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Miss Lloyd



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

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Now and Then.

SINCE the opening of the church, it must have appealed to all who avail themselves of the privilege, what a marked improvement there is under our new conditions of public worship. The debt of gratitude we owe to the directors and to the interest and oversight of Dr. Oswald, in connection with the beautiful church in which we now worship, is one which is increasingly felt and must continue to be so.

We have not to go beyond the living memory to find that any building, however plain, was considered good enough for a church, and any hall, however unsuitable, was deemed quite adequate for the worship of God. We have changed all that, and the change is in many ways so characteristic of our time that it may readily set us

reflecting. Whether it is the growing desire for a more seemly form of worship that has begotten a taste for more becoming surroundings, or vice versa, does not much matter. The evidence of such a change is noticeable everywhere, and while we are often told that the interest in religion is declining and attention is directed to many of our deserted churches, we ought not to overlook the fact that the intelligent appreciation by the congregation is greater and deeper now than it has ever been.

Let me illustrate in my own way. The habit of sleeping through the sermon in church has practically disappeared. No doubt the shorter and brighter services have something to do with the change, but the main cause lies deeper. Not so very long ago one of the duties of the church officer was to perambulate the church during the service and touch up the listless offenders with a rod which he carried for the purpose. In course of time the practice was discontinued, much to the regret of many of the older and more zealous members. It is told of one old lady, who deplored the change, that on a certain Sunday she observed a young man in front of her begin to indulge. She bore for a time, but when he passed from sleeping to snoring she

could stand it no longer. Picking up her Bible, which as you may understand would be no small one, she rose from her pew, marched down the passage, and bringing it down over the head of the offender found audible expression to her wounded feelings thus—"If ye dinna hear the Word ye'll fin' the wecht o't."

Under like circumstances, however, the blame was not always allowed to rest on the pew, and doubtless the pulpit was not always blameless. An old farmer, who found it difficult some times to resist the inclination to nod, was taken to task at length by the minister. After making due allowance for the active labours of the week in the open air, and the strong temptations, the minister ended with the practical suggestion that if he only provided himself with a pinch of pepper, he had no doubt it would prove effective in driving off the charms of sleep. No doubt the suggestion would have proved valuable, but the minister was not prepared for the retort—"I'm thinking, Mr. Smith, it would maybe prove mair generally effective if you would try the pepper in the sermon."

For long the Church of Scotland has prided itself in what it calls the simplicity of its service, and the changes that have come upon us have been regarded by not a few as a sad falling away from the old traditions—an aping at High Churchism and Ritualism foreign to the spirit of Presbyterianism. In a few cases the charge may not be unfounded, but in many instances the simplicity of Presbyterian worship might readily and more truthfully be designated by another name. Not many years ago, I chanced to be holidaying in Ross-shire. On the Sunday the services were for the most part conducted in Gaelic, but learning that there was to be an English service in the Parish Church at noon, a number of us set out from the hotel to attend. I was interested, for one thing, to see the interior of the church, for it was

one of the barn-like structures so common in the Highlands. Inside everything was scrupulously clean. The plain deal pews were scrubbed white, and there was what is growing more and more uncommon, the pebble floor. Presently the minister appeared—a big, burly, bronzed Highlander, with no suggestion of the cleric, either in appearance or attire. After consultation with the precentor in the vestry, he re-appeared, still with no indications of the minister—not even the gown and bands. Ascending the steep steps into the pulpit, he disappeared for a moment, and when he again came in view he had secured the gown, which evidently was kept under the seat, and forthwith he proceeded to robe himself in presence of the congregation. The situation was ludicrous enough, but there was worse to follow. It was a cold, raw morning. The wind was driving a drizzling rain in from the sea, and an unpleasant swirl was circling thro' the church, of which both doors stood wide open. A gentleman sitting opposite the pulpit, and suffering from the draught, rose with the evident intention of closing the door nearest him. The minister, now struggling with his gown, paused in astonishment at the unwanted liberty, and so soon as the gentleman's object became apparent, his rising indignation found expression in the loudest of Highland accents: "Dean't shut that door. I can't stand it; I'm that waarm." Needless to say, all subsequent attempts at edification failed, and for a time it was a question whether some of us would not have to leave the service altogether. I have often wondered since what some of our English friends, who were present, thought, and what impression they carried home of a Scotch service in the Highlands.

But nearer home we do not require to go far back to find further illustration of my theme. The island of Arran had one minister who is still remembered for his daring utterances from the

pulpit. Visitors two generations ago were attracted to his services rather in the hope of being amused than with the purpose of being edified. Many experiences have been related, but none more characteristic than the following. The minister had finished his sermon, and proceeded thus with his intimations—"I want a collection next Sabbath. Yes, I want a collection; and I'll not get it." Addressing the visitors he continued, "You come down from Glasgow, you people, and you talk about your money and discuss your shares—your gas shares, your iron shares, and your water shares—and when I ask if you have any money to lend to the Lord, you have none; but just wait. I tell you what it is—you're going straight to yon place, and there'll be no water shares in yon place. You're going, just as sure—let me see" (and he brought his palm down with a slap on the book board) "as I killed that fly." The inevitable titter passed over the congregation, and in the pause which followed he slowly and cautiously lifted his hand as he looked underneath. Then, with a touch of inimitable humour, if it had not been entirely out of place, he added, "No, you've got a chance yet, I missed it."

We are often reminded of the good old times, but if such experiences as these were only occasional under the old order, we have profound reason to be grateful for the changes that time has wrought. The exercise of public worship, where all things are done according to the Scriptural injunction, decently and in order, is one of the most powerful influences for good in any community. The simplicity of Presbyterian worship may be retained, and its characteristic forms employed in a way that may commend it to all. This has been our effort in our new and beautiful little church at Gartnavel, and I think we may claim, in some measure at least, to have succeeded.

CHAPLAIN.

The Staff Dance.

IN all institutions, for obvious reasons, the last staff dance occupies the minds of all for a considerable time before its occurrence; and, by the time of the great event, so high has the pitch of excitement reached that many gloves get torn in the hasty attempt to put them on. Of course, many other things happen, but want of space prevents our writing about them.

Sharp to the appointed time a start was made, and all went pleasantly and joyfully, there being nothing to mar one's enjoyment.

Dr. Oswald showed his interest by staying the greater part of the time. Dr. Hotchkiss was sorry he dare not dance; Dr. Goldie-Scott did more than his share; while Dr. Scott Adam (a former clinician) showed that his feet had not lost their cunning. We should like to give a word about each individual, the dresses, etc., but space will not permit.

Owing to the unequal distribution of the sexes, one was not surprised to find the *gentler* in excess; that may be partly accounted for by the fact that many of the men were pleased to be spectators. Might we suggest that a dancing class be formed for the benefit of those unacquainted with the art? With nurses as teachers it might be popular.

As I sat watching two nurses, who were waltzing together, it seems strange that that same thought flashed through my mind as is depicted in that picture (in the West House) of Reynard watching the two rabbits. Again, I say, how strange!

There were refreshments galore; some grudging the time, dancing extras instead; others chatting. A lively time came to an end all too soon.

We ought to add that the music was delightful; and, speaking of music, we are pleased to note that King Alfonso has procured a *Consort Eon*.

CLINICAL.

H813/2/152

The Birds, the Belfry and the Bell.

THE belfry of our little church has at last got a bell, and we are now called to service by its tones, which, fortunately, are sweet and mellow. The congregations have recently been very large, and at the morning service there can have been few if any vacant seats. The singing has also been better, and the birds, through the open windows and door, have seemed to join in the praise; and as in the days of the Psalmist, so now, have the birds builded in the tabernacle, for is there not a thrush's nest in the porch? where "she safe her young ones forth doth bring." Surely this must be a happy omen.

Presentation of Certificates.

THE meeting of the Weekly Committee at the Asylum on Tuesday, the first of May, was taken advantage of to present certificates and prizes to the nurses and attendants who were successful at the recent examinations. At the request of the Committee, Colonel Clark presented the certificates, pinning on the badges, complimenting the nurses and attendants individually, and wishing them much happiness and success in their work. Those who had gained the Certificate of Proficiency in Mental Nursing were: Nurses Polson, Smith, Morrison, and Grievie.

He then presented the certificates and prizes granted in connection with the class of sick-room cookery conducted by Miss MacKirdy. He remarked on the importance of a practical knowledge of the preparation of food for the sick, and said he had no doubt such knowledge was as valuable to nurses engaged in this special work as it was to nurses in a general hospital, for well cooked food meant good digestion, and a good digestion went with a happy and contented mind. He announced that Dr. Oswald's prize

for general excellence in the written and practical examinations had been awarded to Nurse Wilson and Attendant Tait (equal), and that special prizes given by Miss MacKirdy had been gained by Nurse Parvin and Attendant Jas. Thomson. Certificates were also granted to Nurses Watt, Gibb, Thomson, Campbell, Helm, Whitson, and Robertson, and Attendants Gibson and Watson.

Dr. Gourlay said they were glad to have Colonel Clark, who had recently been elected to the Weekly Committee, taking an active part in the work of the Institution. He had always regarded the instruction given to the staff with approval, and he was glad to know that it was being so well taken advantage of. The Directors desired to encourage the nursing staff as much as possible, for while they wished them to do their work well and faithfully they wished them to have pleasure in doing it. He felt sure that whether they remained in the service or took up other work, they would be the better of the instruction given to them, and they would, he believed, value highly the certificates and prizes they had gained.

The little function we have so briefly described took place in one of the galleries of the Ladies' Division, and there were present, in addition to the members of the Weekly Committee, Mr. Johnston (the Secretary), with all the medical staff, the Matron and the Assistant Matrons. Error.

Crickets.

THE Eleven are doing fairly well, so far this season. Of five matches played they have won three, and lost two. Against Gartloch Attendant Lynas made 105 runs, not out; and against R. J. Hotchkiss' XI. the same batsman had 75, unfinished, in the first evening's play. There are quite a number of good fixtures on the card, and these should furnish good sport both for players and onlookers.—W.G.

Natural History Notes.

(Continued.)

SUPERSTITION in connection with the piet still survives, such as the following well known to everyone:—

"One's sorrow, two's mirth,
Three's a wedding, four's a birth;
Five's a christening, six a death,
Seven's a heaven, eight is hell,
And nine's the devil his own self."

The pieties here have no cause for sorrow, to judge from the fact that they always hunt in couples. On one occasion no fewer than eleven were observed perched on a single tree in the grounds. What this number might portend is not told us in the rhyme, but we suspect it meant mischief. It is well known that magpies will collect in numbers and attack sickly animals. A case is on record of a score or so attacking a feeble donkey in snowy weather when food was scarce. The piet's nest is a wonderful structure. It is so massively built that it will stand for years with occasional patching up. Its foundation consists of short sticks cemented to the branches of a tree with clay; a deep, hollow cup is formed of turf, clay, earth, and fibres, and around this is woven a firm basket-like outwork of thorny twigs, forming a dome over the cup and leaving but a single hole in the side for entrance and exit. From six to nine eggs are laid. When the young are old enough to "fend" for themselves, they are driven away from home. All birds of prey act thus, and the *raison d'être* is no doubt the limited food supply in a locality. Of the rarer birds seen within our walls, mention may be made of the barn-owl, white, screech or church owl. This is a nocturnal bird of prey, and is seen flitting about as the twilight deepens into night. Its cry is a loud weird shriek.

The tawny owl is the hooter of our woods. Some years ago a young one was captured in the grounds, but its ultimate fate is unknown to me.

With night birds we are not, however, much concerned, but rather with

these we see daily around us; and no study is more fascinating or more health-giving than the open-air study of bird life. In the words then of a lover of nature and a past master in the art of description of nature in all her moods:—"Let us always be out of doors among trees and grass, and rain and wind and sun. There the breeze strikes the cheek and sets it aglow; the gale increases and the trees creak and roar, but it is only a ruder music. A calm follows, the sun shines forth, and the air is soft and sweet. By night the stars shine, and there is no fathoming the dark spaces between those brilliant points. Or it is the morning on the hills, when hope is as wide as the world. Or it is evening on the shore, a red sun sinks, the foam-tipped waves are crested with crimson, the booming surge breaks and the spray flies afar. Let us then get out of these indoor, narrow modern days, whose twelve hours somehow have become shortened, into the sunlight and the pure wind. A something that the ancients called divine can be found and felt there still."

T. G. S.

TALENTS.

Each has got a talent
(Some have even two),
Faithfully to use it,
What we've got to do.

It may be for sweeping,
Knitting by the mile,
Comforting the weeping,
Or a cheery smile.

It may be for ruling,
Or great faithfulness;
Or may be for loving—
Mighty power to bless!

Say it out—and richly,
Very soon ye'll find
That it makes ye stronger,
Keeps the temper kind.

E. Y.

Though we are often told that beauty is only skin deep, we need nobody to remind us that ugliness goes to the bone.

Opening of New Bowling Green.

WHAT proved a most enjoyable and successful function took place on 8th June, the occasion being the opening of the Garden Bowling Green. The function was really a combined Garden Party and Bowling Match; and as the day proved fine and sunny, in fact, if anything, a trifle too warm for the bowlers, nothing was wanting

The summer costumes of the ladies gave quite a charming touch to a scene which nature had done her utmost to adorn.

Dr. Oswald, in a few words, introduced Mr. J. Pirrie, as the oldest Director present.

Mr. Pirrie said it gave him great pleasure to be present at the opening of such a fine Bowling Green, and he hoped it would prove a source of much benefit and pleasure to the patients.



to complete the enjoyment of the assembled company.

Quite a number of our Directors were present; among others being Mr. R. Gow, Mr. J. Pirrie, Mr. J. Graham, Mr. R. S. Brown, Mr. R. M-Ewen, Drs. W. Cullen and R. O. Adamson, the Rev. J. S. Carswell, and Mr. J. Johnston. A number of ladies also accompanied the Directors; Dr. Oswald and the Asylum Staff were all present; and a large number of patients, both ladies and gentlemen.

The laying out of the ground so artistically reflected great credit on Mr. Barr. He then asked Mr. J. Graham to perform the opening ceremony, by throwing a silver jack and the first bowl.

Mr. Graham said we had a really beautiful green, and most artistic pavilion. The aim of the Directors was to provide health-giving recreation for the patients; and he was sure that here they would find in the beautiful surroundings, and in the game, much

pleasure and enjoyment. Mr. Graham then threw the silver jack and the first bowl, declaring the green open, amid applause.

Mr. Johnston took several photos, the ladies and gentlemen being grouped in front of the pavilion. We have pleasure in presenting one of the photos to our readers. It will give them a much better idea of the green and pavilion, and their beautiful surroundings, and of the charming appearance of the costumes of the ladies, amid the sunshine, than any words of ours can convey.

Five rinks of players then engaged in a match, which was kept going with much spirit until the close of the function. Tea was served in the pavilion. Ices and cooling drinks were in much request among the bowlers, as Old Sol seemed bent on enjoying the function also, and was very much in evidence. Time seemed to fly, and a most enjoyable afternoon's entertainment came to an end all too soon.

The site of the green formed part of the garden, and has been very happily chosen. Mr. Barr was responsible for the laying out of the ground surrounding the green, and he deserves great credit for his work.

The pavilion is built of polished brick, with red sandstone facings, and is from the design of the Clerk of Works (Mr. Wilson), the greater portion of the work having been done by the Asylum tradesmen. It is very creditable both in design and workmanship, and is admirably suited for its purpose.—EDITOR.

With Buller in Natal.

IN October, 1899, a company from the linked battalion of the R—S—, of which regiment I was a captain, proceeded to Aldershot, having received notice for active service in South Africa. On the 10th of October we paraded at 7 a.m. in fighting kit, and marched to the town station headed by the bands

of several other regiments, where we entrained for Southampton. Arrived there at 11 a.m., we found the transport "Gascon" awaiting us, and immediately prepared to embark. Next morning after inspection we weighed anchor, and slipped down Southampton Water. The forts at Spithead interested us all, but we soon left the chalk cliffs of Merrie England behind us, and were beginning (some of us at least) to feel the effects of *mal de mer*. Crossing the Bay of Biscay the weather was very stormy, but on the sixth day we reached Teneriffe, and fine weather. Neither officers nor men were allowed to land, and after coaling we continued our voyage to Cape Town.

At Cape Town a few of the officers received permission to go ashore, and we spent a very pleasant time; everywhere preparations for the coming campaign were very much *en evidence*. Cape Town, seen from Table Bay, presents a much better appearance than one realizes on landing. The town is not particularly clean, and although the mixed population of Kafirs, Malays, Dutch and English forms an interesting study to a stranger, yet the town itself has little to interest one. The suburbs, however, owing to the wealth of foliage and flower, are beautiful and in contrast to the town, where the heat in summer is most oppressive, are delightfully cool and shady.

After three days we left Table Bay en route for Durban, which we reached on the fifth day after leaving Cape Town. We were quietly disembarked here into barges, and towed ashore by a tug. On landing we entrained and after journeying fourteen hours arrived at Estcourt, one of the military bases then being formed.

Here we got all news of the fighting round Ladysmith, and we could hear the Creusot guns of the Boers occasionally booming in the distance. After three weeks we were ordered to Frere, where we were actually in the firing line. Daily we were expecting orders

to advance, as there were rumours of getting to Ladysmith round by Vaal Kranz, but this was given up as General Sir Redvers Buller decided to cross the Tugela.

All Sir Redvers Buller's arrangements having been completed for attacking the Boer position on the Tugela, on the 15th December half of my battalion was detached as escort to the three batteries of artillery commanded by Colonel Long. We marched out of camp at 5.30 a.m., two companies on the right and left of guns, and by 7 a.m. were under a heavy fire, which soon began to make gaps in our ranks. We were about 1000 yards from the Tugela waiting the order to advance which was given about 10 a.m. The guns advanced at the gallop, we doubling after them as fast as we could. Colonel Long advanced his guns near to the river, and had hardly opened fire when a murderous rifle and pom-pom fire was opened on us at point-blank range by the Boers concealed in trenches at the base of Bulwana Hill: with the result that the guns were soon out of action and the gunners nearly all killed or wounded. Of the four companies which constituted the escort to the guns, over 100 men were either killed or wounded.

The enemy were much nearer than was supposed, being concealed in trenches at the base of the hill, instead of as was supposed on the summit of the hill. One instance of the tactics of the Boers which taught us a lesson. The guns, twelve in number, were captured by the enemy, and it was here that Lieutenant F. S. Roberts, K.R. Rifles, the Commander-in-Chief's son, lost his life while making a gallant effort with two other officers to save two of the guns, for which action he, though killed, was awarded the V.C., which was presented personally by the late Queen Victoria to Lady Roberts.

It was a sad but very orderly retreat to Frere, but we were by no means cowed or disheartened. Our numbers

were soon made up by drafts from home, and we were again ready for the fray. Sir Charles Warren was making arrangements for an attack on the enemy's right, and we were ordered forward to build emplacements for the 4-7 naval guns on the top of Vaal Kranz. This took us ten days, six guns being placed in position, the work alone of pulling the heavy guns up the hill by means of ropes taking 300 men three days. The following day the Naval Brigade opened fire on the enemy's position on Spion Kop, which was evacuated by the Boers and occupied by Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry and a battalion of the Scottish Rifles, but as reinforcements were not pushed forward in time, and as no water could be had on the Kop, and as nearly half of the men, including General Woodgate, had been killed or wounded, Colonel Thorneycroft abandoned the position as untenable.

General Sir Redvers Buller gave orders for the whole force to retire across the Tugela, which was accomplished without any demonstration on the part of the Boers, who might easily have caused us great loss, as the heavy waggon were with great difficulty brought over the pontoon bridge and fords.

Sometime elapsed before the forces were reorganized for a fresh attempt to relieve Ladysmith, but on the 26th February, a pontoon bridge having been thrown over the Tugela opposite Pieter's Hill, a general advance was ordered, and on the morning of the 27th the Inniskilling Fusiliers crossed under a heavy Mauser and pom-pom fire, but after losing about half their strength were forced to retire. The 2nd Scots and Welsh Fusiliers were then ordered forward, and managed to cross, and immediately proceeded to advance up Pieter's Hill extended to twelve paces interval. The advance was slow, and the enemy's fire very heavy, and we lost heavily. Our colonel was among the first to be

struck, being shot through the right shoulder. Our surgeon, after dressing the colonel's wound, being shot dead, we had no surgeon to attend to our wounded all day. The advance was carried on in rushes until we reached the last crest, when the order to fix bayonets was given, and we charged home, sweeping all the Boers who remained before us. Darkness was falling as we reached the crest of the hill, and we could just see the enemy in full retreat all along the line. We opened magazine fire on them until they were beyond range. We found the Boer trenches strewn with dead and wounded; among them was found the body of a woman with an ammunition belt across her shoulder and a Mauser rifle by her side. Before we bivouacked for the night we buried the dead enemy, and lay down thirsty and hungry to wait for daylight. When daylight appeared we commenced to bury our own dead, and with sad hearts formed up and proceeded to march into Ladysmith, which we reached about 2 p.m. We camped at Modder Spruit four miles north of Ladysmith.

CAPTAIN C. G. D.

Life in a Settler's Hut.

THE above title is misleading—excessively so! Yet "Settler's Hut" is the best one I know, and we certainly did live in one for about two months, so please bear with me till the matter is explained.

A "Settler's Hut," not in the wild prairies of Canada, or in the scarcely known bush of Australia, but in a well-civilized country, and easily to be reached by carriage and rail in less than an hour's journey from a town as big as Glasgow.

Our hut was one in a row of sixteen, each one standing on its own little plot of ground, with plenty of air and room all round it. It had no wall whatsoever towards the south, but a curtain could be drawn at any time.

We did not often do so, for then we missed the beautiful outlook on to a wall (about 2 yards away) formed by lilac, laburnum, later on of jessamine, with broad chestnuts in the background with their red and white flowers like Christmas tree candles, and tall old poplars still further back. The hut had no windows; the north wall, made like the rest of the building, of plain wooden planks, had six moveable boards so arranged as to let in by a very simple mechanism a current of air at any time it was wanted. The roof was firmly rainproof; the floor looked somewhat like pink asbestos, but consists of a mixture of sawdust and brickdust, which is warmer than stone or boards. The furniture, though cheap and simple, looks neat, its plain deal boards covered with a soft green paint. We had two beds, two cupboards, two washstands, one table, three chairs, and room for my bicycle in one corner. Our luggage did not take up much room, for we were warned before coming that our dress would have to be of the very simplest. Ladies in rational costume, or if they prefer, in ordinary dressing gowns; gentlemen by preference in flannels; everybody without hat, and instead of shoes and stockings, with sandals if possible; and an extra note of praise for anyone who prefers going barefooted all day.

You will ask by this time why anyone should go there to live such a life of "artificial simplicity," why make such an effort strenuously to return to nature? Let me assure you we were not carrying out a dreamer's erratic notion, nor a wealthy man's fad, tired of civilization's luxuries. We had become the inmates of a Sanatorium conducted on principles which are the outcome of years of scientific research by the recently deceased Dr. Lahmann. He again had profited largely by practical experiments made in the art of healing by natural means by such laymen as Hahn, Priessnitz, Schroll, Father

Kneipp, and Rikli. But Dr. Lahmann, a fully fledged physician, had gathered the best of their various methods, had based them on broad principles, investigated them both theoretically and practically, and built a Sanatorium near Dresden which is considered the model for many others. There are a considerable number in Germany, but Wallischhof, where we were, is as yet the only one in Austria on the same style. "Return to nature" is the motto of Wallischhof and similar institutions, a motto carried out in as far as it is possible. And in that simple out-of-door life, in the absence of all excitement, in that freedom from fashion, thousands have found healing from disease, or strengthening in weakness. Amongst those patients there are many who could not have been treated by medicine anywhere, for whom all that the best physicians prescribed was "rest." Yet "rest" if aided by sun, air, water, and diet, has been proved to accomplish in a much shorter time the longest-for recovery, than "rest" alone could have done.

Wallischhof is a small homely place, containing sixty patients, of whom twenty-four can sleep in settlers' huts, or as they are really called "air-huts" (Safgütten). The remainder sleep in civilized rooms in a building in no way distinguished from an ordinary hotel. Only the dining-room is curious. It consists of a roof and one wall; three sides are open and allow your eyes to roam far and near over flowering lime trees on one side, over fertile fields on the others, down to the vast plain in which lie Mödling and other towns, over to the grimy cloud under which one may dimly recognise the towers and steeples of Austria's capital. There in this very airy dining-room are daily served three meals, all characteristic of the mode of treatment carried out in the institution.

Long before the patients are allowed to come to breakfast the tables are

laid with cold stewed fruit and rolls of coarse brown bread, butter and honey. But whilst you are perhaps casting longing looks at the meal, having had no food since the 7 o'clock supper, you are still wandering about in the shady park, or out in the open fields, often consulting your watch—how much longer! For you have had one or two procedures to go through early in the morning, and are now having half-an-hour's walk after them—to "earn your breakfast" so to speak. You may have been sent out at 6 a.m. to walk barefooted on the dewy fields for quarter-of-an-hour, followed by quarter-of-an-hour's sharp walk with shoes and stockings on. Then you may have had an "air-bath"—which means from twenty minutes to an hour spent in an enclosure in the park, where you amuse yourself as best you may, pretty much in Adam's or Eve's costume. These "air-baths" are ordered for all neurotic patients, and for those whose indolent skin (skin not fulfilling its proper functions) is causing them various troubles such as obesity, bad circulation, etc.

But at last you may breakfast, and whilst you are devoting yourself to your stewed apricots, cherries, or apples, the waitress brings you—not tea or coffee, which are never allowed, but warm or cold milk, cocoa, or Kneipp's coffee, which is made of barley grain, has not a bad taste, but resembles real coffee as much as baby tea resembles a real good cup.

ADVENA.

(To be continued.)

Note.

WE hear that Sister McCallum, who was for some time in charge of the Gentlemen's Ward, and who left to spend the winter nursing in the south of France, returns to us at an early date and takes up the duties of Assistant Night Matron.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

Oh give me the sea, the deep blue sea,
That dashes and breaks on the shore,
A ship that's staunch and strong, give me,
And set me afloat on the open sea,
And I'll ask no more, tho' winds do roar,
And waves break high on the rocky lee,
For I shall be happy and free, and free,
For I shall be happy and free.

I'll set my sails on the sunny sea,
And true by the compass I'll steer,
And dash thro' the spray, and laugh with glee
When I'm afloat on the salt blue sea,
Where the sea gulls scream, and know no
fear,
And the mermaids kiss their hands to me,
That's when I'm happy and free, and free,
That's when I'm happy and free.

Oh let me sleep in the deep blue sea,
Down, down 'mong the corals so red,
When my life is o'er, and my spirit free,
Oh let me sleep in the deep, deep sea.
The rocks my pillow when life has fled,
And naught but the shells to cover me,
And then I'll be happy and free, and free,
And then I'll be happy and free.

J. G.

An Interesting Extract.

THE Rev. P. Henderson Aitken, B.D. (assistant to the Rev. James Carswell, B.D., Temple Parish Church, our chaplain), has been engaged for several years on the work referred to in the following extract from one of the Glasgow newspapers:—

The catalogue of the Hunterian manuscript, which forms part of the memorial tribute to the late Prof. John Young, M.D., and which is being prepared for the press by the Rev. P. Henderson Aitken, B.D., under the supervision of the committee, is making good progress towards completion, a considerable part having now been set up in type. When finished, the work will be of quite monumental character, and of great importance to the learned world. The late Prof. Young devoted years to it, but left the work unfinished. The library thus catalogued, it must be remembered, is a manuscript library collected by Dr. William Hunter, the celebrated physician and anatomist, who was born in 1718, in the Parish of East Kilbride, and who founded the Hunterian Museum at Gilmorehill. The catalogue will undoubtedly be a boon to the scholars of Europe and America, comparable to the similar catalogues of other famous MSS. libraries, and will unlock the priceless

literary, antiquarian, and historic treasures, especially belonging to the mediæval times, collected by the enthusiastic and indefatigable Hunter.

The Black Potentate.

THE British subaltern, with his comprehensive contempt for all "niggers," plays a shining part in this tale, which is a "chestnut" in Anglo-India, but may perhaps be new to our readers. A young cavalry officer entering a first-class carriage, for a long night journey on an express train, found that he had for fellow traveller a middle-aged, stout native, who was chewing betel nut. The trooper requested that this objectionable practice should be discontinued. The Asiatic refused, whereupon the youngest compelled his companion, under menace, to enter the adjoining lavatory compartment, locked him in, and threatened him with dire personal injury if he made the smallest sound till he was released. The native, a man of peace, complied, and passed a night of quaking stillness in his darksome prison. In the morning the train drew up at a station, and uniformed Government House functionaries, and gold-turbaned attendants came to the carriage in search of the important Chief they had been sent to receive; but though his Highness's slippers and his Highness's umbrella were in evidence, his Highness himself was nowhere to be seen. Explanations were sought from the subaltern, and with some difficulty he grasped the situation. "I expect," he said cheerfully, "the chap you want is the black Johnny I locked up in the lavatory last night"; so the doors were unclasped, and the limp potentate extracted.

Letter to the Editor.

Ivy Nest, May, 1906.

Mr. Editor,—Kind enquiries made from time to time about me, urge me to beg you will give a place in your GAZETTE to a few verses by my dear

daughter Penelope. I myself wield the pen, but stiffly now. A mother is partial, Sir, but they do say my chick has inherited genius on the Orpington side; she has chirped in numbers from the shell. But *that*, you will agree with me on reading these lines, is not the crown of her nature. Most respectfully, Sir, I remain yours,

IDA, the Cottage Hen.

THE THREE GREY BROTHERS.

It is a very happy thing
About my chickenhood to sing,
When mother in the nest had me
And my grey brothers—one, two, three.

Beneath the rhubarb leaves we played;
Of nothing were those boys afraid;
But mother, she could scarcely eat,
And called us often to her feet.

One day, with pennine dignity,
She said: "My chickens! follow me!
Out in the world you now must go,
To find your food and face the foe!"

We marched straight to The Cottage place,
To see "the gracious lady's" face;
The words she said I still can tell:—
"My Ida! but you *have* done well!"

Then forth she brought most wondrous meat
And cast the seeds about our feet.
We feasted long and deep, until
Mother remarked: "Ye'll all be ill!"

And after that some days did pass,
When we went wandering through the grass;
The sun did shine, and blithe were we,
The birds gave forth their minstrelsy.

But one forenoon, when all was bright,
Our mother gave us such a fright;
"Farewell," said she, "now here's your plan,
Pick up a living—if ye can!"

And so we did, and roved around—
The four of us—where seeds abound;
Of all the fowls I ere did see,
Were none like my grey brothers three!

They vanished! as by sleight of hand!
Mystery I cannot understand;
And I was near despairing then,
But mother took me up again.

We sought them east, we sought them west,
From morn till eve we did our best;
When suddenly my mother said:—
"Penelope! my sons are dead!"

That night we climbed the apple-tree;
Oh! what a comfort 'twas to me
To have a mother whom I love
Roosting upon the branch above.

And now, because she taught me so,
I hide my griefs and forward go;
And in the ivied nest I lay
White, lovely eggs—not *every* day.

The only thing I hate a bit
Is—mother pecks me out of it;
(For she herself the nest must share),
A thing I do not think quite fair.

There underneath the leafy sheen
I love to dream of days have been;
For, in this world is naught to me
So sweet as my grey brothers three.

PENELOPE ORPINGTON.

Varieties.

During a Scripture lesson, which was being taken by a clergyman, some boys were asked each to give a text from the Bible. One lad said, "And Judas went and hanged himself." "Well," said the reverend gentleman, "that is hardly a good text," and, pointing to another lad, asked him to give a text, and the lad said: "*Go thou and do likewise!*"

"What is your name?" asked the mistress. "Tommy Jones," answered the three-year-old. "Yes," said the teacher; "and what is father's name?" "Mr Jones." "Ah, but what is his other name?" asked the patient teacher. "What does mother call him?" "*Ol' Fathead,*" was the startling answer.

We had a rush for the train, and I told an elderly Scot, who couldn't have hurried if he had had a mad bull behind him, to run and get us two first class tickets. He walked slowly down the platform, muttering "Furst, furst," and then he opened the door of a third-class carriage and shoved us in, saying: "Ye've no occasion to travel furst when there's plenty of room in the thirlds."

Scottish people seem to have a sneaking liking for those who dislike them, and a certain pity mingled with contempt for those who show them favour and affection.

Truth Will Out.—From a recent examination paper on religion at a boys' school: "Holy Matrimony" is a divine institution for the provocation of mankind."

Most of us have heard of the heroine of the novelette who "swept the gravel path with her eyes," but we have just become acquainted (in a novel by a well-known lady writer) with a lady who performed her "clinging" in an unorthodox manner, for therein it is related she "clung to his neck with a little sob!"