

## **Gartnavel Gazette**

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**THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE**

*The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum*



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### Notes.

GOD SAVE THE KING! The Coronation was most loyally celebrated at Gartnavel, when all held high holiday, each patient receiving a "Coronation bag" of fruit, sweets, and cake. Health and prosperity to King George and Queen Mary! A special service was held in the Church in the forenoon, our chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Douglas officiating. After the benediction was pronounced the congregation sang the National Anthem. Although the morning was showery, the sun shone out brilliantly in the afternoon, when sports were held in the spacious cricket-field, prizes being bestowed on the winners. There were foot-races, tug-of-war, obstacle races, throwing the cricket ball, etc. The fair sex also joined in the sports, and took part in the thread-the-needle, and potato-and-spoon races, while the business-like manner in which two bands of nurses manipulated the rope in the tug-of-war evoked rapturous applause from the spectators. "They would make grand suffragettes," a wag remarked.



"Let us haste to Kelvingrove!" has been the favourite song of the good people of Glasgow for the last two months, and not only the denizens of St. Mungo, but thousands from all parts of the United Kingdom, are hastening to "rove through its mazes," and enjoy its many attractions. Kelvingrove, not being far from our own gates, many of our patients are constantly visiting the Exhibition, always returning delighted with its wonders, and eager for a renewed visit.

By the kindness of our Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Carswell, of Temple Parish Church, we had an entertainment by the Temple Sabbath School children on Saturday, 1st April, of the Cantata "The Three Bears." The children, 50 in number (boys and girls) gave evidence of careful training, acting their parts with an ease and grace that captivated the hearts of the large audience which filled the public hall of the Institution. The solos and choruses were excellent, and reflect the highest credit on Mr. David Watt, who conducted, and Miss McKay the accompanist.

On Tuesday, 4th April, we enjoyed a concert by our old friends, Mr. Neilson's orchestra.

We all offer hearty congratulations to Miss Gray on her marriage. Miss Gray has faithfully performed the important and onerous duties connected with the gatehouse since her lamented brother's death, some nine years ago, and leaves with the warmest wishes of all for her future happiness. Miss Gray's family has been connected with the Institution for the long period of thirty-five years, and it seems like losing an old friend to part with her. Previous to her departure she was presented with a handsome silver tea-service by the staff, and was also the recipient of many handsome presents from her friends and well-wishers in the House—*Slainte agus soirbheachd!*

A number of our ladies are on holiday in Fife, where a house has been taken for the summer months at Lundin Links, not far from Largo. Fife is a glorious county, and we are sure our fair friends will thoroughly enjoy themselves and appreciate its beauties.

We all hail with satisfaction the appointment of Attendant Littlejohn to the post

of gateman, he and his wife and family being now installed in the gatehouse. Attendant Littlejohn has been in the service of the Institution for a period of fourteen years, and is a general favourite, having latterly been Charge Attendant in No. 6, West House. We are sure "Charlie" will make a faithful and capable gateman.

We congratulate Nurse Jessie Towns on her receiving the Long-Service Medal. Nurse Towns has been with us for thirty-two years, and by her kindly nature and bright and happy disposition has made herself a favourite with all.

We had a visit from Dr. Macpherson, His Majesty's Commissioner, on the 17th of May. Our previous visitor was Dr. Hamilton C. Mair, on 21st November.

The Bowling-Green was formally opened for the season on 8th May. Among those who took part in the "trial shots" were Dr. Oswald, Lord Dean of Guild, Henderson, Colonel Roxburgh, Mr. McEwan, Mr. Blyth, Colonel Clark, and Mr. James Johnston. Mr. Barr had the green in splendid order.

Our "flagmaster," Hughie G., was greatly elated over the terrible beating we recently gave the crack cricket team from the University, and ascribes the famous victory to his having hoisted the Scottish ensign—St. Andrew's Cross—to bring us luck. It did; for we beat them soundly. Well done Hughie! Scotland yet!

Pressure on our space compels us to hold over several articles. We can merely acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *Under the Dome* (London Bethlem Hospital). A truly splendid number, containing a history of the Bethlem Brotherhood, which takes us to the original Bethlem in Judaea. It also contains several fine Eastern views. We have also received *Excelsior*, *The Morning-side Mirror*, *The Passing Hour*, and *The New Moon*.

We should avoid the vexation and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood.—*Swift*.

The power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances.—*Channing*.

### Spring Holiday.

THE Spring Holiday is short, its weather precarious. In some seasons, however, not more so than all the year round; for when in our beloved humid isle is weather *not* precarious?

Although a powerful factor in an outing, weather is not everything. A change of surroundings may do much good even if the time be not all passed out of doors. As it proved, we had done well to grasp at this holiday when offered us.

The Spring Holiday's outward journey is marked at the start by a minimum quantity of luggage, punctual trains, and quiet stations. Paterfamilias is then not so much in evidence as in summer, when he is seen gallantly defending his nineteen boxes or so on the thronged platform, or hustling his unmanageable scions into the boat; neither are porters and station-masters so frantically buttonholed by anxious-minded travellers (mostly feminine), and driven to the extreme of endurance of body and mind. Traffic at the stations is normal; for, alas! it comes not to everyone to have a Spring holiday. In thousands of cases the hard-pressed merchant must still stick to his desk, the student to his books, and the weary mother to her nursery.

Thinking of these things—of the difficulty and the strange inequality of life—we steamed along on our short two-hours' journey. But hope and expectation were presently uppermost, for, were we not now about to make acquaintance with what we had so long known only by hearsay—the lower reaches of the West Highlands? Besides, we must be nearing our goal, for yonder already are the hills of Arrochar, gleaming too in the dazzling white-

ness of sparkling, new-fallen snow. Oh! the peace, the sense of elevation and purity that fall on one at sight of hills! And, every evening to watch their shadows as they darken ridge after ridge; every morning to greet them again in their glowing brightness; to drink in daily their strong spirit of freedom; to listen to their plaintive birds, their gurgling rills and rushing torrents, and pick on the heath the unique flowers of the mountain—what joy! And though alone, what of that?—"never after all [as a brave and wise man said]—never after all less alone than when alone."

Our nest was near the head of the loch, and as we drove round from the station—listening to the lapping of the waves on the beach and marking the beautiful contour of the shores, and the coming foliage, to our pretty villa with its welcoming mistress at the gate, a great wave of quiet happiness took possession of us, as we, on our part, cordially took possession of the land. Peace and plenty dwell there; and as, day by day, we formed pleasant friendships on the roadside, the hill, or in the village, with children and others, the place grew dear to us. The steamers rendered excursions very easy, and several of the most interesting spots on the loch were visited. But the favourite resort to which our footsteps most naturally gravitated was the high hill-road, where the air was freshest or at least most exhilarating; the hills nearest; and their exquisite and ever changing colours with those of the three lochs, best seen, at sunset. The place is well-known; but we can thoroughly recommend our comfortable rooms and their cheery capable owner to any one seeking, next year, a peaceful and strengthening Spring Holiday.

CRANSTON.

### Belated Darwinism.

ORIGIN OF SPECIES—OF MODERNS.

#### ATAVISM.

An eccentric man had a novel creed,  
An ornithological love for seed,  
For nuts, for fruits, and for all such ware,  
With a craze to live in the open air,  
This curious being, obsessed by these  
Began to frequent and to climb big trees,  
And what was worse, because more absurd,  
Began to fancy himself a bird.  
He despised the love of a nice warm bed,  
Would sleep in the fork of a tree instead.  
"For then," he declared, "Ah then I can be  
Where Freedom is always—up on a tree!"  
No longer he wished for a good hot meal—  
He even disdained emotion to feel  
For the rich perfume of a rare cigar;  
While the joys of music he lapsed afar,  
His cup of coffee and sweet liqueur  
Might be given away to feed the poor;  
He would live alone, alone with the night,  
And would wake each morn for a lovely  
flight:

But the rain came on, and so did the snow,  
And Doctor Bedlam is nursing him now.

ORIGIN OF SPECIES—OF ANCIENTS.

#### PROGRESS.

Reflecting back to a long before,  
Millions of years ago, or more,  
When up on the high ancestral tree  
Our aboriginals capered free,  
A Simian Sire of Simian Sons,  
Some similar notions had;  
But he dropped the family tree at once,  
And took by the hand each lad,  
And led them far from family trees,  
And the futile search for family fleas  
To teach them, united in family form,  
Of a better method to fight life's storm.

"To crack hard nuts may be all very well,  
And we might do worse, one never can tell,  
But when nuts grow scarce, and fruits  
decay,

It is troublesome work to live," he'd say.  
As a matter of fact—since truth will out,  
And Truth has a knack of knocking about,  
The hairy old dad had stubbed his toe,  
Was spoiled for a life up a tree, you know,  
And he actually was developing Head  
To live by his wits, on his sons instead.  
(Two heads are better than one, and three  
Make a council, or a Company),  
So they settled somewhere far from here,  
On a plateau, christened I think, *Pamir*;  
When having consulted on ways and  
means,

Their special resolve was a crop of beans,  
By giving them beans the studios dad  
Arboreal tricks erased from each lad,  
And, plying a stake to their backs a lot  
In the end a stake in the land they got.

Big Dougal, the elder, enjoyed the change  
For he loved things new, and he liked them  
strange.

And having some taste, he studied each mode  
Of bettering their now *Fixed Abode*.

Sandy, the younger, too, started to court  
Work, as a *Viable means of Support*;  
And both felt proud of what they had done,  
When dad declared them second to none.

This tribal trio—and three spells luck—  
With desperation to give them pluck,  
Next sought together, a winter's store  
Of mixed provisions, to tide them o'er  
Such evil days as they knew in the past.  
When in shivering fear they had to fast.  
(Restricted thus to sit or toddle,  
They all wore off the needless caudal).

As rights grew long, the ideas of each  
They vocalized, till they found out speech;  
However, they mostly left this to  
The ladies at home, for them to do.  
As speech arises from fulness of heart,  
The ladies can best develop the art.

(When speech is a habit the ladies find  
That spending it relieves their mind;  
And when men-folks to their homes return,  
Listen they must though ears should burn).

Now Dougal to Sandy, and Sandy to Dad,  
Had little to say, and they said it bad;

Thus when to their wives they made reply,  
They simply grunted "No," or "Aye,"  
When later, they learned to *Adjectives* use,  
These parts of speech, they did abuse,  
For they used them loud, and they used  
them strong.

And mostly whatever, they used them  
wrong—

In a squandering way, and squandering use,  
Just proves at least that they were not Jews.  
In fact, their lingo is still a relic  
Whose gutturals form the language Gaelic.

#### EPODE.

Ages of Titanic struggle since then  
Have gone to the making of modern men;  
Ages of struggle in passion and blood  
Ere early emotions could fashion their flood;  
Ere thoughtfulness dawned and judgment  
replaced

The fierce primal instincts of rapine and  
waste;

Ere reason discovered the great golden rule  
And Man, the majestic, put self out to  
school.

Now treading the earth with masterful tread  
His is its history—his, and his dead—  
Which wonderful progress the record here  
shows.

Began from a trifle like stubbing the toes.  
(To prove he's adopted each comfort that  
suits,

The modern man tucks his toes into  
boots).

W. C.

### Loch Lomond.

THIS Loch has an eventful history,  
As the great freebooter Rob Roy  
did often frequent its shores. We  
find the scenery around, and on the  
islands which rest on its bosom very  
fine. Luss is a nice little village,  
which is situated on the South side  
of the Loch; there are some nice  
cottages on either side of the road-  
way, and on the lochside there is the  
Colquhoun Arms Hotel, which has  
long been the resort of travellers, as  
its host M'Nab has borne a name  
which has found its way among the  
touring public for many years back.  
In the summer he keeps an ample  
supply of small boats for hire, either  
for fishing trout or for pleasure sailing.  
Among the islands there are Inch  
Tevannach, Inch Connachan, Inch  
Lonach, Inch Moan, Inch Crun, Inch  
Muran. From the top of Inch  
Connachan you stand on an eminence  
which overlooks the Loch towards  
the North and you get a fine view of  
the steamers plying North and South.  
There are several rivers, viz., the  
Fruin, Luss, Finlass, Douglas, and  
there is good fishing in the Loch  
since the nets at the mouth of the  
Leven were withdrawn. There is the  
Loch Lomond Angling Association  
who are now interested in the fishing,  
and guard against poaching. Having  
spent some time residing at Luss,  
one Monday morning I arranged with  
Andrew Colquhoun to go out on the  
Loch to try and catch a salmon.  
After we arranged the fishing tackle  
and rods we got out to the South of  
Inch Lonach and were drowsing with  
minnow on Chapman spinner, we  
came on a clean-run sea trout,  
which gave such play that it carried  
away our Chapman spinner. Having  
a spare one in my possession I  
adjusted another minnow. It had  
not been long out when we hooked  
a clean-run salmon which we were

fortunate in securing. When we got  
it ashore and put it on the scales  
it weighed 9½ lbs., so we were proud  
of our morning's catch.

W. G.

### In Memoriam.

(We gladly print the following tribute to  
the memory of the late Attendant Camp-  
bell, which was written and forwarded  
to us by his fellow-attendants.—Ed. G. G.)

It is with sad and sorrowing hearts  
we record in this issue of the  
GAZETTE, the death of our faithful  
friend and fellow-attendant, Neil  
Campbell, who passed away on the  
night of Sunday, the 9th of April,  
at 9.15 p.m., after a serious illness  
lasting only three weeks. Having  
him out and in amongst us for the  
past four years, it seems difficult to  
realize that he has gone. He was  
beloved by all for his genuineness  
and uprightness of character and  
life. On the following Tuesday night,  
after a memorial service held in our  
church here, we followed his remains  
to the station, from where he was  
taken to the churchyard in his  
homeland in the far outer Western  
Islands, and there laid to rest. Our  
deepest sympathy we express to the  
sorrowing friends who are left to  
mourn his loss.

How often we ask why should such things  
be?

And why should our loved ones be thus  
from us torn?

But we can only wait and only submit,  
And trust to the peace of that last bright  
morn.

When surely the mist shall be rolled away,  
And the veil be torn from our darkened  
eyes,

And our lonely hearts be cheered by the  
thought

Of that happy reunion beyond the skies,  
Where never again shall loved ones part,  
But dwell together for evermore;

Where pain or death cannot enter in,  
Nor sin ever darken its portals o'er.



### A Famous Family.

IN sailing through the beautiful scenery of the Kyles of Bute we have a passing glimpse of romantic Loch Ridden and Glendaruel, just before the steamer rounds the end of Bute on her way to Ardrishaig. The quiet and sequestered manse of Kilmodan, some ten miles up the glen by the Colintrave road, was the birthplace of the famous Maclaurin family. The Rev. John Maclaurin was appointed parish minister of Kilmodan after the Revolution of 1688, no doubt by the influence of the Argyll family, two members of which had suffered on the scaffold in defence of the civil and religious liberties of Scotland. The Maclaurins originally belonged to the island of Tiree, where Daniel, the father of the minister of Kilmodan, was born, but who afterwards removed to Inveraray. We are told that he contributed greatly to restore the prosperity of that small town, which had been completely ruined during the civil wars and the fierce persecution under the latter Stuart kings. It is said that he wrote some "Memoirs" of these troubled times, which unfortunately have been lost.

His son, the Rev. John Maclaurin, after being settled at Kilmodan, proved himself a faithful and zealous evangelical pastor, or as one writer says, "He not only distinguished himself by all the virtues of a faithful and diligent pastor, but has left in the records of his provincial synod lasting monuments of his talents for business, and of public spirit." He also at the request of the synod of Argyll completed the version of the Psalms into the Gaelic language, which is still used in Highland churches. He married a Miss Cameron, a most estimable lady, by whom he had three sons, John, Daniel, and

Colin. Dying in 1698, he left the care of his three boys to their uncle, the Rev. Daniel Maclaurin, minister of Kilfinnan, who, on the death of their mother, took an affectionate care of the young orphans, thus proving himself worthy of the solemn trust reposed in him. It has been remarked by a modern writer that the family furnishes an extraordinary instance of hereditary genius. All three brothers attended the University of Glasgow, gaining the esteem not only of their Professors, but of all with whom they came in contact. Unfortunately, Daniel, the second son, died young, after, we are told, "giving proofs of extraordinary genius." John, the eldest, studied divinity at Glasgow and Leyden, receiving his licence in 1717 from the Presbytery of Dumbarton. Ordained minister of Luss in 1719, he was in about three years invited to become minister of the Ramshorn church in Glasgow. If Edinburgh cherishes the memory of Colin, who has been styled "the only first-rank native mathematician trained in Great Britain in the eighteenth century," Glasgow should certainly venerate the memory of John, who has been described as "the most profound and eloquent Scottish theologian of that century, and scarcely less intellectual than Butler." He it was who, in conjunction with that patriotic and philanthropic old surgeon, Dr. Gordon, urged the building of the Town's Hospital in 1733, where provision was first made in Scotland for the mentally afflicted. So we see that from this humble beginning sprang the Glasgow Royal Asylum, and indeed all the Asylums in Scotland, Glasgow being truly the *Alma Mater* of them all. So highly valued were his services by the magistrates of Glasgow that at his death in 1754, at the early age of

61, the Town Council voted the sum of £100 to his daughter.

Colin, the youngest son, was born at Kilmodan manse in 1698, the year of his father's death. He graduated M.A. at Glasgow in 1713, and while still very young obtained the chair of mathematics in Marischal College, Aberdeen. He visited London in 1719, where he was admitted a member of the Royal Society. Shortly afterwards, on the strong recommendation of Sir Isaac Newton, who became his firm friend, he was appointed assistant to Professor Gregory, who then occupied the chair of mathematics at Edinburgh. Sir Isaac, in a letter to the magistrates, generously offering to increase the salary of the young assistant out of his own pocket. On the retirement of Dr. Gregory, he succeeded to the chair. The Maclaurins being strong Whigs, were of course, staunch supporters of the Hanoverian dynasty, and we find Professor Maclaurin strenuously exerting himself in preparing for the defence of Edinburgh against the wild Highland host of Prince Charlie. The hardships which he then underwent and his hurried flight from the town, owing to the cowardice of the Edinburgh volunteers, who refused to man the trenches, brought on an illness from which he shortly afterwards died. His eldest son, who ascended the Scottish bench, by the title of Lord Dreghorn, was the author of several works on law and general literature. We believe the descendants of Professor Maclaurin at the present day occupy prominent positions in the Colonies in the ranks of science and literature.

Quite recently a handsome mural tablet has been erected in the Parish Church of Kilmodan to the memory of this famous family by Sir James Russell, of Edinburgh, and his

brother, Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Russell, C.M.G., of the Army Medical Service, both of these gentlemen being natives of the parish.

THE EDITOR.

### An Old Snail.

IT was where the laburnums arched their golden draperies over the wood walk that I came upon him. Behind him the larches stretched a vista of fairy green, broken here and there by splashes of white and pink where late Hawthorn and early Dog-Rose bloomed in rivalry. So old and grey he was; so garbed in ancient stuffs subdued by age to tenderest harmonies of green and brown! His hat a very miracle of shapeless felt! His coat—once of some stiff uncomfortable fustian, now worn and pulled and patched into the kindest pliancy; its skirt—somewhat fringed in places—swinging about his knees, its pockets bulging at a friendly level for old idle hands. A velvet waistcoat rubbed and stained till use had established brown for the dominant colour, a great bandana handkerchief, sobered though still gorgeous, for decorative neck gear—surely a right wood gnome at last!

In the scented summer peace he ambled slowly on, poking a knobby stick at bushes as he passed, pausing awhile to hold secret converse with tree or plant, turning to catch a bit of bird song from the wood, murmuring to himself the while like some great aimless bee gently elated with the heady joys that flowers and sunshine bring. "Beggin' your pardon ma'am, an' might I be askin' will this be the road to Dunshee?"

He received a reply in the negative with sweet placidity. "Troth now an' I was just thinkin' it was too pleasant altogether to be the county road, but down in

the town they said I was to keep straight on, an' here I am, clean strayed." "You should have kept to the left, half-a-mile back, before coming to the wood."

"That will be so, but 'twas so quiet an' fresh like under the trees, an' the soun' o' the bees was such kind company hummin' along the shough! They be the right entertainin' wee fellas wi' their black an' gold an' their buzzin' talk—'twas fair misleadin'!" The old voice trailed off on a tone of affectionate reproach and the faded forget-me-not eyes wandered once more to the flower fringed, bee haunted shough.

"Are you going far?"

"Och far an' far enough—as far as God wills to be sure. 'Tis on me travels I am, bein' an' aged man wantin' to see the world afore I die."

"A big scheme surely! When did you set out?"

"'Twould be some twelve months ago that I started. I wrought hard all me days as a hired man to one master after another, an' whin one day I rose to find meself an' old man without wife or children nor anny money saved 'twas clean perplexed I was at what had come o' time! An' thin I thought 'twas queer an' strange to be an' old craythur an' goin' to me grave an' niver away from the one place—so I started on me travels."

"Without anny money?"

"Sure the whole world's kind to childer an' foolish old folk like me!"

"That was a heavy score for age and innocence as against worldly prudence."

"And on the whole how do you like travelling?"

"Rightly, ma'am, rightly! I'm not for travellin' fast an' 'tis a big world seemin'ly with lashins of people in it an' all fond of a bit of talk. There's a deal of news goin'

up an' down the world, an' whin your travellin' you get the cream of it. In the winter 'tis not so very well but 'tis beautiful in the summer. Sure on the darlin' days like this 'tis a fine thing to be travellin' even for an' old snail like me." And "the ould snail" smiled courageously, "Good evenin' to you ma'am, I must be gettin' on to Dunshee."

"If you go on through the wood and keep to the right down over the foot bridge you will find a pad will lead on to the county road, it will save you a couple of miles."

"Thankin' you kindly ma'am, thankin' you kindly. The pad by the wood will be easier for the feet an' kindlier for the eyes. 'Tis like the sweet face of you to put an' ould fella on the pleasant path, an' you all in a bower of green an' gold like a saint in a shrine. Good evenin' ma'am; God look to ye!"—and so he went his way, fading slowly into the grey green shadows of the wood, murmuring goodness knows what child-like poet-fantasy of bees and flowers, dreaming along the road appointed by God's will for such as he.

J. A. R.

### Our Prize Competition.

(We have much pleasure in printing the second Prize Essay by Attendant Lynas, whose motto was "Multum in parvo." The Essay by Attendant Jenner, who shared the prize with Attendant Lynas, and whose motto was "Southerner," will appear in our next issue.—Ed. G.G.)

### A DAY AT SCARBRO' DURING THE CRICKET FESTIVAL.

HAPPENING to be staying in the north of England during the Scarbro' Cricket Festival, I took the opportunity of going to that prominent health resort with the idea of seeing some really first-class cricket, and at the same time of seeing the sights of what is very often called

"the Brighton of the North." The "Cricket Festival" is held about the end of August and the beginning of September, and lasts about a fortnight. Leaving the town of T—about half-past eight in the morning, I arrived at Scarbro' shortly before ten-thirty to find the town bathed in glorious sunshine. Everywhere seemed to be crowded with visitors who from all appearances were enjoying themselves immensely, and the broad Yorkshire dialect of the excursionists from Bradford, Leeds, etc., was very prominent.

It is about a mile and a quarter from the station to the cricket field, and though there are plenty of conveyances—trams indeed pass the ground—I preferred to walk, as I had plenty of time to reach the field before play started. Scarbro' is at its best at this time of the year, for it is nothing if not fashionable, and the day being such a splendid one everybody and everything seemed bright and gay. Arriving at the cricket field in good time after an enjoyable walk, I found that the ground was pretty well filled so far as seating accommodation was concerned. However, that did not trouble me as I wished to saunter round and see as much as I could during my one short day—short to me, and I daresay to lots of others too who could not afford the luxury of staying for an indefinite period. The ground presented a very animated appearance, especially on the pavilion side, where members of the fair sex were to be seen actually outnumbering the male portion of the spectators. This last statement may seem to the reader to be incredible, seeing that the game is played by men only; but it is quite true and is probably accounted for to a certain extent by the presence of so many "gentlemen," or should I say, "amateur?"

cricketers. I suppose the cricket-field may be put down to be quite as legitimate a sphere for designing matters as the drawing-room, therefore this may be one of the reasons why so many ladies frequent the "first-class" (and "other classes" too, for that matter), cricket fields during the season. Having satisfied my curiosity by walking round the field, I stood for awhile looking at some of the players practising before the game commenced, then the bell rang for clearing the field, and a few minutes after the umpires came out followed by the players, among whom I might say was the world-famous "Ranji," known as the Jam of Nawanagar. He was one of the attractions that had brought me and I suppose lots of others to the Scarbro' cricket field that day. I may add that he had a "century" to his credit that afternoon, so I should say his admirers saw a great deal of him, and possibly the fielding side would say they saw too much. He was not the only celebrity there, however, for the most prominent men in the cricket world find their way to the Scarbro' Festival. After an enjoyable day's cricket, which finished at six p.m., I left the ground, partook of some refreshment, and made my way via the Spa promenade down to the beach to get the benefit of the sea breezes, and at the same time to enjoy a lovely walk along the beautiful stretch of sands, which by the way, most health resorts on the north-east coast possess. The time came all too soon when I had to wend my way back to the station to be in time to catch my train, and though I had not seen all there is to see in one brilliant day, still I live in hope of having the pleasure once again, on some future date, of having a day at Scarbro' during the Cricket Festival.

W. B. LYNAS.



### The Kirk at Gartnavel.

MY chiefest joy during my stay at Gartnavel has been the privilege of attending Divine worship in the beautiful little Kirk. The Auld Kirk of Scotland was my Mother Church until I was left to fight my own way in the world at the age of seventeen. But I had long rebelled against the hardness of the faith as it had been expounded to me, postulating a God of Wrath rather than a God of Love in whose infinite mercy I believed profoundly; and I was attracted by the beautiful and sonorous ritual of the Anglican Church as I listened to it in the nave of the glorious Cathedral at Worcester and in St. Paul's Church, the sainted vicar of which was the Hon. and Rev. Henry Douglas. It was there on the evening of Good Friday, 1885, that I met my wife, whose views coincided with my own. At a later stage, ere I was twenty-one, much study of the rationalist writings of the day inclined me to the Agnostic's role of doubt in the absence of demonstrable proof; but this was not satisfying, and, while I was still wavering, I had the good fortune to meet Mrs. Creighton, the wife of Canon Creighton, afterwards Bishop of London. That good and brilliant woman said to me, when she knew my difficulties, "Young men like you, eager and speculative, are only believers in a state of transition. I will tell you a story. I was one of a house party in a country house some time ago and John Morley was also one of the guests. On Sunday evening after prayers, we sang Newman's hymn, 'Lead, kindly Light,' and no one sang it with more fervour than he did. Afterwards I said to him, 'My dear John, you are the most ardent believer of us all.'" I recoiled at once from the path I had trodden a little way, and

took refuge in a simple faith in God and His Son, and my only creed was a condensation of the Sermon on the Mount, "Play the game and keep smiling." In later years I have been drawn more than once even to the very portal of the Church of Rome, but when I came here and attended the first service in the Wee Kirk at Gartnavel, a new power seemed to lay hold upon me. The simple dignity of the service, beautiful and impressive in its almost ascetic freedom from ritual, awoke all my memories of childhood, when I lisped "Our Father" at my dead mother's knee; and during the Sundays succeeding that, to me, memorable, I say I have been inspired by the broad Catholicity, and stirring optimism of the addresses delivered by our chaplain, the Rev. T. L. Douglas, for I realise that the God of the Scottish Kirk is the God of Love, who, though He chasteneth us is wistfully eager for our weal. For this revelation, the Wee Kirk in the grounds here, will ever be the shrine, whether I be far or near, and so long as life lasts, of my grateful and heartfelt recollections.—S.

### Visit to Chapelton Reformatory.

WHEN Socialism is in the air, co-operation develops rapidly, as shown in the clubs, guilds, associations, retreats, and homes, that have sprung up lately in all directions. We can understand some of the advantages that are gained by this phase of modern life. It is, or should be, an effort to obtain the maximum of comfort with the minimum of outlay.

The home virtues require, for their cultivation, the limits of the home. In some instances, like that of the father of the late John Paton—

justly called "The White Saint"—it requires virtues, little short of heroic, to bring up a family, and to encourage their youthful ambitions on eleven, or even, on eighteen shillings a week.

"A but an' a ben" in the country, or one, perhaps two rooms, in the crowded stair of a dirty close in town, allows accommodation only for the bare necessities, and few of the conveniences of house keeping. Where families are large, there must be a constant amount of friction, and much loss of power, in the simple effort to make decent arrangements for daily living. Every human being needs a certain allowance of space; for every child who is brought up under average conditions of comfort has a better chance to develop tendencies that are normal and righteous.

Now, set up against the sanctities of family life, there are, in associated homes, the advantages of greater space, better living, with comforts, it may be, luxuries, that are impossible in the meagre accommodation and crowded spaces of a small dwelling. Parents, there, have no opportunity to bring up their children to habits of cleanliness and order; or with due regard to the moralities and duties of citizenship. Much has already been done, but until the houses of the very poor are fairly adequate to the numbers that inhabit them, there will continue to be—what Herbert Spencer calls—"moral patients."

The writer has seen several homes, founded and endowed by the State or private benevolence, for the purpose of remedying the evil results that follow adverse home living, especially for the young, but of all the "Homes" visited there is not one that has a better claim to the name of *Home* than the Chapelton Reformatory.

Situated in a retired and very beautiful neighbourhood, it stands, like a gentleman's house, in its own grounds, with two fine fields adjoining it. The gardener's house, which is close to the approach, is embowered in roses and is, with the garden of the Home, in fine order. The house itself is the acme of comfort and convenience: well-heated, well-lighted; with commodious class-rooms, large gymnasium, and dormitories showing perfect neatness and brightness, furnished with all requisite appointments, and provided with fire-escapes, leading by easy staircases, to the garden. The office, dining-room, and private apartments of the Superintendent-Matron are pretty, home-like, and in excellent taste. The laundry and kitchen would delight any up-to-date housekeeper who can appreciate the advantages of modern conveniences.

But what is, perhaps, the greatest attraction, is the all-pervading genial atmosphere of the Home, the personal charm and kindness of the Superintendent-Matron, Miss Stevenson; the pleasing manners of her goodly group of assistants; and the happy, well-nourished look of the children.

You are greeted with a smile by the neat door-maid and taken care of like an expected guest who is welcome; smiles and silent greetings flash out from the young faces you see later in school-rooms, kitchen, and laundry.

An evening visit, in early autumn, can be recalled when, in the kitchen, little willing hands were found preparing, under skilful direction, a hare, a couple of rabbits, and a brace of partridges. In the laundry—which was brilliant with electric lighting—there were busy little figures at the tables (fitted with gas-heated irons, pressing pretty muslin frocks and other garments to a



finish that seemed perfect; and the young artistes (for this is more than mechanical work) seemed happy in their successful efforts. In the sewing-room there were some of the girls at dressmaking. All their clothes, including stockings, are made by themselves, besides much work from the outside done in the laundry.

Miss Stevenson has given some of the elder girls seeds and bulbs, so that they water and watch the growth of their own planting—itself no small pleasure. These girls are getting a training that is simply invaluable. They are cultivating habits of order, of industry, of domestic instruction that will equip them for their after-life. And who can gauge the inestimable benefits of the moral influences that are at work? That the Home is justified by results is shown by the number of girls who, away in service or in homes of their own, keep in correspondence with East Chapelton, and return to it as welcome visitors when opportunity offers.

BERTHA WEST.

#### CRICKET.—

WE have been exceptionally fortunate so far as the season has gone in getting some really magnificent weather. Cricket, unlike many other games, depends a great deal on the weather conditions, the better weather we get the more enjoyable is the game, "especially to batsmen." We have, what appears to the average critic, a better team than last year's, but so far as results go I cannot say we are doing any better as yet; whatever we may do later when our "Derby" days come off. I think everyone will agree that Mr. Walmsley has strengthened our team a great deal, particularly in the bowling and fielding departments. Our team is quite elated over the victory we obtained at the expense of what is termed in newspapers "the strongest team the Glasgow University have had for a number of years." Truly it was a good performance, and atones to a great extent for some of our recent indifferent displays. Up to

date we have played 11 matches, won 7, and lost 4. We hope to be able to give a better account at the end of the season, but in the meantime I would like to suggest to the whole team to practise fielding whenever possible.

W. B. L.

#### BOWLS.—

WITH such fine, dry, bright weather as we have had this summer, the Bowling-Green has been in good condition and playing very well; latterly, owing to the long continued drought, it had become very keen and tricky, and with a side wind blowing, somewhat difficult to gauge the green correctly. However, welcome rain has come at last; vegetation, which had assumed a parched, burnt up appearance, is now greatly freshened and strengthened under the influence of the moisture, and, of course, our Bowling-Green has also benefited greatly thereby. You will seldom find a bowler complain of too dry weather, in so far as it concerns his favourite pastime at any rate, for artificial means of watering can be resorted to, which makes him to some extent independent of the climatic conditions. Bowlers having been fairly numerous, a good many practice games have been contested, and though sorry we have no matches to chronicle at this time, we have two in prospect, which we hope to be able to deal with in our next issue.

D. M.

#### CROQUET.—

SEVERAL good games of Croquet have already been played, and at an early date we hope to announce another Croquet Tournament. The East House courts are in a very much better condition than they were last year, but even now they are not to be compared with the West House court. At our last Tournament, which was confined to ladies, there were 34 entries. This year we hope to have a still greater number of competitors.

God takes men's hearty desires and will instead of the deed, when they have not power to fulfil it; but He never took the bare deed instead of the will.—*Richard Baxter.*

Poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, and language.

—*Coleridge.*