THE REV. R. S. ARMSTRONG, B.D.

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The Rev. R. S. Armstrong.

WE have pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, who has now been in ministerial charge of the Parish Church for over three years, first as assistant and successor to the Rev. Dr Gunn, on whose death, in July 1913, he became Established Church minister of Dollar. Son of the Rev. Robert Armstrong of St Matthew's Parish Church, Glasgow, Robert S. Armstrong was born in 1883, and is grandson of the late Dr James Hutchinson, Stirling, the first appointed Gifford Lecturer in Edinburgh University, and pioneer of the Hegelian Philosophy in Britain. He was educated at the High School, Glasgow, where he stood well in his classes, and was commended in several subjects; but his chief delight as a boy was to sit by his father's side in his study and watch him writing his sermons, when no doubt he imbibed telepathically much of the religious spirit which inclined him afterwards to the Church as a profession. On leaving school he took the Arts Course in Glasgow University, where he gained commendation in English Literature and Moral Philosophy, and merit in the special prize competition for a sonnet on The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. He graduated M.A. in 1905, afterwards spending two summer vacations in Student Mission work at Port Askaig, Islay, and Achnagarry, Inverness-shire, in the latter of which he had some rough but pleasant experiences of life in a Highland glen, as will be seen from an article on p. 135. He then entered the Divinity Hall with a bursary, where he gained prizes in the junior and the senior Hebrew classes. He graduated as Bachelor of Divinity in 1908, after which he was appointed assistant to the Rev. John Macpherson, B.D., South Parish Church, Greenock. After two years of valuable experience of pulpit and parish work in Greenock, he was appointed assistant to the Rev. Dr Smith, Partick Parish Church, where he remained till elected to the Parish Church of Dollar in 1911, the coronation year of King George. On 22nd January of this year he was married to Annie, eldest daughter of the late Dr William Spence, of Woodcot, Dollar, on which occasion his congregation presented him with a handsome piece of silver plate, and a cheque for a considerable amount.

Besides his regular ministerial work, Mr Armstrong takes a helpful interest in the educational, social, and other matters affecting the welfare and prosperity of the town. As a member of the governing body of the

Academy, he has an important influence in the management of the School, in which he is greatly interested, and on which so much of our prosperity depends. He is Vice-President of the Dollar Association, and a member of the *Dollar Magazine* Committee, and of the Dollar Field Naturalists' Club, and is always ready with his presence and his pen to take an active part in the work of these institutions. His ambition and patriotism, however, seek a wider field of usefulness than is afforded by the somewhat narrow bounds of our parish, so he has volunteered his services as chaplain in the army during the continuance of the war. He has been accepted, but, at the time of writing, has not yet received his marching orders.

When Peace Left the Ardennes.

How sad Peace must have felt when she folded her white wings and left the beautiful Ardennes! Behind her trailing garments an echo lingered for one still, breathless moment: breathless as the forest trees when the leaves are waiting for the wind to stir them, ever hastening on. Ah, ominous moment, how fateful for the hearts that wait!

Through all the summer landscape fair and sweet Peace left her lingering trace. In the great river flowing pure and free was the rhythm of her feet. The deep velvet shadows of the mountains,—her wings had brushed. In the smiling valleys she was sighing, all along the way her step had passed.

The fields where the harvesters were waiting to gather the grain. The stately chateaux with their gardens serene and fragrant, perfumed with the scent of many roses. Oh, beautiful roses! Did you weep to the tender night, knowing the tears that were to be?

And the trees in the orchard that blossomed pink and white in the Spring—Your fruit hangs heavy on the bough; but whose hand shall gather?

Then the far bells that tinkle softly as the herds pass by coming down from the mountain slopes: what strident notes shall drown their murmur? And silence too, the sobbing echo of those haunting feet!

Now remembrance comes, bringing a vision of happier days—Dinant, Namur, how charming! Lovely Dinant, where Peace reigned incarnate one blessed Sunday. Then the morning was filled with quiet worshippers and the sounds that came—the pealing of church bells and the low notes of an organ stealing through the air.

Memories, too, of verdant heights, where one roamed at will, up through blossoming paths to the frowning Fort:—gathering flowers by the way! Oh the lilacs, how one remembers! The winds blew their perfumed breath with the morning hours, and it came softly like a benediction when night stole over the Citadel.

There is a little French poem, full of pathos and tendresse, which says:—

"Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent."

I wonder, this April of the year, did the lilacs dream how they should die! Not their sweet blossom, for that comes again; but alas! some will never

put on their new garments to welcome the Spring, for their hearts will be dead. Or did the French poet and philosopher who chose "les lilas" as his symbol for all things that pass, ever look on their glory in the Ardennes,—and think of this?

"Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts;
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours. . . .

"Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours. . . .

"Ici-bas tous les hommes pleurent"—

* * * * * * *

Now the fateful moment has passed! The echoing soft feet are silent! While into the stillness, into the exquisite beauty of a perfect picture come other and different voices—chilling the hearts that wait.

The heavy tramp of armed men which swells as the invader sweeps on. The sound of many horses and the ring of steel. The thunder of artillery and the strange cry of alien tongues!

And riding with them, in their midst, Death,—the saddest, yet the gentlest figure: for Sleep lies in his arms, waiting to take the Sufferer.

"Ici-bas tous les hommes pleurent"—

"Here below, all men weep,"—to day. To-morrow,—who knows.

"Demain, dis-tu, qui sait où nous serons demain?
L'avenir est à Dieu, le temps est dans sa main."

May "the lilacs" come in the Spring again, when the tears are dried! But alas! many sweet things must die ere the blossoming time; and some will not see it,—"Ici-bas."

ELISABETH SUTHERLAND.

Nature Notes.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

BY DR STRACHAN.

LAST November a fine stag of the tribe of red deer paid a short visit to the Ochils, and for a few days was to be seen roaming over King's Seat, Dollar Hill, and even down as far as the golf course, where a fleeting view of it was had by a number of persons. It had probably lost its bearings through stress of weather, a severe snow storm having prevailed about that time; or it may have been worsted in a battle royal with some rival stag, and driven into retirement, which it sought among the peaceful slopes of our lowland hills, where, so far as I have

been able to learn, it was undisturbed in its trespass. I am not aware of a red deer being ever before seen in this neighbourhood. Roe deer are fairly plentiful in the woods about Aberdona and Forest Mill, and are occasionally to be seen on Sheardale Braes. Two years ago I had the great pleasure of several times seeing one start up and bound away in the young pine wood at Arndean; but, after a "big shoot" there, four carcasses of venison were seen hanging at Mr Beattie's shop, and no roe deer have been seen at Arndean since.

One day early in May a golden eagle was seen circling round and round over the top of Dollar Hill by Dr Syme (Kellybank), who is well acquainted with the appearance and flight of these birds, and had no doubt as to its identity. We have at various times heard reports of such an occurrence, but never on such good and trustworthy authority. We may now count the eagle as an occasional visitor to the district. Fortunately for the farmer and his flock, this visit was before the commencement of the hill lambing season.

We are glad to learn that the great spotted woodpecker and his wife were seen on the Sheardale Braes early in spring by Mr William Mackay, a close and accurate observer of Nature; and their work on some of the trees was also noticed. We have not heard of the nest having been found, as it was last year; but we may take it that this fine bird has formed a settlement in the Devon Valley, and may be counted among the birds of the district. We trust that the greatest care will be taken not to disturb it, as it is an exceedingly shy bird, and may be very readily driven from the neighbourhood.

Mr A. Strachan having frequently, when fishing on a neighbouring part of the Devon, seen a pair of kingfishers, had recently the good fortune to see and the great pleasure of watching for a considerable time these beautiful birds feeding their fully fledged young, which were perched on a branch on the opposite side of the river. They were fortunately past the stage of being taken in the nest, and we may hope have definitely escaped from the special dangers besetting the young bird; and that they will, for years to come, delight the eye of many another fisher and wanderer by Devon's banks. We are glad to have this certain proof of the kingfisher nesting in the Devon Valley.

Toward the latter end of July, Rev. John Taylor, while botanising on the Sheardale Braes, came upon a young heron sitting disconsolately on the ground, where, as was afterwards learned, it had been for two days and nights. On closer investigation the poor bird was found to be suffering from a broken leg, and was thus unable to raise itself off the ground for flight. Being unprepared to give first aid, Mr Taylor, with the help of a friend, had the patient brought to Dollar and put under medical care, great caution being required to avoid the stabs of

A. W. Strachan.

the strong and very sharp beak wielded like a lance by the long flexible neck. The fracture was found to be compound, and, considering all the circumstances, looked a very unpromising case for surgical treatment. Parts of the projecting bone had to be cut off before the ends could be brought properly together, the fracture being about midway between the toes and the first joint. The leg, being then carefully set in proper position, was put up in plaster of paris, with an outside splint and bandage. At first the bird was very shy, and had, like the suffragettes, to be forcibly fed. After the first two or three mouthfuls of fresh fish, however, it seemed to realise the good intention of the process, and, with more sense than some "militants," gave up all resistance. Next day it took food readily from the hand, and was quite free from militancy. After a couple of days, it being found that the splint was giving sufficient support, and the patient showing a quite amiable disposition, it was let loose in the garden where it became perfectly tame, and managed to hirple about with comparative ease and comfort. It was, for its age, in good feather, and a fine representative of the heron tribe; with a good healthy appetite and a most capacious gullet, swallowing with ease a good sized trout or a lump of fish trimmings with bones, fins, &c., about the size of a cricket ball, the morsel being quite in evidence externally on its way down. For two or three weeks it lived apparently quite happily in the garden, but shut up in a shed during the night, and was an object of curiosity and admiration to many who are interested in such matters. The broken leg steadily improved, till the bird could get about freely without limping, and used that foot equally with the other in scratching the corresponding side of the head. During that time it became very friendly with those who were in the habit of feeding it, following them about the garden, playfully snapping its beak with quite a loud sound, and at times pulling at the dress to attract attention. Latterly it began to realise the use of its wings, flapping them vigorously, and on one occasion flying on to the top of a trellis work, but coming readily down for food. A day or two after this it was seen on the top of the garden wall, and from thence it flew off, probably to the Devon or the Sheardale Braes, and has not since been seen. One would not grudge him his liberty, especially as, in these times, fish, his only food, could not always be had, but that the plaster of paris is likely, from frequent wetting, to become soft before the bone can be sufficiently strong to bear his weight, and the loosening bandage may be a danger by becoming entangled with tree branches, &c. It is hoped that any one finding the bird in difficulties and helpless in this way will be merciful, and kindly bring it back to where it can be properly attended to till fit to fend for itself. A towel or even a handkerchief over its head will obviate danger from the beak.

THE FINE SUMMER.

Evidence of the remarkably fine summer with which we have been favoured may be seen in the garden at the Clydesdale Bank. With the abundance of bright sunshine flowers of all kinds have grown well, and many of them are still in fine bloom. The abutilon and cannas, usually grown under glass, are at present flowering beautifully in the open garden. It is seldom that the latter comes into flower in the open so far north as this, and it will require to be carefully watched in case of the least touch of frost, to which it is very susceptible, and the middle of this month is the latest it can be thus exposed. In the same garden are to be seen tomatoes growing well and ripening in the open air. It is hoped that grumblers will take note of this, and give Dollar credit for at least some fine weather. As a matter of fact, as proved by meteorological statistics, it has more of this than almost any other part of Scotland.

Lament for the Roundel.

WITH A HUMBLE PETITION ANNEXED THERETO.

ALL gone but two, those stately forms
That braved so many a winter's storms,
The schoolboy's knife, the attack of worms,
—All gone but two.

Ye hills, assume your misty pall;
For greatness gone, ye rains, down fall;
—Broad sycamore and ash-tree tall,
All gone but two!

No more their buds to burst will vie,
No summer zephyr through them sigh,
Nor autumn sere their foliage dye
—Save only two.

Would that they could their past portray—
Those "forest flowers now wede away"—
Ere man's cruel axe and time's decay
Left only two!

They saw our School spring to renown,
They watched the growth of Dollar town,
Each tree an emerald in her crown—
Now left but two.

A. Drysdale.

THE LAST OF THE ROUNDEL.

How oft by moonlight have they seen
The fairies dance around their queen,
Where still their rings of darkest green
Are plain to view!

How oft watched lambkins gambolling,
And heard the lark, up-soaring, sing;
Welcomed there too each joyous spring,
The first cuckoo!

What vows their whispering leaves could tell
Of bachelor to damosel!
And, distance-toned, the football yell
Has thrilled them too!

Hard by there stood in sapling years
A peasant's cot; and low of steers,
And note of doves, and chanticleer's
Brave call they knew!

Fain would we trace each path and wall—
"Here did he live, his steed there stall;
Here tended he his garden small,
There water drew:

There sat his dame at evening grey;
His sturdy offspring here would play,
Till at his footsteps all away
To greet him flew!"

But vestige none remains of all
Save saplings now grown old and tall;
And golfers smite the flying ball
Where barley grew!

. . . . . .

Oh, laird, deep-versed in Georgic lore,
Skilled from the soil to coax its store,
Undo time's wrongs, and plant a score
Of roundels new!

And not alone where tussocks still
Rough-coat the course, use artist skill,
But by the dyke (the north wind's chill
Force to subdue).

And on the Haugh, near lone Linbank,
And wheresoe'er thy fields are blank,
Plant hedge-row tree, thy name to rank
In honour due
With those that men to come shall thank
When gone are you!

A. DRYSDALE

A Trip to the Holy Land.

I WAS paying a visit to my sister in Cairo, enjoying the wonders and beauties of that marvellous old city, which she knows so well, and which I found in her company so full of interest. We planned a little journey together before I had to return to England, and accomplished it with great satisfaction. The Holy Land was our destination, and the week we spent there will not soon be forgotten. The short sea passage from Port Said to Jaffa was very pleasant.

It is difficult to describe the sensations with which we viewed the first sign of that bit of country, "the centre of the world" in more senses than one. Just a long, low, sandy desert shore stretching north and south as far as the eye could reach—the land rising a little just where the town of Jaffa lies. There is no harbour here, but the sea was kind that day, and we had a quiet landing, and enjoyed a drive round the town before the train left for Jerusalem. Hot, sandy roads ran between orange gardens, the trees in which, laden at the same time with flowers and fruit, filled the air with fragrance.

We visited the so-called "Dorcas Tomb," a cave in beautiful gardens surrounding a Russian convent. From the top of the church tower is a fine view of the town and the sea on one side—on the other the flat plains of Sharon, green with fruit trees and crops, the Judean Hills rising beyond—to the south desert. We visited the English Mission Hospital, and were interested to see the wards and pleasant balconies, and to hear about the good work from the cheerful ladies in charge.

The train journey to Jerusalem takes about four hours, slow travelling, for the gradients are steep, and the curves tremendous during the greater part of the way. When the plain of Sharon with its orchards and olive trees is left behind, high bare hills rise on either side, scarcely a tree to be seen, very few villages, or signs of life of any kind, patches of green here and there, and a few wild flowers. Picturesque little girls with bunches of these stood by the side of the line at some of the little stations.

The terminus at Jerusalem is on the outskirts of the city. Many modern dwellings lie about it. The road leads over the crest of a hill, and there, before us, we saw, standing up from the valleys which encircle it, the "city set on a hill"—the ancient Jerusalem, "beautiful for situation." Beyond, in the distance, rose a long blue ridge, the mountains of Moab, away on the other side of the Jordan valley. This first view of the Holy City thrills one, and we gazed for one moment in silence, then were driven at a breakneck pace on down a long incline, crossed the valley at the bottom, and there wound up an equally steep hill to the Jaffa Gate, and so to our hotel, outside the city walls. From our window we had a fine view of mountainous country to the south. The weather was fine and very hot, hotter than usual at that time of year, April, and the air clear. The next day we went to see the Temple in company with the master of the hotel, an Englishman and a capital guide. The size of the whole area is greater than we expected. The city walls and remains of ancient gateways bound it on the east and south, the city buildings coming right up to it on the north and west. The large mosque, the "Dome of the Rock," is nearer the southern end of the huge open space, the ground of which is covered for the most part with flat paving stones. Inside, the mosque is dark and cool and quiet,

the floor covered with rich carpets, the walls with equally rich paintings and carvings, the whole giving an impression of reverent repose. This was not, alas! found in the Christian "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," where the tawdry adornments on the various altars, and the dirty conditions generally of the whole building, do not lend themselves to the idea of true worship. We saw this church another day, and were struck with the contrast to the quiet and cleanliness of the mosque. Beyond the "Dome of the Rock," and still in the Temple area, is the mosque of Omar, once a Christian church, as its columns forming nave and aisles bear testimony. Below ground are Herod's stables, several finely arched avenues formed by huge pillars; a gateway close by bears traces of very ancient stonework, and, it is surmised, *may* have been in use in the time of Christ, and through which He may have gone when entering the Temple.

In a quiet garden outside the walls of the city is what is called the Garden Tomb. There *is* in this enclosure of trees and plants and cool walks a very ancient tomb cut in the rock, which rises high on one side of the garden, and above and beyond the rocky side, a green hill, now a cemetery, which some think may have been Mount Calvary. A Swedish archæologist lives in a small house in this garden, pursuing investigations, and hoping to bring further proof of this theory to light.

We climbed to the summit of the Mount of Olives, and ascended a high tower close to the Russian church. We were greatly impressed with the fine views from the top. Jerusalem spread out before us to the west, the Temple area showing *finely* in its whole length and breadth. To the east a succession of bare hills stretched down to Jericho and the Jordan valley, with the blue Moab range on the horizon. North and south the country looked more green perhaps, but still bare and bleak. The Mount itself is bare for the most part, though olive trees grow in places on its sides. Over the south-east side we looked down towards Bethany, nestling on the hillside, and could trace distinctly the way our Saviour took when journeying to Jerusalem from this village, and in our mind picture almost exactly the spot whence He viewed the city and wept over it.

We drove to Bethlehem another day—it lies a few miles to the south of Jerusalem—through the same bare, hilly country. It stands well, and sloping away on all sides from it is the pasture land, where David probably tended his sheep, and the shepherds "kept watch over their flocks by night." The Church of the Nativity gives one much the same impression as that of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem—tawdry hangings and pictures, and lamps round the altars, and in the "cave" below, which represents the stable where Jesus Christ was born. This cave is lighted by many lamps, and a Turkish soldier is always on guard to prevent disputes between the various Christian sects who visit this holy spot.

We went to Jericho during our stay. The distance is not great from Jerusalem—twenty miles perhaps, but it took more than four hours to drive, with three horses. The road as far as Bethany, and a little beyond, is very fair, but the rest of the way it is terribly rough, the wheels of the carriage passing over quite large boulders, or running in deep ruts, badly shaking the passengers inside! The horses were good willing creatures, accommodating themselves perfectly to the situation, and, where possible to go beyond a walk, keeping up quite a fair pace. The way lies through bare valleys and by steep hillsides—very little cultivation or pasture land—some steep ravines. At the bottom of one of these flows the brook Jabbok, and

on a narrow ledge cut in the almost perpendicular rock is built a Greek monastery, approached by a narrow winding path. A more desolate spot for habitation can hardly be imagined.

Two hotels and a few houses compose modern Jericho, situated on a wide level plain 700 feet below the sea. As we descended the last of the many steep hills on the road from Jerusalem, the little town lay before us surrounded by trees—an oasis in a desert of sand and mud. We crossed the Jabbok, its course winding like a ribbon of green through the otherwise desolate plain.

We drove to the site of old Jericho, along a road bordered with trees, and gardens of fruit on either side. The old town is being excavated, and the remains of walls and houses can be seen. There is "Elisha's Fountain," a large pool of clear water, a spring, whence flows the stream which creates the verdure we had just passed through.

Back again along the shady road to the inn, where we lunched, driving on later to the Jordan; the heat was very great, and we were thankful for the cover on our carriage to keep off the fierce rays of the sun. The way to the Jordan and on to the Dead Sea reminds one of a muddy seashore when the tide is out, only a few stunted trees and bushes here and there to break the monotony. The sight of the Jordan with fresh foliage of willows and aspens on either bank was refreshing indeed, and we had a short row on the river, dipping our hands in the cool brown water. Then on in the carriage to the Dead Sea, not "dead" at all in appearance, except that no life is to be seen on, or in, or near it, bare hills on either side as far as the eye can reach, and the mud plain we had traversed, but the water itself is clear and ripples pleasantly on the pebbly shore. We stayed a while to rest the horses, and then returned to Jericho, where we remained that night, starting at sunrise the next day for Jerusalem. We were thankful to get away, the heat and sense of suffocation in the atmosphere being most trying. A long slow journey it was. The horses were obliged to walk nearly the whole way, owing to the steepness of the road.

Another day or two in the city, visiting the Jews' "wailing" place, the many curious narrow covered streets and bazaars, and walking about the massive walls and gateways brought our visit to a close; our pleasant week in the Holy Land was over, but the memory of it will abide with us always.

H. LASSELL (F.P.).

Scottish Independence.

AT a Burns Club Celebration held in Troy, U.S., on the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn, Mr George Sinclair (F.P.) read the following verses on "Scottish Independence."

Come, Muse! inspire a simple bard to sing
His country's triumph o'er a foreign foe;
Give him full measure of the words that ring
With liberty, and let his phrases glow
With love of country, kith and kin, and home.
Teach him to tell in language meet and true,

How that fair land that dared the might of Rome,
And Dane or Viking grim could not subdue,
How Caledonia broke Oppression's chains,
Scorned the usurper's claim, his stern decree,
That he was lord of Scotia's fair domains,
And stood before the world a nation, free!

I open wide the annals of the past,
The records of six centuries ago;
I see my native land oppressed, downcast,
I hear from vale and glen the wail of woe,
I see the invader, with relentless hand,
Bespoil the home, lay waste the fertile field;
Yet though in blood his minions steep the land,
Crushed, but unconquered, Scotia will not yield.
Oppression for a time may scourge the land,
And Might triumphant over Right may reign;
But still for liberty will Scotia stand,
While yet a hundred of her sons remain.
The headsman's block, the tyrant's vengeful sword,
Can ne'er extinguish Freedom's sacred fires;
The ravished homes, by heaven and earth abhorred,
The patriot heart to nobler deeds inspires.

I see the Knight of Ellerslie arise,
And bid defiance to an alien king;
And from the hills where fair Loch Lubnaig lies,
I hear the reveille of freedom ring.
They spring to arms, as did their sires of yore
When Dane or Roman would their birthright steal;
With trusty pike, with target and claymore,
That band will win or die for Scotia's weal.
They gain that rock, the ancient Briton's pride,
Where oft of yore their sires have bravely striven
Fierce is the fight, but o'er Dumbarton's side
The foes of liberty are sternly driven.

Again, o'er Ochil's verdant slopes I hear
The freeman's battle call, the martial tread;
And gathering hosts of heroes now appear
In war array, by valiant chieftains led.
The Wallace wight, heroic, noble, true
To every trust committed to his care,
Unsheathes his sword; and Scotia's sons renew
Their pledge to conquer or to perish there.
From Stirling's towers, defiantly unfurled,
The flag of England floats, as o'er the Forth
A mighty host of horse and foot is hurled
To crush the freeborn warriors of the North.
But England's mail-clad chivalry will feel,
Ere yet Ben Lomond hides the autumn sun,
The avenging shock of trusty Northern steel,
And Scotland see a glorious victory won.
O gladsome day! O soul-inspiring sight!
When down from Cambuskenneth's rocky ridge,
Sweeps like an avalanche in sudden flight
That band that gives to Fame its "Stirling Bridge"!

Not all the vaunted power the Southron boasts
Can stay the onset of the brave and free;
His legions melt before the doughty hosts
That battle but for Right and Liberty.

But change the scene! Once more the despot sways
His vengeful sceptre o'er a bleeding land,
For subtle treachery again betrays
A noble patriot to the murderer's hand.
But Freedom's cause was never doomed to die
On miscreant's block, or tyrant's gibbet arm;
The blood of martyred Wallace still will cry
From London Bridge, and Freedom's foes alarm.
While Scotia mourns her noblest patriot slain,
And Tyranny, exulting, mocks her grief;
Behold the Bruce with valorous arm maintain
His country's cause! O brave, heroic Chief!
The scattered remnants of that faithful band
That bled on many a field with Wallace wight,
With gladness hear their lawful king's command,
And, rallying nobly, battle for the right.
They bleed, they suffer, but a brighter day,
A day of glory dawns on Scotia's realm,
When Good King Robert's sceptre holds the sway,
And men of valour Edward's power o'erwhelm.

Behold the beacons flash from ben to ben,
From Galloway to Ross's furthest shore!
Hear the wild warlike slogans ring again;
See a devoted race arise once more!
Auspicious day, when Caledonia sees
Her sons uphold her honour and her laws;
When faithful islesmen from the Hebrides
Unite with North and South in Freedom's cause.
Come, men from Moray and the banks of Spey,
With valiant Randolph let your pennons fly!
Come, Border warriors and join the fray,
With Douglas and The Stewart, win or die!
Come, Lanark, Carrick, Kyle, the Isles, Argyll!
King Robert will your sturdy sons command.
Come, Highland clan, come, Lowland rank and file,
With Edward Bruce, charge for your native land!

The serried ranks of England now appear—
The mightiest force a monarch ever led
On Scottish soil. The mail-clad hosts draw near,
And over Bannock's plains their legions spread.
Should that dread host its Sovereign's wish reward,
Then Liberty will wail a long farewell
To Scotia's race. But Bannock's field regard!
Hear, o'er the tumult, Freedom's slogans swell,
See fifty thousand archers bend the bow;
See fifty thousand deadly arrows rain;
See Edward all the might of England throw,
Mailed knight and foot, on Bruce's lines in vain.
See Scotia's manhood meet the Southron's charge,
Firm as the rocks that gird their native land;

With Lowland pike, with Highland sword and targe,
Unflinching and immovable they stand.
What scenes of dreadful carnage greet the eye;
What sounds of fearful suffering rend the air;
Dying and dead in thousands prostrate lie
On Bannock's plains in ghastly bloody lair.

Advance, brave Randolph! Forward, Edward Bruce!
Charge, noble Douglas, with the Border men!
Save Scotland's honour, cut her fetters loose,
And give her peace and liberty again!
"The Bruce," "The Bruce," resounds above the din;
Forward, brave Scots, Oppression's minions tame;
For liberty a glorious victory win,
And give to Bannockburn immortal fame!
Resistless as the flow of Solway's tide,
Bravely they charge o'er Bannock's gory plain;
Humbled is England's haughty monarch's pride,
Her servile yoke for ever rent in twain.

Sing, minstrels, sound glad pæans round the world
For victory won six centuries ago;
The "Lion Flag" of Bruce is still unfurled,
And Scotia's mountains still with freedom glow.
Ho! every race that suffers serfdom's thrall,
Arise! and to the land of freemen turn;
Her noblest names and worthiest deeds recall—
Bruce, Wallace, Stirling Bridge, and Bannockburn!

Love's Labour's Lost.

PART II.

NEARLY a hundred years before the foundation by Richelieu of the great literary association called "The French Academy," which gives the standard to literature in France, a book of the same name, "L'Académie Française," first saw the light. It was published in Paris in 1577 and dedicated to the young King Henry III., son of the notorious Catherine de Medici. Although Queen Catherine and her three sons who succeeded each other on the French throne were the reverse of admirable in other respects, it must be admitted that they were all generous patrons of learning, and in the dedication of the volume mentioned above this is gratefully acknowledged by the author, Philip de Primandaye.

Superficially "L'Académie Française" may be described as a volume of essays, but in the first chapter we find a most interesting account of the origin of these essays, which throws some light upon the life of the period and, incidentally also, as it seems to me, upon this Shakespearean play, the scene of which is laid in France.

A certain gentleman or nobleman of Anjou, we are told, who had for many years taken part in the wars of his country, and latterly in the unhappy civil strife known as "religious wars," retired in his later years to his estate in Anjou to enjoy well-earned rest. Anxious, however, still to be of service

to his country, and realising the many temptations and evil influences to which young men were exposed in that disturbed time, he bethought him that he might use his experience and his culture in reforming these evils, as far as was in his own power.

He invited four noble youths, with the grateful consent of their parents, to share with him his retirement, and to study under his care those branches of knowledge which were most likely to lead to virtue. He engaged a man of great learning and of good life and conversation to help him in carrying out his project, and this tutor, we are told, "after he had indifferently taught his scholars the Latin tongue and some smackering of the Greek, propounded for the chief part and portion of their studies the moral philosophy of ancient sages and wise men, together with the understanding and searching out of histories, which are the light of life." The old knight himself trained them, by way of recreation, in such exercises as horse-riding, running at the ring, fighting at barriers, the uses of all kinds of weapons, and the chase of wild animals.

We are expressly told that the fathers of the boys did not desire "to see their children great orators, subtle logicians, learned lawyers, or curious mathematicians, but only sufficiently taught in the doctrine of good living, following the traces and steps of virtue. . . ."

This interesting and evidently most successful course of study had been continued for six or seven years, when the civil war broke out once more, and the youths, now young men, were compelled to lay down their books and buckle on their armour.

No sooner was the war over, however, than the four scholars with one consent sought each other out and asked and received permission to return to their beloved academy and their studies. Ere long they were able to carry out a project which had been entertained before the interruption. The fathers of the young students were invited to and warmly welcomed at "the little academe" by their sons, the worthy old host, and the tutor.

After much delightful conversation and consultation, a scheme was arranged by which the parents should be able to judge of the progress the youths had made in their studies.

Four hours of each day were set apart, two before noon and two after dinner. One hour was allotted to each scholar and a special subject to each hour; then, as all walked together in a covered *allée* in the garden, the first youth in a short speech introduced the appointed subject, the second and third uttered some sentence or memorable saying in praise of the virtue, or dispraise of the vice, which was to be discussed, while the fourth occupied the remaining three-quarters of the hour in enlarging on the question, with numerous quotations from the sages of Greece and Rome, and many illustrations and examples from history. In the second hour the last speaker introduced the new subject, and the same routine was followed, thus giving each scholar each day the best part of an hour in which to express his own opinions and to uphold them by excellent authority.

This sixteenth-century "examination" was continued for three weeks, exclusive of Sundays, resulting in seventy-two discourses, which are all published in the volume described above, "L'Académie Française." Each discourse or essay consists of the three preliminary sentences and the long discussion. The subject of the first is "Man," of the two last "A Happy Life" and "Death," while between we find such topics as the "Duty of a Prince to his People" and of the "People to the Prince," of "Wife to

Husband" and of "Husband to Wife," "Riches," "Poverty," and many other subjects. The morality of all is excellent, and the views almost broad enough even for the present day.

"L'Académie Française" was evidently well known and popular in London. No English edition was published till 1614, but, in the famous "Gesta Grayorum" of Gray's Inn, one of the rules enacts that the members shall diligently read "L'Académie Française" and attend theatres, in order to give them facility in conversation.

There were learned societies in England, too, such as the "Areopagitica," of which Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spencer, was the leader, and the "League of Philosophers" planned, and possibly carried out privately, by Francis Bacon; but the nearest approximation to the idea of "Love's Labour's Lost" is this little sylvan retreat of the four French students in Anjou. The words of the King of Navarre seem to point to this conclusion:

"*Our court* shall be a little *Academe.*"

The desire of the King of Navarre, as Shakespeare seems to show us, was to *imitate* this little Academy which had produced such admirable results, but his *motive* was very different, as the first words of the play proclaim:

"Let *Fame*, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our brazen tombs."

We may believe that there were many such imitations both in England and in France, in which the ambition was to be thought rather than to be learned, and it is this spirit that is so genially and humorously satirised in "Love's Labour's Lost."

To Navarre it was not enough that he and his three friends should live quietly together and study; it was something much more sensational that he aimed at:

"Our late edict shall strongly stand in force—
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world."

The "late edict," as we know, was in defiance of all the laws of Nature and of common sense, but that was all the better for his purpose. They would not only be known as scholars, but as ascetics and recluses, contemning the trivial society of women, and drawing the eyes of all the world upon themselves.

Longaville and Dumain are in full sympathy with the king: to win such fame they are willing to pledge themselves to sacrifices which to their present enthusiasm seem slight, but Biron, the real scholar and the genius of the party, exposes the absurdity of the whole proposal; the false attitude to study which "will not be deep-searched with saucy looks," the vain defiance of Nature, who knows well how to defend herself, and the neglect of the ordinary duties of their position which involves them at once in a problem which can be solved only by the breaking of their unnatural laws almost as soon as they are made.

The Princess of France and her beautiful maidens arrive upon the scene, and the oath not to speak to a woman has to be set aside. One by one the four would-be recluses fall victims to the attractions of the fair ladies, and instead of reading philosophy, they study how to make love sonnets. Although the witty Biron is the first to fall a victim, he manages to conceal the fact, and in a tone of immense superiority rebukes the

hapless lovers for their fall from grace; till, being himself found out and confessing his crime, he is universally called upon to be the special pleader for all, to prove "their loving lawful and their faith not torn," to find, in fact, "some tricks, some quillets how to cheat the devil."

Biron performs this task with admirable skill, winding up with the sophistical statement:

> "It is religion to be thus forsworn;
> For charity itself fulfils the law,
> And who can sever love from charity?"

They resolve, therefore, openly to woo "the girls of France," to entertain them honourably in the palace instead of in tents, and to prepare revels, dances, and masks for their amusement. But they have reckoned without their guests. It is now the turn of the ladies to decline to lend their countenance to perjury, or to believe in the sincerity of men who have been forsworn, and in all the amusing situations and brilliant wit-battles which follow they come out victorious.

The four lovers, after having sent gifts and love poems to their fair ones, transform themselves into Russians (a device likely to amuse the court of Elizabeth, who had herself recently received a deputation from Russia with matrimonial proposals). They present themselves at the princess's tent, hoping to woo without themselves being known, and to reveal themselves at the dramatic moment. But, warned by Boyet of their intended visit, the ladies have put on masks so that the disguise is mutual. The wooers, however, believing that they recognise their chosen ones by the favours which they themselves had sent them, boldly pour their vows into their ears; but, alas! the ladies had exchanged their favours, with the result that Biron woos the princess, the king vows fidelity to Rosaline, and all, much to the delight of the merry maidens, are equally at cross purposes.

But even this does not satisfy their lust for merry revenge. When the princess asks:

> "What shall we do
> If they return in their own shapes to woo?"

the Lady Rosaline answers:

> "Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
> Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised.
> Let us complain to them what fools were here,
> Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
> And wonder what they were, and to what end
> Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penned,
> And their rough carriage so ridiculous
> Should be presented at our tents to us."

And when presently, like moths returning to the candle, the king, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain arrive "in their proper habits," the programme is carried out to the letter, they are confronted by the vows and promises and gifts they had given in error to the wrong ladies, their discomfiture is complete, and even Biron is out of countenance.

At the critical moment, however, enters Costard the swain to announce the pageant of the Nine Worthies, and Biron gladly hails the interruption:

> "Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray."

Henceforward the combatants unite their forces to flout the unfortunate worthies out of their parts: one after another they are obliged to retire in disgrace and confusion, and the thoughtless laughter and somewhat cruel merriment has reached a climax in the imminent duel between Don Armado and Costard the Clown, when a messenger arrives from France with the information that the father of the princess is dead.

Surely only Shakespeare could introduce such an anti-climax without any shock to the feelings or dislocation of the play,—without even changing the character of the comedy. The princess, as one whose laughter was only a thin covering to an anxious heart, anticipates the news:

"*Messenger:* The king, your father—
Princess: Dead, for my life!
Messenger: Even so, my tale is told."

With quiet dignity she gives the order for immediate departure, and makes to her entertainers the graceful apology:

"I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or bide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!"

In earnest and unaffected language the king now urges his suit, but it is accepted only conditionally, and coupled with a severe test of sincerity:

"If for my love—as there is no such cause—
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood . . .
Then at the expiration of the year . . .
I will be thine."

Longaville and Dumain must undergo the same ordeal, but for the brilliant Biron there is another fate assigned at the behest of the Lady Rosaline:

"*Rosaline:* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit;
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile."

Biron was horrified, and so, indeed, are a few of Shakespeare's critics:

> "To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
> It cannot be; it is impossible:
> Mirth cannot move a soul in agony."

But if Biron honestly and earnestly obeyed Rosaline's behest, he would learn by slow degrees the difference between the mirth that wounds and the mirth that heals; he would come to understand that he who, with time and eternity before his view, can appraise the true proportion and values of things, may often, by the saving grace of humour, lift the spirit above the cares and tragedies of earth more effectively than the best-meant attempts at religious consolation.

Have we not seen one side of this truth illustrated, and Shakespeare vindicated, by our brave young troops at the front, when they employ the terms of their sport to express the awful scenes of war, and unconsciously emphasise their contempt for danger and suffering by sallies that bring simultaneously the smile to our lips and the tear to our eye?

When Lord Biron, the genius and the wit, had learned this lesson, he might boldly return to claim his love, and find her

> "Right joyful of his reformation."

"The Back Road."

COME roond aboot the auld back road,
And hae a crack wi' me,
I'll shew ye mony a weel kent spot,
And mony a weel kent tree.

And hoo we got oor names sae high
On ilka auld beech tree;
I'm share it's puzzled mony folks,
And noo it puzzles me.

And deeply cut some names are there
I kent in days gien bye;
The haund that cut them noo is cauld,
And far awa maun lie.

Ay! far awa beyont the seas,
Whaur mony a yin has gane,
Nae mair tae see the auld beech tree,
Nae mair tae see their hame.

But still the mark they left ahint
May tell some future scholar,
They left their mark at hame tae show
Their love for dear auld Dollar.

There's "Andrew Wallace" deeply cut,
Whaur few but he could reach,
And "Douglas" tae, and mony mair,
On that big bonnie beech.

I think o' some I kent fu' weel,
That still are tae the fore,
Wha aye come back tae see the mark
They made in days o' yore.

O weel I like tae wander here,
And think on days gane by,
Then daunder thro' the auld kirkyaird,
Whaur mony a freend does lie.

Fareweel, auld Dollar, aince again,
The auld beech trees fareweel,
High up I'd cut my name again,
If I wis fit tae speil.

J. S. W.

An Episode in the Life of a Student Missionary.

IT is almost seven years ago since I went to Achnacarry, as student missionary, during a summer and autumn vacation at the University. It is an experience never to be forgotten. Those who have journeyed on the West Highland Railway, which makes Mallaig its terminus, must have been enraptured by the wealth and beauty of natural scenery which stretches out panorama-like before the eyes of the traveller. Mountain, moor, and lake display themselves in pleasant rivalry. Everywhere the sights and sounds of a glorious day in midsummer inspire one with the mysterious enchantment and fascination of fairyland. It was at Spean Bridge I alighted to find the post gig awaiting the daily mails as well as myself, and which was to carry me to my destination, a distance of some seven miles. I have no vivid recollection of the driver of the said post gig, except that he was of a somewhat taciturn nature, and that his driving was like the driving of Jehu, for he drove furiously! The little cottage which gave me board and shelter during my six months' sojourn was beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Lochy, one of the prettiest stretches of water in Scotland. My landlady, who always made me welcome, was a splendid specimen of Scottish independence and self-reliance. Truth and nothing but the truth was writ large on her forehead, while the laughing eye and smiling lip betrayed at a glance the warm and loyal heart. Those who knew her well spoke of her as "one in a thousand."

It is not my intention to weary my readers by detailing the daily duties and privileges which fall to the lot of one in such a position. The long walk up the lonely glen to some distant sheiling, the heavy tramp over the purple moor made fragrant with bog myrtle, to visit some sturdy stalker, forms not the least attractive outlet for the energy and buoyancy of a

"budding" parson! But it was one of my chief duties to conduct a fortnightly service on Sunday in a small wooden erection known as the "schoolroom." Here the educational needs of a sparsely-scattered population were supplied by a male or female teacher. To get to this spot meant almost a day's journey. It was situated in the heart of Glendessary —one of the loneliest and most awe-inspiring glens in the Highlands. My predecessors in office were not as fortunate as myself in their means of reaching this secluded part. They were accustomed to "walk it." The "powers that be" blessed me with a horse! A distance of seventeen miles had to be covered before one could rest and be thankful. The road—if one could designate it such, for it was merely a sheep track—lay along the shores of Loch Arkaig, which is also a beautiful sheet of water, dotted here and there with islets. On one of the largest of these, I remember, a pair of ospreys were nesting that summer. They are beautiful birds, with lovely plumage and of rather graceful flight. Their diving habits are also very interesting. To some they may be better known as the fish-hawk, a species of eagle very common, I believe, on the coast of North America.

But this is a digression. What I wish to record, if my pen will permit me, is one of these journeys to the said Glendessary at the head of Loch Arkaig. My youngest brother, who was engaged in medical studies at the time, was helping to cheer my solitude with his genial company. He had often heard me speak about my equestrian itinerary, and so perhaps more out of curiosity than charitableness offered to join me on my next expedition. It was a day of torrential rain when we started, and as most of my readers will know, Jupiter Pluvius can be very active in the Highlands! For myself there was no alternative. Duty called me forth. But my companion—nothing daunted—insisted on braving the elements likewise. It was somewhere between eleven and twelve o'clock when we started. When we reached our haven of rest it must have been seven o'clock. I shall never forget our appearance! Exposure to heavy rain for seven hours had wrought a wonderful change upon us! Our waterproofs wore the appearance of brown paper well saturated in water. We were both soaking through and through. Our boots were running over! Our hostess, the shepherd's wife, gave us a Highland welcome and did her best—good soul —to deck us out in dry if homely raiment. Our gallant steed—we had only one between us!—looked as crestfallen as ourselves. Our next excitement was the prospective tea which served as our evening meal. We had entertained high hopes of its being substantial—though plain. But here again, like the weather, the fates were against us! Our hostess came in to apologise for the hens for their remissness in not laying! Not a single egg to be had on the premises! In those far-off solitudes, where a single shop would have been a luxury, if not an innovation, there was nothing for it but to slake our thirst and appease our hunger with the universal beverage and home-made bannocks and cheese. But to the wearied spirit these tasted like nectar and ambrosia, bestowing immortal youth and beauty on two bedraggled travellers! By the time we had finished feasting the shades of night were falling. We stared around us in the gloaming to catch the vestiges of a lamp to lighten our darkness. But just at this moment our worthy landlady—*pro tem.*—who entered the room and evidently detected the woebegone expression on our faces, again apologised for the absence of the wonted lamp, as it had that morning received a fall which rendered it for all practical purposes *hors de combat*! "Oh, ye gods," my

brother facetiously exclaimed, "bring us a farthing candle!" The candle was accordingly forthcoming, and for the next hour we two sat like "crows in a mist" in the dim and uncertain flicker, peering into the dilapidated fireplace on which a few black peats were unwillingly smouldering, while sending forth a sweet odour as if by way of offering incense to the gods! But our somewhat delicate palates could stand it no longer. We resolved to go to bed. It was easier said than done. The unusual exertions and exercise of riding, especially on a rough and unbeaten track, had strained the muscles of my brother's back. It took all his native force of will and my ungrudging though feeble hands to help him to his room upstairs. Not without some qualms of conscience for having consented to his company and apprehension for his condition did I lie in wait for the morning light. But Dame Fortune, who had been so adverse to us on the previous day, deigned to smile upon us on the morrow. My brother was able to rise and escort me to the schoolroom where our simple service was held. A few shepherds and their dogs formed the congregation. The singing was a trifle slow, perhaps, but there was a sweet melody in it none the less, which spoke of the heart's devotion and consecration to God. Even to this day my brother and I recite the story when he took upon himself the honoured office of precentor! No untoward event happened on our homeward journey. The sun smiled upon us and upon our faithful mare. And when we had retraced the seventeen odd miles and reached our humble abode, we congratulated each other that not a murmur had escaped our lips notwithstanding the aberrations of the weather, the hens, and the peat!

R. S. ARMSTRONG.

Ochils and Devon Valley.

BUT Scots abroad can ne'er let dee
The language learnt at a mither's knee;
When far awa frae the auld countrie
They read wi' rapture
The pages o' their classics three—
Burns, Scott, an' Scripture.

Near fifty year ha'e come an' gane
Syn first I crossed the Atlantic main;
But round my heart is wound a chain,
A strong love band,
That draws me owre an' owre again
To Scotland's strand.

Ay! orange groves are fair to see,
An' cotton fields bloom bonnilie;
But, O the heathery hills for me,
The muirs an' mosses,
An' the kindly speech o' my ain countrie,
That a' surpasses.

A Scotsman hungers for a breath
O' native air on native heath;
An' till his een are closed in death
He yearns to see
His native hills, the loch, the strath,
In the auld countrie.

Ev'n when he's past threescore an' ten,
Perfervid still, he's fidgin' fain
To view frae tap o' a Grampian ben
The landscape dear,
An' hear the pibroch doun the glen
Sound sweet an' clear.

A fairer landscape ne'er was seen
Than that whilk pleased the poet's een,
Whaur Devon, bricht wi' silvery sheen,
Gently meandered,
While on the bonnie banks sae green
Pensive he wandered.

Foul fa' the ruthless Vandal race,
To their Maker's image a disgrace,
Wha Nature's beauties will deface
For sake o' gain!
Deil tak them to the ugliest place
In's het domain.

The sang Burns sung near death's dark gate,
The tomb o' 's friend, laird Crauford Tait,
Sure were eneuch to consecrate
The ripplin' links,
An' save them frae a shamefu' fate—
Dead stagnant sinks.

Thank heaven, not wholly lost are they;
In Burns's songs they'll wind for aye;
Wimplin' alang their shinin' way
They'll glint an' gleam
As when the minstrel, musin', lay
By Devon's stream.

Wastward the grand, green Ochils rise,
Whaur big Ben Cleuch heaves to the skies,
An' nestlin' at the Hillfits lies
Auld Tillicoultrie,
My ain dear toun (rhyme it defies
For sound sae outré).

W. C. BENET.

E. K. Holmes.

ON THE HIGH BACK ROAD.

A Few Experiences of a Dominion Land Surveyor in Eastern Manitoba.

A FEW years ago the editors of the *Magazine* were kind enough to give space to an article of mine on surveying in the foot hills of the Rockies in Western Alberta. On this occasion, with their permission, I intend to relate a few of our experiences while surveying in Eastern Manitoba during the winter of 1913-14.

A contract of about 250 miles was allotted to us in the spring of 1913, but on account of the swampy nature of the portion of country in which the work lay, we decided to postpone it until the winter months, when it could be done more cheaply and more expeditiously.

On the 10th of October, my partner, Mr F., a cook, a chainman, and myself proceeded to Lac du Bonnet, which was the nearest railroad point to our work. Here a gasoline launch was chartered to take us and our supplies to our first camp, some twenty miles south, across a lake of the same name as the town.

After a very rough trip, we arrived at our destination, and proceeded to fix up camp preparatory to starting work. About two miles east of this place a number of Russians had settled around the mouth of the Oiseau River. Five of these men were engaged as axemen, and we started work the day after our arrival.

A week later the first snow fell, and from then until the 20th of April in the following year the ground was covered with snow, this, of course, not being the case in an open or prairie country. The country we were working in was heavily timbered with spruce, pine, poplar, larch, and birch, and was for the most part either rocky or swampy.

On account of the number of rock ridges that were found all over the country it was almost impossible to cut sleigh trails, and for transportation purposes we were forced to revert to what is known as "man-packing." The first move was a distance of five miles, and the following our method of procedure. A long leather strap called a "tump line"—broad in the centre and tapering to a point at each end—was supplied to each man. This strap was tightly bound round a bag or bundle in such a manner that the broad part of the strap was left to rest on the chest, shoulder, or forehead of the carrier.

Each bundle or "pack" was composed of perhaps two pairs of blankets wrapped around some article of food or some dishes.

When all was ready each man shouldered his pack and started out, following one of the survey lines that we had lately cut. A forty or fifty pound pack feels fairly light when one starts out, but after walking a few miles through soft swamps, over fallen logs, up steep ridges, &c., it begins to feel heavy, and with a heavy pack frequent stops are necessary. In straggling order we reached the spot and proceeded to fix up what we termed a "fly-camp." We had brought with us a canvas sheet, 12 by 18 feet, which we used as a sort of wind-break or shelter. One end of this sheet was pegged to the ground, while the other was fixed about six feet from the ground. Beneath this we laid an abundance of spruce boughs, and on these spread our blankets.

A big log fire was built in front of this, and served as our heat and light supply and was also used to cook by. The cook was left at the main camp baking bread and cooking meat, which, with other supplies, were packed out to us daily by a man detailed for this work. The shelter was fairly comfortable, although at times it was annoying, especially if the wind turned and blew the smoke into it; or perhaps, if it snowed, in the morning the bottom of our blankets would be covered with snow.

While in this fly-camp one of the men shot a young jumping deer, and for a few evenings a number of ribs of venison could be seen on forked sticks roasting in front of the fire. Meat roasted in this fashion certainly tastes fine, and we did enjoy it while it lasted. Mr F. tells me that when a bunch of Indians kill a deer, they just sit roasting and eating it until it is all finished. Rabbits and partridges were plentiful, and a small rifle kept us well supplied, so that in this manner our daily menu of salt pork and beans was changed for the better. After three weeks of this fly-camp life we finished the work in this part, and with considerably lighter packs we all "hyked" back to the main camp, where we were once more able to partake of good square meals and sleep in a tent.

Our next work lay about eight miles up the Oiseau River previously mentioned. We had anticipated moving across the lake to the river mouth on sleighs, but as the ice wasn't strong enough, we were forced to cut a trail through the bush round the lake. An ox and sleigh were hired, and all our supplies and camp equipage were sleighed round to the mouth of the river. Here again we were forced to fall back on our old method of using men for transportation purposes. Four small hand sleighs were obtained, and supplies &c., were loaded on these. Our "tump lines" were fixed to these sleighs and two men were "hitched up" to each. In places where the river was open, and where waterfalls occurred, we were forced to go round them by land. In one such place, where the ice appeared to be too weak, we had to haul our sleighs over rocks, which make very hard pulling with sleighs. After doing this several times we thought we'd risk the ice with the last load. I happened to be pushing behind, and suddenly the sleigh and I went through the ice into four feet of icy water. We fished out our load, which, except for some oatmeal, was not much the worse.

It took us three days to get everything sleighed up to our new camp, and then, for a time, the work was pushed ahead vigorously.

On Christmas day Mr F. left for Lac du Bonnet to purchase more supplies, and expected to return in a week. Two weeks passed and I had no word from him, and every day saw us running short of some article of food. On the eighteenth day after Mr F. left us, our staple food, namely flour, ran out, and I sent one man down to the settlement to try to obtain some. On his arrival at the settlement he met Mr F., who had just returned, and who had had a rather unfortunate and trying experience. He had been delayed in Lac du Bonnet a few days, but finally started out with two sleigh loads of supplies. About half-way across the lake one of the sleighs went through the ice where the water was twelve feet deep. Mr F. happened to be riding on this sleigh, and as it went down he jumped clear. The horses, springing forward, had in some manner released them-

selves and run off. Mr F. started after them but was stopped by a shout from the teamster, who was struggling in the water. After pulling him out Mr F. again started after the horses, but was alarmed to find that they had struck another weak spot and gone through the ice.

The other team was brought forward, and after a long, laborious, and dangerous struggle the two horses were pulled on to firm ice. I may here mention that one of the horses died a few days later, and the other was sick for several days.

The teamsters refused point blank to go any further, and after dumping the other sleigh load of goods on to the ice they set off to find some place to stay for the night.

It is said that misfortunes never come singly, and you will soon see that it was so in Mr F.'s case.

All next forenoon was spent trying to find someone to sleigh the balance of our supplies to the river, and about noon he got a Swede with a small sleigh and pony. Together they proceeded to where the supplies were piled on the ice, and imagine Mr F.'s surprise when he discovered that someone had come along through the night with a small hand sleigh and stolen two bags of hams and several boxes of fruit.

It was a hard blow to Mr F., coming so soon after the other, but it's just such trials and experiences that Dominion land surveyors have to undergo constantly. A reward of twenty-five dollars was put up for information as to the identity of the thief, but no one claimed it, although several of the settlers as good as admitted that they knew who it was.

These Russians make good settlers and are mostly splendid workmen, but are still ignorant of the laws of the country.

During the month of January it snowed almost daily, and when February arrived the snow was between one and a half and two feet deep, thus making walking a hard and laborious job. Our work lay on each side of the Oiseau River for a distance of about sixteen miles from its mouth, and in consequence we used the river continually in our walk to and from work.

On account of so many falls and rapids, the ice on the river was weak in a great many places, and quite a few of us had sudden immersions. On one occasion while surveying the river my picketman went in up to the neck twice within ten minutes. It was a very cold day; his clothes froze solid, and he had to run three miles to camp to get thawed out and change. I, myself, had a similar run one time, and a few moments' delay would have meant a frozen foot.

While working close to the river we were able to use sleighs for moving camp, but the time came when we had to work several miles in from the river, and again man-packing was resorted to.

The weather was so cold at this time that we were forced to carry a tent and stove. The tent, being heavier than an ordinary pack, was carried in turns by each for half a mile.

Altogether six fly-camps were made, distances to them varying from four to seven miles. During the short days of the winter the work progressed slowly but steadily. In March we moved into a more lightly timbered country, and our daily average was increased considerably

About this time two of our axemen left us, and were replaced by men who could apparently use their tongues better than their hands, as you will soon see.

One evening shortly after this, while out on a fly-camp, the five axemen struck for higher wages, and said they'd leave next day if we didn't comply with their request. All winter we had paid them the highest wages for this work, and treated them well, but they had us in a corner, and either way we were apparently going to be losers. As we had only thirty-five miles left, which we figured would take one month, we decided it was no use getting in a new gang of men for such a short time, and in consequence we gave them an opportunity to make bigger wages. In the event of our raising their wages per month, exactly the same amount of work would have been done as previously. In this case, however, we offered them each so much per mile for the thirty-five miles, and they immediately jumped at it, for they knew they could make big wages.

The harder they worked the more they made, and the more we made, so that in reality we gained by it, as the work was completed over a week earlier than we figured on.

On the whole we had a good winter for working, and only three days were lost on account of snow storms. We killed and ate two moose, one deer, and innumerable partridges and rabbits. No cases of sickness or accidents occurred, and although many trials and hardships were undergone, it's not the hardest trip I have had.

Every year survey contracts are found to be farther away from railroads, the increase in wages and cost of living has increased far greater proportionately than the increase in cost per mile, and cases of surveyors losing money are becoming frequent. However, I'm glad to say that, although at times prospects looked bad, *we* finally emerged with a fairly good balance on the right side.

HARRY E. BERESFORD, D. & M. L. S.

Peeps into the Past History of Dollar.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUR LOCAL LEGENDS.

THREE years ago I interrupted a series of articles dealing with the past history of our parish, which I was then contributing to this *Magazine*, in order to prosecute some investigations into the origin and significance of the place name of Dollar. As the result of the inquiries then instituted, I trust I have done something to give a more satisfactory account of the etymology and meaning of our parish name than ever has been furnished before. I have not, indeed, exhibited even yet all the evidence which I have collected in support of the view I have adopted, and which I have explained and defended with voluminous and meticulous detail in the pages of this *Magazine*. Possibly, therefore, I may yet once more have to claim the hospitality of these same pages before I finally conclude the inquiry I

have so long been conducting. Meanwhile, however, as I have been asked more than once when I proposed to resume my studies of former days in the parish, and, in particular, as I have been urged to carry to a final issue the discussion regarding the historicity of our local legends upon which I was engaged when my previous articles were discontinued, I have resolved in this issue of the *Magazine* to present my readers with a few of those considerations which have induced me to believe that, so far from being, as rationalising critics have been too forward to declare, the mere idle fictions of a fanciful imagination, the story alike of the princess imprisoned by her father in the dark mountain-keep that overlooks our village, and of the doughty "Kemp," or champion, who was for a time the trusty castellan of the same rocky fastness, have really at their foundation a solid core of historic fact. No doubt these stories owe something of their present picturesqueness to the decorative fancy of the successive generations that have transmitted them to us during the long period that has elapsed between our own day and that far-off century in which the events occurred, of which our legends are the witness. But that our ancient castle has never had any connection either with a sorrowing princess, or a stout and skilful soldier chief, as the rationalists would have us believe, I personally regard as a much less reasonable hypothesis than that which assumes not only the actual existence of each of these persons, but the intensity and energy of their respective personalities. For I cannot believe that legends, which, as I showed in a previous article, can be traced back for centuries as being current and credited by the entire local community, could have sprung into being, and could perpetuate themselves as a credible traditional account of actual persons and events that had figured in our parish life, unless in point of fact there had appeared at some period in our past history as a community two real individuals, whose personal characters were so impressive, and whose relations, alike to the castle and to the community which it dominated, were so strange and important that the people of the district could not help remembering them, and transmitting at least a trustworthy tradition of their existence, if not also an absolutely veracious record of their adventures and achievements.

I well know, of course, that there is a large and important class of cultured men to whom all legendary and traditional stories are naturally suspect. The men of this class generally belong to the cool, rationalising type of mind of which the famous Whig statesman, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, was a notable example. Thus we are told that to Sir George Lewis all legendary history whatever was equally unreliable and incredible. Even the lapse of a single century, he held, was sufficient to obliterate the value of any tradition. When writing on the legendary history of Rome, for example, he was so disgusted by what he scornfully called "the fumbling dread of human reason," exhibited by the ultra-conservative champions of tradition, as relating to the currently received early history of that great imperial city, that in his ruthless iconoclastic attack on their methods and results he gave free expression to opinions and principles which, if universally accepted, would not only make short work of the early history of Rome, but of the early history of every ancient people whatever, not excepting that of Israel.

Now it cannot, of course, be denied that, when not carried to excess, this rationalising temper has a large and important part to play in estimating and fixing the character and value of old traditions and legends.

But a spirit of unmitigated revolt against tradition, such as that on which we are animadverting, the spirit, I mean, which deems that from that source nothing of any interest or value, as a means of casting light on past events, can by any possibility be extracted, leads in my opinion to results which greatly impoverish and narrow our vision of the past.

Much more congenial to my own way of thinking, and not less likely in the long run, I think, to yield a really satisfying outlook on the life of past ages, is the spirit that delights to brood over legendary tales, and strives to extract from them every scintilla of light which they may reveal to the search of a sympathetic soul regarding the ages and the events which they illuminate. Of this spirit, as Mr Chesterton, one of his recent biographers, assures us, the great English novelist, Charles Dickens, was about as typical a representative as his Whig contemporary, Sir George Lewis, was of the contrasted rationalistic temper. For Dickens, says Mr Chesterton, was not one of "those rough spirits who would strip fair truth of every little shadowy vestment in which time and teeming fancies love to array her, and some of which become her pleasantly enough, serving, like the waters of her well, to add new graces to the charms they half conceal and half suggest, and to awaken interest and pursuit rather than languor and indifference. On the contrary, unlike this stern and obdurate class, he loved to see the goddess crowned with those garlands of wild flowers which tradition weaves for her gentle wearing, and which are often freshest in their homeliest shapes—and so he trod with a light step, and bore with a light hand upon the dust of centuries, unwilling to demolish any of the airy shrines that had been raised above it, if any good feeling or affection of the human heart were hiding thereabouts."

Indeed, as Mr Chesterton argues, this contemptuous disregard of tradition is really a token of the total misunderstanding of what a tradition is. For a tradition is a live thing and not a dead one. Nay, as Mr Chesterton points out, a tradition is actually felt as a recent thing, and not as a remote one. A tradition, he suggestively declares, is always modern. If it has not energy enough to be modern, then it is not a tradition; it is that despicable thing, a document. "I do not eat pies," he remarks, "at Christmas, because William the Conqueror did. I do it because my father did; he did it because his father did; and along that chain (I need hardly say) I can trace a clear pedigree to William the Conqueror." In other words, a tradition is not kept up because it is old; it is kept up because it is and ever has been agreeable and stimulating, and satisfying to the mind of the community. It was only by persistently being so, generation after generation, that it managed to get old. I do not therefore worry about how the traditionary legends, which in our own parish have been and are so satisfying to the common understanding, first originated; for having an experience of the truth and richness of the life that still animates them, I cheerfully take for granted that they are rooted in some genuine facts of nature and of life.

It is quite true, of course, that these traditional tales have travelled to me along an electric cord from the hands of numberless dead men and living. But I do not think first about the first dead man; I think first about the last live man. It is my end of the wire that tells me the wire is alive: it is my end that gives me the electric shock.

Moreover, though it is unquestionable that the fact that a tradition or legend has been long popular and persistent does not guarantee the truth

of all the varied details of the tale whose vitality has been so vigorous and sustained, it does, I think, afford a presumption that to begin with it had its roots in some positive incident or actual person.

Moreover, apart altogether from these general considerations, which are not, in my opinion, without their weight, it is an important and significant fact that modern scientific students of mediæval history, unlike the former iconoclastic, rationalistic school, by no means treat all local legends as incredible, and therefore negligible. Referring to this matter, a recent writer, the learned and eloquent Hilaire Belloc, asserts that since Fustel de Coulanges transformed once and for all mediæval history, and set the record of that period of time firmly on its feet, it is a universally recognised canon of all valid research into the life of these Dark Ages, that "when you have got a document, or a tradition containing elements of the miraculous, the legendary, or even the impossible, you should not merely on that account say that it is of no service to history." On the contrary, Fustel holds that no matter how mixed with legend, nay, no matter how palpably false and fraudulent a tradition might be, you could generally discover in it some credible, and often even some absolutely certain evidence in aid of historic research.

Thus, if the biography of a man, written in 910, says of that man (who lived, say, in the year 700) that in the year 700 he floated down the river Loire miraculously on his cloak as far as the stone bridge which runs across the river from Orleans, there is no proof that the worthy fellow did sail down the river on his cloak, nor is there proof that the stone bridge existed in 700, but there is proof that the stone bridge existed in 910, and was to be seen there then.

In application of the canon of historic criticism above laid down, I call attention, first of all, to the fact that, as I mentioned in my last chapter on this subject, the name *Gloom* was undoubtedly the legal title of the castle and lands in our parish, which, in the year 1465, passed into the hands of the then Earl of Argyll. Now it is a significant thing that, though we have no documentary evidence regarding the customary designation of the foresaid castle and its lands prior to the date just mentioned, yet, as in the feu charter conveying the castle and its lands to the then head of the Campbell clan, it is definitely stated that the superior of the lands then transferred was the Bishop of Dunkeld, and further, as in all existing writs that have to do with these lands subsequent to the fifteenth century, they are invariably called "the ecclesiastical lands of Doler and Glum," it seems quite legitimate to conclude that the designation Glum, by which, in the earlier extant document referring to it, our parish castle is indicated, really goes back to a much earlier period.

What that period was we may not be able now accurately to determine. We know, of course, that the diocese of Dunkeld was created by David I. in the twelfth century. And so, if it was at that period that the Dollar property was conferred on the bishops of that see, it seems likely that the name Gloom, as denoting the castle attached to the property, reaches at least as far back as that century. As to the date when the castle itself was first erected, and the name of its earliest owner, I have seen a statement attributing it to the eleventh century and the redoubted Scottish monarch, Malcolm Canmore. Thus a local literateur, Mr Logie Robertson, well-known to many of us by his pen-name of Hugh Haliburton, when writing on this subject, has said, "Edgar Atheling, and the fair Margaret, who was

afterwards to leave her loved name in not a few places on Scottish ground, may have been fleeing to the protection of Canmore, when at Canmore's command the foundations of the castle were being laid. For some antiquaries give so distant a date as the eleventh century to our mountain stronghold."

It was not, we may well believe, owing to the natural beauty of its situation that Malcolm Canmore chose the rugged hill that overlooks the quiet Dollar valley as the site on which his new castle was to stand. For in that remote century Scotland was less a settled possession in which to pick and choose for a habitation enjoying the benefit of a lovely outlook than a doubtful foothold for bare existence. "Such refinement," as Mr Robertson truly remarks, "comes at a later time in the life of a nation than had been reached by Scotland in the eleventh century, or than was to be reached for centuries to come. One may, therefore, be certain that the site of Castle Campbell, as we call it to-day, was not chosen for the æsthetic loveliness of its outlook, but for the necessities of a watchful security in the midst of constant danger. The loveliness of the outlook was an accident, that now remains to it in the days of its weakness, like the silent affection of Cordelia to poor discrowned Lear."

Mr Robertson, it may be remarked, calls the castle in the above extract, not Castle Gloom, but Castle Campbell. And it may be admitted that in modern times that designation is at least as frequently bestowed upon it as the earlier one which associates itself naturally with the legend of the Scottish princess. But when it is remembered that in the year 1490 the then Earl of Argyll actually obtained an Act of the Scottish Parliament to change the name of his stronghold of Castle Gloom to Castle Campbell, and that under that parliamentary name it remained in the possession of that powerful family for centuries, the fact that, in spite of influences that must have tended continually and subtly to lead to the gradual extinction and oblivion of the old name, that designation still tenaciously clung to the old building and has remained, as indeed it still remains, current on the lips of the people of this neighbourhood as their favourite designation for it, or rather as its only proper title, seems to me to suggest irresistibly the two following inferences: First, that even before the year 1490 the title of Gloom had by very long prescription become wedded to the old fortress that then bore that name; and second, that there was something in the origination of the name, as preserved and perpetuated in the proud memories and affectionate traditions of the district, which imparted to the old name a vitality that the new name never could acquire.

I have suggested in the course of the above argument that the name of Glum may have been given to the castle before the erection of the diocese of Dunkeld in the twelfth century. If so, on the supposition that it was really by Malcolm Canmore that the existing keep was built, then the princess, to whose ingenious fancy, according to our local legend, that name was due, may have been a daughter of that monarch, possibly by his first wife, as Margaret Atheling was his second wife.

It is not, however, necessary to my argument that the property attached to the castle should have passed for the first time into the hands of the bishops of Dunkeld during the reign of David I., when the Dunkeld see was first erected. For I think it quite likely that these lands were an appanage of the old Celtic Church from a very early period. It is of course well known that landed property was enjoyed to a considerable extent in

those parts of the country where baptismal churches existed by the heads of the old Celtic Church. Now, as I have shown in previous papers that there is good reason to think that a church dedicated to St Columba did really exist in Dollar from a very early period in the history of the Celtic Church founded by St Columba, and as, moreover, from the ninth century onwards Dunkeld took the place of Iona as the central seat of the Scottish Church, it seems by no means an impossible thing that, even before the great change which came over the face of the Scottish Church during the reigns of Malcolm Canmore and his sons, when Catholicism superseded the Celtic provincialism which had hitherto prevailed in Scotland, the abbots of Dunkeld, as representing the old Iona authorities, may have possessed and exercised territorial jurisdiction over certain of the lands of our parish. If this were so, then knowing as we do the tenacity with which ecclesiastical dignitaries have ever clung to any rights which they possess, we can well understand how, even though Dollar was transformed into a royal forest during the reigns of Malcolm Canmore and his sons, the abbots of Dunkeld may still have had traditional rights over much of the land thus dedicated to the royal sport—rights which, on the establishment of the feudal system under these monarchs, may have given the bishops of Dunkeld, who succeeded the abbots in their authority and possessions, the opportunity of asserting their claim to be regarded as the feudal superiors of the successive owners, whoever they might be, of "the ecclesiastical lands of Doler and Glum." And this would, of course, be all the easier since all the conveyancing business of these early times was done by the clergy. Moreover, so far as I know, apart from this claim of superiority in a feudal sense over the lands described as "the ecclesiastical lands of Doler and Glum," there is no evidence that any of the bishops of Dunkeld had any other interest in or profit from the lands so designated, while we know that in 1236 the Scottish king, Alexander II., was so absolutely in control and possession of some at least of those lands that he was able to grant, and did grant to the Church of Trinity at Dunfermline and the monks serving there, what he calls "totam terram nostram de Dolar," a grant that was later confirmed by Alexander III., while in a renewal of the same grant by James II. the land bestowed is specified as twenty acres, "dona vero regis Alexandri Secundi sciram de Dollar per suas rectas divisas in liberam forestam," and as this grant, thus early made, continued to be enjoyed by the Dunfermline monks till the Reformation, it seems a fair inference that the lands entitled "the ecclesiastical lands of Doler and Glum" represent a possession of the old Celtic Church, which at the time of the erection of the feudal system came to be known as "the Barony of Dunkeld," and to be recognised as feudally held from the Church dignitary belonging to the Romish hierarchy who represented the old abbots of Iona, and that dignitary, of course, was the Bishop of Dunkeld. Certain at least it is that in the deed of date 1465, by which the Argyll family were secured in possession of their Clackmannan estate, the lands of Doler and Glum are said to form part of the "Barony of Dunkeld." The natural conclusion from all which facts seems to be that the title of Gloom, as bestowed on the castle in which the proprietor of the lands resided, goes back to a date probably not later than the twelfth century; and this conclusion would, I think, be securely established if only the allegation could be verified which I have seen advanced by one antiquarian authority, viz., that King Robert the Bruce, early in the fourteenth century, bestowed as a dowry on his sister Marjory, when

she married Sir Neil Campbell of Lochaw, "the lands and fortune of Glum." But of this assertion unfortunately I have as yet seen no proper corroboration. The truth is, that I have been able to ascertain nothing about the proprietorship of the castle after it passed from the royal family, except that, when it came ultimately into the hands of the Argyll family, it did so by the marriage of the then chief of the Campbells to an heiress who brought the Dollar estate with her as her dowry. This lady was one of the three daughters of John Stewart, the third Lord of Lorn and Innermeath. But when and how the Stewarts of Lorn obtained this estate, and how long they retained it, I have learned nothing. In the absence, therefore, of any information about the occupants of Castle Gloom from the period of Alexander III. to that of James IV., it seems much more likely that the strange appellation that was early given to the castle, and which it still bears, as well as the legend attributing the first invention of that name to a desponding and ill-used prince, must have arisen at some point in those early centuries while the castle was still a royal residence, than that they could have originated in the ages subsequent to the thirteenth century, when the custody of the mountain fastness seems to have passed into humbler hands, and when princes and princesses had little or no connection either with our castle or our neighbourhood.

Referring to the feudal superiority of the Bishop of Dunkeld as recognised by the successive proprietors of the lands of Glum, I may, before closing this chapter, notice the interesting fact that on the 31st January 1493-4 the bishop gave the earl a feu charter of the said lands, with a remainder to the earl's heirs male in entail, to be held of the bishops of Dunkeld for ever, and the reddendo was 16 merks, and for failure to pay there was a penalty of half a merk per day for the repair of Dunkeld Cathedral. There is also a curious stipulation by the bishop, that if heirs male should exclude nearer heirs female, then the latter should be recompensed either in lands or other goods, or that they should tocher them on their marriage according to the calculation of the bishop. Succeeding bishops of Dunkeld duly infefted all the succeeding earls till disestablishment of the old order took place, and from the tenth earl onwards the lands were held direct off the Crown. It was only in 1830 that these ancient possessions were sold by the spendthrift George, sixth Duke of Argyll.

Sultan-Saley.

A CRIMEAN LEGEND.

(*Translated from the Russian.*)

THE ruins of Sultan-Saley stand now, even as they stood a hundred years ago.

They have withstood the storms and tempests of centuries, and still, to this day, the wind howls around them, these proud defying remains of a former glory; unable to scatter them, powerless to reduce them to dust, and only swaying the sombre poplars, these guardians of the dead.

And when night draws its dark mantle over Djan-Koy, blotting out daylight and the sun, when the lamps, hung out by the Prophet to light the

way for some poor Mussulman, sparkle and burn in his paradise, then, if you sit down near the fount, amid the ruins of Sultan-Saley, and listen intently to the murmur and whisper of water and wind, you will begin to find a meaning, and then at last to understand what the poplars and the fount softly say: a story, they repeat it every night.

In his youth, so the poplars and the fount softly whisper, Saley was only a poor common herdsman, and his hut was the last in Djan-Koy. How then did such an honour befall him, a poor man, who dared not even to overstep a rich threshold? But once, whilst herding his cows to the pasturage, he called in at the Khan's palace, and there, in the yard, he saw the daughter of his chief.

There are flowers whose beauty causes one to wonder; there is fruit, whose taste makes one forget all bitterness. But flowers and fruit have no black eyes, flaming forth a fiery love; they have no smile which sends off sorrow; and in their motions there is no caressing, reflecting the paradise of the Prophet.

Saley became aware of this just then when Ressamchan was going up the stairs; just then when Ressamchan turned and smiled. Since that day the poor shepherd stopped eating and drinking, and his aged mother lost all peace. "What has happened?" she questioned her son; but Saley remained mute.

All of a sudden, though, Ressamchan died, having swallowed a bone of a fish; and when Saley heard of it, all the blood left his face. Then it was that everything became clear to his mother; and she understood why her son became nonsensical, her poor Saley who, in the dead of night, brought the girl's body into his hut, having dug it out of the grave.

There are pearls of many kinds, but dewy tear-pearls, born of love, those are the purest of them all.

And the shepherd wept, clasping her in his arms; and from the breaths of love or from his hot tears, her body became warm. Saley's tears fell now, fervent and hot, in pearly floods of joy; for his mother saw that Ressamchan was not dead, and, removing the fish bone, restored her to life again.

But as soon as Ressamchan opened her eyes the boy hastened to hide himself, and kept out of her sight, for even the smallest pebble can make muddy the waters of a crystal rill.

The heart of the girl was touched by tokens of such love; and almighty Allah gave her more than beauty alone. For long after the people of Djan-Koy remembered the wisdom of Ressamchan. And she conceived what there was in the shepherd, and what he lacked. And she said to the old woman: "Let him go to Kefedy; there on the wharf of the harbour sits Achmet-Achai; he will give Saley some wisdom for a farthing, some more for another."

So Saley set out and, arriving at Kefedy, went to the wharf where sat the sage; and when the shepherd asked him some wisdom for a farthing, some more for another, Achmet-Achai pierced his glance right down into the heart of Saley, and there he fathomed his soul. Then Achmet-Achai spoke, and bade him remember that "There is no beauty in that which is beautiful, but there is beauty in that which graces the heart." "Value time: do not ask that which concerns you not."

When Saley's mother told Ressamchan what the two principles were, she

smiled and said: "Let him do so. And I will add this: in Kefedy harbour there stand many ships. It will be well if he can sail with a large one. In foreign lands he will learn more than we know of, and then the grandest bey will deem it an honour to be his host."

Saley sighed deeply on hearing this, but still, begging his mother to keep Ressamchan hidden until his return, he sailed away on a ship bound for far-off lands, whence he did not return until he knew the sea as well as he knew his native steppes.

The steppes,—they are wide, and the sea,—the sea is wide; but the grass-lands know no stormy billows, and the wanderer feels no anxiety amid the sereneness of the steppes.

When the ship was near the shores of Trapezund, the sails flapped and hung down, limp and lifeless; and the ship lay there becalmed for many days. Then the captain sent Saley with several others on shore to find some water. They came to a dark cliff, at the foot of which was a well, and the sailors hastened to lower their buckets, but they hauled up only the ropes, for somebody had cut the pails off.

"We must find out what is wrong," said Saley, but no one dared go down for fear.

"Go or not go," mused Saley, "we have only once to die." And he went down to the bottom of the well. There, in a cave at the water's edge, sat an old man, three times less than his own beard; near him a beautiful Arab girl was feeding a dog, and round about stood thirty-three stakes, all of which, but one, were crowned by human heads.

"Sobares-chairolum!" Saley greeted the old man; and on the latter's query as to how he got there, Saley told him, squatting down, how it all came about. The old man laughed quietly.

"If you have eyes you must see where you have come to; how is it that you showed no astonishment, and asked not what all this means?"

"There is a wise saying," answered Saley: "Do not ask that which concerns you not."

The magician hiccoughed six times and his beard stood on end.

"I see that you possess great wisdom. Tell me, then, which of these two is prettier, the dog or the girl?"

Saley did not hesitate with his answer.

"There is no beauty in that which is beautiful, but there is beauty in that which graces the heart."

No sooner had Saley said this than the magician spat on the palm of his hand and, with a sweep of his yataghan, took off the heads of both the dog and the girl. Then he spoke thus:

"Once, in the dead of night, I came to my wife and found a stranger with her; at my word the woman became a dog, and the man a woman. You have seen them. Many people came here, but none answered the like you did. For that their fool's heads are on these stakes, but yours will remain on your shoulders." With that the old man let Saley go, giving him not only water but a bucketful of precious stones. The sailors advised Saley to throw these back into the well, for none suspected their value; but the sailor-shepherd heeded them not, and, at the first opportunity, sent the stones over to his mother in Djan-Koy. The old woman did not know what to think of her son sending her stones, for she too suspected not their value, and thought that Saley had lost his senses. But Ressamchan

told her to call in a rich karaim, and this karaim gave much gold for the stones; so much gold as the old woman imagined did not exist in the world.

A year later Saley came back to Djan-Koy, and, on his way there met many large herds of horses, sheep, and cattle, and when he asked who was the owner of all these, he was told, "Aggy-Saley."

"I suppose this is some strange rich man living in Djan-Koy." But the thought of himself never occurred to him. It was many years since he had left his home, and Saley could scarcely recognise his village again. And his heart fell when he found not the hut of his mother, where it should have stood, for he fancied that everything would be now as it was when he left many years ago. But not far off from that place stood a large house, well situated on a small hillock.

"This also belongs to Aggy-Saley, I suppose," thought he.

When a cock drinks water, he thanks Allah at each draught. Even so was Saley, since Ressamchan revived to life again. But now he sat down at the enclosure of the new house, crestfallen and sad. But when one waits for someone, the eye is alert, and Ressamchan soon perceived Saley sitting at the fence, and sent his old mother to fetch him in, into his own house.

If you are ever crestfallen, remember Saley, and rejoice at his luck; perhaps it will also come to you.

Saley became the richest man in the district, and went about the streets of his village as the smartest young man there. And whenever he bestrode his grey charger, the people came out of their houses to look at the dashing, handsome "djiggit."

Once the old bey saw him thus from the turret of his palace, and invited Saley to his house; but he had to repeat his invitation twice before Saley came; and then he in his turn invited the old bey to honour his house. Saley treated the old man handsomely, and the latter did not know what to make of it, for no one but Ressamchan could cook a flounder so well, nor fry a halibut so crisply. And here, these tasted exactly as if she had cooked them. The old man grew sad and said to Saley, "If Ressamchan had been alive, I would have given her to you." Then it was that Saley told his secret to the old bey; and forty days and nights the people feasted, and drank the health of Saley and Ressamchan at their wedding feast. . . .

And when the old bey had a grandson he called him Sultan-Saley. And by the time Sultan-Saley became old, when his father was no more, he built in the latter's memory, on the spot where the shepherd Saley's hut once stood, such a mosque as had never been dreamt of by mortal man.

Much water has flowed away since then, some of it clear, some muddy. Not only people, stones have changed since then . . . In Djan-Koy no more Tartars and Greeks live there now; but the walls and the arks of the mosque of Sultan-Saley still stand now, as they stood then; proud of their pillars and arabesques.

It seems that good artisans built them, and a vigil eye watched over their work. . . .

F. A. A.

The Burial Place of Captain John M'Nab.

I AM not a Dollar boy, but I have met many a one, and this is how it has come about. My honoured father, the Rev. Julius Benn, was for many years pastor of the Old Gravel Lane Meeting House, Wapping, London, East, in the vaults of which lie buried the mortal remains of Captain John M'Nab, the founder of Dollar Academy.

During the period of our connection with this famous Meeting House, it has often been our pleasure to have visits from Dollar boys, young, middle-aged, and venerable, but all desirous of seeing and knowing something of the place where the body of the benevolent captain was laid to rest.

At the request of the editors I have pleasure in giving a few particulars which may possibly be of interest to many in the Academy and out of it.

Pens other than mine have no doubt touched upon the career of Captain M'Nab. Suffice it then here to say, he left Scotland a poor boy (towards the end of the eighteenth century), crossed the ocean often and often, amassed money in the process of time, and then died, leaving a considerable fortune, of which no less than ninety thousand pounds were bequeathed for the founding and endowment of an educational establishment in Dollar, his native town.

He was a member of the congregation worshipping in Old Gravel Lane Meeting House, Wapping.

The history of the meeting houses which sprung into existence in consequence of that arbitrary enactment of Charles II. (the Act of Uniformity) may to-day be known only to the few, but who has not heard of Wapping?

Long before Brunell's world-renowned achievement—the Thames tunnel—was thought of, the name of Wapping was familiar to many far and near. It was originally a hamlet of Stepney (one of the Tower Hamlets). One conjures up fancies of sea rovers, Jack tars, jolly young watermen and their wherries, and old watermen too, for the matter of that; ships' stores stocked with salt junk and dry biscuits, mast makers, sail makers, ships' smiths, boat and barge builders, rope makers—and the smell of tar and paint pervading it all. Then, too, the captains and mates and sailors home from their voyages with their yarns of sea-serpents, whales capable of swallowing a hundred Jonahs, wild men and cannibals, pirates, mountainous icebergs, cyclones and hurricanes galore. Such fancies as these spell Wapping. Likewise here were the residences of the wealthy shipowners, and of those who fitted out their vessels from stem to stern and from keel to masthead,—beautiful houses, most of them with their oak panelled rooms, lofty and large, and staircases up which three or four buxom dames in the spreading garments of the period might go abreast.

In the days when John M'Nab was flourishing Wapping was flourishing too, and whether he was there much or little (and I should say he was there a good deal) he must have had many Wapping friends.

I venture to suggest, too, that he showed good sense and sound judgment in attending, when possible, the old meeting house, and placing himself under the ministrations of the eminent divine under whose pastoral care it

A. H. Blake, M.A.

OLD GRAVEL LANE CHAPEL.

happened to be at the time, and in worshipping with the members of the congregation, many of whom, as I have suggested, were no doubt his close personal friends. The pastor at the time was the Rev. Noah Hill, an eminent man, of whom I will say more later.

Strange to tell, Judge Jeffries, the notorious villain who saturated the judicial bench with blood, was at last found in hiding away at a low public house in Red Lion Street, Wapping, within a stone's throw of the old meeting house. One can fancy the old building with its circular side windows (like a pair of eyes) witnessing the capture with grim satisfaction, and saying, "Your turn now."

Much as I love Wapping, through my long connection with it, I am compelled to admit that in those early days the people were not all saints. Any way, folks generally did not think so.

Even old Rowland Hill, the famous preacher of the Countess of Huntingdon's connection, in preaching one of his memorable discourses at the old meeting house, said, "None are sinners too great to be changed by Divine grace, no, not even Wapping sinners."

Old Stowe says of Wapping that it was once the usual place for hanging pirates and sea rovers; so one is bound to conclude that among all the good people who resided there, and there were many, there was still room for improvement among a certain section of the population.

Ships and shippers, and matters having to do with business in great waters, undoubtedly explains Captain M'Nab's connection with Wapping.

As to the meeting house under which the captain lies buried, the building has a plain and solid appearance, as will be seen by the illustration. It is in keeping with the Puritan ideas of the period, and was erected in the year 1736 at the cost of £1,200. It was erected to accommodate about 700 persons. Beneath the building are the spacious arched vaults in which are buried many who had lived in the district, and relatives and friends from a distance—a numerous company in all. As to the original chapel, which stood practically on the same spot—that was erected in the year 1668, as the outcome of the Act of Uniformity—one of many. Its first minister or pastor was the Rev. Edward Veal. He is described as a learned and godly man. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was one of those ejected from the Church of England through the Saint Bartholomew's Act of Charles II. (1662). For a time he acted as chaplain to Sir William Waller of Osterley Park, Middlesex. He was minister of the church for thirty-five years, and was much beloved by his people.

Following Mr Veal came the Rev. Thos. Simmons, of whom the eminent divine, the Rev. Matthew Mead, said, "He was a man of excellent disposition and a good preacher, his talents were many." The church increased under his ministry, so much so that it became necessary to erect galleries. Mr Simmons had for some time been assistant minister to the Rev. Matthew Mead at Stepney Meeting House.

Those familiar with early Nonconformist history will remember that Stepney Meeting House was also one of those which came into existence at the time when the Stuarts were "vexing certain of the Church." The history of this church alone would fill many a volume. It was the sister cause to

that at Old Gravel Lane Meeting House, and they had much intercourse one with the other.

At Mr Simmons' death there were many applicants from all quarters for the vacant pastorate of this flourishing Wapping church, and after mature deliberation the members chose the Rev. David Jennings, the son of the Rev. John Jennings of Oswestry. John Jennings was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and was one of those ejected from his living in the Church of England in the year 1662. David Jennings was a man of great erudition and piety. He was pastor at Old Gravel Lane for forty-four years. St Andrews University conferred on him the title of Doctor of Divinity in the year 1749. He gloried in being an immediate successor of a confessor for liberty and conscience. Many of his sermons were printed, and he wrote a number of books. He assisted the learned Dr Coward at his academy in Bury Street (City of London), and he was a particular friend of Dr Isaac Watts, whose hymns used to bulk so large in our hymn books, and many of which are not equalled to-day.

A Burmese Fable.

"NEVER tie up a drifting boat" is the picturesque Burmese method of hinting that the best way to avoid trouble is to mind one's own business. The inference is not quite obvious to Western minds, but somewhere among the creeks of the lower Irrawaddy one may hear a tale, of which the following is a free translation.

Once upon a time, before the British came to the East with their strange objections to perjury, bribery, and native customs generally, there lived in a village on the delta two men called Maung Kyaw and Shwe Chu. Now Maung Kyaw was good and rich, known throughout the district as Pagoda Builder; but Shwe Chu was wicked, and hated his neighbour. Maung Kyaw's bullocks, he said, had destroyed his paddy fields; Maung Kyaw's children had stolen his fruit; Maung Kyaw's brute of a dog had killed his chickens. To these and other evils Shwe Chu had submitted because he was poor; but, being a bad man, he longed for revenge.

Now it chanced that one evening, as Maung Kyaw and his son returned from fishing, they found an empty sampan being swept along by the current. It was the third night after full moon, and that should have been a warning; but, being a good man, Maung Kyaw took the drifting boat ashore, tied it up to his own bamboo stake, and vowed he would search for the owner in the morning. Perhaps, by good fortune, he might be someone far up the river, and would never be found. But early next morning, while Maung Kyaw still slept, it happened that Shwe Chu walked along the river's edge, and, behold! his boat lay moored to Maung Kyaw's bamboo: a fact Shwe Chu pointed out to three men, two women, and five children, who stood near. Then straightway he went to the Headman and complained that Maung Kyaw had stolen his boat. And when Maung Kyaw appeared to answer the accusation, there came two men (strangers to Shwe Chu—so they said—and giving witness simply because of their love of truth). These men swore by most holy oaths that they had seen Maung Kyaw creep along the

bank—the night being the third after full moon, and the sky clear—and had watched him get into Shwe Chu's sampan and cut the mooring rope. Other five witnesses told how the son of Maung Kyaw had taken out his father's boat, and had returned soon after, towing a second sampan, doubtless to give the appearance of having found it adrift. Also, Maung Kyaw and his son had actually been overheard planning the whole robbery a few days earlier.

In vain did Maung Kyaw vow that this was a plot against him, and that his own story was true; in vain did his son support him. That, said the Headman, was just what every son would do. So the two were found guilty. The young man, as one who had evidently been led astray by a stronger and more wicked mind, was ordered to be beaten with bamboos; but Maung Kyaw was thrown into prison, without even the consolation of knowing that he had originated a new proverb. A. S., Jun.

Notes from Near and Far.

NEAR and far, over the length and breadth of the land, the most momentous and world-exciting occurrence of the Christian era is, at this time, uppermost in the minds of men. War, wanton war, has cast a gloom over palace, mansion, household, and cottage. To many, as to ourselves, war is only an Idea, a terrible something, the full fearful magnitude of which we cannot realise, which appals and stupefies us like the thoughts of endless woe. To "the man that carries the gun," however, it is a stern Reality.

Six weeks have passed since the passions and interests of men brought about this great calamity, and the destructive thunderbolts of policy and pride have burst over the centres of Christian civilisation, spreading among mankind terror, dismay, ruin, and death; and even while we write, those thunderclouds are unspent, and the carnival of death goes on. Graves are being made plentifully, and "the mourners go about the streets" in great numbers. The soul shudders at the grim and ghastly gloom of the records it is called upon to read; and there is not one among us who does not echo the poet's words, though in no faintness of heart:—

> "Ah! when shall all men's good
> Be each man's rule, and universal peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
> And like a lane of beams athwart the sea?"

In Dollar no lack of public spirit has been shown in this great crisis. Schemes were at once set on foot to alleviate distress of all kinds. The Town Council, as became it, gave its hearty support to the Prince of Wales's National Fund, and went about the matter in a thorough business-like manner. Dividing the town into nine districts, the members themselves undertook the work of canvassing and collecting, each in their district, thus giving to rich and poor alike an opportunity of displaying their loyalty and patriotism. Very few refusals were met with, and the sum realised—one hundred and twenty-three pounds odds—is very creditable to the burgh. Some subscriptions, we believe, were sent direct to the county treasurer, the Earl of Mar and Kellie, bringing the total up to one hundred and fifty pounds.

The Red Cross Society, which has for its province the care of the wounded, is doubly fortunate in that, through the kindness of Mr Kerr of Harvieston Castle, it has been granted Sheardale House for a convalescent home, and has had many liberal sums guaranteed for the furnishing and upkeep of the same.

Last, but not least, there is the Women's Work Party, which numbers many willing, enthusiastic workers who are devoting much time to providing socks and other articles for the comfort of our brave defenders.

To those of us who cannot now wield the sword it is cheering to know that in the country "emulation hath a thousand sons" ready to gird on their armour *sans peur* and *sans reproche* to take the places of the killed and wounded. The contingent from Dollar does it credit. We give the names as far as we have been able to ascertain them. John M'Culloch, M.A. (Classical Master), A. Whyte, J. Whyte, W. Whyte, D. Anderson, J. Anderson, Matthew Jack, James Oliver, Alan Reid, Wm. Condie, Lawrie Mortimer, Ian Lauder, Andrew Crawford, W. Anderson, J. Tait, J. Breingan, A. Spence, J. M'Gill, M. Mitchell, Wm. M'Intyre, J. Robertson, D. Beveridge, J. Hunter, J. Morrison, J Campbell. Some of these are at the front, others are with the Territorials, and William Kersley Holmes is with the Yeomanry at Haddington.

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MR IAN NORWELL (F.P.), one of the engineers on board the "Mauretania," writes: "I wonder if there has been anything about this ship in the home papers. We were chased by a German cruiser and had to run into Halifax. This ship is almost certain to be converted to an armed cruiser when we get home. All lights are out from sunset to sunrise this voyage, not even the navigation lights showing, and the great dark decks are strange. Have you ever seen over a ship like this? I have been nearly three months aboard now and still have difficulty in finding my way about some parts. There is an engine-room staff of thirty-two, and over three hundred firemen, greasers, &c.

"The Halifax people gave us a very warm welcome when we got in. Before the anchor had been down half an hour they had a steamer sailing round us with all the town dignitaries and town bands aboard. They are organising volunteers of all kinds, even to a volunteer coaling corps for coaling the cruisers that call."

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MR FRANK ABBEY (F.P.), writing from Moscow, says: "This war is preventing me from going to Camborne. In Russia the enthusiasm is very great. Every peasant and workman knows what we are fighting for, and does all in his power to help. All strikes and disturbances stopped immediately the mobilisation was announced. The revolutionaries have called the people immediately to union, and many have joined the army. Political prisoners have been let loose partly. Peasants and workmen help the families of soldiers without asking for payment. Hospitals are being organised by the people everywhere, and help given to the Government is universal, and all free, without a thought of recompense. Further, all wine shops and bars have been closed (except for dear wines, as champagne, &c.); and for a month now Russia has stopped drinking, and the change in the people is wonderful. This war is a great era for Russia and for

Slavonism in general. The nine years passed since the revolution have not wrought such a change in the people as the last month has. After this war, the result of which can only be one, Russia will grow great and mighty, not only as a military power (Russia is and always will be a peaceful country), but as regards trade, commerce, culture, civilisation. Now the ukase of the 17th October will become the right of the people, and not a mere promise of liberty, a bone thrown to the dog to keep it occupied and not to bark.

"I repeat that the last month has uplifted the moral sense of the people enormously. They are quiet, serious, with a strong sense of duty to their country and to Slavonism. The bandage has fallen off their eyes; they see now where they stand, and they fully realise that strength is to be found in unity and co-operation; and in a great measure this is due to the prohibition of the sale of wine; it has sobered the people. The Russian soldier in the battlefield keeps back from revenge. The Russians are indeed a noble nation!"

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"PLAY."—In our March number we were able to give an interesting review of Dr Strachan's work on "Play" from the pen of Madame H. C. Siemertsz Von Reesema De Graaf. A second letter from the same writer contains the following comments and facts: "It was my intention to write very soon after the reading of your deeply interesting work 'On Criminality.' I believe, if your ideas were realised, the exact point of departure would be taken in, and that is, in reformation, the important question *par excellence*. I hope to work in the direction you would give us. We are seeking to learn the laws that rule mankind and nature, and often I repeat the words of David, 'How I love Thy Laws; I meditate on them day and night.'

"At last I send you the translation in Dutch of your book on 'Play,' and also the translation in the French language by Monsieur Danmers. The translation in the Italian language will be ready in a couple of years, I suppose, now, after two years there is really a beginning of interest. Schoolmasters have asked for help to get an opportunity to know more about the child."

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The preface to the French edition of "Play" is as follows: "I ought to admit that, after having studied 'What is Play,' I do not agree with all the ideas there propounded. Having made this restriction, I consider that this little book deserves to be known, that the name of its author, Strachan, ought to be rescued from oblivion and placed in the history of pedagogical science (doctrines) by the side of those who have best observed the child, and who have thus contributed to the progress of educational methods.

"TH. DANMERS,
Director of Education at Brussels."

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HONOUR TO F.P.—We learn with much satisfaction that His Highness the Khedive has been most graciously pleased to promote Captain R. G. Archibald, Soudan Government, to the rank of Bey. In a letter to Miss Millen, Argyle House, Captain Archibald says: "I'm hard at research work in my spare time, and have accumulated a lot of papers on different subjects. I find it so difficult to get energy to write them up for publication."

As a proof of the value of Captain Archibald's research work we take the following from the *British Medical Journal*, 25th April 1914:—

"FEBRILE INTESTINAL SCHISTOSOMIASIS AND ITS OCCASIONAL RESEMBLANCE TO FEBRILE APPENDICITIS.

"It is interesting to note how the same problems in tropical medicine crop up in different parts of the world, and often about the same time. As an example, I may quote a recent experience in Caracas. Shortly after my arrival here I was speaking to Dr R. Gonzales-Rincones, so well known on account of his work on the medical entomology of Venezuela. We were talking about parasitic diseases, and he was telling me that only the intestinal form of schistosomiasis occurs in Venezuela. In this connection he drew my attention to Captain R. G. Archibald's valuable paper entitled 'Intestinal Schistosomiasis in the Sudan,' which appeared in your issue of 7th February. He said he was very glad to see this paper, as the febrile condition which it describes is found in cases of the disease in Venezuela. On several occasions it has led to a faulty diagnosis of appendicitis, and useless operations have in consequence been performed on cases which were afterwards proved to be suffering from schistosomum infection. It seems advisable to draw attention to this danger, while it is probable that vaccine treatment on the lines suggested by Captain Archibald will prove as beneficial here as it has done in Khartoum.

"ANDREW BALFOUR, C.M.G., M.D.,
Director-in-Chief, Wellcome Bureau of Scientific Research."

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LL.A. DEGREE.—We most heartily congratulate Miss Mary Buick (F.P.) on her obtainining the Degree of LL.A. of St Andrews University. Miss Buick passed with honours in Logic, Metaphysics, and English Literature.

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SUCCESSFUL PUPILS.—During the past session the following candidates were successful in gaining certificates for music. In the School Examinations of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M. in Grammar of Music. Division I.—Mary H. Wilson, John E. Begg, Keith Mackie. Division II.—Rebecca W. Wilson, Margaret E. Taylor, Helen J. Kirk, Margaret R. C. Stewart, Dorothy Thomson, Alan H. Cameron, Sydney M. Sibold. Division III.—Agnes M. Kirk, Dorothy R. Stewart, Isabella H. Waddell. Pianoforte Playing (Primary)—Mary H. Wilson, Kenneth Dawson (with distinction), John E. Begg; (Elementary)—Rebecca W. Wilson, Margaret R. C. Stewart.

In the Local Centre Examination of Trinity College, London, Isabella H. Waddell passed with honours in the Intermediate Grade Pianoforte Playing. All are pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M. We congratulate Miss Holmes on her continued growing success.

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"DOLLAR.—A highly successful jumble fair, under the auspices of the Local School Committee, was held in the Mechanics' Institute on Friday. The net profits were £34, and the amount is to be devoted to building a shelter shed at the School. The Mechanics' Institute Committee has

decided to spend £45 in improving the recreation ground. One tender for £24 for fencing and ploughing has already been let."

This is not our Dollar, only its namesake in Australia, which was discovered by the Rev. Mr Wilson. See Magazine, Vol. XII., page 193. *We wish our Australian friends much success in their efforts to improve their educational equipment.*

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PROMOTION.—We have pleasure in noting that a farther honour has been conferred on Mr Henry E. Beresford (F.P.). We quote the terms of the official appointment—"Know ye that having special confidence in the integrity and ability of Henry E. Beresford of Portage la Prairie, I do hereby under the provisions of 'The Manitoba Evidence Act,' being chapter 65 of the Revised Statutes of Manitoba, 1913, constitute and appoint him, the said H. E. B., a *Commissioner to administer Oaths and to take and receive Affidavits, Declarations and Affirmations within this Province* in or concerning any cause, manner, or thing depending, or in any wise concerning any of the proceedings to be had in His Majesty's Court of King's Bench for Manitoba, or any other Court in this Province, whether now existing or hereafter to be constituted.

"(Signed) D. C. CAMERON,
Lieutenant-Governor."

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MR DAVID HARRIS, F.S.S.—We cannot claim Mr David Harris, F.S.S., as a former pupil of Dollar Academy, as he was beyond school age when the family came to reside at Faerwood, but as he looked upon Dollar as his home for many years we may be allowed to claim him as one of our distinguished sons. In 1872 he became Managing Director of the firm of Fleming & Co., manufacturing chemists, Granton; and it is of his good work in Edinburgh that we wish to speak, taking our appreciation from the *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, 1911-12.

"Although not a chemist, Mr Harris was deeply interested in the chemical problems bound up with the purification of lubricating oils of mineral, vegetable, and animal origin, as also in the manufacture of black and of coloured printing inks, for which his firm was famous.

"He studied carefully the principles of trichromatic printing, and was closely associated with those who in this country developed the technique of this beautiful process. His services to the printing trade were acknowledged by the printers and lithographers of Edinburgh themselves presenting him with an illuminated address.

"Mr Harris was a Fellow of the Society of Arts, and a member of the Society of Chemical Industry, and was for many years a member of the Parish Council of Cramond.

"As one of the Directors of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, Mr Harris published in 1885 a pamphlet entitled, 'Depression of Trade and National Progress and Prosperity viewed in the Light of Statistics,' which drew forth a good deal of favourable comment at the time. As a member of the Chamber of Commerce, he served for many years on the Board of Managers of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and while holding this position drew up a statistical analysis of the income and expenditure of that noble charity.

"No account would be complete without some allusion to Mr Harris's great activities in the philanthropic and evangelical religious circles in the city. In 1867 he founded the well-known and still flourishing institution, the Edinburgh Industrial Brigade Home, for receiving destitute lads, teaching them a trade and enabling them to become useful citizens. In this undertaking he was assisted by Lord Polwarth, the late Rev. Thomas Guthrie, and the late Mr E. Erskine Scott. He was also closely associated with the 'Mars' training ship in the Tay, the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, the Edinburgh Night Refuge, and the Grove Laundry — all charities that have done valuable work. Mr Harris was elected a Fellow of this Society in 1896. He died at Bath on 17th June 1912."

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COLONEL BRIGGS was not a F.P. of Dollar, but his four sons were educated here, and were distinguished pupils in the class-rooms and in athletics. For the following notice we are indebted to the *British Medical Journal*:—

"Colonel Harry Beecham Briggs, Bombay Medical Service (retired) died in Edinburgh on June 9th. He was born at Oxcombe on July 25th, 1851, educated at King's College Hospital, London, took the diplomas of L.S.A. and M.R.C.S. in 1875, and the degree of M.D.Lond. in 1876, and entered the Indian Medical Service as surgeon on September 30th, 1878. He became surgeon-major on September 30th, 1890, and lieutenant-colonel on September 30th, 1898; two days later, on October 2nd, 1898, he was placed on the 'selected list' for promotion to colonel, for services in the Tirah campaign of the preceding year. Such special promotions have been very rarely given in the Indian Medical Service, only in some dozen cases in all in the history of the service. He was promoted to colonel on July 10th, 1905, and retired on January 1st, 1909. In his first years in India he served as civil surgeon of Sholapur (1880-83) and of Satara (1884-85). In 1885 he was posted to the 12th Bombay Infantry, now the 112th Infantry, in which he did most of his service. His war services included the Burma campaigns of 1885-87, when he received the medal with a clasp; and the Tirah campaign on the North-West Frontier of India in 1897, when he was mentioned in dispatches in the *London Gazette* on April 5th, 1898, and gained another medal and clasp, besides the special promotion mentioned above."

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THE photograph of Old Gravel Lane Chapel, which we reproduce in this issue, was specially taken for the *Magazine* by Mr A. H. Blake, M.A., a gentleman well known in the photographic world as an enthusiastic worker amongst the byways and little-known parts of London. By an even wider public he is appreciated for the many delightful lectures he has delivered dealing with various phases of London life, and with his Continental travels. We are sure our readers will join us in thanking him for the trouble he has taken with what was, we understand, a most difficult subject.

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VISITORS.—The holiday months have again brought us a number of our former pupils and friends as visitors, whom we are always glad to welcome.

A. Drysdale.

Some of our readers may be able to recognise those of their own year in the following list:—Mr and Mrs Tom Cosh and children, Sydney, Australia; Mr and Mrs William Davie, Uruguay; La Signora Fannie Horwell Berlingieri, Alassio, Italy; Mr and Mrs John D. Walker, Edinburgh; Mr and Mrs Peter Dudgeon, and Mr James Dudgeon, Birkenhead; Mr Thomas Murray, Edinburgh; Mr and Mrs J. W. Dollar and children, London; Mr Alastair Murray, India; Mr Robert Halley, Pretoria, South Africa; Mr and Mrs Harold Dewar, Pretoria; Mr Charles Robertson, Archangel; Mr Reginald Mitchell, India; Dr Gordon Woodman, Durham; Dr Haslam, Edinburgh; Mr John and Mr James Robertson, Rhodesia; Mr Randolph Pender, Newcastle; Mr Ian Pender, London; Mr John Colvin, Argentine; Mr Arthur Wolfsohn, Mexico; Mr and Mrs Sutherland, India; Mr Edward Craig, Australia; the Rev. James Somerville, Selkirk; Mr Andrew and Mr Henry Somerville, New Zealand; Mrs Alex. Whyte, Bombay; Mr and Mrs James Neilson, Bengal; Miss Hughes, Yorkshire; Mr Rennie Izat, India; Mr Robert C. Briggs, India; Mr David Fell, Sydney, Australia.

Marriages.

M'MASTER—FITZ-HERBERT.—At St Michael's, Kelowna, B.C., on 21st March, by the Rev. Thomas Greene, Thomas Alfred, second son of the late Hugh M'Master, India, and Mrs M'Master, Dollar, Scotland, to Lilian Maud, eldest daughter of the late Gerard Horne Fitz-Herbert and Mrs Fitz-Herbert, Pekisko, S. Alberta.

URQUHART—SOUTER.—At Dollar, on the 11th June, by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, assisted by the Rev. John Souter, Ardeonaig, brother of the bride, John Mackie Urquhart, stationer, Grangemouth, to Mary, elder daughter of the late John Souter, Perth, and of Mrs Souter, Glencairn Place, Dollar.

COWAN—BAIGRIE.—At Burlington House, Glasgow, on the 4th July, by the Rev. A. G. B. Sivewright, cousin of the bride, assisted by the Rev. John Livingstone, uncle of the bridegroom, John M'Intyre, elder son of John Cowan, Armley, Leeds, to Mary (F.P.), younger daughter of Alexander Baigrie, Alva.

ALLSOPP—LEITCH.—At West Baptist Church, Dunfermline, on the 5th August, by the Rev. James Hare, assisted by the Rev. J. W. Baird, B.D., Dunfermline Abbey, Christopher Edward, eldest son of the late Edward Allsopp, Carlisle, and of Mrs Allsopp, Clifton House, Dunfermline, to Jane Young Roxburgh, daughter of Robert Leitch, Roscobie, Dunfermline.

BRIGGS—SHIELDS.—At St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, on the 14th August, by the Rev. F. W. Stewart, Chaplain to the Forces, Robert Chapman Briggs, A.M.I.C.E. (F.P.), Indian State Railways, son of the late Colonel H. B. Briggs, I.M.S., and Mrs Briggs, 12 Lonsdale Terrace, Edinburgh, to Agnes Scott (Nan), younger daughter of Mr and Mrs T. L. Shields, 20 Bank Street, Glasgow.

TUDSBERY—SUTHERLAND.—At Blairingone Parish Church, on the 20th August, by the Rev. J. Fawns Cameron, Francis Cannon Tudsbery Tudsbery, second son of J. H T. Tudsbery, D.Sc., 100 St George's Square, Westminster, to Isabella Fleming, youngest daughter of Robert Mackay Sutherland of Solsgirth, Dollar.

ATKINSON—AINSLIE.—At St Swithin's Church, Hithers Green, London, S.E., on the 22nd August, by the Rev. Mr Rice, EDWARD ATKINSON, Middlesborough, to JANE (F.P.), elder daughter of Archibald Ainslie, late Temple Hall, East Lothian.

Obituary.

DEMPSTER.—At a London Nursing Home on 4th June, Andrew Dempster (F.P.), formerly of Christchurch, New Zealand, third son of the late James Dempster, Tillyochie, Kinross, aged 71 years.

WILLISON.—At Easterhill, Dalry, on 24th June, Alexander Willison (F.P.,), son of the late John Willison, Parish-holm, Douglas, Lanarkshire, aged 66 years.

BRYDON.—At Burncastle, Lauder, on 28th June, suddenly, Thomas Taylor Brydon (F.P.), aged 67 years.

HARLEY.—At Kilburns Farmhouse, Wormit, on 1st July, James Burnett Harley (F.P.), son of the late Edward T. Harley, farmer, Peasehills, Wormit, aged 41 years.

BERESFORD.—Accidentally drowned at Buchanan, Saskatchewan, on 2nd August, Richard Gordon, aged 26, third son of Herbert J. Beresford, Dollar.

DEMPSTER.—At Craigmiln, Carmunnock, on 14th August, John Dempster, J.P. (F.P.), of Dempster, Peterson, & Co., Glasgow, fifth son of the late James Dempster, Tillyochie, Kinross, aged 67 years.

BRIGGS.—At Lonsdale Terrace, Edinburgh, on 9th June, Colonel Harry Beecham Briggs, Bombay Medical Service (retired).

HUTCHISON.—At Manchester, on the 1st September, Mr Andrew Hutchison of Harelaw, Fossoway, son of the late Mr Thomas Hutchison, Railway Tavern, Dollar, in his 80th year.

HOGGAN.—At Prospect Place, Dollar, on the 14th September, Mary Dudgeon, wife of Andrew Hoggan.

LINDSAY.—At Birnie Cottage, Dollar, on the 17th September, Elizabeth Birnie, widow of James Lindsay, merchant, Dundee.

In Memoriam.

IT will be seen from our obituary list that death's shafts have fallen thick, heavy, and fast among us, and have stricken here and there a life from the roll-book of our former pupils.

The brothers Dempster passed quietly to rest with only a few weeks between them—Andrew, on his return from his New Zealand home, and John at Carmunnock after some months of rather indifferent health. The latter, who held a prominent position in the commercial world as President of the Grain Association and partner of the firm of Dempster, Peterson, & Co., Glasgow, and who delighted to spend a holiday in our midst, was the better known to us. In his native county he was much respected; and the members of the Fife, Clackmannan, and Kinross Charitable Association, at their annual meeting in 1910, did him the honour of electing him their President, which gave him an opportunity of putting forth special efforts for the alleviation of distress and for the promotion of the happiness of some who had been less fortunate in life's battle.

It was chiefly as a member of the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club, of which he was one of the originators, that we had the privilege of his friendship. His love for his old school and his concern for its welfare were made manifest in many ways. Speaking as Chairman of the Club at the Annual Dinner in 1912 he, after a reference to the coming of the centenary in 1918, said: "Nothing had impressed him more during the two years of pleasant evenings, which the members had spent together, than their kindly feelings towards the old school. Let them foster that feeling of affection as far as they could. He was sure that anything and everything they could do as a Club would be very poor recompense for all that the good old school had done for them." With the excellent object of bringing members into closer touch with one another, Mr Dempster inaugurated his Presidentship by presenting to the Club a handsome golf trophy to be played for annually by members. It is known as *The Dempster Cup.*

We heartily endorse the words of the *Glasgow Herald*, which appeared in its columns on the day after the funeral of the deceased:—"A man of singularly upright and honourable character, he displayed warm interest in all movements that were directed to the benefit of the community." Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the widow and sister who are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and brother.

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MR ALEXANDER WILLISON also occupied a good position in the commercial world. In early life he became identified with the firm of Messrs Biggart & Co. Ltd., wool manufacturers, Dalry, of which he eventually became the senior partner. He had been a well-known figure at wool sales and in agricultural circles generally for many years, and the tidings of his death were received with deep regret. Among former pupils he was esteemed very highly, and at the last dinner of the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club he was unanimously appointed President, thus succeeding his old friend Mr Dempster, Dr Cram's term of office coming between them. With a genuine love he looked on his old school, and rehearsed with enthusiasm the doings of his schooldays. Our heartfelt sympathy is with the mourners.

Mr THOMAS T. BRYDON was tenant of the farm of Burncastle, as his father had been before him. He was widely known as a breeder of black-face sheep, and as a judge of that class of stock his services were frequently in request in various parts of the country. He was a most conscientious judge, and enjoyed in a marked degree the confidence of all classes of exhibitors. In his schooldays at Dollar he, along with his brothers Robert and John, boarded with the English master of their years, Mr James Walker.

Here it is interesting to reflect that John Dempster, Alexander Willison, and Tom Brydon were pupils of the same class while attending the Academy. They enjoyed each other's companionship, engaged in amicable rivalry, and formed a life-long friendship.

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Mr JAMES BURNET HARLEY was a pupil of more recent years—the later eighties. He was an Argyle House boy, an excellent pupil. After leaving school he became a farmer, and by employing the most up-to-date methods gained a good position among agriculturists. His early death was mourned by many who respected and loved him.

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Mr RICHARD BERESFORD, the last of our former pupils whose death it is our painful duty to record at this time, was accidentally drowned in Devil's Lake, near Winnipeg, while he was making a heroic effort to save the lives of two girls who had gone beyond their depth when bathing. It is thought that Richard was taken with cramp, as he was a very good swimmer. The announcement of the melancholy event made a profound impression in Dollar, and the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community went out to Councillor Beresford and his family, who were thus suddenly called upon to mourn the loss of one so dear to them, cut off in the very noon and vigour of life.

If aught can lessen the grief of the bereaved relatives, the tributes of esteem and affection which the Canadian friends of the deceased have sent should go far to do so, full as they are of kindly consolation. We quote a few sentences; and first, from the congregation of which Richard was a member: "We, a congregation assembled in the Presbyterian Church here, Sabbath evening, 9th August, on the occasion of a special service convened for the purpose of placing on record, as a memorial, the name of your dear son and our esteemed friend, Richard, whose living, loving, and genial presence had been so suddenly removed from us and under such sad circumstances, express our united heartfelt sympathy with you in your great loss and, further, assure you of the belief that whilst Richard is absent from us in the body, he is ever with us in the spirit. The blessing of the Lord which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow thereto be your portion.

"G. H. ECCLESTON, *Pastor.*

"BUCHANAN, SASKATCHEWAN."

Mrs R. Buchanan writes: "For his genial disposition, kindness of heart, willingness to contribute to any good cause, and his accuracy in business, all made him one of our popular and esteemed young men. His influence over his companions was always for good. They who knew him best loved him most."

School Notes.

SESSION 1913-14 was brought to a close in time-honoured fashion on 26th June. There was the usual crowd of parents and friends to admire the work shown in the various class-rooms, and the display of gymnastic exercises by the pupils. At the meeting in the big hall the Headmaster presented a very satisfactory report, and made special reference to the gifts of cups by Mrs Scott Lang and Mr James Simpson. An enjoyable musical programme, in which the School orchestra took a leading part, was then submitted, and this was followed by an amusing scene from a German play, in which Misses Brereton and Dowdeswell, and Masters Gordon and Bruce, won the plaudits of the audience.

It had been arranged that Sir Robert Maule, a distinguished former pupil, was to present the prizes and deliver the closing address, but owing to illness he was unable to be present, and his place was taken by Professor Scott Lang, Chairman of the Governors, who said that although Sir Robert Maule was not able to be with them, he had shown his interest in his old School by presenting £100 for the benefit of the pupils. Professor Scott Lang delivered a convincing address on the value of education, and urged parents and guardians to keep their children at school as long as possible. There were cheers from the boys' benches when he referred to the benefits derived from school games.

The new session opened on Thursday, 3rd September, and in spite of the effects of the war, there was a slight improvement in the numbers as compared with last year. We missed Mr M'Culloch, the classical master, who has received a commission in the Gordon Highlanders, and since the School opened, Mr England, the Janitor, has been called away to act as Drum-Major for the newly raised battalion of the Black Watch. There is a possibility that several other members of the staff will be called up for service before the war reaches a conclusion.

In his remarks to the pupils at the opening ceremony, the Headmaster referred to the large number of F.P.'s who had volunteered for service in the army, and said that he would like to have a complete list of those who took part in the defence of the Empire at this time, in order that their names might be entered on a roll of fame to be displayed in some prominent position in the School.

It has been decided to take a weekly collection in the School on behalf of the war funds, and each of the two collections already made has realised over 25s., a very creditable result. Part of the money raised will be spent in providing materials which the girls have agreed to use in making garments of various kinds for those engaged on active service.

Our congratulations are heartily tendered to the following F.P.'s:—

Mr DONALD ROSS on his appointment to the Medical Superintendentship of Lochgilphead Asylum.

Mr JAMES B. HUTTON on the successful completion of his career as a student of Balliol College, Oxford, and his appointment as a Lecturer in Greek History and Archæology in Glasgow University.

Mr WILLIAM D. ROBIESON on his appointment to the editorial Staff of the *Glasgow Herald.*

Miss JEANIE ARMISHAW on her success in the Glasgow University Bursary Examination—she being the first lady on the list of competitors.

We are obliged to Mr Wm. M. Carment for the correction of an error that appeared in the School Notes of our last number. It was there stated that Hogben was the first British-born boy who had won the Edina Cup. Now, that is not the case, as the first winner of the cup—Harry Pringle—was British born, as was also C. D. M'Iver.

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The cricket season finished up with a fine display by our 1st XI. against Daniel Stewart's College, and we are certain that, with a similar arrangement of the team earlier in the season, many of the failures would have been successes. Dodds played splendidly, and only over-eagerness brought about his downfall. His 78 were all got with careful play, and he well merited his "fifty bat." Dougall also showed that he could repeat his form of the Perth game, and by his score of 34 not out came out top in the batting average with 16.2 for the season.

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The Bowling Belt went to Morgan, who was closely followed by Watson. Morgan's average was 10.4.

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Once more the Athletic Club desire to express their gratitude to Mr Massey for the encouragement he gives each year by offering the bat and belt for the winners of the average competitions.

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The quint cup was won by MacNabb Quint after an exciting struggle.

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In the tennis competitions keen games were witnessed towards the end. Dodds went down rather easily to T. Walker, who had no difficulty in disposing of Morgan in the final. Walker thus has his name first on the cup, and should do well in club tennis later on, as he is steady and quick.

The winner of the cup presented to the girls was M. Taylor, who had a very hard task in overcoming M. Spiers. The final in this case was a much better and more stoutly contested game than in the boys' final.

The winner of the under 16 competition was Reb. Wilson, and of the under 14 was Molly Wilson.

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The office-bearers of the Football Club have been appointed, and are—*Captain*, J. L. C. Watson; *Vice-Captain*, J. W. Hogben; *Secretary*, I. Tuckwell; *Committee*, Hope and Chuan.

A good year is expected, as there are at least half of last year's fifteen back at School. The back division is almost the same as last year's, and in the practice games has shown all the grit and fire of last year's division, and we feel sure that if the remaining part of the team gives its best there will be no fear of defeat.

The usual list of fixtures has been made, and will be issued immediately.

C. R. Dougall captains the 2nd XV., which should make a good show against its opponents, and H. Walker acts in a similar capacity with the 3rd XV.

The Tennis Club has the following office-bearers:—*Captain*, Chuan; *Vice-Captain*, Morgan; *Secretary*, Hope; *Committee*, Dougall and Macfarlane.

The courts are open for play until the middle or end of October.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.—The O.T.C. contingent sent forty cadets and three officers to camp at Barry in the beginning of July. The weather unfortunately broke down and prevented out-door work towards the end of camp.

Many of the former cadets have given their services at the present moment, and as it is proposed to keep a list of all F.P.'s at present taking part in the crisis in any branch of H.M. Forces, the O.C. will be very pleased to have their names forwarded to him.

The numbers in the corps have increased with a sudden leap, as was to be expected, but we hope that this may not be a passing fever, but a perpetual condition of affairs.

For many issues we have urged the necessity for every boy to make himself fit to serve his king and country, and now it is only too evident why this should be.

Sergeants J. L. C. Watson and C. R. Dougall have been promoted Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Company respectively, and Lance-Corporals Walker, Chuan, Macfarlane, and Hope have been promoted Corporals, and Cadet Dewar advanced to Lance-Corporal.

Drill is being carried on twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, and as the numbers are large some of the masters are kindly giving their services in drilling part of the recruits.

As soon as the recruits are fit it is intended to have a series of field days illustrative of different points in tactics and also a route march for a day with transport, &c.

We hope that all parents will encourage their boys to make every use possible of the opportunities for enabling them to be fit and ready to uphold the dignity and honour of their country. The report on the annual inspection held on 10th June has been received and is very creditable. The corps has been recorded as efficient, and the inspecting officer says: "*Discipline*, good. The cadets were steady on parade. *Turn Out*, very good indeed, arms, equipment and clothing in good order. *Manœuvre*, this was well carried out. *General Remarks.*—The state of the contingent is quite satisfactory. Captain Wilson is very keen and has taken great trouble. He is supported by the Headmaster. The boys are a nice-looking, clean, and robust lot. Lieutenant Walton is a smart young officer, who knows his work well and takes very great interest in the corps."

Mr Frew was attending for his second fortnight's attachment at Stirling, but was unable to continue owing to the outbreak of war.

The winners of the Shooting Cups were:—

The Leckie Ewing Cup (open range)—1st, Corporal D. S. Smith; 2nd, H. MacColl; 3rd, J. L. C. Watson.

Mrs Scott Lang's Cup (miniature range)—1st, D. S. Smith; 2nd, J. L. C. Watson.

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All teachers will agree, I think, that the correction of examination papers is, as a rule, an irksome and profoundly depressing task. They may begin with youthful ardour and in the true spirit of charity by *hoping* all things and even *believing* all things; but after a few years' experience of such work they can only brace themselves up to *enduring* all things; and indeed, like Varro of old in the Roman Republic, may well be entitled to thanks for not altogether despairing of their country!

Recently, however, I had the unique experience of enjoying the correction of a set of examination papers. A "General Knowledge" paper was set to pupils in a large school not a hundred miles from Dollar, and some of the answers thereto contained such delightful pieces of information that I feel it would be selfish to keep so many refreshing "tit-bits" all to myself, so I pass them on to the readers of *The Dollar Magazine*.

The "Land o' the Leal" means, according to one youthful writer, the "Highlands of Scotland"; another, apparently of Republican tendencies, thinks it is the "United States"; while a third cautiously but vaguely defines it as "the place you go to after you die." The "Dark Continent" is, not inappropriately perhaps, "the Balkan Peninsula," while the "Celestial Empire" is "Great Britain," "Paris," or "Heaven." "The Land of the Midnight Sun" (this evidently on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*) is "Scandinavia, because the sun does not shine there for weeks, or even months." "Auld Reekie" is "a person who writes articles in a certain newspaper," while the "Land o' Cakes" is "a poetic name for the kitchen."

Nor was the young idea less entertaining in other departments of knowledge. The term "Death Duties" is explained to mean "the business of attending to the burial," while another states it as "money paid for hanging anyone." The "Minutes" of a meeting is "the short time allowed to each speaker at a meeting" (alas! no, my dear), and a "Bonus" is "extra money paid every year to persons if they work well" (again, alas! no, my dear).

A question on present-day politics elicited the bold statement that "there is at present no Prime Minister—Mr Asquith *was*"; the Leader of the Opposition is "Lloyd George," "Sir Edward Carson," or a mysterious personage variously known as "Bona Law," "Bonnerlaw," or "Bonnart Law."

A demand to "name your favourite proverb and explain shortly what it means," drove one young person to the following: "Adversity teaches man to think and to feel," accompanied by the illuminating explanation, "this simply means that adversity teaches man to feel and to think"! A second who chose "One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink," triumphantly explains, "this means that you may keep a boy or girl in, but you can't make them work"; and a third feelingly writes, "A hair in the head is worth two in the brush!"—this last, being evidently felt to be a sufficiently self-evident truth, has no explanation attached.

Literature fared no better at their hands. The "Wizard of the North" means "Santa Claus," "Merlin," or (a fine poetic touch this!) the "North Wind." "The lad born in Kyle" is "Prince Charlie," "Robin Hood," or "Robin Adair," and the "Swan of Avon" is "Ellen Terry," "Lady Godiva," or "Annie S. Swan." "Jeanie Deans" is frequently stated to be "an old woman who threw a stool at a bishop's head"; "John Bull" is defined as "one of the men who has to do with the government of the British Isles," and "Topsy" is thought to be "a person who lived in a funny land where everything is upside down—the babies wheel their nurses, and the children teach their teachers"—this last a disposition, it may be remarked in passing, not altogether confined to "Topsy Land."

Some of the answers to a request to state the first-aid treatment proposed for various minor accidents should incite the Women's First-Aid Ambulance

A. Drysdale.

A GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.

Corps to extend its instruction. "Slapping" was an extremely popular method of dealing with companions who were foolish enough either to faint or to choke—to which one extremely literal writer adds a recommendation to "open her neckband—if she has one"! Another advises for choking this Spartan treatment (in addition, of course, to the inevitable "slapping")—"she should be forced to swallow a large piece of dry bread"; and yet another cautiously adds (evidently in view of reprisals) that "if the patient is a small child she should be held up by the heels till she stops choking." A profound disbelief in the medical profession characterises several of the writers: "When all other means have failed, send for the doctor" advises one; while a companion goes even further; "after this, send for the doctor, and then pity the patient."

But "enough is as good as a feast"—even of jokes—so I break off.

In case, however, that my readers should misjudge the papers as a whole, I must state that the very large majority of the answers, over a wide range of subjects, showed really excellent powers of observation, of memory, and of expression; and after reading the above examples, who shall again dare to state that the great gift of originality has altogether fled from our land?

J. A. SIMPSON.

An Eerie Tale of the Dollar O.T.C.

Time: Sixty years hence.
Scene: The usual parade ground.

THE corps paraded at dead of night,
To go forth to a big sham fight;
All by the pale moon's silvery light
They stood arrayed in order.

The O.T.C. looked smart and fit,
As down the ranks each sub. did flit
To see that each man had his kit,
That there was no disorder.

The Rector too, in cap and gown,
Looked on with gravely serious frown,
His stern, dark eye the ranks went down
As they stood at the slope.

The captain stood at his right hand,
The pipe-major surveyed the band,
The colour-sergeant, brown and tanned,
For victory did hope.

Oh, 'twas a moving sight to see
That company of O.T.C.
Stand waiting there expectantly
All by the moon's pale beams.

The silvery goddess shed her light
On rifle barrels glittering bright,
Lighting the hour of dark midnight
With fitful, flashing gleams.

But see! what eerie sight is there,
To raise the most reluctant hair,
The boldest of the corps to scare,
That ever carried arms?

The Rector's cap rose from his head,
His legs were trembling as he said,
"Oh, who are these come from the dead?
I can't stand such alarms."

The caps of all the boys did rise,
They gazed with horror and surprise,
They gave forth choking, gurgling cries,
As they saw from the gym.

Two ghostly figures make their way,
While every man knelt down to pray
With ashen lips and faces grey.
Oh! 'twas a sight most grim.

They wondered whose those spectres were,
In tunic green and kilt threadbare
And very much the worse for wear,
But soon they came to know.

A grizzled, old cadet was there,
Who to the full their fears did share;
He took a long and anxious stare,
Then spoke in accents low,

"By heaven, it's our old Captain B.,
And drill-instructor, J. M'G.,
Come forth to see what men are we
Compared with those of yore!

Oh, what it bodes I cannot tell,
Methinks it is some fiendish spell;
It likes me not, all is not well,
My heart is sad and sore."

The ghost of Captain B. did laugh.
"You're not," said he, with ghostly chaff,
"As O.T.C. so smart by half
As those who once obeyed us.

And here's M'Geachen's ghost with me,
Will testify to all that we
Did ere the Dollar company
Had reached its present status."

At this stage of the ghost's narration
Another spectre took its station
Beside him, and in confirmation
Backed up the captain's wraith.

'Twas Heyworth's ghost come forth to view
The O.T.C., and ever true
To his old captain, to renew
His old, unflinching faith.

Now solemnly those spectres three
Gazed at the assembled company,
While all the corps in agony
Prayed that the cock might crow.

But now the captain 'gan again
In accents hollow to the men
To talk. Oh, would that my poor pen
Could tell all that I know!

"Now don't attempt to make us fly,
For if you do you'll surely die,
And all your parents sorely cry
Because of your sad fate.

For we intend to haunt this spot,
To see that Dollar's little lot
May never by the slightest jot
From duty's call abate.

As spectres here we'll oft repair,
But please don't let us raise your hair,
For we have no intent to scare,
We don't mean any harm.

This ground where you parade, to us
Is sacred, so please make no fuss;
Our ghostly figures don't discuss,
And have no vague alarm."

So saying, he pulled a ghostly pipe
From shadowy sporran, and with a light
From glimmering match he lit that pipe
And had a spectral smoke.

M'Geachen's ghost it did the same,
And Heyworth's too joined in the game,
All three in phosphorescent flame,
While not a "cuddy" spoke.

Oh, 'twas a thrilling sight to see
Those fear-inspiring spectres three
Smoke on so unconcernedly,
While all were struck with fear.

They smoked their pipes till dawn, when lo!
Old chanticleer began to crow,
A mighty wind began to blow
And made them disappear.

I need not say the corps that night
Did not take part in any fight,
For they'd been spell-bound by the sight
Of those grim spectres three.

And ne'er again did they parade
At night, for they were sore afraid
To meet the captain's eerie shade,
And those of Heyworth and M'G.

F. B. S.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

NEW ADDRESSES.

COSH, Mr TOM, The Terricks, Tarramurra, Sydney, Australia.

COLVEN, Mr ROBERT W., Estancia "La Carlota," Estancion Warnes, F.C.O., Argentine.

COLVEN, Mr JOHN H., Stuzaingo 1010, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

M'ANDREW, Mr RONALD M., M.A., c/o Mr Maclean, Aquillas Province, Murcia, Spain.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

BERESFORD, Mr H. J., M.L.S., 859 Ingersoll Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

GRAY, Mrs ALEC, 90 5th Avenue, Ottawa, Canada.

NORWELL, Mr JOHN M., Senior 7th Engineer, R.M.S. "Mauretania," Liverpool.