

the lovely old Chelsea china; the relics of Cromwell came in for a large share of attention, and also the various costumes of different periods. We hope to arrange visits to other places of interest soon.

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

It was only a mountain ash at the edge of the wood, but in its own way it carried to the city workers a real philosophy of life.

The wind blows hard, and gales and tempests sweep across those high altitudes of our stern Scottish Highlands, and this mountain ash had withstood the blasts of many winters, while around her lay her sister trees, withered and dead. Some of them, uprooted by the storm, lying along the ground like the blackening keels of wrecks upon the shore. A desolating spectacle, indeed!

Was our mountain ash just what nature intended it should become, or was there a plan at all in its life? From the mountain top one looked down upon a lovely strath, rich in wood and water; at the fields ripe unto harvest; at the browsing cattle and cosy homesteads; at the blue arch of heaven overhead, and back again at the mountain ash. Somewhere from out the stillness came the answer: "Yes, there is a plan."

Listen! Surely the birds and the flowers know and can tell us if they will. Nature is a stern parent, they would reply, like the Roman matrons of old, who, by hard discipline, so trained their sons to war, that they became Roman conquerors. Nature's plan is that in which the sweetness and beauty of the flowerets by the wayside is mingled with the howl of the tempest and the raging of the storm. Is there a philosophy in the wreckage of yonder blackened tree roots? Or does nature only teach the survival of the fittest? It would be cold comfort to suggest that the weak go to the wall either in nature or in human life.

Where, then, is the plan? As we sit on the hilltop and revel in the beauty of earth and sea and sky, breathing God's pure air, and wrapped in nature's silence, can we cull from it all some fresh impulse which will help the worker and ennoble the work?

Listen again! The leaves of the mountain ash rustle in harmony; the winds whisper something. Aye, even the blackened roots of yonder dead tree bear testimony. What do they say? You are possessors and participators in a great heritage; arise and claim it. So we retrace our way down the mountain-side, strengthened and cheered. Into every life some rain must fall; but somewhere, sometime, the sun shines behind the cloud. "Even I," says the mountain ash, "bear a share; for beneath my shade you workers have found rest and inspiration." A. E. M.

REGISTRATION OF DISEASE.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Statistical Society, held at the rooms of the Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, Dr. H. Dudfield (according to *The Times*), advocated the establishment of a national system for the registration of disease.

Dr. Dudfield said that though much attention

had been given to epidemic diseases, there was a mass of sickness and disablement treated in hospitals and other institutions, maintained by voluntary contributions, the municipalities, and the Poor Law, of which no study on a grand scale had been attempted. The research work which was going on was too piecemeal in character. Data needed bringing together from all institutions to be collated and analysed by a central body of statisticians with medical experience. Hospitals and similar institutions had recently received help from local rates and Imperial taxes. Had not the time come when the payers of rates and taxes might demand from them periodical returns of the diseases and accidents treated, and the results of such treatment?

WAR AN INSANITY.

Sir Oliver Lodge, speaking on the League of Nations at Westbury (Wilts) appealed to teachers to familiarise the coming generation with the ideals underlying the League.

In the state of civilisation to which the human race had now attained, war was an insanity, he said. The bodies of men were not made to resist the violence of high explosives and the deleterious influences of broadcast poison and disease. It was no reasonable life or occupation for humanity to dig itself into the earth, or submerge itself under the water, and live for years in trenches, dug-outs, and submarines, burrowing into the ground, as our uncivilised cave-ancestors used to do.

It would be blasphemous for us to fail to do everything in our power to preserve civilisation from the destruction and suicide of a future great war.

GIFTS FOR THE CLUB.

Sir Harold Boulton: two volumes of "Songs of the North" and "Songs of the Four Nations"; Lady Bowden: box at Albert Hall; Miss A. E. Macdonald: flowers; Miss Sadleir: cakes for Sunday tea; Miss Timewell: book.

DONATIONS.

GENERAL FUND.

Miss S. E. Underhill, £1; Miss Whyte, 10s.; Misses F. M. Archer, L. Ball, J. Cowie, I. le Couter, G. Le Geyt, A. M. Mizen, and T. E. Terry, 5s.; Misses E. H. Kenny, B. Kent, 2s. 6d.; Miss S. E. Bath, 1s. 6d.

SETTLEMENT FUND.

Miss M. R. Makepeace, 10s. 6d.; Miss Whyte, 10s.; Misses A. M. Mizen, N. Stewart, 5s.; Miss Copeman, 2s. 6d.; Miss Colner, 1s. 6d.

HELENA BENEVOLENT FUND.

Miss M. R. Makepeace, 10s. 6d.; Miss S. E. Underhill, 10s.; Misses A. M. Mizen, E. Seymour, E. Todd, 5s.; Miss M. Wethered, 4s.; Misses F. M. Hart, B. Kent, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Eaton, Miss B. Filley, 2s.; Misses S. E. Bath, A. E. Colner, I. D. Colville, E. Hanrahan, R. Steer, and Mrs. le Fevre, 1s.

ISABEL MACDONALD,

Secretary to the Corporation.

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