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*J. H. ...*



# THE CARNAVEL GAZETTE

## The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



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## Christmas in Legend.

**T**o the practical matter of fact minds of our present time, the fairy tales of mediæval legend and tradition may often seem nothing but the wildest play of irrational and unregulated imagination; but, as in the case of architecture, the study of the most fantastic grotesques of Gothic art will well repay the earnest and sympathetic student, by yielding up to him the hidden and often unsuspected secret of their uncouth symbolism, so the study of legendary lore is always rewarded by an insight into the primitive philosophy of our forefathers, and we find in the fairy tales which they either fashioned or refurbished, the

record and evidence of their earnest speculation upon what were to them often matters of the greatest possible moral and spiritual interest. Myth, in fact, is only primitive philosophy or primeval theology, and "Legend" but another name for "Lesson."

Around no subject do we find more quaintly beautiful legends woven than that of the Nativity, and no annual season is richer in its varied store of traditional associations than Christmastide.

In Milton's Ode to Christ's Nativity, he pictures the reverent welcome of Nature to Him by whom all things were made, and vigorously describes the rout of the personified powers of Paganism before the rising of the "Sun of Righteousness." It is interesting to note his allusions to mediæval legend and Catholic traditions, notwithstanding the fact that he was a decided Protestant. "From far upon the eastern road the star-led wizards haste" refers indeed to the feast of Epiphany, on the 6th of January; but that date closed the twelve days' festival of Christmas, and was indeed kept, especially in the Eastern church before the Nativity was officially authorised as having occurred on the 25th December, in the old pagan Roman Calendar already styled "The

day of the Unconquered Sun." Milton makes "Nature, in awe to Him," "doff her gaudy trim," and "hide her guilty front with the saintly veil of maiden white," "the innocent snow." Here we seem to catch the echo of the old world Sagas that tell of the *White Christ* conquering the Norse Gods.

In the lines—

"But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began," &c.

Milton introduces a quaint tradition which finds expression in many Christmas legends. A medieval hymn had spread the belief that Christmas-Eve dew was possessed of specially blessed properties, much as May-dew, to this day, is believed in many parts to have certain sovereign virtues. In that marvellous night on which the Saviour was born the most extraordinary things are traditionally reported to have happened. The domestic animals, companions and ministers of man's life—cattle, cocks, bees—were supposed to rejoice with their master in the salvation which had been bestowed upon the world. Even the trees in the forest were thought to bud and bloom all in one night, in spite of the ice and snow then covering the fields. Cows are, even to this day, thought to kneel in their stalls, as the first pictures of the Nativity represent the four-footed animals of the stable at Bethlehem, and bees hum in their hives a strange new song which peasants call a hymn. We may here recall Marcellus' words in *Hamlet*:—

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of heaven singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

It is to the belief in this hallowed time that the story of the Glastonbury

Thorn is due. Legend tells that after Christ's death, Joseph of Arimathea came to England and settled at Glastonbury, where he was specially revered, and where his tomb was shown. His staff, stuck there in the ground by him, struck root and budded, and yearly thereafter blossomed on the eve of the Nativity. This story of the early flowering hawthorn later gave rise to the custom, especially in Germany, of decorating fir trees with artificial flowers, fruit, &c. Such is the symbolic teaching of Christmas custom and legend.

P. H. A.

### Review of Entertainments.

THE winter entertainments are again in full swing. Thursday weeklies and Monday fortnightlys vie with each other in popularity. That there is abundant musical talent in the house is evident, and Attendant Thomson is unwearied in his efforts to cater for our amusement. The grand concerts are part and parcel of our winter season. As some one has well expressed it: Spring in G.R.A. means spring cleaning; Summer, cricket; Winter, Airlie's Concerts. These concerts have been of a high class, and have fully maintained their reputation. The Saturday fortnightlys have proved more than usually good this year. Mr. Cotelingam's Cinematograph entertainment was quite unique. Dressed in native costume he transported us to India's coral strand, and showed us all the splendours of the East—the gorgeous palaces, the ancient tombs, the luxuriant vegetation, and lastly, the most splendid pageant the world has ever seen—the Great Durbar. In his lantern lecture entitled "In and out and round about G.R.A.," in which he let us "see ourselves as others see us," Mr. Johnston made a distinct hit, and we look for more of the same fare in the future. Dr. Oswald took us with him to the sunny south, and told us what life was

### "Ruby."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY EDITH FRANCES CAMPBELL.

"MERRY Christmas, Doctor." He returned the season's greeting. "Peace on earth," he said, as I accompanied him to his private room. "Ah, there is no peace on earth. Sinful man never permits himself any peace. What a strange compound human nature is. Is not life itself infinitely more strange than anything the mind of man could possibly invent?"

I was about to make some reply, for the Doctor was in one of his moralising moods, when the telephone bell rang in his office down stairs, and, excusing himself, he left me to attend to it. He was gone some time, during which I had a look over the day's *Herald*. There was nothing very interesting in the paper, however, and I was laying it down when my eye caught sight of a marked obituary—At Auch-nan-ean, Argyllshire, on Christmas Eve, Sir Robert Maciver.

"Another of our old Highland chiefs gone," I remarked, pointing to the notice, as the Doctor entered and resumed his seat.

"Ah, yes," he replied, "death is the end of all things so far as we poor human mortals are concerned. We live out our brief little span, each after his or her fashion, then die. We scheme and plan and strive and hoard, unmindful all the while of the inevitable end and the fact that there are no pockets in a shroud."

"Here, now, for instance," he went on, as he pointed to the marked obituary notice, "is a notice of the death of Sir Robert Maciver, of Auch-nan-ean. What momentous issues hang upon a notice such as this. To-morrow we shall probably have the customary eulogy, what the newspapers term 'an appreciation,' and the heir to the property, who has been waiting for many years, will be inundated with letters of

like in far-off Sicily. He touched on many subjects by the way, and showed us much of interest in connection with the mode of life and temperament of its inhabitants. The Waverley Choir and Athenian Dramatic Club visited us and gave enjoyable entertainments. The first Staff Dance was held on November 3rd, and was in every way a conspicuous success.

### The Waldorf-Astoria.

RULES FOR GUESTS.

ROOMS, 50 dollars per square yard. Other charges equally moderate. Wines not included.

Guests are requested to remove their shoes before retiring—and to purchase new ones.

Guests wishing to get up without being called, can have self-raising flour for supper.

Don't tip the waiter, he might break the dishes.

Guests wishing to do a little driving, will find a hammer and nails in the press.

If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape.

If you are fond of athletics and like jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

If your lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that's light enough for any room.

Anyone troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bedpost.

Don't pick a quarrel with the clerk. His brother is the chief of police.

Don't ring for water; there's a spring in every bowl.

Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by the foundation.

Leave valuables with clerk, he will get them anyway.

TANMANY.

Life is a short day, but it is a working day.

H813/2/142

congratulation that at last his wealthy relative is dead. Yet, how very few know of the human tragedy which underlies it all!

"You will pardon me, Doctor," I interposed, "but I take it from your tone that you know something of the private life of Sir Robert; there is some story—"

"No, no, not at all, at least in the sense you infer. Practically speaking, there is not a stain upon Sir Robert's character. It is quite true that many acts of tyranny and oppression can be laid to his charge, the turning out of the Farquharson family from the home they had built for themselves in the dead of winter; then his action towards his daughter, his only child—"

"Ah, then, there is a story, a love story—stern father, an infatuated daughter. Come, Doctor, let me hear it."

"I shall tell you the story if you care to hear it," and the Doctor tossed his half-smoked cigarette into the fire.

"Certainly," I replied, "I shall be delighted."

"Well, then," he said, throwing himself back into his easy chair, "I shall divide the story, in dramatic fashion, into two scenes. In scene one imagine yourself on the summit of a ridge of hills in Argyllshire. There on the one side, a thousand feet beneath you, the pale blue plain of Lochfyne, still and smooth and motionless as the blue sky overhead; on the other side miles of cultivated arable land—a vast wide glen, beyond which rise the hills towering ridge upon ridge, their rugged sides smoothed out in the haze of the heat. In the centre of the glen, graceless of any architectural beauty, stands an old, square, grey house, Auch-nan-can, the home of Sir Robert Maciver.

"Sir Robert inherited the property in the direct line, entailed, but free from any serious burden. A recluse, a miser, he ventured to marry at forty-six, broke his wife's heart, and was left a widower just one year and three

months later and the father of a tiny baby. Without a spark of affection in his nature, need I tell you that, while he ordered the proper upbringing of the child, she grew to womanhood knowing nothing of her father. To her he was merely Sir Robert as he was to the crofter's child on his land; indeed, she was nearing her twenty-first birthday before Sir Robert made the discovery that he was his daughter's father. 'My father,' cried the daughter indignantly. 'I have no father. What right has Sir Robert to interfere with me?'

"The sole companion of her childhood—being nearest her own station—was Ralph Stewart, the factor's son. And was there any wonder, when he returned home from college to the Glen, handsome, and with the refining influences of education showing in his altered manner, that the boy and girl friendship should develop into something else? And what possible right had Sir Robert to interfere?"

"The inevitable, of course, happened. Ruby Maciver was given the alternative of home or Ralph; she chose Ralph, and the doors of her home in the Glen closed against her, alas! for ever.

"Now, it is a curious phase of human nature; and I believe that with the most callous, the most hardened sinner, there are periods when he is seized with a frightful remorse; it was so with Sir Robert Maciver. The still, small voice of conscience became at last a never-ending crash, and to have back the daughter he had so harshly driven away from home he would have given all he possessed. Too late! too late!

"The next heir of entail was a distant relative who, immediately he was apprised of the fact, threw up a fairly good position, borrowed largely on the strength of his prospects, and sat down to wait. I'm sorry for those who have loaned him the money."

"But the security was reliable," I interposed.

The Doctor smiled. "It seemed so; but then, as I remarked to you already, human nature is a strange compound."

"Quite so," I said, "but to-day he is in possession."

"I'm afraid not."

"How! Is he not the heir?"

"To answer that question," replied the Doctor, "I shall have to change the scene. Presto! Scene II.—Christmas Eve, and the 'Station' of an Australian sheep-run some hundred miles from anywhere. In the centre of the square formed by the wooden buildings of the 'Station' lies a black horse with a bullet-wound in his head. Saddled and bridled as he lies, the steam from his body slowly ascending in the quivering heat, you imagine that, having gallantly carried his master out of some deadly peril, he has just sobbed his life out, having, as it were, laid down his life for his master. No! not so. Inside on a

low couch lies the 'master' in an unconscious condition. There has been, well, an accident; and but for the timely intervention of a revolver bullet he would now have been as dead as the savage animal he rode, and whose dead body lay outside. As it is, he is seriously injured, with but little hope of recovery. Beside him, blissfully ignorant of his injuries, with her arms around his neck, crouches his little four-year-old daughter, his only relation, and the only one of her sex within a hundred miles. Standing by with folded arms, watching every movement, is a rough-looking individual. He has sufficient skill to know that the injuries must have a fatal termination; that, in fact, the grim shadow of death is already upon the threshold, but he waits and watches for that brief moment of consciousness that not unfrequently precedes death.

"But young, inured to hardships, with a constitution of iron, Ralph Stewart clings tenaciously to life despite his fearful injuries; and the

moments (lead-winged moments to the watcher) tick out into minutes, and the minutes into hours.

"Wearing for her father to wake up the child falls asleep, and the rough man lifts her upon his knee as he kneels on the other by the couch of the dying man.

"'My bonnie bairn,' he exclaims huskily, as, with a coarse hand, he pushes back the curls which cluster round her brow. 'Mitherless, fatherless, what's to come o' ye God only knows.' Then the dying man moves, and hastily laying down the child he flings himself upon his knees beside him.

"'Donald! are you there?'

"'I am beside you, Ralph.'

"'I'm afraid I'm done for. You will find my letter case in the safe; bring it to me.' In less than a minute Donald returns with the letter case.

"'Here you are, Ralph.'

"No reply. Ralph has again relapsed into unconsciousness. Is he dead! Will he speak again! Kneeling beside him Donald feels the pulse and the heart beat. There is still life, but it is ebbing fast.

"There isn't an atom of the religious element in Donald Farquharson's nature—a rough man, he has for many years led a rough life, fearless of God or devil. Yet the soul of every one is good as the Maker made it; and here, in the intense stillness of the night, upon his knees by the couch of this young man who, but a few brief hours ago, was in the prime of health and lusty manhood, and now about to enter into eternity, his mind is carried away over the seas back to Auch-nan-can and the days of his own youth. He sees his mother and the boys, of which he was the black sheep, sitting reverently in the family pew in the parish church; he hears his father, the preacher's sonorous voice as he leads the congregation in praise; it is the grand old tune 'Devizes,' and with a musical ear, and not unmusical voice, he

fain would join in, but ah! the scene is too much for him, and to shut it out he clasps his hands to his eyes; then comes the sweet voice of the late Mrs. Stewart, Ralph's wife, it was her favourite hymn, the melody of which haunted him and made some of the lines cling to his memory, and upon his knees, led out of himself, he sings:—

"Though, like a wanderer,  
The sun goes down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Nearer, my God,—he gets no further, something rises in his throat and chokes his utterance, then with the tears streaming down his face, and clasping his hands, he cries in an agony of spirit—"God in heaven, our Father, be near Ralph, poor Ralph, be near his wee bairn, and, our Father, be near me!"

"It was the first time that Donald Farquharson had said 'our Father' since he knelt as a child at his mother's knee. The request was simple and it was granted.

"The child awakens, starts up and looks around her in the dimly lit room. "Papa, papa," she cries, "where are you?"

"Her voice must have penetrated the dying man's ear, for he murmurs her name, and with a glad cry she springs forward and clasps her arms round his neck, 'papa, papa,' she cries delightedly, 'my own daddy—best in the whole world.' But Donald releases her arms and gently lays the daddy's head back upon the pillow, and as she notices the great tears roll unheeding down his bronzed cheek she stands back with wondering eyes. 'Ah!' she says at last, in a tone of disappointment, 'see, Donald, daddy has gone to sleep again.' Donald picks up the child in his arms, 'yes, dearie,' he says, 'he has gone to sleep.' At this point the Doctor rose and walked to the window, which commanded a magnificent view of the

Campsie hills. Whether he was admiring the effects of the sunset upon Dungoyne, or was listening to the thrilling notes of a blackbird perched upon the topmost branch of a tree at the foot of the garden, I can't say, anyhow it was quite three minutes before he realised that the audience was still waiting.

"I really must apologise," he said, "but something attracted my attention to the window."

"But the story, Doctor, is not concluded. What became of the child?"

"Of course, you understand," he said, "that the scene which I have just pictured to you happened quite fifteen years ago, and now there isn't much to tell. Donald Farquharson ran against Ralph Stewart by the merest chance, learned his story, and when he died leaving the child, he determined to rear her as his own. He never forgot the night upon which Sir Robert drove them out of their home in Auch-na-ean, and of which he was the sole cause. It was a Christmas night, and so he punished Sir Robert by concealing the existence of his grandchild and heir—human nature you see. And here again we have Christmas—a Christmas of joy to many; a Christmas of sorrow to many more. Peace on earth—"

"But, Doctor," I interposed, "what became of the child—the young lady?"

"Why, there she is in the garden. I shall call her in and introduce her to you," and flinging open the window he called out—"Ruby, Ruby."

### What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the new Cottage Home for nurses is a step in the right direction. That the introduction of nurses into the West Male Sick-ward is a complete success.

That the nurses are kindness personified. That the Editor says that we should have one in No. 4.

That our Chaplain has been converted.

### PSYCHE.

Through Gartnavel garden straying,  
O'er bright, sunny Autumn day,  
A pretty white-winged Psyche lighted,  
Tired of roaming—tired of play.

In a bed of blue lobelia,  
Flanked by gladioli gay,  
Where it rested for a little,  
Wondering if it might not stay.

Breathing in the blossomed sweetness  
Of the garden ground alway,  
Fearing it might just be lonely  
If no comrades came her way.

Quick as thought a blundering Bumble,  
From a pink snap-dragon bell,  
Humming, strumming, through each blossom,  
Just beside the Psyche fell.

Shyly glancing at it, Psyche  
Cogitated—truly too,  
"Not exactly quite a comrade,  
But perhaps the next may do."

Oh the stupid Bumble rumbled,  
Humming as it rolled along—  
"What a silent, little silly,  
Neither honey, sting, nor song."

Psyche blinked her black antennae,  
Softly sighing, "Oh dear, no!  
I have not your brilliant talents,  
But we Psyches, as we go,

Over hills and dale and valley,  
And in woodlands here and there,  
Symbolize the great creative  
Soul in nature everywhere.

Dreaming, breathing, thinking, musing,  
Through the ages, as they roll,  
Roaring greatness, rousing grandeur,  
Blending sweetness with the whole."

As she spoke, another Psyche  
Came from where, I could not tell;  
Then another, and another,  
Quite a band of comrades. Well!

Little Psyche, quivering over  
With delighted impulse joined  
All the trooping, skimming, soaring,  
Sister Psyches, thus combined.

Every summer day you'll find them  
Just within the garden wall—  
Love inspiring, thought suggesting,  
Coming at the sunbeam's call.

PEARLINE.

Speaking generally, one ought to entertain one's friends with a record of one's happiness rather than with a recital of one's woes; but it does not follow, does it, that there is no pathetic minor in one's life because one is not always sounding it?

That he has taken to himself a wife.  
That he couldn't have done a wiser thing.  
That Dr. Oswald means to follow a  
good example.

That Rumour is a lying jade.  
That this is the twentieth time she has  
said the same thing.

That he might do worse.  
That sweeping dead leaves is the  
fashionable exercise.

That going to Bazaars is not all  
pleasure, when your best hat is  
spoiled when returning.

That the Dances are in full swing.  
That the music is not so good as last  
season.

That it may improve.  
That Mr. Airie's concert is too "Dun-  
dreary."

That Tommy W. has started an "office."  
That he cleans his white gloves with  
Sunlight soap.

That his stock-in-trade consists of golf  
bags, sand-boxes, and old magazines.  
That he keeps three chairs, as he pre-  
fers to "rest at length."

That V.V. is disconsolate since his  
return.  
That absence makes the heart grow  
fonder.

That football is again the rage.  
That Hughie is in great form.  
That his forward play is death to  
everything he meets.

That the peacock's tail is growing.  
That his wives have consulted Counsel  
about an action of separation and  
alimony.

That a trout caught Robert.  
That he nearly fell into the dam.  
That the opera seems defunct.

That it only requires a tonic.  
That the Musical Director might take  
it in hand.

That the new skating and curling pond  
has been flooded all summer.  
That it is to be hoped that there may  
be enough water when the frost  
comes.

That the house requires no tonic.  
That its tone was never better.

A CHIEF.

### Our Illustrations

**S**PEAK for themselves, but a word about each, and one of New Year Greeting.

The view of the West House brings out the fine lines of the building. The plain Tudor elevation is well suited to the production of an effective pile of buildings, dignified, enduring, and of moderate cost. The only purely ornamental parts apparently are the parapets and pinnacles at their corners; and the latter, when looked at closely, are found to be the very necessary chimney stacks. The rich grouping and picturesque assemblage of outlines render the buildings attractive from a distance, and their sky line is peculiarly effective when seen from Great Western Road in the setting sun of a winter afternoon. In the Annual Report will be found illustrations which give a good idea of the main architectural features of the institution.

Another illustration shows a cricket match in progress, the G.R.A. team in the field. The alertness of the players is evident, and commendable. The pleasure and interest of the matches is not by any means confined to the players, but is shared by a large number of spectators who line the slopes, and follow the varying fortunes of the game with the greatest keenness. From those slopes the view is a fine one — the white-flannelled players standing out clearly in their frame of green trees, and the roofs and gilded domes of High Kelvinside filling up the background.

One of the avenues is illustrated in another picture. "Bare, leafless choirs where late the sweet birds sang" they are now; but in summer they are green with leaf and lively with song. Three miles from the centre of Glasgow, and yet in summer so luxuriant is the foliage in places that its proximity is only known by the clang of the trolley bell.

Lastly, we give a picture of "Mother and Daughter." They are both well known, and require no introduction. The daughter is bigger than her mother now; and being of most aristocratic birth on her father's side, no longer recognises her parent when they meet. Such is life. But the old lady does not seem to mind, and contentedly canters round the grounds with the phaeton and Mr. Mac, while Tom's hands are pretty full with Stella, whose cantrips in the process of breaking in are almost too much for even his patience and admiration of his charge.

The photographs from which our illustrations are reproduced are by Mr. Johnston, whose many snapshots and pictures of ourselves and our doings in summer, amused us vastly when thrown on the lantern screen. We would have liked to reproduce more, but some of the best are most strictly marked "Not for the Magazine."

When on the subject of illustrations, one word about the picture under the title of our Magazine. It represents the first Royal Asylum of Glasgow, and still stands in Parliamentary Road, near the top of Buchanan Street. It was built in 1810, and when completed was recognised to be far in advance of any other similar institution. The *Edinburgh Review* of 1817, in a special number dealing with asylums, stated that "The best establishment, beyond comparison, in Britain, and probably in Europe, is that of Glasgow." Where it stood is now the centre of the city; but when the directors bought the site there was a great out-cry that it was too far away from the town, that it was inaccessible, and too much in the country! For over thirty years it did its work well, and then the rapid growth of the city demanded its removal westward to the present site. It was sold to the Parochial Authorities, and very recently it has been acquired by the Caledonian Railway Company. The

dome is seen from Parliamentary Road, but the original design has been much obscured by successive additions. It was an institution of which Glasgow might well be proud.

We have been unable to find any account of the origin of the Asylum Coat of Arms, shown on the left hand top corner of the first page of the Magazine, but to our mind it is singularly beautiful and appropriate. In the centre is the City Coat of Arms with the St. Andrew's Cross, and on either side are winged figures illustrative, we take it, of protection and loving care. Above them the sun is shown, not rising, but breaking through the clouds, and below is the motto "*Relucet*," which we may translate as "Let there be again Brightness and Light and Sunshine." And this would be our New Year greeting to all our readers and friends, that the Sunshine and Brightness of life may come to them and stay with them with 1904. If it is given to us to bring it again into the lives and hearts and minds of others, then it will shine all the more brightly in our own.

L. R. O.

### A Trip to Norway.

**O**N a fine Saturday morning, in the beginning of August, the Albert Dock at Leith was spanned by a long, stout rope, by which the yacht-like *St. Sunniva* dragged her head into position for another voyage northwards.

Tourists stood round the purser at the gangway, showing great interest in each new arrival, who, in turn, cast an observing eye on those already aboard. Newsboys with yellow-lacqued novels, and the latest paper, did good business, and friends, who seemed to be proud of their pocket-handkerchiefs, stood on the quay, and tried to have the last word, as the space between them and the ship grew wider.

A few snorts from the foghorn were

followed by a weak imitation from a highly-excited dog on shore, and we sailed slowly into the Forth.

Coasting the shores of Fife, with its numerous fishing villages, and past Arbroath and Montrose, after some six hours' steaming, we lay off Aberdeen where a tug brought out a score of passengers who were carefully passed along a bare plank, from one brawny arm to another, till safely on deck. Then we swung round to the East and the voyage was fairly commenced.

The dinner gong now sounded, and between courses we consulted our passenger lists and tried to learn something of neighbours on right and left. There are ministers (in disguise), a few priests, a tall man who has a fancy to wear a sweater over his waistcoat, and with signs of indecision whether he should grow his beard or not. There is the little man whose pretty wife is always monopolised by someone else, there is the objectionable tourist who has been there before, and presumes upon it, and the man who is always wrapped up in his camera cloth, and who is never addressed except to ask, "Any views to-day!"

At the head of the table is the captain, a large man with a small voice, who requires a boy midway between bridge and bow to pass his orders forward. Grace is said by one of the ministers, and the head steward, having no great bump of veneration, looks on this rather as an interference. He stands at the end of the saloon, his hand on a very loud bell, looks severely at the minister, and gives it three tremendous whacks, whereupon the reverend gentleman rises, says grace in a palpit voice, and is drowned in the "Amen" by another stroke on the bell. This occurs daily, and the head steward, with a twinkle in his eye, looks down the tables for the half-suppressed smiles of approval from the passengers. Then half-a-dozen stewards put forth half-a-dozen hands

to the dish-covers. The head steward, who is either a stern autocrat, or a born humorist (we could never decide which) glances sharply round to see that every man is at his post, gives the bell three deliberate thumps, and in an instant all the stewards, as one man, snatch off the covers, and rush recklessly out to the pantry, to return immediately and serve the courses.

The North Sea is rather listless and disinclined to exertion, and not at all coming up to its reputation, but the passengers in general excuse it. Sober men of business, demoralised by enforced idleness, abandon themselves seriously to childish amusements, such as flinging balls into buckets (or trying to), or putting rings of rope over upright pegs, and ladies pretend to read novels while they watch the promenaders down the deck.

All day long the great blue circle is dotted with little snacks making for the Dogger Bank, and many of them alter their course to have a look at us. Our skipper examines them from the bridge with an opera glass, and sometimes carelessly waves his hand.

As night comes on, we are attracted by a phosphorescent glow in the water, caused by shoals of herring. As we lean over the side, thousands of silver streaks dart away on either bow as we cleave the waves. This continues all night, though we don't see it, turning in as the lights are turned out.

Towards three o'clock on Sunday, differences of opinion arise on the forecastle, as to the nature of certain lines on the horizon. Some insist that they are clouds, while others say it is land, but as time goes on, the outlines grow harder and less foggy, and Norway is really sighted at last. After sailing in the grey twilight past numerous islands, some of which contain picturesque fishing villages, nestling among the rocks, we cast anchor just at sunset in the Bay of Lervig.

Here it is necessary to wait for a tide, and, besides, the company very

wisely make it a rule to anchor every night, thus ensuring sound sleep, avoiding dangers in the dark, and making the most of the scenery.

The more enterprising are eager to set foot on the most northerly country of Europe at once, and late though it is the ship is surrounded by a number of small skiffs, shaped like mussel shells and not much safer looking. These are manned by boys (if the phrase be allowed) who, though young, are thoroughly capable.

All is so dark that nothing is very distinct during our walk. The people are quite unsophisticated. Strangers are a rarity, and all the small boys returning to the village take off their caps with great respect as we pass. As we walk up the hill sounds of girls singing float up from the shore, and, although it is Sunday, a dance is in progress in the little village inn.

The young natives flock round us as we wait on the jetty, and listen to our mother tongue with great amusement. A shower, almost tropical in its suddenness and energy, comes down as we start for the ship, only visible on the dark bay by her head light and gleaming port-holes. Thoroughly wet through we climb on board, and despatch our clothes to the engine-room and ourselves to our bunks.

During the next morning we entered the Hardanger Fjord, whose scenery is more pastoral than most others in Norway, and where the people are said to be less sober and reserved than among the more imposing mountains of other fjords.

The hills towered on each side to three and four thousand feet, and were capped with snow. Through a valley here and there we had glimpses of the Folgefjord Glacier, which extends from one hollow to another for thirty or forty miles, and rises to a height of five thousand feet. These and other statistics we accepted without doubt from our guide books, and we never attempted to disprove them from our

own experience—the greater the height and the further the distance the more readily we took them for granted.

About eight in the morning we entered a little off-shoot called the Sor Fjord, and dropped anchor off Odde, perhaps a hundred miles inland. The weather was dull, but nothing could spoil the effect of the file of peaks with their bases running down to the fjord and overlapping each other along the shore in wonderful succession, or the semi-circle of wooden houses founded on a storey of stone, and tastefully coloured with cheap pigments.

In this remote spot a fair-sized hotel, with modern conveniences, seemed more fitted for the heart of a crowded watering place, and gave one the impression of a bit of civilization dropped from the clouds in the midst of a desert.

Behind the town, at a considerable height, lay a pretty little lake, having as accessories to its beauty several waterfalls, a short river which reaches the fjord by a succession of grand leaps, and the Buarbrae, a branch of the great glacier, which sends down an icy stream, and makes fishing in the lake a trial to the most patient.

Every little patch of earth on the hillside is made the best of; earth is often carried up, placed in the crevices, and carefully planted. The produce is sent down to the valley on wires attached to platforms erected on the heights.

Three or four miles up the valley is the Latefos, one of the most famous waterfalls in Norway, which, owing to the weather and characteristic laziness, we only judged from photographs.

We had a concert in the evening at which appeared our friend of the sweater, clothed, and in his right mind—though some doubted it, as he chose to recite that exquisite nonsense, "The Hunting of the Snark," by Lewis Carroll. Then an Irish priest sang "Father O'Flynn" in the time and tone of a dead march, and seemed

pleased at the finish when every one laughed. A man from Kilmarnock, who seemed to manufacture recitations on the spot, gave James Kaye's opinions on every possible subject, and delivered "The Charge of the Light Brigade," a piece in which his arm was supposed to be a mechanical one, badly in need of oil and repairs.

During the night the pilot (a hardy old Norseman) walked the bridge, and guided our ship through an inland sea studded with Islands, and when we woke we were alongside the quay at Bergen. J. M. C.

(To be continued.)

#### A BALLAD OF THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE.

Kind ladies, listen to my plaint:  
This life is but a little while,  
And sweet to sinner and to saint;  
And I 'twixt happy tear and smile  
Have found it sweetest. Every mile  
My feet have travelled, better sing  
The birds, and moss the flowers beguile—  
This life is but a little thing.  
And well I love the story quaint  
Of that old Pharaoh by the Nile,  
Whose childish spite devised a feint  
To cheat the oracle. Sleep was vile:  
With lutes and lights from grove to isle  
He roamed, resolved to live a king  
Twelve years in six by canning wife!  
This life is but a little thing.  
Poor Mycerinus! Oh how faint  
He must have felt! In sober style  
Some man of medicine might acquaint  
My doubts, if death were due to bile,  
Or mere exhaustion, or a tile  
Loose; and if with less junketing  
He had outlived a crocodile,  
This life is but a little thing.

REVIV.

Neath Philae's hallowed peristyle  
From sluice and tank the lotus bring.  
Eternity is an endless aide;  
This life is but a little thing.  
J. E. BARLAS, Oct. 1st, 1903.

#### A RIDDLE.

What is it that won't go up a chimney up,  
but will go up a chimney down, that won't  
go down a chimney up, but will go down a  
chimney down?  
A prize is offered for the first correct  
answer received. The prize has already  
been awarded to the Editor.

### A Psychological Dream.

As I awoke, I was surprised to find that it was a dream. I was still under the influence of what had been a most entrancing experience. I seemed to have been on a visit to some other planet, where the inhabitants belonged to a higher order of beings spiritually, and something of their wider mental outlook still clung to me, as I lay, disappointed at its unreality, and wondering at the smallness and limitations of my daily round of accident and circumstance. Gradually my thoughts drifted into an endeavour to account for my happy experience, for it had been a gain, some sense of the insignificance of my own powers, in comparison with the high intelligence of those whom I had met remained—but I could connect my experience by no link, with anything that I had been reading, or any recent mental process. There it remains. Under this new influence I rose, with the resolve that I would try, if possible, to maintain this level throughout the day. It is wonderful, if one is silent, how easily a definite resolve may be kept, for throughout that day, by carefully following a chosen mental track, I managed to maintain the equilibrium of the morning. As evening drew on, I wondered if again I might return in dream to that enchanted realm, and, as I fell asleep, I earnestly wished I might. And it was granted. As soon as I lost consciousness, I found myself under the care of an unknown guide. We seemed to arrive, after an interval, in a city of perpetual day. I could see, as we journeyed over a large region of country, on our way to the city, children at play, and men and women walking in the plains. The light was not as our sunlight, but fuller, and radiantly golden. No care seemed to possess the people, and all seemed perpetually happy. As we entered the city, I was impressed with the beauty of the buildings and the carving on

the stonework, and in the golden light their beauty was much enhanced. The people looked at me as I silently passed along with my guide—for speech is unnecessary there—and they knew that I was an inhabitant of another sphere. But many smiled to me, and I felt reassured, as that sense of inferiority I have spoken of pressed heavily upon me. My guide conducted me to a council-chamber, where were assembled fourteen elect, one of whom occupied the chief seat at the end of the chamber. It is called the council of the outer court. He who seemed chief looked at me steadily, and instantly the question: "What is thy desire?" seemed pressed upon my mind—as thought comes to us we know not whence here, so seemed this question forced upon me—and I looked toward him, and without speaking, my mind replied: "That I may remain here." Immediately on my reply—for all present knew my thought—he who was chief turned toward me again, and his reply was borne in on my mind: "That cannot be, but it is granted to thee that thou mayest return, and by this sign shalt thou be admitted." And he showed me a sign which is secret.

And I wandered through the city where speech is unnecessary, for all thought is known, and after a space my guide conducted me to a yet higher court where all my life and actions were recorded, and here a weight as of eternal death seemed to oppress me; but as I waited, kneeling with my guide, the weight was lifted from my spirit, and into my innermost being these words penetrated—"It is enough, arise, go in peace." Into this inner court I could not enter, but my guide conducted me again to the council-chamber in which we had first been, and there was given to me the sign of that inner court which none may reveal.

Leaving the city with my guide, after long journeying, we arrived within the limit of our earth, and he left me,

and I seemed to plunge downward into an abyss. And I awoke, and behold it was a dream. And as I lay wondering, the sweet strains of a Christmas hymn stole upon my senses, and I rose and looked out; and the ground was covered with snow, and it was Christmas morning.

### BORDERLAND.

### Christmas.

LET us, for one moment, try to imagine a calendar in which Christmas found no place. Impossible, is it not? Who could bear the thought! for there can be no noon without a dawn; no Easter without an Advent.

Had Love shrunk back from mortal woe,  
From contact with the pain of sin,  
That grieved and crushed and broke at last  
The tender heart within.

Had Love refused to be despised,  
To be rejected, left alone,  
The universe had never learned  
How Heaven can sin alone.

And if this Love doth not suffice  
The souls of sinful men to chain,  
What other power, what other charm  
Can win them back again!

If this unhappy supposition were true, what, in consequence, would meet our view in the great kingdom of literature? Barren would be the sunny fields of Christendom; and many a lively poetic flower that has shed its fragrance and brought comfort, strength, and joy, in sickness and in health, all down the centuries, could never have unfolded its beauty to the children of men at all.

What an undermining and utter collapse of stately and ornate literary edifices should the key-stone, "Immanuel," be withdrawn from these! The world would still possess many a glorious and colossal structure in science, philosophy, and poetry. There would remain its Hippocrates and Galen, its Euclid, its Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, etc., etc. It might retain its *Vedas*, *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, its *Kalevala*

and *Nibelungen Lied*; but what of the epic of our blind Milton, the *Dream* of our Dante, and the Christian basis on which rests the entire work of our great dramatist!

As for the sacred Hebrew writings, with their passion, their power, and their prophecy, they would but stand in lonely grandeur on the heights—a monument of desolation—a voice from the darkness crying in the wilderness to the echoes: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"

Also of modern writing, few, indeed, are the treatises of value, save in the wide realms of science, which do not, more or less firmly, weave their cross-threads into the asbestos tissue of Christianity. For, that the "Fact of Christ"—taken in one sense or another—is an effective reality, an increasingly permeating presence in the life of the human race, can be doubted (we believe) by no sane and honest mind at this point of time.

Leaving now the central thought, but including in the idea of Christmas all that by association and custom has come to cling about the word, let us observe what very charming hours its own special literature has provided for us. Who, for example, has not, under Washington Irving's guidance, passed such a Bracebridge Hall, dining daily with the genial Squire, and watching with interest how the heart of Julia is won by the attractive young Oxonian!

Have we not all trembled with that other dinner-party (a London one, but not at the Lord Mayor's), as the young faces round the table grow pale at thought of the possible fate of the long-expected goose? Such is the power of the pen of fiction, that the recollection of that remarkable creature comes in a whiff to us at this moment!

And oh! who does not rejoice with poor, jubilant, resuscitated Scrooge—just come back with his new heart and eyes to the place of hope—as he issues his orders to the disrespectful street-



boy for that big turkey—the one at the butcher's, so heavy that its legs would have "snapped off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax," if it had leaned on them!

Cannot many of us recall the bursts of merriment in the John Leech days over the Christmas number of "Punch," and hear the eager child voices, in the nursery or drawing room, clamouring for a peep at the bright "Graphic" Caldecott pictures?

Yes! to our holly-crowned festival what do we not owe in art and literature—old and new! Consider the Christmas antiphon of the Church universal, rising unceasingly in endlessly varying repetitions of the glorious theme, ever swelling in volume, and rich in the throbbing memories of its troubled or triumphant march!

Think even of that of our dear land alone; sometimes the improvisation of an inspired Cadmon; sometimes the alliterations of a saintly monk; or, in our own days, the spiritual elixir of the pure mind of a Faber, or exquisite chimes from the heart of a Christian Rossetti.

If, then, this festival—once in our Britain a season of strange, sometimes of horrible rites and orgies—has been placed in our calendar to celebrate the blossoming of the Eternal Rose of the Universe, in all its tender humility, its purity, warmth, fragrance, and hope, is it to be wondered at that, all over the civilized world, the strain of life should at Christmas be slackened, and that in the average mortal there should arise some earnest desire and endeavour after special goodwill to men?

It is, nevertheless, true, that many, from one cause or another, rather dread, than rejoice in, this season as it comes round; and to those of us here who are temporarily, or finally, separated from our loved ones, there is, no doubt, a special sadness and a sinking of heart as we recall the past at the Christmas-tide.

But very much may be done to prevent this from harming either ourselves or others. We may brighten our spirits by thinking often, amongst other things, of the joy this season brings to the believers in Santa Klaus—these young broods in the nursery, anxiously hanging up their Lilliputian stockings in rows; full of mighty expectations, and determining (in every case in vain) to keep awake and see "what will happen," and "what we will get."

And surely in the severe winter weather, many hearts must be drawn out—and so away from their own troubles—to think of those less warmly clad, fed, and housed than themselves, and not to think only, but by some minute self-denial to find a gift and have the happiness of giving it, to one or two at least.

To some of our readers present-giving may seem a not very interesting subject; they may not have the power, although they will, to make or give gifts. Would such permit us to suggest this thought! To possess a sufficiency is most desirable for us all; but wealth—a talent to be thankfully received and carefully expended—has never been held worthy, by the wise, to be thought of for a moment as one of those "good," those "perfect gifts" that come down to us from the Father of Lights. Personally, it has been our fortune—we would go the length of saying our very good fortune—that the souls we have known that gave most richly, while patiently treading the narrow way, owned comparatively but little worldly wealth. Amongst these were indomitable wills that awakened aspiration and imparted strength; hourly self-denials that shamed away selfishness; hands whose touch brought healing; smiles that drew forth to the light the tender plant of hope.

And although it is only a very pure and lofty nature can do this in a high degree, it can most certainly be done by every one of us in a lowly one. If so, then we all have presents to give,

have we not! For, let none forget (did not our last GAZETTE remind us of it!)—"Cheerfulness is the most serviceable form of human charity."

True, it is not doing but being that is the crucial test of life; but for all that, it is the richest souls that long most to impart.

May then our Christmas, "My Comrades and Brothers in Exile!" passed, not in the shady forest of Arden, but up on the windy hill of Gartnavel, be characterized by what forbearance, sympathy, and kindly actions we find ourselves able, 'midst our infirmities, to exercise one to another. Each of these brings its own immediate reward in health of spirit, for we know, on good authority, that it is the bountiful soul that becometh rich.

CRANSTON.

### Notes.

THE show of Chrysanthemums in the summer-house in the garden is this year exceptionally fine. The summer-house is completely filled with them, and for variety of colouring and beauty, the blooms would be difficult to excel. Mr. Barr deserves to be complimented on the results of his careful budding and selecting.

Mr. Howell, who acted as clinical clerk during the summer, has left us. He is much missed, his kindly, genial ways had captivated us all. Mr. Shaw, who succeeds him, is a distinct acquisition. He is a distinguished member of the University football team, and an all-round good fellow.

### Varieties.

Don't be afraid to scatter the sunshine of laughter about you; it often helps to revive somebody's faith in the sweetness of things.

One of the grand secrets of this life, as regards our own happiness, is to learn to accommodate ourselves to circumstances, not grumbling at every mischance, but pleasantly allowing the best aspect, whatever may happen.

### Letters to the Editor.

#### AN AFTERNOON WALK THAT ENDED IN TEARS.

Dear Mr. Editor,—On a recent fine afternoon Tommy and I went walking, hoping for adventures. When one goes in search of adventures they usually meet you half way. I met with three, and Tommy with one. We were in the avenue when I noticed that Tommy had spied something ahead. Latent adventure presented itself in the form of two ladies walking up the avenue towards us. I took a rapid survey of the situation. Miss E. and Miss M.; best hats and frocks; been in town shopping. They came forward and we greeted each other.

"Been to town!" I asked.

"Oh! yes; we've been shopping."

"Hope you had a pleasant time?"

"Oh! yes; we've been to Stewart & M'Donald's, and to the Oak Rooms. They do give you such good coffee there. And we came back on the top of the car; it is so pleasant on a fine afternoon."

"Stewart & M'Donald's would prove more interesting than the Oak Rooms," I suggested.

"Yes! oh, yes!" both replied, in an indifferent tone, looking at each other. "The new evening dresses with lace all down the front look like dreams," I said.

They looked at each other again, and smiled. I went on, "Winter hats are simply too lovely, and I think that the new moleskin saques, with high collar, are nicer than sealskin."

Neither moved a feature.

"I think these turn-down collars men wear simply hideous," said one.

"And blue ties with white spots are too awful," chimed the other.

Then both ladies laughed heartily, though I didn't see anything funny to laugh at, and Miss E. exclaimed, "Oh! look at Tommy!"

Tommy was sitting up begging sugar, and they each gave him a lump, and

said "bye-bye" to me and went off laughing. I believe one fellow has no chance against two clever girls who are chums.

Then Tommy and I went in search of more adventures, and Tommy found one.

Mr. M. came along exercising Stella. He is breaking her in. With the long reins he was driving her gently up the avenue.

"The filly is looking well," I remarked.

"That she is," he replied.

I went forward and patted Stella, and Mr. M. said, "She's very quiet."

Tommy was displeased at so much attention going Stella's way, and he made a dash for her heels, when she lashed out behind, just missing Tommy, and causing me to skip.

"Drat the dog! tak' him awa'," exclaimed Mr. M., as Stella stood up on her hind legs, pawing like a circus horse.

And we went "awa'."

Passing the cottage, I noticed the kitchen window thrown up, and I went over the grass and found Miss B. busy inside.

"Pleasant day," I said.

"Go away; I'm busy," she replied.

"*Pâté pans?*"

"No! go away."

"Sultana cakes?"

"Yes! go away."

"How's Jake?" I ventured.

"Not well."

"I'm sorry. Let me see him."

"Well, wait a moment."

Jake was produced, and he has begun pulling out his feathers again.

"How's the GAZETTE?" Jake cried.

"Go to bed," I replied.

I suggested that a sea voyage would do Jake good.

"Shiver my timbers!" cried Jake.

"I won't have Jake acquire 'nautical words,'" said Miss B.

We talked about "Pup" and the bullfinch for some time, when suddenly Miss B. cried, "Oh! my cake!" On opening the oven the paper that covered

the top of the tin was on fire, and the top of the cake was burned to a cinder. Then I suddenly remembered an important engagement. I learned subsequently that the ladies took this cake *cum grano salis*, which means, of course, "sugared on the top."

As I passed the small cottage door, I saw Mrs. B., and I went over.

"Taking any lodgers?" I asked.

"No; taking in coals at present."

She offered me her box, and I gently tapped the lid in my best manner, and took a full pinch between my finger and thumb. She went on talking, and I foolishly pulled a good pinch into either nostril, and got quite a shock. Between two sneezes I tried to explain that I had a bad cold in my head, but as the tears began to run down my cheeks she laughed outright and said, "I don't keep lodgers that canna snuff."

That is why the walk ended in tears.

4.M.W.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I was awfully well pleased to see a letter about me and the brooches in your last issue of the GAZETTE. I remember looking for them, but I am sorry to say that I did not find any of them. I looked in every place but the right place for them, so, therefore, I lost the ten shillings' reward for a brooch which was lost by a lady, who, for certain reasons, shall be nameless. I also remember speaking to my old friend, when he said, "Oh! there is another brooch lost." I think he said, "A pebble bar-shaped brooch this time," and I looked for it also, but I am sorry to say that I did not find it. Now, Mr. Editor, this is just a short letter, and I hope it will please you and the readers of the GAZETTE, and as this is my first attempt at writing to an editor of a paper, I hope you will put it in your next issue of the GAZETTE, and oblige, yours truly,

HUGHIE.

Engagement rings—the din of battle.