



J. M. Whitehead, Alva

JOHN BALFOUR HAIG, W.S.

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Mr John Balfour Haig, W.S.

THE place of honour in the last two numbers of the *Magazine* was conferred on two well-known members of the medical profession; and to-day we have much pleasure in assigning it to a prominent member of the legal profession, John Balfour Haig, Procurator-Fiscal of his native county of Clackmannan, third son of the late much respected Mr W. J. Haig of Dollarfield. The portrait which we are able to present to our readers is an excellent one—a speaking likeness.

Born at Dollarfield in 1868, Mr Haig received his early education at the Academy, and subsequently at Loretto. As a pupil he entered fully into the life of the work and the play of the School, leaving a record satisfactory to his teachers, and pleasant memories among his class-fellows.

In 1887 he began his professional training in the office of Messrs Cowan & Dalmahoy, W.S., Edinburgh, a firm which was held in high repute in the city and throughout the country. During his apprenticeship, as is usual with students of law, he attended the Law Classes at the University; and on passing the necessary examinations, became qualified in 1892 for admission as a Member of the Society of Writers to His Majesty's Signet. He was thus a comparatively young man when he became a W.S., so he wisely continued for three years more in the city office, adding to his experience before taking upon himself the conduct of a lawyer's business. Thus equipped, he in 1895 entered into partnership with the late Mr Norman MacWatt, solicitor, Alloa; and on the death of his partner in 1897, he was appointed Procurator-Fiscal of Clackmannanshire, a post fraught with a good deal of responsibility. In dealing with cases in the law courts Mr Haig displays considerable management and tact. Addressing himself to the judgment of his audience, he employs a strain of language only a little raised above that of ordinary discourse, which even by its familiar tone and style forces the attention while it awakens no suspicion of rhetorical artifice. In this way he gains the manifold advantage of

the strength of his cause. Among his clients and professional brethren he has numberless warm friends.

He was married, in 1900, to Edith Robson, fifth daughter of the late Charles W. Wilson, Quebec. And here we may add, in passing, that Mrs Haig has shown herself ever ready to take an active share in whatever tends to brighten the lives of children, or alleviate the sufferings of the sick poor.

In 1905 Mr Haig bought the prettily situated Kelly Cottage, just outside the burgh boundary, and on the site he built his present residence, Kellysyde. The style of architecture is peculiar but pleasing; and the grounds around the house display a fine taste and neatness. In front is a smooth-shaven lawn and a flower garden prettily laid out, well stocked, and well kept. Nature and art combine to make an attractive picture.

It only remains to say that since Mr Haig settled in his Kellysyde home, he has shown himself interested in all that appertains to the good of the community and the prosperity of his old School. He is a past president of the Golf Club, and also of the Curling Club. His cheerful disposition and suavity of manner have gained for him troops of friends.

Thoughts from a Rose Garden.

It comes in a garden, where the strife of the world is stilled, a hush that falls over some listening heart; waiting for the hidden music, blown through starlit ways. Then it is that the spirit of the flowers holds converse with the souls of mortals; and to the heart of one, listening among the roses, these words were spoken.

"Dear Lady Mortal, you carry on your arm now a basketful of roses; but know you that within each hand as well you hold an invisible basket—one of sunshine, and one of shadows, your mystical freight of smiles and tears? That whenever you drop from your store one sunbeam or one shadow, it is recorded three times. Once in your own life, once in the life of the one across whose path it falls, and yet again in the larger life whose key is in the hereafter.

"All mortals hold this mystic burden in their hands. To each and all is the power of giving; but only some have understanding. This we tell to you, because you have dwelt in love among us, and we are your friends.

"Some carry this message carelessly, not reckoning of the cost if on the highway they let fall a smile or a tear.

"The gay, light-hearted children of earth joyously scatter the

sunshine around. It may be a little too noisily, perhaps, for some tired hearts ; but to this trail come many votaries, and laughter and light follow for a transient moment.

"The sadder spirits who look ever on the darker side, finding their load of shadows too heavy, wearily drop them on the way—not dreaming, alas ! what tears are left.

"Because knowledge has not come to either of these messengers, the gift is not blessed. They have not learned yet of the alchemy that mingles sunshine and shadow till the balance is perfected. That gay sunshine given too carelessly would have lived through the ages, tempered with a few rare tears of understanding. Those shadows that became too weary a burden to carry, had they been lightened from that other store of sunbeams, might have glowed into a serene and exquisite sympathy.

"Poor mortals, if you only knew ! In the hall of the mystics there is an exchange that shall outlive the markets of the world. 'Tout passe, tout s'efface !' a poet has sung. Yes, but in his words there were two meanings. He sang of the things visible we hold and touch awhile ; but he sang, too, with a tender wistfulness, of the deeper, more beautiful things that seem effaced, only to pass on into the infinite."

So the roses talked in deep thoughtfulness, and the listener mused among the flowers.

Again they said, "Sweet Lady Mortal, we would tell you now of those who carry their mystic freight with a deeper knowledge. All ye mortals who bear this more precious burden must carry it with great wisdom, very proudly and tenderly as well. For yours is the pride of a high quest, and the riches of wide understanding.

"It matters so much how you weigh your store of sunshine and shadows. To the one who receives, and to the giver, oh greatly shall it matter ! While to the soul world your smile or tear shall pass as an heritage.

"When you give from your store of sunshine unconsciously, that sunbeam shall be as the daylight clear and true : but greater shall be the smile given in thoughtfulness ; as a lamp to hold bearing its message of gladness through all space and time.

"And from your store of shadows—ah, these must you weigh most carefully ! Lest your hand grow weary, or your foot slip, and one should fall. Sometimes, we know not how, a shadow falls darkening a shining way. It might be the morning mist veiling the pathway, and the footsteps of the messenger wander. Or perhaps the glory of the sunset dazzling the eyes, that they dare not look up to the light ahead. Till, too late, they open wet with tears.

"Or again, it might be that the hand of the messenger trembles,

hearing afar some strange sweet song. And so a discord breaks where singing birds had been.

"Then is the blessed moment when mortals may send forth a sister sunbeam, that, lighting upon the shadow, can change its grey to gold, and thus the fairy balance be adjusted. While through the listening world a tender laughter rings, where else had passed the semblance of a tear. Only never must you wait, dear mortals, on this journey, lest the snows of winter come and the flowers be all dead in your garden, before the sunbeam reaches them to smile.

"Yet there are shadows sometimes that fall so darkly, sunbeams never reach them. The sunbeams may want to go to them, yet not be able to find the way. Or sometimes they reach the path, but it is so long and dark they grow weary, and their lamp burns out. Then there will be no more flowers in your garden !

"But if you be wise, O mortals, you will seek others elsewhere ; new flowers for the finding, though perchance they may not be as sweet.

"And afterwards, when the play is ended, and the curtain falls, when the cry, 'O sweet everlasting voices, be still,' is heard no more. What then? Ah, then shall there be found oblivion, and the perfume of a land where many roses be ! Through the dim gate of sleep, beyond the valley of forgetfulness, unto the gardens of Hesperides, the pilgrim shall have passed.

"There you will find all the lost flowers of yesterday, when 'you wake and remember and understand.' For they were not dead, only asleep ; but the light was too dim to see them slumbering in those earth-bound gardens, their sweet faces veiled in dream ; and the closed petals holding all their perfumed breath.

"Now they are calling to you with bright eyes sun-kissed ; and on your lips and all around is laid the magic of a fragrance not of earth.

"It is the Land of Hearts' Desire."

Thus from their book of wisdom the roses told this story. That passing through their garden thoughtfully, the heart of some mortal might be awake to hear, and hearing, that its mystic burden might be borne more beautifully. That harmony of smiles and tears the centuries have waited to make perfect.

For so elusive and precious a thing is this gift of understanding, so fair for the finding, so frail to the touch, it is a far quest that mortals go who seek it—

"Through worlds I shall traverse not a few,
Much is to learn, much to forget."

But it is there to find if only you want it enough, though they who most desire it must wander farthest, because their need is the greater.

So greatly longing shall they journey to their kingdom, even if it be to the rose gardens that wait beyond the borders of Time.

And ever it shall be as the poet has sung :—

“The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him,
The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him,
The love is to the lover, and comes back most to him,
It cannot fail.”

ELISABETH SUTHERLAND.

A New War-Cry.

“FOR CANADA AND OLD ENGLAND!”

(THE battle scene which is the subject of these verses was graphically sketched in an Associated Press dispatch from the front. It told how a thin British line seemed to be in danger of being overpowered by an advancing force of Germans that greatly outnumbered them. Just in the nick of time was heard the deep-mouthed roar of a Canadian regiment, described as “a long line of slouch-hatted men,” who came to the rescue and turned the tide of fortune. With bayonets fixed they charged the enemy, shouting as their battle-cry, “For Canada and Old England!” After a brief but fierce hand-to-hand struggle, the Germans were repulsed and forced to retreat.)

Sternly the German stormers tread
O'er comrades dying, comrades dead,
Through mud and water running red,
For Fatherland and Kaiser.
That dauntless army of spiked casques
The why or wherefore never asks,
But strives to do the ordered tasks,
For Fatherland and Kaiser.

Outnumbered four-fold by the foe,
No sign of fear the British show :
A voice,—“Are we downhearted?”—“No !
We'll do or die for England !”
Their line is long-drawn-out and thin ;
'Gainst odds so great, how can they win ?
But Britons know not to give in ;
They'll stand, or fall, for England !

Hurrah ! Help comes in time of need !
Canada's sons, a stalwart breed,
With rush and roar charge at full speed
The enemy of England.

Bayonet and rifle-butt they ply ;
 The slouch hats make the helmets fly ;
 And Flanders hears a new war-cry—
 "For Canada and Old England !"

The noble Lady of the Snows
 Sends forth her sons 'gainst Britain's foes,
 For love still strong and stronger grows
 In Canada for Old England.
 Dear Motherland ! Thy daughters all
 Far over-seas have heard thy call,
 Faithful and true, whate'er befall,
 They've staked their all for England.

Ah, Wilhelm ! Little didst thou know
 How strong the filial bond could grow
 'Neath Southern sun—'mid Northern snow,
 Where flies the flag of England.
 Thy Krupps and bombs, thine armies all,
 Can never make our Empire fall :
 Sydney, Dunedin, Montreal,
 Are heart and hand with England !

W. C. BENET.

CASHIERS,
 NO. CAROLINA, U.S.A.

Benediction of Mitry.

A LEGEND.

(Continued.)

THUS passed thirty days, happy for Aponina, for she suspected nothing. Then she left Polinicus at dawn, accompanied by Anilius and guides to Antioch, to prepare the house for the homecoming of her father and her lover. But Polinicus, having seen her off, relapsed into depressive melancholy ; then there came to him the chief priest, fell prone before him, then approached nearer, reflecting on his features the light of great wisdom, and spoke : "My master and my god ! A time is now when your soul is aching with sorrow and the hour has struck for you to learn a great and secret truth, which we disclose only to such chosen ones of Mitry as thou, my master. All these days I have watched your heart beating. In truth, the benediction of Mitry rests upon you, for you approach the gates of death without a quiver. I know, it is Love which has endowed your soul with this light ; know you, then, the truth unknown to others : there is no death for you !"

"Your words confuse me ; am I, then, not to die on the cross ?"

"No, you are vanquishing and will conquer death !" answered the priest, and the Roman asked again, "What will happen to me, then ?"

"On the sixth day you will suffer and find rest on the cross ; but your torments will be but the pangs of birth of your new life. You will quit this body and reside three years in the litten halls of our light-shedding god, together with two other sons of his. After this time, when another chosen one of Mitry comes and takes your place, you will return to earth and live in your former body the time it has been fated for you to live. Then you will conceive the wisdom of the sages ; you will understand how all humanity, from the beginning of ages, is nailed to the cross — crucified between two realities — Truth and Justice. These form the cross and can never coincide, and always will man be rent apart by them as one crucified. However, this is the wisdom of your life to be. But now remember my words : here before you I swear by the day of my birth and by the benediction of Mitry, that it will be thus : as soon as you, the undying, quit your body, we will take it off the cross, embalm it, wrap it up in cloths and lay it in a sarcophagus, pressing our seals upon it, and it will know no decay. When three years pass and another one is taken by Mitry, we will open your rest-place and you will arise as after a long sleep, but that what you will have seen in the halls of our light-shedding god will but picture itself to your memory as dreams you dreamt in your boyhood. This all get you to know and chase anguish off your heart !"

Then the Roman asked once again, "Tell me, oh wise one, will I see this maiden, my bride, again ?"

"You will see her," answered the priest, and went out as if anxious to hide some truth.

Polinicus pondered, then wrote it all down on some wax tablets, and bade it be sent to Prosimnus. The seed sown by the wise priest in the heart of the youth sprang up quickly, and after a day the slight hope grew into full belief that he would arise from the dead. Another three days passed, and in the morning, after the youth's feet had been washed, the high priest spoke to him : "Until now you have known our love and the people's adoration. Get you to know then also, as a god, the evil and the animal nature of this same people." Then he washed his hands and turned to the priests : "Lead him out, and wash your hands after."

The priests led Polinicus outside the doors and shut them

behind him. The yard was full of people; like mad beasts they surrounded him and jeered, abusing him. Some tore his purple robes off, throwing back rags, others spat in his face, and others again beat him with thorny rods till darkness fell. For the night he was thrown into a dungeon, and at daybreak led out for the mob to maltreat him again. Polinicus bore it all with the meekness of a lamb, without a groan; his only thoughts were that soon all this would end, and a new life awaited him. One more night passed; the next day he was led out to the holy mound, where he hailed the rising sun and was crucified. They gloated over his sufferings, then thrust spears through his body; and when death came they ran away. Late into the night the body hung there, but on the morn there was neither corpse nor cross.

All the prisoners, as promised, were released, and arrived safely at Antioch. Prosimnus explained to his daughter how her lover died, and showed her the roll of wax tablets, which perplexed him greatly; Aponina likewise thought that his mind had raved, overawed by the thought of approaching death. Later, however, she conversed with wise and learned men, and once it came to her ears that not so very long ago in Jerusalem there died likewise the Crucified One, and He rose from the dead. This made her and Prosimnus travel to Palestine, where they listened eagerly to everything said about the Crucified One, and a moon had scarcely waned before the grace of the belief dawned in the minds of the father and the daughter; and from that time they went forth and preached the truth.

It was the close of the third year. In Ispaghan, in the temple of Mitry, all paid homage to the chosen one of the god, and when he withdrew into the inner apartments, two strangers came out of the crowd—an old man leaning on a wanderer's staff, and a young woman clad in black. These were Prosimnus and Aponina. The old man stretched forth his hands to where the chief priest stood and exclaimed loudly: "To thee I turn, oh priest of Mitry! I conjure thee to answer me in the name of the only God."

"Speak, wanderer, thou shalt be answered."

"Three years ago a young Roman was crucified by you as a sacrifice to Mitry. We know he must arise again, and we want to receive him from the dead in order that evil may not touch his soul."

"Wanderer, madness is talking in you," answered the priest, but looking into Prosimnus's face he added, "Never has death flown again from the dead, for that is madness."

"No, that is a great mystery, oh priest! We know how One arose from the dead in three days, and now the glory of Him



A. Drysdale

ON TILlicOUNTRY ROAD

overflows the earth like a torrent. In your teachings, oh priest, there is little of the all-supreme revelation—the truth, which you see as through a smirched glass. This truth I have brought into your town; about this truth, in all its fulness, I will preach to the people.”

And the priest asked, “And do you think this truth can be proclaimed to all?”

“Wherefore has it to be hidden?”

And the priest said, “Oh wanderer, try and look at the sun with your weak eyes—you will understand me then!”

“No, a lighted torch is never placed beneath a bowl,” replied Prosimnus, then asked, “But now I beseech thee by the name of the true God, tell me where lies Polinicus?”

But instead of an answer the chief made a sign, and several young priests approached carrying a gold basin full of water. He washed his hands, pointed towards the strangers, then slowly disappeared behind a curtain, stooping as under a great burden. The young priests surrounded Prosimnus and Aponina, led them out into the square, shouted something to the crowd and, like thieves, ran back. The people surrounded them with curiosity, and the two began to preach loudly of the Crucified One; but somebody shouted a threat, others assaulted them with stones, killing them and insulting the corpses until late at night. But when all were asleep the priests returned and brought the mutilated bodies in; there they were washed and embalmed, and silken lengths wound round them; then, in silence, the corpses were carried out of the town into labyrinths hewn out of the living rock, and laid in a niche each. And only the high priest let fall a few words: “They ought to be buried with royal honours, for the benediction of Mitry rested upon them. They vanquished death by their love.”

F. A. A. (F.P.)

Peace Proposes—War Disposes.

I CAN recall the scene perfectly. It was a lovely June night, and the late boat from Lausanne was nearing Geneva. The lights of the town flashed and glittered, and reflected themselves in the waters of the Lac Lemman, while from the Kursaal there blazed myriads of bulbs of electric light, the reflections of which danced and frisked about in the mirror of water like little will-o'-the-wisps. The orchestra of the Kursaal was playing “Knowest thou the land,” from “Mignon,” and the lovely minor notes came clearly across the water to us as we leant over the deck rail, talking softly.

It was a night for confidences, and my Bavarian friend, Fraulein S——, was telling me about “Max.”

They were engaged were Fraulein and Max, but Fraulein, who had never left Bavaria during all the thirty years of her life, became possessed of the desire to travel in Switzerland and Italy before settling down as Max's wife. However, Herr Max strongly disapproved of these ideas of his fiancée, and proposed that the honeymoon journey should be arranged to these countries instead of to Holland, as was formerly planned.

Now Fraulein had a mind of her own, and having once decided to visit these countries, and alone, nothing could make her change her mind. So when Max found cajoling of no avail, he tried "I forbid," and Fraulein, in a fit of indignation at this premature hectoring, broke off the engagement and hastened her preparations for the journey which had cost her so dear.

She came to Geneva, and was not there very long when she found what a huge mistake breaking the engagement had been. The strange customs and the loneliness of this foreign town made her feel the big disappointment of her life much more keenly, and it was a relief to have someone in whom she could confide, someone who would sympathise.

We often talked of Max. In fact so often did Fraulein go over the story, telling me by the way of his appearance, of his character, and of his habits, that I came to look on Max as someone I had known and lost sight of, but still a friend in whom I was keenly interested.

The music from the Kursaal sounded louder and gayer as the boat neared the "Quai du Mont Blanc"; it certainly was not "Mignon" they were playing now.

I touched Fraulein lightly on the arm, for she was gazing into the green waters of the lake, lost in thoughts that were anything but cheerful, if one might judge by her expression.

"Listen, Fraulein S——, do you hear what they're playing now in the Kursaal? It's that pretty little French air, 'The Troubadour.' How light and joyful it sounds after 'Mignon,' and just look how the little lights in the water seem to be dancing to it; perhaps it is an omen that all will come right yet between you and Max. What do you think?"

Some time ago I saw a paragraph in one of our daily papers, telling how a company of Bavarian soldiers had been completely wiped out by the powerful guns of our Allies, the French.

I remembered that perfect June evening on the Lake of Geneva, of the optimistic end of our conversation about Max—Max, who now lies stiff and cold among his brother Bavarians on a field "somewhere" on the Western Front.

H. W. C.

"Odd Shots."

BY ONE OF THE JOCKS.

UNDER this title Captain Scott (F.P.) has collected and republished in permanent form a selection of those delightful essays which during some years he has contributed to various newspapers and periodicals, our own among the number. These fugitive sketches—wise, witty, humorous, rich in humanity—focus and preserve aspects and characteristics of military service; and the author's happy and whimsical touch, his sensitiveness to every passing humour, his mirthful playfulness, combine to make his work attractive and exhilarating. There are twenty-six papers in all, seven of which are in verse, light, bright, and smooth-flowing, sure to evoke smiles and even hearty laughter.

In illustration of the style and manner of the book we make choice of "Marcelle," as it appeals to our young readers, and displays fine taste, breadth of sympathy, and a singularly pleasing charm of simplicity.

"Her name is Marcelle; that is all I am certain of; but though I have never seen the young lady, somehow I feel sure her eyes are blue, and I think her 'pig-tail' is tied with a piece of bright ribbon. More than that it is impossible to discover, because the tide of war has swept past Marcelle's home and frightened her away. The little schoolroom in which she sat is now filled with 'les Ecossais'; rifles and military equipment are ranged round the walls; the floor has been cleared of the tiny desks to make room for tired and dirty Territorials. But when lesson-books were collected for the last time, and locked up, Marcelle's little exercise-book must have been overlooked. It has been lying in a corner till I rescued it to-day from the hob-nails of our worthy colour-sergeant.

"Judged by her description of 'le chat' and 'le cheval,' Marcelle's knowledge of animals is not yet extensive. Her handwriting shows a tendency to leave the ruled lines, but the neat pages lead me to infer that she is a tidy little girl. Probably she wears a clean blue-print pinafore, and I can almost see her keep her shoes dry by stepping carefully across the muddy playground, now the scene of those open-air cooking operations which are almost the most wonderful feature of the British Army.

"On the wall just above the place where Marcelle used to sit, hangs a map of France showing 'les départements.' What would the Germans say if they noticed that Alsace and Lorraine are included in type as bold as, if not bolder than, Pas-de-Calais and the rest? Possibly they would burn down the building; but the question will never be answered.

"Step by step, almost inch by inch, we are pushing eastwards. Doubtless, when we move on, others who follow behind us will be billeted in Marcelle's schoolroom, will draw their own rude pictures on the teacher's blackboard, will dry their soaked clothes, and make 'billies' of tea round the charcoal stove.

"But a day is coming soon when Marcelle will be able to come back to her own little desk, and puzzle her brain once more with the elusive 'système métrique.' She will search in vain for her lost dissertations on the cat and the horse, and will never know, innocent wee soul, how much her artless opinions brightened one drab day in the life of a passing soldier."

A word of commendation is due to the artist of the drawing on the cover. It reflects much credit on him, and cleverly suggests what the reader may expect within. It seems to say, *Ride si sapis*—"Laugh if you are wise."

"Odd Shots" is dedicated to that prince of letter-writers, H. J. W. H. Members of the "1904 class" will readily recognise the initials. Altogether the book has a fascination which commences with the first page and continues to the last. Every F.P. should possess a copy.

The Ministers of Dollar Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. ROBERTSON WILSON.

DURING the interval that elapsed between the close of Dean Foret's ministry in 1538-9, and the appointment to the Dollar cure of its first Presbyterian pastor in 1567, I have no doubt that the Church of Rome endeavoured to re-establish its hold on the people of the parish, and that it may even to some extent have succeeded in doing so. At any rate, within the period indicated, it is certain that one, at least, if not more, of the Inchcolm monks enjoyed the Dollar vicarage and served the district as its spiritual guide. This is proved by a record I have recently found in the "Register of the Great Seal of Scotland," edited by the famous antiquary, Dr Thomson. In this record I notice that a certain Sir Henry Balfour, who designates himself "Vicar of Dolour," appends his name as witness to a notarial instrument dated 30th September 1569. In this document a Mrs Margaret Lundy, who is called "Lady of Colluthie," and is described as a widow, resigns to her son, Patrick Ramsay, a tenement belonging to her in the town of St Andrews. Now this record clearly establishes two points that have a local interest, viz.: (1) that the last of the Romish vicars of Dollar was

named Henry Balfour, and that, like his predecessor, Dean Foret, he was probably a native of Fifeshire, and (2) that when Protestantism prevailed in Scotland in 1560, the Dollar vicar did not change with the times, but remained an obstinate Romanist. This seems the only possible explanation of the fact that so late as 1569, or two full years after his successor had been settled in Dollar as Protestant minister there, Henry Balfour, the quondam priest of the parish, calmly ignores his supersession by that gentleman, disdains to recognise that his original title to the spiritual oversight of the parishioners of Dollar had ever been forfeited, and accordingly still proudly dubs himself as "Vicar of Dollar." But resolute and active as the last Romish vicar of our parish seems to have been in his advocacy and defence of the Papal Church system, the ease with which the reformation of the Church was effected in Dollar seems to suggest that the preaching and example of the martyred Thomas Foret had left so favourable an impression of Protestant doctrines and methods on the minds of the people of this district that his successor's Romish propaganda produced little effect in the way of changing their views.

One circumstance that must have contributed greatly to the cordial welcome which, as I think, was given by the good people of Dollar to the new religious order in Scotland, was the conspicuous part which, for several years previous to 1560, had been taken by the chief landowners of the parish, the fourth and fifth Earls of Argyll, in promoting the cause of the Reformation. True, indeed, for at least six years after the death of Dollar's martyred vicar, the stern persecutor, Cardinal Beaton (whose ruthless pursuit of all suspected sympathisers with the cause of Church reform had hounded the noble Dollar vicar to his death at the stake), seems to have found in the fourth Earl of Argyll a strenuous supporter of that pro-French and anti-English policy by means of which the great Scottish ecclesiastic was striving to withstand the constantly growing demand for a radical improvement in the management of Church affairs, which the strong action of Henry VIII. in suppressing the monasteries in England and in affecting other much-needed ecclesiastical changes there had awakened among many important sections of the Scottish people. Thus I find that in 1543, shortly after the death of James V., when a proposal, originating with the English king, for an ultimate marriage between his son Edward, afterwards Edward VI., and the infant Princess Mary, who was the next heir to the Scottish throne, was being favourably considered by a few of the more far-seeing of our Scottish statesmen, as well as by the large party in that country that was already favourable to Church reform, Argyll was one of a group of peers who in July

of that year entered into an association to oppose the said marriage, and the consequent union of the crowns, "as tending to the high dishonour, perpetual skaith, damage, and ruin of the liberty and nobleness of the realm." Moreover, when in the following year an expedition was sent by Henry VIII. to Scotland to aid the Earl of Lennox in his claim to the regency, and thus to put down the opposition to the proposed royal marriage, we find Argyll engaging in unsuccessful warfare with Lennox's expedition at Dunoon and other parts of Argyllshire. At this time I find that Cardinal Beaton paid a brief visit to Castle Campbell. Thus in a recent volume, published by the Scottish Historical Society, and reproducing the various accounts of the Chamberlain of the Diocese of St Andrews, I find that the Cardinal, leaving Doune Castle on the 9th May 1544, passed along the foot of the Ochils to Castle Campbell, which he reached on 10th May. After a brief rest there he was guided by "a man of Muckart" to "Kyncardin," near Auchterarder, the house of the Earl of Morton. Here he remained for eleven days, distributing gifts on his departure to the servants, among whom is expressly mentioned "William the gude Gyde"—the same person, it is likely, as "the man of Muckart" who conducted the Cardinal from Castle Campbell to Kincardine. In the list of the accounts that relate to this journey I have noticed the following additional items which doubtless will still have a local interest to many of us :—

"Expenses of horses in Dolar, 16 shillings; Robert Boswell, hire of a horse from Stirling to Castle Campbell, and thereafter for expenses anent the conducting of the Italian auditor to Lundoris, 44 shillings; an indweller in Mukart to lead the way to the Cardinal, 10 shillings; a boy sent six times between the Castles of Kyncardin and Campbell, 18 shillings; another sent to Sauchquhy for John Schaw, 5 shillings; two servants sent from Kyncarne to Doune Castle to bring back two silver flasks of the Cardinal, 22 shillings; and fodder for the Cardinal's horses (11 days), 22 shillings."

The friendly intercourse existing between the great persecutor and the Lord of Castle Campbell, which the above citation reveals, renders it practically certain that at the time when this intercourse occurred, the fourth Earl of Argyll can have had little or no liking for the cause which he subsequently espoused. We may, therefore, I think, reasonably infer that at any rate until after the death of Beaton in May 1546, very little sympathy would be shown by the occupants of Castle Campbell towards any of their tenants or retainers who might have been won to a more evangelical faith by the faithful ministry of their late devoted vicar. And even

a year later, the views of Argyll seem to have undergone no change. For we find him not only present at the disastrous battle of Pinkie, but greatly distinguishing himself there as the leader of a large body of Highlanders, whom he was successful in bringing out of that bloody conflict in good order, and with little loss. Now, as is well known, that battle was brought about by the resolute resistance of the Scottish Government to certain overtures from England pointing to an ultimate harmonious union of the two kingdoms by means of a future matrimonial connection between the present occupants of the respective English and Scottish thrones, viz., the young King Edward VI. and the youthful Queen Mary Stuart. More than twelve months, therefore, after Beaton's death, we still find Argyll clinging to the anti-English policy for which the dead Cardinal was primarily responsible. Personally, however, I do not think that his adhesion to the pro-Romish party continued much longer. It is true that I cannot fix the date when the fourth Earl of Argyll's views began to turn with favour towards the cause of Church reform. But, inasmuch as soon after Knox's arrival in Scotland, in November 1555, we find his son, Lord Lorne, afterwards fifth Earl of Argyll, present with other peers at Calder House, Midlothian, to welcome the great reformer, and seeing also that Dr Anderson states in the *Scottish Nation* (*sub voce* Campbell) that the fourth earl of that name was the first of the Scots nobles to embrace the Reformation, and to publish his approval of it by employing a converted Carmelite friar at once as his son's private tutor and his own domestic chaplain, it seems likely that the momentous change in the views of this prominent statesman, which brought him at last into touch with the Protestants of Scotland, must have occurred early in the 'fifties of the sixteenth century. Certain at least it is that, even before Knox's return to his native land, the whole of the great Campbell influence was being cast in the interests of Church reform in Scotland, so that when Knox himself arrived there, one of the heartiest of his supporters was the old Earl of Argyll. It is very significant of the decided stand which that sagacious statesman had now taken on behalf of Protestant doctrine and radical Church reform, that before Knox left Scotland for Geneva in July 1556, his last public act as a minister of the Word to his fellow-countrymen, and as the great and acknowledged advocate and apostle of Church reform, was performed in the parish of Dollar, where, on the eve of setting sail for Dieppe, he spent about a week, and preached several times in Castle Campbell. During this visit Knox tells us that both Argyll and the Laird of Glenorchy strongly urged him to remain in Scotland to continue his work there; and adds that in response to their importunity, he gave them a pledge,

that "if God so blessed their small beginnings that they continued in Godliness, whensoever they pleased to command him, they would find him obedient."

It was evidently, therefore, when he was already well advanced in years that this great Scottish noble first learned to understand, and was accordingly brought to embrace, evangelical views in religion. But when he did embrace these views, it was manifestly with the most simple and whole-hearted devotion, as is strikingly evinced by the noble letter which shortly before his death in 1558 he wrote to Archbishop Hamilton of St Andrews. That prelate had sent by the hands of Sir David Hamilton, a gentleman who was a friend of both parties, a solemn warning and appeal to the aged earl, alike in the interest of his own temporal and spiritual welfare, and also for the sake of the future of his son and family, to dismiss immediately from his service a suspected heretic who was then his chaplain, and so to clear himself of the serious charge of abetting heresy which otherwise might be brought against him.

To this summons the old man sent back the following significant and caustic rejoinder :—

"You say that you hear a great and evil report of me, that now in my old age I begin to vary in my faith, and to be altered therein, when it is time that I should be most sure and firm therein. But as for wavering in my faith, God forbid that I should do so. My lord, I vary not in my faith ; but I praise God, that of His goodness now in my latter days, hath in His infinite mercy opened up His bosom of grace to me, to acknowledge Him the eternal Wisdom, and His Son Jesus Christ my One Satisfaction, to refuse all idolatry, superstition, and ignorance, wherewith I have been blinded in times past. I now believe that God will be merciful unto me ; for now He hath declared His blessed will clearly to me, before my departing out of this transitory life.

"As to the man Douglas, charged with heresy, I would maintain no man in heresy or error. But I have heard no articles of heresy in this man's teaching. Your lordship says 'you regard your conscience in the punishment of all heresy' ; I pray God that you do, and examine well your conscience. He preaches against idolatry ; I remit to your lordship's conscience if it be heresy or not. He preacheth against adultery and fornication : I refer that to your lordship's conscience. He preacheth against hypocrisy : I refer that to your lordship's conscience. He preacheth against all manner of abuses and corruption of Christ's sincere religion. I refer that to your lordship's conscience. My lord, I exhort you in Christ's name to weigh all these affairs in your conscience, and consider if it be your duty also, not only to suffer this, but also to do the same.

This is all, my lord, that I vary in my old age, and in no other thing, except that I knew not these offences to be abominable to God, but now knowing His will by manifestation of His Word, I abhor them. As to your lordship's demand that I put away my chaplain; your lordship knows well the man. He hath spoken with your lordship. I thought you content with him. I hear no occasion of offence in him. I cannot put away such a man, without I knew him an offender, as I know not; for I hear nothing of him, but such as your lordship's self hears of him, and such as he yet will profess in your presence, whensoever your lordship requires. Such a man, that is ready to present himself to judgment, should not be expelled without knowledge of the cause, and so, when your lordship pleaseth that all the spiritual and temporal men of estate in Scotland are assembled, I shall cause him to render an account of his belief and doctrine in your presence; then, if he deserves punishment and correction, let him suffer; if he be found faithful, let him live in the faith. I pray your lordship, then, weigh these things wisely, and if ye do otherwise, God is God, was, and shall be God, when all is wrought that man can work."

Written only three months before his death, this brave and trenchant epistle shows how deep and sincere was this great man's interest in the Gospel as he had learned it at the lips of the Reformed preachers, as also does the significant fact that on his deathbed he recommended to his son the support of the new doctrines and the suppression of Popish superstitions. That son, we know, was guided by his father's parting counsel and took, two years later, a conspicuous part in the political revolution which terminated for ever Rome's supremacy in Scotland. It may possibly have been for that reason that Dollar parish was so early in obtaining a regular supply of religious ordinances. For it is a significant fact, as anyone who consults Scott's "Fasti" can prove for himself, that very few of the parishes of Scotland had a stated minister set over them till a good while after 1567. Indeed, I find that over the whole South of Scotland, from Berwick in the east to Wigtown in the west, and from Jedburgh in the south to Edinburgh in the north, the only parishes which had a regular ministry before Dollar were the three parishes of Jedburgh, Melrose, and Kirkcolum. A small group of parishes in that same southern district seems to have obtained their ministers at the same time as Dollar; but the great majority had to wait for some time longer, and many of them were not supplied till the seventeenth century was begun.

(To be continued.)

Spanish Life from the Inside.

BY R. M. MACANDREW.

IN these days of hurry and rush, the modern traveller seems to be smitten with a desire to outdo Puck, and put a girdle round about the earth in less than forty minutes, forgetting that he thereby loses many of the deeper and more meaningful touches in the life around him; for, to have an opinion of any foreigner surely implies that we have shared his house and mind, seen him in his many moods, sympathised and quarrelled with him—in a word, felt his life's pulse, and that, too, in many strata of society.

Travelling through Spain by train in summer, in the central and southern provinces, is a filthy business: a continual cloud of dust circulates through the carriages, and the only protection is a full-length cotton coat; an eye-irritating glare flashes back from everything, and a level crossing raises a dust-cloud which shuts out the entire landscape; the roads are great white serpents, on which the dust lies inches thick like snow. A great feature of the summer landscape is the wide, gaunt river-beds, spanned by tremendous bridges of great strength—river-beds which are used as roads in summer (and hence the great arches seem grotesque) and raging torrents in winter, rising many feet in a few minutes after a local storm or cloud-burst, and disappearing as quickly, and capable of carrying away cattle, trees, houses and men, and filling up many square metres of sea with refuse. When the warning cry, "The Rambla (river-bed) is coming down," is raised, the bridges, the only means of communication left, seem none too strong. At small wayside stations one catches a glimpse of a calcined, dust-swept wilderness; a naked boy, brown as a berry, shading his eyes and watching the day's event, the passing train; and a few loungers half asleep, with the inevitable cigarette hanging limp from a lower lip. What a contrast to the provinces where the orange groves—great dark green stretches bespangled with golden balls—spread their "kneaded" fragrance for miles! so that, even in total darkness, the traveller feels the odour from afar and knows where he is. Spain is a land of contrasts in landscapes; from the Basque Provinces, with their Highland scenery, to the sun-baked sierras of the extreme south, between Almeria and Cartagena, every taste can be met. The sweeping treeless plains of La Mancha, silent and lonesome, inspire us like the grandeur of the ocean. The vulture and the eagle hang poised above the naked plains, but, says the Andaluz, "when the gods come to earth, they will choose Andalucia as their home," and truly it is no idle boast.

The main feature in the Spaniard is his almost Eastern politeness.

"Here your honour has his house," he says when you visit him for the first time, and "with me your honour has his," you must reply. The first Spanish lesson should be on compliments and their rejoinders, for a well returned "cumplimiento" is acknowledged with "Vaya! Ud habla mejor que nosotros," "your honour speaks better than we do!" He shows you everything in his house, and assures you that each article is "á su disposición" (at your disposal), but trouble ensues when you take him at his word. The appropriate reply is, "It is already in good hands; it couldn't better its master." If food is on the table, you are asked immediately on entering if you wish to eat. "No, thank you," you reply, "but may it do your honour good." In train, tram, or on donkey, you offer your fellow-travellers or passers-by your food before beginning to eat, and a beggar will extend a piece of onion to you with the air of any hidalgo. In hotels you wish your companions "buen provecho" (good benefit) before eating, and "buen provecho" at the end. A glass of water can't be drunk until it is ascertained if you wish it. What a contest arises when two Spaniards have to enter the same door! How they thrust and parry with "cumplimientos." The Britisher is usually forced to enter first, because his stock runs out, but a final thrust can be made by expressing elaborate thanks for the honour. A gentleman speaks to a lady, often for a considerable time, with head uncovered. On being introduced, the gentleman says, "I kiss your feet, señora"; and the lady replies, "I kiss your hands, caballero." A chance acquaintance meets you in the street, speaks for thirty seconds, tells you he has had "tanto gusto" (such pleasure) in seeing you, takes off his hat when parried with "El gusto es mío, señor" (the pleasure is mine, señor), puts an arm round your neck, and pats you on the shoulder. On a regular visit, your hat is carefully guarded and given a chair beside you, like another "caballero." Such is Spanish etiquette. He treats you like a "caballero," treat him likewise; the prince and peasant give and expect the same formality.

At table, however, his manners seem, to British eyes, to be conspicuous by their absence. He lolls over the table with two elbows; and puts his knife and fork alternately half-way down his throat like a professional sword swallower. In a hotel, his first act is to wipe—and quite openly—each utensil before him with the edge of the table-cloth. In private houses each person mills pepper in a little table-mill as he requires it; he picks up a loaf, hacks off a chunk, by using his chest as a bread-board, and then throws it across the table to anyone who requires it. At meals, even ladies expectorate freely, although there may be no dogs to eat of the "crumbs" that fall from their master's table, for dogs go mad in Spain every day. The floors of all Spanish houses, it may be added, are tiled; here and there a straw carpet "estera" is seen. Oil takes the

place of fat ; fruit and vegetables are the chief diet ; meat is eaten little in the south, owing to the great heat. After a bull fight, meat—"well-fired"—is sold at 4d. for 2½ lbs., and during the fight hand-bills are distributed saying where it will be sold and for how much. In some parts, the killing of a sheep is quite an event, and in the south, goat flesh, as sapless as the sierras on which it is raised, is in general use.

Like Sam Weller, Spaniards, and especially women, possess the "gift o' the gab." They act what they speak, with hands, head, and eyes, and hence they find the Britisher very "laconico." Their letters will run on for three pages, and never find a full-stop. A Spanish friend hasn't seen you for a week. He writes to you, apologises for writing, assures you that he is not actuated by curiosity, but by true affection, pleads his friendship, and then asks, "Is your honour well?" I have seen fifteen señoritas in one room, all talking at once, and the air simply seethed. A man arises in a meeting, calling, "Dejen me hablar por cinco minutos" (let me speak for five minutes) ; he speaks for fifteen, and says nothing. A clerk goes on an important errand. He returns ; strikes an attitude ; details the pros and cons in true legal style ; "he said," "I said," are freely interspersed. "Bien, y entonces que?" (well, and what next?) leaves the vocal flow unchecked. "Y bien, y que resultó?" (well, what was the end of it?) meets a similar fate. The clerk is the protagonist ; he knows it, and the poor Britisher interjects a sheepish "desde luego" (of course) here and there, and vainly awaits a "cue" which never comes, for the well-graced actor never leaves the stage ; and how expressive their language is. "I am a poor old withered tree, señora," I have heard an aged beggar wail ; and the fact is surprising, when from a census of three years ago, 90 per cent. from shopkeepers downwards could neither read nor write. "How many Bachilleres con aprovechamiento (B.A. Hons.) knew before the war that the Danube was a river, and that Sophia, besides being a woman's name, was the capital of Bulgaria?" asks Bergamini de Malaga, an M.P., while discussing education (*vide Correspondencia*, 4th May 1915). In the office of a certain British Vice-Consul, a Spanish Director-General of Health called for a map of Africa, on which to explain something about New York ! Picturesqueness, however, supplies a polish which covers a multitude of sins. Instance the following, translated from a report of a concert : "The boxes were converted into exquisite branchlets, exhaling delicate perfumes" (*i.e.*, in simple language, there was an audience) ; "the keys of the piano were caressed by the delicate fingers of the exquisite Señorita Rosita Muñoz, while the angelic Señorita Solita Lassea caressed our ears and stirred sensations in our souls" (extract from *Vida Aguilera*, *Aguilas Advertiser*, November 1915) ; and yet, in Barcelona, Spain's

Edinburgh, the traveller stumbles upon a small street of houses, just like election booths, to which "los que no saben escribir" (those who can't write) resort, and where for a penny or twopence, men write their letters for them. The most regular clients are country people, and certainly the custom prepares us for a peripety, like that in the opera "Molinos de Viento" (Windmills), where a deluded illiterate lover solemnly hands to his sweetheart a letter which sings his rival's praises. Such writing booths are found in many places in Spain. I can recall one house where, for twelve years, one servant only, and that too in a large establishment, could read, write, and tell the time. Country people can tell the time to within fifteen minutes by simply telling the sun. So can the Chinese by looking at a cat's eyes!! Ask a peasant his age, and he will say, "Well, I am four years older than the 'Alcalde'" (Provost), but he doesn't know the Provost's age; or he will say, "I am 4 dollars less 2 'reales' old," *i.e.*, 78; each "real" is 2½d. In a peseta there are 4, and in a dollar 20; hence his age. Each "real" is a year. Shopkeepers count everything in many fair-sized towns in halfpennies. In the financial scale, the teacher ranks below the smallest seller of drugs; his salary is £40 per annum, and, tell it not in Gath, he is called in Spanish a "Professor." Priests get about 1s. per day, but he earns from a peseta (10d.) to a dollar daily for private masses, baptisms, and funerals. In Aguilas, for instance, a baptism costs 14 reales, *i.e.*, 3s.; a priest won't do it for less. It won't buy him chocolate, he will tell you. In the Balearic Islands you pay "por gusto," *i.e.*, what you like, and yet the priest, the exponent of the State religion, passes seven years in a theological seminary. To write upon "Religion in Spain," however, would require volumes.

In dress, the Spanish lady presents a contrast to her Northern sister. The main idea is colour, and a señorita can carry a conglomeration of "hues" that would leave the British lady floundering. But think of the glorious sun, the coal-black dancing eyes, the mysterious "dolce far niente" idea that broods all about you, and makes all existence a sympathy with things of sense only, and you feel the harmony of it all. It is not an æsthetic effect, certainly, but neither is it vulgar.

It is a popular idea that a great percentage of the Spanish nation are beggars, and for once the popular is the true. The procession begins early each morning, and the beggars are of all ages and conditions, though each has his well-defined rights. One receives your cigarette ends, another your used tea leaves or coffee grains, another 2½d. per week, to be called for on Fridays. Many are the blessings poured on your head. "Dios se lo pagará" (God will repay you). Out of doors beggars are a pest. They infest all public buildings, especially church doors, and exhibit their sores in all their ugliness.

The accompanying wail is quite professional. A stranger is an easy mark, but custom hardens sympathy, and then a solemn "Perdone Ud por Dios, hermano" (Pardon! for God's sake, brother) is sufficient to deter a beggar, who might otherwise plague you for miles. Infirmaries and hospitals are little known as compared with Britain, and generally they are badly equipped. I can recall a town of 17,000 inhabitants where the patients wended their way to a fountain in the yard, dipped the end of a towel in the trough, gave their faces a cat's lick, and presto! they were washed. The towel was the only one in the hospital; helpless patients often remained unwashed.

Regarding a "striking" side of Spanish life, the proverb says, "Lie down with the dog, and you'll get up with the flea," but after traversing nearly the entire peninsula, I can testify that the "dog part" is quite unnecessary. So much is the flea an institution, that the language has one verb, "pulgar," to denote the process of combing out, and the operation, carried on just outside the door in the sun, can be seen anywhere in Spain. In "posadas" (wayside inns) it is sometimes quite impossible to occupy the bed; one sleeps much more peacefully on the earthen floor.

Servants, always a burning question, are cheap in Spain. A cook's services cost 9s. a month, a housemaid's 6s., and a nurserymaid's 6s.; 5d. extra per day is given for food. Shops for household necessities (butchers, bakers) are unknown. Everything is bought in markets, and a visit to a great city "mercado"—for instance, that of San José, in Barcelona—ought to be included in every traveller's itinerary. The cook (sometimes accompanied by her mistress) has her favourite butcher, baker, and so on, and thus she always arranges to make a little on her own. She may even offer her custom to a certain stall-holder on condition of receiving a certain bounty on her Saint's Day. Taking the "cuenta" (bill) is always an important piece of business, and a cook's reasons for the prices of this and that are often most original. Considering that few servants can write, it is surprising how accurately they can keep a record. Everything is counted in halfpennies.

The Spaniards excel in dancing and acting. Every province has its characteristic "jota," from the staid Basque to the Andaluz, the "gracioso" (comic) "majo" (dandy) of Spain. Music is supplied by the tinkling guitar, though often an intricate dance is cleverly performed simply accompanied by a rhythmic clapping of the hands. Many of the "jotas" (accompanied by "castanets," held in the hands of the dancer) depend for their effect on subtle movements of the body and shoulders. The admiration and disdain of lovers, their coyness and advances, are all cleverly interpreted. Their music is light and dashing, and contains innumerable trills, long drawn-out, recalling the "runs" of Handel's oratorios. How the herdsman trills

as he leads his goats home through the mountain passes! How he exaggerates while the bells on the goats' necks tinkle an accompaniment. The word for "trill" in Spanish is the same as that for a "curl of the hair": the fact is suggestive.

A burning question in Spain is the hateful "quinta" (military service). It is considered a grievous hardship, when men from twenty-one to twenty-four have to do three months' service for three consecutive years, for they are naturally averse to discipline. At a certain date each year, in the "Square," names are drawn by lot, according to numbers. If a man secures a high number, say 570, he may escape that year, for that town may, on a Government estimate, be asked to supply only 400 men, and the first 400 are taken. Abuses and corruption are common, for a "peseta" will open any door in Spain. By paying £60 a man is freed from his obligation, and a doctor will reject any man if his palm is previously oiled. Poorer classes escape by marrying, and when the "quinta" comes round it is quite customary for a man to send his brothers and sisters round a town to ask girls to marry their brother, that he may escape military service. I have known a peasant propose marriage to a cook, and on being refused, send a brother to make the same proposal to the cook's sister. Soldier's pay is about twopence a day and the food is vile. During the "quinta" months, hotels swarm with young soldiers who have sufficient money to live out. Such a spirit does not produce soldiers.

The traveller in Spain finds much to interest him, for he is in the land of the Goth, the Moor, and the Roman. But the glory of Spain has departed, and her world-conquering spirit has died out. Many in high official circles still look forward to their country's new birth, but a nation which has been Rome's "banker" and "butcher," which is destitute of energy and lacking in enthusiasm, is necessarily doomed, for "where there is no vision, the people perish."

Letters to the Editors.

MR DUNCAN M'INTYRE (F.P.) writes from "Somewhere in France":—

"I should like to let you know something of my experiences lately, or, at least, since joining the army again. First, of course, we were landed in Egypt, and I was only there a few days when we were sent out to fix up the Sennussi, a warlike tribe who inhabit the desert west of Alexandria. Unfortunately, there was German influence which created a lot of trouble at first, and not before a good few of our men had fallen. It so happened that I was selected as one of the scouts for this brigade; and I acted as sergeant of the same right

through. The work suited me, and I was assisted by eighteen men of Australia's best, all men from the bush, absolutely born scouts, men who could read tracks—animal or human—as easily as a schoolboy reads a book. And they are so reliable. I am sure I could go anywhere in that country, where there are no roads, only everlasting sand, as easily as the man at home follows the road. Last Christmas day we had our biggest fight, which lasted all day, and ended in a splendid victory for us. True, we had any amount of smaller fights, for the country is specially suited for guerilla warfare; and the Sennussi are born fighters who claim never to have been beaten. Followers of the Prophet and officered by Turkish officers they are, like Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, foemen worthy of anyone's blade. Certainly death has no terrors for them. The bravest man I ever met or saw in my life was a Sennussi. He was hit several times, but he fought on persistently until he was finally killed. It is so very difficult to take them prisoner, as they will not surrender. As we had the Sikhs with us, who are of the same faith, it was curious to see how they would act; but the Indian troops are the most loyal in the world, and great soldiers to be with. We agreed first-class, and used to have great conversations, although no one knew a word of the other's language. Still, we worked by the old sign method, which turned out all right. In any case it stopped all arguments which might have cropped up otherwise.

"Of course, by this time you have read all about the 'Big Push.' Fortunately, I am glad to say, I was able to participate in it, and, to quote Tommy Atkins, assist in making a few Huns die for the Fatherland, which is, of course, what they came for. It is a very hard-hearted confession, undoubtedly, but as the poet says:—

"Such things as these, you know, must be,
To gain a famous victory.'"

MR NORMAN GEDDES writes from Bahia Banca:—

"I have often looked forward to the centenary of the Dollar Academy (1918), and would like former pupils to take an interest in same. I shall be pleased to hear if anything of the kind will take place, and will gladly do my wee bit towards any such idea. Sorry to hear so few of the old masters will be present. I remember Mr Malcolm very well. He stopped a fight between me and another boy, and I was very thankful to him for doing so, as I was sure to come off second best."

MR JAMES HUNTER (F.P.) writes from British East Africa:—

"It is absolutely a tonic to receive a letter and the *Magazine* from good old Dollar, and I thank you for them and for your good wishes.



A. Drysdale

VIEW FROM KELLYBURN

We have had a very strenuous time of late. On 28th April we left our Base Camp and started in earnest after the Germans, and have been on the chase ever since, and we have had to rough it, I can assure you. Often we got up at 3.30, and had to be on the road by 5.30. Then we had to go through the bush, and often to cut our way through. The wheels of the car sometimes sank in the soil, and we had to pull it out. Then when we arrived at a camping ground we had to cut down bush and make a borna round the camp, and maybe an extra guard; and all this on half rations, and sometimes not even half, as we were advancing too fast for our supplies' transport. Water, too, was another enemy of ours—it was so scarce and often polluted with fever germs; but, of course, a good boil, and the water was all right. We also had at times to dig deep holes into the ground after water, and it was as bad as the muddy pools you get after rain. But we were thankful it was water. At present, we are 70 miles from the coast, making for Tonga or Dar es Salaam, and have the Germans fairly trapped, and expect them to surrender in a week or two. This strenuous time has knocked up a lot of our fellows. . . . The country most of the way has been very uninteresting—no vegetation except thorn bushes all the way, till about the last week or so, where we have entered a new world altogether. Here the Germans have got the land cultivated, plenty of rubber plantations, but very coarse stuff it is. Maize is also grown in great quantities, and monster factories, instead of the old mud huts, are now to be seen. No fruit till we get nearer the shore. Altogether it is like going through a zoo to see the different wild animals—lions, zebras, giraffes, rhinoceroses, ostriches, elands, and many others.

“Remember me to my Dollar friends.”

Jottings from East Africa.

THE campaign here since last I wrote has made vast strides, and it was only a short time ago that the enemy were within our borders at several points. Not only is this a thing of the past, but during the last fortnight we have chased them from within our territory to well within their own, and captured two very important strongholds, Mosshi and Urushi—the latter was considered to be untakeable. Strongholds are, however, not taken without loss, and we unfortunately lost fairly heavily, although by no means out of proportion to the importance of the positions gained. German bullets are not the only dangers of campaigning in East Africa, as is shown by a story told me by Captain Soutter, the Scotch padre in Mosshi, attached to the Forces as chaplain.

During a night attack he was making his way from one flank to

the other some three and a half miles apart; he had to make a considerable detour to avoid the bullets which were raining all round him, and at some considerable distance from his starting point he suddenly ran across two full grown lions, which followed him not ten yards behind to within two hundred yards of the camp to which he was going. To use his own words, he said, "Never have I had two such unwelcome companions."

Had he run, on meeting his unwelcome guests, he would probably have appeared under those "missing." The fact that he walked—(I was going to say steadily, but under the circumstances I don't think any man could)—and did not run, no doubt saved his life. I can thoroughly feel for him, for I have been similarly placed, but fortunately had not the lions' company for so long. I ran against an old Dollar boy the other day, Blackburn, who said he remembered me, but on fuller investigation it turns out he left Dollar three years before I was born—wonderful memory!

He came up here with the South Africans, and says he likes the country so much that he intends remaining after the War—who knows we may yet be able to start a Dollar Club!

The command is now in the capable hands of General Smuts, to whom the greatest credit is due in having done so much in the short time he has held the reins of office. He certainly is a pusher and works to time, being seldom far out. He reckoned to be in Mosshi at a given date and time, and he was, I believe, only half an hour out—on the right side.

M. ST C. T.

Notes from Near and Far.

THE MAGAZINE.—Our readers will notice that, owing to the increased cost of paper and printing, we have reduced the number of our pages to forty-eight, and of our illustrations to four; but we hope that this restriction will be only temporary.

* * * * *

SUMMER DAYS.

"What is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days.

Then Heaven tries if the earth be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten."

So sings Lowell. This year, it must be said, leafy June wholly disappointed us. Leafy it was, so that there is no ground for dissatisfaction on that head; indeed, we do not remember a June with a

finer display of leaves, but the trouble was that they were dripping leaves; dripping not with the dew of a pearl grey morning, that ushers in a bright smiling day of early summer, but dripping with rain falling from leaden clouds that shut out the sun. Yes, we are told, the month of June was the third coldest of its name on record; and the first half of July was of similar nature, or even worse, being dull, cold, and wet. This rainfall—about one-third above the average—culminated on the 8th of the month, when the Devon and its tributary burns were in full flood, overflowing the valley, and transforming it, from the “Dead Waters” downward, into a lake, which stretched from the railway embankment to the Sheardale Braes.

A marked improvement then set in, and from that time the weather has been bright, dry, and notably warm, some four or five degrees in excess of the normal. Holiday visitors were in clover. The farmer never had a better hay harvest, or a more plentiful crop.

Our feathered friends, too, enlivened the hedgerows, groves, gardens, and fields with their gaiety and song, giving many open-air concerts “free, gratis, and for nothing.”

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DOLLAR PUBLIC SCHOOL.—On Thursday, 29th June, the Public School was closed for the summer vacation, when the customary programmes were gone through and the prizes presented to the pupils. As in former years the recitations, songs, and dances of the children, from the infants under Miss Scott to the senior pupils under Mr Begg, gave great pleasure to the audience. In Miss Scott's room parents and friends assemble expecting a treat, and truly they are never disappointed. The speakers—the Chairman, Provost Mrs Malcolm, and the Rev. Mr Wilson—testified to the excellence of Miss Mackenzie's work, and to that of Miss Lyon and Miss Rutherford. Altogether, Mr Begg and his staff deserve the confidence of the community.

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TESTIMONIAL TO BAILIE BROWN (ex-Janitor).—After the presentation of prizes Bailie Brown was presented with a handsome silver salver, subscribed for by members of the Board, teachers, and pupils as a mark of respect and esteem on the occasion of his retirement as School Board Officer. The Chairman, in a laudatory speech, made the presentation, and eulogistic remarks were also made by Provost Mrs Malcolm, Mr Dougall, and Mr Begg.

In replying, the Bailie, after a jocular allusion to the case of the Irishman who fell from the builders' scaffolding, and answered his comrade's anxious inquiry by declaring “No! I'm not killed, but I'm spaichless,” said that he had difficulty in finding words adequately

fitted to express to one and all his warm appreciation of their generous kindness. He thanked Provost Mrs Malcolm for the all too kind words she had spoken regarding his work as Compulsory Officer to the School Board, to which post he was appointed in January 1890. Addressing the Chairman, the Bailie said, "You, Mr Chairman, were a member of the Board at that time, and amid all the changes you have continued at your post till this day. You have had full opportunity of judging my work, and I thank you for the gratifying words you have used regarding it." He could not sufficiently thank Mr Begg for his courtesy and ready helpfulness; and to Mr Dougall, who had spoken so cheerfully of earlier days, he was most grateful. His warmest thanks were due also to the Staff and to the girls and boys. The handsome gift would ever remind him of the share he had in their school life.

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HONOUR TO AN F.P.—"Le Résident Général a passé à Fez les journées des 29.30 et 31. Il a remis à M. MacLeod, Consul d'Angleterre à Fez en présence des autorités régionales et locales et des principales notabilités indigènes, la Croix de Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur qui vient de lui être conférée par le Gouvernement en témoignage des services qu'il a rendus depuis 22 ans à Fez à la cause commune de la civilisation et de la paix."

This is now the second very high honour that has been conferred on our distinguished F.P., he having been created C.M.G. in January 1912. He has our very hearty congratulations. (See *Magazine*, Vol. VI.)

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SUCCESSFUL MUSIC PUPILS.—During the past session the following pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M., were successful in gaining certificates in music. In the Local Centre Examination of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M.: Rudiments of Music—Patricia Thorn, Edith Spence. Pianoforte Playing, Intermediate Grade—Patricia Thorn. In the School Examinations of the Associated Board: Grammar of Music (Division III.)—Dorothy Thomson. (Division II.) Thora Flett, Margaret Walker, Jessie Thomson. Piano, Lower Division—Kenneth Dawson, Margaret Walker; Elementary Division—Alan D. Young. In the Local Centre Examination of Trinity College, London: Senior Division, Pianoforte Playing—Isabella H. Waddell.

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MERITORIOUS BLIND PUPIL.—We learn with much pleasure that William Murray Henderson, son of Mrs Henderson, Station Road, Dollar, and pupil of the Royal Asylum for the Blind, Glasgow,

passed in the Senior Division for Pianoforte at the recent local examination of Trinity College of Music, obtaining honours with 90 per cent.

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MISS BREMNER'S SCHOOL.—After a most successful session this school closed for the holidays on Wednesday, 28th June. Edna S. Wright carried off the Dux Medal for the year. The pupils of the senior class, thirteen in number, were presented for entrance to the Institution in the present session, and all passed with much credit.

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A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST.—We have pleasure in quoting from the *Milngavie and Bearsden Herald* the following favourable criticism which was recently passed on the pictures painted by Mrs Dewi Ellis (*née* Jeanie Paulin, F.P.).

"Mrs Dewi Ellis's portrait of her mother, with her pet dog, is another good piece of painting, the whole constituting an excellent group. Mrs Ellis has also on view a capable life-like portrait of Dr John Reid, and a delightful little picture of a child's head very tenderly treated."

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C.M.G.—We note that Sir Frank Athelstane Swettenham (F.P.) attended at St Paul's Cathedral, recently, when his banner was affixed in the Chapel of St Michael and St George.

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B.SC. DEGREE.—We learn with much satisfaction that Duncan MacColl (F.P.) has graduated B.Sc. (Engineering) Glasgow University, and has also gained the Associateship of the Royal Technical College, Glasgow. His brother, Harry MacColl (F.P.), has gained the Associates' Diploma of the Institute of Bankers.

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PROMOTION.—We are glad to learn that John Robertson, eldest son of Mr James Robertson, Bridge Street, has received a commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He was formerly lance-sergeant.

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IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.—Major W. F. Harvey, I.M.S. (F.P.), has been appointed Medical Statistical Officer to the forces in Mesopotamia.

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BRAVERY ON THE FIELD.—The new Military Medal which is awarded for conspicuous bravery on the field has been won by Lance-Corporal Ralph E. C. Millingen (F.P.), who, we are glad to learn, has been accepted for a commission in the London Scottish.

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR FUND.—Miss Clare Armitage has been unwearied in her efforts to raise money in aid of this Fund, and has been wonderfully successful. She organised several concerts, in which she was ably assisted by Mrs Armstrong, Mrs Dalziel, Master W. Henderson (piano solos), Mrs Parson, Miss Daisy Robertson, Miss Isa Ross, Miss Stewart, Miss Wakefield, Miss Webster and others. The thanks of the community are due to all these talented volunteers.

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RECOMMENDED FOR HONOURS.—It gives us much pleasure to learn that in the list of officers recommended for honours by Sir John Jellicoe, in connection with the battle of Jutland, appears the name of Engineer Lieut.-Commander J. K. Corsar, R.N. (F.P.). Captain Stirling remarks: "He kept his department in good order, and kept the boiler water going in spite of evaporator being semi-disabled most of the time and out of action entirely for some period."

Marriages.

COLLINS—PATERSON.—At St Columba's Church of Scotland, Belgravia, London, S.W., on 25th August, by the Rev. Robert Agnew, M.A., Reginald Sedley Collins, M.A., 2nd Lieutenant, R.G.A., younger son of Mr and Mrs S. H. Collins of Brockley, to Bina Mary Paterson, B.Sc. (F.P.), eldest daughter of C. A. Paterson Esq., M.A., LL.B., retired Principal of the Church of Scotland Mission College, Madras.

MORTIMER — COUSINS. — At Glendevon, Dollar, on the 24th August, by the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, M.A., B.D., Corporal Laurence Mortimer, 10th H.L.I., to Christina, second daughter of John Cousins.

SOMMERVILLE—HAMILTON.—At Cavendish Road Presbyterian Church, Leeds, on the 15th September, by the Rev. George Paterson, William Sommerville (F.P.), 2nd Lieutenant, Scottish Rifles, eldest and surviving son of the late Mrs M. C. Sommerville, 6 Loudon Terrace, Glasgow, W., to Janet Ballantyne, second daughter of J. B. Hamilton, Esq., Kepstorn, Kirkstall, Leeds.

Obituary.

DRYSDALE—On 31st July, at Calcutta, of aneurism, Walter J. Drysdale, Bengal-Nagpur Railway.

FINLAYSON.—At Bridge Street, Dollar, on the 25th August, Thomas Finlayson (F.P.), second son of the late David Finlayson, cabinetmaker.

MILLEN.—At Argyll House, Dollar, on 21st September, Isabella

Morison, wife of the late Eb. Millen, aged 79 years. Much respected and beloved.

GIBSON.—At Belmont, Dollar, on 25th August, of pneumonia, James Gray Gibson (F.P.), aged 49, late Captain, 2/7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, second son of the late William Gibson, Tillicoultry, author of "The Reminiscences of Dollar."

HOSACK.—In German East Africa, in the end of July, James C. Hosack (F.P.), Sergeant, Natal Carabineers.

LAING.—Killed in action on 20th July, Lieut. Robert MacLeod Laing (F.P.), the Cameronians (1st Scottish Rifles), third son of Mr and Mrs William Laing, Schoolhouse, Menstrie. In the *London Gazette* appeared the following particulars of the act for which Lieut. Laing was awarded the Military Cross:—"For conspicuous gallantry on patrol duty. With three men he remained for 17 hours in a hole inside the enemy's wire, and within a few yards of his trenches, gathering useful information. At dusk he was discovered and fired on, but, retiring a short distance, he bombed the enemy, and finally withdrew in the darkness." His skill as a bowler in cricket may have served him well as a bomb-thrower.

LATTA.—At Basra, Persian Gulf, on 3rd July (effects of heat), in his 29th year, Lance-Corporal George Latta (F.P.), Highland Light Infantry, beloved husband of Lizzie Kerr, Menstrie, youngest son of Mrs Latta and the late David Latta, Dollar.

LECKIE - EWING.—At Devongrove, Dollar, on 26th July, Mr Robert Leckie-Ewing, in his 86th year.

M'GEACHEN.—At Cairnpark Street, Dollar, on 2nd September, James M'Geachen, gymnastic instructor in Dollar Institution.

M'KECHNIE.—At Ayr on 4th September (the result of an accident), Charles R. M'Kechnie, son of Mr Dugald M'Kechnie, 48 Dalziel Drive, Pollokshields.

ROBERTSON.—At Lower Mains, Dollar, on the 8th September, Peter Robertson, grazier, aged 84.

RUSSELL.—Killed in action on 26th August, Walter Nicol Russell, M.A., B.D. (F.P.), third son of Mr and Mrs Russell, Schoolhouse, Glendevon, and 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Scots Fusiliers.

SIMPSON.—At a nursing home in Edinburgh, on 15th June, Jeanie A. Simpson (F.P.), second daughter of the late Rev. John Simpson, United Free Church, Polmont, and of Mrs Simpson, 3 Greenhill Place, Edinburgh.

SOGA.—At Miller, Elliotdale, South Africa, on 15th July, Dr William A. Soga (F.P.), for twenty-nine years the much respected and beloved doctor of the district.

SUTHERLAND.—At Solsgirth, Dollar, on the 24th August, Robert Mackay Sutherland, of Solsgirth, in his 68th year.

In Memoriam.

IN our obituary appears the announcement of the death of Miss Jeanie A. Simpson (F.P.), who, for a number of years, has acted as teacher in the Merchant Company's School for Girls, George Square, Edinburgh. Her interest in her Alma Mater here never ceased; and the news of her sudden death was received with very deep regret. The *George Square Chronicle* contains the following sympathetic tribute to her memory: "It is with deep regret that we have to record in this issue of our Magazine the death of Miss Simpson, who passed away on the 15th of June. She had given many years of devoted service to the school, and her loss will be mourned by colleagues and pupils alike; while those who came into close personal touch with her feel that a dear and honoured friend has gone from their midst. In all that concerned the good of the school, Miss Simpson took a keen interest, giving unsparingly of her time and her talents to further the success of its many activities. To her pupils she was an interesting and inspiring teacher who ever strove to set before her girls a high standard of life and character, and who helped them in every difficulty with much kindly sympathy and good counsel. We cannot think of Miss Simpson without remembering her cheerfulness of disposition, her keen sense of humour, and her ever-ready helpfulness. One quality above all endeared her to those whose privilege it was to work along with her—she was so absolutely reliable in word and deed, and to know her was to trust her. To those who were her dearest in the home she loved so well we would express our heart-felt sympathy. She has gone from amongst us, but her memory, like a sweet and lasting fragrance, will ever remain an inspiration and an encouragement to all who knew and loved her."

We understand that the Head Mistress, with her staff and pupils, have devoted money to endow a bed at Royaumont, in France, to be called the "Jeanie Simpson Bed."

CAPTAIN GRAY GIBSON.—We feel that there is due from us at this time a passing tribute to the memory of Captain Gray Gibson (F.P.), who has fallen, as it were, with his loins girded and his staff in hand. After a strenuous two years' service with his regiment, he had a temporary breakdown in health, and he returned home for a holiday rest, looking fresh and well. Suddenly, however, he was laid aside by a sharp attack of pneumonia, which, after a few days, carried him off. He had been captain of his regiment for seven years; and the untiring zeal and devotion with which he performed his duties since the War began earned for him the highest commendations of his superior officers. He carried with him the brotherly affection and esteem of all his comrades; and his gentlemanly urbanity and firm, temperate, and kindly bearing to his men in upholding the strictest

military discipline won him the respect of all who served under him. Of Captain Gibson's engaging and attractive manners in private life it would be difficult to convey a proper idea to those who had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. Happy in himself, and enjoying a great degree of serenity of mind, it was his desire to diffuse happiness around him. He took great delight in laying out and superintending his garden and grounds, which engaged his attention and served as an employment for him in his retirement from the active duties of a business life. Our deep, heart-felt sympathy goes out to his widow and their young son.

School Notes.

A NEW session has begun, but it is our duty to record the closing function of last session, which differed from its predecessors in that the principal event of the day took place in the open air. It was remembered that 1916 was the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death, and in his honour an attempt was made to reproduce an old English scene. The smooth turf of the lawn tennis courts provided ample stage accommodation, and the background of spruces, with the Ochils in the far distance, formed admirable natural scenery which left art far behind.

The first part of the programme consisted of morris and country dances and folk songs by the pupils, and selections by the Dollar Academy Orchestral Society. The orchestral pieces and songs were heard to fine advantage in spite of the absence of indoor acoustic accentuation. The opening instrumental selection was a movement from Haydn's Symphony, No. 2 in D, and this was given with a balance and delicacy of execution which was well sustained in the remaining orchestral pieces, namely:—"Eastern Romance" (Haines), an intermezzo by Blon, and a selection of dance music from "Nell Gwyn" (Ed. German). The vocal pieces were equally successful, and included the beautiful folk song, "Lord Rendal," to a setting by Cecil Sharp, the eminent authority on old songs and country dances, and the "Viking Song," by Coleridge Taylor. The dancing, which was under the direction of Miss Scott, was a much appreciated feature of the afternoon's entertainment. The dancers were attired in appropriate costumes, and this added greatly to the effectiveness of the pieces. The country dances, "Gathering Peascods" and "The Black Nag," also the morris dances, "Blue-eyed Stranger" and "Laudnum Bunches," were gone through with a grace and sprightliness that was truly charming to behold.

The second part of the programme consisted of "The Pedlar," a play with music and dances, founded on an episode from

Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale." The principal parts were taken by the following pupils, attired in appropriate costumes of the period :—Autolycus (pedlar and pickpocket, singer and seller of ballads), Mr J. Henderson; Clown (a simple peasant youth), Mr A. Ruthven Black; Shepherd (a hospitable old fellow, father to Clown), Mr E. Hendry; Perdita (daughter of Shepherd and sister of Clown), Miss M. Ross; Dorcas (country girl), Miss J. W. Sharp; Mopsa (country girl), Miss A. Dowdeswell; Servant, Mr Ian Tuckwell; First Guest (elderly man), Mr H. Foston; Second Guest (elderly man), Mr C. Bruce; Third Guest (in love with Perdita), Mr R. Gordon; chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses.

The cast proved themselves fully equal to the rôles assigned to them. As Autolycus, Mr J. Henderson was a great success, and not a few of the numerous onlookers were heard to say that he might achieve a success as a professional.

All the parts were so well sustained that one hesitates to mention individuals, but the singing of Misses Dowdeswell and Sharp and the acting of Miss Maisie Ross deservedly won the continued plaudits of the audience. The whole entertainment reflected the greatest credit upon Miss Scott, who was responsible for the dances, and Mr Allsopp, who arranged the musical part.

The play ended, adjournment was made to the big hall, where the Headmaster read his annual report, at the conclusion of which the audience and pupils stood while he recited the names of twenty-four Former Pupils who had fallen in action during the year. The sounding of the Last Post by the bugler of the O.T.C. added a solemnity to the recital. Mr Malcolm, who that day celebrated his jubilee as a Master and Governor of Dollar Academy, then addressed the pupils in a speech, which we are sure will live in their memories. The substance of it appears in the following pages. Much interest was aroused by the statement of the Chairman, Professor Scott Lang, that he hoped to raise a fund to provide free board and education at Dollar Academy for at least one son of an officer who had fallen in the Great War. He was pleased to say that a nucleus of this fund had been formed by a subscription of £100, which the Headmaster had recently received from a local gentleman whose sons had been educated at Dollar Academy.

We give Mr Malcolm's address as nearly as possible as it was spoken:—

MR CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I must first thank my fellow-governors for the honour they have done me in asking me to address this large gathering. I consented, I fear, in a rash moment, for I have had some difficulty in determining how I can



A. Drysdale

A DANCE IN "A WINTER'S TALE"

most profitably discharge the duties you have laid upon me, so as to interest parents, pupils, and friends. You are not here, ladies and gentlemen, to listen to an ambitious display of rhetoric, but, as it were, to have your minds stirred up with reference to some of the questions which the scene, the place, the purposes of our gathering suggest. Taking a hint from Wordsworth, that "Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar," I shall endeavour, more in the nature of a conversation than of an ordered narrative or reasoned discourse, to speak of "Things New and Old" in connection with the life and advantages of the School where the lamp of a rich and varied lore has burned brightly for well-nigh a hundred years!

My first impressions of Dollar Academy, fifty years ago, did not differ, I daresay, from those of anyone who sees it for the first time. What strikes a stranger is the magnificent building, with the imposing style of its architecture, its charming situation, its surrounding scenery, and its spacious grounds, where the pupils may ramble about and talk philosophy or exercise their bodies for the improvement of their minds!

At the time I did not take in the full significance of what I saw as a potent factor in education; but I am now of opinion that *situation* has much to do with the moral well-being of a great public school like ours. Such an institution may best run its race if not absolutely remote from towns, yet, at all events, removed to some little distance from their smoke, their distractions, their temptations. Here in Dollar the young breathe a purer air both physically and morally; they have greater freedom and a wider range of walks; they make early acquaintance with Nature, and learn betimes to read in Nature's great book lessons written by the very finger of God Himself, and thus come to discern and appreciate the majesty, the power, and the beauty that are above, around, and beneath them. "Scenes must be beautiful which, daily viewed, please daily," and they cannot fail to exert a powerful influence upon the opening minds of youth, upon taste, and through the emotions on the moral character. On the very threshold, then, I claim that we have an assistant teacher with qualifications of a very high order—unsurpassed indeed—a silent educator, it is true; but it is generally admitted that the lessons of the silent educator remain with us, while those of the active teacher may be forgotten. To illustrate: Captain John MacNab, the founder of our School—one of those rare spirits who make the world better by their presence—after his retirement at Wapping, had as his hobby his greenhouse with its selection of plants and flowers, to the rearing and fostering of which he devoted most of his time. Now, where

did the old gentleman acquire his love of flowers? Nature, the silent educator, had been at work in his boyhood's days, when he ran about the braes and pu'd the gowans fine, and her lessons had never been forgotten. Before I leave this part of my subject I must refer to one incident which will interest the boys: In the Leaving Certificate Examination of the year 1908 the subject of the essay was "A Description of Some Famous Painting or Picture." One boy could think of no painting which he could describe, and, not to be beaten—a Dollar Academy boy is not easily beaten—he selected a view-point on the hillside and described his School's surroundings. He reported to me his difficulty, and what he had done, and, to send him away happy, we completed the picture by introducing humanity.

"'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school.
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.
Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin,
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in."

This brings me to a second department of education; but, as all do not place the same high value on athletics as I do, I leave it now. But, Mr Chairman, wide as are the differences of opinion respecting the best *means* of education, there is an encouraging and hearty unanimity as to its *end* and *aim*. The production of "complete life"—the innocent and healthy exercise of every noble faculty, the fullest development of every natural gift, these are the objects which educators must keep steadily in view. They must endeavour to train the young entrusted to their care that they may grow up strong, active, and vigorous in body, intelligent and well-informed in mind, modest in manners, and pure in heart. They must try to send them forth into the arena of life with powers so practised that they may play their parts with energy and usefulness, and that, whether they be great scholars or not, they may at least bring no disgrace upon the names of "Lady, Gentleman, and Christian." How is all this to be accomplished?

Well, one has only carefully to consider the Prospectus to see that it sets forth a course of instruction, at once so full, so complete, and so well arranged that pupils who have the advantage of being carried fairly through it will be qualified to enter upon the most exhaustive studies which any technical college or university can submit for their contemplation, or to take up with disciplined minds

the duties of any non-professional calling which they may choose for their life work. Nothing is excluded which tends to develop the whole man in his moral, mental, and physical constitution. Parents will note that I have spoken of pupils being *carried fairly through* the curriculum; and here let me impress upon them the wisdom of giving their children the full benefits of the course. Learning is the capital of true life, and the more one has of it, the more various are the means by which he can turn aside the mischances of life, or the agencies by which he can endeavour to work out the purposes of his life. . . .

But every one will admit that to read books, or even to learn lessons, is but a part of education. School life itself is indeed an education; and the effect of school associations is not only very great, but it is permanent. Impressions received in this way become part and parcel of the character. Through them habits, tastes, opinions, even forms of speech become stereotyped, and the schoolboy in a stricter sense than the child becomes "father of the man." There must always be some pupils who set the tone to the rest, and fortunate is the headmaster who secures the co-operation of the senior girls and boys in keeping at a high standard what is known as the public opinion of the school—the tastes, feelings, moral convictions that are acted upon by the majority. Now I claim, with a full knowledge of what I am speaking about, that the school fosters a healthy, generous, and manly public opinion, that its tone is sound and vigorous, and that the moral atmosphere which pervades it is fresh and bracing; and I say farther that the games in vogue out of school are to be credited, to some extent, with the bringing about of such satisfactory results. The code of honour which rules in the football field, which cheers and encourages what is manly, honourable, upright, and condemns and kicks out whatever savours of meanness, cowardice, or trickery, is a powerful assistant in the all-important work of character building.

I cannot pretend, ladies and gentlemen, that I have been able to follow the careers of more than a small minority of those pupils who have passed through our classes. I helped to educate 54 ministers, 123 doctors, 139 lawyers, and engineers and business men by the hundred. Scarcely any calling but has been represented. In every walk of life we can see former pupils seeking to do some good work in their day and generation. Many have risen to positions honourable and responsible. Not a few whose names will live in history. Two stand out pre-eminently: in 1902 the British Association, the most learned body of men in Britain, or should I say in the world, required a learned gentleman to preside over its annual gathering, and it found one in a Dollar Academy boy.

Again, in 1907, a president was sought for and found in a Dollar Academy boy. Is there another school in Scotland that has given two presidents to this Association? But what I want to emphasise is the fact that both these eminent scholars—Sir James Dewar and Sir David Gill—declared from this platform that much of their success was due to the training and inspiration they received as pupils here.

Nearer our own day, within the last decade, three of our pupils have been appointed to professorships and lectureships in the universities of Cardiff, Glasgow, and Belfast. Besides these, five of our former pupils are filling Chairs in the universities.

To leave for a moment the learned professions, some half-dozen years ago the Bengal and North-Western Railway Company resolved to build a bridge over the Ganges at Allahabad—a bridge about a mile and a half in length, and for such a gigantic work a talented engineer was required. He was at hand in a Dollar Academy boy. The structure is now known as the Izat Bridge, so named in his honour.

When the late rebellion broke out in Morocco, a mission, under Sir Edward Satow, was sent by our Government to Fez to confer with the rebels. An interpreter was needed, and he was found in a Dollar Academy boy. Many more come to my mind, but time calls me to halt. Let me add that it has been my good fortune to congratulate eight of our former pupils on their receiving from the Sovereign the Honour of Knighthood. Six of them are still alive.

Many of you boys may have admired the monument of Lord Nelson, which marks his grave in St Paul's Cathedral, London. It is of white marble. On a raised platform is a figure of the hero in his admiral's uniform, and at the base are two figures representing a young midddy and Britannia. She lays one hand on the midddy's shoulder and with the other points upward to Lord Nelson, as much as to say, "Take him as your example." So it is with you to-day, boys. Your School, as it were, places one hand on your shoulder, and with the other points to those F.P.'s whom you are expected to emulate.

You, girls, must think that I have forgotten you; but it is not so.

I have said nothing of honours and distinctions gained by your predecessors, for I have not had the same means of tracing them. They were, like yourselves, accomplished and winning. A goodly number succeeded in gaining the L.L.A. of St Andrews University, and now the M.A. degree with honours is possessed by several. Most of them have gone in for "home rule," and very good "home

rulers" they make; and their "children arise and call them blessed." I am a confirmed believer in *co-education*. Your influence for good is well brought out in a sentence in "Tom Brown's School-days"—a sentence that boys should have by heart. I refer to the parting advice which Tom receives from his father before entering Rugby—"You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to, or say anything, you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you." There is a genuine "touch of nature" in these words, and they act as a very coat of mail against besetting temptations. In one department the girl F.P.'s have done better than the boys—I mean in the number of standard books they have produced. Think of "The Silver Glen," "The Lords of Life," "The Final Goal," "My Lady Nan," by Bessie Dill; "The Romance of the Netherlands," and others, by Marie Steenitz; "Songs of the Gloamin'," with its invocation to "The Sweet Dove of Peace," by Madge Levack; "Ancient Greek Sculptors," by Edith Legge, a work which is spoken of as "a door leading, if not into a new world, at least into a beautiful and noble province of the old world." Many others might be named, but I hasten.

There has been a marked advance in every branch of education during the last fifty years, and Dollar has always been in the forefront. Let me give you some contrasts, and first as to building accommodation. Fifty years ago the hall in which we are gathered did not exist, and prize-giving took place in the library. There was no gymnasium; no technical school. The science block and the pavilion and, let me add, the splendid tennis court, are of recent date, due in part to the generosity of former pupils. I sometimes fancy Mr Dougall pointing out these to an inquirer, and appropriately and truthfully quoting Virgil's words, "*Quorum pars magna fui*"—"Of which I was an important element." Yes, honour to whom honour is due. I can recall the time when there was no music teacher in the School; and the precentor of the Parish Church came once a week to give instruction in the Psalm tunes. Think of the contrast to-day! And here I must congratulate Mr Allsopp on the musical treat which his orchestra has just given us. I am not now called to speak of all the good influence of music, particularly of the strength which it may and ought to give to religious sentiment and to all pure and generous emotions. Regarded merely as a refined pleasure, it has a favourable bearing on public morals.

In by-past times I frequently paid weekly premiums to tradesmen, in order that would-be engineers might learn the use of their tools, and now in our technical department pupils are taught not only the use of their tools, but the principles on which their uses

are founded. I can easily understand why the heads of large firms sometimes give a preference to Mr M'Gruther's pupils.

For gymnastics, in former times, Captain Roland came from Edinburgh once a week and gave lessons in single stick and sword exercise in one of the classrooms; now we have a gymnasium, second, I am sure, to no school gymnasium in Scotland, where the girls, under Miss Kent and Miss Scott, and the boys under a master, are trained in the most modern approved methods.

In the science department, it is true, Dr Lindsay gave lessons in chemistry, but, as Sir David Gill told us, he was hampered by the want of a laboratory and apparatus. Now we have a laboratory and a physics room equipped with the most approved apparatus.

Drill was given by the janitor in the early mornings, but it was little more than marching about and "as you were." Now we have the Officers' Training Corps, with its shooting range, a fine body of young lads, whose training has proved an "open sesame" for some of its members to commissions in the regular army.

Sewing was taught to the girls in early times as now; but under Miss Hunter there are added lessons in laundry, cookery, and domestic science.

In games the boys have always had football and cricket; but the physical training of the girls ended with a daily march two abreast, eyes front. Now they have hockey in autumn and winter, and tennis in spring and summer.

And now I must for very moderation's sake conclude this address, which has already, I fear, trespassed too rudely on your patience. I do so with a most hearty wish for the future success of Dollar Academy. And I dare to think that wish is at once a prayer and a prophecy. For surely the good work done here is never likely to fail of appreciation, or teachers to lack their merited reward. I congratulate the girls and boys who are to return next session on the prospects before them. Their lines, methinks, have fallen on pleasant places. Here body as well as mind may develop towards a worthy manhood or womanhood. But I would remind them that work and not idleness or loafing is the business of this place, as it is the business of the life of all men. Let them have a care, then, how they use the golden hours that are allotted to them here.

And finally, let me leave with you the words of John Milton, who was himself a schoolmaster: "Labour to be inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave and true men and women, worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages."

ADDITIONS TO ROLL OF HONOUR.

OFFICERS.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
M'LACHLAN, R. B. - - -	2nd Lieutenant	15th A. and S. Highlanders.
PATERSON, ALFRED - - -	2nd Lieutenant	19th Northumberland Fusiliers.
PATERSON, CHARLES J. - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Inns of Court O.T.C.
POLLOCK, ARCHIBALD - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Flying Corps.
RIACH, DAVID M. P. - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Flying Corps (Assistant Equipment Officer).
ROBERTSON, JOHN - - -	2nd Lieutenant	5th Reserve A. and S. High- landers.
SAVI, GERALD B. - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Defence Corps.
WINGFIELD, SERGIUS G. - - -	2nd Lieutenant	R.N.A.S. Protection Companies.
EVAN HENDRY and J. R. GRANT MUIR (Attached to Cadet Battalions for Training).		

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

BEVERIDGE, J. D. - - -	Sapper	Royal Engineers.
BEVERIDGE, JAS. - - -	Private	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
BUSH, THOMAS H. - - -	Private	London Scottish.
FERGUSON, ARCHIBALD - - -	Lance-Corporal	1st Prov. Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.
FRASER, HENRY - - -		British Red Cross Society, City of London Section.
LATTA, GEORGE - - -	Lance-Corporal	1st Highland Light Infantry.
LESLIE, J. NORMAN - - -	Private	11th Black Watch.
M'ANDREW, RONALD - - -	Private	15th A. and S. Highlanders.
M'LAREN, GEORGE - - -	Private	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
MITCHELL, MURRAY - - -	Corporal	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
OLIVER, ROBERT - - -	Private	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
SMITH, RUDOLPH - - -	Private	4th Black Watch.
STEEL, W. F. B. - - -	Sergeant	9th Highland Light Infantry.

Since our last number appeared the additions to our Higher Roll of Honour have unfortunately been very numerous.

Second Lieutenant J. R. Brownlie, Scottish Rifles, who was killed in action on last Exhibition Day, was the son of Mr T. G. Brownlie, shipowner, Glasgow. A brother officer wrote to his parents: "In the name of the subalterns of his company I am writing a few lines of sympathy on account of the loss you have sustained. Jack was a great favourite with us all, and we had many a happy time together. With his bright and cheery disposition, no matter what the conditions were, he was always smiling. Jack died at his post beside his men, who thought such a lot of him, and would have followed him anywhere." Mr Brownlie boarded with Dr Butchart, and left School in 1913.

Captain William Spenceley Clark, of the York and Lancs., youngest son of Mr William Clark, director of Vickers Ltd., and of Whiteley Wood Hall, Sheffield, was killed in action on 1st July. Captain Clark was twenty-four years of age, and before joining the army in August 1914 was a pupil at Messrs Vickers' Sheffield

Works, attending there in summer, and the Sheffield University during winter months. At Dollar he played full-back in the 1st XV. He boarded with the Headmaster, and left School in 1910.

Second Lieutenant Norman Clayton, Royal Berks., was formerly one of the masters in the Modern Language Department in the School, and after serving in the ranks for several months in France was given a commission in the same regiment.

James C. Hosack, R.-Q.-M.-S., Cape Corps, youngest son of the late John Hosack, factor and tacksman, Dochcarty, Dingwall, was killed in action in German East Africa about 20th July.

Private Edward James Johnstone, Royal Scots, aged twenty, son of Dr J. J. Johnstone, Tillicoultry, was killed in the attack of 1st July. He had only begun his training as a civil engineer when his sense of duty caused him to enlist. He left School in 1914.

Private William E. G. Kilgour, Royal Fusiliers, son of the late Mr James Kilgour, Aberdeen, was killed in action in an attack on a German trench. He was thirty-three years of age, and was an engineer of much promise, being manager of a tin mine in the Straits Settlements, as well as a consulting engineer there. He was captain of the 1st XV., and left School in 1903.

Lieutenant Robert MacLeod Laing, 1st Battalion the Cameronians (see under "Obituary").

Private David A. M'Corquodale, 1st Gordon Highlanders, who boarded with the Headmaster and left School in 1910, died of wounds received in the great push.

Second Lieutenant Walter N. Russell, Royal Scots Fusiliers, youngest son of Mr and Mrs W. N. Russell, Schoolhouse, Glendevon, died of wounds on 26th August. He left School in 1909, and graduated B.D. at St Andrews only last year.

Private Charles M. Stuart, H.L.I., son of the late Mr David Stuart, Pitlochry, was wounded on 1st July. He died of his wounds in Manchester, and was buried with military honours in Pitlochry. He boarded with Mrs Heyworth, and left School in 1910.

Lieutenant Gerald Walker, K.O.Y.L.I., son of Mr J. H. Walker, Mirfield, Yorks., also boarded with Mrs Heyworth, and left School in 1906. He was bombing officer, and on 1st July was wounded, but calling to his men to follow, rushed forward, only to be instantaneously killed.

Second Lieutenant John Williamson, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, son of the Rev. J. A. Williamson of Alva, was killed in action on 1st July. He was in the leading platoon in the advance which began that day, and was shot down early in the battle. Mr Williamson left School in 1913.

WOUNDED.

We fear that the list of wounded is too long for us to have any hope of giving it completely. The most serious is Second Lieutenant R. S. MacFarlane, 5th Gordon Highlanders, who is reported wounded and missing. Mr MacFarlane, who boarded with Mr Levack, left School in 1903. Lance-Corporal C. McCall, Royal Scots, is reported a prisoner of war.

Among those reported wounded, gassed, ill, or suffering from shell-shock are :—

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
BONTHRONE, A. L. - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Seaforth Highlanders.
CRAWFORD, ANDREW - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Highland Light Infantry.
DARBY, D. - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Scottish Rifles.
ELLIOT, WALTER - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Cameron Highlanders.
FARISH, SAMUEL - - - -	Lieutenant	King's Own Scottish Borderers.
FERGUSON, JOHN - - - -	Captain	Royal Army Medical Corps.
HOLMES, W. K. - - - -	Lieutenant	Royal Horse Artillery.
JAMIESON, W. J. - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Australian Infantry.
MORGAN, A. J. - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	6th Black Watch.
MUIR, JAMES - - - -	Private	P.P.C.L.I.
MUNRO, J. S. - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Scottish Rifles.
MYERS, E. - - - -	Lieutenant	West Yorks.
PENDER, W. G. - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Flying Corps.
POTTS, J. F. - - - -	Flight Lieut.	Royal Navy.
PURDON, R. - - - -	Lieutenant	Cameron Highlanders.
ROBERTSON, CHARLES - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	5th Gordon Highlanders.
ROBIESON, W. D. - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Cameron Highlanders.
SHAW, L. D. - - - -	Captain	Royal Army Medical Corps.
SNADDON, WM. M. - - - -	2nd Lieutenant	A. and S. Highlanders.
WADE, J. A. - - - -	Private	West Yorks.

DOLLAR ACADEMY WAR FUNDS.—At the last meeting of last session the teachers of the School agreed to allocate the balance of War Funds on hand as follows:—£25 to the Princess Louise Scottish Hospitals for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers; £15 for Scottish Blind Sailors and Soldiers; £10 to Bellahouston Hospital; £7 to the Scottish Women's Hospital for Serbia; £5 to Arnsbrae Hospital; and £5 to the Dollar War Work Party. Since September 1914 the teachers and pupils have collected a sum of £255. 1s.

Two dozen excellent periscopes, made in the workshop under the direction of Mr McGruther, have been sent down to the Ordnance Stores at Stirling for the use of troops in training. We understand that the O.C. at Stirling has been much gratified by the receipt of these useful articles.

In the Cricket season the 1st XI. had quite a successful year. Four games were won, one drawn, and two lost.

Against Glasgow High School the XI. made a very poor stand, but they retrieved themselves later on when they tackled Glasgow Academy and Royal High School. In both of these games the XI. won comfortably with 6 wickets to spare. The batting all over was much below that of former years, but Davison and Tuckwell kept up a fairly steady game all through. The former won the average bat with an average of 14.6.

Bowling for the School, Davidson and Watt did very good work, though their bowling was never startling, and at times their success was phenomenal. Towards the end of the season Leach came to the fore, and in the game against Royal High School he took 8 wickets for 8 runs. Leach won the Massey bowling belt with an average of 1.3.

The following were the results of the matches played :—

Team.	Runs for XI.	Runs Against.	Result.
Dollar	21	50	Loss
Glasgow High School	10	50	Loss
Glasgow Academy -	43 for 4 wkts.	15	Win
Daniel Stewart's College -	67	23	Win
George Watson's College -	38 for 4 wkts.	95 for 8 wkts.	Draw
Mr Dickson's XI. -	61	59	Win
Royal High School	52 for 4 wkts.	23	Win

The Tennis competitions for the Simpson Cup were carried out with the customary earnestness and rivalry. Some very fine play was witnessed in the concluding stages of the competition. Shaw and Davidson had an exciting and close game in the semi-final. For a time it looked as if Davidson would go under, and indeed it was only by sheer grit and determination that he finally overcame Shaw. Bwyne had not a great fight against Flett, but in the final he had little chance against Davidson, whose greater experience enabled him to outclass his opponent all the time.

In the girls' competition for their cup Mary Ferguson beat Agnes Dowdeswell after a stiff game.

The Quint games for the Cup presented by Mrs Dougall were carried out during the summer session with much success. There can be no doubt as to the value of these games in bringing out the best that is in the players. All the boys, old and young, take the keenest interest in their respective quints, and develop a splendid *esprit de corps* of great value not only in the other School games but in after life.

The league finished with Devon quint and Glen quint, each 6 points, and in the final Devon was easily disposed of by Glen. Davidson deserved much credit for carrying his team so successfully through the competition with the loss of only one game.

We think that the quint scheme might be developed to embrace seven-a-sides at Rugby in the winter months, and so keep alive the interest in the quints throughout the year.

HOCKEY.—Although the matches for this season are still unfixed, there promises to be a greater number than there were last year.

At a meeting of the Games' Committee of the members of the 1st and 2nd XI.'s on 14th September, the following office-bearers were elected for the season :—

<i>Captain</i>	-	-	K. Ferguson.
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	-	-	A. M'Donald.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	M. Gibson.
<i>Members of Committee</i>	-		J. Flett, S. Locker.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.—We are pleased to learn that Lieut. Frew has successfully carried out a three-weeks' general course in drill, &c., at the London District School of Instruction at Chelsea Barracks, and has been very favourably reported on for his work there. Such training is sure to have excellent results in the advancement of the cadets in all that pertains to smartness at drill, and the Corps is fortunate in having two of its officers qualified at this important training centre, and as we understand that 2nd Lieut. Allsop may also attend the course, the Corps will have all that can be desired.

During the summer the O.C. did duty with one of the officer cadet battalions and met there several old Dollar cadets—among them were Lieut. Hutton, who was acting as an assistant instructor; Leslie Henderson, who passed out for a commission; and John Murray, who arrived to do his four months' training prior to being commissioned.

Since our last issue Cadet Officer Muir and Corporal Hendry have been attached to a cadet battalion for training for commissioned rank; Corporal M'Laren has joined the Argylls, and Sergeant Flett, along with Cadet Cairns, are working for the entrance exam. for the Indian Army.

We congratulate 2nd Lieuts. C. R. Dougall, D. Gordon, Carrel Fidler, and J. W. Hogben, on being transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, and S. Wingfield, on appointment to R.N.A.S., and wish them every success in their new sphere. Second Lieut. A. Morgan,

our late Q.-M.-S., has been invalided home from France. Lieut. Walton and Lieut. J. L. C. Watson have both been down with trench fever, and we sincerely hope that all of them may speedily recover their accustomed health. It is with pride that we record the honour of the Military Cross gained by Lieut. R. Philp of the 7th A. and S. Highlanders. Lieut. Philp gained his first military knowledge with the School Corps, and we feel that we are sharers in his high distinction. This winter the programme of training has been considerably extended in order that the senior cadets may have as full a military knowledge as possible before they go into training with an officers' cadet battalion for a commission.

Thus drill for platoon and company work is held three mornings per week, musketry and field engineering on Monday afternoons from 3 to 5.30 P.M., and on Fridays from 3 to 5.30 P.M.; tactical schemes and lectures on trench warfare, &c., finish the week's work. Test examinations throughout the term will be given to see how the cadets are progressing.

The following promotions have been made :—

Company-Sergeant-Major, J. R. C. Leach; Sergeants, J. H. Tuckwell, G. McClelland; Corporals, I. Davidson, K. Collie, J. C. Shaw, R. Gordon, and R. Logan; Lance-Corporals, R. Black, D. Leonard, R. Stokes, W. Morrison, M. Bwyne, J. Binnie, and W. Muckersie.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—This Society goes on its way as vigorously as ever. Just before the Summer Vacation they had their annual picnic, this time to the top of Dunmyat. There a party of some twenty members enjoyed themselves, having a sun-bath and looking down on Dollar then under a deluge of rain.

At the Business Meeting the following office-bearers were appointed for the coming session :—

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	Miss D'Arcy Sands.
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	Miss Margaret Wilson.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	Miss Jean Sharp.
<i>Committee</i>	-	-	-	Misses Walker and Henderson.

Two other members of committee still remain to be elected from this year's Intermediate III.

The new session begins on 6th October, when Mr Dougall has kindly consented to deliver the opening lecture.

All former members are cordially invited to continue their connection as honorary members of the Society.

Of Famous Men Before Us.

Of famous men before us
At the old School let us sing,
And first in fervent chorus
Our Founder's praises ring.

Chorus—MacNab, MacNab ! Our Founder !
Ne'er shall his memory perish ;
For Dollar boys afar may roam
But still their School and boyhood's home
And him ⁴ they fondly cherish.

Next Milne and each wise Rector
Who safely steered our barque ²—
(Stout *Juventutis vector* ²
Fortunarum—OUR Youth's Ark !)

Chorus—Of Milne and each wise Rector,
Ne'er shall the memory perish, &c.

Then Lindsay and each master
Who lighted well her prow,
With learning's torch : ¹ "*disaster*
She scorned," ³ nor fears it now.

Chorus—Of Lindsay and each master,
Ne'er shall the memory perish, &c.

And many a bygone scholar,
Whose deeds in field or hall
Have honour brought to Dollar,
Together we extol.

Chorus—Of many a bygone scholar,
Ne'er shall the memory perish, &c.

The Swettenhams and each scion,
Who hath millions ruled afar,
Or striven for Scotland's Lion
In sport, or fared to war.

Chorus—The Swettenham's and each scion !
Ne'er shall their memory perish, &c.

¹ Refers to School crest.

² "The bearer of the fortunes of the young." (School motto—*Juventutis veho fortunas*, "I bear the fortunes of the young.")

³ Original School motto, *Timor omnis abest*, "I know no fear."

⁴ "Them" in succeeding verses.

Gill, Dewar, and men of Science
 Who have atom weighed or star ;
 Princes of Commerce ; giants
 Of Healing, Church, or Bar.

Chorus—Gill, Dewar, and men of Science !
 Ne'er shall their memory perish, &c.
 And countless loyal alumni
 In lesser ranks of fame,
 Like-jealous lest Calumny
 Should touch their DOLLAR'S name.

Chorus—Of countless loyal alumni,
 Ne'er shall the memory perish, &c.
 What sea or land but knows them,
 Sons of the old grey School ?
 What race but honour owes them,
 And of her praise is full ?

Chorus—Of famous men before us,
 Ne'er shall the memory perish, &c.

A. DRYSDALE.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

NEW ADDRESSES.

- BREINGAN, Captain A. J., Transport No. 57, M.F.A., c/o G.P.O., London.
 BREINGAN, Mrs (*née* Margaret Orr) (F.P.), 10 Hyndland Avenue, Glasgow, W.
 ROSS, Lieutenant Dr DONALD, R.A.M.C., No. 12 General Hospital, Rouen.
 CRAWFORD, Mrs (*née* Sarah Leishman), 11 Marchmont Street, Edinburgh.
 LEISHMAN, JAMES, Trooper, 3/1st Lothians and Border Horse, attached Dragoon Guards.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

- MARTIN, Miss, 91 South Street, St Andrews.
 BLAIR, Rev. GEO., B.D., Park U.F. Church, Uddingston.
 TAYLOR, Mrs JAMES, 39 Burnbank Gardens (off Great Western Road), Glasgow.
 STEINITZ, Miss, 186 Braid Road, Edinburgh.
 MIDDLETON, Captain ARTHUR G., R.A.M.C., 7th Field Ambulance, IV. Division.
 MACKECHNIE, Captain and Quartermaster ARCH. F., 148th Overseas Battalion, C.E.F., c/o Canadian Pay and Record Office, London.
 M'GRUTHER, Mr JOHN, Jr., c/o The New Egerton Woollen Mills Company Limited, Dhariwall, Punjab.