamer was named), no less, say the astronomers, than somewhere about 4,876 years! Not quite so long as that we hope it will be, till, some at least, of that “happy family” make their re-appearance in the flower-clad recesses of lovely Annandale.

A. B. C.

DAHLIAS.

Dahlia, dahlia, dazling—
We note ye—passing fair,—
Beside that pretty garden gate
On your select partners:
We see ye grand in numbers,
Ay! as if with air elate
Telling of plants each vying,
In flowers that fascinate.

Single, and double, as in mode,
Pompons, and Cactus rare,
Star, Pilot, Dreadnought, Harbour bar,
And Flag of Truce compare.

Dahlia, gorgeous dahlia
We view ye all ablaze,—
In varied shap' and size and hue
With autumn sunlight plays.

A. S.

Derelicts.

" 'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of
retreat to peep at such a world."

—Cooper.

LIFE has been compared to an ocean—
to a sea, to a river; but, never
(in the writer's memory) to a plain,
to a meadow, or to a garden.

Shakespeare gives us a very
beautiful and suggestive connection
of our human organisation with a
garden: " 'tis in ourselves that we
are thus or thus. Our bodies are our
gardens, to the which our wills are
gardeners, so that if we will plant
nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and
weed up thyme . . . have it sterile
with idleness or manured with
industry; why, the power and
corrigible authority of this lies in
our wills."

There is, we infer, not only from
this, but from scientific fact, no
absolute waste in a garden: every
seed cast into the ground may not
give us a flower, nor yield golden
grain, nor ruddy fruit, but it
does not become actual waste. The
non-producing seed, and even the
weeds, go to swell the ultimate
capacity.

From the lips of Shiela, the very
winsome and loveable centre of a
story by Robert W. Chambers,
called *The Firing Line*, we have the
remarkable opinion: "There are no
such things as weeds—a weed is a
miracle in the wrong place."

Robert Louis Stevenson writes
very tenderly of the "Faithful
Failures" in life; and, in the in-
tellectual poems of our great poet,
Robert Browning, is there anything
more sublime in the breadth of its
charity and more inspiring in the hope
of ultimate salvation than his poem:
Apparent Failure—

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud life ever stretched;
That, after all, last turns to first.

Though the wide compass round be
fetched;
That what begun best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove
accursed."

Or the closing verse of *Abd Vogler*:—
And what is our failure here but a
triumph's evidence

For the fulness of the days? Have we
withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but
that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discord in but that
harmony should be prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow
to clear.

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme
of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom He whispers
in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis
we musicians know.

To return to our title of derelicts
we come at once to a sadder and more
hopeless form of failure: the ship
that has sailed in triumph over our
own and foreign seas as *The Victory*
may be used as a training school for
our Royal Navy cadets; but what
becomes of the broken-down pri-
vateer: of the damaged schooner, of
the half-swamped herring boat? We
have seen on our sea beaches and
coasting village sands these useless
hulks lying high and dry, a play-
ground for the fisher children or a
shelter for the rats.

In regard to the human derelicts
we would say with an estimable
character in *Twelfth Night*: "Foolery,
sir, does walk about the orb like the
sun which shines everywhere."

We would deal tenderly and
patiently with our derelicts. The
late Archbishop of Canterbury is
reported to have said: "The best
lesson I have learned in nine and
forty years is the incalculable and
infinite superiority of gentleness to
any other force, and the imperious
necessity of humility as the founda-
tion of every virtue. To forget is the
great secret of strong, creative
natures;—to forget is the way of

nature herself, who knows no past,
who begins afresh at every hour the
mysteries of her untiring travail."

Unlike the ocean derelicts, the
human failures and damaged craft
can help themselves and there is no
more valuable aid to this than
prayer, used as a remedial agent. It
is the greatest hygienic force given
to men and women for all difficulties
as well as diseases. Medically and
morally it stands supreme.

A few years ago, when the Medical
Congress was held at Leicester, Dr.
Theodore Bulkely Hislop gave an
address in the course of which he
said: "As an alienist and one whose
whole life has been concerned with
the sufferings of mind, I would state
that of all hygienic measures to
counteract disturbed sleep, depres-
sion of spirits, and all the miserable
sequels of a distressed mind, I
would undoubtedly give the first
place to the simple habit of prayer.
Such a habit does more to clear the
spirit and strengthen the soul to
overcome mere incidental emotion-
alism than any other therapeutic
agent known to me."

Dr. A. T. Schofield followed this
up in his address with the remarkably
forcible addition: "The healing
value of true prayer does not consist
in what we get as that we touch God,
and in His presence all the petty
discords of life that chafe the
spirit, upset the nerves, and disturb
the health, melt and fade away as
the soul gets in tune with the
infinite. This is health, wholeness,
holiness."

Coming from two medical super-
intendents of asylums can we have
a higher testimony or more certain
note of authority? The writer is
not a Christian scientist, nor a faith
healer, nor a member of one of the
new sects or denominations; but a
member of the brave Free Church of

Scotland, that in 1843 left the
Establishment to follow out the
nobility of all ideals:—the service,
not of the state, but of the individual
conscience (that "Candle of God in
the soul"); and, latterly, here and
in America, was a member of the
Congregational Church; one of the
most valued memories being the
Church services of Dr. Horace Bush-
nell; whose ministrations in New
York, and, later, in the very beautiful
church of Westminster, Minneapolis,
are a lasting benediction.

In this connection we would like
to state that in a farewell word with
Dr. Horace Bushnell—which was,
alas, also our introduction—he made
the memorable remark: "I am sorry
you are leaving us so soon,—just as
we have become acquainted, but it
is something to know that, on the
other side, there will be some one who
may be thinking about us, and,
perhaps, praying for us." Who
could ignore a suggestion like this?
It recalls Tennyson's fine lines in
The Passing of Arthur:—

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore
let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of
God.

PATROCLUS.

Gartnavel Sports.

ON June 20th Sports were held, and
a day of sunshine without great
heat, added nature's bounty to our
efforts to enjoy ourselves.

Thanks to the staff, among whom
Mr. Barr, Mr. Wilson, and Mr.
Barclay are to be specially mentioned,
the arrangements were perfect and
the day passed very pleasantly.

Photographs were taken in goodly
numbers, and we will if space allows
issue illustrations with our Xmas and

New Year GAZETTE. Large entries were received, in all 22 events, and splendid competition ensued. The handsome prizes were presented by Mrs. Johnstone, after a speech by Dr. Oswald, who was appropriately thanked by Mr. Barr for his kindness in arranging the sports.

The following is a list of the events with the names of the prize winners :

LADIES' FLAT RACE.

1. Miss W—
2. Miss L—

II.—GIRLS' FLAT RACE.

1. Bella Chisholm.
2. Annie Barclay.

III.—NURSES' FLAT RACE.

1. Nurse Gould.
2. Nurse Angus.

IV.—TUG-OF-WAR (ATTENDANTS).

West House beat East House.

V.—TUG-OF-WAR (NURSES).

East House beat West House.

VI.—TUG-OF-WAR (MAIDS).

West House beat East House.

VII.—BOYS' FLAT RACE.

1. Edward Wilson.
2. W. Wilson.

VIII.—GENTLEMEN'S FLAT RACE.

1. Mr. A—
2. Mr. Y—

IX.—ATTENDANTS' FLAT RACE.

1. Attendant Jenner.
2. Attendant Thompson.

X.—MAIDS' FLAT RACE.

1. Lizzie Fullerton.
2. Nellie Fleming.

XI.—POTATO RACE FOR LADIES.

1. Miss L—
2. Miss T. L—

XII.—BOYS' WHEELBARROW RACE.

1. W. Wilson.
2. Grant Campbell.

XIII.—GIRLS' SKIPPING ROPE RACE.

1. Bella Chisholm.
2. Maggie Barclay.

XIV.—CHILDREN'S RACE.

May Waddell.

XV.—ASSISTANT MATRONS' RACE.

Sister Minty.

XVI.—THREE-LEGGED RACE.

Mr. A— and Mr. L—

XVII.—THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.

Attendant Schofield.

XVIII.—BLINDFOLD RACE.

1. Nurse Brown and partner.
2. Nurse Gillseppe and partner.

XIX.—SACK RACE.

1. Mr. A—
2. Mr. T—

XX.—OBSTACLE RACE.

1. Attendant Hamilton.
2. Attendant Turner.

XXI.—THREADING THE NEEDLE RACE.

1. Nurse Gillespie and Attendant Mortimer.

XXII.—HOBBLE SKIRT RACE.

1. Nurse Gould.
2. Nurse Brown.

Cricket Club.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Innings	Times not Out	Highest Score	Total Runs	Average
W. B. Lynas,	16	1	71	383	25.53
D. Schofield,	18	0	68	388	21.55
Mr. A—,	16	1	60	247	16.46
Mr. J—,	10	6	17	31	7.75
Mr. E. A—,	15	0	26	107	7.13

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
W. B. Lynas,	140	16	402	85	4.72
C. Chaplin,	18.83	3	34	7	4.85
D. Schofield,	189.66	47	355	58	6.12
L. Jenner,	41	6	89	9	9.88