

to explore one, it seems to offer adventure; you ask the first shepherd you meet for information and you will find him ready to indicate many things to you besides the direct path to the ruin. Perhaps, for instance, he will tell you to look out for the ruined remains of a doorway; it must have opened only on to the precipice with the torrent roaring over the rocks below. "Well a man can grow tired of his wife you know, the dungeon cut in the rock yonder would not hold more than three men abreast or . . ." Edgar Wallace would find many a rival in a highland gillie or a shepherd determined to edify the Sassenach.

If you are not a mere walking machine you can find much to interest you in the legends you come across in the course of a day's tramp; there are fragments of Ossianic legend, bits of Celtic mythology, and there is any amount of folklore to be gathered on the healing properties of certain plants, whose efficacy seems to have depended very largely upon the phases of the moon. When you come suddenly upon some beautiful loch, unsuspected until the moment of its discovery, it is not difficult to understand how a mass of legend must have grown up in such places, though such legend is hidden and overgrown by verbiage now; under the sunshine the loch is like a sheet of silver and the green islands are just the places for fairy castles. Where the sun sets, such a landscape becomes incomparable in its colouring, for every tone of the sky is reflected from the water until sometimes the whole loch looks like a pool of flame against the dark background of the hills and the great stillness of the evening.

In such wanderings you reach back into the minds of people of an olden time, people who lived so close to nature that her every mood could speak to them in imaginations that have made the poetry and story of the hills, and of which you can now but pick up fragments here and there. Were these people of an olden time to return to-day, would they find it in them to tolerate the Philistines of the present day, insistent on the creed that the whole of this beautiful world can be explained in terms of atoms, of chemistry and the like? Such an explanation would, to them, have appeared impossible for, behind the curtain of things of the senses, they knew of the heaving and working of elemental life, of the fairies (seldom benign like your lowland fairies), of the brown gnomes in the rocks and all the rest. But even to the solitudes the great machine age has advanced and the folk spirit, that could reach out to such things, and to the imaginations that built up the poetry of the hills, came under its wheels and was driven down deep into the sub-conscious mind of man. But it rises to the surface somewhat at the call of the hills and, when your feet are on the purple highway, it is that which opens your eyes to much of the variety you find by the road.

TO THE MEMBERS.

We have to remind a number of our members that their annual subscriptions to the Association are still unpaid for the current year; we shall be grateful if these are forwarded at an early date as the work of the office becomes very heavy after the close of September and the expense involved in sending out personal reminders is considerable.

We shall shortly be arranging the various fixtures for the autumn and will be glad to receive any suggestions from members in connection with those.

Miss Liddiatt hopes to organise one of her long charabanc rambles into the country before the days shorten further and we hope that members who wish to participate in this will write to the office for particulars. We have been promised several lectures during the autumn, there will be the usual social gatherings, and we hope to have a concert about the end of October.

Although the ordinary meetings of the Committee have not been taking place during the holidays we have been busy at headquarters and have had the pleasure of welcoming quite a number of our country members to the Club; we always look forward to this as one of the pleasures of the summer time. Unfortunately very heavy structural repairs have become necessary at Queen's Gate and workmen have invaded our premises so that we have to look forward to meeting again one of these many bills from which there is no escape when it comes to owning property.

At the Settlement Home we have had several changes recently; a few members who have been in the home for years have given up their rooms there and others are coming in. The whole of the staircases and hall and several of the rooms have been redecorated and we are told that the house looks very nice. Miss Helen Nash is proving a most popular Sister-in-Charge, and we hear very appreciative remarks of her kindness and friendship to members in the Home.

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE MISS ALICE CATTELL, S.R.N., F.B.C.N., MEMBER OF THE ROYAL BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

It has been arranged that the Memorial to Miss Alice Cattell will take the form of a Memorial Annuity; such decision appears to be in conformity with the wishes of a large number of her friends and we feel that it would have been equally in conformity with her own. This Annuity will be added to a long list of somewhat similar Annuities in the Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund, and will be reserved for members of the Royal British Nurses' Association. As our readers are well aware, the late Miss Cattell was a strong supporter of the Association and all its activities, and she was equally energetic in promoting the development of the Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund; to the latter she not only subscribed generously herself, but she succeeded in interesting many of her friends in its beneficent work. The trials of the sick and of the aged were always very near to the heart of Alice Cattell, and she was ever ready to stretch out to them a helping hand in their difficulties and their sufferings. We hope, therefore, that the members of the Royal British Nurses' Association and other friends in the nursing world, who knew Miss Cattell or are interested in the Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund, will lend a hand in helping to found this new annuity, which is to be known as "The Alice Cattell Memorial Annuity." Thereby we shall perpetuate in the profession the memory of an esteemed colleague and also, through this effort, help will always be available annually for one or other of our sick or aged members. When the first nurse, to whom the annuity is granted, ceases to require it then it will pass on to another, and so on to others, after we who build up the foundation will long have fallen out of the ranks. This memorial, therefore, becomes a really lasting and living work of benevolence on the part of friends and colleagues of the late Miss Cattell. It has had a splendid send-off, for as soon as Miss Lancaster, M.R.B.N.A., heard of the proposed memorial, she sent us a donation of fifteen guineas. Miss Lancaster, it will be remembered, was Miss Cattell's closest friend in the profession, and her chief succourer in the last sad days of her painful illness.

All subscriptions to the Memorial should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund, 194, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

ISABEL MACDONALD,

Secretary to the Corporation.

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