

Gartnavel Gazette

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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE





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Notes.

WE have again reached the closing month of another year, and can look back on all the changes the year has brought, to some fulness of joy, to others sadness and sorrow; but of these things the web of our life is wrought, and we too are made perfect through pain.

On Sunday, 8th October, our first Harvest Thanksgiving Service was held in the new church, Mr. Aitken taking the morning, and Mr. Carswell the evening service. The church was beautifully decorated with evergreens, flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and we are sorry not to be able to present our readers with a photo. of it. The ladies

had spared no pains to make everything beautiful as befitting the occasion.

On Sunday, 22nd October, the first Anniversary of Dedication and opening of the church was held. Dr. Strong, of Hillhead Church, officiated at the morning service, and delivered a most thoughtful and impressive sermon, taking as his text these words from Haggai ii. and 9, "In this place will I give peace." In the evening the Rev. John Oliver, M.A., Maryhill, officiated. The music was specially arranged for the occasion.

The chancel of the church is at present being painted, and when the two stained glass windows have been completed, the chancel of our little church will indeed be a place of beauty, and a joy for the eye to behold. The work will be completed before the last Sunday of the year, and on that day Dr. Donald Macleod, of Park Church, is expected to officiate at the morning service.

Since the issue of the last GAZETTE our winter entertainments and dances have begun. The entertainments have been varied in character and excellent in quality. The dances have been enjoyed with a zest that seems perennial

at Gartnavel. The first Staff Dance took place on 10th October, and proved a great success. The occasion was graced by the presence of Lady Ure Primrose, and other guests. It is noticed at length in another part of the GAZETTE.

The Thursday weekly, and Monday fortnightly dances commenced on 12th and 16th October respectively, and have been continued regularly. These house dances are always much enjoyed, and the presence occasionally of some of the Directors and friends adds very much to the evening's enjoyment.

The first grand concert, under the direction of the Abstinents' Union, was given on 18th October, and a second concert on 15th November. Under the guidance of Mr. McKerracher everything passed off successfully, the songs being well chosen and artistically rendered. It seems strange not to see Mr. Airlie's well known form and face at these concerts.

Richard Kerr, Esq., F.G.S., gave a lecture on 3rd November, on Colour-Photography, with lantern illustrations. This proved one of the most popular and instructive lectures we have had for many a long day. His interspersed humorous stories made us all laugh very heartily. We hope to have him again. Long life to him.

Dr. Goldie Scott, our genial assistant doctor, gave us a lecture on Switzerland with lantern views, on 25th November. He, having spent some time there last summer, was able to describe the places depicted on the screen with all the vividness and freshness of recent experience. We all enjoyed his lecture very much, and hope to have another lecture from him soon.

We are looking forward to Dr. Oswald's lecture on "A Pilgrimage to

Palestine," on 23rd December; and also to the production of the musical play "A Gipsy Princess," on December 30th, by the Gartnavel Opera Co.

We had a visit in November from Commissioner Dr. John M'Pherson. To those of us who have been here for some time the Commissioner's visit, whether it be Dr. Fraser or Dr. M'Pherson, is a pleasant interlude. Unvarying courtesy, kindly interest, and patient hearing are sometimes difficult to maintain, but these are freely given to all by our Commissioners.

Golf and football have, owing to the open season, been freely indulged in by their respective votaries, and have yielded both exercise and pleasure to many.

We wish all our contributors and readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. To our contributors also we beg to express our hearty thanks for their continued exertions. The excellent quality of the material sent in has made the task of editing it both pleasant and light.—EDITOR.

"A Gipsy Princess."

OWING to the success of last year's production, great interest is naturally evinced in the musical play, entitled "A Gipsy Princess," which is to be presented at this time.

The story links itself round the last romantic efforts of the Stuarts to regain the British Crown.

In scene one, we have before us a gipsy encampment in the Highlands, where the queen recites to her band the fate of Murray, the rightful owner of the land where they are then encamped. When Prince Charlie unfurled his banner, she chants—

"Among the first of the chiefs to take his stand,
Was the gallant Murray and his gallant band."

After dark Culloiden his lands and life were forfeit, and he had to flee to friendly France. His estate passed into the hands of Sir Robert Desperate as a reward for his infamous services as traitor and informer to the Hanoverian Government.

The love scenes centre round Desperate's daughter Cora, and a foundling known as Cosmo. The author treats the development of this part of his story with marked ability and effect, and the climax is reached, when, on Murray making himself known, the nameless Cosmo turns out to be the heir to the estate as the son of the real owner, Murray.

The course of true love never runs smooth, and so Desperate, in his greed for gold and position, wishes to sacrifice his daughter to a stupid old laird of wealth and rank.

On discovering the affection between Cosmo and Cora, he uses every means to thwart them and hasten on the hateful match with the laird of Balmuir. In trying to overcome his daughter's scruples to it he says—

"What if the husband be dotard and gray,
His gold will buy her what nothing else can."

Cora revolts at the sordid proposal, but is only saved from the machinations of her unscrupulous father by the resource and resolute ability of her companion, Nina Kennedy. In his wicked plan, Desperate "Has forgotten ae thing, and that ae thing's me," Nina tells the wavering Cora. The author again scores a real success in this typical Scottish character. Not only does Nina save the situation time and again, but her witty and pawky repartee makes her a favourite throughout.

The two girls go to the gipsy camp to get their future revealed. The queen warns Cora of her father's intention, but tells her

"When the storm cloud bursts and the lightnings gleam,
There's a refuge in the camp of the gipsy queen."

When the crisis comes, Nina rescues

Cora from her father, and provides means for getting to the gipsy haven of safety.

The story opened among these wanderers, and by a happy concurrence of fortuitous circumstances, the closing scene takes place in the gipsy camp. Desperate, now broken by the loss of his daughter, bewails his worse than wasted life in a soliloquy, when he asks himself—

"What is gold and silver, titles and land
To the love of the human heart,
The human love, the love divine."

Murray, who throughout the play has been disguised as a wandering fiddler, now makes himself known to his supplanter and enemy, but the gipsy queen intervenes and a reconciliation takes place. The whole is consummated with the ringing of marriage bells; not only for Cora and Cosmo: the gallant Murray, captivated by the real-hearted Nina Kennedy, gains her consent and she becomes Lady Murray.

Not the least interesting part of the play are the musical interludes, which happily blend into the spirit of the piece and make a fine harmonious whole.

The author reveals a great advance on last year's effort. His keen sympathy with his subject, together with a happy poetic fancy, have resulted in a play which has been considered of such merit by a well-known publishing firm that they have entered into negotiation for acquiring the copyright.

"SIR ROBERT."

Prize Competition.

THE prize offered by Dr. Oswald for the best account of "My Summer Holiday" sent in by one of the nurses, has been gained by Nurse Dickson, and the article appears in this issue of the GAZETTE.

We offer a small prize for the best little incident of each quarter. Many quaint things are said, and amusing things happen among us, and it is for the best account of one of these we offer a prize, the incident to be printed

in each number, and the competition to be open to all. Many witty sayings originate among us worthy of being chronicled, and the Editor asks that they be sent to him while fresh in the minds of the hearers. These little incidents vary the seriousness of life, and afford amusement and pleasure.

EDITOR.

The Staff Dance.

THE first Staff Dance of the season was held in the large hall, on 10th October, and proved a most enjoyable function. The hall was charmingly decorated with plants and flowers.

Among those present were the following:—Lady Primrose (who apologised for the absence of her husband, the Lord Provost), Dr. and Mrs. Gourlay, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Henderson, Dr. and Mrs. Barlow, Mr. and Miss Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston.

In an interval of the dancing Dr. Gourlay, as senior Director, took the chair. He referred to the pleasure it gave them all to see Lady Primrose with them; speaking of the great interest she took in nursing, and in charitable work of all kinds in Glasgow, and he asked her to do them the honour of presenting the badges and certificates to the nurses and attendants who had been successful at the recent examination, and also the certificates of Proficiency in Sick-room Cookery granted to those who had attended the class conducted by Miss McKirdy. He said the Directors were satisfied that they had a capable and conscientious staff at the Asylum, and the fact that so many have qualified for the certificate of Proficiency and obtained it spoke well for the quality of the work they were doing, and for their desire to make themselves thoroughly equipped nurses.

Lady Primrose, who was very cordially received, then spoke:—

She congratulated the nurses and attendants on receiving their badges and diplomas and on the knowledge they had obtained of

a disease which caused so much anxiety among many families. It was true that within the past fifty years the public had looked upon mental disease with much more intelligence and a wider vision than formerly, but there were still many misconceptions to be cleared away. Even yet anyone who had the misfortune to be visited by that disease was looked down upon as if it were a doom, and those who were connected with such people were looked upon with suspicion, and too often shunned. They were very thankful, however, that these days were passing away, and that with efficient nursing and skilful treatment they found that mental disease, like physical disease, could be more or less cured. Such nursing and treatment, they were assured by doctors, were essential elements in the work of their Royal Asylum, and they were delighted to know that so many young women were coming forward to try to relieve the sufferings of their sisters. She had often been struck by the fact that so many young women could not gain admission to hospitals for general training, yet so few ventured to take up mental nursing. The work, she thought, could not be properly understood. True there was not so much sick-nursing as in a general hospital, but it required, if she might be allowed to say so, the higher qualities of heart and head to be a mental nurse. All honour was therefore due to those who came forward and did much to brighten afflicted minds. The general tone of the public towards Asylums also accounted to some extent for young women not being anxious to enter upon asylum training, but these days were passing away. What they wanted were gentlewomen—and she used the word in its broadest sense—women of sympathy and tact and good heart. They might often be depressed, but she wished to encourage them and to say that their labours would tend to lift the cloud from the minds of their patients, so that reason would again gain her throne. In conclusion her Ladyship congratulated Dr. Oswald and all those associated with him in the work of the Asylum.

Mr. Francis Henderson asked those present to give a very hearty vote of thanks to Lady Primrose for her kindness in coming to them that night. He agreed with everything she had said, and he also spoke of the good work done in the Institution by those who were not directly connected with the nursing of patients, but whose work was nevertheless essential to their happiness and comfort; he referred to

the servants and artisans, all of whom he believed came more or less in contact with the patients, and all of whose work was therefore valuable when well done, as he believed it to be at Gartnavel.

Mr. Graham proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Gourlay for his presence in the chair, and referred to the great interest he had taken in the Institution for very many years, and to the ungrudging way he gave his time to the management of its affairs.

Lady Primrose was afterwards pleased to accept a bouquet presented to her by Miss Darney on behalf of the nurses; after which dancing was resumed.

Nursing Examination.

FIVE Nurses presented themselves at the November Examination. We are glad to say that all passed, and so succeeded in obtaining the Certificate for Proficiency in Mental Nursing granted by the Medico-Psychological Association. The following are the names:—

- Nurse Martha M. Grieve.
- " Winifred M. Morrison.
- " Minnie M. Polson.
- " Annie G. Smith.
- " Isabella D. Watt.

Sunday Evening Lectures.

A series of six lectures on "Lost Words of Christ" will be given by Mr. Aitken, beginning on January 7th. The titles of the lectures are as follows:—

- Jan. 7—"The Blessedness of Giving."
- 14—"Sabbath-Breaking."
- 21—"Christ's Judgment."
- Feb. 4—"The Brackish Draught."
- 11—"Beauty in Ugliness."
- 18—"Christ's Good Bankers."

No man is clever unless he is clever enough to appear stupid.

Good birth brings a tranquillity of spirit that is a precious heritage.

My Summer Holiday.

LIKE most holiday seekers en route for the coast, I journeyed by train to Gourock in order to escape the pleasant (!) odours which haunt the Clyde in the vicinity of the Second City of the Empire. At a stone's throw from the station that admirable steamer, the "Columbia," lay in readiness to carry to their respective destinations those trippers who desired to explore that land of beauty which borders on the Frith. The steamer, having at last got under weigh, we (my sister, a lady friend, and myself) sought out a convenient corner from which we could view the lovely panorama which stretched to our gaze. The first stopping place was the picturesque little town of Dunoon, which is a favourite place for holiday seekers from Glasgow. As usual, a goodly crowd of people landed, after which we pursued our course past Innellan and overcrowded Rothesay.

On entering the Kyles we came into full view of the "Maids of Bute," who cut an imposing figure in their gaudy coats of paint. Sailing up this narrow waterway, resplendent in beauty on either side, we came into full view of the British fleet of obsolete vessels. Possibly they had been placed there to be a sort of crowning glory to the scene; yet some people seemed to think they did not improve the spectacle. I was one of them.

Now we reached, in my opinion, the prettiest spot on the Frith, viz., Tighmabruach. Don't you think so? Tarbert having been passed, we soon arrived at Ardrishalg, which is the destination of the "Columbia." As we intended going farther north, we had perforce to join the small steamer on the Crinan Canal. One who has never been here cannot imagine the prettiness of the banks of this waterway. Honeyuckle, wild roses, heather, etc., etc., are in abundance, while tall trees with their green foliage stretch along

the banks. On reaching the first of a series of locks (which, by the way, we arrived at about two o'clock) we stepped ashore and made our way to a small store, from which we posted some pictorial post cards to our friends. We also purchased, as a slight refresher, a glass of milk from one of the little girls who, with their milk for sale, await the steamer at Cairnbaan.

On arriving at the end of the canal we again changed steamers (this for the last time). Now we had the full fresh breeze of the Atlantic blowing in our faces, and were soon ploughing our way through the treacherous currents which are characteristic of the west coast of Scotland. Soon we reached Easdale, the centre of the Scottish slate quarries. Here we disembarked and, after a two mile walk (so the Highland people said) over the hills, we reached the quarters which were to be our holiday residence.

The house was situated at less than a stone's throw from the sea, and as our friends had a small boat we were enabled to set out in the evening and fish in the numerous bays and creeks of the islands. This fishing was the best sport we had during our stay. One cannot describe the sensation at feeling the poor little fish struggling at the end of one's line; yet when I saw them gasping in the bottom of the boat I felt almost tempted to throw them into the water again.

In the morning my companions and I generally went for a swim. The water was very invigorating, and, I need not add, just a trifle cold. The hamlet, where we lived, consisted of about half-a-dozen houses, so the place was abnormally quiet. We spent most of our time in rambling about, lying reading on the hills, and occasionally going out for a mid-day sail, and always fishing in the evening. By this time the remainder of the family had arrived, so we resolved to have a picnic in the boat to Ardmaddy Castle, the Highland

seat of the Marquis of Breadallbane. The family being from home, we were permitted to ramble about the grounds, so the day passed off quite happily. All assisted in the task of rowing home, an exercise of which I am exceedingly fond.

The tit-bit of our stay, however, was a drive to Oban, the Charing Cross of the Highlands, and, as the day was fine, we were able to appreciate the beauty of the country through which we passed. On arriving at Oban, we explored as much of the town as the time at our disposal permitted. Among the many sights imprinted on my memory is the view which I obtained of the ancient and beautiful ruins of Dunolly Castle.

But time and tide wait for no man, and our stay, in the usual course of events, came to an end. It was with many feelings of regret that I turned my back on the little haven of rest and joy, to be brought back to the daily routine of our own little life.

NURSE DICKSON.

Natural History Notes.

(Continued.)

LEAVING the tit-tribe we pass to consider very shortly birds which are partial migrants. Of these perhaps the most in evidence is the black-bird, "the ouzel-cock so black of hue" of Shakespeare. Here we note a very distinct difference between the sexes. The cock bird is glossy black, with brilliant orange bill, while the hen bird is of a dusky brown with drab coloured bill. The black-bird is an early nester, often rearing two broods, the young of the first helping to feed those of the second brood. While the skylark is awarded the palm for early rising, the black-bird is a good second in "heralding the approach of morn." It is in early spring and following upon rain that the black-bird is heard at his best. Perched on the topmost branch of a neighbouring tree, he will pour forth

for hours his melodious song—his notes are powerful, clear and flute-like, and by many his song is preferred to that of the mavis. One is often asked, "Which song do you like the better of the two?" The answer comes pat in the words of the immortal lexicographer, "Sir, comparisons are odious."

A peculiarity of the black-bird, by which it may be recognised at a distance and in bad light, is its habit of jerking up its tail at the moment it perches.

Belonging to the same family as the black-bird we have the mistle thrush, song thrush, and field fare. The last-named is strictly migratory, and has not up to the present time been known to nest in this country. It usually arrives in large flocks in October, and leaves for the North in May. The mistle thrush or storm cock—so named from its partiality to mistletoe berries and from its habit of singing early in the year in stormy weather—is the largest of our thrushes. It is a shy, timid bird, except in the breeding season, when it nests near habitations; probably this is to avoid being attacked by birds of prey. A favourite nesting site is the fork of an old apple tree.

The mavis or song thrush or throistle is the best known and best loved of our thrushes. Smaller than the mistle thrush, it is in other respects not unlike its relative—both have the well marked, spotted breast known to every one. The nest of the mavis is a model of bird architecture: it is composed of moss, twigs and grasses closely woven together, and the whole is lined with a mixture of earth and saliva, which forms a cement quite impervious to wet. The eggs are 4 to 6 in number, of a shining greenish blue with black spots or blotches.

We now turn to consider what I may call the gem of our collection—the magpie. Within our walls, the bird which most attracts the attention of strangers is undoubtedly the magpie or pie. This is not to be wondered at, for it is now a comparatively rare

bird in most parts of our island. A member of the crow family, he is richly endowed with brains, and not slow to see when he is well off, and where he is safe from persecution at the hands of his arch-enemy the gamekeeper. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the crow family is now regarded by naturalists as the highest in the bird kingdom. The eagle is no longer the king of birds, but has been dethroned by the bird of ill-omen, the raven.

In this country the magpie has been given a bad name, and it has stuck to him. He is mercilessly shot down on account of his proclivity for stealing eggs and young game-birds. Doubtless he is a great thief, and blood-thirsty too; but it is questionable whether the harm he does during the short nesting season is not more than compensated for by the many months during which he lives wholly on grubs.

In Norway he is a sacred bird, as sacred as the pea-fowl in India, and consequently is bold and fearless there. With us he is the personification of suspicion. He shuns the gaze of man, knowing full well that danger lurks in every bush.

In plumage he is in marked contrast to the other members of the crow tribe. With the exception of the jay, they are all sombre hued birds. It is different with the magpie. His livery to the casual observer is black and white, and that is all; but see him close at hand, with the sun glinting on his shapely body and fan-like tail, and you will acknowledge that few birds are more beautiful. The head, neck and upper breast are glossy black, the lower breast and under parts of purest white; the wings, in part white, have bands of vivid green, purple and blue; and the tail, which is longer than the whole body, is resplendent with half the colours of the rainbow.

T. G. S.

Keep your head on your shoulders—it's bound to rest on someone else's occasionally—still, keep it mostly on your own.

Coming Events.

1905.
December 27th, Wednesday.—Dr. Oswald's Children's Party and Christmas Tree. 5 to 7 o'clock.
December 30th, Saturday.—First Performance of "A Gipsy Princess." 7.30.
December 31st, Sunday.—Special Services. Dedication of Memorial Windows by the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, at 11 o'clock service.
1906.
January 1st, Monday.—New Year's Day Service at 11 o'clock. Monday Fortnightly. At 7.30.
January 4th, Thursday.—New Year Concert and Dance. 7 to 10. Fancy Dress optional.
January 6th, Saturday.—Second Performance of "A Gipsy Princess." At 7.30.
January 8th, Monday.—Lectures and Demonstrations to Staff resumed.
January 10th, Wednesday.—Fourth Grand Concert (Abstainers' Union), 7.15.
January 11th, Thursday.—Staff Dance (probably).
January 13th, Saturday.—Lantern Exhibition. Mr. Johnston. 7.30.
January 27th, Saturday.—Concert by Waverley Choir. 7.30.
February 7th, Wednesday.—Fifth Grand Concert (Abstainers' Union), 7.15.
February 17th, Saturday.—Dramatic Performance. Talbot Dramatic Club. 7.30.
March 3rd, Saturday.—Lantern Lecture. 7.30.
March 7th, Wednesday.—Sixth and last Grand Concert (Abstainers' Union), 7.15.

The Thursday Weekly Concerts and the Monday Fortnightly Entertainments will go on as usual. Other engagements are being made and will be announced in course.

The Instruction to the Staff will be in Junior and Senior Classes, and will include (1) Lectures and Ward Demonstrations by the Doctors; (2) Instruction in Practical Work by the Matron and Sisters and Head Attendant; (3) Course of Sick-Room Cookery by Miss Mackinlay.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

Dark the night and silent
When, on Bethlehem's plain
Band of homely shepherds
Chanted simple strains,
And these faithful watchers
In the darkest hour
Felt—like flocks well-tended—
Guarded by His power.
Suddenly the Angel
Of the Lord appears!
Hearts and minds of shepherds
Now are full of fears;
For the glory shining,
Round about, has made
Even the honest shepherds
Very sore afraid.
Sweet the words of comfort,
"Fear not!"—(clear it rings,
Telling out the tidings
That the Gospel brings):
"Unto you is born
Saviour, Christ the Lord!"
Graciously is given
Sign to seal the word,
"Lo! In David's city
Ye shall find—arrayed
In its swaddling garments,
In a manger laid—
Babe that to all people
Joy—great joy—shall bring!"
While the angel speaketh
Heaven's arches ring.
"Glory unto the highest!"—
Peace—goodwill to men!"
Thousands, thousands praising,
Praising yet again.
And when all the angels
Quite had gone away,
"Let us now to Bethlehem!"
These good shepherds say.
And with haste they sought Him;
And they found Him, too:
As all earnest seekers
Evermore shall do.
When thy night is darkest,
Brooding o'er the land,
Think how light is nearest,
Help right close at hand.

E. Y.

Carols.

THE origin of carols, like the origin of ballads, with which they seem to have had much in common, is a matter of some obscurity. All we can say of their earliest form and use is that they were originally accompanied by dancing in a ring, just like the earliest use and form of the Greek "chorus" to which

word "carol" is very nearly akin. This ring-dancing thus goes back to pre-Christian times and our own pagan forefathers were very fond of it. It seems to have been at all times associated with the worship of the sun, and especially so at those two seasons when in its yearly orbit round that central luminary our planet is nearest the sun, in the fourth week of June, and farthest from it in the fourth week of December. These heathen celebrations survived the introduction of Christianity and were engaged in under other auspices, the first being assigned to the patronage of St. John the Baptist and the latter converted into the festival of the Nativity. This arrangement was not accidental but designed. From Christmas to St. John's Day the energy of the sun is felt to increase, from St. John's Day to Christmas it decreases, thus symbolising the relation between Messiah and His Messenger. Our present-day Christmas carols are therefore the direct descendants, through many, many generations, of the old heathen hymns to the sun, and so the present is linked to the past in one continued chain of ceremonial custom. Though the Christian festival thus usurped the Northern Yule and the Southern Saturnalia the old observances persisted in spite of priestly interdicts. Among these were the use of garlands and greenery, the Christmas yule log, the Midsummer bonfire, the vassail bowl, and the ring-dance. An ancient chronicler, William of Malmesbury, relates a story whose chief interest for us lies in its unconscious testimony to the survival of this pagan rite and of its ecclesiastical taboo. Some young men and women danced and sang in St. Magnus' churchyard on Christmas eve and so disturbed Robert, a priest who was performing mass, that in answer to his prayer for their condign punishment they continued to dance and sing for a whole year without intermission, feeling neither heat, cold, hunger, thirst, weariness or wearing of apparel, till their feet wore away the

earth so deeply that they sank therein to their middle! It is a pity that the voracious historian did not preserve in his record the words of their inspiring carol. The date of this event is given as 1012. From the end of this century the Norman clergy sought to improve the psalmody of the English Church, and some Latin hymns with music of the time of King Stephen are still preserved among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum. The monks of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries composed, besides many metrical legends of the saints, Christmas hymns, but as these were all in Latin, they could not compete in the matter of popular favour with the old half-pagan songs in the vernacular: so gradually translations and adaptations of these Latin hymns into English came into vogue and by the beginning of the fifteenth century the singing of these more or less Scriptural carols had become general. One of these primitive compositions contained in a contemporary pageant consists of two parts, the first sung by men dressed as shepherds, the second by boys in women's attire, and is as follows:—

I.
As I rode out this evensong night, [last night]
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight,
And all about their fold a star shone bright;
They sang terlee, terlee: [tra lee, tra-la!]
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.

II.
Lally, lally, thou little tiny child,
By by, lally, lally, thou little tiny child,
By by, lally, lally,
O sisters, too, how may we do
For to preserve this day
This poor youngling for whom we do sing
By by, lally, lally,
Herd the King, in his raging,
Charged he hath this day
His men of might in his own sight
All young children to slay,
That woe is me, poor child, for thee,
And ever mourn and say,
For thy parting neither say nor sing
By by, lally, lally.

At the court of Henry VII. on Twelfth-night "when the steward came in at the hall door with the wassail, he had to cry three times: 'Wassail,

wassail, wassail!' and then the chapel (or choir) had to answer with a good song (carol)."

In Shakespeare's time, carols were sung at night during Christmas about the streets and made a pretext for collecting money. The abolition of Latin hymns in the services of the Church at the Reformation introduced Christmas carols in their stead. From this time carols seem to have divided into two kinds, sacred and secular, the former being sung not only in churches but through the streets and from house to house ushering in Christmas morning and being repeated daily till Twelfth night, and the latter being of a more convivial character. The Puritans while on the whole discouraging the observance of Christmas were fond of singing "Slaty's Psalm," which was published in 1630 and was intended to supply suitable carols. The oldest published collection of Christmas carols of which we know is that which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in Fleet Street, London, in 1521. Sir Walter Scott in his *Marmion* gives a vivid picture of the Christmas celebrations of that time.

"Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong."

A curious old carol in Scottish dialect of the time of John Knox is contained in a rare Edinburgh reprint of 1801. We may quote the opening and close.

ANE SANG OF THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

WITH THE TUNE OF BAW LULALAW.
[Now unknown tune.]

I come from heuin to tell
The best newells that ever be fell,
To yow this tythinges tress I bring,
And I will of them say and sing.

This day to yow is borne ane child
Of Marie, meike and Virgine myde;
That blisset hame, bining and kynde
Sall yow rejoyce bath heart and mynd.

O my deir hert, young Jesus sweit,
Prepare thy croddill in my speit,
And I sall rocke thee in my bert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir,
With sangs sweet unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt lalulalaw.
Gloir be to God eternally,
Quhilk gait his only Sonne for mee,
The angels jopes for to hear,
The gratus gift of this new zeir.

Space forbids our including more of these quaint old-world hymns many of which had Latin refrains as in this example, one of the oldest of English carols:—

When Cryst was born of Mary fre
In bedlam, in that fayre cyte,
Angellis songen with mirth and gle,
In excelsis gloria.

The same reason prevents our giving the pleasing and plaintive melodies traditionally associated with:—"God rest you, merry gentlemen," "I saw three ships come sailing in," "The first nowell," "Joseph was an old man," etc.

P. HENDERSON AITKEN.

Leith to Hamburg.

(Continued).

HAMBURG is in the Duchy of Holstein, and in the summer many Holsteiners pass through the city on their way to Heligoland, much valued by them as a health resort. Although not at the present time much celebrated either as a music or a fine art centre, Hamburg was during the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries one of the foremost cities for organ building and for church orchestral choirs. Nowhere in the world were finer organs built than those by Tielke and by the Schnitkers of Hamburg, and among the eminent players and composers of the same periods were George Neumark, Simon Dach, and Sebastian Bach, all celebrated men of Hamburg.

Palestrina, also, a noted expert in sacred music, was linked with these, and an association of poets and musicians, founded by one Herr Kist about that period, called themselves by the cognomen "Swans of the Elbe."

From this we may infer that, underneath the present bustling, prosy,

matter of fact conditions of the great commercial city, lie many buried links and echoes from the earlier, tenderer, and more romantic Hamburg of the past, when even the girls of the city were nearly all engaged in the artistic work of lace-making, chiefly Mechlin and Torchous, the latter of a kind vastly superior to that used in the present day.

In private life the Hamburgers—though gay among themselves—are not inclined to be social with strangers, so that those who go there to school or university find themselves as a rule very lonely.

I was much surprised at the number of deformed, hunch-backed, and undersized persons to be seen on the streets—far more than I had seen in all my life before. On enquiring as to the possible cause of such a condition the answer was—"Oh! nights of dissipation and gaiety, combined with the pernicious practice of boys smoking tobacco from their earliest years, thereby stunting growth, and inducing blood poisoning, which, in its turn, creates scrofulous and other diseases."

The number of dancing houses, singing and beer saloons, open and ablaze with lights from an early hour in the evening, amply testified to the Hamburgers' nights of gaiety. We paid a hurried visit to the Jews' quarter, which we found to be a quiet, reserved, but not specially interesting looking place. The only house which we entered there was a school, in which all the officials we saw were dwarfs—from the trim Mädchen, who opened the door, to the Lady Superior and her daughter—the latter having a suspicious, half-malicious scintillation in her eyes, which at once set our minds on edge, and caused them to revert to tales of gnomes and evil things in penny dreadfuls. We were, however, treated with perfect civility, and even courteously asked to repeat our visit, which time did not permit us to do. Passing through the lobby on our way

out we peeped in at the open door of a room in which—seated in a sloping gallery—were thirty or forty young girls busily engaged in working the patterns on the pretty Berlin wool slippers which come to our shops for sale. The girls looked so comfortable, modest, and industrious that we left the Jews' quarter with a most favourable impression. Passing along the street, we came in sight of two Vierlanders returning from market with their empty fruit and flower baskets. These women looked so picturesque that it was impossible to pass them without observation, which they stridently resented—setting down their baskets, placing their hands on their sides, and swaying themselves back and forwards with laughter—pointing to the "proud stupid Britishers." As we took no notice of their hostility, beyond quietly smiling to them, they suddenly divined that we bore them no malice, and buckling on their baskets, trudged away to their own quarters—two miles out of the city. Vierland is a small enclosed portion of land, entirely devoted to the cultivation of flowers, fruit, and vegetables. The Vierlanders live apart, within their own walls, having little or no intercourse with those outside, their habits, dialect, etc., being entirely different. The women and children dress in a style peculiar to themselves, wearing coarse, thick-soled shoes, yellow stockings, red petticoats—very short, indeed—with dark blue jackets made much in the same fashion as those of the men. The head gear is composed of helmet-shaped caps, having long lapels, very much bestitched, at back and sides. Most of the fruit raised by them goes to the London and other markets, and the best fruit is in Hamburg dearer than it is with us. To the Glasgow visitor, the Hamburg Arcade is a serious disappointment, notwithstanding the fine tree which adorns the inner entrance, surrounded by a wooden seat much frequented by

nurses and children. The walls of the Arcade are of black marble, which of itself presents a gloomy background for the dingy, little frequented shops, that of the French confectioner at the entrance—noted for its creams and ices—being the one exception. The open booths, in one of the public streets, for the sale of all sorts of merchandise, is a novel and interesting spectacle, most of them being presided over by very old men or women. In the centre of a fine square is a well-built-in basin of water, called the Alster, drawn in from the river of that name, on which Hamburg is partly built. Here the inhabitants in winter disport themselves by skating, and in summer by sailing in small boats.

PEARLINE.

(To be concluded.)

A Little Sermon.

LET the "greatest" of the world's so-called great men try to answer the questions that confounded poor suffering Job four thousand years ago. Let him stand beside you as you look at the north star, our little temporary landmark in space—what answer will he give to these questions of the universe?

"Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who hath stretched the line upon it?"

"Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the corner stone thereof?"

"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

How fearful and how beautiful is the study of space. The speck that you can hardly see is a sun so vast, that upon its surface this earth would fall as a snowflake, falling and dissolving upon the surface of the ocean.

The "dust" in the milky way is a dust made up of untold millions of suns, each with its planets circling around it, and that great light is but

the light from the celestial lamps in our little corner of space. It is but as the faint glow of a city's lights against the sky. There are other cities, and still others, millions and billions of them off in space, and billions of suns are the inhabitants of each of those cosmic cities.

How wonderful it is that our minds can grasp even faintly the vast system to which we belong. We are little things of dust, fashioned for a moment with eyes that see; yet somewhere within us is the spark that lets us share in the universal life and study, however feebly, the ultimate purpose of creation.

Through study of the stars we come in contact with the Ruler of the Universe, and we feel the beautiful truth that the same Power works throughout creation, a truth so wonderfully expressed in two verses of the Psalms:—

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds,
He telleth the number of the stars;
He calleth them all by their name."

Among the stars man finds inspiration for good living, humbleness, and a deep desire to be worthy of the just government of the universe. If sorrow has made you bitter; if you question the goodness of Infinite Power, make friends of the stars. Among them you will find proof of infinite wisdom, justice and kindness.

First Impressions of Egypt.

SHOULD a visitor for the first time to Egypt arrive at Port Said in the early morning, a vivid impression will be made by a succession of weird sounds, and by the sight which unfolds itself when he proceeds on deck. Tied together are several coal barges, which are being emptied by swarms of grime-stained Arabs who move swiftly with their burdens, and keep up at the same time a continuous chant or wail. It would only need darkness and a lurid red light to make a picture for an inferno.

The first glimpse of the East is got at Port Said, and noticeable are the colouring and curious architecture of the houses, the donkey boys, and occasionally a string of camels; also a crowd of Arab boatmen and the soldiers on guard, recruited from the Soudan. The railway journey to Cairo is made at first between the Suez Canal and Loch Menzalah, and no sign of life is seen except a few encampments of Arabs and the traffic on the canal. There is nothing else except a weary waste of sand. Ismailia is soon reached; and the next point of interest after that is the field of Tel-el-Kebir, where are still to be seen some of the trenches, and by the side of the railway is the British cemetery, happily a small one. The country soon wears a cultivated aspect, a cultivation not particularly pleasing to Western ideas, and rather reminding one by its extreme features and muddy canals of Holland, though without its picturesque.

The scene at Cairo station on the arrival of an important train almost baffles description. Crowds of Arab porters all talking, gesticulating, and eager to pounce upon the traveller's luggage whether he will or no. The not less eager hotel porters who, however, exercise some control over the former, the respectable Egyptian in ordinary European garb, but with the characteristic fez on his head, and lastly, the bewildered British traveller, all jostle one another. The cabs are small victorias, have nearly always two horses, which are small but full of fire and go, and are driven not only rapidly by the native coachmen, but with an utter disregard for the safety of foot passengers. Contrasted with them are the donkeys, saddled and bridled in Oriental style and jogging steadily along no matter how heavy the rider be, and each followed by its owner, who trots behind and discourages any attempt at laziness. The cafés are like European ones, and are well

patronised, the chief drink being coffee, without which nothing seems to be transacted. There are crowds of foot passengers of all nationalities; but to see the Oriental at home, the native quarter in which are found the bazaars must be visited. Here the streets are so narrow that two camels can barely pass, and the balconies of the houses above almost meet in the centre. The natives swarm like bees, and their dress and turbans present every variety of colour and shape. Everything is transacted in the open air, the shops being simply recesses cut into the buildings. Provisions, especially fruit, offered for sale are black with flies; and so little do the natives trouble about them that a mother will scarcely brush them from off her child's eyes, hence disease of that organ, and consequent blindness is common. The confusion is indescribable, the noise almost deafening; and mingled together are money changers, auctioneers shouting the last bid, and with the goods they have to sell carried on their heads, drivers of donkeys and camels with their warning cries, and the usual arguing and gesticulations over the sale of the smallest article. The water carrier is an ancient and well known figure, and the water which is none of the purest is often contained in goat-skins. Few women, compared to the other sex, are seen, and nearly all are veiled. As one sits lazily in the verandah of his hotel there can be often seen soaring slowly about, and even perched on the tops of the houses, some birds of the nature and appearance of hawks, but larger than the British varieties. They are on the watch for prey, and any chick straying from its mother falls an easy victim. The natives regard them with characteristic Oriental indifference.

Fifteen miles south of Cairo lies Helouan or Hilwan, which formerly was a village, but now is a flourishing town, and to which there is a railway but no road. Situated in the desert, at the foot of the Mokattam Hills,

about two miles from the Nile on the west, it has been likened to an oasis artificially planted in the desert. The soil for the cultivation of trees, shrubs, and flowers has had to be taken at great expense from the banks of the Nile; consequently they are few in number and mainly found in the principal streets. This gives the town a bare and desolate appearance, rendered more so by its square shape and very wide streets each about a mile in length and running like the lines of a chess board. The monotony is relieved by the different shapes of the villas and especially by the great variety of their colour, by the minarets of the mosques and the various hotels and pensions which are gaily decorated by flags of different nationalities. The best view is obtained from the observatory situated on the Mokattam Hills and from which can be seen the Nile dotted with white sails and with a strip of vegetation on each side and beyond which there is nothing but the Desert. The most conspicuous objects are the different sets of Pyramids placed on the edge of the Libyan Desert, which appear nearer than they really are owing to the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere. This view seen in the gorgeous colouring of an Eastern sunset is most impressive.

Helouan flourishes by reason of its baths and the beneficial effects of the springs were known and utilised in 1380 B.C. The modern buildings present nothing of special interest; but a few hundred yards away is a circular tank filled with sulphur water and quite in the open air, except for a covering to protect the bathers from the sun, and which gives it the appearance of a bandstand. This is the bathing establishment of the Arabs, who seem quite unabashed by its publicity. A similar one is provided for women and children, but is used chiefly by the latter, the former limiting their ablutions to their feet.

The villas in Helouan, which are

chiefly owned by native merchants from Cairo, are quite different to those found at home. They have flat roofs, are seldom more than two storeys in height, and are surrounded by high walls. There are often two buildings; one, the smaller, being the salamlak or men's apartments, while the larger is the harim or women's apartments. If there be a court, the windows of the principal rooms look into it; and few look on to the street, which gives the houses rather a prison-like appearance. This is intensified by the windows having shutters outside to protect the rooms from the sun.

Lastly must be mentioned the extraordinary clear atmosphere, which makes objects appear much nearer than they really are, and the brilliant sunshine tempered by cool breezes. Often in the evening the wind becomes a gale; and on looking out one would expect to see clouds scudding across the sky, but no, not a cloud to be seen, and nothing but the stars, which in this climate seem more numerous and brilliant.—R.D.H.

THE BALLAD OF THE FADING GARDEN.

Bathed in the summer's parting smile,
The garden sleeps, still sleeping, kissed.
The bloom will stay a little while,
Ere falls the cold oblivion's mist,
And fades the flush on cheek and wrist,
And the flowers waken all alone
With Time, that Love can scarce resist.
Ah me! but Love was once mine own!
Long since did dull decay defile
The petals, as of amethyst;
And, touched with rust and tarnish vile,
They fell, too little prized or missed,
—Ere well I knew, ere well I wist,—
Beneath the rhododendron strown.
Like all my hopes—a weary list!
Ah me! but Love was once mine own!
Beneath the grey asylum's pile
The flowers all wither. Now desist
The bees to travel many a mile,
The year's unwearyed alchemist
From snap-dragon and ivy-twist
Makes no more gold, nor barks the drone,
Love's idle dreamer, fabulist!
Ah me! but Love was once mine own!

L'Envoi
Like me he brought the mill no grist,
Poor worthless waster, slain or flown!
Our lives are lived, and what the gist?
Ah me! but Love was once mine own!
J. E. KARRAS.
Sept. 28th, 1904.

Letter to the Editor.

The Castle on the Hill,
12th Dec., 1905.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Before entering on the subject of this letter, may I wish our King (Gartnavel), you, Mr. Editor, and all his subjects, and readers of the GAZETTE that "all Xmas blessings may be his and ours," for—

"The very best of good old Christmas pleasures,
"Is recollecting friends that memory treasures."

Only yesterday it was suggested to me that I might give your readers some details of my experiences as a "raw" postulant during a six weeks stay at the country Cottage Home, in the little village of Hamsey, near Lewes, in Sussex.

The postulants at our Convent (the Anglican Community of the Holy Name) wear no distinctive dress, like the Sister's "habit," but, of course, their costume must be black, and, out of doors, a thick Sister's cloak of black serge and coal-scuttle bonnet.

The Home at Hamsey is opened from May till October every year. A banker's wealthy widow at Lewes, built it (in memory of her daughter, Sister E., who died of consumption at the convent) with the object of making it a place of rest for tired London (Vauxhall) mothers, from the Sisters' "Mothers' meeting" (which numbered over a hundred) at their principal Mission House opposite St. Peter's Church, of which our founder and warden, the late Father Herbert, was Vicar.

Of course, Mrs. W. wished a sister from the community to take charge of the women and the cottage; so one bright morning in May, 1899—, Sister Theodora and I, attended by Lottie,

as cook-general (one of the Penitentiary girls who worked in the convent), started from the convent for Hamsey.

On our arrival at Lewes, Mrs. W. had kindly sent her carriage to meet our train, the distance being 4 miles to Hamsey. Imagine Sister T.'s and my feelings, before emerging from our dusty compartment, to find Mrs. W.'s immaculate footman gravely opening our carriage door, saluting and asking, "How much (rather how little!) luggage we had?"

Sister T. had the single habit, cloak, white-cap and coal-scuttle bonnet which she stood up in! necessary linen, "office" book, and Novice's white linen veils, which she had to wear in the house, and which reached to the ground. When my sister, Novice Virginia, went home for her "Rest," our naughty brother S. laughed, and always enquired, "Why, great Scot! she wore the 'table-cloth' on her head?"

We recovered our wonted grave demeanour, and allowed ourselves to be comfortably settled in the brougham, sister's bag and my modest black trunk being deposited in the wicker case on the roof.

How we both enjoyed that four miles drive! The brougham at last stopped before a gate leading into such a dear garden, that, had it been written, *my* thoughts would have inevitably turned to "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

Mrs. W. had sent her parlour-maid to the cottage, who had arranged all the rooms, and also a tea-table literally "groaning" under the weight of good things upon it. Mrs. W. had thought after our long journey from Worcestershire south, we should be "famished."

ENILORAC REDROWS.
(To be continued.)

Varieties.

THE SEX OF AN ECHO.

THE painting which attracted the most attention in a certain art exhibition was entitled "Echo." It showed a mountain

gorge with a female figure typifying echo swinging out mistily and gracefully from the rocky steep. It was very pretty, and the local critics heaped praises upon the artist. A visitor studied it seriously for ten minutes and then turned to his companion and said:

"It's queer how they have all gone daft over that picture when there is a vital defect in it."

"How so? I can't see anything but beauty."

"How so? Plain as can be. How can an echo be a woman? Why, an echo never speaks until it is spoken to, and every time it repeats what it has heard continues to make it less. Now, how could a woman typify anything like that? No, sir; that picture is a libel on womankind, and that artist don't know human nature. The thing's a fraud."

FROM SMITH TO SHIPBUILDER.

ROBERT NAPIER, the founder of the well-known shipbuilding firm at Glasgow, once gave a large dinner party at Shandon, his house on Garloch. During the evening an elderly man remarked that it was a pleasant coincidence that the dinner was held on the fortieth anniversary of his marriage.

"You are mistaken," said Mr. Napier, "yesterday, forty years ago, was the day of your wedding."

"Are you so very sure of that?"

"Absolutely certain. After the marriage you drove in a coach and four by the road to Rutherglen. You had hardly passed the toll-gate when one of the leaders cast a shoe. Luckily a smithy was close by, and a young fellow put on a fresh shoe in no time, and you gave him half-a-crown."

"You may be right. I had forgotten."

"I was not so likely to forget," replied Mr. Napier, "for I was the young smith."

HURTING THE EMPRESS'S DIGNITY.

THE Empress Dowager has been displeased with the motor-cars recently presented by Viceroy Yuan Shi Kai, and has ordered them to be returned to him, owing to it being necessary for her to sit behind the motor drivers when taking an outing.

SOLD.

OFFICER (to new servant): "Murphy, I have left my mess boots out this morning. I want them soled." Private Murphy: "Very good, sorr." Officer (later in the day): "Did you take those boots, Murphy?" Private Murphy (feeling in his pocket, and putting on the table eighteenpence): "Yes, sorr, and that's all I could get for them. The corporal who bought them said he would have given two shillings had it been pay day." (Collapse of officer.)