

PREFATORY NOTE

THE Sermon, of which this is a *Second Edition, with translation*, was originally preached in Crown Court Church, London, on the day set apart in England for Intercession on behalf of Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa. It was afterwards preached in Kilmartin Parish Church, the Sunday after the funeral of Queen Victoria. The author was in East London, South Africa, on 31st May 1902, when peace was declared. He witnessed the departure home of Lord Kitchener in a troopship immediately afterwards; and at the same time returned with another contingent of Volunteers on their way home, in Union Castle M.S. *Walmer Castle*, from Cape Town. Amongst these were a number of young Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, who had been attached to Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener all the time they were in South Africa, with whom he conducted daily a Gaelic Service on board all the way home, and to each of whom he afterwards presented a copy of the Sermon.

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LAURISTON CASTLE
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A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

“Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him : but weep sore for him that goeth away : for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.”—JER. xxii. 10.

THE prophet lived in a season of trouble and stress : the House of Joseph were already in captivity in Syria, and a voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping—of Rachel, the mother of Joseph, weeping for her children ; refusing to be comforted for her children, because they were not. The Lord had rejected them, because they had refused to hearken to Him, and they were now exiles ; but yet Ephraim was God’s own dear son, His pleasant child. That was to be her comfort in her grief. Thus saith the Lord, “Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears : for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord ; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy.”

The House of Judah were still spared ; but they too were doomed to captivity, for they were without knowledge, disowned His law, and scorned the word of the Holy One of Israel. The

daughter of Zion was to go forth out of the city, she was to dwell in the field, she was to go over to Babylon; this happened in the time of the prophet. It was a day of fierce wrath: of trial and affliction, of clouds and thick darkness, of trumpet blasts, and shouting against walled cities and high towers. The storm burst upon them from the north. The children of the north came and laid siege against them, but they prevailed not, for God still favoured Judah. But the storm once more burst from the south. The armies of Egypt came up against Carchemish, by Euphrates. Josiah was foolhardy enough to resist them in the Vale of Megiddo; he was wounded, and carried to Hadadrimmon, where he died; and Judah and Jerusalem mourned for the King. The whole land mourned as one mourneth for an only son—every family apart mourned—Jeremiah lamented for him—all the singing men and singing women spoke of him in their lamentations.

There never was so great grief and lamentation, for the awful calamity was unexpected—the beauty of Israel wounded and slain in battle! The weeping of Hadadrimmon in the Vale of Megiddo, where they mourned for the King—the breath of their nostrils, the anointed of the Lord, concerning whom they had said, Under his shadow we shall live secure among the heathen—resembled the dismay in Scotland after Flodden, where were slain ten thousand Scottish warriors, the king, and most of the nobles.

Josiah had three sons. The people chose the

second and proclaimed him King in Jerusalem, in the vain hope that he would be a lion like his father, and that he would avenge his death. Alas, in the space of three months they witnessed their young king bound in fetters, led away to Riblah, in the land of Hamath, where the king of Egypt warred at the time ; and he was carried to Egypt, where he died. This filled the cup of their woes. This was the first scion of the House of David led captive ; they would have preferred to have seen him perish by the sword, like his brave father. The crown fell despairingly from their head when they saw the Anointed of the Lord chained in fetters. The prophet could no longer restrain himself. The kings of the earth and the inhabitants of the world would not have believed that the adversary and the enemy should have entered the gates of Jerusalem. The young lion of the House of David dragged in fetters ! his voice no more to be heard upon the mountains of Israel !

The Lord had enlarged their grief—He had despised king and priest—when He permitted the Anointed of the Lord to be seized and dragged into the stronghold of the enemy. “Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him : but weep sore for him that goeth away ; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.” The King they had chosen, anointed, surnamed “the Helped of God,” dragged from Mount Zion !—the abode of the Most High, the burying-place of his fathers !—separated from God and from God’s

people, and driven a miserable captive into a strange land to die and mingle his dust with the sons of the alien ! A man may survive distress ; who could survive this disgrace ?

For did this not bode destruction to the land ? Yes, verily ! for they were soon to be without king or prince, or sacrifice, or image, or ephod, or teraphim, and the prophets could lament over them, " Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens ; we are orphans and fatherless, our mothers are as widows ; we have drunken our water for money ; our wood is sold unto us ; we have given the hand to the Egyptians, and to the Assyrians, to be satisfied with bread ; our fathers have sinned, and are not ; and we have borne their iniquities."

The children of Judah were thus led into captivity and sore distress and bitter bondage—they sojourned amongst the heathen, and realized what it is to be without hearth or temple or altar : need we marvel at their sad plight ?

The harps remained unstrung,
 Silent the voice of praise,
 Mute and inept the tongue
 The wonted notes to raise.

The Saviour Himself once wept—wept bitterly with copious tears, as He thought of the woes of the daughter of Zion. The legions of Rome were to destroy Jerusalem and the House of God He loved ; His countrymen were to be banished to distant lands. How often did the tears flow as our countrymen in the far-off land recalled

the home of their childhood and the green sod that covered their dear ones! The landscape may change—the tree so erect, so fresh and flourishing, may wither and disappear; the home turn a ruined moss-covered heap; kindred and acquaintance, dust and ashes, the very stone that marks the spot mouldering away—still they can in their dreams revisit the knoll or mountain slope over which they used to stray; the rivulet on whose winding banks they played in childhood—it flows smoothly, murmuringly, in the same channel as of yore! They hear the mournful plaint of the doves in the mountain. The trees, the grey rocks, and the fowls of heaven seem to lament those who have gone and return no more to see their native country!

The Gaels have thus lamented king and prince and exile banished from their native land, how they have grieved for the desolation of their glens!

Oh! the soul-melting strain
 Borne so oft o'er the main,
 MacRimmon's weird doeful wail,
 Sad Farewell of the Gael!
 Adieu for aye, dear, dear land!
 We are exiles from thy strand.
 Farewell, Farewell! for ever,
 Return to thee thine exiles never!

They have left their native land with heavy hearts. But they have ever sighed for her peace, her welfare, her liberties; they think with pride of their kindred in the glens, and their manhood and

their sword have responded to the call, in defence of King or Queen or Empire. They have been alert to maintain her independence; ready and willing in life and in death.

There are broken hearts to-day in Scotland—many are shedding bitter tears and lamenting in our land:

The Pibroch's chant, soft and slow
Lamenting the chief;
The Pall, emblem of woe,
The sad trappings of grief.

For we have seen the mighty falling in their high places! falling in the midst of the battle!—the flower of our youth falling shoulder to shoulder as of yore! “Howl, O Fir-tree; for the Cedar is fallen, because the mighty are spoiled!”

The Cedar falls!—when shall another take its place of shade and beauty and covert and refuge in the dark and cloudy day?—when shall our glens be re-peopled by the Heroes of our Bens, who ever preferred death to defeat? Shall they ever again grow as lilies in our glens, casting forth their roots, spreading their boughs like the Cedars of Lebanon?

General Wauchope—that lofty Cedar—has fallen. Of him we might say what was said of his predecessor, General Stewart, “His death was a great loss to the whole Kingdom, especially to his native land, the land of the Bens; he was a man who never turned back on friend or foe.” Such was the Laird of Niddrie—a cedar planted

in the House of God—flourishing in the courts of our God, for the Church of his country was ever dear to him as the beautiful house in which our fathers worshipped, and he was in it a tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out its roots by the River, and shall not be careful in the year of drought.

Many have fallen! their seed is becoming scarce in our Glens, for where we have not the children in arms we have not the warriors skilled for the fight, and we mourn the lofty, shady green cedars that were the glory of a land—the covert from the wind, the shelter from the heat!

Many a widow mourns, because the help of the poor and needy, the stay of the orphan, the pride of the home in peace and war, has gone and shall return no more, nor see his native country! Though we are victors in the fight, they have bade us adieu for ever; and the Empire and the Church are weeping sore, “for they shall return no more, nor see their native country.”

How sad was the weeping at Modder River as they committed to the dust the General and officers and soldiers who were so faithful even to death, and now lie side by side in the distant land—full many a grave exists in that land, by mountain stream, and shore, where they shall sleep till the last Trumpet shall resound. But a grave is the *securest* of all inheritances, and we trust that these graves are to us *secure* pledges that God has given us the land for our everlasting inheritance.

The grandson of our now departed Queen has *secured* his grave in that land. Though born a Prince he chose to be buried there, where he sleeps side by side with the comrades who fell with him. And now Victoria, our gracious Queen, rests in her grave. She was conveyed to her resting-place on a gun-carriage through the streets of London, escorted by her warriors—cavalry, infantry, marines, with their arms reversed—for she chose the soldier's funeral. The Gaels in the garb of the Gaels were there—the first to put hands on the bier and privileged to stand next to it. It was to the wailing notes of the pipes that the procession left Osborne; and while the plaintive strains of the music, familiar on such occasions, the muffled beat of the drum, the funeral toll of the bell, were heard on the route, it was the sad wail of the pipes that were heard at the end, playing the sad "Coronach" that resounded at Modder River when they laid to rest the heroes who fell there; for she said herself, "My heart bleeds for the dreadful loss." There never lived a King or Queen who showed such regard for the Gaels as she. She liked the people, the language, the country. She loved the Church of Scotland; and many an eye shed tears, because she too shall return to her native country no more—and it is a sore loss to the Kingdom, and the Church, and the land of Bens.

The graves of the Gaels now abound all over the earth. God grant wherever they own a grave it may knit their hearts to their native country

and stir them to imitate the prowess of their progenitors.

We are but sojourners and strangers on earth, poor wanderers journeying to the land of which God has said, "I will give it you"! If we were mindful of the country whence we came, we might have the opportunity of returning to it. But I trust our longing is after the Better Country—the Heavenly. Though we should be homeless, landless, upon earth, we can still say :

God is the Treasure of my soul,
The Source of lasting joy—
A joy which want shall not impair
Nor death itself destroy.

We are the soldiers of Christ—He is the Captain and Perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is now set at the right hand of God. Let us believe and confide in Him. Faith shall supply new strength, and hope shall banish every fear—soon we shall all meet to part no more.

The Believer's home is the Heavenly Jerusalem—the Believer's Leader and Captain is the Lord Jesus Christ. He will gather us to our own land—soon we trust to see Him in our eternal home! and, oh, how happy we shall then be!

No lasting home bids welcome here,
No portals wide, with gladsome cheer
Embraces' greetings fond.
Mere aliens we, a pilgrim band,
With weary feet and staff in hand,
We seek the land beyond.

Sojourning here, footsore and weak
Thy golden gates we fain would seek
 Jerusalem on high.
Thrice welcome, then, that happy day
When ends the pilgrims' toilsome way
 In endless bliss and joy.

SEARMON CUIMHNE MU 'N CHOGADH ANN AN AFRICA

“Na guilibh air son a' mhairbh, ni mò a ni sibh caoidh air a shon : guilibh gu goirt air a shon-san a dh' imich air falbh : oir cha phill e ni 's mò, agus cha 'n fhaic e tuilleadh tìr a dhùthchais.”—
IER. xxii. 10.

BHA am faidh beò ann an aimsir carraid agus teinn. Bha taigh Ioseph a cheana ann am braighdeanas ann an tìr Shiria. Agus chualas guth ann an Ramah, caoidh, gul ro ghoirt. Bha Rachel, màthair Ioseph, a' gul air son a cloinne : dhiùlt i comhfhurtachd air son a cloinne, a chionn nach robh iad ann. Thilg an Tighearna air falbh iad, a chionn nach d' éisd iad ris, agus bha iad 'nam fògarraich am measg nan Cinneach. Ach b' e Ephraim fathast mac caomh agus leanabh ro thaitneach an Tighearna, agus b' e sin a bha 'toirt comhfhurtachd dhi 'na bròn. “Mar so deir an Tighearna, cum do ghuth o chaoidh, agus do shùilean o dheuraibh ; oir gheibh do shaothair duais, deir an Tighearna, agus thig iad air ais o thìr an nàmhaid, agus tha dochas a thaobh do chrìch dheireannaich, deir an Tighearna, gu 'n tig do chlann a rìs gu 'n crìochaibh fein.”

Bha taigh Iudah fathast air a chaomhnadh, ach bha iadsan cuideachd a' dol ann am braighdeanas, a chionn gu 'n robh iad gun eòlas, a chionn gu 'n do dhiult iad lagh Tighearna nan sluagh, agus gu 'n do chuir iad cùl ri facal Ti naomh Israeil. Bha nighean Shioin a' dol am mach as a' chathair—a' dol a chòmhnuidh 's a' mhachair; bha i 'dol eadhoin gu Babilon. Thachair so ri linn an fhàidh.

B' e latha na feirge an latha sin; latha trioblaid agus teanntachd; latha neul agus tiugh dhorchadais; latha trompaid agus iolaich an aghaidh nam bailtean daingnichte, agus nan tùr àrda. Bhris an doinionn o 'n àird a tuath. Thainig teaghlaichean na h-àird a tuath, agus chathaich iad na h-aghaidh, ach cha d' thug iad buaidh, a chionn gu 'n robh Dia fathast le Iudadh.

Ach an sin thainig doinionn o 'n àird a deas. Thainig feachd rìgh na h-Eiphit a nios a chogadh an aghaidh Charchemis laimh ri Euphrates. Chaidh Iosiah rìgh Iudah am mach 'na aghaidh, agus chuir e cath ris ann an gleann Mhegido. Bha 'n rìgh air a lotadh, agus thug a sheirbhisich leotha e gu Hadadrimon far an do bhàsaich e; agus rinn Iudah agus Ierusalem uile caoidh air son an rìgh. Rinn am fearann uile caoidh air a shon mar a chaidheas duine air son aon ghin mhic. Agus rinn gach teaghlach caoidh air leith. Rinn Ieremiah tuireadh air a shon, agus labhair na fir sheinn agus na mnai sheinn uile m' a thimchioll na 'n tuireannaibh. Bha na bantraichean 's na teaghlaichean lionmhor a rinn caoidh

air son nan daoine a thuit leis a' chlaidheamh. Cha robh bròn, no cumha cho mòr riamh; oir thainig an latha uamhasach oirre gu 'n dùil idir ris, agus bha maise Israeil air a lotadh 's air a mharbhadh. Thuit na cumhachdaich, agus chaidh as do 'n airm chogaidh. Bha cumha Hadadrimoin ann an gleann Mhegido, dar a rinn iad caoidh airsan, anail an cuinneanan, ti ungte an Tighearna, mu 'n d' thubhairt, iad, " Foidh a sgàile mairidh sinn beò am measg nan Cinneach," mar an cumha a bha ann an Albainn an deigh latha Raon Floda— an cath fuilteach ud 'san do chailleadh tuilleadh is deich mìle duine do armait na h-Alba, an rìgh fein, agus a' chuid mhòr de àrd-mhaithibh na rioghachd.

Bha triuir mhac aig Iosiah, agus ghabh sluagh na tìre an dara fear dhiubh, agus rinn iad e 'na rìgh an àite 'athar ann an Ierusalem, an dùil gu 'm biodh e 'na leomhann garg mar a bha 'athair, agus gu 'n tugadh e buaidh air rìgh na h-Eiphit. Ach mo thruaighe! chunnaic iad aig ceann thri mìosan an rìgh òg air a chur ann an cuibhreachaibh, agus air a ghiulan air falbh gu Riblah ann an tìr Hamait, far an robh rìgh na h-Eiphit a' cogadh 'san àm; agus chaidh a thoirt as a sin do 'n Eiphit far an d' eug e. Chuir so sluagh na tìre gu tuilleadh caoidh. B' e so a' cheud rìgh de shìol Dhaibhidh a chaidh a rioghachd a thoirt ann am braighdeanas, agus b' fhèarr leotha gu mòr 'fhaicinn marbh leis a' chlaidheamh. Thuit an coron buileach bhar an cinn dar a chunnaic iad ti ungte an Tighearna ann an geimhlibh. Cha b' urrainn am faidh cumail air fein. Cha chreideadh

rìghrean na talmhainn agus uile luchdàiteachaidh an domhain gu 'n rachadh an t-eascaraid a steach air geatachan Ierusalem; gu 'n glacadh iad leomhann òg taigh Dhaibhidh; gu 'n ceangladh iad e ann an slabhraidhibh, agus nach cluinnteadh tuilleadh a ghuth air sléibhtibh Israeil.

Mheudaich an Tighearna am bròn. Rinn e tàir air rìgh agus sagart dar a cheadaich e do 'n rìgh a bha air ungadh os cionn Israeil a bhith air a ghlacadh agus air a thoirt do dhaingneach an namhaid. “Na guilibh air son a' mhairbh, ni mò a ni sibh caoidh air a shon; guilidh gu goirt air a shon-san a dh' imich air faldh; oir cha phill e ni 's mò, agus cha 'n fhaic e tuilleadh tìr a dhùchais. Oir mar so deir Iehobhah mu thimchioll Shaluim mhic Iosiah, rìgh Iudah, a rìghich 'san àite so, cha phill e thuige ni 's mò. Ach anns an àite gus an d' thug iad air falbh ann am braighdeanas e, gheibh e bàs; agus an tìr so cha 'n fhaic e ni 's mò.”

Bha 'n rìgh a thagh iad agus a dh' ung iad, do 'n an d' thug iad mar shloinneadh Iehoiacim (an ti 'tha Iehobhah 'cuideachadh); air a chur am mach o shliabh Shioin far an robh Tighearna nan sluagh a' comhnuidh; o àite adhlacaidh aithrichean; air a sgaradh o'n Tighearna, agus o shluagh an Tighearna; 'na chiomach bochd air a thoirt air falbh do dhùthaich far am bàsaicheadh e, agus am biodh e air 'adhlacadh am measg mhac nan coigreach. “Is beò duine an déigh a shàrachadh; ach cha bheò e an déigh a nàrachadh.”

Ciod eile a bha 'n so ach léirsgrios air tìr a

dhùchais? Agus b' fhlor e! Oir bu ghoirid gus an robh iad gun rìgh, gun phrionnsa, gun iobairt, gun iomhaidh, gun ephod, gun teraphaim; agus bha am faidh a' tuireadh os an cionn. "Thugadh thairis ar n-oighreachd do choimhich, ar taighean do choigrich. Tha sinn 'nar dilleachdain, agus gun athair, ar màthraichean mar bhantraichibh. Dh' òl sinn uisge air son airgid; tha ar connadh air a reic ruinn. . . . Thug sinn ar lamh do na h-Eiphitich agus do na h-Asirianaich a chum a bhith air ar sàsachadh le h-aran. Pheacaich ar n-athraichean, agus cha 'n 'eil iad ann, agus ghiulain sinn an euceartan.

Thugadh clann Iudah air falbh ann am braighdeanas, ann an anshocair, agus an daorsa mhòir, agus bha iad a' comhnuidh am measg nan Cinneach gun suaimhneas sam bith fhaotainn; agus dh' fharruich iad de bhith gun dùthaich, gun dachaidh, gun teampull, gun altair. An uair a rinn na Cinnich sgeig is tàir, cha b' ioghnadh iadsan a bhith fo phràmh:

'S an clarsaichean gun ghleus,
 An teangaibh dhiult a dhol air seirm
 Gu òrain naomha Dhé a sheinn,
 'S a thogail fonn le 'n teud.

Ghuil an slànuighear fein; ghuil e gu goirt; shil e gu frasach na deòir dar a smuainich e air truaighean nighean Shioin. Bha feachd na Ròimhe a' dol a sgrios prìomh bhail' a dhùthchadh, agus àros a rùin. Bha a luchd-dùthchadh gu bhith 'nan allabanaich thruagha ann an rioghachd chéin. Agus nach iomadh uair a bhrùchd na deòir o

shùilibh Ghaidheil Albainn agus Eirinn, dar a chuimhnich iad ann an dùthchannan céin air dachaidh an òige ; air a' chill 'sam bheil an luchd-dàimh 'nan laidhe ; air an taigh anns an d' rugadh iad ; ged tha aghaidh na dùthchadh air atharrachadh ; ged a tha 'chraobh a chunnaic iad uair a' fàs gu dìreach, urar, air seargadh, no air a gearradh sìos ; ged a tha 'n t-àite 'san d' rugadh iad 'na làrach fuar fo eanntaig ghlais ; fo chòinich uaine ; ged a tha càirdean agus luchd-eòlais 'nan luaithre 'san talamh, agus a' chlach a bha' comharrachadh an ionaid 'sam bheil iad nan laidhe 'caitheamh air falbh 'na smùr. Tha gach beinn, agus cnoc, agus sliabh air am b' àbhaist dhaibh a bhith triall, ionmhuinn leotha. Tha an sruthan beag air an do ghabh iad an toiseach eòlas, an uair a bha iad a' cluicheadh 'nan cloinn bhig gu mì-chùramach m' a bhruachaibh, a' siubhal gu mall, lùbach, borbhanach, 's a' cheart aigeann 's am faca iadsan e a' siubhal. Tha coloman na coille ri caoidh air na sléibhtibh. Tha gach craobh, gach creag, agus eunlaith an adhair mar gu 'm biodh iad a' caoidh nan daoine a dh' imich air falbh agus nach pill ni 's mò. Rinn Gàidheil Albainn agus Eirinn mar so caoidh air son rìgh, airson prionnsa, dar a bha iad 'nan allabanaich thruagha o thìr an dùchais. Is iomadh tuireadh a rinn iad do bhrìgh fàsachadh nan gleann.

'S tric a chluinnear fuaim' bhròin—
 Caoidh thiom-chridh' Mhic Cruimein—
 'N uair bhios Gàidheil a' falbh
 Thar an fhairge 'g an iomain

O chaomh-thir an gràidh,
 O d' thràigh 's iad ag imeachd,
 Och cha till, cha till,
 Och cha till sinn tuilleadh.

Dh' fhag iad tìr an gràidh, tìr an dùchais, le cridhe cràiteach, goirt. Ach shior ghuidh iad air son sìth agus sonas agus saorsa an tìr dhùchais, agus chuimhnich iad le bròn oirre, agus air na càirdean nach 'eil beò na 's fhaide 's na glinn. Bha an lamh agus an claidheamh agus an cruadal riamh deas aig an gairm. Bha iad 'nan gaisgich air taobh Rìgh agus Ban-rìgh, agus Prionnsa. Bha an lamh dheas riamh seolta a dhion an sìth agus an saorsa—deas a chum bàis no chum beatha. Cha do dhichuimhnich iad fathast, agus tha mi 'n dochas nach dichuimhnich iad gu bràth, an gaol dùthchadh. “Is maìrg a chuireas air chùl a dhùthaich fein.” “Theid dùthchas an aghaidh nan creag.”

Agus ged a tha iomadh cridhe briste an diugh ann an Albainn, ged a tha iomadh suil a' sìleadh nan deur, ged a tha iomadh teaghlach fo thùirse ann an Tìr nam Beann; oir tha sinn a' cluinntinn sgeul bronach :

Nuallan àrd na piob-mhòir,
 'Cluich marbhrann an fhilidh,
 Agus dearbh-bhrat a' bhàis
 Mar fhalluing aig' uime.

Thuit na gaisgich threuna agus chumhachdach ann an “àirde an glòir 's am mòralachd, 's am buillsgein dian a' bhlàir!” Thuit maise an t-sluaigh! Thuit iad an guailibh a chéile mar

bu dual dhaibh. “Guil gu h-àrd, a chraobh ghiuthas, oir thuit an seudar ; oir tha iadsan a b' àirde air am milleadh.” Cha mhisde sinn a bith 'gul, 's a' gul gu goirt, oir thuit iadsan a bha na 'n sgàile agus na 'm fasgadh agus na 'm maise do thìr an dùthchais. Tuitidh an seudar, ach nach fhada gus an cinn seudar eile 'na àite a bhitheas 'na dhion agus 'na fhasgadh 's an latha neulach agus dhorcha. Agus nach fhada gus an lionar na glinn le fìor ghaisgich nam Beann leis am b'annsa bàs na cuing—am fàs iad gu brath tuilleadh mar an lilidh 's na glinn? an tilg iad am mach am freumhan? an sgaoil iad an geugan mar Lebanon nan crann?

Thuit Feachd-cheannard nan Gaidheal, mu 'm faodainn a bhith 'g radh an ni a chaidh a radh air carragh-cuimhne a' Ghaidheil urramaichte Triath Ghart—“Bha a bhàs 'na chall mòr do 'n rioghachd uile, ach gu h-àraidh d' a dhùthaich fein, “Tìr nam Beann.” B' fhear e nach do chuir a chùl riamh ri 'charaid no ri 'namhaid.” Thuit Triath Niddrie, seudar àrd, a bha air a shuidh-eachadh ann an taigh an Tighearna—a thainig fo bhlàth ann an cùirtibh ar De-ne,” a chionn gu 'm b' i Eaglais a thìr dhùthchais taigh a chridhe 's a ghràidh—an taigh naomh agus aluinn 's an d' rinn ar n-athraichean aoradh ; agus bha esan innte mar chraobh air a suidheachadh ri taobh nan uisgeachan, a sgaoileas am mach ri taobh an t-sruth, agus nach mothaich c'uin a thig tart.”

Thuit iomadh craobh àrd a bharr airsan, iomadh craobh uaine ! agus tha am fuigheall so

air fàs cho tearc ann an Tir nam Beann 's gu 'n sgrìobhadh leanabh an àireamh. "Far nach bi na mic-uchd, cha bhi na fir feachd." Agus tha cumha 's na glinn an diugh air son nan crannan àrda, dhubharach, bhrìghmhor, a bha 'nam maise do 'n tìr dhùthchais, a bha 'nan dìdean o 'n doinnionn, 'nan sgàile o 'n teas, agus tha sinn a' gul gu goirt air an son. Tha iomadh bantrach fo bhròn, tha iomadh teaghlach fo bhròn, a chionn gu 'n do thuit iadsan—neart a' bhochd, neart an fheumaich, luchdcuideachaidh an dilleachdain, maise ar sluaigh—ann an cogadh 's ann an sìth. Agus cha till, cha till iad tuilleadh. Ged bhuaidhaich 's a' bhlàr cha till iad tuilleadh. Tha 'n rioghachd, agus tha Eaglais na h-Alba, agus Tir nam Beann a' gul gu goirt; oir cha till iad na's mò, agus cha 'n fhaic iad tuilleadh tìr an duthchais.

Agus nach bu bhrònach a ghuil iad aig Amhainn Mhoder dar a chuir iad 'san ùir Feachd-cheannard nan Gàidheal, agus na ceannardan 's na saighdearan a lean e gu bàs, agus a tha nis 'nan laidhe taobh ri taobh 's an dùthaich chein! Agus, mo thruaighe! tha iomadh uaigh ri fhaicinn a nis anns an dùthaich ud, aig sruth, air raon, agus aig traigh! Tha iad 'nan cadal gus an dùisg an trompaid dheireannach iad o fhàraich an àir. Tha iad an sud sìnte taobh ri taobh 'nan cadal deireannach. Ach is i uaigh seilbh a 's buaine sam bith. Tha sinn an dòchas gu 'm bi na h-uaighean sin 'nan geall-daingnich dhuinn gu 'n d' thug Dia dhuinn an dùthaich sin



mar ar seilbh bhuan ; agus fhad 's a bhios Gaidheal air thalamh nach dichuimhnich iad aon chuid an dùthaich no na daoine o 'n d' thainig iad.

Tha uaigh aig ogha na Ban Rìgh nach maireann san dùthaich ud. Ged bu phrionnsa e b'e a roghainn fein bhì air adhlacadh 'san dùthaich, agus tha e anns an dùthaich chein sìnte taobh ri taobh ris na companaich a thuit taobh ri taobh ris. Agus tha Bhictoria air Ban Rìgh ro ghràsail a nis air a càradh na h-uaigh fein. Bha i air a giulan air carbaid ghunna a bha air tharraing le seisear each troimh shràidean Lunnain, a saighdearan le'n airm tionndaidhte, marcaichean, coisichean, maraichean, cuid dol roimh agus cuid as deigh a giulan is Feachd cheannard na h-armailt air an ceann, oir roghnaich i fein tòrradh an t-saighdear. Be na Gàidheil ann an eideadh nan Gaidheal a chur a cheud lamh air a giulan aig Osborne. B' iadsan a bu dluite air a giulan agus b' ann le nuallan na piob mhòr a dh' fhàg an giulan Osborne ged a chualas fuinn thiamhaidh gach luchd ciuil eile aig an adhlacadh, buille mùchda nan drummachan, fuaim nan gunnacha mora, bualadh mall nan cluig bhròn, b'e caoidh bhrònach a piobairean fein, a chualas aig toiseach agus aig deireadh, agus chluich iad an coronach brònach leis an d' rinn iad bròn aig Amhainn Mhòdeir air son Feachd-cheannard nan Gaidheal agus na saighdearan a thuit leis air larach fhuilteach Magersfontein a cogadh air son na Ban Rìgh 'san dùthaich chein. Oir thubhairt i fein "tha mo chridhe a sìleadh fala air son a' chall uamhasaich ud." Cha robh Rìgh no Ban

Rìgh riamh ann a thug a leithid do speis do na Gàidheil is a thug ise. Bu toigh leatha na daoine, an cànan, an eachdraidh, 'san duthaich agus bu toigh leatha Eaglais na h-Alba, agus shil ioma suil gu deurach chionn do thir a cridhe agus a graidh nach pill i ni 's mo, agus is call mor ise do 'n Rìoghachd do 'n Eaglais agus do Thir nam Beann.

Tha uaighean nan Gàidheal ri 'm faotainn feadh an t-saoghail mhòir ; agus gu 'n deònaicheadh Dia do na Gàidheil, anns gach dùthaich 's am bheil uaigh aca, gu 'n toir an uaigh sin an dùthaich dhachaidh gu 'n cridhe, agus gu 'n lean iad gu dlùth ri cliù an sinnsearachd.

Cha 'n 'eil annainn ach luchd-turuis is luchd-cuairt air an talamh—allabanaich bhochda ! Tha sinn air ar turus a chum an àite mu 'n dubhairt Dia, “bheir mi dhuibh e.” Na 'm biomaid cuimhneachail air an dùthaich as an d' thainig sinn am mach, dh' fhaodamaid àm iomchuidh fhaotainn air pilleadh. Ach tha mi an dòchas gu 'm bheil déigh againn air dùthaich a's fhearr, eadhon dùthaich neamhaidh. Tha mòran againn gun dùthaich 's gun dachaidh air thalamh ; ach faodaidh sinn a bhith 'g radh :

'Se Dia mo stòr, mo bheatha m' iuil,
O'n d' thig mo lùth 's mo threis,
Gainne no gorta, beatha no bàs,
Cha sgar o' ghràdh mi 'm feasd.

Is sinne saighdearan Chrìosd. Is esan Ceannard agus fearcricheachaidh ar creideamh ; neach air son an aoibhneis a chuireadh roimhe a dh' fhuing an crann-ceusaidh, a' cur na náire an neo-shuim,

agus a shuidh air deas rìgh-chathrach Dhe. Cuireamaid ar creideamh 's ar dòchas annsan. Agus o chreideamh 's o dòchas gheibh sinn neart, agus théid gach geilt air chùl. Is goirid gus an coinnich sinn uile ann ar dùthaich fein, far nach dealaich sinn na 's mò.

Is e dùthaich nan Gàidheal creidmheach, an Nuadh Ierusalem, agus is e Feachd-cheannard nan creidmheach—Triath nan Gàidheal creidmheach, an Tighearna Iosa Criosd. Cruinnichidh esan sinn fathast do ar dùthaich fein; agus is goirid, tha mi an dòchas, gus am faic ar sùilean 's an dachaidh bhuan e. Agus O, nach sinn a bhios aoibhneach an sin!

Cha 'n 'eil an so dhuinn dachaidh bhuan,
 'S na dorsan 'fosgladh fial a suas,
 Gu 'r fàilteachadh le bàigh :
 Mar choigrich is luchd-cuairt a bhos
 Gun àit' gu tàmh, ach clos
 A d' dhùthaich gheibh gu h-àrd.
 Is coigreach mis' tha lag is sgèth
 'S do gheataibh aillidh cuin a chi
 Ierusalem tha shuas ?
 Cia aoibhneach leamsa teachd an là
 'S am faigh mi fuasgladh o gach càs
 Gu bràth an sonas buan.