

GAE LIC
TRANSLATIONS.

FIRST & SECOND SERIES.

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A. F. Campbell Esqr

Bladhna mhath in
dhuibh

treallach

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SELECT ENGLISH POEMS,

WITH

GAELIC TRANSLATIONS,

ARRANGED ON OPPOSITE PAGES.

ALSO, SEVERAL PIECES OF

ORIGINAL GAELIC POETRY.

COMPILED BY

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MDCCCLIX.

INTRODUCTION.

WE will always feel grateful to Dr Norman McLeod of St. Columba Church, and to the many warm-hearted and accomplished gentlemen, who have so ably assisted him in preparing the useful Miscellanies which have been circulated from time to time among the Highlanders. The good these publications have been the means of doing is incalculable. They have, however, ceased to circulate for many years past ; and unfortunately, Highlanders now have no means of holding that intercourse of which they are so fond, in their own vernacular. These periodicals are now out of print, and in all probability the next generation will not know anything about them but the name. It often occurred to us that a Selection from the poetical effusions, both original and translated, given in these periodicals, would be found interesting : and besides, that such a compilation would serve as a Remembrancer of these Miscellanies, in the absence of anything more substantial being put on record. It also occurred to us that if it were possible to find out the English originals and to print them along with the translations on parallel pages it would make such a publication more interesting still. We have set about this task sometime ago, and what follows is the result. If our readers will derive as much satisfaction from perusing this volume as we had from compiling it, they will be sufficiently rewarded. We cannot describe the pleasure and instruction we derived from coning over these translations and comparing them with their originals. Many of the pieces are associated in our mind with the very dawn of our mental improvement—with the time when we began to appreciate literature of any kind. It is interesting to observe the taste displayed by the various translators ; not only in the execution of their work, but also in their selection of ori-

ginals. We trust that the reader will kindly overlook the want of arrangement, or classification of subjects, which could not be attended to under the circumstances, as the matter was put in type when the original of any of the pieces would cast up. Consequently, many superior pieces that would, under other circumstances, be among the first, are here among the last. However, if a second Edition shall be called for these deficiencies, with many other overlooks, will be put to right.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the readiness with which all the gentlemen to whom we have applied for information, regarding either originals or translations, have responded to our request. To Dr C. R. M'Gillivray we offer our special thanks for his efficient assistance in putting the work through the press.

If this undertaking will meet with an ordinary degree of success, our readers may look, at some future period, for a second volume. We trust, therefore, that those of them who have ability for translating, and the good of their countrymen at heart, will keep this in mind, and forward their pieces to the Publisher at their earliest convenience: they will see by this publication the description of pieces we wish. We believe that such compilations will be of great benefit to Highland youths, both in forming their taste and in enriching their mind. So far as poetry is concerned we have no need to draw upon the resources of any other nation, for we have abundance of good, original poetry; yet, in consequence of the universal sway of the English language, any publication that will help to open up the vast resources of its literature, will be interesting to those who are acquiring a knowledge of it. Moreover, poetical translations are peculiarly suited to develope the rich treasures of our own language; for a translator must exercise his mind to find terms that will convey the meaning of the original, and will also agree in sound with their correspondents. Consequently, words that are totally overlooked by Gaelic prose writers are, as a matter of necessity, used by translators of poetry.

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SELECT

ENGLISH POEMS

WITH

GÆLIC TRANSLATIONS.

THE MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song,
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong,
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies,
 The Holy Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heav'ns from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white rob'd innocence from heaven descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious, Babe be born !
 See ! nature hastes, her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring !
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise !
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies.
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears ;
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.
 Lo earth receives him from the bending skies ;
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise ;
 With heads declin'd ye cedars homage pay ;
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !
 The *Saviour* comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold ;
 Ho from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear ;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,

A M M E S I A H.

A nighneanan Shaleim ! tionnsgnaibh oran réidh,
 'S na puinne is àirde gluaisear dàn nan speur,
 Na fuarain bhlair, fo sgàil nan gorm-choill ùr.
 'S na brudair Ghreugach, theich gu leir fo'r cùl.
 A Rìgh thug càil do'n F'haidhe ghleusadh ceòil !
 Le eibhleig naoimh, cuir blàths an laoidh mo bheoil.

Mu linn na slainte sheinn am Bard o chian ;
 Bidh Mac aig Oigh—aig Oigh is torrach siol ;
 O fhreumhaich lesse faic le teas a' fàs
 A suas san speur a' Gheug is cùbhradh blàth !
 Bidh Spiorad De 'g a ghluasad fein m'a barr ;
 'S an dos neo-sheargta tearnaidh Calaman Nèamh.
 Silibh a neoil an dealt o'n àird gu dlùth,
 Trom-shàmhach, maoth-bhog, frasach, braonach, ciùin !
 'S ann duibhs' tha an-fhann, tinn, gun neart, gun treoir,
 A bhrùchdas driùchd na slaiut' air bharr gach meoir ;
 Le tamh fo 'sgàil gu bràth cha loisg a' ghrian,
 'S o stoirm nan gaoth ni'm fasgadh caomh 'ur dìon.
 Treigidh an t-ole, 's gach ceilg a lot an sluagh,
 'S air slighe 'pheacaidh coisnidh ceartas buaidh ;
 Bidh Oilibh ghràis na sìochaimh sinnt' a mach,
 'S thig neo-chiont àigh o nèamh san deis' is àille dreach.

A linntean fada siubhlaibh seach gu l'ath !
 Grad éireadh fiamh na maidne 'nìos o'n chuan,
 A bheir gu crìch do bhreith-sa—Rìgh nan slògh.
 O ! Leinibh uasail ! dùisg a suas gu d' ghlòir ;
 Faic Nadur fein, 's gach flùr an ceud ain fais
 Fo chomhdach eibhinn ! mil a' seideadh tlath' !
 Faic Lebanon gu h-àrd mar thog e cheann,
 'S gach dos-chrann àrd 's na coilltibh àigh a' danns'—
 Faic smùidreadh spìsridh Sharoin suas 's na neoil,
 A's Charneil ùr nan seud is drùchdach ceò !
 Nach cluinn thu luath-ghair ait san fhàsach chéin,
 Thig Dia, thig Dia g'ar còir ! gach ròd biodh réidh !
 Thig Dia, thig Dia ! co-fhreagraidh fuaim nam beann !
 Gach creag ni gair m'an Tì is àirde t' ann !
 Tha'n saoghal ag éiridh ; lùb an speur a nìos,
 Gach ni le gràdh 'cur fàilt air teachd an Triath !
 Na seudair rìomhach crèmaidh sìos an ceann !
 Fodha na sleibhtean ! éireadh làr nan gleann !
 Gach creag biodh mìn ! biodh sìth air thuilteibh luath
 Roimh sholus gnùise Slanuighir chiùin nam buadh !
 Faiceadh na doill ! a bhodhair cluinn do Dhia !
 Sud Rìgh nan gràs mar sheinn na Baird o chian ;

And leap exulting like the bounding roe ;
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
 From every face, he wipes off every tear.
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short liv'd sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragons' late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods
 Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

Rise crowned with light, imperial Salem rise !
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes :
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn;
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,

Fògraidh e 'n oidhche dhuibhreach o gach sùil,
 A's chi na doill a' Ghrian is boillsgeil iùl ;
 Grad fhosglaidh fhacal toll na claisneachd suas ;
 'S o cho-sheirm ciùil thig sòlas ùr do'n chluais.
 Bidh teang' a' balbhain deas a dhealbh nan rann,
 'S mar mhang nan stùchd gu'n leum an crùbach mall.
 Cha chluinnear éubh na osnaich ebràidh ni's mò,
 'S o ghruaidh gach creutair suathar deur a' bhròin ;
 An geimhlibh praise glaisear suas am bàs,
 'S gheibh prionns' an t-sluichd an lot nach dùin gu bràth.

Mar bhiathas Aodhair feumail treud nan rùsg
 'Sna lòin is fearr tha fàs fo'n bhlath-ghaoith chiùin,
 Shireas le sùl-bheachd dùrachd na th'air chall,
 'S a ghleidheas each o thriall roi' ràidean càrn ;
 'N uair bhrùchdas sgàil an dorcha 's e ni'n dion,
 'S an taic san là, ged chaochlas àrdan shion ;
 Thogas na h-uain na 'uchd g'an cumail blàth,
 Toirt doibh gu caomh nam fann-lus maoth o laimh ;
 Mar sud ni 'Ti nan gràs a ghealladh dhuinn
 Ar dion gu bràth le àithn' is gràsmhor iùl.
 Cha ghluais na slòigh ni's mò gu comhrag arm ;
 'S na gaisgich threun cha chath ri chéil' am feirg ;
 Co-ghair nan trompaid phrais cha chluinnear ann ;
 An t-sleagh no chruaidh cha bhoisg an strì nan lann ;
 Cromar gu speala feòir an gath gun fheum,
 'S gu sochd a' chroinn bidh ruinn a' chlaidhimh ghéir.
 Grad-éiridh aitribh uasal suas 's gach tìr,
 'S na thionnsgain athair bheir am mac gu crìch.
 Sgaoilidh an fhìonain àrd a dosrach gheug
 Fo iomlan blàth mar sgàil do'n t-sliochd 'na dhéigh :
 Na lamhan fial a sgap an siol san fhonn,
 Gu'm buain an t-arbhar sgnabach, reachd'or, tròm ;
 A's chi na buachailleann gach cruaidh dhruim fais
 Ur-bhog le feur, 's le ligh 's ceutach bàrr.
 Le òghnadh éibhinn éisdidh iad ri toirm
 An uisge 'steallraich feadh nan craim-chreag garbh.
 Mu nead na nathrach bàis bu chràitich beum,
 Tha chuile air chrith, 's an luachair thrìc na déigh.
 'S a' ghleann bha 'fàs fo bhàrr do'n sgitheach dhoirbh
 Tha 'm bocsa grinn 's an giuthas sniomhain, gorm.
 An àite chuisseag sheasg, a's luibhean searbh,
 Ni 'mortal fàs, 's am pailm is àillidh dealbh.
 Bidh iarmad sgrios a' mhadaidh-allaidh ghairg,
 'S na h-uain 'nam measg ag ith' air slios gach leirg :
 Caillidh an Tiger guineach, ciùrach 'fhearg,
 'S an sréin nam flùr do chloinn cha diùlt e falbh :
 Ni'n damh 's an leomhann aig acn phrasaich tành,
 'S bidh naith'r gun bheum ri cois fir-chéilidh tlàth.

Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory—one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light Himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste—the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains,
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

THE CHURCH.*

"Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, yet they have not prevailed against me."—Ps. cxxix. 2.

Nor shall they prevail! let them vaunt as they will,
 For thy Saviour is great in the midst of thee still ;
 And though despots to hate and to hurt thee may dare,
 Thou art safe from their malice, but let *them* beware !

* This excellent Poem was composed by Dr W. McGilvray, now of Aberdeen, and appeared in the "Scottish Guardian" of 13th March, 1840. In June following, a Gaelic traslation of it appeared in the pages of the "Mountain Visitor," and in 1845 another translation was given in the "Gaelic Witness." In order to enable our readers to judge of their respective merits we give them both. The following is from the "Gaelic Witness."—

Cheart aindcoin a bhòilich, cha soirbhich le d' namh,
 Oir is treun e, 'm fear-còmhnaidh tha a' d' mheadhon a' tàmh ;
 Làn théaruin' tha thusa o fholachd 's o fhuath,—
 Tha agad-sa cùl-taic an latha do chruais.

Air di-chuimhn' na leig-sa na laithean o chian,
 'S 'n uair chaisgeadh do nàmhdean, bha aingealta, dian ;
 Bì seasmhach, bì gramail, oir cunnairt ma th' ann,
 Cha dhuit-se fath cagail, ach do d' cascaraid dall.

Ort shaltair an Eiphit gu h-cucoireach, cruidh ;
 Ach dhìol i na fiachan gu léir 's a' Mhuir Ruaidh,—
 Na cuantan a dh'fhosgail dhuits' eos-cheum gu tràigh,
 Bhàrdh—thaom iad le dosgunn, 's gun phlòsg feuch do nàmh.

Togaidh an leanaban cèche 'bhéisd o'n làr,
 'S i bheithir bhreac a chleachd an ruinn-gath bàis ;
 Le gàir thoil-inntinn chi e lùth nan lann,
 'S m'an teangaidh ghobhlaich cluichidh an t-òg gun fheall.

A Bhan-rìgh SHALEIM! àrdaich glòir do chrùn !
 Am Mòrachd t-uailse tog a suas do shùil !
 A' d' chùirtibh rioghail seall na mìlte slòigh,
 'S na h-àil nach d'thainig, 's àill leo teachd a'd' chòir !
 Tha linn air linn a' tairgs' am breith gun dàil,
 Gun fhusgais gus am faic iad soills' an là ;
 An slìochd gun chunntas seall tu 'dùsgadh suas,
 Thoirt modh do'n Ribhinn àigh is àillidh snuagh !
 Gabh beachd air feachd nan rioghachd fad o laimh,
 Air ghlùinibh lùbt' ag ùrnuigh 'd' theampull àigh !
 'S na ceudan rìgh a' tuiteam sìos gu dlùth,
 'S gu'n diol iad iobairt cheart do 'Thi nan dùl !
 Nach seall thu 'n luchd th'air t-altairean gun smal,
 Do'n spìosraidh phrìseil thig o'n àird-an-Ear !
 Tha dosraich Edom dhuits' a' seideadh blàth,
 'S do dhearg an òir tha sleibhtean Ophir làn.
 Seall ! Geata boisgeil rionnagach nan speur
 A' fosgladh suas ort ! sud a' ghloir nach tréig !
 'S a' mhaduinn chiùin ni's mò cha dealraich grian,
 'S cha'n éirich gealach shèimh fo sgàil nan nial ;
 Grad bhruchdaidh tuiltean soillse 'nuas o'n àird ;
 Làn-dealraidh sruth na glòir a'd' chùirt gach tràth !
 Mud' thimchioll dearsaidh àird an t-Soluis Fhéin ;
 'S gu saoghal nan saoghal gur leatsa là do Dhé !
 Ni'n fhairge triall, 's an iarmalt theid 'na smùid ;
 Gun leagh na sléibhtean as mar chéir roi' 'Ghnùis ;
 Na creagan sìorruidh tuitidh sìos 'nan ùir ;
 Ach seasaidh firinn dhìleas Rìgh nan dùl !
 Riaghlaidh tu fein 's Mesiah 'n éibhneas nèamh,
 'S air glòir 'ur rioghachd ni'm faicear crìoch gu bràth.

AN EAGLAIS.

" Bu tric a chraidh iad mi o m' oige, gidheadh cha d' thug iad buaidh."
 Salm cxxix. 2.

'S cha bhnaidhaich a chaoidh ; a dh 'aindeoin an uail,
 Air do thaobhsa tha Iosa, ceannard nam buadh :
 Ged a dh' éireadh gach nàmhaid, ag iarraidh do sgrios.
 Tha thu tearuint' o'n gamhla—'s ann doibhsan is mìos'.

Remember thy struggles—remember thy strength :
 What foe ever touched thee and triumphed at length ?
 Stand fast then, and fear not, if peril there be,
 The peril is theirs who fight against thee.

Proud Pharaoh oppressed thee, and what did he reap ?
 A coffinless grave in the heart of the deep !
 The sea which fell back to afford thee a path,
 Rushed down on the head of that vessel of wrath !

False Canaan oppressed thee ; and what did she gain ?
 Her fields were made fat with the blood of her slain ;—
 While they that escaped from the edge of her sword,
 Like Cain were pursued by the curse of the Lord !

The Assyrian oppressed thee ; and how did he speed ?
 His monarchs were doomed with the cattle to feed,
 His land was invaded, his empire cast down,
 And the Persian made prize of his kingdom and crown !

Chlaoidh Cànan thu tamull, 's dha b' aithreach gu'n d' rinn ;
 Oir thuit e, le 'mhacaibh, fo d' shleagh a's fo d' lainn ;
 'S a' chuid nach do thuit diubh fo chudthrom do bheum',
 Dhian-ruaigeadh gun stad iad fo mhallachd do Dhé.

Rinn Asiria ort fòirneart, 's bu ghòrach sud dha,
 Oir spùinneadh d' a ghlòir e, 's d' a mhòr-chuis, chion-fa ;
 A dhùthaich thur-clircachadh—dh' eug a mhaenus 's a mhùirn,
 'S mar a dhuais ghlac am *Persach* a bheartas 's a chrùn.

Dhian lean thu an t-lùdhach, an rùn do chur sìos
 Ged rugadh e d' chùirtibh, 's ged 's tu thug dha cìoch ;
 'S nach soilleir 's na truaighibh tha 'g a ruagadh gun tàmh,
 Gu 'n d' thug Flaitheanas fuath do ghnìomh uabhair a làmh.

Rinn an Geintileach doilleir, 's àrd sgoileir na Gréig'
 Ort an fhòirneart bu shoilleir' dol an co-bhoinn a chéil' ;
 'S gu h-obunn am mòr-chuis 's an glòir dhealaich uath',
 Ged b' inbheach an àirde, toirt bàrr air gach sluagh.

Dh'iadh umad a lìontan baobh strìopach na Ròimh',
 A's dhùisg i dhuit mì-run mhòr rìghrean a's shlògh ;
 Do thearmunn b' e 'm fàsach 'n àm d' amhghair 's do stri,
 O nàimhdeas an dràgoir bha ghnàth air do thi.

A cuinng bhàrr do mhuineil do thilg thu gu làr,
 A's rùisg thu dhith 'n f'halluing a dh'fholaich a nàir ;—
 A srannraich na cuireadh ort cagal no fiamh,
 Tha a ceann air a bhruthadh, 's a cumbachd air triall.

Mo thruaighe gur fìor e ! an tìr so an àigh,
 Gu 'n d' fhuaircas luchd mì ruin rinn stri riut gun bhàigh ;
 Rinn gàirdean luchd fòirneirt do leònadh gu cruaidh,—
 'T' fhuil chraobhach a dhòrtadh, gun sòradh, gun truas.

Cuimhnich thusa do chomhstri, cum cuimhn' air do threòir,
Co'n nàmhaid a bhual thu 's a bhuadhaich fa-dheòidh ?
Bi daingeann gun eagal, oir gàbhadh no bròn,
Thig sin air an cinn-san tha 'g iarraidh do leon.

Lean Pharaoh le 'shluagh thu, ach ciod i a dhuais?
Ann am buillsgein na fairge fhuair iadsan an uaigh ;
Sgoilt an cuan air do shon-s' agus sheas air gach /aimh,
Ach mar bhras-bhuinne geamhraidh bhrist sìos air do naimh.

Rinn muinntir Chanàain do léireadh gu truagh,
Ach dhioghail iad fèin air an aimhleas gu luath ;
Fo fhaobhar a' chlaidheimh thuit miltean san àr,
'S lean mallachd o Dhia iad, a sheachain am bàs.

Chlaididh an t-Asirianach thusa gu geur,
Ach thuit an cuid rìghrean gu ithe do'n fheur ;
Thug *Cyrus* an coroin 's am môrachd an sàs,
Le claidheamh a's teine an rògh'chd chuir e fàs.

Feadh gharbhach an t-sléibhe 's air réidhleis nam beann,
Chaidh t' iomain 's do ruagadh gu cruaidh a's gu teann;
'S tric a tharruing thu 'n osnadh 's an t slochd 's anns a' chùil,
'S tric bu bhriste do chridhe, 's bu shnidheach do shùil.

Ach, dh'fhiosraich là saors' thu, a's faothachadh fhuair
As shiabadh 'n deur-chràidh a bha blàth air do ghruaidh ;
'S do naimhdean bha 'n cumhachd 's an urram ro-mhor,
Thur-chrìon agus sheac iad, a's chreachadh d' an gloir.

Cia nise fàth t' eagal ; gach aon gheilt cuir air chùl ;
Leig do thaic air a' ghairdean tha a' taradh dhuit dlùth ;
An aghaidh an Ard-Rìgh co a dh'ardaich a chri—
Nach do lotadh gu bas e, an arach na stri ?

Ged iadh umad naimhdean tha aingealta, treun,
Ged 's alluidh an sealladh, ged 's eangarra 'm beum ;
Na caill-sa do uhisneach, oir is sgeul e tha fìor,
Buaidh-làrach cha choisinn iad ortsa gu sìor.

Ged bheucadh na cuantan is gruamaiche colg,
'S do charraig ged bhual iad gu fuaimeanta, borb ;
Air an ais 'n uair a shileas 's a philleas iad sìos,
Tha do charraig-sa seasmhach,—s bidh seasmhach gu sìor.

Oigh Shìoin, glac misneach, 's na diobair do Thriath ;
'S e 'fhocal do sholus,—a dhilseachd do sgiath ;—
Do bhabhuinn cha tuislich, 's cha tuit iad gu lar,
'S a chaoidh bheir iad dùbhlàn do chumhachd gach namb.

Theid neamh agus talamh tur thairis le chéil',
'S luchd-riaghlaidh a's riaghailtean talmhaidh gu léir
Ach beannachd no sochair a gheall e dhuit riamh,
Cha diobair, ach coimhlionaidh, 'n Tighearn do Dhia.

The Jews they oppressed thee : with jealousy fired
Thine own foster-children against thee conspired ;
And the vengeance that followed their treacherous crime
Remains yet unmatched in the annals of time.

The Gentiles oppressed thee ; the Roman, the Greek,
Combined to destroy thee when thou wast but weak ;
And though foremost in fame, and unrivalled in power,
Their glory departed from that very hour !

The monster that mocked thee, the Harlot of Rome ;
That dared thy pure name, and thy rights to assume ;
Like a wolf in sheep's clothing, stole into thy fold ;
And filled it with horrors and murders untold.

But the struggling prey from her death-grasp was torn ;
She was stripped of her mask 'mid the world's hissing scorn ;
And the rage of her heart, though it rankle unblushed ;
Never fear, for the head of the serpent is crushed !

Alas ! in the land where thy God is well known,
Where the light of his truth has for centuries shone ;
Even there has the arm of oppression been raised,
And the fires of affliction around thee have blazed.

Thro' the moors and the mountains thy children were chased,
By bigoted tyrants thy gates were laid waste,
The dungeon re-echoed thy lonely complaints,
And the scaffold was red with the blood of thy saints.

But thy woes were avenged ; for the fatuous race
Of princes that wronged thee, with scorn and disgrace,
Were dethroned and cast forth from the soil of their birth.
And their seed has been swept from the face of the earth !

Why fearest thou then ? what hast thou to dread ?
Thus preserved by the might of thy glorious Head :—
Canst thou think of one foe that against thee has striven,
But has perished beneath the just vengeance of heaven !

Still apostates will rage, and rulers will plot
To compass thy downfall, yet tremble thou not :
Afflictions and bonds they may on thee entail,
But *against* thee they will not, they cannot prevail !

The surges may rise, and may burst with a shock,
They may roll o'er the head of the deep-rooted rock :
But when they fall back from their swell and their roar,
The rock stands as firm as they found it before !

Great Daughter of Zion, stand true to thy Lord !
Look up for His grace, and walk close by His word ;

Rinn na h-Iudhaich ort ainneart le boire gun chiall,
'S do mhic eadhon, dh' èirich a'd' aghaidh le foill ;
Ach tha 'm mallachd a thainig a nuas air an einn,
A' seasamh gun choimeas an eachdraidh gach linn;

Dh' iarr na Cinnich do mhilleadh le fòirneart an làimh',
Luchd-àitich na Gréige—luchd-àitich na Róimh' ;
Ach ainmeil mar bha iad, ghrad chaochail an glòir
O'n am anns an d' iarr iad le mì-run a'd' chòir.

An uile-bheist chealgach, dearg shiùrsach na Róimh'
Gu dàna ghlac t' ainm agus còraichean t'àigh,
Fo choltas na caorach ghoid 'stigh air do chrò,
'S ghrad rinn i a lìonadh le h-ainneart a's bròn.

Ach spìonadh a' chreach so gun taing as a glaic,
'S a gràinealachd oillteil ghrad thugadh gu beachd
Ged tha fraoch-fhearg a cridhe le gamhlas ag at,
Coma dhuit-sa cò dhiùbh—chaidh an nathair a lot.

Mo chreach ! anns an tìr sa' bheil eòlas air Dia,
Agus solus an t-soisgeil a' dealradh gu fial :
Seadh ! eadhon an sin chlaoidh iad thusa gu cruaidh,
A's dh' fheuch iad do mhilleadh le deuchainnibh truagh.

Feadh gharbhlach na beinne do ruag iad do chlann,
Do naomh-thighean leag iad, le fòirneart an lann ;
'S e daingneach a phrìosain a fhuair thu o d' nàimh,
'S tha 'chroich air a deargadh le fuil do chuid dàimh.

Ach dh' fhuiling do naimhdean, a's dh' fhuiling an slìochd,
A's dh' fhògradh gach aon diubh gun chòmh nadh gun iochd
Chaochail iadsan air faontraigh, 'nan allabain thruagh,
O dhùthaich an sinnsear, gun iomradh gun luaidh.

Com tha thusa fo imcheist, no idir fo sgàth ?
Do Cheannard cha tréig thu a chaoidh no gu bràth !
Aon nàmhaid cha d' èirich a' t' aghaidh-sa riamh,
Nach do shearg ann an tiota fo chorruich an Triath.

Ged dh' éireadh gach nàmhaid tha miannach do sgrios,
Na gabhadh iad mùiseag tha 'g iarraidh do leas ;
Oir is suarach gach innleachd a chleachdas an daoì,
Cha bhuadhaich a h-aon diubh a' t' aghaidh-sa chaoidh.

Ged dh' éireadh an fhairge, 's ged dh' atadh an cuan,
Ged bhristeadh iad thairis air carraig nan stuagh ;
Air an ais' nuair a philleas na tonnan le gàir,
Tha 'charraig 'na seasamh gu daingeann mar bha.

Do nigheans', O Shìon ! biodh dìleas do d' Rìgh
Bheir esan gach cùis, ann an gliocas gu crìch ;

And though judges may threaten, and statesmen may frown,
Be sure that thy bulwarks will never come down

The heavens shall depart, and the earth shall decay,
The world and its minions shall soon pass away :
But no jot of the rights which to thee have been willed,
Shall e'er pass away till all be fulfilled.



THE COVENANTER'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist where the bless'd Martyrs lay ;
Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood ;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning ; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast ;
On woodland and cairntable the clear shining dew
Glisten'd there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness ;
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness ;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh ! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heathfowl was crying ;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rang through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed

Imich thusa gu h-earbsach an solus a ghnùis',
'S do bhàbhuinn a chaoidh cha toir nàmhaid a nuas.

Theid nèamh agus talamh chuir thairis gu dian,
A's caochlaidh na daoine mar shneachda nan sian ;
Ach a' phuing sin is lugha, cha chaochail am feasd,
Do gach gealladh a thugadh do Eaglais Chrìosd.



AISLING A' CHUMNANTAICH.

Ann an aisling na h-oidh'eh' chaidh mo ghiulan an àird
Chum nam beann air'n do ruaigeadh na Mairtirich àigh ;
Far bheil Biobuill nan naomh 's airm-chatha nan laoch,
Air an gearradh air cloich far an dosrach am fraoch.

B'e aisling mu linntean geur-leanmhuinn a bh'aun,
'N uair dh'fhògradh na naoimh roi' choilltibh nam beann ;
Bha caomh bhratach Shìoin 'an uaigneas an t-sléibh,
Air a dathadh le fuil, agus reubt' as a chéil'.

B'e maduinn an t-samhraidh, a's bha fann ghath na gréine,
Gu h-àillidh a' boillsgeadh air gorm shlios nan sléibhtean ;
Air beanntan na dù'cha bha tlà dhealt a's drùchd,
A' braonadh air lusan, 's air blàithean nan stùchd.

Bha'n uiseag gu ceolmhor feadh neoil ghil nan speur,
A' seinn le toilinntinn am binn cheileir réidh,
Bha'n fheadag ga cluinntinn an an doimhneachd an aonaich,
'S air monadh an fhraoich bha mèilich nan caorach.

Gleann *Wellwood* bha ùror a' fosgladh fo shòlas,
'S gach ceud-bhlàth air fàs ann an àirde am bòichead ;
Chuir òighean a' ghlinne le àiteas an gràidh,
Fàilte le sòlas air maduinn an àigh.

Ach mo thruaighe do'n bhuidhinn a dh'éirich le chéile,
Fhuair sealladh roi' laimh air an teanudachd bha 'g éiridh ;
Cha b' urrainn iad tlachd a bhi ac' air an làraich,
Far am b' fhios doibh am fuil bhi ga dòrtadh am màireach.

B' iad fuigheall nan laoch a sheas dìleas le *Cameron*,
Bha gam folach 'sa' cheo am measg ruadh-eoin a' gharbhlaich,
Oir bha marcaichean *Earshall* a' tarruing 'g an còir,
Srianan nan each bha ri'm faicinn roi'n cheò.

Bha'n aghaidhean uaine, 's an claidheannan rùisgte,
Ach bha'n dio'lta a dhubhraich an sùilean gun bhrùchdadh

With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing ;
The curlew and plover in concert were singing ;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire, they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded ;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling

When the righteous had fallen and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended ;
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding ;
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding ;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits ! the prize is before yo,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !



AGAINST AVARICE.

HUNALD ! the counsel of Columba hear,
And to thy friend give now a willing ear ;
No studied ornament shall gild my speech,
What love shall dictate, I will plainly preach.

Have faith in God, and his commands obey,
While fleeting life allows you here to stay ;
And know, the end for which this life is given,
Is to prepare the soul for God and heaven.
Despise the pleasures which will not remain,
Nor set thy heart on momentary gain :
But seek for treasures in the sacred pagé,
And in the precepts of each saint and sage.

Na naoimh thog an sùilean le umhlachd an àird,
A's sheinn iad gu tiamhaidh do'n Dia o'n robh 'n slàint'.

Bha beanntaidhean creagach a' freagairt an òrain.
Rinn an fheadag 's a ghuilbneach co-sheirm riu cò'lath ;
Ach bhàsaich an ceòl a' measg spòrs agus gàraich,
'Nuair bha feachd nam mi-dhiadhach a' triall chum na h-àraich

Ged bha iad a' tuiteam feadh deatach a's teine,
Bha anama nam fìrean ciùin, sìochail, gun eagal ;
Bha 'n sùilean a' lasadh, 's le taise cha ghéilleadh,
'S ann a sheas iad mar charraig 's an dealan ga reubadh.

Rinn na gunnachan làmhach, dhears gorm lanna faobhrach,
Na clogaidean spealgta, bha 'n dearg fhuil ga taosgadh,
Dhorchaich na speuran, b' àrd beucail na torruinn,
'S na treun-fhir ga'm marbhadh 'an garbhlach a' mhonaidh.

'N uair mharbhadh na fìrein, 's a chriochnaich an streupaid,
Thainig carbad do theine roi' dhubh-neoil nan speuran ;
B'iad ainglean a's cheruib nan speur a luchd-coimhead,
'S bha 'rothan a' lasadh air aisilean soluis.

Chaidh seraph a dh'fhosgladh a dhorsan geal maiseach,
A bha 'deàrsadh mar òr chaidh seachd nairean a ghlanadh,
'S na h-anamaibh éibhinn a dh'éirich á àmhghar,
'S do fhlaithneas dh'fhalbh iad air charbad na slàinte.

Air bogha nan speuran bha'n carbad air fhaicinn,
Roi' ràidean an tàirneanaich thàirneadh am marc-shluagh :
Greasaibh aingle gu luath, oir tha'n duais ann 'ur còir,
Crùn a bhios sìorruidh ann an rioghachd na glòir.

AN AGHAIDH SAINT.

Ri comhairl' Chalum Chille a Hunaid éisd,
'S ri d' charaid aom do chluas gu toileach, geur ;
Mo chainnt cha bhi le loinnir fòghlum cruaidh.
Aunni their gràdh ni mi gu saor a luaidh.

Cuir muinghinn ann an Dia, 's d'a ghuth thoir géill,
Am feadh a mhaireas là do chuairt fo'n ghréin ;
A's thoir fainear ar beath' an so gu'n d' fhuair
G'ar n-anaman dheasach' air son sonas buan.
Dean dimeas air na sòlasan nach mair,
'S na leag do chrì air buannachd leat nach fan ;
Ach tòraichd ionmhais anns an Fhocal Naomh,
A's anns gach comhairle d'a réir thug daoine :

These noble treasures will remain behind
When earthly treasures fly on wings of wind

Think of the time when trembling age shall come,
And the last messenger to call thee home.

'Tis wise to meditate betimes on death,
And that dread moment which will stop the breath,
On all the ills which age brings in its train,
Disease and weakness, langour, grief and pain.
The joints grow stiff, the blood itself run cold,
Nor can the staff its trembling load uphold.
And need I speak of groans and pangs of mind,
And sleep disturbed by every breath of wind ?
What then avails the heaps of yellow gold,
For years collected, and each day re-told ?
Or what avails the table richly stored
To the sick palate of its dying lord ?

The sinful pleasures which have long since past,
Are now like arrows in his heart stuck fast.

He who reflects that Time, on eagle-wing,
Flies past, and preys on every earthly thing,
Will scorn vain honours, avarice despise,
On nobler pursuits bent, beyond the skies.

Alas ! vain mortals, how misplaced your care,
When in this world you seek what is not there ?
True lasting happiness is found above,
And heaven not earth, you therefore ought to love.
The rich enjoy not what they seem to have,
But something more their souls incessant crave.
The use of riches seldom do they know ;
For heirs they heap them, or they waste in show.

O ! happy he, to whose contented mind
Riches seem useless, but to help mankind ;
Who neither squanders what should feed the poor,
Nor suffers Avarice to lock his store.
No moths upon his heaps of garments feed,
Nor serves his corn to feed the pampered steed.
No cank'ring care shall take his peace away ;
No thief, nor flame, shall on his substance prey.
His treasure is secure beyond the skies,
And there he finds it on the day he dies.

This world we entered naked at our birth,
Naked we leave it, and return to earth :
Silver and gold we need not much, nor long,
Since to this world alone such things belong.
Life's little space requires no ample store :
Soon heaven opens to the pious poor ;
While Pluto's realms their dreary gates unfold,
Those to admit who set their souls on gold.

Na h-ionmhais luachmhor sin bidh buan mar neamh,
Ach siubhlaidh ionmhais shaoghalta mar neul.

Dean smuainteach air an tiom 's an tig seann aois,
'S an teachdair' deireannach gu d' ghairm o'n t-saogh'l ;
Is glic dhuit meorachadh air bàs gach lè,
A's air an uair 's an toir thu suas an deo—
Air na h-uile sin uile thairngeas aois na deigh,
Bochduinn a's laige, caitheamh, bròn, a's péin.
Neo-easguidh bidh na h-uilt, 's ni'n fhuil ruith fuar,
'S cha chum an lorg a h-uallach critheach suas :
A's iomradh 'n ruig mi leas air inntinn chlaoidht',
A's codal buairte leis gach oiteig ghaoith.
Ciod feum mata nan torran buidhe òir,
O bhliadhn' gu bliadhna truist, 's nam meud a' bòsd :
No'm bord an t-sòigh, 's an t-saibhreis ciod am feum
Do chàil ro thinn a thighearn 'dol do'n eug ?
Na sòlais pheacach bho cheann fada dh'fhalbh,
Tha sàithe nis na chrì mar mhìle sgolb.

Es' bheir faineir cia luath tha tiom dol seach,
'S a' cosd gach ni is cuspair talmhaidh as,
Ni sgeig air onair fhaoin, air sannt ni tàir,
Le 'shùil air nithe 's fearr taobh thall a' bhàis.

Mo thruaigh ! a chnuimhean bochd' sa' cheo air chall
Ag iarraidh ni 'san t-saoghal nach 'eil ann,
Fior shonas maireannach tha shuas gu h-àrd—
Do neamh mata 's na b' ann do'n t saogh'l thoir gràdh.
Am beartach cha 'n 'eil sona le 'chuid òir,
Tha miannan 'anm' air cuspair eil' an toir ;
Fior fheum an saibhreis 's tearc iad e d'an eoil,
'S e 's gnàth leo thorradh suas no chosd le strogh.

O ! 's son' an neach tha toilichte le 'chrann,
'S le'n coma beartas ach a chum a roinn—
Nach sgap an ni bu choir dha thoirt do'n bhochd,
'S nach leig le sannt gu'n glais e suas a stoched.
Na leomaiun cha dean air a thrusgain beud,
'S cha toir e ghràn a reamhrachadh nan steud,
Ni mo bheir iomagain crì e chaidh fo sprochd :
No teine fòs, no meirlich gu bhi bochd.
Tha ionmhas taisgt' os ceann nan neul gu h-àrd,
A's gheibh e 'n sin le riadh e latha 'bhàis.

Lomnochd thàinig sinn do'n t-saogh'l so'n tùs,
A's lomnochd uaithe pillidh sinn do'n ùir :
Ar feum air airgiod cha bhi mòr no buan,
A chionn nach buin e ach do'n taobh so'n uaigh.
Là cuairt chloinn daoine a bhos cha 'n iarr mòr stoched,
Oir fosglaidh nèamh gun dàil do'n diadhaidh bhoched,
Am feadh a dh' fhosglas prìosan dorcha a bhròin
G'an gabhail-san a steach rinn dia do'n òr.

Our Saviour bids us Avarice avoid,
 Nor love those things which can't be long enjoyed.
 Short, says the Psalmist, are the days of man,
 The measure of his life a narrow span.
 Time flies away ; and on its rapid wing
 We fly along, with every earthly thing.
 Yet Time returns, and crowns the Spring with flowers,
 Renews the seasons, and repeats the hours.
 But life returns not with revolving years,
 And man, once gone, on earth no more appears.
 Wise then is he who makes it his great care,
 In this short space, for heaven to prepare.



M O R T A L I T Y .

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud !
 Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
 He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
 Be scattered around, and together be laid ;
 And the young and the old, and the low and the high
 Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
 The mother that infant's affection had proved,
 The husband that mother and infant had blest,
 Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
 Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by ;
 And the memory of those that loved her and praised,
 Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
 The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
 The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
 The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
 The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

Tha sannt fo dhìmeas ann am focal Dé,
 Is lubach. carach tha gach ni fo 'n ghréin :
 An duine truagh, thuirt Daibhidh, 's gearr a là,
 A bheatha teichidh as gu luath mar sgàil.
 Tha tiom na ruith, a's air a sgiathaibh luath
 Tha sinne 'falbh mar chàch gu'r dachaidh bhuan.
 Ach pillidh tiom, a's bheir na glinn fo bhlàth,
 'S thig àn gu cur a's buain, a's là 'n deigh là.
 Ach beatha ris cha phill le blath nam bruach,
 A's duine aon nair marbh cha phill o'n uaigh.
 Is glic mata gach aon d'an cùram geur,
 'S an t-seal so ullachadh fa theachd a Dhé.

B A S M H O I R E A C H D .

Ciod uime 'n dean duine gearr-shaoghalach uail !
 Mar an dreug, no mar neul a shiubhlas gu luath,
 Mar bhoilsgadh an dealain—mar thonnann air tràigh,
 O bheatha tha 'sinbhal gu tosdachd a' bhàis.

Seargaidh duilleach an daraich 's an t-seilich 's a' ghréin,
 Theid an sgapadh mu'n cuairt, a's ni luidhe le chéil';
 An t-òg a's an t-aosd', an t-ainnis, 's an t-àrd,
 Ni luidhe gu tosdach fo chuibhreach a' bhàis.

An leanabh a dh'altrun a mhàthair le gràdh,
 'S a' mhàthair 'bha tairisneach, iochdmhor, a's blàth ;
 'S an t-athair a ghràdhaich a leanabh, 'sa chéil',
 Tha iad uile a nis 'nan luidhe fo 'n déil'.

A' mhaighdean bha maiseach, le aoibh air a gnùis,
 A nis tha, na luidhe gu tosdach 'san ùir ;
 A's tha cuimhne na muinntir 'thug spéis di a's gràdh,
 Air an dearmad gu tur leis an àl a tha làth'ir.

Tha cumhachd an rìgh a riaghail na slòigh,
 Tha uabhar an t-sagairt a thionndaidh o'n chòir,
 Tha sùilean a' ghliocair, a's gairdean nam buadh,
 Air am folach 's air chall ann an doimhneachd na h-uaigh.

Tha'n croitear a shaoithrich ri cur agus buain,
 'S am buachall a dh'ionaltair a ghobhair feadh bhruach,
 Tha'n déirceach 'bha 'g iarraidh o choigrich a lòn,
 Air seargadh mar fheur, a's nan luidhe gun deò.

An naomh a bha 'mealtuinn co-chomunn ri Dia,
 'S am peacach d'a aingidheachd fuath nach d' thug riamh,
 An glic a's am baoghalt, an daoì a's an còir,
 Tha'n cnàmhan air measgadh le chéile fo'n fhòid.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think :
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come ;
They joy'd—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah ! they died ! and we, things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death ;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud !



CASTE AND CHRIST.

“ Ho ! thou dark and weary stranger,
From the tropic's palmy strand,
Bowed with toil, with mind benighted,
What would'st thou upon our land ? ”

“ Am I not, O man, thy brother ? ”
Spake the stranger patiently,
“ All that makes thee, man immortal,
Tell me, dwells it not in me ? ”

‘ I, like thee, have joy, have sorrows ;
I, like thee, have love and fear ;

Mar so tha 'mhòr chuideachd—a' falbh mar am blàth
Tha 'seargadh gu rùm 'thoirt do aon teachd, 'na 'àit';
Mar sin tha 'mhòr chuideachd a' pilleadh a rìs
Gu aithris gach sgeula gu tric a chaidh inns'.

Oir tha sinne 's gach ni mar bha iadsan a thréig,
Gach sealladh a chunnaic iad dhuinne nis 's leur,
Ag òl do'n aon fhuaran, o'n ghréin 'faotainn blàth's,
A' ruith san aon chùrs' mar rinn iad-san, 'nan là.

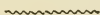
Air n-athraichean bhreithnich 'nan là mar an clann,
A's sheachainn am bàs mar ni sinne san àm ;
A's leanadh ri'm beatha 's ri'm maoin mar sinn féin—
Ach nan deann tha air falbh mar an t-eun air an sgéith.

Thug iad gaol—ach an sgeula co 's urrainn a luaidh ;
Rinn fanaid—ach cridhe nan uaibhreach tha fuar ;
Rinn bròn—ach an osnaich cha chluinnear gu bràth,
Bha greadhnach—'s an aighear chaidh a' chosg leis a' bhàs.

Ach dh'eug iad—a's sinne 'tha 'saltairt an tràs
Air an fhòid 'tha 'g an còmhdach an tosdachd a' bhàis ;
A' tuinneach car sealain far 'n do thuinich na tréin,
'S a' còmhlaich' gach caochladh a thachair riu féin.

Tha dòchas 's an earbsa, toilinntinn a's péin,
Air am measgadh mar dhubhar 's mar bhoillsgeadh na gréin ;
A's an gàire, 's an deur, 's an cumha, 's an dàn,
Tha 'leantuinn a' chéile mar thonnair air tràigh.

Mar phriobadh na sùl, no mar bhoillsgeadh air fàir',
O àilleachd na slàinte gu duaich'neachd a' bhàis ;
O thaladh an aighir, gu bothan a' bhròin—
Ciod nime 'n dean duine gearr-shaoghalach bòsd !



DIOBARRAICH AGUS CRIOSD.

“ O ! 'choigrich sgèith, 'sa tha ro chiar-dhubh,
O'n tìr ghrianaich 's pailmeach fonn,
Ciod a thug an so d'ar tìr thu,
Crom le claidh, 's le h-inntinn throm ? ”

“ Nach bràthair dhuit mi féin a dhuine ? ”
Ars' an coigreach dubh gu fòill,
“ Na ni neo-bhàsmhor thusa 'dhuine,
Nach do thuinich annam fòs ? ”

Cosmhuil riut, tha bròn, tha aiteas
Agam féin, le geilt a's gràdh ;

I, like thee, have hope and longings
Far beyond this earthly sphere.

“Thou art happy,—I am sorrowing
Thou art rich, and I am poor ;
In the name of our *one* Father,
Do not spurn me from your door.

Thus the dark one spake, imploring
To each stranger passing nigh ;
But each child and man and woman,
Priest and Levite passed him by.

Spurned of men,—despised, rejected,
Spurned from school and church and hall,
Spurned from business and from pleasure,
Sad he stood apart from all.

Then I saw a form all glorious,
Spotless as the dazzling light,
As He passed, men veiled their faces,
And the earth, as heaven, grew bright.

Spake he to the dusky stranger,
Awe-struck there on bended knee,
“Rise ! for *I* have called thee *brother*,
I am not ashamed of thee.

“By Myself, the Lord of Ages,
I have sworn to right the wrong ;
I have pledged my word, unbroken,
For the weak against the strong.

“When I wedded mortal nature
To my Godhead and my throne,
Then I made all mankind sacred,
Sealed all human for mine own.

“And upon my gospel banner
I have blazed in light the sign—
He who scorns his lowliest brother,
Never shall have hand of mine.”

Hear the word !—who fight for Freedom !
Shout it in the battle’s van !
Hope ! for bleeding human nature !
Christ the *God*, is Christ the *man* !

Th'agam miannan agus dòchais
Thar mòr-inbh an stòil so 'n dràst.

Tha mi 'caoidh, 's tha thusa sona,
Tha mi boehd, 's is leatsa maoin ;
'N ainm ar n-Athar na buin coimheach
Rium o d' dhorus, oir 'sinn aon."

Sud thuirt an duine dubh le osnaich,
Ris gach coigreach 'thriall g'a chòir ;
Chaidh Sagart, 's Leibh'each seach gun umhail
Dà, 's gach duine beag a's mòr.

O sgoil, o eaglais, 's as gach cuideachd,
Bhuin gach duine ris le tàir ;
Sheas e cian air falbh gu dubhach,
O gach subhachas bh'aig càch.

'N sin chunnaic mise cruth ro-ghlòrmhor,
Soilleir, òirdheire, glan, gun smùr ;
; Mar nèamh dh'fhàs talamh geal 'nuair thriall e,
'S chomhdaich daoine fiat an gnùis.

Thuirt e ris a' choigreach lachdunn,
'Bha le ball-chrith air a ghlùn,
" Eirich ! ghairm mi féin dhìot bràthair,
'S leam nach nàrach tighe'n dhuit dlà.

Ormsa mhionnaich mi, Aosd'-làithean,
'Bhi 'eur deas na 's cearr mi féin,
M'fhocal naisg mi air son thruaghan
'Sheasamh buan an aghaidh threun.

'N uair dh'aon mi féin an nàdur bàsmhor,
Ri mo Dhiadhachd àrd 's ri m'chùirt,
'N sin rinn mi'n cinneadh-daonna 'sheuladh,
'Suas dhomh féin gun tréibh nan diù

Air brataich àluinn àrd mo Shoisgeil
Sgrìobh mi boillsgeil, geal, 'na clàr,
'Neach le'm fuathach bràthair dìblidh,
Choidheh', gu sìor, cha ghlae mo lamh.

Fhir a thagras air son saorsa,
So do ghlaodh air tùs na strì,
Dòchas mòr ! do'n dream tha piantach !
Criosd an *Dia*, 's an *duine* Criosd!

THE SLAVE-MARKET.

I stood on an open plain, facing the bounding sea,
And watched the dancing waves as they rolled all bright and free ;
The playful winds swept by me, in glad carousal there ;—
I mused on nature's freedom, so sportive and so fair.

The clouds with gaudy tinges flew swiftly o'er my head,
And golden-crested sea-birds by the ocean's margin sped ;
My spirit like the waters seemed dancing to the song,
Of the breeze which whispered sweetly, and wooed the waves along.

I gazed up to the heavens—their deep and boundless blue—
To thoughts of sweet eternity my swelling spirit flew ;
I prayed a wordless prayer to the God whom none can see,
And blessed Him who created man the freest of the free.

I started from my reverie—a crowd had gathered round :
A sable maiden wept aloud—her graceful arms were bound ;—
A mother with an infant upon her heaving breast :
A hoary-headed aged sire, with sorrow sorely pressed.

Around them passed proud planters: they asked the maiden's years—
They marked the mother's muscles, but they heeded not her tears—
They pinched the old man's arms, spoke harshly of his bones—
They heard each other's whispers, but were deaf unto his groans.

I heard loud voices shouting the price of flesh and blood ;
The mother's tears her infant bathed with a convulsive flood.
The maiden by her father knelt, and madly kissed his hand—
The old man tore his matted hair, then sunk upon the strand ;

And there, like monuments of grief, with moist, averted eyes,
The old man and his daughter gazed upwards to the skies ;—
And inward asked if God was there, and prayed his swift decree,
To call their broken spirits home—to set the bondman free.

'Tis over—and by sinful hands the price of blood is paid ;
One drags the groaning old man off—another drags the maid,
The infant from its mother's breast, sweet smiling as it goes ;
Strives to hush out its mamma's name, unconscious of her woes.

Now boasting of their purchases, the planters turn aside,
And tramp the city's busy marts with ill begotten pride,
The Sabbath comes, the planters meet, and loudly sing and pray
But leave their broken-hearted slaves, to weep their life away.

Oh, proud man ! let your hymns be pure, your supplications true,
“ Do you to others as you would have others do to you,”
Go summon all your weeping slaves into the house of prayer,
And in the sight of God and man proclaim their freedom there.

So may you hope, when bound by sin, in realms you yet shall see,
The Saviour's all-sufficing love shall set your spirit free,
But hope not to Heaven's gates to bear your captives' chains ;
And yet escape the wrath of God, and its enduring pains.

Oh, calm shall be your spirits' peace, when slavery is no more,
Thou shalt glory in the dancing waves, as they kiss the pebbled shore,
The winds shall glad your patriot cheeks, and sport your locks among ;
And Nature by her stars and moon, shall sing a cheering song.

And every bird thou seest fly, and every waving tree,
Shall whisper of the truth sublime, that thy own soul is free !
Free from the curse of slavery's chains, free from fresh blood and tears
Free from polluted lucre's gains, free from disturbing fears.

And in thy dreams shall visions rise most beautiful to view,
The ransomed babes along thy path shall perfumed roses strew,
And in thy waking walks of life, the constant song shall be,
“ God bless the truly christian man that set the bondmen free.”

MARGADH NAN TRAILLEAN.

Sheas mi air faiche bhoidhich luim, am faisg air bile 'chuain,
A's bheachdaich mi air sugradh mear nan tonn a b' aillidh snuadh ;
A' cluicheadh chaidh na gaothan seach, gu mireagach fa sgaoil ;—
'S air saorsa naduir bheachdaich mi, a's dh'i ghabh m' anam gaol.

Na neoil le 'n trusgain or-bhuidhe rinn siubhal seach gu luath,
'S bha eunlaith mhara loinneireach a' dol gun tamh mu'n cuairt ;
Co' ionnan ris na h-uisgeachan ghrad thog air m' anam fonn,
Ri h-oran binn nan h-oiteig blath, troimb'n d' iomaineadh an tonn.

Gu aird na neamhan sheall mi suas—le 'n cuirtein siorruidh gorm—
A's mille smuain mu'n t-saoghal chian ghrad dh'fhairich mi 'teachd orm ;
Balbh urnuigh rinn mi ris an Dia nach leir do chloinn nan daoin',
A's mhol mi ainm-san a rinn duin' os ceann gach creutair saor.

Air dusgadh dhomh o m' mbeorachadh—thruis umam moran sluaigh :
Bha maighdean dhubb a' gul gu h-ard, 's mu 'gairdeanaibh cord cruaidh—
Air uchd a mhathar naojdhean tlath 's a ghruaidh le deuraibh tais ;—
Seann duine liath fo acain mhoir le bron air caitheadh as.

Dh'imich borb phlannairean mun'cuairt, a's dh'fharraid aois na h-oigh—
Air neart na mathar ghabh iad beachd, cha 'n f'bac iad riamh a deoir—
Mhin-ransaich iad an seann duin' liath, 's rinn di-meas air a dhealbh
Chual iad guth cagair aon a cheil', ach bha d'a och-san balbh.

Ard ghuthan ladurna rinn fuaim mun phris a b' fhiach gach aon ;
Bhruchd deoir na mathar sios gu dluth air falt a leanabain'ghaoil.
A' mhaighdean shleuchd le h-athair sios, a's phog le goin a lamh—
An seann duin' liath spion 'fhalt le bron, a's thuit e air an traigh :

'S an sin, le cridhe briste, bruit', 's a dheoir a' ruith gun tamh,
An seann duin' thog ri neamh a shuil maraon r'a nionaig ghraidh ;—
Ag urnuigh ma bha Dia an sin, e theachd le 'chobhair chaoin,
G'an teasraigin bho 'n amhghar chruaidh—a chur an trail fa sgaoil.

Ach tiota beag—'s le lamhan ciontach chunntadh sios an t-or ;
Shlad fear an seann duin' bronach leis—a's dh' iomain fear an oigh,
An naojdhean sgaradh leo o 'n uchd, 's an gaire air a ghruaidh ;
A's ainm a mhathar air a bheul, gun toirt faineir d'a truaigh.

Chaidh 'nis na plannairean a thaobh, 'n an cunradh 'deanamh uail,
'S le 'm buannachd shalaich shiubhail iad troi' bhaile mor an t-sluaigh,
Air teachd do 'n t-Sabaid thig iad cruinn gu aoradh naomha Dhe ;
Ach fagaiddh iad an traillean truagh an sas a' sileadh dheur.

O fhir na h-uail! do shailm biodh glan, 's biodh t'achuinge gun bhreug,
"Mar b' aill leat each a dheanamh dhuit, dean thusa dhoibh d'a reir,"
Do thigh na h-urnuigh dean gu grad do thraillean truagh a ghairm,
A's ann am fiannis dhaoin' a's Dhe, an saorsa dean a sheirm.

A's earbsa faodaidh tu mar sin, air fagail dhuit an t-saogh'il,
Gu'n cuir an Slanuighear 'na ghradh, do spiorad fein fa sgaoil.
Ach boinn do thraillean, O ! na h-earb gu geatan neamh thoirt suas,
'S dol as o namhas corruich Dhe, 's o pheanas siorruidh buan.

O 's foisneach a bhios t-uchd air teachd la saorsa do gach trail!
Ni t'inntinn uail 's na tonnan mear, a bhuileas air an traigh ;
Mar oran binn bidh fuaim nan gaoth 'ni mire feadh do chiabh,
A's nadur fein, 's gach duil 'na com, sior thogaidh fonn do Dhia.

Gach craobh a luaisgeas anns a ghaoith, 's gach eun a chi thu 'leum
Ni cagar riut mu'n t-saorsa mhoir, a bhios aig t' anam fein ;
Seadh, saorsa o chionta fola's dheur, 's o mhallachd cuing an trail:
O bhuannachd shalaich mar an ceudn', 's o uamhas gath a' bhais.

O d' bhruadar duisgidh tu 's an oidhch' le h-inntinn aoibhinn, ait,
A's naojdhean shaoirte ni do cheum le rosan cubhraidh 'sgap' ;
A's re do bheatha 'n so a bhios sior sheinnear leis gach aon,
Air cliu an fhirein choir a chuir a thraillean bochd fa sgaoil.

THE MURDERED SLAVE.

He died beneath the lash—his mortal frame
 Could bear no more, and Death in mercy came !
 Patient and calm his spirit passed away,
 And now his body sleeps beneath the clay ;
 His toils are over, and his weary breast
 Has found, what man in life denied him,—Rest.
 Poor slumbering dust—is there that passes by
 And yields thy death the tribute of a sigh ?
 The tyrant tramples on thy lowly grave,
 “ ’Tis but the ashes of a murdered Slave ! ”
 And even the more humane have learned to steel
 Their hearts, and think that only White Men feel ?
 But Jesus looked upon the scene of death,
 And marked the Negro’s last expiring breath ;
 Sustained that breath to speak a parting word,
 An humble witness for his gracious Lord :
 And bade him, like the Prince of Heaven,
 Pray that his murderers might be forgiven !
 The gloomy vale he passed,—the pang was o’er,—
 He felt the lash of slavery no more.—
 He dropped his quivering flesh upon the sod,
 And flew to meet his Saviour and his God.
 They dug his burial-place—and cast within
 The bleeding record of a nation’s sin :—
 No eye might dare to pity or to weep,
 No fond affection there its watches keep ;
 The purple stain that told the deed was done,
 Was bleached by midnight dews and noontide sun ;
 The white man trod as common ground the spot
 Where lay the Slave he murdered and forgot.
 —Yet there is hid a safe and sacred trust,
 Angels are guarding the despised dust ;
 And on that day, when all the dead shall rise,
 Shall bear their charge with shoutings to the skies.



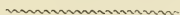
THE BROKEN HEART HEALED.

Yes ! I have seen her with her tearful eye
 Fixed on the visions that have long gone by ;
 Bright scenes of bliss, which playful fancy wove,
 As friendship sweetly ripened into love,

AN TRAILL MHOIRTE.

Gu tuille 'ghiulan cha robh neart 'na chom,
 Thràigh uaithe 'anam fo na buillean trom,
 Gu sàmhach, caoin rinn bàs bho ole a ghairm,
 'S tha 'chorp a nis 'na shuain fo'n torraig ghuirm.
 A shaothair sguir, 's an ni 's a' bheatha bhos
 A dhiùltadh dha le daoine fhuair e,—Fois.
 A dhuslaich bhailbh, am bheil a' triall ort seach'
 Aon neach do d' bhàs a dh'ìocas prìs na h—"Och!"
 A'd' leabaidh dhìblidh saltraidh 'm breun-fhear ort,
 "'Bheil ann ach duslach tràill a chaidh a mhort!"
 A's an-ìochd dh'fhòghlum daoine truacant' féin,
 'S a mheas nach fairich daoine-dubha péin!
 Ach dh'amhaire Iosa 'nuas air meud an lochd,
 A's thug fainear do chrìch an Negro bho chd;
 A's neartaich 'anail ann an glaic a' bhàis
 Gu luaidh a thoirt air ainm a Thighearn àigh;
 A's trècair iarruidh d'a luchd-casgraidh breun,
 Mar Phrionnsa Nèamh d'a naimhdean guineach féin!
 Chuir e 'n gleann domhain, dorcha seach, 's gach bròn,
 'S cha ruig air slat na tràillealachd ni's mò,—
 Fheòil bhriosgach, phlosgach, leig e chum na crèadh',
 A's ruith e 'n coinneamh 'Shlàn'ir a's a Dhé.

Ait-adhlaic chladhaich iad—a's thilg a steach
 Fuil-chuimhneachan a' chinnich so 'n am peac':—
 Cha robh a chridh' aig sùil gu'm faict' a deòir,
 'S cha'n fhaodadh aigue bhlàth ann suidhe 'bhròn;
 Am ball trom-dhearg a dh'innis mar a bha,
 Bha night' le driùchd na h-oidhch' 's le grian an là;
 Shaltair an duine geal an t-àit' gun suim
 'S an d' luidh an tràill a chuir e moirt' á chuimhn'.
 Gidheadh tha Neamhnuid luachmhor ann fo sgàil,
 Tha aingle' 'cuartachadh an duis fo thàir;—
 A's air an là sin anns an dùisg na mairbh,
 Le h-ìolach ni iad gus na neòil a ghairm.



AN CRIDHE BRISTE AIR A SHLANACHADH.

Seadh! chunnaic mi le deur a' bhròin 'na sùil
 A' mhaighdean àillidh 'cuimhneachadh le tùrs',
 Air àithean ait a dh'fhalbh 'nuair bhruidir i,
 M' an t-sonas phailt a mhealladh i gun dith,

Then the dear youth, through yonder sylvan glade,
 Led the confiding and the happy maid ;
 Where'er they strayed, all nature fairer seemed—
 Each well-known object with new beauties beamed.
 The day arrived ; but, ah ! how changed the scene
 From what her wishes and her hopes have been !
 That day which promised bliss and bridal bloom,
 Found her in weeds, her lover in the tomb !

Deep was the wound the sad bereavement made,
 And long she wept, but while she wept she prayed ;
 With grief confessing, at her Saviour's feet,
 Her guilt was great, her punishment was meet.
 At length that Saviour, stooping from on high,
 Silenced her doubts, and whispered, " It is I "—
 That gentle voice made every murmur cease,
 And o'er her bosom breathed a sacred peace.
 Her soul, no longer to the creature bound,
 Sought her Creator, and while seeking found ;
 Her thoughts, her hopes, her cares from earth withdrew,
 And all surrendered to her Lord anew.

Thus, when the storm disturbed that inland sea,
 Which bathes thy shore, thrice favoured Galilee !
 The foaming billows mocked the seamen's skill ;
 But when the Saviour utters, " Peace, be still,"
 Hushed is the wind, each angry wave subsides,
 And the frail shallop in smooth waters glide.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES.*

Great Jove, of all the immortal gods supreme,
 By various names ador'd ; be thou my theme ;
 Thou know'st no change, omnipotent art thou ;
 Before thy everlasting throne, I bow.
 Nature itself is under thy control.
 Thy arm has form'd, supports, and guides the whole.
 Man ; blest with vocal pow'rs, is taught to raise
 His tuneful voice to celebrate thy praise.

* Dr Doddridge has the following note in his *Family Expositor*, on Acts, xvii. 28:—"These words," "For we are his offspring," (which I choose to put in a poetical order, as best imitating the original,) are well known to be found in Aratus, a poet of Cilicia, Paul's own Country, who lived about 300 years before this time. I wonder so few writers should have added that they are, with the

An caidreamh gràidh an oig-fhìr b' àillidh sgiamh ;
 Le'n tric a ghabh i sràid gun sgàth, gun fhiamh ;
 Ri taobh nan alltan, no sa' choille dhlùth,
 Air feasgar blàth, no moch air bhàrr an driùchd.
 Ach O ! mo chreach, nach fhaic thu'n caochladh mòr
 Tha nis air teachd—am fiùran òg cha bheo,—
 Na laidhe tosdach tha e anns an ùir,
 An t-òg a dh' fhas gu h-àluinn-fallan ùr.

'S domhain an lot rinn so na cridhe blàth ;
 Ach 'nuair a ghuil, a h-ùrnuigh chuir i 'n àird ;
 'S gu h-umhal dh' aidich i aig casaibh Ios'
 A ciont' gu'm b' airidh air na shealbhaich i.
 An sin an Slàn'fhear chròm a nuas ag radh,
 " 'S mi fein a th' ann," b'e so an cagar graidh—
 'S le 'chaomh ghuth sèimh gu'n d'fhuadaich e gach gruaim
 'So sin a mach gu'n d' mheal i sòlas nuadh.
 Ni b' fhaide cha robh 'cridhe ris a' chreutair fuaight';
 Ach dh'iarr i 'Cruith'ear, 's 'n uair a shir i, fhuair,
 A maoin 'sa dòchas thog i nis a suas,
 " 'Sa miann gu léir tha Air-san, Trenn nam buadh."

Mar so 'nuair dh' éirich a' mhuir bheuchdach suas ;
 Ri d' thràigh tha slachdraich 'Ghalile nam buaidh,
 Na tonnan uaibhreach 'n suaraich chuir gach nì ;
 Ach 'nuair thuirt Iosa riutha " Tosd, biodh sìth,"
 An fhairge shiolaidh, 's balbh gu'n d' fhas an t-sìd,
 'S an inbhrach lag gu tearuinnt' rainig tìr.

LAOIDH CHLEANTHEIS.

A Rìgh nan saogh'l, àrd-cheannard feachd nan dée,
 Ard-mholt' fo iomadh ainm do chliù bidh 'm bheul :
 'S leat neart gun cheann, 's cha chaochail thu gu sior,
 An làth'ir do chathrach siorruidh sleuchdam sìos.
 Tha nàdur féin le chuibhlean mòr fo d' smachd,
 'S air dearn do laimh a' ruith a chuairt a mach.
 'Se crìoch chloinn daoin', le'n teanga cheolmhoir, bhinn,
 Do chliù-sa sheinn 'n an dàin air feadh gach linn.

alteration of one letter only, to be found in the Hymn of Cleanthes to Jupiter, or the supreme God, which I willingly mention, is beyond comparison the purest and finest piece of natural religion of its length, in the whole world, of pagan antiquity ; and which, so far as I can recollect, contains nothing unworthy of a Christian, or, I had almost said, of an inspired pen.

We are thy offspring ; we, whose heav'nly birth,
More than from aught that lives and creeps on earth,
Demands a grateful song : for man alone,
Of all earth's tenants, can address thy throne.

Thee will I sing ; and sing thy Pow'r divine,
By which the sun and stars, and planets shine ;
And wheeling round the world, obey thy nod,
And joyful own an ever present God.
Thou guid'st with steady hand, and equal force,
The forked lightnings in their fiery course ;
When nature looks aghast, and trembling stands,
Waiting in solemn silence, thy commands.
But thou art wise in all ;—when thunders roll
In awful majesty from pole to pole ;
And when the lamps of night, and orb of day
In order move along their noiseless way,
All that inhabit heaven, and earth, and sea,
Think, speak, and act, as they are impell'd by thee ;
Save when the wicked violate thy laws,
Their own corrupt desires, the guilty cause.

Thou mak'st the frowning face of nature smile,
And crown'st with beauty, things deform'd and vile ;
All jarring elements of good and ill,
Touch'd by the plastic hand, obey thy will ;
And heavenly wisdom, great beyond control,
Into one glorious system, forms the whole.
But wretched men, by vice and folly led,
Who ne'er in search of happiness have sped,
With ears obstructed and averted eyes ;
The eternal law of Reason dare despise,
Which, had they kept it with obedient will,
Had bless'd their days, and screen'd their life from ill.
But, Ah ! ill-fated men, they onward rush,
And ev'ry virtuous feeling madly crush.
Some pant for fame, by wild ambition fir'd,
Some grasp at wealth, by love of gold inspir'd.
Others in brutal sloth dream time away ;
And some to pleasures give the night and day ;—
Pleasures of sense, which disappoint and cloy,
And rob the aching heart of ev'ry joy.

But, mighty Jove, Thou bounteous Lord of all,
Father of gods and men, on the I call.
Though clouds and darkness gird thy dazzling throne,
And by thy voice of thunder thou art known,
Let thy paternal eye with pity see
The sons of folly wand'ring far from thee.

Do ghineil 'sinne fòs d'an tug thu dealbh,
 A's bith ro àrd os ceann nam brùidean balbh
 Gu d' mholadh féin, oir do gach nì ni falbh
 'Se 'n duine mhain is urrainn gairm air t'ainm.

Dhuit seinneam, seinneam fòs do'n ghàirdean threun
 Tre 'm bheil a' ghrian 's a' ghealach anns an speur,
 'S a' ruith mu'n cuairt a' chruinne réir do mhiann,
 Gu h-ait ag ràdh gur h-uile làithreach Dia :
 Ceart stiùraidh tu le neart do ghàirdein dearbht'
 An dealan gobhlach, bras, 'na ghathaibh dearg.
 Fo uambann mòr a's crith 'n uair bhios gach dùil
 'Nan tosd a' feitheamh foillseachaidh do rùin ;
 Ach thus' is glic gach uair 'n uair bheuchdas fuaim
 An tàirneinich a' marcachd neula luath ;
 'S an uair a ghluaiseas rionnagan na h-oidhch',
 A's lòchran mòr an là gun chlos, gun chlaoidh,
 Luchd-àitich' nèimh gu léir, a's mara 's tir',
 Tha leats' a' gluas'd 'nan smuain, 'nan guth, 's 'nan gnìomh,
 Ach 'n uair a bhriseas peacaich troimh do reachd
 An t-aobhar tha 'n am miannaibh féin gu beachd.

Gnùis ghruamach nàduir cuiridh tu fo aoibh,
 'S le maise crùnaidh nithe 'b' aobhar oillt,
 Gach olc a's maith, 's eas-aonachd anns an t-saogh'l
 Do ghuth do bhéil bheir umhlachd, thoileach, shaor,
 'S ni gliocas nèamhaidh mòr o's ceann gach feart
 An toirt mar aon gu còrdadh anns gach beairt.
 Ach daoine truagh a' ruith an déigh am miann,
 'S a thòrachd sonais nach do charaich riamh,
 Le cluasaibh bodhar agus suilibh claon
 Lagh sìorruidh reusain brisidh iad gu baoth—
 Lagh fòs nam biodh iad dìleas, umhal dà
 A chuireadh aoibhneas crì' 'n an cup' a ghnàth.
 Ach Ah ! mo chreach ! dian ruithidh daoine' do'n olc,
 'S gach smaointinn ion-mholt' ni gun chiall a mhort ;
 Le miann air ainm tha aigne cuid air ghoil,
 Cuid fòs a's gràdh an òir 'g an cur air boil—
 Cuid eil' an lunn ni tiom a chosd gun stàth,
 'S do shòlasaibh bheir cuid an oidhch' 's an là :
 'S iad sòlais mhealltach, bhreugach, bhrùideil, bhreun,
 'S a dh'fhàgas daonnan acain ghoirt 'n an déigh.

Ach thus' a Rìgh nam feart an àird nan speur,
 'S ann ort a ghairmeam, Athair dhaoine' a's dhée ;
 Ged chuartaich neula dorcha t'àite tàimh,
 'S a chluinnear anns an tàirneanach do chainnt,
 Gu h-athaireil, bàigheil, seall le h-ìochd a nuas
 Air mic na gòraich 'dol air seachran uait—

On their benighted eyes thy knowledge pour,
 That they may stray in error's path no more.
 Does heav'nly wisdom o'er the world preside?
 Let the same wisdom all their footsteps guide.
 Thus honour'd, we the nobler honour raise,
 For man was form'd for thy increasing praise ;
 And blest are gods and men, whoever sing
 The UNIVERSAL LAW of their immortal king.

THE FORTY-FIFTH PSALM.

My ardent heart, with holy raptures fir'd,
 Which this sublime, this heav'nly theme inspired,
 Sends forth good things. In lofty strains I sing
 The pow'r and grandeur of the Almighty King.
 Than tongue can speak, swifter than pen can go,
 From my transported breast melodious numbers flow.

All human beauty thou dost far surpass,
 Such is the dazzling brightness of thy face.
 Ten thousand suns in one united blaze,
 Would all be lost in thy superior rays.
 Around thy head celestial graces shine,
 Eternal bliss and glory shall be thine.
 Go, hero, arm'd with unresisted might,
 Gird on thy sword, prepare thyself to fight.
 Array'd in majesty, ascend thy car,
 And undisturb'd drive on the prosp'rous war.
 Display thy pow'r, thine en'mies all confound,
 Yet gracious, and still with mercy crown'd.
 The justice of thy cause shall thee inspire
 With holy brav'ry and undaunted fire :
 Thy foes shall fall beneath thy conquering sword,
 And conquer'd kings acknowledge thee their Lord.

All power is thine, supreme Jehovah ! thine
 Infinite empire and eternal reign
 By thy just laws are haughty tyrants sway'd,
 Thou hat'st the bad, the righteous man dost aid :
 For this, my God, thee monarch of the sky.
 Above all rival pow'r, exalts thee high
 Within thy iv'ry courts in shining state,
 Around thy throne attendant princes wait:
 While thou amidst perfumes, on high reclin'd,
 Dost feed with pure delight thy silent mind.
 Here royal handmaids wait their Lord's command,
 At thy right side thy beauteous queen doth stand,

D'an sùilean dall thoir eòlas air do ghlòir
 A chum 's nach téid air seachran iad ni's mò.
 Fo stiùradh gliocais nèamhaidh ma tha 'n saogh 'l
 An gliocas ceudna stiùradh cos-cheum dhaoin' ;
 Fo mheas mar so cha bhi ar teanga balbh,
 Oir 's ann gu d' mholadh a chaidh duine dhealbh ;
 'S is sona daoine a's dée nach sguir gu sìor
 A sheinn air lagh ro fharsuinn, mòr an Rìgh.

AN CUIGEAMH SALM THAR AN DA-FHICHEAD.

Do aoibhneas naomh mo chridhe maoth ta làn
 Le m' aobhar ciùil o'n tionnsgain mi mo dhàn,
 'S mi 'cur an céill gu fonnmhòr àrd le cliù
 Sàr chumhachd fìor, a's mòrachd Rìgh nan dùl.
 Na bhruidhneas teang' 's na sgriobhas peann neo-chlì
 Tha rannan ciùil a' teachd ni's dlùith' o m' chridh.

Uil' mhaise dhaoine tha t'àilleachd chaoine-s' os cionn,
 Oir 's àillidh, ciatach dealradh fiamh do ghuais ;
 Deich mìle grian, ge b' àillidh 'n sgiamh gu léir,
 Gu'm biodh 'san duibhr' an làth'ir do shoillse féin.
 Mu d' chuairt gu léir tha gràsa nèamhaidh 'soills' ;
 'S bidh àgh a's glòir gun chrìoch 'na d' chòir a chaoidh.
 O Ghaisgich ! rach 'na d' neart ro ghaisgeil, treun,
 'S do chlàidheamh crìoslaich air do leis gu feum,
 A' d' mhòrachd dhealraich rach a' d' charbad suas,
 A's cuir, O Rìgh ! an cath gu crìch le buaidh.
 Do chumhachd foillsich, 's aimhreitich do naimh,
 Ach trècair ghràs-mhòr bidh gu bràth a' d' laimh :
 Bheir t'aobhar ceartais misneach, neart, a's cliù,
 Le naomh-euchd treun dhuit leis an dean thu strì
 Do naimhdean sgathar leat fo d' chlàidheamh treun,
 'S their rìghrean cìosnaicht' gur h-e 'n Triath thu féin.

Gach neart 's leat féin, Iehobhah, Dhé is àird',
 'S a' d' chathair-rìgh gu'n rioghaich thu gu bràth ;
 Borb-rìghrean reachd'or tha fo smachd do reachd,
 'S fuath leat an t-aingidh, 'm firean 's annsa leat,
 F'an aobhar sin tha Dia, Ard-Rìgh nan nèamh,
 Ga d' thogail suas an cumhachd buadhar, treun.
 A' d' chùirtibh greadhnach, feuch ! tha prionnsan mòr
 Mu d' chathair-rìgh a' feitheamh air do ghlòir ;
 'S thu féin gu h-àrd an cùbh'rachd thlàth 'san sìth,
 'S fìor aoibhneas àgh-mhòr 'sàsachadh do chridh'.
 Tha nigh'nean rìgh a' frithealadh 'na d' chòir,
 'S do bha-nrigh 'seasamh air do dheas-laimh fòs,

Her costly robes with golden foliage wrought,
Perfum'd with odours from Arabia brought.

But thou, O queen! give ear and understand,
Forget thy father's house, and native land :
Let now thy former loves be all resign'd,
And on thy hero fix thy longing mind.
The enamour'd prince shall doat upon thy charms,
Hang on thy lips, and fold thee in his arms ;
He'll place thee next himself in state and pow'r,
(But thou with rev'rence still thy God adore.)
The Tyrian queen shall leave her native seat,
And, fraught with gifts, in thy apartments wait :
The rich, and all deriv'd of noble race,
Shall court thy favour, and implore thy grace.

Behold the princess cloth'd in rich attire,
Great King! thy destin'd spouse, thy soul's desire ;
Her robes adorn'd with interwoven gold,
Her radiant face more glorious to behold :
In charms how far superior is her mind !
All graces here, all virtues are combin'd.

Lo ! Prince, thy royal bride, this lovely maid,
She comes to thee in nuptial robes array'd ;
Where needle-work its living art displays,
And sparkling gems reflect the golden rays.
Behold, amidst a choir of virgins bright,
She walks, surpassing fair, and charms the sight ;
While winning graces and majestic mien,
Confess her grandeur and declare her queen ;
She, thus surrounded by the gazing throng,
In glad procession shall be brought along,
With her associate nymphs, shall joyful come,
And, thronging, enter thy imperial dome.

But thou, O queen! suspend thy pious care,
No more lament thy dame and aged sire :
Instead of these thou joyful shall embrace
Thy num'rous progeny, a happy race ;
For grandeur much, for virtue more renown'd,
And all in future times with empires crown'd.

Thou art the glorious subject of my lays,
To nations far remov'd I'll sing thy praise,
While fleeting shades around the mountains turn,
And twinkling stars in midnight watches burn ;
While orient Phœbus gilds the purple day,
Thy honour, praise, and fame shall ne'er decay.

[The translation of this Psalm, like many other Pieces given in this Work, was executed by the Rev. Angus Macintyre, Kinlochspelve, Mull, when a boy at school.]

An trusgan rìomhach òr-mhaiseach mu bheil
Gach cùbhraidh'chd àraidh thig o'n Aird-an-ear.

Ach thus', O Bhan-rìgh ! aom do chluas, a's éisd,
Tigh t'athar dìoch'naich 's tìr do dhùchais tréig,
'S gach cusbair roimhe choisinneadh do luaidh,
'S do mhiann gu léir biodh air-san, Treun nam buadh.
Le d' bhuaidhibh àraidh 's ni e tala' d' dhàimh
'S gu caidreach leis thu glaisear 'na dha laimh ;
Gu'n cuirear leis thu 'm mòrachd faisg dha féin ;
Ach thus' do d' Dhia thoir urram gloir a's géill.
Thig Ban-rìgh Thiruis féin o 'h-àite taimh
Le millte tiodhlac 'steach do d' theampull àigh ;
'S na daoine saibhir anns gach àit' fo 'n ghréin
Gun iarr do ghràs 's do dheadh ghean àghmhor féin.

Feuch ! Nigh'n an Rìgh, an éididh rìomhaich, ghriunn,
Do chéile, Ard Rìgh, miann a's gràdh do chridh,
'S a falluinn òr-mhaisicht', gu bòidheach, dlùth,
'S a h-aodunn-dhreac ni 's taitniche do 'n t-sùil ;
Am buaidhean àigh a cridh' cia àrd gu léir,
Far bheil a' tàmh gach beus a's gràs is fearr.
O feuch a Rìgh ! do chéile rìomhach, gràidh,
A' teachd a'd' ionnsuidh 'n deise bhainns' le h-àgh,
'An obair ghréis is fearr 's is finealt' fiamh
Le leugaibh soillseach boisgeil mar a' ghrian,
'Measg mhaighdean' àillidh feuch a Bhan-rìgh chiùin
A' falbh gu ciatach, miaghar do gach sùil,
'S a buaidhean taitneach, 's fiamh ro-thlachdmhor griunn,
A's rìomhadh àillidh 'g inns' gur Ban-rìgh i.
Mar so, 's i cuartaichte le sluagh ro mhòr,
An staid ro ghreadhnach bheirear leo i 'd' chòir,
'S i féin 's a maighdeanna an aoibhneas gràidh
Gun dòirt a steach do d' theampull feart'or àigh ;

Ach thus' O Bhan-rìgh ! cuir air cùl gach bròn,
A 's t'aithrich' aosda na bi 'caoidh ni 's mò ;
'N an àite sin dhuit féin bidh sliochd nach gann,
Mic 's nigh'nean àghmhor bhios gu bràth neo-fhann ;
'S a bhios le 'm mòrachd àrd 'an glòir 's an cliù,
Ach bhios ni 's àird' a'm maitheas gràsmhor 's fiù ;
'Sa riaghlas thairis air an talamh mhòr,
'S do 'm bi a chaoidh, o linn gu linn, mòr ghlòir.

Ach 's tus', O Ard-rìgh ! cùis mo dhàin 's mo chiùil,
'S do dhùthchaibh céin gu'n cuir mi'n céill do chliù.
Am feadh a ghluaiseas neoil mu chuairt nam beann,
'S aig àm na h-oidhich' bhios reulta 'soillseach ann ;
'M feadh bhios a' ghrian a' fiamhachadh an lò,
Do gloir 's do chliù cha searg 's cha mhùth ni 's mò.

ECHO'S ANSWER.

I stood by the banks of a swift flowing river,
While I marked its clear current roll speedily past,
It seemed to my fancy for ever repeating
That the dearest enjoyments of life would not last.

Oh! tell me, I said, rapid stream of the valley,
That bear'st in thy course the blue waters away,
Can the joys of life's morning awake but to vanish—
Can the feelings of love be all doomed to decay?
An Echo repeated,—“ All doomed to decay ! ”

Flow on in thy course, rapid stream of the valley,
Since the pleasures of life we so quickly resign ;

My heart shall rejoice in the wild scenes of nature,
And friendship's delights while they yet may be mine.

Must all the sweet charms of mortality perish—
And friendship's endearments, Ah! will they not stay?

The simple enchantments of soft blooming nature,
And the pleasures of mind,—must they too fade away?
The Echo slow answered,—“ They too fade away ! ”

Then where, I exclaimed, is there hope for the mourner—
A balm for his sorrow—a smile for his grief?

If beautiful scenes like the present shall vanish
Where, where shall we look for a certain relief?

Oh! fly said my soul to the feet of thy Saviour,
Believe in his mercy, for pardon now pray :

With him there is fulness of joy and salvation—
Thy gladness shall live, and shall never decay,
The Echo said sweetly, “ Shall never decay ! ”



THE FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,

For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm ;
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

FREAGRADH MHIC-TALLA

Air bruaich aibhne 's mi'm sheasamh ag amharc gu beachdail
 Air a glan shruthaibh còbh'rach 'ruith seachad gu cas,
 Air leamsa gu 'n robh i a' sìor chur an céill domh
 Gach sonas air thalamh nach mair ach car seal.
 "O! innis domh" thuirt mi. "a bhras shruth a' ghleannain,
 A' d' chùrsa tha 'giùlan nam fuar-uisge gorm,
 'N teid gach sonas san t-saoghal mar so as an t-sealladh?
 Gach faireachduinn ghràidh 'n teid an gearradh air falbh?
 Thuirt Mactalla 's e 'freagairt,—“An gearradh air falbh.”

Gabh air t' aghart a' t' amar, a bhras shruth a' ghleannain,
 O'n tha sòlasan talmhaidh cho grad ri 'n toirt suas;
 Ach mo chridhe bidh ait 'gabhail seallaidh air nàdur,
 'S am beannachdan cairdeis, o'n 's leam iad san uair.
 'M feum gach nì a nì milis ar beò-shlaint dol seachad?
 A's beannachdan cairdeis am mair ach car uair?
 Gach toil-inntinn aon-fhillt' ann an nàdur 'na cheud fhàs,
 A's subhachais inntinn, 'n teid gu grad an toirt uainn?
 Thuirt Mactalla 's e 'freagairt,—“Gu grad an toirt uainn.”

“C' àite nis” a deir mise, “bheil dòchas 'n fhir-thùrsa?
 C' à' bheil iocshlaint d'a thrioblaid a's saorsa o 'chall?
 Ma theid seallaidhnean àluinn mar so as an fhradnarc,
 Ri fuasgladh bhios mairionn c' àit' idir an seall?
 O! teich-sa,” deir m' anam “gu casan do Shlàn'ir,
 Dean maitheanas asluchadh, 's creid ann a ghràdh;
 Oir annsan tha slàint' agus lànachd gun traoghadh,
 A's t' aoibhneas bidh mairionn 's cha teirig gu bràth;
 Thuirt Mactalla gu milis—“Cha teirig gu bràth.”

BLAITHEAN AN RAOIN.

A. bhlaithean an raoin! ged 's àillidh 'nan sgeimh
 Blaithean a' ghàraidh, sibhse b' anusa leam fein,
 Tha sibh 'g aiseag dhomh samhraidhean m' òig',
 'Nuair bha aoibhneas air aghaidh an t-saoghail mu'n cuairt,
 'Sa bha buidheagan 's neoinéanan 'comhdach nam bruach,
 A' fas air shnuadh airgid a's òir.

Is toigh leam sibh 'chionn a bhi 'tarruing a'm' chuimhn',
 Beanntaibh lia-ghorm arda na Gaeltachd 's a h-uillt,
 Agus réidhleanan eubhraidh nan cluan;
 Far am faicinn am fiadh astar cian uam sa' ghréin,
 'S an cluinninn an calaman air bharra nan geug,
 Ri durdail throm a bu chianala fuaim.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart little wildings of June :
 Of old ruinous eastles ye tell,
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
 When the Magic of Nature first breath'd on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes ;
 What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
 Can the wild water lily restore ;
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
 In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
 Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear
 Had scathed my existenee's bloom ;
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

DUART CASTLE.

The following Poem was composed by the Rev. Dr. John M'Leod of Morven, on seeing a flag waving from the battlements of Duart Castle on a Sabbath morning, intimating to the surrounding peasantry that a sermon was to be preached on that day in the neighbourhood. What is given on the opposite page, is not a literal translation, but it gives the substance of the English. It is by Dr M'Leod of Glasgow, a gentleman to whom the Highlanders are more indebted than to any man living, for his labours in connexion with their native literature.

On the war tower of Duart the banner is spread,
 But 'tis not the banner of terror and dread ;
 It sends the far summons, o'er mountain and heath,
 But 'tis not the summons to onset and death.

It calls not the chieftain to gird on his might,
 To send forth the war-cry, and arm for the fight ;
 It calls not each clansman, in hostile array,
 From his home and his kindred to hasten away.

It calls not the mother in anguish to mourn
 O'er the child of her hope as if ne'er to return ;
 It calls not the widow, in forebodings of fear,
 O'er her fatherless offspring to shed forth the tear.

Cha 'n 'eil òran na ceol a bheir sòlas do m' chri',
 Mar ni sibhse a neoineana boidheach na fri;
 'Tha sibh 'g innse mu làraichean uain',
 Far am b' ait leam bhi 'tachairt ruibh 's dearc air 'ur gnùis,
 'Nuair a bheachdaich mi iongantais nàduir an tùs,
 'S bha 'ur 'n àilleachd-se 'dùsgadh mo smuain.

Nach tig blàths ann am chri', 'nuair a chi mi'n t-sail-chuach—
 Nach iomad seimh-lochan fìor-uisg' le'n innseagan uain',
 'Thig a'm' chuimhne, 'sna duileagaibh bàit';
 Nach iomad sealladh is leur dhomh san t-sobhrach 's glan snuadh
 Nach iomad allt briceineach, bulbhagach, luath,
 'Sa' pheasair-luchag mu'm bruachaibh a' fas!

Fhiadh-bhlàithean nan raon! bha sibh ionmhuinn 'sna làith,
 Mu'n d' rinn buaireas inntinn, iomagain no cràdh,
 Mo chàileachd a mhilleadh 's mo shnuadh,
 Fàilte dhuibh fhathast ann am feasgar mo shaogh'il,
 Thigh'n le taibhsean na h-òige 'thoirt sòlas do m' aois,
 'S tha mi guidhe sibh a chinntinn air m' uaigh.

CAISTEAL DHUAIRT.

Air do bhallachaibh aosda a Dhuairt nan saoi,
 Gur h-àluinn do bhratach a' snàmh anns a' ghaoith;
 Air a' bhaideal m'an iadh an eidheann gu h-àrd,
 Tha'n sanus r'a fhaicinn air maduinn an àigh.

Tha m'anam a' lasadh le aiteas, 's le faoilt,
 'An leirsinn do bhrataich, a Dhuairt a' chaoil;
 An ùr bhratach àluinn, gu h-àrd ris a' chrann,
 Tha lìonadh le sòlas luchid-àiteach' nam beann.

Cha sanus a dhùsgadh na dùthcha gu blàr,
 Cha sanus gu éiridh le chéile gu h-àr,
 Cha sanus gu còmhrag, gu creach, no gu strìth,
 Ach sanus tha 'tàladh gu àros na sìth.

Fàilt air a' bhrataich,—O 's taitneach an sgeul!
 Tha i 'sgaoileadh an diugh mu eirthir a' chaoil;
 Air moch-thra na sàbaid chaidh a luasga sa' ghaoith,
 A dhùsgadh na dùthcha gu lùth-chuirt nau laoidh.

Cha'n'eil fiamh air an òigh' roi' bhratach an àigh,
 Gu'n gairmear air falbh uaiphe leanuan a gràidh;
 Tha màthair nam fleasgach gun eagal, gun fhuath,
 A' faicinn an t-sanuis air Caisteal nan stuadh.

For the banner that waves is a banner of peace,
 And the tidings it bears are the tidings of grace ;
 In the stillness of Sabbath 'tis wafted abroad,
 To assemble the clansmen to worship their God.

Oh! thus may each banner of discord and strife,
 Yet send forth the tidings of gladness and life ;
 Thus calling on mankind with joyful accord,
 To appear at His altar to worship the Lord.



MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
 Who hush'd me in her arms to rest,
 And on my cheek sweet kisses prest ?
 My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
 Who was it sang sweet lullaby,
 And rock'd me that I should not cry ?
 My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
 When sleeping in my cradle bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed ?
 My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
 Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
 And wept for fear that I should die ?
 My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
 And would some pretty story tell,
 Or kiss the part to make it well ?
 My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
 To love God's holy word and day,
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way ?
 My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
 Affectionate and kind to thee,
 Who wast so very kind to me,
 My Mother?

'Deir an t-aosda, 's e 'g éiridh le faoilt air a ghruaidh,
 " O chi mi an sanus tha 'tional an t-sluaigh !
 Mo cheum ged is anfhann, 's mo chiabh ged is liath,
 Théid mi le sòlas thabhairt aoradh do m' Dhia."

O nach robh bratach gach dùthcha, 's gach tìr' !
 Air an sgaoileadh mar so air maduinn na sìth;
 A' toirt caiseamachd àrd a thuigeadh na sloigh,
 Iad a dh'aoradh do'n Tì d'an dligheach gach glòir.

MO MHÀTHAIR.

Cò thog mi air a cìochaibh tlà,
 'Sa thàlaidh mi gu suain le bàigh,
 'S a dh' altrum mi 'na h-uchd le gràdh ;
 Mo Mhàthair.

'Nuair theich an cadal fada uam
 Cò thog an guth bu bhinne fuaim,
 Air chor 's gu'n thuit mi ann a'm' shuain ?
 Mo Mhàthair.

Cò dh' fhair thairis orm gu caomh,
 'S mi 'm luidhe anns a' chreathail fhaoin,
 'S a shìl na dedòir le bàigh cho caoin ?
 Mo Mhàthair.

Fo euslainte 'nuair bha mi'n sàs,
 O àm gu h-àm ni's laige 'fàs,
 Cò ghul le geilt gu'm faighinn bàs ?
 Mo Mhàthair.

Cò a ruith gu m' thogail suas,
 'S a chogair sgeula beag a' m' chluais,
 'S a phòg air falbh mo leòn le truas ?
 Mo Mhàthair.

Cò air ùrnuigh dhùisg mo dhéigh,
 Do fhocal naomh a's latha Dhé,
 Gu triall 'na shlighe dhìreach, réidh ?
 Mo Mhàthair.

Am feud e bith nach deanar leam,
 Caidreamh a's caoimhneas riut gach àm,
 A bha cho bàigheil, chaoimhneil rium,
 Mo Mhàthair ?

Oh no! the thought I cannot bear ;
 And, if God please my life to spare,
 I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
 And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

V E R S E S

As if they had been composed by Alexander Selkirk, during his
 solitary abode on the island of Juan Fernandez.

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,—
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts, that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !

Cha 'n fheud—b'e sin a bhi gun truas ;
 'S ma chumas Dia mo bheatha suas,
 Cha bhi do chaoimhneas dhomh gun duais,
 Mo Mhàthair.

'Nuair dh' fhàsas tusa lag sa' cheum,
 Gheibh thu lorg o m' ghàirdein féin,
 'S bithidh mi a' m' thaice dhuit a' d' fheum,
 Mo Mhàthair.

'Nuair chailleas tu do lùth 's do threòir,
 Ni mi faireadh ort le deòir,
 A dh' oidhch' 's a latha bi'dh mi d' chòir,
 Mo Mhàthair.

R A N N A N

Mar gu'n rachadh an deanamh le Alasdair Selcire, an uair a bha
 e 'na aonaran air eilein Iuan Fernandes.

Tha mi 'm rìgh air na chì mi mu'n cuairt,
 Cha 'n 'eil aon ann 'chur suarach mo reachd ;
 Fad na tìre gu crìochaibh a' chuain,
 Tha gach eun agus fia'-bhea'ch fo m' smachd.
 O aonrachd ! c'a' bheil gach buaidh
 Chaidh a luaidh ort cho tric ann an dàn ?
 B' fhearr gaoir-chatha gach latha bhi 'm chluais,
 Na bhi 'm rìgh an àit' oillteil mar tha.

Tha mi far nach faigh duine a'm' chòir,
 'A'm ònar thig crìoch air mo réis,
 Cha chluinn mi aon fhocal na cainnt,
 Thig clisg orm le fuaim mo ghuth féin.
 Tha gach beathach tha 'siubhal an raoin,
 'Gam fhaicinn gun ioghnadh gun sgàth ;
 Tha iad sin cho neo-chleachdta ri daoine',
 Tha oillt orm am faicinn cho càld'.

Comh-chomunn, a's càirdeas, a's gaol,
 Chaidh a bhuileach' air daoineibh o'n àird,
 Na'm biodh agam-sa sgiathan an eòin,
 'S mi mhealadh a rìs sibh gun dàil !

My sorrows then I might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! What treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These vallies and rocks never heard,
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial, endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down to his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

An sin gheibhinn fois agus sìth
 Ann an soisgeul na firinn, o m' bhròn,
 Dh' fhaodainn fòghlum o ghliocas na h-aois,
 'S a bhi aobhach an cuideachd na h-òig'.

An Soisgeul ! an t-ionmhas thar luach
 Tha r'a fhaotainn am focal an àigh !
 Tha e prìseil thar airgiod a's òr,
 No aon ni air thalamh a ta.
 Ach cha chualas clag-eaglaise riamh
 Ann an so, feadh nan liath-chreag 's nan gleann,
 Cha do f hreagair fuaim thiamhaidh a' bhròin
 A's Sàbaid cha 'n aithnichear annt'.

A ghaothan a dh' fhuadaich mi sìos,
 Do 'n dìthreabh tha aonarach, fàs,
 Cuiribh sgeul orm bheir aoibhneas do m' chrìdh'
 Mu thìr do nach till mi gu bràth.
 'Bheil mo chàirdean a dh'fhàg mi a'm' dhéigh,
 'Cur guidhe no smuain air mo thòir ?
 O innis gu bheil caraid a làth'ir,
 Ged nach fhaic mise caraid ni's mò.

Tha 'inntinn an duine ni 's luaith'
 A' gluasad na aon 'ni a th' ann ;
 An coimeas, cha siubhail a' ghaoth,
 'S caol-shaighdean an t-soluis ach mall.
 'Nuair thig dùthaich mo shinnsear a'm bheachd,
 'Sann a shaoileas mi 'thiota bhi thall ;
 Ach tha cuimhne gu luath 'tighinn a steach,
 A's tréigidh gach dòchas a mheall.

Ach tha 'n eunlaith a' falbh thun an nid,
 'S gach fia'-bhea'ch do chòsaibh an t-sléibh ;
 Tha àm fois againn eadhon an so,
 'S theid mise do m' bhothan leam fhéin.
 Tha tròcair, r'a fhaotainn 's gach àit',
 A's tròcair, nach àgh'or an smaoin !
 A léighseas gach trioblaid a's bròn
 A tha 'n tòir air clanna nan daoin'.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS.

2 *Kings*, xix. 35.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

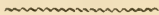
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heav'd and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !



L A V I N I A .

The lovely, young Lavinia once had friends,
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth ;
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven.
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, lived in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.

SGRIOS NAN ASIRIANACH.

2 *Rìgh*, xix. 35.

Chrom Senacherib mar reub-chu air crò,
 Bha 'armailt a' dealradh le airgiod a's òr ;
 Bha boillsgeadh a lannan mar reultaibh 's a' chuan,
 Feadh oidhch' air a luasgadh le gaoith thig o thuath,

Mar dhuileach na coille 's an Samhradh 'na ghlòir,
 Bu lionmhor a threun-laoich 'n àm na gréine 'dhol fodh' ;
 Mar dhuileach na coille 's an Fhogharadh reòt'
 Bha 'ghaisgich sa' mhaduinn sgapt', seargta, gun treòir.

Sgaoil Aingeal a' Bhàis a sgiath air a' ghaoith,
 A's shéid e le 'anail air aghaidh nan daoib' ;
 Air suaimhneas an tàmha thuit pràmh-chadal fuar,
 Aon phlosg thug gach cridhe—cha do phlosg ach aon uair.

Le chuineanan farsuing luidh an t-each air an fhraoch,
 Ach trompa cha d' tharruing e sitir a chaoidh ;
 Bha coip gheal a phlosgaidh gu fuar air an fhonn,
 Mar chobhar na mara air sgeir nan garbh thonn.

Bha 'm marcach na shìneadh 's bu dìblidh a shnuadh,
 A' mheirg air a chlogad 's an dealt air a ghruaidh ;
 Gach bratach na h-aonar, gach paillion mar uaigh,
 Gach sleagh bha gun togail, 's gach gall-tromp gun fhuaim.

Bha banntraichean Ashuir fo ànradh 's fo thùrs',
 A's iodhalan Bhàail 's gach àite 'n an smùr ;
 A's spionnadh a' Chinnich nach do mhilleadh 's an àr,
 Leagh iad, O! Thighearn, mar shneachd ann a'd' làth'ir.

 LABHINIA.

Bha càirdean aon uair aig Labhinia òg,
 An ainnir àillidh. Dh'fhàg iad i gu moch ;
 'Na naoidhean chaill i 'h-uile earbsa 's taic,
 A h-uile dìon,—ach neò-chiontas a's nèamh.
 Le 'màthair, banntrach uireasbh'ach a's lag,
 Am bòthan ìosal chòmhnuich iad le chéil' ;
 Folaicht' o dhaoinibh 'n dìomhaireachd nan gleann,
 Fo dhubhar chraobh an uaigneas sàmhach, sèimh,
 Gu mòr ni 's mò le macantachd a's beus.

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods,
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia.



THE SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
 The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew.
 The distant bleating midway up the hill.
 Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale ;

Le chéile sheachain iad mar so an tàir,
 Tha daoine 'deanamh tha air at le uaill,
 Air maise 's beusachd ann an là an airc.
 Bu ghann an lòn, 's cha mhòr nach b' ionann fòs
 A's eòin nan geug, a thàlaidh iad gu suain,
 Iad sona 'n diugh, suarach mu'n àm ri teachd.
 Bu chùbhraidh 'dealbh na blàth a' chèitein ùir
 Fo-dhealt na maduinn mhoich, bu ghloine 'snuadh,
 Na'n canach féin, no'n sneachd air uchd nam beann.
 Bha macantas cho caoin 'na sùil ghuirn chiùin
 Is gann a thog i, 'dearcadh sìos le bàigh
 Air snuadh nan neòinean 's air na blàithibh maoth';
 No 'nuair a dh' éisdeadh i ri sgeul a' bhròin,
 Mu chaochladh 'dòchais bha aon uair cho àrd,
 Mar reul an anmoich dh' aomadh iad a sìos
 Fo dhealta tlàth nan deur.—B' àillidh a dealbh,
 A' mhaighdean dhreachmhor so bu mhaisich' fiamh;
 Le trusgan eutrom dh' éideadh i gu grinn
 Ni b' fhearr na rìomhadh àrd:—a h-àilleachd-sa
 Cha'n iarradh sgèimh no snas o rìomhadh fòs;
 Gun rìomhadh idir 's ann bu rìomhaich' i;
 Suarach m'a h-àilleachd, b' àilleachd i air fad,
 An rìbhinn aonarach 'an uaigneas ghleann.
 Mar ann an doimhneachd dhìomhair tir nam beann,
 An coire fasgach, no an glacaibh blàth,
 A chinneas sòbhrach fad' o shealladh sùl,
 Le fàile fallain 'mach air feadh an raoin;
 Mar sin gu cùbhraidh a's gun fhios do'n t-saogh'l
 Gu lurach àluinn 'chinn Labhinia suas.

MADUINN NA SABAID.

Nach sàmhach maduinn chiùin an latha naoimh!
 Tha fuaime an t-saoghail balbh. Cha chluinnear fòs
 'Sa bhuaile luinneag, no an fhead air raon.
 Tha'n speal 'na sìneadh anns an fheur fo dhrùchd,
 Na blàithean maoth a' seargadh anns an spadh,
 Go b' ùrail ait iad anns a' ghaoith an dé.
 Cluinnear an fhuaime is faoine,—eadhon srann
 An t-seillein mhoich, a's braona tlàth an drùchd,
 A's mèilich chaorach 's iad air uchd an t-sléibh.
 Tha fiath mar bhan-rìgh anns na speuraibh shuas.
 Dhasan tha 'mach air feadh nam bruachan àrd
 'N lon-dubh tha 'seinn ni's binn', air leis, o'n ghleann;

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven tuned song ; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.
 With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods :
 The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
 Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare,
 Stops and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
 Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
 Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;
 And, as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
 His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly Man the day of rest enjoys.
 Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
 On other days the man of toil is doom'd
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely ; the ground
 Both seat and board ; screen'd from the winter's cold
 And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree.
 But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
 With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
 Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form—
 A word and a grimace—but reverently,
 With covered face and upward, earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning air, pure from the city's smoke.
 While, wandering slowly up the river side,
 He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
 Around its roots ; and while he thus surveys,
 With elevated joy each rural charm,
 He hopes, yet tears presumption in the hope,
 That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

THE SABBATH.

(When the late Mr Patrick M'Farlane translated to Gaelic the
 "Essay on the Sanctification of the Lord's Day," written by the
 Rev. Samuel Gilfillan, Minister of Courie (father of the celebrated
 George Gilfillan), he got the late learned and accomplished Mr

An riabhag dhìrich i an diugh gu nèamh,
 Le 'feadan ceolmhor ; tha'n t-alltan fein
 Gu mòr ni's réidhe a' siubhal sìos ro'n ghleann.
 O'n bhothan bheag ud as am faicear smùid
 Ag éiridh caol os ceann a' cheo, tha fuaim
 Nam salma milis—laoidhean naomha, binn.
 Tha sìth os ceann a' bhaile bhig ud thall,
 An t-innein chlos ; tha h-uile nì 'na thàmh.
 Tha mhaidheach féin, ge fiamhach i, a' stad,
 Le 'sùil 'na déigh, a' beachdachadh gun gheilt
 Air duine, a nàmhaid bhorb. Tha'n gearran trom,
 Gun taod no teothair 'g ionaltradh gu saor ;
 Air leud a dhroma 'cur nan car le strìgh,
 A' baoisgeadh 'chrùidhean os a cheann ri gréin.

Ach 's leats' a dhuine an suaimhneas so mar sheilbh.
 Fàilt' air an là naomh, là chur sgìos nam bochd !
 Ré làithean eile air an claidh gu goirt,
 'Nan aonar ithidh iad gu grad an lòn
 Air an lòn bhlàr, fo dhìon o theas no fhuachd,
 Am fagadh creige, no fo dhubhar chraobh ;
 Ach dhachaidh thig iad air an latha naomhs',
 Gu h-ait le luchd an gràidh gun suidh iad sìos
 A' roinn an lòn, 'sa thogail suas le chéil'
 An altacha do Dhia—cha'n ann gu faoin
 Le focal, no le gluasad beòil, ach fòs
 Le sùil gu nèamh, 's an cridhe 'n sàs gu dlùth.

Fàilt' air an latha naomh ! fàilt' air là nam bochd !
 Fhuair am fear-céirde glas an diugh a chead,
 'S e 'falbh o smùid a' bhaile-mhòir gu tràth,
 Ri bruaich na h-aibhne dh' iarr e'm fàile glan ;
 A' beachdachadh le taing 'an àird' nan craobh,
 'Nan duilleach uaine, 's anns na blàithibh maoth
 Air cumhachd glòrmhor Dhé.—'S le sòlas ait
 Mar tha e 'breithneachadh gu stòld' leis féin
 Tha e fo dhòchas, (ge nach ann gun fhiamh)
 Gur Sàbaid shiorruidh bhios faidheòidh air nèamh.

AN T-SABÀID.

Fàilte dhuit, a Shàbaid chaomh !
 'S tlàth do thàmh do'n t-saoithreach bhochd,
 A chuir na sèa làithean cian,
 'Ga bhuan chlàidreadh le gnìomh goirt !

Ewan M'Lachlan, rector of the Grammar School, Aberdeen to translate the following extracts from "Grahame's Sabbath," which were given in the Appendix to the above Essay. Although this translation is rather a paraphrase on the original, yet, like all Mr M'Lachlan's compositions, the execution of it is so masterly that we feel much pleasure in giving it here. Mr M'Lachlan was the translator of "The Messiah," the first piece given in this Collection, and also of many other pieces, the most important of which is the "Iliad of Homer." Only mere specimens of this work have been printed; but we are informed that the entire MS. is in the hands of a female relative of Mr M'Lachlan, residing at Fortwilliam, who is somewhat reluctant to give it up for publication. We would recommend to some of those Societies, (say the Glasgow Celtic Society) who are so desirous to encourage and foster Gaelic literature to rescue this MS. from oblivion, by getting it published with all possible speed.]

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor-man's day;
 On other days, the man of toil is doom'd
 To eat his joyless bread lonely; the ground
 Both seat and board.—screened from the winter's cold
 And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;
 But on this day, embosomed in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves,
 With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
 Of giving thanks to God; not thanks of form,
 A word and a grimace, but reverently,
 With covered face, and upward earnest eye.

The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe—
 He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
 To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
 But now his steps a welcome sound recalls,
 Solemn the knell from yonder ancient pile
 Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
 Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-pav'd ground;
 The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
 Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
 With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-pleas'd;
 These mingled with the young, the gay, approach
 The house of God: These, spite of all their ills,
 A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
 They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,
 Until the man of God, worthy the name,

Aonarach trom dh' ith e 'lòn,
 A shuidhe 's a bhòrd am feur :
 Geug fo bhlàth, no callaid chrìon,
 'Ga dhèidin o shion nan speur.
 Faic e'n diugh gu seasgair, sèimh,
 Ri fois air an làraich ghaoil ;
 A' furan cuirme gun stràic
 'An comunn r'a chàirdibh caoin.
 'An comunn muinntireach a rùin
 'S eibhinn e 'toirt cliù d'a Rìgh ;
 Còmhach mu 'ghnùis, sùil ri nèamh,
 'S cha'n fhuar-chràbhadh 'ghnàth's gun bhrìgh.
 Is fois do fhear-cèird an droch neoil,
 Daingeann a dhòigh, ge' mòr 'fhiamh,
 Gum buannaich e 'n aimsir ghearr
 Rìoghachd 's nach faic Sàbaid crìoch.

Faic mar thill e sud roi'n réidh,
 A's fuaim 'na chluasaibh o'n t-séis bhinn ;
 Beumadh chlag bu ghleadhrach pong,
 O thùr an t-seann aitreabh dhuinn.
 A' siubhal troi'n àilean chiùin,
 Fiamh ait 'ga dhùsgadh 's gach cliabh ;
 'S thar còmhnaid leacach nan uaigh
 Tiugh-dhòrtadh an t-sluaigh a' triall.
 An t-aosda, 's an cròm, 's an dall,
 'S gille nan teum baoth 'na cheann ;
 Euslaint' ag àinich le péin,
 A làmh crìtheach, 's a cheum mall !
 Le farmad tha beachd a shùl
 Air leabaidh ghuirm ùr nam fòid ;
 'S e 'snàgan gu àros Dé
 Mar ri treud nan treun 's nan òg.
 Ge tùrsach iad sud 's ge trom
 Lasaidh 'nan cuim fonn gu ceòl,
 A' dìreadh a steach faraon,
 Le balbh aoradh do'n BHITH-MHÒR.
 Feuch, tha na mìltean 'nan tosd—
 Seall 'ga nochdadh teachdair' Dhé !
 Dh'fhosgal e'm Biobull le gràdh,
 A's luaidh e reachd àigh nan speur.
 Eiridh mar chòmhla na slòigh,
Le salm naomh 's le clàrsaich ghrinn,
 Cridhe 's beul a' gleusadh phong
 A' coimeasgadh nam fonn binn.

ALBAINN ! gu'n deanainn riut faoilte,
 'S tiorail leam raointean do ghleann ;
 Feasgar Dòmhnuidh thar gach tràth

Opens the book, and reverentially
 The stated portion reads. A pause ensues—
 The people rising, sing, *With harp, with harp,*
And voice of psalms, harmoniously attun'd
 The various voices blend.—

O Scotland ! much I love thy tranquil dales ;
 But most on Sabbath-eve, when low the sun
 Slauts through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
 Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song
 Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs ;
 Or when the simple service ends, to hear
 The lifted latch, and mark the grey-haired man,
 The father and the priest, walk forth alone
 Into his garden-plat, or little field,
 To commune with his God in secret prayer ;
 To bless the Lord that in his downward years
 His children are about him.—

THE VOICE OF DIVINE COMPASSION.

Sweet is morn's first breeze that strays on the mountain,
 And sighs o'er its bosom, and murmurs away ;
 And bright is the beam which upsprings from day's fountain,
 And breaks o'er the East in its golden array.

And lovely the riv'let incessantly flowing,
 Which winds, gently murmur'ing, its course through the plain ;
 And welcome the beacon which faithfully glowing,
 Cheers the heart of the mariner tost on the main.

But sweeter, my God, is thy voice of compassion,
 Which soft as the summer's dew falls on the mind ;
 Which whispers the tidings of life and salvation,
 And casts the dark shadows of sorrow behind.

Oh yes ! I have known it, when kindly and cheering,
 It hush'd the hoarse thunders of justice to rest ;
 It was heard, and the angel of mercy appearing,
 Pour'd the balm of relief o'er the penitent's breast.

And still may I hear it, while crossing life's ocean,
 Or borne on the billow, or breath'd in the gale ;
 Enkindling the flame of expiring devotion,
 And utt'ring the promise that never shall fail.

A' ciaradh mu àird nam beann.
 A' ghrian a' tèarnadh do'n chuoc,
 Soills' òir air choille gach bachd ;
 Mise 'falbh an lòn 'a'm thosd,
 Lionmhor m' ioghnadh, mòr mo thlachd :
 'Bhi 'cluinntinn co'-sheirm nan gràs
 Ag éiridh o fhàrdaich a' chaoil,
 Taing 'ga dhiol do Rìgh nan rìgh,
 Le rùn cridh' o dhream gun ghaoid.
 'S ionmhuinn leam sud 'nuair theid tàmh
 Air gnìomh nach àrd-chuiseach glòir,
 Iall chadha 'ga tarruing siar
 Roi'n fhear liath 's a ghluasad fòil.
 An sagart 's an t-athar gràidh
 Ag èuladh troi'n bhlàr leis féin
 Gu bruaich an iomal an raoin,
 No 'ghàrradh beag chraobh nan seud ;
 A chòmhradh r'a Dhia le cliù,
 Gu cràbhach, dùrachdach, teann ;
 A chionn gu bheil a chròilein cruinn
 Seall mu'm faic a làithean ceann.

GUTH NA CAOMH THROCAIR.

'S milis 's an òg mhaduinn sèimh-ghaoth air mòr bheanna,
 Ag osnaich sa' mhòintich, 's a' monbhur air falbh ;
 Is òrbhuidh' an ceud-ghath tha 'lasadh o'n ghréin
 'S an Ear, a's i 'g éiridh mar threun-fhear fo 'airm.

O ! 's milis an caochan tha 'sruthadh gun traoghadh,
 'S le caithream a' caochladh a chùrs' measg nan gleann ;
 Is aoibhinn an t-soillse tha 'seòladh feadh oidhche
 A' mharaich' fo ainneart, air faontradh feadh thonn.

Ach 's milse gun choimeas, a Dhé, guth do chaoimhneis,
 Air m' anam a' boillsgeadh mar dhrùchd air an fhonn ;
 Le ùr-sgeul is àghmhoire, beath' agus slàinte,
 A dh'fhuadaich gach sgàil dhorch' a shàraich mi trom.

O seadh ! 's maith is eol domh, ro-chaoimhneil ga m' chòmhnadh
 Mar chlos i am mòr ghuth 'bha ceartas a' seirm ;
 A' cluinntinn an òrduigh dhòirt aingeal na tròcair
 Ioc-shlàinte na m' leòntaibh thug sòlas gun seirbh'.

A's daonnan na m' chluasaibh, 's mi 'seòladh air chuantaidh,
 Gu'n cluinn mi 'n fhuaim cheudna 'an soirbheas, 's an tonn ;
 A' dusgadh o chagailt gach eibhl' ann am aignibh,
 Ga m' lasadh gu tagairt a' gheallaidh nach meall.

'Tis the still voice of Him who expir'd on the mountain,
And breath'd out for sinners his last dying groan ;
His voice who on Calvary open'd the fountain,
Of water to cleanse, and of blood to atone.

That voice, Oh believer! shall cheer and protect thee,
When the cold chill of death thy frail bosom invades ;
At its sound shall the Day-Star arise to direct thee,
And gild with refulgence the valley of shades.

CULLODEN.*

The battle is fought on the bleak heather moor,
And the shield from the Gael has been wrenched in the stour ;
The sword has been broke in the grasp of the brave,
And the blood of the valiant is shed by the slave ;

The kilt and the plaid that adorned the free
By Cumberland's horsemen are trod on the lea,
While the leal-hearted clansmen, whose limbs they arrayed,
On the battle-field mangled and gory are laid.

In the land of the mountains are wailing and woe ;
Its bonneted chieftains are vanquished and low ;
The warriors that life in defeat would not hold,
On the hill of Culloden are lifeless and cold.

Farewell, royal Charles ! the conflict is o'er :
Thy ancestors' kingdom no strife can restore ;
Thine essay with the clans of my love has been grand,
The fame of whose prowess for ever shall stand.

* Dr M'Leod, in giving his thrilling narrative of the rising of the Highlanders in 1745 in the "Gaelic Messenger," of which he was Editor, concluded his account of the battle of Culloden by giving the short but touching Poem of which the English is a translation. While on the subject of Culloden in connection with '45 we cannot resist the impulse of giving the following spirited lines, published some years ago in the "Inverness Advertiser," as a suitable inscription for the proposed Monument to be erected on Culloden Moor, to perpetuate the memory of the unfortunate but valiant clansmen who fell on that memorable day.—

"Mu'n cuairt an t-sléibh 'tha fo m' bhonn
Tha iomadadh sonn euchdach,

'Se guth ciùin an Ti rinn air Calbhari iobairt
(Cha'n ann arson fhirein) d'a spiorad 's d'a fheoil,
O 'n do ruith uisge-coisrigt' a's fuil a chuir casgadh
Air cruaidh éigh a' cheartais ag agairt a chòir.

Tha 'n guth so a chrìosduidh, mar shòlas 's mar sgiath dhuit,
'N uair tha'm bàs 'teachd a' t'iarnuidh gu d' chaol leabai' fhuair ;
Reult na Maidne ag éiridh aig fuaime a ghuth éibhinn,
'S le òr-bhrat ag eudach gleann iargait nan uaigh.

CUIL-FHODAIR.

Tha'm blàr air a chur air monadh an fhraoich,
Tha'n sgiath air a spònadh o ghuaillibh nan laoch :
Bhristeadh an claidheamh ann an lamhaibh nan saoi,
'S tha fuil nam fear geala fo bhonnaibh nan daoibh.

Tha 'm breacan 's an t-fhéile leis an d'éideadh na sàir,
Le marcaichibh Shasunn air an saltair ri làr ;
Tha'n suaicheantas uasal a chòmhdaich na suinn,
R'a fhaicinn 's an àrfhaich gun àilleachd, gun loinn.

Ann an dùthaich nam mòr-bheann tha uamhas a's caoidh,
Luchd nam boineid, 's nam breacan cha'n fhaicear a chaoidh,
Na fir ùra bu tréine nach géilleadh 's iad beo,
Air monadh Chùil-fhodair, gun phlosg a's gun deo.

Slàn leat a Thearlaich, chaidh an iomairt le càch ;
Oighreachd do shinnsir, chaidh i dhì ort gu brath,
Thug thu'n oidhirp, 's bu treun i, le gaisgich mo ghràidh ;
'S bi'dh iomradh 'ur cruadail air a luaidh gu là bhràth.

A thuit a sìos air an fhonn
Le buillean a's trom chreuchdan;
'S na'm faigheadh iad cothrom nan lann
A tharruinn le'n teann fhéithean,
Bu lionmhor column a's ceann
A sgaradh an dream gun éisleam;
'S bhiodh a chaochladh a nis 's an rann
R'a aithris mu àm an léirsgrios.
Ach 'bhuadhaich mìosgain a's foill,
'S chaidh laoich na loinn a reubadh;
Mar shamhladh chuireadh mis' a chaoidh
Gach là 's gach oidhch' mar dh'éirich;
'S cluinneam troi' mheanglain na coill'
Mic Albainn a' caoidh nan Treun Fhear."

THE GOLDEN AGE.—FROM OVID.

How blest the golden age in early times,
 When no avenger knew, or punished crimes;
 When faith and truth spontaneously prevailed,
 When fear or force no happy mind assailed.
 No threatening edicts, 'graved in lasting brass,
 No trembling culprit heard his sentence pass,
 No frowning judge impressed the crowd with awe,
 But all were safe without avenging law.
 As yet no pines their native mountains leave
 To cut in crooked keels the liquid wave;
 No mortals ventured yet to shores unknown,
 For all enjoyed the blessings of their own.
 No ditches deep yet peaceful towns surround,
 No brazen trumpets clang with warlike sound,
 No soldier yet, nor shield, nor shining sword,
 But peace secure the golden times afford.
 The earth itself no toil or culture knew,
 But fruits which nature gave luxuriant grew;
 And happy men, with frugal viands blessed,
 Delicious cherries from the mountains pressed.
 Cornels and berries, which the brambles love,
 And acorns from the shady tree of Jove.
 In endless spring spontaneous flowers exhale
 Their spicy fragrance on the fostering gale;
 The earth unplough'd grows white with bending corn,
 Unnumbered fruits each fertile field adorn;
 Now, streams of milk, or floods of nectar flow,
 And yellow honey bursts from every bough.

What is given on the opposite page was suggested by, and written in imitation of Ovid's "Golden age."

 THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor, old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

LINN AN AIGH.

B'i linn an àigh a bh'ann 's na làithibh céin
 Le sonas àraidh, mar a dàn' an sgeul ;
 Bha sìth a's suaimhneas seasmhach, buan gach tràth,
 Le càirdeas aobhach, caoimhneil, gràdhach, tlàth.
 Coilg, creach, no ainneart cha robh ann ni's mò,
 Bha sannt a dhith, 's bha 'n cridhe fìor, gun ghò ;
 'S an ceumaibh ceartais bha gach neach a' triall,
 Le sochair nàdur, 's ann an càirdeas fial.
 Cha robh 's an linn ud lagh gu diogh'tas trom,
 Bha caomh-lagh nàdur ceart a' tàmh 's gach com ;
 'S da réir gach nair bhiodh bens an t-sluaigh gu glic,
 'S cha bhiodh na mòid 'g an gairm gu còmhail tric.
 'N sin cha do chleachd iad a bhi 'teachd le fiamh
 A chluinntinn reachd nam breitheamh reachdail, dian ;
 No comhghair uallach inneal b' fhuaimneach srann,
 A thional sluaigh gu còmhrag cruaidh nan lann.
 Mar so gu tèaruint', suaimhneach, seimh bha'n tàmh
 Gun sgàth, gun chùram ac' roimh iomsuidh nàmh ;
 'S an luaidh gu sìor air euchd an sinnsear treun,
 Fo iomradh dhàn nam pong a b' àirde gleus.
 'N an tìr, gun fhògradh, bhiodh an còmhnuidh buan,
 Mu'n d' fhuair iad miagh air cearnaibh cian a' chuain ;
 'S mu'n d' ghabh an Gàidheal cead gu bràth le bròn
 Do "ghlinn a ghràidh 's an d' fhuair e àrach òg,"
 'S do thìr an àigh, nam fraoch-bheann àrd 's nan gleann,
 'S nan sraithean aibhneach, dreacht' le coill nan crann.
 Gach àite tric dha dh'àraich sliochd an fhéidh,
 Le siol na h-earb' gu pailt air leirg gach sléibh,
 'San sàr-iasg rioghail, 's lann-bhreac 's riomhach snuadh,
 Aig bruachaibh àithean cian o thràigh a' chuain ;
 'S an spréidh gu cuanda, bliochdar, guanach, àill',
 Air machair ùror feòir bu shùgh'or càil.
 Le cluantaibh réidh 'do 'm b' fheartar éibhinn snuadh,
 'S an comhair sìl bu shaoibhir diol do'n t-sluagh ;
 Mar so bha maoin gu saibhir, saor gu'n deoin,
 'S an còmhnuidh ghleann cha b'eòl dhoibh ganntar lòn.

~~~~~

 ACHUINGE AN DEIRCICH.

Gabh truas do bhròn an t-seann duin' fhann,  
 'S a bhuill air chrith 'ga iomchar chum do theach ;  
 Tha 'làithe 'nis ach beag air teachd gu ceann,  
 Dean còmh nadh ris 's bidh àgh a'd' mhaoin gu beachd.

These tatter'd rags my poverty bespeaks,  
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years ;  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,  
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;  
 For plenty there a residence has found,  
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !  
 Here as I craved a morsel of their bread,  
 A pampered menial drove me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome,  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,  
 Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes ; why should we repine ?  
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see ;  
 And your condition may be soon like mine,  
 A child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn ;  
 But ah ! oppression forced me from my cot—  
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,  
 Lured by a villain from her native home ;  
 Is cast abandoned on the world's wide stage,  
 And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree ;  
 Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door ;  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh ! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

Na broineagan so innsidh mi bhi bochd,  
Mo chiabhan glasa dearbhaidh m' aois bhi mòr ;  
'Gach preas a th'ann am ghruaidh luim chleachd  
A bhi na sruth-chlais dhiomhair aig mo dheòir.

An tigh ud thall a th'air an àrdan uain',  
Le 'aghaidh shleamhain mheall mi bhàr mo cheum ;  
An sud fhuair saibhreas ionad taimh a's suain,  
A's mòrchuis riomhach còmhnuidh ghrinn dh'i féin.

'S cruaidh cor an ti tha aimbeirteach a's fann !  
An so 'n nair dh'iarram orra sud greim bidh,  
Chuir òglach geòcach mi air falbh le greann,  
A dh'iarraidh fasgadh ann an sgàil a b' isl'.

O ! gabh gun dàil mi 'steach do t' fhàrdaich fhial,  
Tha ghaoith ro chruaidh, a's mheith am fuachd mo chlàith !  
Is gearr mo chuairt do'n uaigh d'am bheil mi triall,  
Oir tha mi uireas'ach a's aosmhor, sgìth.

Na'n innsinn m' aobhar bròin gu h-iomlan duit,  
M'a mhaothaich daonnachd riamh le tlus do chrì',  
Do lamh cha diùltadh còmhnaidh dhomh an diugh,  
'S bhiodh deur a' mhulaid 'ruith o d' ghruaidh gun dith.

An gearain sinn 'n nair thig mi-shealbh 'n ar dàil ?  
'Se 'm Freasdal thug mi chum na staid so féin ;  
Do chorsa feudaidh bhi mar so gun dàil,  
A'd' leanabh thrioblaidean a's truaigh' fo'n ghréin.

'N nair fhuair mi croiteag bheag o m' athair caoin,  
Mar uiseig shunndaich dh'fhàiltich mi gach là ;  
Ach dh'fhògair fòirneart mi o m' bhothan faoin—  
Mo phòr chaidh aog, a's fhuair mo spréidh am bàs.

Mo nighean ghràidh, 'bu chomhurchad do m' aois,  
Mheall daoì-fhear as a tìr 's o dachaidh féin,  
A's thilg air faontradh i, gun suim no spéis,  
Gu triall 'an aimbeairt ann an dùthaich chéin.

A's bean mo ghaoil, a dh' fhògradh cùram uam,  
Ghrad bhuail an t-òrdugh cruaidh so i le cràdh ;  
'S thuit i na h-iobairt do ea-dòchas buan,  
A's dh' fhàg an saoghail truagh so aig a gràdh.

Gabh truas do bhròn an t-seann duin' fhann,  
'S a bhuill air chrith 'g a iomchar chum do theach ;  
Tha 'làithe 'nis ach beag air teachd gu ceann,  
Dean còmhnaidh ris 's bidh àgh a'd' mhaoin gu beachd.

## AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side ;  
 When the ways of the world oppress the heart,  
 And sick of the present I turn to the past.

When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,  
 From the fond recollections of former years ;  
 And shadows of things that have long since fled  
 Flit over the brain like ghosts of the dead.

And my native land, whose magical name,  
 Thrills through the heart like electric flame ;  
 The home of my childhood, the haunt of my prime—  
 All the passions and scenes of these rapturous times.

Bright visions of glory that vanish too soon,  
 Day dreams that departed ere manhood's noon ;  
 Attachments by fate or falsehood reft,  
 And early companions either lost or left.

When my feelings were young and the world was new,  
 Like fresh flowers of Eden unfolding to view ;  
 All, all is departed, forgotten forgone,  
 And I, a lone exile, remembered by none.

My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,  
 A-weary of all that is under the sun ;  
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,  
 I fly to the desert afar from man.

When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife ;  
 The proud man's frown and the poor man's fear,  
 The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tear.

When the ways of the world oppress my heart,  
 And I dread its vanity, vileness and art ;  
 Ah ! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,  
 Afar in the desert alone to ride.

Where nothing corrupting or foolish is heard,  
 But the wind's gentle zephyrs both near and far ;  
 Away, away in the wilderness vast,  
 Where the foot of the white man hath never past.

And there while the night winds round me sigh,  
 And the stars burn bright in midnight sky ;  
 As I sit apart on the desert stone,  
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone.

## AN GAIDHEAL AIR FUADAN.

'S e mo mhiann a bhi triall anns na coillteanan fàs,  
 Le mo steud-each bras riomhach nach dìobair an càs,  
 'N uair 'bhios amhghairean geura 'toirt dheur o mo shùil,  
 A's mi caoidh gu ro-chràiteach na dh' fhàg mi air chùl.

A's a' sealltainn gu cianail—gach ial—a's gach balbh,  
 Ri caomh sgàil'ean tiamhaidh nam bliadhnaibh a dh' fhalbh;  
 A's ri taibhsean nan eòlach (mo bhròn' 's mo luchd gaoil,  
 'Chaidh le gaoith fhuair an reòta mar cheò chur fa sgaoil:

A's ri tìr sin mo dhùchais—ath-ùrachadh 's clì  
 Bheir a h-ainm anns gach uair theid a luaidh do mo chrì—  
 'S ris an dachaidh 'san d' fhàs mi air àiridh an fhraoich,  
 Far nach cluinnt' ann ach gàirich nam bà a's nan laogh.

Sin na bruadaran neònach tha 'seòladh mu m' cheann  
 Mar a sheòlas am fireun mu chìrean nam beann—  
 Sin na cusbairean sòlais o 'n d' fhògradh mi trà  
 Mus an gann thainig m' òige gu treòir mheadhon-là.

'N sin bha m' inntinn glan maoth, a's bha 'n saoghal dhomh ùr  
 Mar an t-àileadh an Eden a' séideadh feadh fhùr;  
 Ach chaochail, o'n uair sin, 's cha truagh leis an tràs'  
 Gum bheil an Gàidheal air fuadan 'sna coillteanan fàs.

Tha mo neart dol a dhìth, tha mo chrì' air toirt géill—  
 Tha mi sàraichte sgèith leis gach ni tha fo'n ghréin—  
 Tha mi claidhte le truaighean nach smuaintich gu bràth  
 Neach ach Gàidheal air fuadan 'sna coillteanan fàs.

Ach 'n uair bhios gach gàbhadh tha'm fàsach nan deur  
 Le'n deuchaineach cràiteach 's le'n sàrachadh geur—  
 'N uair bhios diomba nan triath, agus fiamhachd nam bochd,  
 (Gu minic mar tha iad) 'g am fhàgail fo sprochd.

'Nuair bhios dòighean an t-saoghail 'cur daorsa air m'fhonn,  
 A's a dh'fhàgas 'mhi-naomhachd a's 'fhaoineis mi trom;  
 'N sin nach mòr am fuasgladh, an suaimhneas, 's an gràs,  
 'Gheibh an Gàidheal air fuadan 'sna coillteanan fàs.

'S an àite nach cluinn mi ni truailidh no baoth,  
 Ach oiteag o thuath a's i luasgadh nan craobh;  
 Fada cian anns an fhàsach o àros nan slògh,  
 Far nach do thog an t-àireach riamh bàthigh na crò.

Mu fheasgar tha'n iarmalt 's an iar air dhat' 'n òir,  
 'N sin foillsichear an Ré dhomh 's na reultan 'na còir;  
 Ag inns' gu bheil tràth dhomh bhi 'tarsuinn fo bhruaich,  
 Mar bha 'm fàidhe aig Horeb 'na ònar 's an uaimh.

A still small voice comes through the wild  
 Like a father consoling his fretful child ;  
 Which banisheth bitterness, wrath and fear,  
 Saying, " Man is distant, but God is near."

~~~~~

THE CUCKOO.*

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear :
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the wood,
 To pull the primrose gay,
 With pleasure listens to thy voice,
 And imitates thy lay.

* The following verses on the Cuckoo, said to have been composed by a medical gentleman in the Highlands, appeared in the 28th No. of the " Mountain Visitor." The writer admits that he had the Poem given above in his eye when he wrote, but denies that what he gives is a translation.—

O ! fàilt' ort féin, a chuthag ghorm,
 Le t'òran ceòlnhor, milis ;
 'S o seirm do bheòil sa' chéitein òg
 A thogadh bròn o m' chridhe.

'S ro bhinn leam t'fhuaim sa' mhaduinn chéit',
 'S tu air bàrr géig 'san innis ;
 'N àm feasgar ciùin, aig bun nan stùc,
 'N uair bhiodh an driùchd a' sileadh.

O ! innis c'ait' an robh do thriall,
 'N uair bha na siaantan fionn-fhuar ;

'N sin laidhidh mi 'smuainteach' mu bhuaidh Fir-mo-ghaoil,
 A's cluinnidh mi ri h-ùine "guth ciùin agus caol,"
 'G ràdh, "Duine tha cian uait, ach Dia a's a ghràs
 Cha tréig Gàidheal air fuadan 'sna coillteanan fàs."

A' CHUTHAG.

Fàilt' ort, eilthirich ghlais nam bruaich,
 Teachdair an earraich ait ;
 Tha t'aitreabh-shamhraidh uile deas,
 Tha choill' a' seinn duit fàilt'.

Cha luaithe thig an neòinein maoth,
 Na thogas tus' am fonn ;
 'Bheil agadsa reul-iùil gu h-àrd,
 Gad threorachadh do'n fhonn !

Leat fein a chuairteir aoibhnichean ait,
 Dh' fhàiltichinn àm nam blàth ;
 An t-àm 'sam bi a' chòisridh bhinn
 A' seinn gu grinn gach tràth.

Am balachan beag, 's e trusadh bhlàth,
 Gu h-àrd air uchd nan tom,
 Le aighear éisidh e do ghuth
 'S co-fhreagraidh e am fonn.

N'an robh thu 'd' thosd, gun chàil, gun toirt,
 An còs a' chnuic fo dhubhar ?

'S mòr m' fharmaid riut, a chubhag chaomh,
 Cha dean thu bròn a'd' shiubhal ;
 Chionn tha do chulthaobh daonnan gorm,
 'S do chridhe daonnan subhach.

'S ged theicheas tu roimh 'n fhuachd air àm,
 Gu faic do ghleann thu 'rithisd ;
 Ach 'nuair bheir mise ris mo chùl
 Cha bhi mo dhùil ri pilleadh.

O ! 's truagh nach b' urrainn dhomh leat triall,
 Air astar sgéith 'nar dithis ;
 Le caismeachd bhinn 'toirt fios gach àm
 'Nuair bhiodh an samhradh 'tighinn.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
 Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.



THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse o'er the ramparts we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's dusky light,
 And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
 And we bitterly thought of to-morrow.

We thought—as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow—
 How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;

Fo bhlàth 'n uair thig a' pheasair ghlas,
 Fàgaidh tu 'choill gu luath ;
 Aoidheachd iarraidh tu an dùthch'aibh céin
 Chur fàilt air earrach nuadh.

Do choill-se ! eoin nam buadh tha gorm,
 Do speur do ghnàth tha blàth,
 Mulad cha 'n 'eil a chaidh a'd' dhàn,
 No geamhradh ann a'd' thràth.

O ! na'm bu leamsa sgiath an eoin,
 Gu'n siubhlainn leat gach àit,
 Air chéilidh feadh an t-saoghail mhòir,
 Còmhlan an earraich ait.

TORRADH SHIR IAIN MOORE.

Cha chualas fonn téise no bròn air a' Mhùr.
 Mar thog sinn a chorp air ar guailnibh ;
 Cha do loisgeadh urchair le saighdear m'an ùir ;
 Druma cha chualas a' bualadh.

Thiodhlaiceadh esan an uaigheas na h-oidhech',
 Airm chatha a' cladhach na h-ùrach,
 A' ghealach gu fann roi' neulaibh a' soills',
 Leus soluis 'g ar seòladh gu tùrsach.

Cha robh feum aig an laoch air cist' a bhiodh buan,
 No ollauachd anairt g'a chuairteach';
 Ach laidh e mar ghaisgeach a' gabhail a shuain,
 Le 'thrusgan cogaidh mu 'n cuairt air.

B' aithghearr, 's bu teare an urnuigh chaidh suas,
 A's shil sinn na dedòir gu sàmhach,
 Ag amharc air creubh an tréin a thug buaidh,
 A's buairte mu theachd an là màireach.

Oir thug sinn fainear a' cladhach na h-uaigh,
 'S mar bha sinn gu truagh 'ga dealbhadh,
 Gu'n deanadh coigrich a saltairt le fuath,
 Agus sinn' air a' chuan a' seòladh.

Le tàir air a spiorad gu'n deanadh an nàmh,
 Air an uaigh so suidhe 'ga chàineadh ;

But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.—

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

G L E N A R A .*

OH! heard you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire and her people are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud:
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They march'd all in silence—they look'd to the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar,
“Now here let us place the gray-stone of her cairn—
Why speak ye no word?” said Glenara the stern.

“And now tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse.
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud you your brows?”
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

* Lady Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Archibald, Second Earl of Argyle, was married to Lachlan Cattanach Maclean of Duart. It is evident from what followed that their marriage was not a happy one; for Maclean, determined to get rid of his wife, left her on a rock in the Sound of Mull to perish by the rising tide. She was rescued, however, by a boat's crew who had heard her piercing cries, and was conveyed in safety to Inverary Castle. Tradition says that Maclean announced to the Argyle family his sudden bereavement, and requested them to join in his grief; and was suffered to go through the solemnities of a mock funeral—that he was met by his father-in-law and his men at the head of

Ach 's suarach sin dhasan a' gabhail a thàimh
Far an d'rinn a luchd-dàimh a chàradh.

Ghairmeadh air falbh sinn o obair a' bhròin,
A's cian mu'n robh crìoch air an tòrradh,
Chuala sinn toirm a' chogaidh 'teachd oirnn,
A's gaoir nan gunnacha mòra.

Ach leig sinn e sìos gu h-athaiseach ciùin,
Mar thuit e an tréin a mhòrachd,
Gun leachd-lighe r'a cheann, gun chàrn os a chionn,
Ach sìnte le 'ghlòir 'na ònrachd.

GLEANNAORA.

O! 'n cuala sibh nuallan na pìoba sa' ghaoith?
Tha'm bannal a' tighinn le tuire, 's le caoidh;
Dh'eug nighean Mhic Cailein, 's trom acain a chléibh,
Ag imeachd le 'ghillibh 'an coinneamh a creubh.

Ghluais esan roi'n ghiùlan, luchd-bròin air gach taobh,
A chinneadh 'ga leantuinn, cha chualas an glaoth;
Phaisg iad am breacain m'am broilleach gu teann,
Ghluais iad le h-aimheal, gun smid as an ceann.

Ghluais iad gu tosdach roi' mhonadh an fhraoich,
Gu réidhle in an daraich bh'air crìonadh le aois;
"Fo leachd-lighe na còinnich, 'an so càiribh mo luaidh—
Nach labhair mo ghillea?" deir Gleannaora fo ghruaim.

"A luchd cinnidh mo chéile," ars' an Leathanach garg,
"C'arson tha gach maladh cho duaichnidh le fearg?
A'bheil foill air a cleth fo bhreacain a daimh?"
Thogadh na breacain, 's bha biodag 's gach laimh.

Glenara, where the coffin was opened and Maclean disgraced for his cruelty and treachery, and was instantly sacrificed by the Campbells and thrown into the ready-made grave. The latter part of this report is not correct, as Maclean was killed in Edinburgh, some years thereafter, by the brother of lady Elizabeth. The best account we have seen of this wild and romantic affair is written by Dr M'Leod of St. Columba, Glasgow, who also translated this deservedly popular Poem. The account referred to, along with the excellent translation, is given in the *Gaelic Messenger* for August, 1829.

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud,
 “ And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem :
 Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”

Oh ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween ;
 When the shroud was unclosed and no body was seen ;
 When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—
 ’Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn :—

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
 I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief ;
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem :
 Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
 And the desert reveal’d where his lady was found :
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne :
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England !
 Who guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze,
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages long and loud,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave ;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 • While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages long and loud,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

“ Bhruadair mise m'an rìbhinn, 's mu eislinn nam marbh,”
 Ghlaodh guth an fhir chinnidh gu tartarach searbh ;
 “ Bha chaisil-chrò falamh, an t-anart gu'n chreubh,
 'Mhic Cailein, 'Mhic Cailein, an aisling so leugh.”

O ! chinn Mac'Illeathain gu glas-neulach fann,
 'Nuair dh'fhosgladh a' chiste, an corp cha robh ann
 'N sin ghlaodh am fear-cinnidh ni b'àirde fo cholg,
 Am flath uasal thug gràdh do Ealasaid òig.

“ Chunnaic mis' ann am aisling rìbhinn mo ghaoil,
 'S an t-ainneart a fhuair i 'an Duairt a' chaoil ;
 Air carraig a' chuain 's ann a chuala mi h-éigh :
 Mhic Cailein, Mhic Cailein, an aisling so leugh.”

Thuit an cealgair le geilt air a ghlùinibh 's an ùir,
 A's dh'aidich e'n t-àite 'n robh 'n t-àilleagan ùr ;
 O charraig a' chuain thugadh ainnir nam buadh,
 'S bha chuirm air a càramh an àros nan stuadh.



MARAICHEAN NA H-ALBA.

A mharaichean na h-Alba,
 A dh' fhalbhadh leinn le gairm,
 Fo'r brataich riabh bu dìleas,
 A sheas ri strìgh 's ri stoirm ;
 Le sròl a' srannraich 'mach o thìr,
 'Chur naimhdean sìos le buaidh,
 Agus siùbhlaibh thar nan sùgh
 'Nuair is gailbhich' smùid a' chuain,
 'S is fuaimneach, fada toirm a' chath',
 'S is gailbhich' smùid a' chuain.

Gu 'n eirich riochd nan treun-fhear
 Mar éibhlean o gach tonn !
 O 'n uaighibh uaine sàil',
 Air 'm bu bhlàr dhoibh clàir nan long ;
 'S far 'n deachaidh *Nelson* treun do'r dìth,
 Gu 'n las gach cridh' gu'r gruaidh,
 'Dol gu siùbhlach thar nan sùgh,
 'Nuair is gailbhich' smuid a' chuain ;
 'S is fuaimneach, fada toirm a' chath',
 'S is gailbhich' smùid a' chuain.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep :
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy tempests blow ;
 When the battle rages long and loud,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor-flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return ;
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.



ADAM AND EVE.

There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower,
 Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour!
 In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
 At starry midnight charm'd the silent air ;
 In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep,
 To hail the sun slow wheeling from the deep ;
 In vain, to sooth the solitary shade,
 Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd ;
 The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
 The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ;—
 Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
 And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
 The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !
 And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled !

'Cha 'n fheum ar dùthaich daingnich',
 'S tùr-chaisteil chrann m'a tràigh,
 'S ur siubhal-s' air na sléibhtibh cuain,
 'S ur dachaidh buan air sàil'.
 Le tàirneanach o'r darach cruaidh,
 Theid tuinn a chlaoidh gu suain,
 'S iad a' rànaich gu tràigh,
 'Nuair is gairbhe gàirich cuain ;
 'S is fuaimneach, fada toirm a' chath',
 'S is gairbhe gàirich cuain.

A' bhratach bhuadhar, Bhreatunnach,
 Gu 'n leum 's gu 'n las r'a crann,
 Gus 'dean uainn' oidheche 'chruadail triall,
 'S reul-sìth' gu tìr nam beann.
 Bidh sin, a ghaisgeach' fairge !
 Ar ceol 's ar cuirm le 'r buaidh,
 'S fuaim ar ciùil bidh mu'r cliù,
 'Nuair dh' fhàsas ciùin' air cuan ;
 'S gun tuillidh toirm no teine cath',
 Gun strìgh gun stoirm air cuan.



ADHAMH AGUS EUBH.

Bu mhaiseach Eden le 'chuid gheug a's chrann,
 Ach 's beag do dh' aighear 'fhuair ar n-athair ann ;
 Bu diomhain do na h-aingil mhaith bhi 'n dùil
 Gun cuireadh iad air aiteas le 'n cruit-chiùil ;
 Bu diomhain do na h-eoin, air òb 's air ghéig,
 Bhi 'cur ri ceòl san fheasgar bhòidheach chéit ;
 Bu diomhain do 'n t-sruth mhòr bhi 'crònaich dha,
 'S do bheachain bhreac bhi 'srannraich 'measg nam blàth ;
 Cha robh nan ceòl ach glòramas gun bhlas,
 Cha robh an Gàradh ach mar fhàsach ghlas ;
 Bha Adhamh còir na ònaran fo ghruaim
 Gus an d' fhuair e Eubh, a' bhean a b' éibhinn snuadh.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind beaten hill:
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger;
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert may flee;

* T. Campbell, in his autobiographical notes, written in 1837, refers to the above Poem in the following words:—"While tarrying at Hamburg, in the year 1800, I made acquaintance with some of the Irish refugees, who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798. Among these was one Anthony M'Cann, an honest, excellent man who is still alive and in prosperous circumstances at Altona. When I first knew him he was in a situation much the reverse; but Anthony commanded respect whether rich or poor. It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thought of his situation, that I wrote 'The Exile of Erin.'" There were others also resident there with whom Campbell felt deep sympathy, and this awakened the strings of his lyre and induced this touching effusion, which was in a few days set to music and sung by the exiles themselves. The celebrated Tom Moore, designated by the Irish "FLATH NAM FILI," often said, that he would rather than fourteen of his best pieces that he had been the author of this Poem. Another Irish Poet, Mr James M'Henry, wrote "The Exile's Return," and although we cannot at present accompany it with a translation, we hope to be able to do so in a subsequent edition. Its insertion here will help to cheer the reader after perusing the foregoing.—

O'er the hills of Slieve-Gallen, as homeward he wandered,
 The Exile of Erin oft paused with delight;
 To dear recollections his soul he surrendered,
 As each well known object returned to his sight:
 Here was the brook oft he leaped so light-hearted,
 Here was the bower where with love he first smarted,
 And here was the old oak where, when he departed,
 He carved his last farewell—'twas Erin go bragh.

His heart wild was beating, when softly assailed him
 The sound of a harp—Oh! he listened with joy!
 His quickening emotions, his visage revealed them,
 And the fire of his country beamed strong from his eye!
 A sweet female voice soon the loved strains attended—
 'Twas dear to his fond soul that o'er it suspended,

FOGARRACH EIRINN.

Gu cladach a' chuain thainig fuadanach Eirinn,
 'S an driùchd air a thrusgan luidh trom agus fuar
 'S i 'n dùthaich rinn 'àrach 'dhùisg pràmhan a chléibhe,
 'Na aonar fo shiontan a' faontra mu'n cuairt ;
 Ach air reula na maidne ghrad bheachdaich a shùilean,
 'S i 'g éiridh a suas os ceann cuain m'a thìr dhùthchais,
 Far am b'àbhaist da òg fonn 'òrain a dhùsgadh,
 A' seinn gu h-ait, eutrom, dàin Eirinn gu bràch !

O ! 's truagh tha mo chor, ars' an coigreach 's e cràiteach,
 Gheibh féidh 's madaidh-allt' àite fasgach gu tàmh ;

With each note the spirits of feeling ascended,
 Sung soft to the accents of Erin go bragh.

"I once had a lover," thus ran the sweet numbers,
 "Now doomed far from me and his country to mourn ;
 Perhaps in the cold bed of death e'en he slumbers—
 Ah! my soul canst thou think he shall ever return ?
 Yes, he shall—for he lives, and his past woes redressing,
 His country shall claim him with smiles and caressing,
 And, locked in my arms, he'll pronounce her his blessing—
 That country which wronged him, his Erin go bragh.

"As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he was tender,
 And formed was his bosom for friendship and love ;
 But called by his country, still swift to defend her,
 Undaunted, and fierce as the eagle he 'd move.
 That ardour of passion for me that he pleaded,
 By what female heart could it have been unheeded ?
 The love of his country alone could exceed it,
 For still his first wish was for Erin go bragh !

"This Harp on whose strings oft he roused each emotion,
 Unrivalled the soft tones of feeling to draw,
 He left me—the pledge of his heart's true devotion,
 And bade me oft strike it to Erin go bragh !
 Oft I've dreamed that on it, as he sat in this bower,
 He touched the sad tale of his exile with power ;
 Each soul-glowing patriot the strain did devour,
 Struck full to the magic of Erin go bragh.

"But cease, ye vain dreams ! for at morn still I lose him ;
 And cease, my false hopes ! for my griefs must remain"—
 "No, they must not," he cried—and he rushed to her bosom—
 Your Exile's returned to his Erin again !
 Now fallen the oppressors that sought to destroy me,
 Love, friendship, and Erin shall henceforth employ me."
 "'Tis himself !" she exclaimed : "Oh ye powers ! ye o'erjoy me !
 Then blest be my country, blest Erin go bragh !"

But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers
 And strike to the numbers of *Erin go bragh*.

O Erin my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a far distant land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
 Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chace me?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
 They died to defend me, or lived to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire! did you weep for its fall?
 Where is my mother that tended my childhood?
 And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?
 Oh my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did you dote on a fast fading treasure?
 Tears, like the raindrop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my fond bosom can draw;
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
 Land of my forefathers! *Erin go bragh*!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean!
 And thy harp-striking Bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh!

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

* In the year 1314 Edward II. invaded Scotland with an army of 100,000 men. King Robert Bruce met him at Bannockburn, near Stirling, with only 40,000 Scots. The above Address is

Ach dhomhs' cha'n 'eil tearmunn o ghort a's o ghàbhadh,
 Dachaidh a's dùthaich, mo chùl riu gu bràch.
 Gu bràch aun an taice nam badan gorm, blàtha,
 Far 'n do thuinnich mo shinnsear cha chaith mi mo làithean,
 Le fiadh-lusan bòidheach cha chòmhdaich mo chlarsach,
 'S cha sheinn mi o 'teudan ceòl Eirinn gu bràch!

Eirinn, mo dhùthaich! ged 's tùrsach fo thàr mi,
 A'm aisling a ghnàth tha mi 'tàladh a' d' chòir;
 Ach 'n uair dhùisgeas gu moch an tìr choimhich a ta mi,
 A' caoidh nan caomh chàirdean nach faic mi nì's mò.
 O! 's cruaidh an càs gun bhi 'n àit' air mo chàradh
 Far am bithinn fo dhèidh—an sìth o gach gàbhadh!
 A chaoidh cha chuir fàilte le gràdh orm mo bhràithrean,
 Ga m' dhion cuid fhuair bàs, 's na tha làthair ga m' bhròn.

C'à' bheil mo bhothan, am fochar nan coilltean?
 Gbuil m' athair 's mo phiuthar 'n uair thuit e gu làr;
 C'à' bheil mo mhàthair a dh'àraich mi'm naoidhean?
 A's e'a' bheil mo cheud-ghràdh a's m' fheudail thar chàich?
 O! m' anam brònach, rinn sòlas do dhìobairt,
 Com' an d' chuir thu ùigh ann an dùil tha neo-bhrì'or?
 Ged shileas mo dheòir uam mar dhòrtadh na dìle,
 Cha phill mùirn a's mais' air an ais leo o'n bhàs.

Ged tha cui'neachadh m' àbhaist an tràs 'toirt mo chli uam,
 Aon athchuinge bàis a'm uchd pràmhaile ni tàmh;
 Eirinn, mo bheannachd biodh agad mar dhùileab,
 Fhearainn mo shinnsearaibh, Slàn leat gu bràch!
 'Nuair bhios anns an uaigh mo chrì' fuar 's e gun ghluasad,
 O! iunnis na mara biodh do mhachraichean uaine;
 'S do bhàird le guth àrd 'seinn le'n clàrsaichean fuaimneach,
 "Eirinn, mo mhùirnein! Eirinn gu bràch!

BROSNACHADH BHRUCE.

'Threun' 's tric le *Wallace* 'dh' fhuiling creuchd!
 'S fo *Bhruce* chaidh dàn' gu àr nan euchd!
 Nis iarraibh bàs am blàr nam beum,
 No buaidh gu treun 's an strìth!

supposed to have been spoken by Bruce to his army on the approach of the enemy. The English were defeated, an immense slaughter followed, and Scotland was delivered from her invaders.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 See the front of battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power,
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor-knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha so base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurper low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty in every blow !
 Let us do, or die !

L I N E S

*On the Death of Mrs William M'Kinnon Fort-Augustus **

She is gone, she is gone, to the mansions of rest,
 And the storm now is hushed in a calm ;
 She has tuned her sweet harp with the choirs of the blest,
 In praises of God and the Lamb.

Yes! the wild winds are still, and the tempest is hushed,
 And the voyager is safe on the shore ;
 And the tears now are dry that had formerly gushed ;
 And she sighs and she sorrows no more.

She lived as a pilgrim,—she died in the faith,
 Her heart and her home were above ;
 And no more shall she mourn o'er a body of death,
 Or affections from Jesus that rove.

* We have seen verses very like the foregoing in an old volume of Poems ; we are not, therefore, altogether satisfied, that the

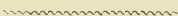
So latha 'chruais—an uair tha làir !
 Feuch feachd fo'n cruaidh air cluan an àir !
 A' teachd le'n uail gu buaireas blàir
 A dheanamh thràillea dhibh !

Cò thig do'n strìth neo-dhìleas, claon ?
 Cò dh'iarradh uaigh ach cluan an raoin ?
 Cò strìochdadh sìos gu dìblidh, faoin
 Air cùl nan claon-fhear clìth ?

Cò 'n càs a rìgh, a riogh'ehd, 's a reachd,
 Bheir beum nan geur-lann treun an gleachd !
 Gu buaidh a'm blàr no bàs 'na bheachd,
 An gaisgeach leanadh mi. |

Air truaighe 's teinn, ar n-ainneirt chruaidh,
 'S ar slìochd an sàs nan tràillibh truagh' ;
 O'r cuislibh tràight' air sgàth ar sluaigh,
 Thig saorsa bhuan le sìth !

Biodh uaibhrich sleuchdt' fo'r beuma bàis ;
 Fear-ainneirt dh'eug 'nuair ghèilleas nàmh,
 Tha saorsa fhéin a'm beum 'ur làmh,
 'Ar n-aghaidh—buaidh no bàs san strìth !



R A N N A N

Air Bàs Bean Uilleam Mhic Ionmhuinn an Cille-Churmein.

O ! dh'fhalbh i air imrich do chomhnuidh na fois,
 Thainig fosadh air doinionn nan sian ;
 'S gu'n d'ghleus is' a clàrsach ri naomh-cheol nam flath,
 'Sheinn cliù do'n Ard-thriath a's do'n Uan.

Seadh, shìochaidh an stoirm, agus thùirling am fiath,
 'S tha 'n taisdealach tearuint' air tìr ;
 Gu'n do thiormaich na deoir a bha roimhe so 'sruth,
 A's air osnaich a's gul thainig crìoch.

'B' eilthire a beatha ; sa' chreidimh bha 'bàs,
 Bha 'cridhe 's a h-àros gu h-àrd ;
 Cha ghearain i tuille a h-aighe 'bhi fuar,
 N'a column bhi buailteach do'n bhàs.

English of these lines, were originally composed on the death of
 Mrs William M'Kinnon.

Now far from this valley of sorrow and care,
 She has joined with the glorified throng,
 And methinks from the seat of the seraphim there,
 I hear the sweet notes of their song.

"Salvation, and glory, and wisdom, and might,
 To Him who once died on the cross;
 And riches, and honour, and power are his right
 Who once bore dishonour and loss.

To him who so freely redeemed us with blood,
 And washed us from every stain,
 And now makes us Princes and Priests with our God,
 Be glory forever, Amen."

Thus they sing,—(for the page of the volume divine
 Thus far has developed their lays;)
 Made like him in glory forever they shine,
 And dwell with delight on his praise.

Then, weep not, ye children, and weep not ye friends,
 Nor the husband to her was so dear;
 The enjoyments of heaven will soon make amends,
 For our partings and sufferings while here.

Full oft at the footstool of mercy we bowed,
 Forgiveness and grace to implore,
 With her who now slumbers at rest in her shroud,
 Whom on earth we can met with no more.

And what though that form once so loved and so dear,
 Must sleep for a while in the tomb;
 Yet soon shall the glorious morning appear,
 That shall raise it in glory to bloom.

In old Fort-Augustus her memory shall live,
 In the hearts and affections of friends,
 Although she has bade us a lasting farewell,
 Her deeds shall forever remain.

THE MERCIES OF GOD.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth
 will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations."—
 PSALM lxxxix. 1.

Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
 The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
 Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
 Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;

Fad as o ghleann iomagain, 's o chùram, 's o bhròn,
 Tha i 'n coisir nan naomh ann an gloir;
 A's saoillean, á ionad nan seraphim shuas,
 Gu'n cluinn mi binn fhuaim an cuid cecil.

“Biodh slàint', agus gloir, agus gliocas, a's neart,
 Do'n Tì a fhuair bàs air a' chraun!
 'S e saibhreas, a's urram, a's cumhachd a cheart,
 Mar éiric air tailceas a's call.

Agus dhasan a dh'ionnlaid gu saor sinn 'na fhuil,
 O gach lochd, o gach peacadh a's beud;
 'S a rinn sagairt a's rìghrean dhinne do Dhia,
 Biodh gloir agus urram gach ré.”

'S ann mar so a tha 'n fhirinn a' cur dhuinn an céill,
 Mu na naoimh a tha 'seinn air a ghràdh,
 A tha 'dealradh f'a chomhair mar ghathau na grein',
 A's le tlachd 'deanamh sgéil air gu bràch.

Na guileadh a céile, a càirdean, n'a clann—
 Cha'n aobhar dhuibh ann a bhi 'caoidh;
 Diolaidh sòlas nan neamhan an diobradh a bh' ann,
 Gach mulad, gach deang, agus claidh.

An achanaich còmhladh gu tric chuir iad suas
 Ag aslachadh trècair a's gràs,
 Leis an té tha 'na suain anns an lion-aodach fhuar,
 'S nach fhaic iad a-snuadh gu la bhràth.

Ged 'dh' fheumas an cruth sin do 'n d' thug sibhse luaidh
 Car seal anns an uaigh a bhi 'n tàmh,
 Gu grad thig a' mhaduinn 's am mosgail e suas
 Sàr oirdhearc a'm buaidh 's ann an àill'.

An seann Chille-Chuimein bidh cuimhne gu buan
 Air caomhas 's air suairceas na mnà;
 Ged 'ghabh i 'cead buan dhinn, cha diobair a luaidh
 Ann an inntinn an t-sluaigh 'thug dhi gràdh.

TROCAIREAN DHE.

“Air trècairibh an Tighearna gu bràth seinnidh mi: o linn gu linn foillsichidh mi t'fhirinn le m' bheul.”—SALM lxxxix. 1.

'S i do thrècair, Iehobhah, tha dhomh na bun-sgéil—
 'Na h-aobhneas do m' chridhe, 's na h-uail ann a'm' bheul;
 Do shaor-ghràs a mhàin o thoiseach gu crìch,
 Air m' aigne thug buaidh, 's chuir mo chridhe fo chìs.

Gun do thrècairean milis, cha 'n fhaodainn bhi beò,
 Oir peacadh mi-rianail rinn m' fhàgail gun treòir;

But through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way ;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus my friend when he hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world ? a wildering maze,
Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare ;

Ach trìd do shaor-mhaitheas gu'n d' chum thu mi suas,
'S an Ti sin a dhealbh mi gu'n toir e dhomh buaidh.

Tha dorus do thròcair-se fosgailt gach là
Do'n bhoichd a's do'n fheumach a bhuaileas gach trà ;
Agus peacaich thruagh, fhalamh, á Iosa ni bun,
Cha do chuir e uaith' falamh, 's am feasda cha chuir.

'S i do thròcair an Ios' ni mo shaoradh o thruaigh' ;
Air a ghlòir bidh mi 'seinn, a's air 'iognadh ni luaidh :
'S e Iosa m' fhear-tagraidh, chaidh a cheusadh a'm àit' ;
'S e 'n t-slighe, 'se 'n fhèrrinn, nach dìobair gu bràch.

AN CANAAN NEAMHAIDH.

Fad as o shiantan dorch' an t-sao'il,
Tha glòir nach traoigh gu bràth ;
A's ionad sona thar gach smaoin,
Nach leur do dhaoin' an tràths'

Am fearann àluinn fada, cian,
Na'n tuigte trian d'a àgh,
Ghrad dhùisgeadh ann ar n-anam miann
'Bhi 'n sin gu siorruidh 'n tàmh.

Ni mo bhios tiuneas ann no péin,
'S cha chluinnear éigh luchd-bròin ;
Bidh slàint' a's òig' ann feadh gach ré,
'S gach teang' air ghleus gu ceòl.

Gu soilleir, dealrach feadh gach uair,
A' ghrian cha ghluais fo neul ;
Oir peacadh, sìol gach uile thruaigh'
Cha d' téid a suas do nèamh.

Cha bhi oidheh' ann feadh gach iall,
'S cha bhual a' ghrian 'san là ;
Oir glòir a' teachd o chathair Dhia,
'S e sin an grian gu bràch.

AM BIOBULL.

Ciod e an saogh'l ach fàsach mòr ?
'S an d' dhealbh am peac' deich mìle ròd,
A chur a chreich an sàs ;

All broad, and winding, and aslope,
 All tempting with perfidious hope—
 All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
 Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
 Down to eternal night:
One humble path that never bends—
 Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
 From darkness unto light.

Is there a guide to show that path?
 The Bible;—he alone who hath
 The Bible, need not stray;
 Yet he who hath and will not give
 That heavenly guide to all that live,
 Himself shall lose the way.

C. P S A L M.*

All people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
 Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
 Come ye before him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
 Without our aid he did us make;
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,
 And for his sheep he doth us take.

O! enter then his gates with praise,
 Approach with joy his courts unto:
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is forever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

* In our Gaelic Psalms there is no long metre version of the C. Psalm. The translation given on the opposite page is by the

Iad uile leathann, lùbach, claon,
A' gealltuinn sòlas do gach aon—
Ach uile 'stad sa' bhàs.

Na ròid sin tha do choigrich làn,
'S gach aon a' giulan uallaich féin,
A sios do shlochd na caoïdh :
Tha aon cheum fòil, nach lùb am feasd,—
Gu h-aimhlea'nn, doirbh a' dìreadh cas
O dhorchadas gu soills'.

An t-slighe sin co leigeas ris ?
Am Biobull;—cha ruig aon a leas
Le 'Bhiobull dol o'n cheum ;
Ach es' aig am bheil 's nach toir seach ?
An neamh cheann-iuil so do gach neach,
Air seachran theid e féin.



C. S A L M.

'Gach slògh d' an còmhnuidh 'n cruinne-cé
Togaibh gu léir ait-chliù do 'n Triath,
Ri gàirdeachas 'n ar Cruithfhear treun,
Le 'r binn-cheòl éireadh cliù do 'r Dia.

Dhuibh 's fios gu'r h-esan Dia amhàin,
O'm bheil gach àl—ar dealbh 's ar deò,
A threud sinn—'s biathaidh e gach tràth,
'S ni dìon a's àrach dhuinn ri 'r beò.

Air dorsaibh 'àrois doirtibh 'steach,
'Na chùirtibh ait', dha thigibh dlùth,
'S guth molaidh 's gàirdeachais gach neach
A' luaidh air feartaibh Dhé nan dùl.

Airson gu 'r mòr 's gu 'r maith ar Dia,
Mu 'thròcair chinntich 's maith bhi 'seinn ;
'S 'fhirinn a sheas gu daingean riabh,
Gu mair, feadh linntean siorruidh, leinn.

Rev Angus Macintyre, Kinlochspelve, Mull. We would respectfully recommend its insertion in the next edition of the Psalms.

HYPOCRISY.

Thus says the prophet of the Turk,
 " Good Mussulman abstain from pork,
 There is a part in every swine
 No friend nor follower of mine
 May taste, whate'er his inclination,
 On pain of excommunication."
 Such Mahomet's mysterious charge.
 And thus he left the point at large.
 Had he the sinful part express'd,
 They might with safety eat the rest ;
 But for one piece they thought it hard
 From the whole hog to be debarr'd ;
 And set their wit at work to find
 What joint the prophet had in mind.
 Much controversy straight arose ;
 These choose the back, the belly those ;
 By some 'tis confidently said
 He meant not to forbid the head ;
 While others at that doctrine rail,
 And piously prefer the tail.
 Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
 Mahometans eat up the hog.
 You laugh—'tis well—The tale applied
 May make you laugh on t'other side.
 "Renounce the world," the preacher cries,
 " We do," a multitude replies.
 While one as innocent regards
 A snug and friendly game at cards :
 And one, whatever you may say,
 Can see no evil in a play ;
 Some love a concert, or a race ;
 And others shooting and the chase.

CEALGAIREACHD.

Mar so, deir fàidhe mòr na Tuire'
 "Tha earrann shònraichte do'n mhuic
 'S ma thach'ras e aig àm air bith,
 Gu'n ith fear leanmhuinn ormsa dh'i,
 Sàsuichte' na ocrach, 's aon chuid e,
 Iomsgarar e a mach á neamh."
 Cha d' innis Mahomet mar so,
 Am ball bha glan, n' am ball nach robh ;
 Na'm biodh e air deanamh sin,
 Dh' itheadh iad a' chuid bha glan;
 Ach air son earrainn', shaoil iad cruaidh
 A' mhuc gu léir a bhacadh uath';
 'S dh' fheuch iad gach doigh gu dheanamh 'mach,
 Cia 'm ball bha aig an fhàidh 'n a bheachd,
 Do thòisich iad o sin a mach,
 Ri connsach', strìth, a's easonachd.
 Roghnuich a' bhuidheann so an druim,
 'S fearr leis a' bhuidheann ud a' bhroinn,
 Cuid eile leis am fearr an ceann,
 'Their nach 'eil cron na peacadh ann.
 Dream eile (càirdean do na Bàirde)
 Tha 'g àicheadh so 's nach creid gu bràch e,
 Gu bheil 's an iorball lochd air bith
 A's uime sin gu feud iad ith'—
 Mar so, le coguis saor o shrian
 Gun eagal roimh Fhàidhe na fiamh,
 Tha na Mahometich gun sgàth,
 Ag itheadh suas na muic' gach tràth.
 A Chrìosduidhean, tha sibh ri gàire,
 Ruibh féin, ma seadh, an sgeula càiribh,
 'S feoraichibh do'r cridhe féin,
 'M bheil sibhse a' deanamh mar an ceudn'?
 "Tréigibh an saoghal," dubhrar ruibh,—
 "Tha sinne a' deanamh sin," deir sibh—
 'M feadh tha fear 'n ur measg am beachd
 'An cluith air chairtean nach 'eil lochd ;
 Fear eile thug do chleasachd toil,
 Nach creid gu bheil innt' beud no cron ;
 Fear leis an caomh bhi 'g éisdeachd ciùil,
 'S fear bhi falbh le gunn' a's cù,

Reviled and loved, renounced and follow'd
 Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallow'd ;
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
 Yet likes a slice as well as he ;
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

HUMAN LIFE.

Like the fair rose in vernal pride,
 Or like the never-slumbering tide,
 Or like the blossom, fresh and gay,
 Or like the early dawn of day ;
 Or like the cloud 'midst tempest high,
 That floats across the stormy sky,—
 Even such is man, the heir of sorrow,
 Alive to-day, and dead to-morrow !

 The blushing rose soon fades away,
 His course the ocean will not stay ;
 The blossom fades, the tempest flies,
 And man, the child of frailty, dies !

Or like a tale that soon is told,
 Or like a meadow gemm'd with gold,
 Or like a bird with plumage gay,
 Or like the genial dews of May,
 Or passing hour, or fleeting span,
 Even such, in all his pride, is man !

 The grass decays, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew 's ascended ;
 The span is short, the hour is past,
 And his long home man seeks at last !

Or like a bubble in the brook,
 Or glass, in which vain man doth look,
 Or shuttle sent from hand to hand,
 Or letters written on the sand ;
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like an ever-gliding stream,—
 Even such is man, who soon will know
 That all is vanity below !

Fear leis am fearr bhi 'ruagadh féidh,
 'S fear bhi 'ruith air seang-cach réis.
 Muc mhòr an t-sao'il, tha iad mar so
 Ag itheadh suas gu léir gach lò,
 Air nàbuidh chuir gach fear diubh beum !
 Ach 's toigh leis caob cho maith ris féin.



BEATH' AN DUINE.

'S an earrach mar bhios àilleachd ròis,
 No mòr shruth 'choidheh' nach gabhadh tàmh,
 'S mar bhlàth bhios ùrail le deadh-mhais',
 No camhanaich ro-mhoch an là ;
 No mar na neòil feadh doinionn ard,
 'Tha 'snàmh air falbh 'measg ànraidh speur ;
 Mar sud an duine, oighre bròin !
 An diugh tha beò, 's a màireach eug !
 Na ròsan, crìonaidh sìos gu luath,
 'S cha chuir an cuan a rian 'na thàmh ;
 Theid doinionn seach' 's na blàithean fòs,
 'S gheibh duine, mac na breòiteachd, bàs !

Mar sgeul a dh'innsear luath le beul,
 No mìodar seudaichte le h-òr,
 No mar an t-eun le iteach ùr,
 No drùchda mìn a' chéitein òig ;
 'S mar uair 'na ruith, no siubhal réis,
 Mar sud tha neach gu léir le 'phròis !
 Seargaidh 'm feur, tha 'n sgeula réith,
 Tha 'n t-eun air sgéith, tha 'n drùchd 's na neoil ;
 Tha 'n réis ro-ghearr, tha 'n uair 'nis seach,
 'S a bhuan-theach iarraidh neach fa-dheòidh !

Mar bhuilgein sruth theid as gun dàil,
 No sgàthan 's an dearc duine bà,
 No mar an spàl o làimh gu làimh,
 No sgrìobhadh tarr'ngte sìos air tràigh ;
 No mar am bruadar, no mar smuain,
 No sruth 'bhios luath nach stad gu bràch,
 Ceart amhuil duine 'chi gu grad
 Gur dìomhanas gach dad air làr !

Bubbles our wasting lives betoken,
 The shuttle stops, the glass is broken ;
 No letters traced on sand remain,
 Our dreams are brief, our thoughts are vain ;
 And like the streams that passes by,
 Is man, who only lives to die !

Like Autumn's leaf, or like the snow,
 Or like the journey man doth go ;
 Or like the river's flow and ebb,
 Or like the patient spider's web ;
 Or like the fruit, or like the flower,
 Or like the short-lived April shower ;
 Even such is man who toils to gain
 The chaff of the immortal grain !

The leaf decays, the snow is past,
 The roughest journey ends at last ;
 The web is torn, the shower is o'er,
 The fruit delights the taste no more ;
 The flower fades, the flood 's suspended,
 Man's hour is come and life is ended !

Or like an arrow through the air,
 Or like the lightning's sudden glare,
 Or like the vapour in the sky,
 Or like the goal for which we try,
 Or like the minstrel's pleasant song,
 Which we, tho' vain, would fain prolong ;
 Even such is life, with all its cares,
 Fast floating down the tide of years !

The arrow soon to earth declines,
 The lightning but a moment shines ;
 He stops who doth most sweetly sing ;
 The cloud is ever on the wing :
 The race, tho' hard, will soon be o'er,
 And living man be seen no more !

If every thing above, below,
 Aloud doth mortal's frailty shew ;
 If we, ere long, must take our flight
 From the revolving day and night,
 And our eternal portion be
 In realms of joy or misery :—

Tha sruth ar beatha seach gun dàil,
 Tha 'n sgàthan briste, stad an spàl ;
 Cha'n fhaighear sgrìobhadh air an tràigh,
 Tha 'n aisling gearr, 's na smuaintean bà ;
 Mar shruth 'theid seach le luasgan mòr
 Tha 'n duine beò air son dol bàs.

Mar dhuilleig fhoghair', no mar shneachd,
 No turas neach gu crìoch a sgeòil ;
 Mar shruth nan allt 'theid sìos 's a nìos,
 'S mar lìon an damhain-allaidh fhòil ;
 No mar bhiodh meas, no fòs am blàth,
 No frasan gearr a thig 's a' mhàrt,
 Mar sud tha neach a bhios ri spàirn
 Gu nì gun tàbhachd bhi 'na làimh !

Tha 'n duilleag crìon, 's an sneachd air falbh,
 'S tha 'n ceum is gairge seach fa-dheòidh ;
 Tha 'n fhras an céin, a's shrachd an lìon,
 'S tha 'meas gun bhrìgh do'n bhlàs nì's mò ;
 Tha blàithibh seargta, sguir an tuil,
 So uair an duine, chaill e'n deò !

Mar shaighde 'falbh san iarmailt chéin,
 N'an dealan treun is clise fiamh,
 No mar an deatach 'thig o'n speur,
 N'an réis air son am feuch sinn dian,
 No òran binn a sheinneas bàrd,
 'S ar miann gu bà gu'm biodh e buan ;
 Mar sud tha beath' le mìle cràdh
 Mar shruth gu tràigh a' ruith gu luath !
 Grad thig an t-saighead chum an làir,
 Cha dealraich dealan ach car tràth ;
 Theid fear nan òran binn na thàmh,
 Bidh neòil gach là air sgéith nan àrd ;
 Ge' cruaidh an réis theid as d'i fòs,
 'S cha'n fhaicear duine beò nì's mò !

Mu nochdas nithe speur a's làir,
 Ar breòiteachd bhàsmhor le àrd éigh ;
 Mu dh'fheumas sinne triall gun dàil,
 O'n là 's o'n oidhch' tha 'ruith a chéil' ;
 'S ar cuibhrionn siorruidh 'bhi 'san rìoghachd
 'S am faighear sìth no bròn gach ré :—

Let us no more in trifles spend
 The life which must so shortly end ;
 But whilst the sun salutes our eyes,
 To righteousness and God arise.
 Let each who has a soul to save,
 Extend his views beyonds the grave ;
 And while salvation still is nigh,
 To Christ, the friend of sinners fly.
 So, when this fleeting state is o'er,
 And time with us shall be no more ;
 When e'en the elements around
 Shall in consuming flames be found,
 Upheld by faith, we will not fear,
 For our redemption draweth near.

[This Poem is transcribed from the Landsdowne MSS. British Museum, Parliamentary Collections, 493. It was composed about the beginning of the Seventeenth Century ; but the Author is not known. This version of it is considerably revised and modernized, as many of the terms used in the original are now obsolete.]

E X T R A C T
 FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing heavenly muse, that on the secret top
 Of Horeb, or of Sinai didst inspire
 That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning how the heaven and earth
 Rose out of chaos : or if Sion hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou knowest ; Thou from the first

Na caitheamaid air nì gun fheum
 A' bheatha 'dh'fheumas sgur do thriall,
 Ach fhad 's a chì do shùil a' ghrian
 Thig dlùth air fireantachd 's air Dia.
 Gach anam leis am miann bhi saor
 Biodh aighean an taobh thall do'n uaigh ;
 'S am feadh 'tha slàinte dhuit-se dlùth
 Ri Caraid pheacach 'dlùthaich luath.
 A chum, 'n uair bhios an staid so seach,
 'S nach fhàgar tiom aig neach nì's mò,
 'S a bhios na dùilean fòs mu'n cuairt
 Air chall 'n an gual 's an lasair bheò,
 Gun cum neart creidimh geilt fad uain',
 'Chionn là ar fuasgladh dlùth gu leòir !



AM FOGRADH A PARAS.

Mu chiad chiont' Adhaimh a choisinn cràdh d'a shliochd,
 'S mu mheas na craoibhe toirmisgt' thug oirnn sgrios
 Chum bàis, le 'bhlas, 's a' chruitheachd lion le bròn
 'N uair chaill sinn Eden, gus am buannaichd Neach
 Is tréin', as ùr ar còir air Pàras nèamh,
 Séinn thus' a Spioraid nèamhaidh, 'las le h-eud
 Air mullach Horeib, no air beinn Shinai
 Geur bheachd a' chòbair sin, a nochd an tùs
 Do 'n chinneadh thaghte, mar a dh' éirich nèamh
 A's talamh suas o'n aibheis ; no ma b' fhearr
 Leat tàmh an cluain sliabh ùr, àluinn Shòin ;
 No sruth Shiloe 'ruith gu siubhlach 'sios
 Am fochar tagh-ghairm Dhé ; a's cònar leat
 Mo dhàn le d' neart, 's e 'n tìth air gnìomh nach faoin—
 Cha'n ann am meadhon cùrsa gorm nan speur,
 Tha gheall air triall os cionn Pharnasuis àird,
 'N'tra thogar fonn leis, mar nach cualas riamh
 Bho shnas-chainnt seanachaidh, no c bhinn-ghloir bàird.
 Ach thus', O ! Spioraid, 'g am bheil barrachd tlachd
 'S a' chridhe ghlan n'an teampull 'tha fo'n ghréin,
 O ! teagasg m' anam ; dhuit is aithne 'chùis,
 Oir shuidh thu'n tùs, le d' sgiathaibh sgaoilte 'mach
 Mu'n aigéal fhàs, 'nuair chinn e torrach, trom :
 Cuir soils' a'm inntinn, 's neartaich gleus mo thùir
 A chum 's gu'n labhrainn suas le cumhachd dian,
 A' nochdadh freasdal siorruidh anns gach nì,
 Sa dh'fhirinneachadh slighe Dhé do'n t-sluagh.

Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
 Dove-like satest brooding on the dark abyss,
 And madest it pregnant ; what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of hell, say first what cause
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favoured by heaven so highly to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?
 The infernal serpent ; he it was whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the most High,
 If he opposed ; and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Raised impious war in heaven and battle proud
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Turned headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded though immortal : but his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought,
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain,
 Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixed with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild ;
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round
 As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all ; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed

Leig ris air tùs, oir 's leur do d' shùil o nèamh
 Gu aigean dorch' an t-sluichd, leig ris am fàth
 A ghluais ar sinnsearra 'n an staid gun lochd
 Gu'n cùl a thoirt ri Dia, 's a lagh a bhrìst',
 Ged bha gach ni 'n an seilbh ach aon a mhàin?
 An nathair ifrinneach, 's e laist le tnù,
 Le diogh'ltas agus ceilg, 's e 'mheall a' bhean,
 A chionn gu'n d'fhuadaicheadh á nèamh e 'mach
 Arson a ghiùlain chealgaich, uaibhricht, bhuirb,
 Le 'bhuidhinn cheannaircich de dh'Ainglibh truagh,
 Le'n cònadh b' àill leis éiridh suas thar chàich,
 'S tigh'nn gu bhi ionann ann an cliù 's an glòir,
 Le streup, ri mòralachd an Ti 's fìor àird';
 An dùil gu'n rachadh aig' air gleachd, le buaidh,
 An aghaidh nachdranachd a's mòrachd Dhé,
 'S ann thug e ionnsuidh dhàna, choirbte, chliith,
 Air còmhstri 'dhùsgadh ann an rioghachd nèamh;
 Ach thilg an t-Uile chumhachdach e 'mach
 Bho'n speur mar dhealanach, 'na lasair dheirg,
 Gu léir-sgrìos sìorruidh sìos do'n t-slochd gun ghrunnnd,
 A ghabhail taimh 'an geimhleibh cruadhach, glaist'
 'S an teine lasrach, loisgeach, phiantach, dhian,
 A chionn gu'n d' dhùlanaich gu còmhrag arm
 E'n t-Uile-chomasach. Naoi làithean cian,
 'S cho lion'ar oidheh', mar thoimhsear tiom nam beò,
 Thug e le 'sgìobadh sgreataidh, air an claidh,
 'S a' cur nan car dhiubh 'n dubhaigean a' bhròin,
 'Am breislich chràitich, 's nach tig bàs g'a chòir:
 Oir dhìt am Freasdal e gu barrachd feirg'.
 Tha chrìdh' 'g a spìonadh as le smaointibh trom
 Mu'n àgh a chaill e, 's geilt roimh phéin ri teachd.
 Bho 'shùilean guineach dh'amhaire e mu'n cuairt
 Le sealladh uaibhreach 's an robh goimh a's gràin;
 'S nach fac' ach sgrìos anacuibhseach, oillt, a's fiamh.
 Cho fad' 's a thùradh Aingeal chunnacas leis
 Gu grad an t-ionad iargalt, fiadhaich, fàs—
 Mor phrìosan uamhasach, bho thaobh gu taobh
 'N a lasraichibh, mar fhùirneis bhaoth 'nan càir;
 A's as na lasraichean cha'n fhaicte soills',
 Ach dorch a foillseach anns an gann bu leur
 Gach sealladh éitidh bha r'a fhaicinn ann,
 Fo sgàiltibh muladach 's air raontaibh bròin,
 Far nach dean sìth no sòlas còmhnuidh 'chaoidh,
 'S nach taoghail dòchas 'thig a chòir gach neach,
 Ach dòruinn bhuan gun chrìoch, a ghreasar dian
 Le tuitibh teinteach 'brùchdadh as gach laimh
 De phronnsg lasrach, dian-loisgeach nach caith.
 Rinn Ceartas bith-bhuantach an t-àit ud deas

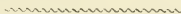
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed ;
 Such place eternal Justice had prepared
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far removed from God and light of heaven
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence he fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltering by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 Beelzebub. To whom the Arch-enemy,
 And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began,—



B A B Y L O N .

The pilgrim stands on famed Chaldea's plain,
 The immortal field of Glory's ancient reign :
 Hillah's small town is looming far away,
 And o'er the desert dies the golden day.
 What meets the eye ? no stately waving trees,
 No sweet-lipped flowers that scent the passing breeze ;
 Stern Desolation here hath reared her throne,
 And darkly calls this fated land her own.
 Vast mounds sweep 'round us, clothed with stunted grass,
 Or strewn with shattered urns and rings of brass ;
 And on and on they wind, and cross, and meet,
 Wrecks of fall'n towers, and many a gorgeous street.
 But who shall say, where dwelt in former age,
 The high or low, the warrior, prince, or sage ?
 Wild asses browse where stood the Ninian gate,
 The lizard crawls where monarch's moved in state.
 In Beauty's rosy garden wormwood springs ;
 Where cooed Love's ring-doves, vulture flap their wings.
 To trace the walls' vast round skill vainly tries ;
 And o'er each shapeless ruin History sighs ;
 Man's last poor pride, the very tombs, are gone :—
 And this was famed, earth-conquering, Babylon !

Arson nan ceannairceach, 'g an glasadh suas
 A'm builsghein dorchadais, 's an crannchur leag
 Cho fad' air falbh bho Dhia 's bho sholus nèamh
 'Thrì fad' 's tha'n cruinne-cé bho cheann gu ceann.
 O ! bu neo-choltach ris an ionad àigh
 Bho'n d' fhògradh iad an t-àit' an d'rinn iad stad ;
 Mu'n cuairt bha'n comunn a rinn tuiteam leis
 'N an sléibhtrich, air an claidh le cathadh garbh
 De dh'éilibh beò, le confhadh stoirm 'g a chur :
 Bha fear 'g a aoirneagan air làr r'a thaobh,
 An t-aon bu tin' air ann an ole 's an neart
 'Fhuair urram mòr a rìs an tìr Chanàan,
 'S e Beelsebub dha'b' ainm ; ris le briathraibh àrd,
 Bho shàmhchair uamhraidh, labhair an t-Ard nàmh,
 D'am b'ainm 'na dhéigh sin Sàtan ann an nèamh.



B A B I L O N .

An sud bha Bàb'lon mòr nan còmhnhard réidh,
 Blàr-iomairt greadhnachais nan linn o chéin ;
 Tha baile Hilah 'snàmh fad as, 's a' cheò,
 'S air gnùis an fhàsaich crìoch an là mar òr.
 Ach e'ait' am bheil na craobhan àrda, trom,
 A's boltrach cùbhraidh, tlàth, mhaoth-bhlàth nan tom.
 An so gach ni chuir làmh a' mhliteir fàs,
 A's 'ainm tha sgrìobht' air gnùis na tìr 's gach àit'.
 Mu'n cuairt gach taobh tha druimnean lom gun sgèimh
 Ach bruachan sgapt' le sgealban phoitean crè.
 Tha talla 'chiùil, 's an lùchairt, ghreadhnach, àrd
 An so nan smùr, gun smid an tosd a' bhàis :
 A's co ni fheuchainn e'a'n do thàmh an rìgh,
 Am baoth-fhear làn, an draoidh, no'm bochd gun nì.
 Tha còmhnuidh 'n fhiadh-bhea'ich far an d' iadh na slòigh
 'S tha 'nathair chior an tigh nan diathau òir.
 Thug blàithean cùbhraidh 'n àit' do luibhean searbh,
 'S an colman theich roimh' sgread nam feithid' garg :
 A dion bhal' àrd cha lorgaich làmh nì's mò,
 'S tha thar gach làrach 'eachdraidh 'tàmh fo bhròn.
 A h-uaignean féin rinn fàs 'n am blàrain lom,
 'S b'e so bail' uaibhreach, ainmeil Bhàbailoin.

LAMENTATION OF DAVID

Over Saul and Jonathan.—ii. Samuel, i. 19—27.*

I weep, for the glory of Israel is faded,
Her power and her beauty in silence repose ;
And hills, which the mantle of peace long has shaded,
Now echo the tread, and the triumph of foes.

And how are thy mighty now fallen O Judah !
The hater of Jacob exulteth afar ;
Yes ! peals the glad note, to the downfall of Judah,—
He laughs o'er the havoc, the writhings of war.

Philistia's daughter, her idols adoring,
May boast that the power of Jehovah is gone ;
Yet, Judah can sing, while her eye is deploring,
The God of my fathers, I'll worship alone.

Proud hills of my country ! Gilboa ! O never
Shall dew-drop of morning thy green slopes adorn ;
Thy verdure is faded, and sterile for ever
Shall be the rich fields of the victim forlorn.

For there was the shield of the mighty averted,—
The oil of anointing seemed pour'd forth in vain ;
And feeble his arm, his standard deserted,
The monarch, all childless, reclines with the slain.

Yes ! changed is the time, nor eagle's broad pinion
Could swifter shoot forth from his eyrie on high ;
Nor lion, proud prince of a desert dominion,
With Judah's lost princes, in prowess could vie.

The star of the mighty, beneath the dark ocean
Is sunk to repose, but its vivid light shone ;
And the ray of its waning rekindles emotion,
Through life undivided, in death they are one.

Weep daughters of Israel ! the pride of your nation,
Whose splendour bespangled these garments so gay ;
Recal the lost object of fond admiration,
O ! pensively weep o'er his mouldering clay.

And why are they perished ! while garlands were weaving
For brows that are steeped in oblivion's wave ;
Lost pride of my heart ! were that bosom still heaving,
But no—'tis the leaden embrace of the grave.

* Dr Kitto justly remarks, that the Lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan is introduced by a strange parenthesis: "And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son: (also he bade them teach the children of Judah *the use of the bow*: behold, it is written in the book of Jasher.)" The words, *the use of*, are interpolated. Without them, the clause

CUMHADH DHAIBHIDH

Os ceann Shaul agus Ionatain.—ii. Sam. i. 19—27.

O ! tionnsgain m' fhonn le tùirse trom gu luaidh,
 Mar thuit an rìgh, nach pill o'n strìth le buaidh ;
 Oir Israel siar, a mhais', a mhiagh 's a threòir
 Luidh air an t-sliabh, ach dheàrs a ghrian 's a ghlòir.
 'S a shléibhtean uain', mu'n tric rinn suaimhneas tàmh,
 Cha chluinn iad fuaim ach caithream-buadh' nan nàmh.
 Biodh tosd 's an t-saogh'l,—oir thuit na laoich le'm beum,
 'S air slios nam beann tha 'n sgiath 's an lann gun fheum :
 'S their Gat nan dée, “ Mo ghaisgich féin thug buaidh,
 A's Iudah ghéill—biodh ainm a Dhé gun luaidh.”
 O 'shléibhtean àigh ! an dealta tlàth cha bhraon
 Mu'r slios gu bràch, 's a' mhaise dh'fhàg an raon ;
 Oir thuit na slòigh—bha 'n sgiath gu 'm fòir gun stàth,
 A's shearg fo leòn am mais', am beò, 's am blàth.
 Thuit rìgh nan euchd—thuit òg nam beus gun bhuaidh,
 'S an tosd a' bhàis am measg au àir tha 'n uaigh ;
 Ach 's tric a sheinn an saighde srann sa' bhlàr,
 'S a bhoills'g an lann gu sgrios an nàimh san àr.
 Bu ghràdhach, caoin 'nam beò na laoich a thréig,
 A's thuit iad còmhla, 's luidh fo leòn an éig.
 Mar fhèireun speur bha 'n lùgh an réidh nam blàr,
 'S mar phrionns' na frìthe, treun gu strìth nan àr.
 A nigh'nan Iudah, guilibh dlùth 'ur deòir,
 'S ur caoidh mu'n rìgh a dhiol dhuibh rìomhadh òir,
 Chuir loinn a b' àird' air éideadh b' àillidh sgiamh,
 'S a shoillsich sròl nan leug bu bhòidheche fiamh.
 C' uim' thuit na slòigh bu bhoillsgeil glòir fo'n cruaidh,
 'S am bratach ghéill, bu Treòir nan treun gu buaidh ?
 'S an gairdean treun bu reachdmhor beum gun chlàth,
 'S an làn-shùil fann bhiodh laiste 'n àm na strìth ?
 O òig nam beus ! a thuit fo bheum nan daoibh,
 Bu chaomh rium féin, 's tu fàth mo dheur 's mo chaoidh—
 An òg-bhean chiùin cha taisbein tùs a gràdh
 D'a céile òg, mar nochd thu dhomh-sa bàigh.
 Tha bròn ga m' chlaoidh, 's is tric le d' chuimhn' mo dheòir !
 Mo chreach ! mo chràdh ! tha 'm fiùran àigh gun treòir !
 C' uim' thuit na slòigh ? Bha 'n sgiath gu'm fòir gun stàth,
 A's shearg fo leòn am mais', am beò, 's am blàth.

stands thus: “ He bade them teach the children of Judah the Bow ;” suggesting that this was the title given to the lamentation itself, from the repeated mention of the bow in it. It is observable, adds Dr Kitto, that the translation of the Septuagint and of the older editions and manuscripts of the Vulgate are quite conformable to this interpretation.

I weep thy lost friendship—but vain is my sorrow—
 The dead is the darling of Judah no more ;
 Time's dream is advancing—God speed the glad morrow,
 When love is unending—when sighing is o'er.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

O why art thou cast down my soul !
 Say why, distrustful still,—
 Or why, with vain impatience, roll
 O'er scenes of future ill ?

Let faith suppress each rising fear,
 Each anxious doubt exclude ;
 Thy Maker's will hath placed thee here ;
 Thy Maker wise and good.

He to thy every trial knows
 Its just restraint to give ;
 Attentive to behold thy woes,
 And faithful to relieve.

Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
 Still in thy God confide,
 Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 And curbs the headlong tide.

And why art thou cast down my soul !
 Say why, distrustful still,—
 Or why, with vain impatience, roll
 O'er scenes of future ill ?

SPRING.

Pleasing spring again is here,
 'Trees and fields in bloom appear ;
 Hark ! the birds with artless lays
 Warble the Creator's praise.
 Where, in winter, all was snow,
 Now the flowers in clusters grow ;
 And the corn, in green array,
 Promises a harvest-day.

'S their Gat nan dée, " Mo ghaisgich féin thug buaidh ;
 A's Israel ghéill—biodh ainm a Dhé gun luaidh ;"
 Ach Iudah ait gu'n seinn, 'n uair 's frasaich' deòir,
 "'S e Triath nan speur mo Thaice threun 's mo Threòir."

MUINGHINN ANN AN DIA.

C'ar son, O m' anam, tha thu trom !
 A's an-earbsach do ghnàth,—
 'S do smuaintean 'ruith neo-fhaighidneach
 Air uile tha fad o làimh ?

Deanadh do chreideamh tosd a chur
 Air t'uile smuaintean bras ;
 'Se Dia a dh'òrduich thu bhi'n so,
 An Dia 'ta glic a's maith.

A's cuiridh Esan crìoch 'na thrà,
 Ri d' thrioblaid a's ri d' leòn ;
 Oir bheirear leis fa'near do chaidh,
 A's saorar thu o bhròn.

Ged bhitheas do thrioblaidean mòr,
 Earb thus' a ghnà á Dia ;
 'S i 'làmh a chuireas crìoch roi 'n mhuir,
 'S a thionndas stoirm gu fiath.

'S c'ar son a tha thu, anaim, trom,
 A's an-earbsach do ghnà,—
 'S do smuaintean 'ruith neo-fhaighidneach,
 Air uile tha fad o làimh ?

AN T-EARRACH.

Thainig a rìs an t-earrach àigh,
 Tha 'choill 's na lòin a' fàs fo bhlàth ;
 Cluinn ! na h-eoin le 'n ceileir sèimh
 'Seinn cliù d'an Cruith'ear a th'air nèamh.

Tha 'n t-àit' bha 'n sneachd' sa gheamhradh 'còmh-
 Nis air fàs fo stràchd do nedinein ; [dach
 'S am fochunn ùrar, bileach, uaine
 'Gealltuinn gu'n tig là na buanadh.

What a change has taken place !
 Emblem of the spring of grace ;
 How the soul, in winter, mourns
 Till the Lord, the Sun, returns ;
 Till the Spirit's gentle rain
 Bids the heart revive again ;
 Then the stone is turned to flesh,
 And each grace springs forth afresh.

Lord, afford a spring to me,
 Let me feel like what I see ;
 Ah ! my winter has been long,
 Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song :
 Winter threaten'd to destroy
 Faith, and love, and every joy ;
 If thy life was in the root,
 Still I could not yield the fruit.

Speak, and by thy gracious voice
 Make my drooping soul rejoice ;
 O ! beloved Saviour, haste,
 Tell me all the storms are past :
 On thy garden deign to smile,
 Raise the plant, enrich the soil ;
 Soon thy presence will restore
 Life to all was dead before.

Lord, I long to be at home,
 Where these changes never come !
 Where the saints no winter fear,
 Where 'tis spring throughout the year :
 How unlike this state below,
 There the flowers unwithering blow ;
 There no chilling blasts annoy,
 All is love, and bloom, and joy.*

* The above, as well as the "Covenanter's Dream," "Field Flowers," and "Verses supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk," have been translated by the late James Clerk, Blacksmith, from Kilbrandon, Argyleshire. Mr Clerk was a young man of superior literary attainments, and from the taste and ability he displayed in translating both prose and poetry, he gave great pro-

Nach 'eil an caochladh th'ann an tràs'
 Na shamhladh fìor air earrach gràis?
 Mar nì'n t-anam bròn 'na gheamhradh
 Gus am pill Dia a' ghrian d'a ionnsuidh;
 Gus an dean dealta tlàth nan gràs
 An cridh' ath-bheothachadh gu fàs:
 'N sin iompaichear gu feòil a' chlach,
 A's brùchdaidh ùr gach gràs a mach.

A Thighearna thoir m'earrach dhomhsa,
 Mar a chi mi! leig dhomh mho'chainn;
 Ah! 'se mo gheamhradh-sa bha buan,
 Chrìon mo dhòchas, stad mo dhuan:
 An geamhradh bhagair sgrios gun bhàigh
 Air sòlas, dòchas, agus gràdh;
 Do bheatha-sa 'san fhreumh ma bha
 Cha tug mi toradh mach no blàth.

Labhair a nis gu bàigheil rium,
 Slànuich m'anam tùrsach, trom;
 O! Shlàn'fhir ionmhuinn amhaire orm,
 Innis domh gu'n d'fhalbh an stoirm:
 Air do lios neo-thorach seall,
 Tog a bhlàithean, reamhraich fhonn;
 Bheir do ghnùis-sa 'chlisgeadh fàs
 Do gach nì bha thun dol bàs.

Tha fadal orm gu bhi san àit'
 Air nach bi caochladh tigh'nn gu bràch!
 Far nach cuir an geamhradh fiamh,
 Far an earrach fad na bliadhn':
 Fonn an aoibhneis, tìr an àigh,
 Far nach crìon 's nach searg am blàth;
 Cha bhi cranntachd ann no fuachd,
 Ach sòlas, gràdh, a's àilleachd nuadh.

mise of future usefulness. He died in Glasgow, after a short illness, on the 20th November, 1845; and, considering his christian walk and conversation, there is cause to hope that he is one of the blessed inhabitants of that glorious country,—

“Where the saints no winter fear,
 Where 'tis spring throughout the year.”

AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.*

The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast,
 The white man yielded to the blast ;
 He sat him down beneath our tree,
 For weary, sad and faint was he :
 And Ah ! no wife or mother's care,
 For him the milk and corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
 And Mercy's voice has hush'd the blast ;
 The wind is heard in whispers low,
 The white man far away must go ;—
 But ever in his heart will bear
 Remembrance of the Negro's care.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share,
 Alas ! no wife or mother's care,
 For him the milk or corn prepare.
 Go white man, go ; but with thee bear
 The Negro's wish, the Negro's prayer,
 Remembrance of a Negro's care.

~~~~~  
THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When, marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;  
 One star alone of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem ;

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\* Mungo Park, the African Traveller, says:—"About sunset, a woman, returning from the labours of the field observed me sitting under the shade of a tree where I intended to have passed the night, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation ; which being explained she told me to follow her. Having conducted me to her but she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and then presented me with a fine fish, half broiled. She then called the female part of her family to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they were employed during a great part of the night. They soothed their labour by songs ; one of which was extempore, and myself the subject of it." The above

## FIAL'ACHD NAN AFRICANACH.

Na gaothan shéid gu coimheach, fuar,  
 A's bhrùchd a nuas an t-uisge trom ;  
 An duine geal a stigh cha d'fhuair,  
 Ge b'ole a thuar a mach air lom.

An ciar' an anmoich shuidh e sìos  
 A ghabhail fois fo sgàile craoibh' ;  
 Oir bha e fann, a's làn do sgìos—  
 Bu dubhach, dìblidh cor an aoidh.'

O ! cha 'n 'eil aige màthair thlàth  
 A bheir o ùth na bà am bliochd ;  
 No céile 'sheallas ris gu blàth,  
 'S a mheileas dha an gràn le h-ìochd.

## LUINNEAG.

Gu'n gabh sinn ris le ìochd a's bàigh—  
 Gu'n nochd sin càirdeas dha a's miagh :  
 Cha'n fhaigh e bainn' o 'mhàthair àigh,  
 A's céile gràidh cha toir dha biadh.

## REUL BHETLEHEIM.

'N uair tha reulta àrd nan speur,  
 A' dealradh le chéil' san iarmalt shuas ;  
 'N am measg gu léir tha lòchrann iùil,  
 A thàirneas sùil a' pheacaich thruaigh.

Eisd ! éisd ! do Dhia tha cho'sheirm bhinn,  
 O reulta grinn a' ghuirm bhrait àird ;

is a translation of the song. The following is another version of it, from the pen of John Struthers, author of "The Peasant's Death-Bed," &c., &c.

The winds they were roaring, the rains they were pouring,  
 When lonely the white man a wonder to see :  
 Both hungry and weary, desponding and dreary,  
 He came and he sat in the shade of our tree.  
 No mother is bye him, with milk to supply him ;  
 He wanders an outcast, how sad must he be ?  
 Even corn, could he find it, he has no wife to grind it ;  
 Let us pity the white man, no mother has he.

But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;  
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem !



## THE FOUNTAIN.

“ In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.”—Zechâriah, xiii. 1.

O the Lamb! the bleeding Lamb!  
The Lamb on Calvary;  
The Lamb that was slain;  
And has risen again,  
And now intercedes for me.\*

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
O the Lamb, &c.

\* When the late Mr Duncan Macdougall, Tírree, translated this Hymn to Gaelic, he adapted it to an original but most touch-

Tha h-aon a mhàin 'toirt sgeul mu Chrìosd,  
Reul Bhetleheim ! Reul an àigh !

Thuit dhomh uair bhi mach air chuan,  
Bha 'n o'che duaichnidh—shéid a' ghaoith ,  
Dh'at an cuan, 's bha sìopan fairg',  
Ag ia'dh gu garbh m'an eithear fhaoin.

Ghlac uamhann eagail m' anam bochd,  
'S mi mach air faontra' fad o thràigh ;  
'N uair dh'éirich Reul rinn dhomh-sa iùl,  
Reul Bhetleheim ! Reul an àigh.

Mo sholus ait, mo lòchrann gaoil,  
An sealladh faoilt do m' ebridhe sgèth,  
O ghàbhadh cuain, 's o ghlaic a' bhàis,  
'S tu thàlaidh mi gu caladh sìth.

'S a chaladh ait so nì mi tàmh,  
Gun sgìos, gun phràmh gu'n seinn mi cliù ;  
O'n àm so mach gu sìorruidh buan,  
Do Reul nam buadh a rinn domh iùl.

## A N T O B A R

“ Anns an là sin bidh tobar air fhosgladh do thigh Dhaibhidh,  
agus do luchd-àiteachaidh Ierusalem, air son peacaidh agus air  
son neo-ghloine.”—Sechariah, xiii. 1.

Och an t-Uan ! 's fhuil a' sìleadh a nuas ;  
An t-Uan air Calbhari,  
An t-Uan a chasgradh gu bàs,  
'S a rìs a dh' éirich an àird,  
Nis a' tagradh le gràdh mo shìth.

Tha tobar ann 's e làn do dh' fhuil  
Tha tàirt' o chuislibh Ios' ;  
Gach peacach 'thilgear sìos fo 'n tuil,  
Glan buileach thig e nìos.  
Och an t-Uan, &c.

ing Air ; and prefixed a *Seisid*, or Chorus, to it. He also pre-  
fixed the substance of that Chorus to the original.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there have I, as vile as he,  
 Wash'd all my sins away.  
 O the Lamb, &c.

Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom'd church of God  
 Be sav'd to sin no more.  
 O the Lamb, &c.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.  
 O the Lamb, &c.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.  
 O the Lamb, &c.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
 (Unworthy though I be)  
 For me a blood-bought free reward—  
 A golden harp for me.  
 O the Lamb, &c.

'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,  
 And form'd by pow'r divine ;  
 To sound in God the Father's ears  
 No other name but thine.  
 O the Lamb, &c.

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### HAPPINESS.

One morning, in the month of May,  
 I wander'd o'er the hill ;  
 Tho' nature all around was gay,  
 My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,  
 These meaner creatures bless,

Rinn an gadaich' dàn' ri uchd a' bhàis  
 Mòr ghàirdeachas na brìgh;  
 'S nach fhaodar leams', co'ionnan coirbt',  
 Mo pheac'an ionnlad innt'.

Och an t-Uan, &c

Och Uain a ghràidh ! t' fhuil phrìseil, bhlàth  
 Cha chaill gu bràth a brìgh,  
 Gus am bi 'mhuinntir shaort' air fad  
 O 'm peac'an glan d'a trìd.

Och an t-Uan, &c.

On' dhearc mo shùil ri d' chreuchdaibh ciùirt'  
 A' brùchdadh cungaidh slàint',  
 Gràdh saoraidh an Uain mo cheòl 's mo  
 'S a bhios gu nair mo bhàis. [bhuaidh,

Och an t-Uan, &c.

'N sin seinneam òran 's milse ceòl  
 Air cumhachd mòr do ghràis,  
 'N nair bhios an teanga mhanntach, thruagh  
 Gu balbh 'san uaigh na tàmh.

Och an t-Uan, &c.

Dhe creideam fein, gu 'n d' ulmhaich thu,  
 (Neo-airidh 's mar tha mi)

'S ann air mo shon, luach fola saor—  
 Seadh, clàrsach òir dhomh fein.

Och an t-Uan, &c.

Chuir cumhachd mòr gach teud air dòigh,  
 Gu ceòl air feadh gach ré,  
 Gu seirm 'an cluasan Rìgh nan sluagh,  
 'S gun ainm ach Uan na réit'.

Och an t-Uan, &c.

## S O N A S.

Dh'fhalbh mi moch sa' Chéitean chiùin  
 Air chuairt ri uchd nan tom;  
 Bha'n saoghal àillidh, aoibhinn, ait,  
 Mo chridhe 'mhàin bha trom.

A' bheil gach àite, smuaintich mi,  
 Le maithreas Dé cho làn,

And yet deny to man's estate  
The boon of happiness.

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,—  
Ye blessed birds around,  
In which of nature's wide domains  
Can bliss for man be found !

The birds wild caroll'd o'er my head,  
The breeze around me blew,  
And nature's awful chorus said—  
No bliss for man she knew.

I question'd Love, whose early ray  
So rosy bright appears,  
And heard the timid genius say  
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd Friendship, but she sigh'd,  
And thus her answer gave—  
The few whom fortune never turn'd  
Were mould'ring in the grave.

I ask'd if Vice could bliss bestow ?  
Vice boasted loud and well ;  
But, fading from her wither'd brow,  
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill  
Could soothe the wounded breast ;  
And found her mourning, faint, and still,—  
For others' woes distress'd.

I question'd Virtue, but she sigh'd,  
No boon could she dispense—  
Nor Virtue was her name, she cried,  
But humble Penitence.

I asked Death—the grisly shade  
Relax'd his brow severe ;—  
And “ I am happiness,” he said,  
“ If Jesus guides thee here.”

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H Y M N.—MAT. vi. 25.

Whence this fruitless mourning ?  
Christians, why those tears ?

'S an diùlt e sonas, seasmhach, buan,  
Do m' chridhe trom a mhàin ?

Labhradh a' choill—O ! 's binn na h-eoin ;  
Labhradh gach glac a's cluan,  
'Bheil àit' air bith san t-saoghal mhòr,  
Am faigh mi sonas buan ?

Ach sheinn na h-eoin os cionn mo chinn,  
A's shéid a' ghaoith gu tlàth ;  
Buan shonas cha 'n 'eil againn duit,  
Chualas gach guth ag ràdh.

'N sin dh' fheòraich mi do Ghaol nam buadh  
'N robh sòlas buan fo'n ghréin ?  
Cha 'n fhiosrach mi, deir e, fo bhròn,  
'S na deòir na shùilibh féin.

Dh' fheòraich mi cheist do Chàirdeas blàth,  
Fhreagair e mi gu luath ;  
Tha dàimh mo ghràidh nach dìobradh mi  
'Nan sìneadh anns an uaigh.

Làn shonas thairg dhomh Baobh an uile,  
Na'n tugainn dhise géill ;  
Dh' at i le h-uail,—a's chunnaic mi  
Gur breug a bha 'na beul.

Ghuidh mi'n sin air Caoimhneas caomh  
Mo bheannachadh le sìth ;  
Ach fhuair mi ise brònach, fann  
Mu dhàimh a bh'ann an dìth.

Gu Deadh-bheus àillidh chaidh mi'n sin,  
Chuala mi cnead na com ;  
'Se 's ainm a nis dhomh, fhreagair i,  
Aithreachas tiamhaidh, trom.

Ràinig mi rìgh nam fiamh, am bàs ;  
Ach labhair e gu fòill,  
" Is sonas mi nach meall gu bràth  
Na thig tre Chrìosd a'm' chòir.

~~~~~  
L A O I D H.—MATA vi. 25.

C'arson tha 'n t-ionracan fo sprochd,
A' triall roi' ghleann nan deur ?

Why give way to sadness,
 Doubts and anxious fears?
 Grieve no more, desponding :
 On your God rely—
 Mark, He feeds the ravens,
 Hears their young ones cry.

He the spotless lilies
 Clothes in dazzling white ;
 Say, what monarch's splendour
 Half so pure and bright ?
 Since the fowls and flowers
 Are objects of his care,
 Much more, Jesus tells,
 Saints his love shall share.

~~~~~  
 BEGONE UNBELIEF.

Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near  
 And for my relief will surely appear ;  
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,  
 With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm.  
 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The words he has spoken shall surely prevail.  
 His love in times past forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review  
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.  
 Desirous to save, he watch'd o'er my path,  
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death ;  
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
 An thus far have brought me to put me to shame ?  
 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
 Temptation or pain ? He told me no less ;  
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
 Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.  
 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,  
 Which he drank all up, that sinners might live !  
 His way was much rougher and darker than mine ;  
 Did Jesus thus suffer and shall I repine ?  
 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song !

An dìobair Dia e 'n àm na h-aire,  
 Nach dean e taic 'n a fheum?  
 Feuch eoin nan speur tha 'seinn gu binn,  
 Cha chuir iad sìol 's cha bhuaibh;  
 Gidheadh tha Dia a' freasdal doibh,  
 Le caoimhneas, càirdeil, buan.

Feuch blàithean maoth nan cluaintean ùr,  
 Cha saoth'raich iad, 's cha snìomh;  
 Gidheadh air Solamh féin cha robh  
 Deise cho àillidh riamh.  
 An Dia a dh'éisdeas gairm nan enn,  
 'S a chòmhdaicheas gach blàth,  
 Nach solair e do'n Chrìosdaidh chaomh  
 A mhaoin o là gu là.

#### AN-EARBSA BI 'SIUBHAL.

An-earbsa bi 'siubhal, mo Shlàn'ear tha 'm chuideachd,  
 'S e toileach, a's murrach air m' fhurtachd a'm fheum;  
 Sior ghleachdam le h-ùrnuigh, 's ni esan an tìrn domh—  
 Le Iosa 'g am stiùradh cha chùram leam beud.  
 Ged is doilleir an ròd domh 'ghnàth géilleam d'a òrdugh  
 'S ni esan mo sheòladh, 's bheir lòn domh gun dith:  
 Ged fhàilnich gu buileach gach creutair sa' chruinne,  
 Gach focal a thuirt thig uile gu crìch.  
 Tha 'ghràdh 'bha cho còin domh a' bacadh dhomh shaoilsinn  
 Gu'm fàg e ri m' shaogh'l mi am aonar gun taic':  
 Tha h-uil' Ebenéser mar chuimhneachan feumail,  
 'G ràdh, "Thug 's bheir e Féin as gach éigin thu mach."  
 Gu m' aiseag gu slàinte chaomh-fhair e mo ghnàth'chadh,  
 Traill Shatain 'n uair bha mi, ag abhachd ri sgrios:  
 'S an d' rinn e mo threòrach 'chur ann-san mo dhòchais,  
 'S am fàg e gu brònach 'an dòruinn mi 'nis?  
 C'uim' bhithinn fo anntlachd 'thaobh easbhuidh no amghar  
 Gach trioblaid a'm' chrannchur roimh laimh nochd e féin:  
 'S tre dheuchainnibh goirte, mar 's fios domh o 'Fhocal,  
 Tha oighreachan sonais 'ga lorgach' 's gach ceum.  
 Cho searbh 'sa bha 'n cup' sin cha bhreithnich aon duine,  
 'Dh'òl Iosa gu buileach, a' fulang 'n àit' dhaoibh!  
 B'i 'shligh'-s' bu doimhich', 's bu sheirbhe gun choimeas,  
 O! anaim faic fhoigh'dinn 's o 'oideas na claon.  
 O n' dh'aomas a fhreasdal gach aon ni gu m' leas domh,  
 Is milis a mheasam gach leigheas uaith' Féin:  
 An dràs ann an àirceas, ach 'n aithghearr' an aiteas,  
 'San sin, O cia taitneach buaidh-chaitheam a sheinn!

## FREEDOM.

[The following thrilling lines on the total abolition of West Indian Slavery were written by Mrs Garret, a lady well known for her liberality and other amiable qualities.]

Oh ! heard ye that groan that ascended to heaven ?  
 Oh ! saw ye that tear as the torture was given ?  
 Or mark'd ye the anguish, despairing and wild,  
 Of the mother who gaz'd on her manac'd child ?

'Twas the last, for the reign of oppression is o'er—  
 'Twas the last, for her son shall be fetter'd no more !  
 The Angel of mercy has broken his chain,  
 And liberty blesses the negro again.

Then sound the loud timbrel o'er India's wide sea,  
 Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free !  
 Jehovah has granted the captive release,  
 And the mandate has issued, " Let slavery cease ! "

## "MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

'Twas when the sea's tremendous roar  
 A little bark assail'd,  
 And pallid fear, with awful power,  
 O'er all on board prevail'd.

Save one, the captain's darling child,  
 Who, fearless, viewed the storm,  
 And playful, with composure, smil'd  
 At danger's threat'ning form.

" Why sporting thus ? " a seaman cried,  
 " Whilst sorrows overwhelm."  
 " Why yield to grief ? " the boy replied,  
 " My father's at the helm."

Despairing soul ! from hence be taught  
 How groundless is thy fear ;  
 Think on what wonders Christ has wrought,  
 And he is always near.

Safe in his hands, whom seas obey,  
 When swelling billows rise ;  
 Who turn the darkest night to day,  
 And brightens lowering skies.

## S A O R S A .

An cuala tu 'n glaoth sin a dh'éirich gu h-àrd—  
 An acain, an caoidh, a's na h-osnaichean cràidh ?  
 Am faca tu deuran a' chiomaich gu trom  
 Mar fhrasan nan speuran a' sìleadh air fonn ?  
 O ! 'm faca tu cò bha 'na seasamh r'a thaobh,  
 A' coimhead air dòlasan cràiteach a gaoil—  
 A' bualadh a h-uchd agus deòir air a gruaidh,  
 Gun chomas a céile a shaoradh o thruaigh' ?  
 Ach dh'éirich an glaoth ud gu rìgh-chathair Dhé,  
 'S bhrìst Angeal na saorsa na cuibhrichean geur—  
 Tha Daorsa a nis ann an daorsa i féin—  
 Tha mhàthair 's a maothran a' mireadh le chéil' !  
 'Nis séidibh an trompaid—biodh an tiompan air ghleus,  
 Tha buaidh le Iehòbhah—tha 'phobull gu léir  
 O shàrachadh cruaidh an luchd-foireignidh saor ;  
 Oir 's i 'n àithne a chualas, “ Biodh ciomaich fa sgaoil.”

~~~~~

“ THA M'ATHAIR AIR AN STIUIR.”

Dh'éirich an fhairge, 's shéid a' ghaoth,
 A's b'aobhar oillt an fhuaim,
 Do n' h-uile aon san eithear fhaoim
 Air faontra' feadh a' chuain.

Ach mac an sgiobair, balachan maoth,
 Chual' e gun gheilt an toirm ;
 Fiamh aiteis àrd gu'n robh 'na ghnùis,
 Gun smuaisean air roi'n stoirm.

Dh'fheòraich aon do'n sgiobadh dheth
 C'arson bha e cho ciùin ?

“ Cha 'n eagal domh-sa,” fhreagair e,
 “ Tha m'athair air an stiùir.”

Mar so, 'n uair dh'ìobras sòlas sinn,
 'S an crìdh' le dòlas làn,
 Tha acair dhaingean ann nach tréig,
 'S e Dia is Dia amhàin.

R'ar n-ùrnuigh cromaidh Dia a chluas,
 A's fuasgladh luath bheir dhuinn ;
 Ar deòir gu aiteas tionndaidh e—
 Gu aoibhneas fàth ar teinn.

Then upward look, howe'er distress'd,
 Jesus will guide thee home,
 To that blest port of endless rest,
 Where storms shall never come.

~~~~~  
 A CRADLE-HYMN.

Hush ! my Dear, lie still and slumber,  
 Holy Angels guard thy bed !  
 Heavenly blessings without number,  
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,  
 House and home thy friends provide ;  
 All without thy care and payment,  
 All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
 Than the son of God could be,  
 When from heaven he descended,  
 And became a child like thee ?

Soft and easy is thy cradle :  
 Coarse and hard the Saviour lay ;  
 When his birth-place was a stable,  
 And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe ! what glorious features,  
 Spotless fair, divinely bright !  
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?  
 How could angels bear the sight !

Was there nothing but a manger  
 Wicked sinners could afford  
 To receive the heavenly stranger ?  
 Did they thus affront their Lord !

Soft my child : I did not chide thee,  
 Though my song might sound too hard :  
 'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
 And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,  
 How the Jews abused their King :  
 How they served the Lord of glory  
 Makes me angry while I sing.

'Measg àmhgharaibh an t-saoghail thruaigh  
 Earbaibh á Dia nan dùl,  
 Ag ràdh an là na gaillinn chruaidh,  
 "Tha m' Athair air an stiùir."

~~~~~  
 LAOIDH ALTRUIM.

Bà ! mo leanabh, caidil sàmhach,
 Ainglean àghmhor 'bhi ort teann !
 Driùchdadh beannachdan gun àireamh
 As na h-àrdaibh air do cheann.

Caidil 'eudail ! cha'n 'eil éis ort ;
 T' fhàrdach, t' éideadh, a's do lòn
 Solaraidh do chàirdean féin duit,
 'S cha'n iarr éiric uait, no òr.

'S fearr do ghiullachd agus t'áilleas
 Na bha càramh caomh Mhic Dhé,
 'N uair a thùirling e o'n àirde—
 'Dh'fhàs 'na phàisdein mar thu féin.

Tha do chreathall socrach, blàth fo'd—
 Bha do Shlànuighear gun ghleus ;
 'S ann a rugadh e 'an stàbull,
 'S bi a leaba stàta feur.

Leanabh gràsmhor a chruth àluinn !
 Mac an Ard-rìgh, gnùis na sgéimh !
 'Measg nam brùid a' gabhail fàrdaich,
 Fàth chur cràidh air sluagh nan nèamh !

Nach robh ionad ach a' phrasach
 Aig na peacaich bhaoth, gu dìon
 A chur air an aoidhe mhaiseach ?—
 Feuch mar mhaslaich iad an Triath !

Cuist, a ghràidh ! cha d' thug mi gràchd ort,
 Ged bha fonn mo dhàin car searbh ;
 'S i do mhàthair a ta làmh riut,
 'S ni a gairdeana do thearm'.

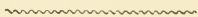
Ach air cuimhneachadh an sgeòil domh,
 Mar bha Rìgh na glòir' an teinn,
 Aig na h-Iudhaich mar fhear dò-bheairt,
 'S e chuir dorran orm 's mi 'seinn.

Lo, he slumbers in the manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed ;
 Peace, my darling here 's no danger,
 Here 's no ox beside thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying—
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans, and endless crying,
 That thy blessed Re-leemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days !
 Then go, dwell for ever near him,
 See his face, and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire :
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joys aspire.



GOODNESS OF GOD.

Child.—I saw the glorious sun arise
 From yonder mountain grey ;
 And as he travelled through the sky
 The darkness fled away.
 And all around me was so bright—
 I wished it would be always light.
 But when his shining course was done,
 The gentle moon drew nigh,
 And stars came twinkling, one by one,
 Upon the shady sky :—
 Who made the sun to shine so far,
 The moon and every twinkling star ?

Mother.—'Twas God, my child, who made them all
 By his Almighty skill :
 He keeps them, that they do not fall,
 And guides them as he will ;—
 That glorious God, who lives afar,
 In heaven beyond the highest star.

Child.—How very great that God must be,
 Who rolls them through the air !
 Too high, Mamma, to notice me,
 Or listen to my prayer !

Faic 'na chadal e 'sa' phrasaich—

Am fochar dhamh a' enàmh an cìr :
Fois, a rùin, cha 'n fhàth dhuit caisleach',
Cha 'n 'eil daimh an còir do chinn-s'.

'S ann gu thus', a ghráidh a dhìon
O bhàs, o phian, o ghul, 's o ghruaim ;
O lasair bhuan, 's o ghìosgan fhiacal,
'Thàinig Iosa Criosd a nuas.

Gu ma beò dhuit dh' fhàs air eòlach,
'S a chur dòchas ann gach là !
'N sin gu sìorruidh ni thu còmhnuidh
Làmh ris féin 'an tìr an àigh.

Bheirinn mìle, mìle pòg dhuit
Leis an dòchas th'air mo mhiann ;
Chaidh cha 'n iarradh màthair sòlas
'S mo na h-òigridh bhi aig Dia.



MAITHEAS DE.

Leanabh.—Chunnaic mi 'ghrian ag éiridh suas
O chùl nam beanntan garbh ;
'S mar thriall i suas gu àird' nan speur,
Gu'n d' theich an dòrch' air falbh.
'N sin thaom an solus mach mu'n cuairt,
'Cur air gach machair mais' a's snuadh.
Cho luath 's a chrìochnaich is' a réis
Gu'n d' éirich 'ghealach chaoin ;
'S na déigh-s' gu'n d' thaisbean anns an speur
Na reultan, aon a's aon :—
Cò rinn a' ghrian, 's a' ghealach féin,
'S na reultan àillidh ud gu léir.

Màthair.—'S e Dia, mo ghaol, le 'neart ro threun
'Rinn iad gu léir an tùs :
Leis ghleidheadh iad o thuiteam sìos,
A's riaghladh iad 'nan cùrs' ;—
'N Dia glòrmhor àrd 'tha 'gabhail tàmh
Os ceann nan reultan shuas air nèamh.

Leanabh.—Cia mòr an Dia sin ann an neart
'Tha 'gluasad feachd nan speur !
Ro àrd tha e gu toirt fa'near
Aon ghearan 'thig o m' bheu !

O tell me, will he condescend
To be a little infant's friend.

Mother.—He will, my love ; for though he made

Those wonders in the sky,
You never need to be afraid
He should neglect your cry ;
For, humble as a child may be,
A child that prays he loves to see.

Behold the daisy where you tread,
That little lowly thing ;
Behold the insects over-head,
That play about in spring .
Though we may think them mean and small,
Yet God takes notice of them all.

And will not Jesus deign to make
A feeble child his care ?
Ah, yes ! he died for children's sake,
And loves the infant's prayer.—
God made the stars and daisies too,
And watches over them and you.

THE FARMER.

Fair breaks the morn o'er yonder eastern sky,
And brightening hills in pleasing prospect rise,
How blest the man whose peaceful days are spent
In useful exercise and calm content !
Who with the lark salutes the early dawn,
Breathes ruddy health from every breezy lawn ;
Far from the world, retired to rural shades,
Where loathsome dissipation ne'er invades.
The rustic swain, while toiling soon and late,
Is ever glad, nor grudges at his fate ;
And thus disposed to work the fruitful soil,
Feels dignity and pleasure in the toil !
No ills he hears, no dangers does he fear,
All's peace around within his narrow sphere.

THE RESURECTION OF CHRIST.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day !
Sons of men, and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high—
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

O! mlàthair innsibh 'n deònach leis
Eisdeachd ri leanabh baoth mar mis'?

Màthair.—Mo ghaol, gun teagamh, 's deònach leis;

'S ged rinn e feachd nan speur
Na bitheadh eagal idir ort
Nach cluinn e thu a t' fheum;
Do leanabh beag, 'tha lag a's faoin,
A bhios ag ùrnuigh 's mòr a ghaol.

Seall air an neònain iosal, fhann
'Bhios clann a' saltairt sìos;
Seall air a' chuileig os do cheann
Tha 'dannsa shuas gun sgìos:
Ged shaoileas sinn' iad lag a's faoin,
Tha Dia 'g an cumail suas gach aon.

'S is cinnteach mi gu'n deònaich Criosd
Làn dìon do leanabaibh òg;
'S o'n' dh' fhuiling esan air an sgàth
Cha diùlt e gràs a's glòir:
Bi 'g earbsa as gach oidhch' a's là,
A's gheibh thu 'n fhois nach tréig gu bràch.

AN TUATHANACH.

Air fiamh na gréine theachd do'n speur o'n chuan,
A thilgeadh soillse thar gach coill a's cluan,
'S a' mhaduinn chiùin, 's am fear fo dhriùchd ro throm,
'S na h-eoin 'n an còisridh 'm bàrr nan òb 's nan tom,
A' seinn an ceoil gu fonnmhor, bòidheach, binn,
'S mac-tall'-nan-creag 'co-fhreagaradh d'an seinn.
'M fear-dùthcha suairce dùisgidh suas á shuain,
'S ann leis bu taitneach claistinneachd na fuaim:
Gu sunndach, ait gu'n tig e mach do'n raon,
'N deigh sgìos, 's an oidhche chur á chuimhn' gu faoin
R'a obair chleachdta teannaidh e gun dàil,
A chuireas neart a's fallaineachd 'na chàil;
A's miann air maoin cha chràidh, 's cha chlaoidh a chrì',
'S e 'mealtuinn neart a's fallaineachd mar nì.

AISEIRIDH CHRISD.

Dh'éirich Criosd a nìos o'n uaigh!
Seinnibh na tha bhos a's shuas;
Seinn a thalaimh, seinn a nèamh,
Cuiribh uile 'chliù am mend,

Love's redeeming work is done ;
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
 Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious King,
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Once he died our souls to save,
 Where 's thy victory boasting, grave ?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head ;
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail, thou Lord of earth and heaven,
 Praise to thee by both be given !
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail ! the Resurrection—Thou.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.*

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 His vast successive course shall run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Through him shall endless prayer be made,
 And ceaseless praises crown his head ;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,
 With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim,
 Their early blessings on his name.

* It has been suggested by the Rev. J. A. James of Birmingham, and we believe very generally acted upon, that the above Hymn should be sung on the first day of 1859, by all the Christian fami-

Obair chriochnaich, 's chaidh e suas,
 Chuir e'n cath, a's fhuair e bhuaidh ;
 Dh'fhalbh an smal a bh'air a' ghréin,
 A's dealraidh i gu sìor 'na dhéigh.

B' fhaoin a' chlach 's gach innleachd dhaoin',
 Chuir e croinn na h-uaigh mu sgaoil ;
 B' fhaoin do'n bhàs a ghabhail sìos,
 Dh' éirich e le buaidh a nìos.

Feuch a nis tha Iosa beò,
 Ghabh e còmhnuidh ann an glòir ;
 Thug a bhàs an gath o'n Bhàs,
 Chaill an uaigh a buaidh gu bràch.

Aig Criosd a nis tha neart a's glòir,
 A's riaghaladh an domhain mhòir ;
 Nèamh a's ifrinn tha f' a làimh,
 'S gach ni a's neach ri bheil ar dàimh.

A Rìgh na glòir ! 's e so an t-àgh,
 Géill a's cliù thoirt duit gu bràch ;
 Sìth a's réite riut gu sìor,
 So a' bheatha shuthainn, fhìor.

RIOGHACHD CHRISD.

Do Iosa bheir gach cinneach géill,
 O éiridh gu dol fodha gréin' ;
 Bidh 'uachdranachd o thràigh gu tràigh,
 Gus nach tomhais geallach tràth.

Na 'ainm-san theid gach ùrnuigh suas,
 A's cliù a's moladh o gach sluagh ;
 'S mar bholtrach tùis theid 'ainm an àird
 Le ìobairt mhaduinn as gach àit'.

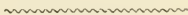
Gach sluagh a's dùthaich tha fo'n ghréin
 Ni seinn mu 'ghaol-san feadh gach ré ;
 'S do ainm ro-naomha Triath na glòir
 Leanabaibh 's cìochrain togaidh ceòl.

lies and Sabbath school children throughout the world, wherever the English language is spoken, beginning at Britain, and travelling with the sun round the globe.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Where he displays his healing pow'r,
 Death and the grave are fear'd no more ;
 In him the sons of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King :
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen



THE SAVIOUR.

In form I long had bowed my knee ;
 But nought attractive then could see,
 To win my wayward heart to thee,
My Saviour.

When, self-accused, I trembling stood,
 I promised fair, as any could ;
 But never counted on thy blood,
My Saviour.

Too soon the promise vain I proved,
 That sinners make while sin is loved ,
 But still to thee this heart ne'er moved,
My Saviour.

To pleasure prone, I thought it hard,
 From pleasure's path to be debarr'd ;
 Nor pleasure sought from thy regard,
My Saviour.

Thou whom I had so long withstood,
 Thou didst redeem my soul with blood,
 And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
My Saviour.

Through storms and waves of conflict past,
 Thy potent arm has held me fast,
 And thou wilt save me to the last,
My Saviour.

Bidh àgh a's sonas anns gach àit',
 'S am prìosanach gheibh saors' o 'chàs ;
 'San neach 'tha sgìth o 'shaothair fois,
 A's mic na h-aire o 'n eallach goirt.

Far an nochd e 'chumhachd mòr,
 Cha 'n fhuilgear bàs no cràdh ni's mò ;
 'S d'a thrìd-san gheibhear tuilleadh àigh
 N'a chaill sinn trìd easumhlachd Adhaimh.

Gach creutair éireadh 's thugadh uaith'
 Umhlachd 's buidheachas do'n Uan ;
 'S le'n òrain thigeadh aingle 'nuas
 'S o'n chruinneadh éireadh iolach suas.

AN SLÀNUIGHEAR.

Air sgàth cleachduinn lùb mo ghlùn ;
 Ach mais' no àill' cha 'n fhae a'd' gnùis,
 A chum mo chridhe 'thoirt duit dlùth,
 Mo Shlànuighear,

Air bhall-chrith, 's mi fo thrioblaid gheur,
 Shaoil mi gu'n deanainn féin mo réit'—
 Do t'fhuil cha d' ghabh mi suim no spéis,
 Mo Shlànuighear.

Ged mbothaich mi gach oidhirp baoth
 Cho fhad 'sa thug mi'n pheacadh gaol,
 Gidheadh mo chridhe riut cha d'aom,
 Mo Shlànuighear.

Mheas mi cruaidh gach ni a dh'iarr,
 Bha 'toirmeasg imeachd réir mo mhiann,
 'S mo thlachd-sa cha robh ann a d' riar,
 Mo Shlànuighear.

Ach thusa ris an d' chuir mi cùl,
 Le t'fhuil gu'n d' shaor thu m'anam brùit',
 'S do Dhia gu'n d' tharruing thu mi dlùth.
 Mo Shlànuighear.

O ghàbhadh, trioblaid, a's o theinn,
 Gu'n d' shaor thu mi le d' ghàirdean treun,
 A's dìonaidh tu mi o gach beud,
 Mo Shlànuighear.

And when the voyage of life is o'er,
 I hope to gain the heavenly shore,
 And never grieve thy goodness more,
 My Saviour.

THE SONG OF MOSES.

EXODUS, xv. 1.—21.

The horse and the rider are thrown in the sea,
 And Israel, escaped from her bondage, is free ;
 Jehovah has conquer'd—to him we will raise
 The song that bursts forth from our hearts in His praise.

The arm of our God was our safety alone,
 That arm has the hosts that pursued us o'erthrown ;
 The God of our fathers has fought on our side,
 And Pharaoh, struck down in the pomp of his pride.

His chariots and horsemen o'erwhelmed by the waves,
 Have sunk in the deep ocean's fathomless graves !
 Thy hand, O Jehovah, is glorious in fight,
 And none can resist its omnipotent might !

The foe that rose up in his pride against Thee
 Thou has scatter'd, and drown'd in the depths of the sea :
 As stubble dispers'd by the wind, so the breath
 Of Thy wrath in a moment hath swept them to death.

The monarch himself, his chief captains and hosts,
 Lie entomb'd in the Red Sea that washes their coasts :
 The blast of Thy power divided the flood,
 And the billows, ascending on either side, stood.

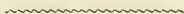
Exulting in triumph the enemy cried,
 " I will follow—o'ertake—all the spoil will divide :
 My lust in their ruin shall riot its fill ;
 The sword I unsheathe—the slaves I will kill ! "

The breath of Thy spirit blew strong on the waves,
 They cover'd that host in their fathomless graves ;
 Like lead they sank down in the depth of the sea,
 And Israel, redeem'd from her bondage, is free.

O Jehovah, our God, who with Thee can compare.
 'Midst the gods of the earth, or the gods of the air ?
 Whose glory, or greatness is equal to Thine ?
 Whose deeds are so glorious, whose power so divine ?

Thou stretch'd out Thy hand from the gloom of the cloud—
 The earth deep engulf'd them—the sea was their shroud :

'S mo thuras 'n uair a thig gu crìch,
 'N sin gabhaidh tu mi steach do d' riogh'chd,
 'S cha chuir mi dorran ort gu sìor,
 Mo Shlànuighear



ORAN MHAOIS.

ECSODUS, xv. 1.—21.

Chaidh an t-each a's am marcaich' a bhàthadh 's a' chuan,
 'S chaidh na h-Israelich as o'n sàrachadh cruaidh ;
 A's bhuadhaich Iehòbhah—'s gu'n tog sinn an àird
 Oran molaidh d'a Ainm-san a shaor sin o'r càs.

'S e gàirdean an Tighearn ar didean a mhàin ;
 'S e 'Neart-san a bhuadhaich 'sa chìosnaich ar nàmh ;
 'S e 'n Tighearna Dia a chog air ar taobh,
 'S a bhuaidhich air Pharaoh, 's ar naimhdean a sgaoil.

Chaidh a mharc-shluagh 's a charbaid a shlugadh 'sa' chuan,
 Ann an doimhneachd na fairge fhuair iadsan an uaigh !
 Tha do làmh-sa, Iehòbhah, ro ghlòrmhor gu h-euchd,
 Cò 's urrainn do bhacadh, no cogadh riut Féin !

An nàmhaid a dh'éirich a' t'aghaidh le h-uail
 Gu'n do sgap, agus bhàth thu an doimhneachd a' chuain :
 Mar an asbhuain le gaoith air a fuadach 's gach àit'
 Rinn anail do chorruich an casgradh gu bàs.

Agus Pharaoh 's a chuideachd, le 'n uail a's le'm bòsd,
 'S a' mhuir tha 'n an laidhe gun phlosg a's gun deò :
 Le t'Anail rinn rathad do d' phòbull roi'n chuan,
 'S air gach taobh dhiubh na tonnan rinn seasamh a suas.

Le bòsd a's buaidh-chaitheam an namhaid gu'n d' éigh,
 " Leanaidh—a's beiridh—'s bheir creach dhiubh gu léir :
 Mo thlachd tha 'n an sgrios, 'n an dòbairt, 's 'n an àr ;
 Agus rùisgidh mo chlaidheamh, a's casgraidh gach tràill ! "

Shéid anail do Spioraid air aghaidh nan stuadh,
 Agus shluigeadh do naimhdean an doimhneachd a' chuain ;
 Chaidh iad fodha mar luaidhe 's an aigéal a sìos,
 'S o dhaors' a's o thrioblaid do shluagh thug thu nìos.

O ! Thighearn, Iehòbhah, cò 's cosmhail riut féin
 'N am measg-san gu léir ris an abarar dée ?
 Cò tha'n glòir a's an cumhachd co-ionnan ri Dia ?
 Cò dh'fhaodar a choimeas 'an tuigse r'ar Triath ?

Do làmh shìn Thu mach o dhubhar an neòil,
 'S 'n an laidhe 's a' chuan tha do naimhdean gun deò :

The nations shall hear, and, with trembling, shall ow
Almighty the Power which our foes has o'erthrown.

The arms of the valiant unnerved shall decline,
And hosts stand in motionless dread, Lord, of Thine :
The princes of Edom in terror shall quake,
The knees of thy mighty men, Moab, shall shake.

Thy sons, Palestina, droop helpless in woe,
And Canaan melt from his presence as snow :
Thou hast rescued Thy people from slavery's yoke,
Thy mercy the chain of their vassalage broke.

Thou wilt lead them triumphant through desert and sea,
To the land fixed as theirs in Thy changeless decree—
The land of long promise, where, placing Thy throne,
Thou reignest Almighty, and reignest alone !

The horse and the rider are thrown in the sea,
And Israel, escaped from her bondage, is free ;
Jehovah has conquered—to Him we will raise
The song that bursts forth from our hearts in His praise.



THE HOUR OF DEATH.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O, Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

* We give on the opposite page verses composed by the Rev. A. Clerk, Minister of Kilmallie, and evidently suggested by this well-known Poem of Mrs Hemans, the first two verses being a translation ; but throughout the other six verses Mr Clerk follows his

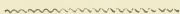
Nis cluinnidh na ciunnich, 's air bhall-chrith bheir géill,
'S do chumhachd gun aidich bhi tharta gu léir.

Agus gairdean nan uaibhreach gu'm meataich le sgàth
'N uair a chluinneas an dòl th'air do naimhdean 's gach àit';
Agus criothnaichidh prionnsachan Edoim gu léir,
'S bidh treun-fheara Mhoaib fo gheilt mar an ceudn'.

Bidh mic Phalestina fo uamhan, 's fo bhròn,
'S luchd-àitich' Chanàain ni leaghadh roimh d' ghlòir :
Do shluagh rinn thu shaoradh o chuibhreach nan tràil',
'S do thròcair thug fuasgladh o'n àmhghar 's o'n cràdh.

Roimh 'n mhuir a's roi'n fhàsach, ni 'n tearnadh o'n teinn,
'S bheir seilbh dhoibh 's an dùthaich a rùnaich thu féin—
Ann am fearann a' gheallaidh 's an rioghaich Tha 'm feasd,
Oir Dhuit-se bheir umhlachd am pobull gun cheisd.

Chaidh an t-each a's am marcaich' a bhàthadh 's a' chuan,
'S chaidh na h-Israelich as o'n sàrachadh cruaidh ;
A's bhuadhaich Iehòbhah—'s gu'n tog sinn an àird
Oran molaidh d'a Ainm-san a shaor sinn o'r càs.



A M B A S.

Tha àm aig an duilleach 's an tuit e o'n chraoibh—
Tha àm aig na blàthan 's an searg iad roimh'n ghaoith—
Tha àm aig na reultan 's an gabh iad mu thàmh ;
Thar gach àm agus aimsir tha cumhachd a' Bhàis !

Tha 'n latha gu cùram 'us obair an t-saogh'il—
Tha 'm feasgar gu coinneamh, a's caidreamh luchd-gaoil—
An oidhe gu ùrnuigh, 's gu tàmh ann an suain ;
Tha imeachd a' bhàis aig gach tràth agus uair !

Tha 'n leanabh glé mhaiseach 'an ùrachd na slàint'—
Tha 'n treun-fhear làn neart agus cruadail 's gach càs—
Tha 'n t-aosda gu glic, 'us gu fòill ann na cheum ;
Oige, treun'tas, no gliocas, cha dìon iad o'n eug !

Tha airgead a' ceannach mòr chumhachd 'us spéis—
Tha fòghlum 'cur innleachdan neartmhor air ghleus—
Tha gaisgeadh thar naimhdean a' cosnadh na buaidh ;
Beairteas, fòghlum, no gaisgeadh cha ghlais iad an uaigh !

own train of thought, and puts a good finish on it, by directing the reader to the Saviour, who deprived Death of his sting and the Grave of its victory, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?
 They have one season—all are ours to die.

Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melt upon the air ;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

THE BEACON.*

'Twas night,—the waves were rolling black beneath the gloom of heaven,
 Where fast o'erhead the floating wrack by the loud wind was driven ;
 On every rock and distant creek fierce raged the whitening spray,
 While one stray boat is like a speck tossed by the waves away.
 The seamen's strength was well nigh spent, nor yet their port they knew,
 For not a star its lustre lent unto the toiling crew :
 Out then and spake a mariner—a hardy man was he,
 Who 'd faced full many a wintry year the storm upon the sea.

"My trust is yet in Him who sent about my mates and me
 This strong and fearful element that rageth on the sea :
 My trust doth in His mercy lie who knows to guide our way,
 And lead us up to heaven on high, or be on earth our stay."

In darkness, shining as he spoke far glanced a lonely beam—
 From where the wave in thunder broke, bright spread its guiding gleam :
 'Twas there his little daughter raised the star-like beacon light,
 Above his humble home that blazed, and cheered the howling night.

'Twas there she tended it with care amid the darkness wild,
 And lighted in her heart the prayer that cheered the fisher's child :
 'Twas there she guarded well the flame against the wind and spray,
 Until her storm-tossed father came and kissed her fears away.

* The original of these verses was composed many years ago by the Rev John M'Leod, D.D., Minister of Morven. The English is by no means a close translation. The following note was prefixed to them when they first appeared in the "Gaelic Messenger."

"Tha Eilean Thiridhe cho òsal, chòmhnard 's nach 'eil e furasd'
 a thogail 's an oidhche leis na maraichean a tha 'g iarraidh g'a

Tha 'm bràthair glé mhùirneach mu 'phiuthar a's caomh—
Am fear-pòsda mu'n mhnaoi do'n tug e a ghaol—
Tha 'mhàthair ro ghaolach mu aon mhac a gràidh ;
Gràdh bràthar, no màthar, cha saor sinn o'n bhàs !

O ! 's nàmhaid gun tioma, gun trècair am Bàs—
Tha 'imeachd 'measg fola, 'us truaighe gach là—
Cha chuir deòir, 's cha chuir osna aon stad air a cheum ;
Rinn e 'n saoghal so uile ro dhubhach—làn dheur !

Ach moladh a's cliù do ghaisgeach an àigh ;
'Thug buaidh air an uaigh—'thug an gath as a' bhàs :
'S a choisinn do dhaoine sìor-bheatha làn glòir,
'S nach bi tinneas, no doilgheas, no àmhghar, no bròn.

'Iosa, Mhic Dhé ! 's tu aoibhneas mo shùl !
Ri d' ghràdh, a's ri d' chòmhunnadh do ghnàth bi'dh mo dhùil :
O ! saor mi o'n pheacadh 'thug neart do an Bhàs,
Làn-naomh dean mo thaisbein' 'n làthair Athair nan gràs.

IUL AN EILEANAICH.

Bha ghrian 's i air luidhe fo smal a's fo ghrnaim,
Agus cuantan a' beuchdaich le gàirich nan stuadh ;
Ach tha'n t-eithear gu treun ris a' ghaillinn a' strìth—
Ag iarraidh gun luasgan gu cala na sìth.

Bha dubh-neoil nan doinionn a' siubhal nan speur,
A's fearann no fasgadh do'n sgiobadh cha leir ;
Ach gun mheatachd, gun imcheist air cridhe nan sonn,
Shìor ghleidh iad an gabhail air Eilean nan tonn.

Deir am maraiche aosda a shuidh air an ailn,
“ Na strìochdadh mo ghillea fo uabhar na stoirm !
Biodh 'ur n-earbsa gu daingean 'an àrd Rìgh nan dùl,
Oir dheònaich a mhaithreas na bheir soills' agus iùl.”

Agus feuch ! mar a lèbhair, air carraig nan stuadh,
Suas dh'éirich le 'dhearsadh àrd lòchran nam buadh ;
'S an deur nach do dh'fhàisgeadh le gabhadh o 'shùil,
Shil an t-athair 'nuair thuirt e, “ Leanabh mo rùn ! ”

'S bha 'leanabh cho sona 's bu mhiannach le 'chrì
'N uair a chunnaic i 'n t-eithear an cala na sìth ;
'S O ! b' aoibhneach a choinneamh 'n uair rainig e 'n tràigh,
'S a thuirt i le aiteas,—“ O ! athair mo ghràidh ! ”

ionnsuidh. Tha e 'na chleachdadh cumanta, uime sin, aig muinntir an eilein, 'n uair a tha càirdean a mach air a' chuan agus dùil riutha, teine 'lasadh air àit' àraid air an dean am maraich' a ghabhail. 'S iomad bàta agus sgiobadh a thearnadh leis a' chleachdadh chàirdeil, bhàigheil so. 'Se fhaireachadh so a thug air ar caraid an Dàn a leanas a sgiobhadh.”

ZION COMFORTED.

O Zion ! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save ;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

Loud roaring, the billows would thee overwhelm,
But skilful 's the Pilot that sits at the helm ;
His wisdom, his power, and his faithfulness stand
Engaged to conduct thee in safety to land.

" O fearful ! and faithless (in mercy He cries)
My promise, my truth are they slight in thine eyes ?
Still, still I am with thee, and faithful to keep,
Though seeming amid the rough tempest to sleep.

" Forget thee ! I will not, I cannot forget
What Calvary witnessed to cancel thy debt ;
On the palms of my hands while looking I see
The wounds I received in suffering for thee.

" I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art akin to my flesh and my bones ;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain,
Yet all is most needful, not one is in vain."

O Saviour ! we trust thee our life to secure,
Thy wisdom is perfect, supreme is thy power ;
In love thou correctest, our souls to refine,
To make us at length in thy likeness to shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak are thy care,
The helpless, the hopeless, thou hearest their prayer ;
From all our afflictions thy glory shall spring,
The deeper our sorrows the louder we'll sing.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

The golden shades of evening rest
Upon Tiberias' glassy breast ;
No rippling waves disturb the sea,
For all is bright serenity.

But soon the sky is overcast,
Dark threatening clouds drive swiftly past ;
The wind is up—the billows roar,
And wreak their fury on the shore.

COMHFHURTACHD DO SHION.

Oigh Shioin ! fo àmhghar, fo ànradh, 's fo bhròn,
'S gun neach ann bheir tearnadh o d' ghàbhadh a'd' chòir ;
Air do chuartaich' le trioblaid, 's le deuchainnean geur,
Ann an gleachd 's ann an cràdh gu'n d' fhàilnich thu féin.

Tha na tonnan a' beucaich, 's a' bagairt bhi garbh,
Ach 's eòlach an Sgiobair a shuidh air an ailm ;
Tha 'ghliocas, 's a chumhachd, 's a dhillseachd gu sìor
A' gealltuinn gu'n toir e thu tearuint' gu tìr.

“ Na bi'-sa fo eagal, (tha Iosa ag ràdh,)
Mo ghealladh tha seasmhach, 's cha'n fhàilnich gu bràch ;
A ghnàth tha mi 'd' chuideachd gu d' chumail a suas,
Ged a shaoil thu gu'm bheil mi gun suim dhìot no truas.

“ Cha dì-chuì'nich mi thusa, cha'n urrainn gu bràch
Mi dhearmad na dh'fhuiling air a' chranu air do sgàth ;
Air dearnaibh mo làmh 'n uair a sheallas mi chì
Na lotan a fhuair air do shon anns an strì.

Mo chridhe tha cràiteach mu d' àmhghar, 's mu d' leòn,
Oir thusa tha 'n càirdeas do m' chnàmhan, 's do m' fheòil ;
Anns gach trioblaid a thig ort gu'm fairich mi péin,
Ach tha iad gu buannachd a's feumail duit féin.”

Ar beatha, a Shlàn'ir, tha tearuint' fo d' sgàil,
A'd' ghliocas, 's a'd' chumhachd gu'n earb sinn gu bràch ;
Ann an gràdh bheir thu oilean, gu ar miannan a chlaoidh,
Chum fa-dheòidh ann a'd' choltas gu'm bi sinn a chaoidh.

Am baoth, a's an gealtach gheibh tearmunn fo d' sgàil,
'S gheibh an neach tha gun dòchas a's anmhuinn uait bàigh ;
O ar trioblaid 's o'r dòlas gu'm faigh thusa glòir,
Oir o dhoimhne ar dòrainn gu'n tog sinn duit ceòl.

CRIOSD A' CIUINEACHADH NA FAIRGE.

Bu tosdach an fhairge 'n uair a ràinig a' ghrian
Gu greadhnach a pàilinn, 'tha ghnàth anns an iar—
Bha gean agus aoibhneas air aogus gach nì,
A's oiteag na h-oidheche a' sìoladh gun chli.

Bha ciar-bhrat an anamoich air sgaoileadh mu'n cuairt—
A' còmhach nan garbhach, nan gleann, a's nan cruach ;
Ach 's carach na sìonntan, 's is meallta a' ghaoth—
Mar shubhachais dhìomhain, 's mar shòlasan baoth.

Tha àilleachd na h-iarmailt air caochladh gu gruaim,
'S na neòil a bha ciallach, 'n an still 'ruith gu luath ;

Scared by the surge the sea-fowl fly
 In wild confusion through the sky;
 Upon the deep a vessel's form
 Is seen amidst the thickening storm:

Struggling, she rolls from side to side,
 And bounds across the bursting tide ;
 The shredded canvas bends the mast,
 Each moment seems the vessel's last !

Within that bark the storm defies,
 The Son of God, incarnate lies ;
 Wrapt in the arms of sound repose,
 Oblivion hides his earthly woes.

The billows foam and rage arround,
 But still he rests in sleep profound ;
 At last a cry salutes his ear,
 A cry of mingled hope and fear.

A cry for help, at once 'tis heard—
 Such cries he ne'er can disregard ;
 Calmly he rose and whispered 'Peace,
 Ye winds and raging billows cease."

The conscious elements obey,
 And own at once their Maker's sway ;
 The tempest's voice is heard no more,
 And soon the bark has reached the shore.

While joy and wonder fill each breast,
 Which fear so lately had possessed ;
 Just so it is with those who tread,
 In faith, life's path with sorrows spread.

When cherished hopes fade and decay,
 Like frost-nipt flowers in early May ;
 And when affliction's billows roll
 In swift succession o'er my soul,

When fears and doubts distract the mind,
 No comfort can the Christian find ;
 He prays, God hears, and light is given,
 Which shows the wise designs of Heaven.

'N sin fairge Ghenasaret dh'èirich gu borb—
Gu h-uaidhbreach, atmhor, le ainneart na stoirm.

Bha doilleireachd chianail a mach air a' chuan.—
'S tein-adhair gu h-iargalt' a' soillseach' nan stuadh,
Air eunlaith na mara gu léir a' cur sgàth,
'S iad 'teicheadh le cabhaig gu fasgadh na tràgh'.

Aon eithear gu sgairteil a' gleachd a's a' strìth—
Ri àrd-thonuaibh sgaiteach is confhaiche lìth;
'Tha 'bristeadh a steach oirr' na mill nach 'eil faoin,
'S a' fàsgadh a h-aisnibh le claidein, 's le saoth'ir.

Ge b'eòlach an sgiobadh air ànradh 's air spàirn,
Lion uamhann an eridhe, a's mheataich an càil
Aig faicinn nan tonnan a' buadh'chadh 'an neart,
'S a' bagairt gu lonach an slugadh mar chreach.

'An deireadh na luinge bha Iosa 'na shuain,
Gun eagal, gun ghiorag 'an eudan an Uain;
Bu shàmhach a chadal, a's b' fhèinealt a ghuais
'N uair thàinig le cabhaig an sgiobadh g'a dhùsg'.

Le oillt air an spiorad, a's buaireas 'n an gruaidh:—
“Fòir oirnne (a deir iad), fòir oirnne gu luath.”
Chlos gàirich na gaillinn, 's a nuallanaich shearbh,
'N uair a chual' i a smachd-ghuth, “Bi ciùin, a's bi balbh.”

A' ghaoth 'bha air mhire a nis tha fo chis—
An fhairge 'bha 'milleadh a nis tha aig sìth:
Fo cheannsal an Ti sin 'tha 'cuartach' na ghlaic
Na gaoith 'n uair is treis' i, 's ga cumail fo smachd.

Mar so anns gach àmhghar tha'n Slànuighear dlùth—
'N uair dh'èighear gu h-àrd ris tha blàthas 'na shùil;
Le 'chumhachd 's le 'thròcair ni Treun-fhear nam buadh
Làn dìdein a dheònach' gu gràs-mhor d'a shluagh.

'An turas na beatha tha dosguinn gu leòir,
Air beanntan 's tric ceathach, air athar 's tric neòil
A tha 'folach gu doilleir glan imeachd na gréin',
'S a' bacadh an eilthirich siubhal gu réidh.

Mar sin tha gach deuchainn 'an saoghal nan deur
'Chum an *seann-duin'* a phiaudh 's a chlaoidheadh gu geur,
Gus am fàs e 'na naoidhean—'na *nuadh-dhuin'* 'an Crìosd,
A's an gluais e le h-aoidhneas 'an slighe na sìth.

Ach an àmhuinn ged 's teinnteach, 's ged 's nuallach an cuan,
Tha'n Slànuighear ciunteach d'a ghealladh gach uair,—
“'N uair théid thu troi' thuiltean cha 'n fholaidh iad thu,
'S na lasraichean guineach cha dochainn, 's cha chiùrr.”

He sees that all is done in love,
 To raise his heart and thought above ;
 Where sin and care no more annoy,
 But all is pure and lasting joy.

~~~~~  
 PAUL'S VOYAGE.

If Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,  
 He need not fear the sea ;  
 Secured from harm on every hand  
 By the divine decree.

Although the ship in which he sailed,  
 By dreadful storms was tossed ;  
 The promise over all prevailed,  
 And none of them were lost.

Jesus, the God whom Paul adored,  
 Who saves in time of need ;  
 Was then confessed by all on board,  
 A present help indeed.

Though neither sun nor stars were seen,  
 Paul knew the Lord was near ;  
 And faith preserved his soul serene,  
 When others shook for fear.

Believers thus are tossed about,  
 On life's tempestuous main ;  
 But grace assures, beyond a doubt,  
 They shall their port attain.

They must—they shall appear one day,  
 Before their Saviour's throne ;  
 The storms they meet with by the way,  
 But make his power known.

Their passage lies across the brink,  
 Of many a threatening wave ;  
 The world expects to see them sink,  
 But Jesus lives to save.

Lord, though we are but feeble worms,  
 Yet since thy word is past,  
 We'll venture through a thousand storms,  
 To see thy face at last.

'S 'n uair thig thu gu bruachaibh Iordain a' bhàis,  
 A's tonnan a' cuartachadh t'anama le gàir,  
 Chi thu uabhar an t-srutha ag aomadh air falbh  
 Ag cluinntinn a' ghutha, " Bì ciùin, a's bi balbh."

### TURUS-CUAIN PHOIL.

M'as éiginn gu'n téid Pòl do'n Roimh,  
 Cha'n aobhar oillt dha'n euan ;  
 Oir tha e tearuint' air gach laimh  
 Le òrdugh Dhé nach gluais.

Ged chaidh an long 'san robh e 'luasg'  
 'S an doiminn chruaidh a bh' ann ;  
 An gealladh thar gach nì thug buaidh,  
 'S cha deachaidh h-aon a chall.

Iosa ! an Dia d'am buineadh Pòl,  
 A dh'fhuasglas anns gach cruas ;  
 Dh' aidich gach aon a bha air bòrd  
 M'ar chobhair dheas 'san uair.

Ged nach robh 'ghrian no reultan ris  
 Bha earbsa Phòil 'an Dia ;  
 'S ghleidh creideamh 'anam ciùin gun sgàth  
 'N uair chrithich càch le fiamh.

Na naoimh mar so tha air an luasg'  
 Air chuan na beatha bhos ;  
 Ach gràs tha 'deanamh cinnteach dhoibh  
 Gu'n ruig iad caladh fois.

Tha 'n latha 'tighinn anns an seas  
 Iad uil' aig cathair Chrìosd ;  
 'S bidh 'n stoirm a th'aca 'leigeil ris  
 A chumhachd mòr g'an dìon.

'N an cuairt a' dol roimh'n bheatha so  
 Bidh aca iomadh cràdh ;  
 Tha'n saogh'l an dùil gu'n téid an call,  
 Ach gleidhidh Ios' iad slàn.

A Dhé, ged 's cnuimhean sinn tha faoin,  
 Tha d' fhocal naomh air dòigh ;  
 'S théid sinn roimh mhìle stoirm a chum  
 Gu'n ruig sinn thu fa-dheòidh.

## MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.\*

Macleod's wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,  
The rowers are seated, unmoored are the galleys;  
Gleam war-axe and broad-sword, clang target and quiver,  
As Mackrimmon plays, "Farewell to Dunvegan forever!"

"Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;  
Farewell each dark glen in which red deer are roaming;  
Farewell lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;  
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Culen are sleeping;  
Farewell the bright eyes in the Fort that are weeping;  
To each minstrel delusion farewell! and forever—  
Mackrimmon departs to return to you never.

"The Banshee's wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,  
And the pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;  
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerve shall not quiver,  
Though devoted I go—to return again never!"

Too oft shall the note of Mackrimmon's bewailing  
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing:—  
"Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,  
Return—return—return we shall never!"

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\* Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this Lament when the Clan was about to embark to join the Royalists in 1745. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he would never return. These verses are well-known throughout the Highlands, being the strains with which the emigrants, for Canada and Australia, often take leave of their native shore; they have also been the coronach which accompanied the remains of many a brave Highlander, in bygone ages, to their last resting place. Sir Walter Scott was so moved by the overwhelming pathos of these verses in the original, that he executed the above translation. Dr M'Leod of St. Columba gave another version of this Lament, or rather the response to it, in the "Mountain Visitor," and introduced it by a thrilling note—the note and version are as follow.—

'N nair a chaidh MacLeoid Dhunbheagain a mach bliadhna-  
Thearlach leis an arm dhearg, bha 'chuid bu lionmhoire do'n  
chinneadh 'n an cridheachan le Tearlach, agus n'am b'urrainn iad  
's esan a leanadh iad. B'ann 's an rùn so bha Dònall Bàn Mac-  
ruimein. Mu'n d'fhàg iad an Dùn thuirt Macruimein gu'n robh  
fios aige nach tilleadh e; agus an latha thog na Leòdaich orra  
mach o Dhunbheagain, agus mnathan na tìre a' gul 's a' caoidh,  
's ann an sin a chluich e am port tiamhaidh, brònach sin, "Cha till  
mi tuille," agus b' fhìor mar a thubhairt e: anns a' cheud bhlàr a  
chuireadh thuit e, agus cha do mharbhadh duin' ach e fein. Bha

## CUMHA MHICRUIMEIN.

Bratach bhuadhail Mhicleoid o'n tùr mhòr a' lasadh,  
 'S luchd-iomraidh nan ràmh 'greasadh bhàr thar a' ghlas chuain;  
 Bogha, sgiath, 's claidheamh-mòr, 's tuagh gu leòn, airm nam  
 fleasgach,

'S Macruimein 'cluith cuairt, "Soraidh bhuan le Dunbheagain,"

Slàn leis gach creag àrd ris 'm bheil gàirich àrd-thonnan;  
 Slàn leis gach gleann fàs 's an dean cràchd-dhaimh an langan;  
 Eilein Sgiathanaich àigh! slàn le d' bheanntan 's guirm' fireach;  
 Tillidh, dh'fhaoidte, Macleoid, ach cha bheò Macruimein!

"Soraidh bhuan do'n gheal-cheò a tha 'còmhachadh Chuilinn!  
 Slàn leis gach blàth shùil 'th'air an Dùn, 's iad a' tùireadh;  
 Soraidh-bhuan do'n luchd-ciùil 's tric chuir sunnd orm a's tioma;  
 Sheòl Macruimein thar sàil' 's gu là bhràth cha till tuille!"

"Nualan allt' na piob-mhòr 'cluiche marbh-rann an fhilidh,  
 Agus dearbh-bhrat a' bhàis mar fhalluing aig' uime;  
 Ach cha mheataich mo chrìdh', a's cha ragaich mo chuislean,  
 Ged dh'fhalbham le m' dheoin 's fios nach till mi chaoidh tuillo!"

'S tric a chluinnear fuaim bhinn, caoidh thiom-chrì' Mhicruimein,  
 'N uair bhios Gàidheil a' falbh, thar na fairge 'g an iomain:—  
 "O! chaomh thir ar gràidh, o do thràigh 's rag ar n-imeachd,  
 Och! cha till—cha till—Och! cha till sinn tuille!"

leannan aig Dònull Bàn 's an Dùn, 's 'n uair a chual i 'm port chuir  
 i na rannan a leanas r'a chéile:—

Dh'iadh ceò nan stùchd mu aodann Chuilinn,  
 A's sheinn a' Bhean-shìth a torman mulaid:  
 Tha sùilean gorm, ciùin 's an Dùn a' sìleadh,  
 O n' thriall thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha till, cha till, cha till Macruimein,  
 'An cogadh no'n sìth cha till e tuille;  
 Le airgiod no nì cha till Macruimein,  
 Cha till gu bràch gu là na cruinne.

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,  
 Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach;  
 Tha ialt' nan speur feadh gheugan dubhach,  
 A' caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha 'n fhairge fa-dheoidh làn bròin a's mnlaid,  
 Tha 'm bàta fo 'seòl ach dhiùlt i siubhal;  
 Tha gàir nan tonn, le fuam neo-shubhach,  
 Ag ràdh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheòl 's an Dùn mu fheasgar,  
 'S mactalla nam mùr le mùirn 'ga freagairt:  
 Gach fleasgach a's òigh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,  
 O'n thriall thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

## A DREAM.—FRAGMENT.

I slept, and lo ! a fold where sheep were penned,  
 Safe and secure, beneath the Shepherd's eye.  
 Methought myself a strayed and wandering lamb,  
 Who wished to enter in ;—but could not find  
 A gap, or broken place, o'er which to climb ;  
 And round and round I looked and toiled in vain.

When in the midst of this, my fruitless plan  
 To gain an entrance by a way not right,  
 I heard a lion roar ; his voice was harsh  
 And awful to mine ear ; and well I knew  
 That I were his, unless I could enfold  
 Myself among those safe and ransomed sheep.

I called for help : my feeble strength then tried  
 To break the barrier down—but all in vain.  
 My breath came thick—when, in the east, appeared  
 A star, like that of old at Bethlehem.  
 My eye was dim with tears—I could not look on high.

A change occurred : and now I saw a door,  
 And heard a voice that said, “ I am the Way,  
 The Truth, the Life, Oh ! fly to me and live.”  
 I tried to run, and failed ; my feet seemed tied,  
 I could not move, but sobbed and cried aloud :—  
 “ Draw me, and then I can run after Thee,  
 My Lord, my God.”—And so He did, and took  
 Me through the open door which none can close.  
 And then the lion's roar I feared not ;  
 For safe within the Everlasting arms  
 I knew my soul secure.

[ For the present we bring these translations to a close, trusting that what has been given in the preceding pages will prove beneficial to our countrymen. We will now introduce our Celtic readers to a few pieces of original Gaelic poetry. We expected to have been enabled to give English translations of some of these pieces ; but failing to accomplish this in time we present them as they are. The first four of these are by the Rev. J. M'Leod, D.D., Minister of Morven.]

## B R U A D A R .

Air cadal domh, feuch ! mainnir 's an robh cruinn  
 Gu tearuint' treud, fo shuil a' Chìobair chaoimh.  
 Air leam gun robh mi féin mar uan air chall—  
 A' miannachadh 'bhi steach; ach bearn air bith  
 No toll cha 'n fhaca mi tre 'm faighinn suas,  
 Ged sheall mi air gach taobh mu'n cuairt gu dlùth.

Am feadh a bha mi ann an càs ro-chruaidh,  
 Ag iarraidh dol a steach air dòigh neo-cheart,  
 Chuala mi leòmhann beucach, le 'ghuth garg  
 'Bha uamhasach do m' chluais : 's bha fhios 'am fòs  
 Gu'n reubadh mi gun dàil, mar faighinn dìon  
 Am measg nan caorach saorta 'bha 's a' chrò.  
 Air cobhair dh'éigh, 's mo neart ro-fhaun gu'n d' chleachd  
 Gu tilgeadh sìos gach bacadh—ach gu faoin.  
 Ach feuch ! 's an ear chunnacas rionnag àigh,  
 Coltach ri Reul-iùil Bhetleheim o chian.

Ach thàinig caochladh, 's dorus chunnaic mi,  
 A's chuala guth ag ràdh, “ Is mis' an t-Slighe,  
 'N Fhirinn, a's a' Bheatha fòs, do m' ionnsuidh teich,  
 'S mair beò.” Dh'fheuch mi ri ruith, 's cha b' urra' mi ;  
 Ion 's air mo cheangal cha do ghluais mi ceum.  
 Ach ghlaodh le osnaich ghoirt, “ Tarruing, 's ruithidh  
 Mi an sin a'd' dhéigh, mo Thriath, 's mo Dhia.”  
 A's rinn mar sin, 's troimh 'n dorus fhosgailte  
 Nach dùin aon neach, mi steach gu'n tug.  
 A's beuc an leòmhain ghairg cha chuir orm sgàth ;  
 Oir tearuinte, fo dhion a' ghàirdein Thréin,  
 Bidh mi gun eagal, no gun fhiamh gu sìor.

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 EARBSA ANN AN DIA.

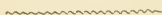
“ Gu ruige so chuidich an Tighearna leinn.”—1 Sam. vii. 12.

Tha mo thuras roimh'n fhàsach a nis gu bhi réidh,  
 Thainig feasgar mo làithean a's deireadh mo ré ;  
 Ach aidichidh mi leis gach taingealachd crìdh',  
 An fhad so, a Dhia, gu'n do chuidich thu mi.

'S tric a shearg mi fo euslaint 's a ghuil mi fo bhròn,  
'S tric a ghluais mi gu deurach gun éideadh, gun lòn ;  
Ach dh'earb mi á Dia anns gach deuchainn a's dìth,  
'S an fhad so, a Thighearna, chuidich thu mi.

'S ioma caraid bu chaomh leam a dhìobair, 's a thréig,  
'S ioma dòchas a b'ait leam a mheall mi le 'cheilg ;  
Ach do chàirdeas-sa sheas anns gach doilgheas a's strìth,  
'S an fhad so, a Thighearna, chuidich thu mi.

Agus seallaidh mi romham, a's gabhaidh mi beachd  
Air gach deuchainn a's ànradh tha fathast ri teachd ;  
Ach m'anam fo gheilt no fo imcheist cha bhi ;  
Oir an Dia nach do dhìobair, cha dìobair e mi.



## LAOIDH.

Ri doille na h-oidheche, 's mi 'g éisdeachd na stoirm,  
A' nuallan mu'n cuairt domh ! bu ghàbhaidh a toirm,  
Nochd mise do'n Tighearn gach taingealachd crìdh',  
Gun do cheadaich e dhomhsa fasgadh a's sìth.

Ach a' fuadach a mach mo smuainteanan uam,  
Cia lionmhor iad, deir mi, tha nochd air a' chuan ;  
Gu faontrach truagh air an udal fo ànradh  
Gun reull a' toirt soillse 's gun challa g'an tearnadh.

O ! b' ait leam nam b' urraiun domh lòchran na soillse,  
A dhearsadh fa'n comhair ri dubhar na h-oidheche ;  
'S gach maraich' th' air faontra, gu h-airisneulach, sgèith,  
A thàladh gu tearuiut' do challa na sìth.

Ach innis dhomh, 'chreid'ich, an d' fhairich thu riamh  
An tearuinteachd sheasgair o chorruich do Dhia !  
Ann an tuiltibh na feirge,—'s tu'n impis bhi bàite,  
An d' fhuair thusa fasgadh o charraig na slàinte ?

'S an e nach seall thu a nis, le fadal do chrìdh',  
Air na mìltibh tha fhathast fo ainneart a' strìth ;  
Air seacharan san doille, 's an doinionn a' bàrcadh,  
Gun leirsinn air cunnart—'s gun iùl chum an tearnadh.

O ! mosgail a chreid'ich, 's le dealas a'd' ghruaidh,  
'Thoir iùl do gach peacach th' air seachran gu truagh ;  
O ! mosgail, 's le d' ghniomhar' a' dealradh mar ghréin,  
Seòl da-san an t-sligh' air an imich e féin.

Bidh do dhuais anns an t-saoghal so saibhir a's pailt,  
Ma thearnas tu'n t-anam tha 'n impis bhi caillt' ;  
'S bheir e binneas do d' chaithream aig deas laimh do Rìgh  
Gur leur dhuit e sonadh ann an rioghachd na sìth.

## L A O I D H .

Ri àileachd a' Chéitein tha'n saoghal gu léir  
 A' cur maitheas an Tighearn gu h-éibhinn an céill,  
 Tha na tuiltean, 's na cuantan, na coilltean 's na glinn,  
 Gun airsneul a' seinn da le co'-sheirm bhinn.

Ged chuala' mi chaithream cha do thog mi am fonn,  
 Ach dh'imich mi romham gu neo-shunntach, trom,  
 Gun urram gun ghràdh, 's gun fhiùghantachd crìdh',  
 Do'n Dia sin a chòmhdaich le àilleachd gach nì.

Ach thàinig an geamhradh gu tartarra doirbh—  
 Theirinn an doinionn, a's dh'éirich an stoirm ;  
 A's theich mi gu h-anfhann a t-ionnsuidh-sa 'Dhé,  
 Ag iarraidh ort fasgadh fo sgàile do sgéith.

Thàinig geamhradh mo bheatha gu h-aoidheil 's gu guanach,  
 A's dh'imich mi romham, gach nì mar bu mhiannach ;  
 A' mealtuinn gach sochair, a's saor o gach dòlas,  
 Ach fathast 's an Tighearn cha d' rinn mise sòlas.

Ach feuch ! thàinig caochladh a bhròin air mo chàradh,  
 Thàinig le m' gheamhradh gach deuchainn a's ànradh ;  
 A's ghluais mi gu silteach fo iargain 's fo bhròn,  
 Gun chobhair, gun chòmh nadh, gun éideadh, gun lòn.

Shiubhail mi'n saoghal gu h-airisneulach, sgèith ;  
 Ach tha faoineachd a's diomhanas sgrìobht' air gach nì :  
 A s air uachdar an domhain cha d' fhuair mi eul-taic',  
 Gus 'n do thill mi ri Dia, mar an calman do'n Aire.

## C' AIT' AM BHEIL TRUAIGHE ?

Tha gach sligh' air an gluais sinn an taobh so do'n uaigh,  
 Air a h-iathadh mu'n cuairt leis gach deuchainn ro-chruaidh  
 Ach ged tha air gach laimh ioma doilghios, a's dòlas ;  
 Cha'n'eil anns an t-saoghal so truaighe gun dòchas.

An diobarach is laige, cha'n'eil e gun taic,  
 Ris an earb' o le misnich 'na àmhghar 's 'na aire :  
 Tha mìlse r'a fhaotainn 'sa chupan is seirbhe,  
 'S tha reult a' toirt soillse anns an oidheche is doirbhe.

'Chunna mi 'm peacach 'na airsneul 's na sgìos,  
 Fo uallach na h-aing'eachd air aomadh a sìos ;  
 Ach bha Grian ait an dòchais na glòir os a cheann  
 A' dearsadh roi' dheuraibh, gu h-aoidheil 's gu ciùin.

Chunna mi'n t-euslaint fo iargain 'ga chlaoidh,  
 Bu chianail a chàradh, 's bu déis'neach a chaoidh ;  
 Ach bha misneach san t-sùil a chinn lag-sheallach fann,  
 'S bha fuighair na slàinte mar adhart fo 'cheann.

Chunna mi 'bhanntnach, 's i sinnt' air an uaigh,  
 Bha na deuran gu frasach a' sileadh o 'gruaidh ;  
 'S i gun chobhair, gun taic' ach na dilleachdain mhaoth  
 'Bha tuireadh gu leanabail, 's iad sinnte r'a taobh.

Ach rinn ise bun anns gach gealltannas gràidh,  
 Agus sheall i le aiteas air maduinn an àigh,  
 Anns an siabar gach deur, 's an léigh'sear gach crìdh' ;  
 'S anns an coinnich luchd-dàimh ann an àros na sìth.

Agus shiubhail mi 'm smuaintibh an saoghal gu léir,  
 Troi'n fhàsach bu duaichnidh, 's troi' ghleannaibh nan deur ;  
 Ach bha dòchas 's gach ionad toirt misneach 's gach càs,  
 Mar tha 'ghrian anns gach ionad toirt soills' agus blàth's.

Ach chì mi a' tighinn àrd latha na soillse,  
 An latha nach tionndaidh gufeasgar no oidhche ;  
 Tha dòchas an fhìrean air tionndadh gu buaidh,  
 Tha 'n t-aingidh gun dòchas—Feuch ! iomlan, no truagh

## AN GAIDHEAL

*Ann an Tìr chéin air Oidhche Choinnle.*

Is tiamhaidh, trom mo chridhe 'nochd,  
 'S mi 'm aonaran bochd leam féin ;  
 Cha 'n iarr mi tàmh, cha 'n fhaigh mi lochd  
 Is mi fo sprochd an dùthaich chéin.

'S iomad cuimhne, thùrsach, throm  
 Tha dùsgadh fonn a' bhròin a'm' uched ;  
 'S e thog an osnadh ann a'm' chom  
 Nach 'eil mi'n Tìr-nam-Beann a nochd.

Tha Tìr-nam-Beann mar bha i riamh—  
 Gach gleann a's sliabh, a's creag nam faobh ;  
 An creachan àrd 's am bi am fiadh,  
 'S an leacann liath tha sìos o 'thaobh.

Tha gach allt a' leum le toirm  
 O chreig gu creag a sìos gu tràigh ;  
 Tha bàrr an fhraoich bhadanaich ghuirm  
 Gu trom dosrach mar a bha.

Ach c'ait' am bheil na càirdean gràidh  
 D'an tug mi bàigh an làithean m' òig ?

'S e fàth mo mhulaid a's mo chràidh  
A mheud 'sa tha dhiubh 'nochd fo'n fhòid.

M' athair-sa, cha 'n 'eil e beò,  
Mo mhàthair chaomh cha 'n 'eil i ann :  
Dh' fhalbh mo cho-aoisean mar cheò,  
A dh' fhuadaichear le gaoth nam beann.

Slàn le comunn caomh mo ghaoil !  
'Chuireadh faoilt 'am chridhe bochd ;  
Cha 'n 'eil iad air uachdar an t-sao'il  
'Dheanadh aobhach mis' an nochd.

Ach tha iad beò an dùthaich chéin—  
Tìr na gréin', gun oidhch' a choidhch' ;  
Coinn'chidh sinn fathast a chéil'  
Gun sùil fo dheur, gun chridh' a' caoidh.

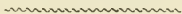
Tha àl a' falbh, a's àl a' teachd,  
Mar shlachdaireachd nan tonn air tràigh :  
Ar bliadhnachan, tha iad gu beachd,  
Mar sgeulachd, dhiomhain, ghearr gun stàth.

Glòir do Shlàn'ear caomh nam buadh,  
A thug a nuas o thìr an àigh  
Sgeul an aoibhneis do'n t-sluagh,  
Beatha bhuan nach mill am bàs.

Choisinn e 'bheatha so gu daor,  
As a thaobh gu'n d' thaom an fhuil ;  
Ach O ! cia gràsmhor, fialaidh, saor,  
Do'n chinne-daonn' a h-àgh, 'sa buil.

C'arson a bhithinn brònach, bochd,  
A' caoidh fo sprochd an so leam féin ;  
Do shùil, a Dhé, tha orms' a nochd,  
Fo dheòruidheachd an dùthaich chéin.

Cha bhi mi 'caoidh, cha toir mi céill—  
Fo thaic' do sgéith gu'n iarr mi tàmh ;  
Do d' thoil-sa, Thighearn, bheirinn géill—  
Ga m' strìochdadh féin a choidhch' fo d' làimh.



[The first four pieces following are from the pen of the Rev Duncan M'Lean of Glenorchy, who wrote in the "Gaelic Messenger" under the signature of "Fior Ghael." Mr M'Lean preferred always to compose original poetry to translating.

#### FASACHADH NA GAELTACHD.

'S iomad caochladh a's mughadh, gun sùil riu no fughair,  
A thachair 'n ar dùthaich, mo dhiùbhail ! cho liugha ;

'S iomadh cleachd' a chaidh seachad gun cho math thigh 'nn na  
'S iomadh dubhaile a chinnich, a's subhaile a bhàsaich. [àite,

Bha 'tuinneach' 'sna beanntaibh, nan àm a's nan àl so,  
Beusan giulain, a's cainnte gun taing a bha àluinn ;  
Bha snaom ann, 's bu chruaidh i, mo thruaigh ! 's gun i 'n tràs  
'Ceangal islean a's uaislean an suairceas 's an càirdeas. [ann,

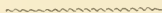
Bha 'bhochduinn neo-sgàthach 'an làthair na mòrchuis,  
Bha 'n uaisle gun àrdan, a's bàigheil do'n deòraidh ;  
Bha aoidheachd, a's fialachd, a's biatachd gun sòradh ;  
'N an gleannanaibh riabhach, bu chiataiche còmhachd.

Bu chiatach a' chòisridh 'bha chòmhnuidh 's na beanntaibh,  
Sìol fìor-ghlan, gun fhòtus, ged dh'fhògradh gun taing iad ;  
O'n gleannanaibh bòidheach gu còmhnard na Galltachd,  
'G am fògradh thar chuantan, mo chruadail ! b'e'n t-ainneart.

Dh'fhàs a' Ghael'tachd 'na fàsach, gun àiteach, gun tuath-  
Mar lion iad 'nan àite an t-àireach 's am buachall, [cheatharn,  
Tha 'ur n-ionada'-tàmha 'bu làine, 's bu chuanda,  
Gun mhìre, gun mhànràn,—'n an làraichean uaine.

An òige mar shealladh gun mhealladh 'se fìrinn,  
'N àm dùsgadh 's a' mhaduinn b'e'n tlachd 's an toil-inntinn  
Bhi 'faicinn 's gach gleannan, 's gach lagan bu dìomhair',  
Mo luchd-gaoil, agus comuinn a thogadh mo chrìdh' dhomh.

Ged dh'ìrich mi 'n tràth so gu àiridh nan beanntaibh,  
Cha chluinn mi 'ur blàth-ghuth, cha'n fhàiltich sibh ann mi ;  
Cha'n fhaic mi caomh aogasg mo ghaoiltichean aunta,  
'S ann dh'fhògradh, gun aobhar, gu saoghal nan crann iad.



## C E O L.

'S binn caoirean nan caochan 'an aonach nam beann,  
'N uair tha'n latha a' sgaoileadh air aodan nan gleann ;  
'S binn osna na gaoithe, 's gur aobhach a toirm  
Air ciùineach' do 'n doininn, 's air cadal do'n stoirm.

'S binn co'-sheirm na coille, nan doire, 's nan stùchd,  
'S ro bhlasda an ceòl e 's an òg mhaduinn dhrùchd :  
O ! 's taitneach r'a chluinntinn geum laoigh tigh'nn o'n chrò,  
'S binn gàirich na tuinne, a's bàirich nam bò.

'S binn naigheachd air caraid chaidh fada air chuairt,  
'S cha seirbhe guth leannain dh'fhàs banail a's suaire' ;  
'S ro bhlasda guth màthar, làn blà'is agus gaoil—  
Mar cheòl iad nach àluinn, nach càrdeil, nach caoin ?

Ach tha ceòl ann is uaisle 'na bhuadhaibh gu mòr,  
'S tha fuaim ann is binne, 's is grinn' air gach dòigh ;  
Tha poncan is mils' ann, nach diobair gu sìor,  
Na gach ceòl 'rinn thu sòlasach 'n oir no an iar.

Nach milis mar cheòl e, nach bòidheach, nach binn—  
Guth chlag mhaduinn Dhòmhnuich, nach souraichte grinn ?  
Na fuinn tha ro àluinn 'tha fàilteach' an lò  
A bheannaich an t-Ard-Rìgh gu slàinte nan slògh.

Nach binn a' chruit-chiùil ud, nach rùnach gach ial,  
An cridhe trom, brùite ag ùrnuigh ri Dia ?  
Nach taitneach mar cheòl e, nach bòidheach, 's nach caoin  
Guth 'mholaidh, a shòlais, a dhòchais, a ghaoil ?

### DO'N BHOGHA FHROIS.

A Bhogha àluinn, ghràsmhoir, òrbhuidh,  
Urrais àird air slàint' a's còmhnuadh,  
Biodh t'fhiamh ghàir ort an còmhnuidh—  
Seall 'an gràdh orm ri uchd dòruinn.

'N uair a reubas stoirm an t-athar,  
A' cur nan dùil' air mhire-chatha,  
'N uair 'luidheas oidhch' air uchd an latha,  
Faiceam soillse do ghnùis fhathail.

Cuir an céill dhomh, 'theachdair' dhèileis,  
Gealladh aoibhneach Dhé na firinn ;  
Innis dhomh am briathraibh mìne,  
Chaidh nach sgriosar sinn le dìle.

Seallam ort a choroìn sgiamhaich,  
Mar roi'-earlais air Mac Dhia dhuinn,  
'Chleith san fheoil àrd ghloir a Dhiadhachd,  
Ri'n sìor sheallam ri àm diachainn.

Seallam ort a sheud ro àluinn,  
Mar air teachdair' Rìgh na slàinte,  
'Mheasar leamsa fad mo làithean  
Mar an ròd gu glòir a's pàras.

'N uair bha mi 'm leauabh eatrom, gòrach,  
'Deare' le h-ìoghnadh air do bhòichead,  
Dh'innseadh dhomh mar sgeul gun bhòilich  
Na'n glacainn thu gu'm meallainn stòras.

O raon gu raon 's tric chuir mi 'n ruaig ort,  
Le dòchas baath gu'n d' thugainn buaidh ort ;  
Ach char a's mheall thu mi ga m' bhuaireadh,  
Mar iomad faileas faoin o'n uair sin.

Ach ged a mheall thu mi a'm' bharail,  
 'S nach do chum thu rium do ghealladh,  
 Ged a chaochail glòir do ghathan,  
 'S ged a sgaoil iad feadh an athair,

Dearcam ort, 's na ceileam uam e,  
 'N Ti nach treig mi ri uchd cruadail—  
 'N Ti bheir slainte dhomh a's sòlas,  
 'S leis nach meallar 'chaidh mi 'm' dhòchais.

'N uair bhios tuithean trom air m' anam,  
 'S tonnan buaireas a' dol tharam;  
 Le sùil creidimh riut 'an còmhnuidh,  
 Ios'! bi dhomhs' a'd' bhogha dòchais.

### A M B I O B U L L.

Cò dh'innseas dhomh cò dhealbh na saoghail,  
 'S na nèamhan àilt gu h-àrd a sgaoil,  
 Os ceann na talmhainn fhalamh, fhaoim?  
 Am Biobull,

Cò thug dhomh sgeul air tùs gach ni—  
 Cò thug dhomh bith, a's cruth, a's brìgh,  
 Le mais' a's oirdheirceas gun dìth?  
 Am Biobull.

Cò dh'innseas dhomh mar las a' ghrian  
 A lòchrain ghlòrmhor, lasrach, dhian?  
 O shiorruidheachd gu bheil thu Dhia?  
 Am Biobull.

Cò dh'innis dhomh gur h-àrd thu, Dhé,  
 Os ceann mo smaointean lag gu léir,  
 Do ghlòir gu'n lion i talamh 's nèamh?  
 Am Biobull.

Cò thug dhomh sgeul mo chruitheachd féin,  
 'S mo cheud staid shon' am pàras Dhé,  
 M' àrd smachd os ceann gach ni fo'n ghréin?  
 Am Biobull.

Cò dh'innseas dhomh le dearbhadh fìor  
 Mar bhris mi'n tùs do thoil, 's do riar,  
 'S mar chaidh air seacharan o Dhia?  
 Am Biobull.

Cò dh'innis dhomh mo chor an tràs,  
 Gu firinneach gun bhreug, gun bhàigh,  
 'S gach fòtus a tha 'm chridhe 'tàmh ?

Am Biobull.

Cò 'n sgàthan anns am faic mi féin  
 Gach gràinealachd tha 'tàmh a'm' chré,  
 'S gach dubhaile fholaicht' tha fo m' sgéith ?

Am Biobull.

Cò thilg fo smalan mi 's fo bhròn,  
 Le bhagraidhibh ro chruaidh a leòn,  
 'Shàth saighdean corranach a'm' fheoil ?

Am Biobull.

Cò, 'n uair shaoil mi a bhi saor,  
 A thilg 'an geimhlibh mi, 's an daors',  
 A dhruid a steach mi air gach taobh ?

Am Biobull,

Cò, 'n uair ghlaodh mi ann am chàs,  
 A dh'fhosgail bealach dhomh chum slàint',  
 A bhris gach cuibhreach dhiom a's sàs ?

Am Biobull.

Cò, 'n uair a luidh oidhch' le gruaim  
 Air uchd m' anama, 's a bheuc euan,  
 A labhair sìth ri m' chogais thruaigh ?

Am Biobull.

Cò thaom gathan gréin' a's là  
 Air uchd m' anama le caoin dhèars',  
 A lion le solus e 's le blàth's ?

Am Biobull.

Cò a' chruit a's grinne ceòl ?  
 Ciod an sgeul is binne glòir ?  
 Ciod an taisg-thigh 's luachmhoir' stòr ?

Am Biobull.

Cò 'sgap an duibhre a's a' mhùig,  
 A chlaon, a dhall, 's a mheall mo shùil,  
 'S a thredraich mi mar lòchran iùil ?

Am Biobull,

Cò an tobar fallan, fuar,  
 'Chaisg dhomh m' ìota 's an an-uair,  
 Do m' chrìdh' thug fionnaireachd gu luath ?

Am Biobull.

C'ait' am faigh an coigreach lòn ?

Am pàiteach fìor-uisge r'a òl

A bheir an t-anam seargta beò ?

'S a' Bhiobull.

A fhradhare, c'ait' am faigh an dall ?

Am bacach leointe lùs nam ball,

A bheir gu coiseachd e nach mall ?

'S a' Bhiobull.

Cò bheir subhachas do 'n chrìdh' ?

Cò bheir misneach dha a's clìth ?

Cò, ged sheachd e, bheir gu brìgh ?

Am Bhiobull.

Cò a shàsaicheas am bochd ?

Cò a chòmhdaicheas an nochd ?

Cò bheir saorsa o gach lochd ?

Am Bhiobull.

Cò bheir air an fhàsach chruaidh

Teachd ga àilleachd agus snuadh;

A sgaoileas maise air 'bhios buan;

Am Bhiobull.

Fàilt ort fein a leabhair naoimh !

Fàilt ort fein a theachdair chaoimh !

Fàs am meas am bheachd a chaoidh.

A Bhiobull.

Am chluais do cheòl biodh binn gu bràth,

Do m' bhlas gu millis biodh gach tréth,

Do theagasg biodh a'm' chrìdh' gach la,

A Bhiobull.

A'd' sgathan àillidh chunn'cas thall,

An Ti mo shaorsa ghabh os laimh

An Ti tha seasamh rium an dàimh.

A Bhiobull.

'Aghaidh a'd' sgàthan soilleir réidh,

Sior dhearcam air, is faiceam e,

Gus 'na ìomhaigh 'n dealram fèin.

A Bhiobull.

O ! gabh do thurus do gach tìr,

Lc d' theachdaireachd is torrail brìgh,

A dh' aiseag dhaoin' a dh'ionnsuidh sìth,

A Bhiobull.

## A N T-E A R R A C H.

Tha 'n Geamhradh air teicheadh o'n Deas chum an Tuath,  
'S an àite fuachd feannach am blàs 'faotainn buaidh ;  
'S na buidhnean chlach-mheallain bha sgaiteach o chéin,  
Air leaghadh gu tlàs ann an deàrsa na gréin'.

Tha 'ghrian nis a' sgaoileadh a gàirdean a mach—  
O'n Ear gus an Iar tha i 'g iarraidh mar theach ;  
'S an t-sòbhrag bha greis uainn a' folach a cinn,  
Le caomh mhais' tha 'breacadh a' mhonaidh 's na glinn.

Ach Earraich, ged chaidh uait na baideil air chall,  
'Sa dh'fhàg iad an Ard-thìr a's còmhnaidh nan Gall,  
Dean faicill mar ghaisgeach, na smuainich air suain,  
Mu'm pill iad mar fhithich a mhilleadh nan uan.

Tha'n t-airean gun euslain a' reubadh nan cnoc,  
'S a' tiundadh nan neoinean 'measg ùir anns a' ghlaic ;  
Fear eile gu surdail a' sgapadh an fhrois,  
Agus each a's cliath-chliata nan deann aig a chois.

Tha bàr-gucag an Fhoghair ag at air a' chràobh,  
A's lìth uain' an Earraich a' sgaoileadh gach taobh ;  
Tha 'n tom-sheangan a' gluasad, 's a' chuileag gu mear,  
A' dannsadh 's a' ghrian-ghath tha 'sineadh o'n Ear.

Tha'm foghnan a' sìneadh a shleaghan a mach,  
Toirt dùlan do'n Gheamhradh ris pilleadh gu 'theach.  
Cha 'n ioghnadh leam idir mar chinneas ain fear,  
Tha grian anns an linne, 's aon eile 's an speur.

Tha choill a bha lomnochd a' feadail 's a' ghaoith  
'Ga còmhdach le duilleach, a's blàthaibh gach taobh.  
Is taitneach an sealladh bhi 'g amharc a suas,  
A's srannan a t-seillein a' seirm ann am chluais.

'S an àtha na h-éisg tha ri mire gun chlos,  
A' sireadh nan cuileag taobh geal-bhuinne cas ;  
'S beist-donn air sgòrr creige air chrith gu bhi shìos  
An doimhneachd an aigein thoirt bradain a nìos.

Tha ghobhar a' faochnadh ri aodan a' chnaip,  
A' teagasg d'a minnean an ealain air streap ;  
Agus uan a' sìor mhireag mu'n cuairt air a' phreas,  
'S a mhàthair ga shireadh mu bhruchaibh an eas.

Air àrd uilinn Chruachain tha gluasad nan eun,  
Am fitheach, an croman, 's an iolaire threun ;  
'S gu m' chluasaibh tha 'tighinn àrd lagan au fhéidh,  
Agus ceòlan na h-ainnir 's i 'leigeil na spréidh.

Tha ghrian nis air luidhe air Earrach an àigh,  
 'S e le acidh 'dol a liubhairt an àil suas do'n Mhàgh ;  
 Chi mi 'n Samhradh a' tighinn, air uilinn nan càrn,  
 'S gàir ait anns na gleannaibh 's an coille Mhuc-càrn !

### TEISTEANNAS EACHAINN BHAIN A MUILE.

[Chaidh Eachann Bàn gu ministear àraidh a dh'iarraidh teist-eannas. Thuir am ministear ris nach buinneadh e d' a sgrìeachd-san,—nach robh eòlas aig' air, agus uime sin nach b'ur-rainn e. Ach, ars' esan, tha mi 'faicinn gu bheil thu aosmhor, anfhann, agus, do réir coltais, bochd. Dean suidhe tacan, agus bheir mi dhuit teisteannas cho maith 's is urrainn domh le coinneas glan. Ann an tiota thug e dha an teisteannas a leanas ; agus bu leur a' bhlàth air Eachann o 'n là sin.]

Tha Fear-iomachair a' phaipeir so fann,  
 Mar is dùth dha 's an àm 's e cho sean—  
 Thromaich aois air le h-iomadaidh bròn  
 'Tha rithe fuaighte 's gun dòigh air a chleith :  
 Tha na neoil an déigh iadhadh mu'n cuairt—  
 Chinn an iarmailt ro ghruamach air fad ;  
 Agus dhorchaicheadh lòchran nam buadh,  
 Air bheag soluis ach tuaileus fo smal.

Chaidh luchd-gleidhidh an tighe o fheum  
 A chion spioraid, a's spéirid, a's lùith ;  
 Dh'fhàs na daoine bha spionntach gun chlàth,  
 'S iad a' cromadh a sìos chum na h-ùir':  
 Chaidh iad uile gu buileach o stàth  
 Seach mar chleachd a's mar bha iad o thùs ;  
 Tha'n luchd-bleith an déigh sgar o na dh'fhàs  
 Iad cho tearc a's a chnàmh iad gu'n cùl.

Tha na h-ninneagan cruinne b' fhearr dealbh  
 Air fàs reodanach, seana-bhileach, tuar ;  
 'S an luchd-seallaidh bu smearaile colg  
 Air an iadhadh le dorchadas buan :  
 Tha na dorsan teann druidd' anns gach sràid,  
 Agus fuaim na bleith 'ghnà 'dol n'is isl' ;  
 Nì e clisgeadh a suas ri guth eoin,  
 'S tha gach binneas a's ceòl air bheag prìs.

Dhruid an t-àm 's am bi geilt roi' ni àrd,  
 Thréig a' chàileachd a's dh'fhàilnich an gnìomh ;  
 Tha gach uamhas 's an t-sligh' 'na cheann-fàth  
 Aig an duine gu 'chàradh fo fhiamh ;  
 Tha 'chraobh-àlmoin a nis fo a blàth,  
 Anns a' gheamhradh—tiom ànrach nan sian ;

'S an leumnach-uaine na eallach air fàs,  
'N uair a chaochail, 'sa bhàsaich am miann.

A chionn gu bheil an t-eilthireach truagh  
A' triall gu 'dhachaidh ro bhuan air bheag dàil ;  
'S an luchd-cumhaidh, 'n àm sgaoileadh o'n uaigh,  
'Dol 'n am buidhnibh mu'n cuairt anns gach sràid :  
'N uair a dh'fhuasglar gu buileach an còrd  
Luachmhor airgid—gun seòl air a thà'dh,  
'S nach bi feum ann an soirè n'is mò  
Chum an dreuchd gus 'n do shònraicheadh e.

'S e so staid a's cor muladach, truagh  
An fhir-thurais—nach truagh leibh mar thà ?  
Dhruid na bliadhnaibh 's an aidich e 'chùis—  
“ Cha 'n 'eil tlachd agam annta gu bràch.”  
Ach 's e 'mheudaich a thruaighe gu léir  
A bhean mar uallach 'na dhéigh 's i 'n droch shlàint';  
'S ged is duilich gur h-éiginn da falbh,  
'S iad 'am freasdal ri oirchiosaibh chàich.

Cha bu struidheas, cion teomachd, no leisg,  
Fhad 's a shealbhaich e neart agus càil,  
'Dh' fhàg cho aimbeirteach, bho chd e, gun treoir,  
Ach toil an fhreasdail, 's mar dh'òrduicheadh dhà.  
Bha e uair 's cha robh 'm Muile gu feum  
Aon duine bu ghéire 's a b' fhearr ;  
Ged is duilich a chòmhachd 's an uairs'—  
Teann air deireadh a chuairt a's a làith'.

Fhir a leughas, no chluinneas mo dhàn,  
Bha Eachann mar tha thu 's an àm ;  
Thoir fainear gu'm faod thus' air bheag dàil  
Mar tha esan an dràs bhi—bochd fann :  
Air an aobhar sin maoth'cheadh do chridh',  
'S ma tha maoin agad sìn dha do làmh ;  
Cha dean beagan 'thoirt uait deth bonn beud,  
'N uair thig aois ort a's eucailean bàis.

## BEATHA MHIC AN DUINE.

Ar beatha tha mar aisling fhaoin,  
Mar sgàile faileis air an raon ;  
Mar bhoisgeadh gréin' roi' neoil air fàir',  
Mar ùrsgeul dìomhain, goirid, gearr,  
Mar bhadan ceò air bhàrr nam beann,  
No mar chloich a' ruith le gleann ;  
Mar shaighead luath o'n taifid réith,  
O'n bhogha luaineach 'n làimh an tréin ;

Mar bhogha frois roi' bhraonaibh tlàth,  
 Mar neonain ùr is àillidh blàth ;  
 Mar pheileir teine 'ruith roi'n speur,  
 'S an ath-shealladh dheth nach leur ;  
 Mar neoil na h-oidhche 'théid 'nan luath's  
 'N uair dh'éireas grian an àigh a suas ;  
 Mar latha geamhraidh air bheag spéis,  
 Mar leud boise, no fad réis ;  
 Mar shlighe luinge air a' chuan,  
 Mar chobhar aibhne nach bi buan,  
 Ar beath' tha 'ruith mar so gu luath,  
 Gun stad, gun fhois gu bàs a's uaigh !

### TOBRAICHEAN CHARLSBAD.

[Tha na tobraichean so ainmeil air son iomad buagh. Tha daoine o gach cearn do'n t-saoghal r'am faotainn 'sa' choimhearsnachd 's am bheil iad, ag òl do na h-uisgeachan a tha 'ruith uapa. Tha Morair ainmeil 's an t Suain do'n robh na tobraichean so air an beannachadh chum a shlàint' aiseag, 'n uair a bha e, do réir coltais, air leabaidh a bhàis. Mar chuimhneachan air a' mhòr fheum a fhuair e uapa, chuir e suas carragh eireachdail, agus air gach taobh dheth ghrùbhail e rannan moladh do na tobraichean so. 'S ann an Laidinn' a sgrìobh e so air tùs, ach na dhéigh sin dh'fheuch e r'an eadar-theangachadh gu gach cànan air an t-saoghal air am b' urrainn da ruigheachd. Chuir e fios do Oil-thigh Dhunéidinn dh'fheuch am b' urrainn doibh an eadar-theangachadh gu Gàelic. Dh'earb iadsan a' chùis ris an Olla Tormaid Macleoid, agus thug esan doibh an t-eadr-theangachadh a leanas.]

A Thobair luachmhoir air an luaidh gach bàrd,  
 Cia as tha blàth's do shruthaibh 'teachd an àird ?  
 Na cuislean pronnasg anns am bheil a' bhuaidh,  
 'S am beò aol siubhlach ann a'd' shruthaibh luath ?  
 Am faod e bhith gu bheil do theas a' teachd  
 O'n teine choitcheann a tha 'n Etna steach ?  
 Tha Tobar-ionnlaid am Bahia céin,  
 'H-aon 'an Ismàris le Antenor treun,  
 Tha tobar eile 's àillidh, glan an loinn,  
 A' ruith gu bras mu bhruachaibh gorm na Rhine ;  
 Tobraiche prìseil 'choisrigeadh a chaoidh,  
 Le bàs rìgh Tearlach, ceannard àrd nan saoidh.  
 Ach cò an t-aon 'n am measg iad sud gu bràth  
 A dh'fheudta choimeas riutsa, 'thobair àigh ?  
 Faic caochan àillidh—faic e 'leum fo chraoibh,  
 Faic snuadh a dhathan air gach cloich r'a thaobh ;

Gach dòirneag mheanbh a tha 'na chlais gu léir,  
 Le'n dreach thug bàr air bogha àrd nan speur!  
 Siubhail gu siubhlach, bras, a thobair igh,  
 A's aisig slàinte, 's càil do dh'iomadh àl.  
 Thigeadh an t-aosd' g'a ionnlad féin a'd' shruth,  
 A's gheibh e buaidh dh'ath-nuadhaicheas a chruth;  
 Thigeadh òigh lag gu tobar blath nam buadh,  
 A's pillidh 'n geal 's an dearg a rìs na gruaidh.  
 Thigeadh gach tinn, gach deòraidh lag, 's gach fann,  
 A's gheibh iad slàinte, 's faochadh nach bi gann;  
 Pillidh iad ait o d' shruthaibh fallan, àigh,  
 'Toirt cliù do'n Ti chuir buaidh a'd' chuislibh blàth!

### L A O I D H .

O 'Thriath nam buadh! tha'n cruinne 'luaidh do ghlòir,  
 Do mhaitheas pailt, do ghliocas ceart 's do threòir;  
 Tha iolach gràidh o bheanntaibh àrd 's o'n chuan,  
 'S o àird nan speur le caithream éibhinn, buan.  
 'S Tu chroch gu h-àrd na speuran 's àillidh sgiamh.  
 'N an guirme bhòidh'eh, le'n reultaibh 's òrail fiamh.  
 Tha fiamh an lò o'n ghréin is òirdheire soills';  
 Tha 'ghealach shéimh 'cur sgàil air neul na h-oidhech';  
 Bidh'n saoghal ait le fiamh na maidne ciùin,  
 'S le h-aobhneas ait bheir teachd an fheasgair cliù,  
 Do d' àithn' tha géill nan gaoth gu séideadh dian,  
 A's ceannsachd thonn 'am boile throm nan sian.  
 Tha iomlain nàduir 'dealradh àgh do ghlòir,  
 'S do mhaitheas gràidh cha traoigh gu bràch d'ar còir.  
 Thig uisge pailt le bhraonaibh feartar, tlàth,  
 'Ni'm fàsach ait fo luisreadh reachdmhor blàth,  
 Thig arbhar trom air slìos nam fonn; 's a' ghrian  
 Gu'm faic an dìthreabh 'fàs le mìle miagh;  
 Fo bhraonaibh tlàth ni 'n fhaiche 's fàsmhoir' sìol  
 'An cuairt gach bliadhna pailteas fial a dhìol,  
 Cnuic 's cluaintean fàs tha dreachte 'n àilleachd nuadh,  
 Fo chòmhdach feòir is urail, éibhinn snuadh;  
 Na treudan tric le gean air slìos nan cluan,  
 'S gach fàs-ait' ùr tha 'labhairt cliù gu buan.

O 'Thriath nam buadh! tha'n cruinne 'luaidh do ghlòir,  
 Do mhaitheas pailt, do ghliocas ceart 's do threòir;  
 'S gach cearn ge' cian mu'n dealraich grian le h-iùl,  
 Le ioghnadh ait mu d' ghlòir gu'n dearc gach sùil;  
 Air oibribh nàduir shoillsich fiamh le bàigh,  
 Ach àird a mais' tha 'd' theampull feartar, àigh;  
 O mhaitheas gràis 'bheil glòir a's àirde buaidh,  
 'S àrd cliù gun chrìoch 'an aobhneas sìor 'ga luaidh.

## BREITH CHRIOSD.

Bu trom-shàmhach, tosdach bha 'bhuaile 's an t-achadh,  
 Cha chualas aon fharum, no gluasad ni's mò ;  
 Ach a' chuairt-ghaoith ag osnaich air feadh nam beann dosach,  
 A's borbhan nam bras-uisg' ri monmhor roi' lòn :  
 Sguir driop agus carraid, agus gleadhraich a' bhaile,  
 Chaidh gach ainmhidh a's duine gu sàmhchair a's sìth ;  
 Sguir an uiseag d'a h-òran, bha tosd air an smèòraich,  
 'S chaidh an treabhaiche dhachaidh gu h-airsnealach, sgìth:

Bha 'ghealach air éiridh, a's gorm-bhrat nan speuran  
 A' dealradh le reultan cho fad 'sa bu leur ;  
 Bha buach'lean Bhetlehem air mullach nan sléibhtean  
 A' faire an treudan mu'n éireadh dhoibh beud :  
 Leò b'éibhinn an sealladh, ri fann-ghath na gealaich,  
 Bhi 'faicinn na spréidhe 'n an luidh' air an fheur ;  
 Leò bu mhilis bhi 'g éisdeachd na spìdeig air geugan,  
 A' seinn do na reultan bha 'dealradh 's an spur.

Ach chunnaic iad sealladh a b'éibhinne gu fada  
 Mu'n d'thàinig a' mhaduinn a' dealradh 's an spur ;  
 A's chual' iad guth molaidh bu mhilse gun choimeas  
 Na òran na spìdeig 'na suidh' air a' ghéig :  
 Feuch thàinig orr' aingeal a dh'innis dhoibh naigheachd,  
 'S ghrad fhuadaich e 'n t-eagal bha orr' aig an àm ;  
 Dhealraich glòir Dhé uim', mar lòchran bha 'endann,  
 'S bu ghile bha 'endach na sneachda nam beann.—

“ Na bitheadh oirbh eagal, ach éisdibh le creideamh,  
 'S na cuiribh an teagamh an sgeul th'agam dhuibh ;  
 'N diugh rugaibh dhuibh Slàn'ear 'am baile rìgh Daibhidh,  
 'Bheir saors' agus slàint' do gach àl agus linn :  
 'S a chum a's nach seachainn sibh naoidhean na maise  
 Thugaibh aire do'n deis' air an aithnich sibh e ;  
 Gheibh sibh e 'm prasaich, 'am brat-spéillidh paisgte—  
 'Sin còmhach gun mhòrchuis, neo-rìomhach Mhic Dhé ! ”

Cha luaith e a thubhairt an t-aingeal so riutha  
 Na chual iad 's na speuran mòr luathghair ro bhinn ;  
 'S air togail an sùilean feuch a nuas orra thùirling  
 Mòr chuideachd thar cunntais do ainglibh a' seinn :—  
 “ Glòir do Dhia anns na h-àrdaibh—Dhà canaibh Hosana !  
 Air talamh biodh sìth, agus deadh-ghean do dhaoin' !  
 Uil' onair biodh Dhà-san a dhealbh innleachd slàinte !  
 Gràs Dé, trid an t-Slàn'ir cha chaochail a chaoidh.”

# SELECT ENGLISH POEMS,

WITH

## GAELIC TRANSLATIONS,

ARRANGED ON OPPOSITE PAGES.

COMPILED BY

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR.

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SECOND SERIES.

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GLASGOW:

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, 62 ARGYLE STREET.

EDINBURGH: M'LACHLAN AND STEWART.

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MDCCCLXVII.

## NOTE.

ABOUT eight years ago we published a collection of "Select English Poems, with Gaelic Translations." We then promised, that should the Work meet with success, our readers might look for a Second Series at some future time. We are happy to say that our first endeavour met with sufficient encouragement to induce us to fulfil our promise, and what follows is the result. We have again to offer an apology for the want of a proper arrangement of subjects, a thing utterly impossible under the circumstances; and this want will be felt even more in this Series, there being more of a mixture of sacred and secular matter than in the First. We had just to take the pieces as they came to our hand. The principal objects we had in view, in issuing these compilations were,—First, to improve the taste of Highland youths, by placing before them in English and in Gaelic extracts from the works of the British Poets; and the Second, to help to develop the ample resources of the Gaelic Language. To enable us to attend to the latter efficiently, we found it expedient to insert translations of secular as well as religious poetry; and although we are fully aware that the pieces in the First Series are more select, yet we trust that our readers will find this effort refreshing and instructive; and let them not despair of seeing even a Third Series. We take this opportunity of returning our best thanks to the many kind friends who have helped us by their valuable contributions, as well as by aiding us in disposing of the First Series.

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SELECT  
ENGLISH POEMS,  
WITH  
GAELIC TRANSLATIONS.  
SECOND SERIES.

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,  
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,  
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
 To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
 This dark and stormy water?"  
 "O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,  
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter;—

"And fast before her father's men,  
 Three days we've fled together;  
 For should he find us in the glen,  
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
 Should they our steps discover;  
 Then, who would cheer my bonny bride,  
 When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:  
 It is not for your silver bright,  
 But for your winsome lady!

"And, by my word, the bonny bird  
 In danger shall not tarry;  
 So—tho' the waves are raging white—  
 I'll row you o'er the ferry!"—

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
 The water wraith was shrieking,  
 And in the scowl of heaven, each face  
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
 And as the night grew drearer,  
 Adown the glen rode armed men!—  
 Their trampling sounded nearer!

## NIGHEAN TIGHEARN UILIN.

THUIRT Gaisgeach, 'dol gu tìr nam beann,  
 "A Phortair na dean moille,  
 'S gu'n toir mi *gini* dhuit a chum  
 Ar cur taobh thall na linne!"—

"Cò sibhse rachadh thar Lochgoil,  
 Aig meud na gaoith 's na doininn?"  
 "Air Eilean Ulbha 's mis' is oighr',  
 'Si mhaighdean s' nighean Tighearn Uilin.

"Luchd-feachd a h-athar oirnn tha'n geall,  
 'S ruith sinn gu teann tri laithean;  
 Na 'm beireadh iad oirnn anns a' ghleann,  
 Bhiodh m' fhuil air ball mu 'n lamhan.

"Na 'n aimseadh a mharc-shluagh oirnn,  
 'S iad air ar tòir 'g ar leanailt,  
 Cò thogadh misneach na h-òigh',  
 'Nuair leòdnadh iad a leannan?"

Labhair an Gàidheal nach robh fann,  
 "Leibh théid mi null sa' mhionaid:  
 Cha 'n e do dhuais tha ga m' thoirt ann,  
 Ach 'n ribhinn tha ga d' leanailt.

"'S cha 'n fhan a' mhaighdean 's àillidh snuadh  
 'An cunnart cruaidh ni's faide;  
 Oir ged a dh' éireadh muir na stuagh'n—  
 'S an uair so théid sinn thairis!"—

Mu 'n àm so bhòc an cuan gu h-àrd,  
 'S caoir bhàn air bhàrr nan tonnan,  
 'S am feadh a labhair, iad bha càch  
 Ri fàisineachd mu 'n doininn.

Ach mar bu mhò a shéid a ghaoth,  
 'S a sgaoil an oidheche tharuinn,  
 A nuas an gleann gu'n cualas srann,  
 Luchd-lann a' teachd le farum.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
 "Tho' tempest round us gather,  
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her—  
 When—oh! too strong for human hand!—  
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing :  
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—  
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,  
 His child he did discover!—  
 One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
 "Across this stormy water :  
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
 My daughter! oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain!—the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
 Return or aid preventing :  
 The waters wild went o'er his child—  
 And he was left lamenting.

~~~~~  
 LINES ON THE DEATH OF LADY HESTER
 STANHOPE.*

She left behind her dearest friends,
 In other lands to roam,
 The desert 's now her resting-place,
 Her country and her home :

* Lady Hester Stanhope was the favourite niece of William Pitt, for whom she acted as confidential secretary; and it is also said that she had been affianced to Sir John Moore, who fell at Corruna. Her strong affections being blighted, and her talents and energies left without an object, by the death of her uncle and

“O ! greasaibh,” ars’ an òigh gu luath,
 “Ged chuartaich cuantan tharuiun,
 Am mèin an fhreasdail théid ’s an uair
 Mu’n còmhlaich gruaman m’ athar.”

Bha ’n stoirm araon air muir ’s air tìr,
 ’Nuair rinn am bàta imeachd,
 Bha gàirdean feòlmhor lag air chinnt’,
 ’S na tuinn le gaoith ’gan iomain.

’S am feadh a dh’ iomair iad gu seòlt’
 Feadh doininn mhòir a’s sillidh,
 Thàinig Tighearn Uilin air an tòir,
 ’S a mhòrchuis phill gu tioma.

Le mulad chunnaic beagan uaith
 Air feadh nan stuagh a leanabh!—
 Aon ghàirdean gràdhach shìn i suas,
 A’s aon mu’n cuairt d’a leannan.

“O thig air t’ ais!” ghlaoidh e le bròn,
 “Roimh bhòcanaich nan tonnan:
 A’s maitheam dhuit gu saor fadheòidh,
 Mo nighean òg ro loinneil.”

Bu diomhain tilleadh feadh nan tonn,
 Bha tuilleadh ’s trom ri ’n gleachdadh:
 An fhairge chaidh i thar an ceann—
 ’S a chall gu’n d’rinn e fhaicinn.

RANNAN MU BHAS NA MNA UAISLE AINMEIL, HESTER STANHOPE.

O ’dùthaich a’s o ’càirdean dh’fhalbh
 Gu fearann fad’ an céin;
 ’S e’m fàsach nis a h-ionad tàimh,
 ’S a dachaidh bhos fo’n ghréin:

her lover, she withdrew from European society, and retired to the cheerless solitude of an old convent in Syria, where she acquired great influence over the Arabs, who conferred upon her the title of “Queen of the Desert,” in return for her open-handed munificence and indomitable courage.

For her Arabia's sweets distil,—
 For her its blossoms fall,
 And Lebanon's proud cedars yield
 To deck her sylvan hall.

The Syrian brings his golden fruit
 And all his spicy store,
 An offering to "The Desert Queen"
 From many a sunny shore ;
 The Arab leaves his smiling tents,
 Forgets his prize abroad,
 To guard his "goddess" o'er the wild,
 And kiss the path she trod.

From Ethiopia's torrid clime
 To Sinai's hoary height,
 Her frown can arm the slumbering vale,
 Or quell the stormy fight :
 The warrior humbly bends the knee,
 Or drops the gory sword,
 Rejoices in her gracious smile,
 Or trembles at her word !

But, Lady ! hast thou never thought,
 Amid thy pomp and power,
 Of Home and all its thousand ties
 And childhood's happy hour ?
 Oh ! hast thou never heaved a sigh
 Or dropt a pensive tear
 O'er memories of thy native land,
 And all thy kindred dear ?

Or did thy friends of early youth,
 Like flowers untimely fall,
 And leave thee, last of all thy race,
 To tread thy father's hall ?
 And didst thou shun the lonely spot
 To seek another shore,
 To mourn o'er joys and honours gone,
 That may return no more ?

Tha bòltrach tlàth Arabia

A' sgaoileadh air gach taobh,
'S tha seudair àrda Lebanoin
'Cur mais' a's dreach faraon.

Na Sirianaich thig iad le meas,

A's spìsreadh mar an ceudn';
A's tiodhlacan bheir leotha fòs
O iomadh àite céin,
An t-Arabach gu'm fàg a bhùth,
'S gach maoin a's nì ta ann,
Gu teanacas thoirt d'a Bhanrighin féin,
'S a dion le faobhar lann.

O Ethiopia 'an céin

Gu mullach beinn Shinai ;
A gruaim gu'n gluas an sluagh gu h-euchd,
No ciùinichidh gu sàimh ;
An gaisgeach treun gu'n lùb a ghlùn,
'S gu'n leig a chlaidheamh sìos,
A's criothnaichidh le geilt roi' gnùis,
No bidh e ait 'na sìd.

Ach innis an do smaointich riamh,

'Am meadhon do mhòr uaill,
Air dachaidh t'òige 's air do dhàimh,
Le mìltean ceangal buan ?
'N do dhùisg an osna ann a'd' chòm ?
'N do shìl gu dlùth do dheòir,
A' cuimhneachadh do dhùthcha féin,
A's chàirdean nach 'eil beò ?

A's càirdean t'òig' an d' shearg iad as,

Mar mhaise blàth an fheòir ?
'S an lùchairt t'athar 'n robh 'nan déigh
A'd' dheòraidh truagh fo bhròn ?
'N do sheachainn thu an t-àite sin,
'S an d'iarr thu dùthaich chéin,
Gu tuireadh air son gean a's àgh
Nach pill gu bràth riut féin ?

Say, did thy friends deceive thy love
 And rend thy youthful heart ?
 And did'st thou flee like stricken deer
 To languish o'er the dart ?
 Did Araby's fair gardens seem
 More lovely in thine eye,
 Than all the ties that bind the soul,
 To home and infancy ?

'Tis vain to ask ! "The Desert Queen"
 Hath reached the peaceful shore,
 Where faint and weary pilgrims rest,
 Their toil and trouble o'er !
 The Bedouin has planted there
 The fairest flowers he found !
 To show the spot in which she sleeps,
 And mark the sacred ground !

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Know ye who I saw last night,
 Sleeping on my bed, Mamma ?
 A shining creature all in light ;
 She seem'd a heavenly maid, Mamma.
 She met me tripping o'er the dew,
 Fine as a queen of May, Mamma ;
 She saw, she smil'd, she to me flew,
 And bade me come away, Mamma.

I look'd, I lov'd I, blush'd a-while,
 O how could I say, No, Mama ?
 She spoke so sweet, so sweet did smile,
 I was oblig'd to go, Mamma :
 For love my tender heart beguil'd,
 I felt unusual flames, Mamma.
 My infant-fancy turn'd so wild,
 So strangely wild my dreams, Mamma.

I was, I was, I know not how,
 O had you been with me, Mamma !

'N do mheall do chàirdean thu le foill
A bhris do chridhe leònt' ?

'S mar earb an déigh a lot gu goirt
'N do theich thu 'n so o'n tòir ?

Bheil liosan cùbhr' Arabia

Ni's gràdhaiche leat féin

Na h-uile àit' a b' ionmhuinn leat,

A's neach d' an d' thug thu spéis ?

Is diomhain fharraid—chaidh i nis

Thar Iordan fhuar a' bhàis,

Far 'faigh na h-ànraich fois o'n sgios,

A's fuasgladh o gach càs :

An t-Arabach gu'n sàth an sin

Am blàth a b' àile fhuair,

A nochdadh cà' bheil i fo'n lic,

'S mar chomharr air a h-uaigh !

BRUADAR AN LEINIBH.

Bheil fhios agaibh am bruadar neònach

'Chunnaic mis' an raoir, Mhamà ?

Creutair maiseach, geal, ro ghlòrmhor,

Mar òigh neamhaidh shoills', Mhamà.

Choinnich i mi air an drùchd,

A's sheall i rium le failt', Mhamà ;

'N sin thàinig i gu grad dhomh dlùth,

A's thuirt i rium, “ Thig leam, a ghràidh.”

Dh' amhaire mi, a's thug mi gaol dh'i,

A diùltadh cha'n fhaodainn, Mhamà ;

Labhair i cho milis, caomh rium,

A's chaidh mi leath' gu saor, Mhamà.

Oir mheall an gaol mo chridhe maoth,

Bha lasair nach robh faoin, Mhamà,

'Cur fadadh ri m' aigne gun rian,

Bha m' aisling cho beag ciall, Mhamà.

Bha mi—ni 'm fios domh mar a bha—

Ach Oh ! na 'm biodh sibh ann, Mhamà ;

Such wonders open to our view,
 As none but angels see, Mamma.
 Methought we wander'd in a grove,
 A grove in pleasant fields, Mamma ;
 In joyful measures on we move,
 As music rapture yields, Mamma.

She took me in her snow-white hand,
 Then led me through the air, Mamma,
 Far higher above sea and land,
 Than ever eagles were, Mamma !
 The sea and land, with all their stores,
 Of rivers, woods, and hills, Mamma,
 Indeed they do appear no more
 Than a few little pills, Mamma.

I sought, and sought Papa's estate,
 But found it not at all, Mamma.
 The world, in whole, seem'd not so great
 As half a cannon-ball, Mamma.
 We saw the sun, but like a star,
 The moon, a mustard-seed, Mamma.
 Like Elias in his fiery car,
 Being wing'd with lightning's speed, Mamma.

Swift as our thoughts, O joyful day !
 We glance through all the spheres, Mamma ;
 Their music sounding by the way,
 Heaven rush'd upon our ears, Mamma ;
 Now spheres, and all we knew before,
 Are lost unto our view, Mamma ;
 The former things are now no more,
 Behold, all things are new, Mamma.

No death there is, nor sorrow there,
 To interrupt our bliss Mamma ;
 For death, sin, hell, and sorrow are
 Deep-buried in th' abyss, Mamma.
 With wintry storms the ground ne'er pines,
 Cloth'd in eternal bloom, Mamma ;
 The Sun of glory ever shines,
 The Just they shine with him, Mamma.

Dh'fhosgail iongantais gach taobh,
 Nach fhaic ach aingle naomh, Mhamà.
 Th'air leam gun d' imich sinn measg chraobh,
 Bu taitneach leam an raon, Mhamà,
 Le aoibhneas a' gluasad le'r deòin,
 Mar ghleusas binn cheòl gach càil.

'N sin thog i 'n àirde mi gu grad,
 'S mi aic' na sneachd-ghil laimh, Mhamà,
 Ni 's fhaide os ceann muir a's tìr,
 Na bha iolar riamh. Mhamà.
 A' mhuir a's tìr, 's gach ni ta annt',
 Gach coill a's beinn, gach srath a's càrn,
 Bu lugh' iad gu leir ann ar beachd,
 No gràine do chloich-shneachd, Mhamà.

'N sin sheall mi, agus sheall mi rìs,
 'S cha d'fhuair mi 'n oighreachd aig Papà ;
 An saoghal gu leir cha bu mhò,
 Na peilear gunna mhòir, Mhamà.
 Cha bu mhò na rionnag a' ghrian,
 A' ghealach no ròs crìon, Mhamà ;
 Sinn 'dìreadh mar Elias suas,
 Mar dhealanach aig luath's, Mhamà.

Oh 'n turas aoibhneach ! luath mar smuain,
 Os ceann nan speur 'dol suas, Mhamà ;
 Gu h-obann chuairt'cheadh sinn le ceòl,
 A's flaitheanas na glòir, Mhamà.
 Cha chuala cluas, cha'n fhaca sùil,
 A leithid a shluagh 's a dhù'ich, Mhamà,
 Na seann nithe chaidh 'n cur air cùl,
 Gach uile ni ann ùr, Mhamà.

Is cha 'n 'eil bàs an sin no bròn,
 Ach aoibhneas siorruidh 's sòlas làn ;
 An bàs, am peacadh, ifrinn s bròn,
 Chaidh 'n adhlacadh 'san doimhn' gu bràth.
 'N so cha 'n 'eil geamhradh cranntaidh, fuar,
 Ach samhradh buan gun cheann, Mhamà ;
 Oir Grian na glòir' tha 'dealradh shuas,
 'S na fìreana na làth'r, Mhamà.

I saw my sister Anna shine,
 A virgin in her prime, Mamma ;
 Not such as with you sometimes dine ;
 But like the angels fine, Mamma ;
 Her robe was all a flowing stream
 Of silver dipt in light, Mamma ;
 But ah ! it wak'd me from my dream,
 It shin'd so strong and bright, Mamma !

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;
 'Twas then by the cave of the mountain afar,
 A hermit his song of the night thus began ;
 No more with himself, or with nature, at war,
 He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man.

Ah ! why thus abandoned to darkness and woe,
 Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain !
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah ! cease not thy lay ;
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn :
 O sooth him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away !
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“Now, gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays :
 But lately I marked, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb ! and, with gladness, pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again—
 But man's fading glory no change shall renew.
 Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

“ 'Tis night ; and the landscape is lovely no more.
 I mourn ; but, ye woodlands ! I mourn not for you :
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fragrance, and glittering with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save—

Mo phiuthar Anna, chunnaic mi,
 'Na h-òigh shoillsich ghil, Mnamà,
 Cha 'n ann mar iadsan bhios marr ribhs',
 Aig dinnear no aig tì, Mhamà.
 Ach còmhdaichte le trusgan rìomhach,
 Dh' airgiod tumta 'n solus àigh ;
 Ach ah ! gu'n d' dhùisg e mi o m' bhruadar,
 'N lainnear bha m'a cuairt, Mhamà.

AN T-AONARAN.

Mu thoiseach na h-oidhch' 'n uair tha 'm baile mu thàmh,
 'S am pobull gu suaimhneach, gun acaìn, gun phràmh ;
 'S nach cluinnear ach torman an uillt air a' ghaoith,
 Agus caoidhrean na feadaig gu dubhach feadh chraobh ;
 B'ann an sin lamh ri uaimh, fada cian o gach beo,
 'Sheinn Aonaran liath gu ro thiamhaidh a cheol :
 Cha mhò bha ris féin no ri nàdur an gruaim,
 Oir bhreithnich mar ghliocair a's dh'aidich a thruaigh'.

" C'arson tha thu, 'fheadag, cho dubhach, fo ghruaim,
 Gu h-ànràiteach, acaineach, 'm fasgadh nam bruach !
 Oir pillidh an t-earrach le leannan duit féin,
 'S do chridhe bidh ait am measg chrann agus gheug.
 Ach truas riamh mu dh'fhairich na cuitich do ghlaodh :
 Le daoine guil thus' air son sòlais a chlaon :
 Thoir furtachd,—ar sonais cha mhair ach ro ghearr !
 Gu grad thèid iad seachad, 's cha phill iad gu bràth.

" Tha 'gheallach air tearnadh o àirde nan speur,
 'S 'ga falach fo'n fhàire 's a' fàgail an ré :
 Car tacain 'na mòrachd gu'n d' shiubhail i shuas,
 'S tha na reultan fo dhubhar le dealradh a snuaidh.
 Gabh air t'aghaidh a'd' chùrsa gun chùram, gun sgìos,
 Anns a' cheum ni do threòrach' gu mòrachd a rìs—
 Ach uabhar luchd-gòraich cha téid leo fo'n fhòd,
 'S ciod uime 'n dean duiue gearr-shaoghalach bòsd !

" Tha'n oidhch' ann, a's maise cha'n fhaicear air cluan ;
 Ach mo thuireadh cha'n 'eil air son ghleann agus chruach :
 Oir an fhàire tha 'briseadh ni maiseach as ùr,
 Air an spìsreadh le lusan, 's fo thlàth dhealt do'n drùchd.
 Cha'n 'eil air son dùdlachd a' gheamhraidh fo phràmh ;
 Oir ni tlom agus nàdur gach ni mar a bha—

But, when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?
O ! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

“ ’Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder : and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
O ! pity great Father of light ! then I cried,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee,
Lo ! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
No longer I roam, in conjecture forlorn ;
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb,”

THE CHRISTAIN’S PRAYER.

My God, in me thy mighty power exert,
Enlighten, comfort, sanctify, my heart :
Sweeten my temper, and subdue my will,
Make me like Jesus, with thy spirit fill.
I want to live on earth a life of faith,
I want to credit all the Bible saith :
I want to imitate my Saviour’s life,
Avoiding lightness, gloom, and sinful strife.
I want to bring poor sinners to thy throne,
I want to love and honour Christ alone :
I want to feel the Spirit’s inward power,
And stand prepared for death’s important hour.
I want a meek, a gentle, quiet frame,
A heart that glows with love to Jesus’s name :
I want a living sacrifice to be,
To him, who died a sacrifice for me.
I want to do whatever God requires,
I want my heart to burn with pure desire :
I want to be what Christ my Lord commands,
And leave myself, my all, in his dear hands.
O Lord, pour out thy Spirit on my soul,
My will, my temper, and my tongue control ;
Lead me through life to glorify thy grace,
And after death to see thee face to face !

Ach c'uin a thig earrach air geamhradh na h-uaigh ?
A dhùisgeas ar càirdean gu àileachd a's sruadh ?

“ B'ann mar so, le as-creideamh, a dh'imich mi clìth,
Air seachran 'san fhàsach gu h-ànràiteach, sgèith ;
Mo smuaintean bha 'siubhal air cuspairean céin,
A's léir-sgrios bha romham a's trioblaid a'm' dhéigh.
O ! Athair na soillse, bi caoimhneil 's cum bàigh
Ri creutair air seachran 's gu beachd ann an càs,
A' sleuchdadh 's an duslach, do t'oides bheir spéis :
'S o dhaorsa 's o theagamh nis teasraig mi féin.

“ Tha dorchadas 's gruaim air am fuadach 's gach àit',
'S na's fhaide cha ghluais mi fo iomagain 's fo chràdh ;
A nis am fear-turais air seachran cha téid,
Oir an latha tha 'sgaoileadh gu h-aobhach an céin.
Faic tròcair a's firinn a' tùirling a nuas,
'S tha nàdur fo bhlàth 'na ceud àilleachd a's sruadh !
Air gnùis fhuar an aoig thig gean agus mùirn,
'S thig maise neo-bhàsmhor an àirde o'n ùir.

URNUIGH A' CHRIOSDUIDH.

Annam-sa, Dhia, do bhuaghan naomha nochd,
Soillsich a's comhf hurtaich mo chridhe bochd ;
Mo nàdur maothaich, 's thoir mo thoil gu strìochd'—
Le d' Spiorad lìon, 's dean cosmhuil mi ri Crìosd.
Deònaich, le muinngheinn naomh, gu'n caith mo ré,
'S gu'n creid gach nì tha 'm Biobull 'cur an géill ;
Ri m' Shlàn'ear naomh bhi cosmhuil 's e mo mhiann,
Neo-bhaoghalta, gun ghruaim, le raogha ciall.
'S e m' iarrtas peacaich thoirt gu caithir gràis,
'S do Iosa gràdh a's onair thoirt thar chàich.
Fo chumhachd Spioraid Naomha Dhé bhi'm feasd,
'S fa chomhair breitheanais a ghnàth bhi deas.
Bhi macanta a's ciùin, gun stràichd, gun uaill,
'S mo chridhe ghnàth bhi làn le gràdh do'n Uan :
'S mar iobairt bheò mi féin thoirt suas gach àm
Dha-san a bhàsaich air mo shon air crann—
Gach nì dh'àithn Iosa dhomh bhi strìochdt' gach àm,
'S mi féin as m' uile bhi gu tur 'na làimh.
Do Spiorad Naomha taom air m' anam féin,
'S mo thoil 's mo nàdur bheir dhuit gràdh gach ré :
Roi'n t-saoghal treòraich mi gu cliù do ghràis,
'S thoir dhomh gu faic do ghnùis taobh thall a' bhàis.

PARADISE LOST.

(Continued from page 96 of First Series.)

If thou beest he ; but O how fallen ! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy realms of light,
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads, tho' bright ! if he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
 In equal ruin ! into what pit thou seest
 From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
 He with thunder : and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor, in his rage,
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind
 And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit,
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend ;
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
 That durst dislike his resign ; and me preferring,
 His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
 And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost ?
 All is not lost : th' unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield ;
 And what is else not to be overcome ?
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
 Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted his empire ; that were low indeed,
 That were in ignominy, and shame beneath
 This downfall : since by fate the strength of gods,
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail ;
 Since through experience of this great event
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heav'n.
 So spake th' apostate angel, 'though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair :

AM FOGRAIDH A PARAS.

Ma's tù 'tha ann, ach O ma's tù, 's tù 'mhùth
 Bho'n staid 's an robh thu'n tìr an t-soluis àigh,
 'N ad éideadh boisgeanda measg mhiltean flath
 'G an glaineadh dhearsadh tù: 'n tù sheas leam 'suas
 Comh-cheangailt ann am boinn,—mar aon a'm beachd
 Gun chaochladh rùin, 's gach comhairl' dh'aontaich sinn
 'An dùil 's an dòchas, còmhla anns gach càs,—
 'S an ionnsaidh thoirbheartaich nach deachaidh leinn—,
 'S 'n do thachair sinn a nis' fo sprochd 's fo bhròn.
 Mar chì thu'n àird bho'n d'fhainig sinn do'n t'slochd,
 Bha neart a thàirneanach fosceann ar cùl
 Ach gus a sin, co dh'fhiosraich neart nan arm
 Cho gairsneach riu? A dh'aindeoin sìod 's gach nì
 'Tha 'n comas Tréin nam buadh a dheanadh orm
 Cha dean mi aithreachas 's cha mhùth mi dòigh:
 Ged thainig smal air dealradh glan mo chruth
 Cha lasaich m'aigne; shoeraich fuath 'n am chòm
 A mhaireas buan, bho'n rinneadh dìmeas orm,
 A dhùisg mi suas gu strì ri Triath nan tréin,
 Le còmhlan iomarcach fo'n airm gu cath
 De spioradaibh nach seachnadh gleachdadh cruaidh,
 'S nach géilleadh dha; ach mise roighnich iad
 Le neart an aghaidh neart air còmhnhard nèamh
 Gu 'dhùlan chuireadh e 's an iomairt ghairbh
 A chrath a chathair ròghail 'sios gu 'bonn.
 Chaill sinn an àrthaich,—coma ged a chaill
 Cha d' chailleadh leinn gach nì: an toil nach strìochd
 An rùn gu diogh'ltas,—gràin nach searg a chaoidh,
 Le misnich àird nach géill gu bràth 's nach claon
 'S gach béus 's gach feart nach smachdaichear le buaidh;
 A chliù sin cha toir 'fhearg no 'neart am feasd
 Le fòirneart bh'uam,—a lùbadh glùin gu làr,—
 A ghriosad maitheanaid,—a chromadh cinn—
 A chumhachd aideach' 's àrdachadh mar Dhia—
 Neach nach 'eil fada bho na chlisg le sgàth
 Nach seasadh nachdranachd ro m' ghàirdein treun:
 Sin cùis bu tàire, 's gnìomh bu nàr ri ìnnis;
 Ga rìreamh 's e bu mhaslaich anns gach dòigh
 N'an leagadh so;—bho 'n rinneadh dhomh mar dhàn
 Nach fàilnich spionnadh Dia no cruth chorp nèamh,—
 Bho'n chleachdadh sin a fhuair sinn anns a' chùis
 Air cùl nan arm cha mhiste, 's dh'ionnsaich sinn
 Bhi seòlta, faicilleach 'san àm ri teachd,—
 'Nis faodar leinn le dòchas buadhach gleachd
 Le ceilg no neart, gu siorruith 'chumail 'suas
 Gun sìth, gun eisimeil ri 'r nàmhaid borb

And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer :

O Prince, O chief of many throned powers
That led th' embattl'd scraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy ;
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate ;
Too well I see, and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and soul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n ; and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory, extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep ?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment ?—
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend reply'd :

Fall'n Cherub ! to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering : But of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil ;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see, the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n : the sulph'rous hail
Shot afte rus in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery furge, that from the precipice

Tha dearrlan moit gu'n d'thugadh buaidh oirnn leis
Mar rìgh 'na aonar, 's nèamh fo 'smacdd gu teann.

An t-aingeal cealgach labhair le mòr-uail,
Ged mhùth e snuadh le goirteas péin 'us cràidh :
'S gu h-ealamh fhreagair a chomh-fhlàth gun sgàth :

O Phrionnsa, 'Cheannaird chrùn, 'us chumhachd àrd,
Leat dh'fhalbh na h-aingil armach suas gu cath
Fo d' cheannardachd, 's le éuchdaibh baoth gun fhiamh
A cur an cunnart Ard-rìgh sìorruith 'neamh,
'Sa dhearbhadh c'ù 'bha cheannas àrd 'g a dhion
Le neart, le tuiteamas, airneo le dàn ;
'S e fàth mo bhròin meud m'èolais air a chùis,
'S a chasgairt chruaidh a chuir oirnn ruaig le tàir,
'Chuir neamh d'ar dìth, 's ar feachd bu ghaisgeil colg
'G an sgathadh sìos mar so le sgrios gun bhàigh ;
Cho fad 's is urrainn diathan 's sìol nan speur
A dhol a dhìth ; ach fathast tha ar beachd
'S ar spioradan do-chìosnaicht', 's thig air ais
Gu grad ar neart, ged tha ar cliù gu léir
'S ar n-aoibhneas sluigte suas le péin gun chrìoch.
Ach dé ma dh'fhag ar Smachdnaiche 'ga dheòin ;
Oir uile-chomasach tha e gun ag,
Air neo cha b' urrainn da ar neart-ne 'chlaoidh ;
Ar càil 's ar n-oidheam slàn mar bha iad riabh
A chum 's gu'n seasadh-mid gach cràdh gun mheath
'S mar sin gu'n taomte leis oirnn barrachd feirg
'S air iartras oibreachadh mar thraillibh fann,
'S le còir a chlaidheamh sinn gu teann fo 'smàig
Am meadhoin Ifrinn ann an teintibh bras,
No ruith air theachdaireachd 's an aigeal dhorch' ?
Am fearrde sinn mata, no 'm buadhnachd dhuinn
A bhi dearbh-bheachdaichte gu'm beil 's gu bìth
Ar treòir gun lughdachadh, 's ar bith gun chrìoch
A dh'fhullann péin 'us cràidh gu cian nan cian ?
'S am briathraibh deas-chainnteach gu bras 's gu dian,
Gu 'n d'fhreagair an t-Ard-Dhiabhull mar bu ghnath :
A Cherìob anfhannaich gu dearbh gur truagh
'Bhi lag-bheairteach am fullannas no 'n gnìomh,
Ach as a so bi earbsach, nach dean sinn
Gnìomh ceart a chaoidh, 's gu sìorruith bi'dh ar miann,
A mhàin air drochbheairtibh nach dù bhi réir
Ard-thoil an Tì ri 'm féum sinn stréup gun sìth.
Ma dh'fhiachas e le 'fhreasdal mathas buan
A tharruinn suas bho'r cuilbheairtibh 's bho'r giann,
Gu'm féum sinn saothreachadh gun fhois gun tàmh,
A los nach soirbhich leis. 's le'r cleasaibh baoth,
Gach gnìomh air fheothas tionndar lein gu cronn,
A chuireas duilichinn air uair 'us uair,

Of heav'n receiv'd us falling ; and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
 Seest thou yon' dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there ;
 And re-assembling our afflicted pow'rs,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope ;
 If not, what resolution from despair.

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

Whene'er we meet, you always say,
 What's the news? What's the news?
 Pray, what's the order of the day?
 What's the news? What's the news?
 Oh ! I have got good news to tell ;—
 My Saviour has done all things well,
 And triumphed over death and hell—
 That's the news ! That's the news !

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
 That's the news ! That's the news !
 To set a world of sinners free—
 That's the news ! That's the news !
 'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
 'Twas there on him our sins were laid,
 And now he's risen from the dead—
 That's the news ! That's the news !

Mar dean e 'n còrr ; 's mar h-eil e'm chomas stad
 A chur air ùigh, 's a chomhairlean, gu léir,
 A chur air ainreith, 's bun fosceann gu tur.
 Ach seall, am Buadhair feargach ghlaodh air ais
 Gu dorust Nèimh am feachd a bh'air ar tòir,
 'San cathadh garbh a thilgeadh as ar déigh
 G'ar tachdadh, mhùch le'n neart, na stuadhan dearg
 'S an d' rinn sinn tuiteam bho bhruaich àird nan spéur :
 Ma chaith an tàirneanach bu ghairbhsneach toirm,
 Air sgiathaibh dealanaich a ghluais le feirg
 A ghathean, sguiridh e de'n rànaich ghairg,
 'S bidh tàmh 'san aigeal tha gun cheann gun chrìoch.
 Na cailleadhmaid an cothrom, olc air mhaith,
 Do'n bheachd 's an d' rinn an nàmhaid a thoirt duinn.
 Am faic thu'n còmhnaidh ud, lom, duaichnidh, fàs,
 Ionad gach gàbhaidh, 's e gun solust ann,
 Ach faileus faoin bho lasair chaoirich, ghuirm
 Air nial a' bhàis ? G'a ionnsuidh teicheamaid
 O luasgadh fiadht' nan càir-thonn teinteach, dearg ;
 'S ma 's àit' e anns am faod sinn tàmh ri seal,
 Gu'n trusar leinn na slòigh a dh'fhògradh uainn,
 'S gu'n dearcnaich sinn mu'n t-seòl 's an dòch' ar gnàth
 'Bhi mionthlachdar do'r nàmh o'n là so suas,
 'Us cia mar dh'fhaodar leinn air calldachd féin
 A leasachadh, 's an t-olc so 'thionndaidh uainn,
 'S mar cuidich dòchas sinn le treòir 'n ar càs,
 Gu'n cruadhaich e ar càil,—'s gu bràch cha ghéil.

CIOD AN SGEUL ?

'Nuair thach'reas sinn bidh sibh ag ràdh,
 Ciod an sgeul ? Ciod an sgeul ?
 Ciod tha'n diugh a gabhail àit' ?
 Ciod an sgeul ? Ciod an sgeul ?
 'S ann agams' tha'n deadh sgeul r'a luaidh !
 'S an obair mhaith rinn Crìosd d'a shluagh,
 Air bàs 's air ifrinn thug e buaidh,—
 Sin an sgeul ! Sin an sgeul !
 Air Calbhari fhuair Iosa bàs,
 Sin an sgeul ! Sin an sgeul !
 A shaoradh saogh'l fo chiont' bha'n sàs !
 Sin an sgeul ! Sin an sgeul !
 'S ann sin a dhoirt e fhuil gu làr—
 'S ann sin ar peacadh mheasadh dha,—
 Ach dh' éirich e le buaidh on bhàs,
 Sin an sgeul ! Sin an sgeul !

To heaven above the Conqueror's gone—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 He's passed triumphant to His throne—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 And on that throne He will remain,
 Until as Judge He comes again,
 Attended by a dazzling train—
 That's the news! That's the news!

His work's reviving all around—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 And many have salvation found—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 And since their souls have caught the flame,
 They shout Hosanna to his name,
 And all around they spread his fame—
 That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 I have the witness now within—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 And since he took my sins away,
 And taught me how to watch and pray,
 I'm happy now from day to day—
 That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you too—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 Your sinful heart He can renew—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 This moment, if for sins you grieve—
 This moment, if you do believe—
 A full acquittal you'll receive—
 That's the news! That's the news!

And then, if any one should say,
 What's the news? What's the news?
 O, tell them you've begun to pray—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 That you have joined the conquering band,
 And now with joy, at God's command,
 You're marching to the better land—
 That's the news! That's the news!

A suas gu nèamh le buaidh chaidh Ios',
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!
 A's shuidh e 'n sin 'n a chathair-rìgh,
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!
 'Na chathair-rioghail bidh e ghnàth
 Ach gus an tig e latha bhràth
 Le feachd nan nèamh leis air gach làimh,
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!

'Obair tha soirbheachadh 's gach àit',—
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!
 Tha mòran pheacach 'faotainn slàint',
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!
 'S 'n uair gheibh an anam' blas d'a ghràs
 Ard sheinnidh iad, Hosana! dha,
 A' cur an céill a chliù 's gach àit',—
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!

Shaor Iosa mise mar an ceudn',
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!
 Tha 'n fhianuis agam annam féin,
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!
 'S on 'thug e saorsa dhomh o dhìt',
 'S gu faire 's ùrnuigh 'theagaisg mi,
 Tha mi 'an sonas a's an sìth,
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!

'S urrainn da slàint' a thoirt dhuit féin,
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!
 A's cridhe nuadh 'thoirt mar an ceudn',
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!
 M'tha fuath do'n pheacadh ann a d' chrì—
 Ma tha thu 'creidsinn ann an Crìosd,
 Gheibh thu làn shaorsa 'nis o dhìt'—
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!

'S innis dhoibh-san bhios ag ràdh,
 Ciod an sgeul? Ciod an sgeul?
 Gu'm bheil thu 'g ùrnuigh 'nis gach là,
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!
 Gu'm bheil thu nis 'sa' chuideachd àigh—
 A nis fo stiùradh Dhé n'an gràs,
 'S an t-slighe chum na tìr is fearr
 Sin an sgeul! Sin an sgeul!

JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band Captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chase and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself, and children three,
 Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
 On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend Tom Calender
 Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That's well said ;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnish'd with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear. 

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;
 O'erjoy'd was he to find,
 That though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

IAIN GILPIN.

Iain Gilpin bha 'n a bhàirdeiseach,
 Bu mhòir a chliù, 's a nì;
 Gu-n robh e uair 'n a cheannard-ceud,
 'Am baile-mòr an rìgh.

Thuirt bean Iain Ghilpin là r'a gràdh,
 " M' aighear thu 's mo chiall,
 Ged tha sinn fichead bliadhna pòsd',
 Là féill cha d' ghabh sinn riamh.

" 'S e 'màireach là co'-ainm ar bainns'
 'S théid sinn gu sùgradh mach,
 Sìos gus an ruig sinn Edmonton,
 'An carbad le dà each.

" Mo phiuthar 'us a leanabh beag,
 Mi féin 's mo thrìùir le chéil',
 'S a' charbad théid, 'us leanaidh tus'
 A' marcachd as ar déigh."

" A bhean mo ghaoil!" ghrad fhreagair e,
 " Dhuit féin gu-n d'thug mi gràdh
 Os ceann gach té a tha fo'n ghréin,
 'Us gheibh thu mar is àill.

" Tha mise 'm mharsanda gu beachd,
 Mar 's aithne do gach neach;
 'S mo charaid maith, Tom Calender,
 Bheir iasad dhomh d'a each."

" Piseach ort," ars' is', " a ghràidh,
 'Us o'n tha 'm fion co daor,
 Gu-n toir mi leam mo shearrag féin,
 O'n tha e maith, 'us saor."

Thug Iain sgailce pòige dh' i,
 Mar b' àbhaist dha gu tric;
 Oir bha e subhach, toilichte,
 I bhi co chrìonna, ghlic.

The morning came, the chase was brought,
 But yet was not allow'd
 To drive up to the door, least all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
 Where they did all get in;
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Were never folks so glad,
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When turning round his head he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore;
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down stairs,
 "The wine is left behind!"

"Good luck!" quoth he, "yet bring it me—
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword,
 When I do exercise."

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she loved,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Thàinig an carbad 'nuas gu moch
 'S a' mhaduinn, mar a gheall ;
 'S air falbh 'na dheann-ruith ghabh e leò,
 Troimh eabar, 'us troimh pholl.

Bu shiùbhlach luath na cuibhleachan,
 'S a' chuip mu chluas nan each,
 Le gleadhraich shaoileadh tu gu-n robh
 An cabhsair as a bheachd.

Sheas Iain Gilpin taobh an eich,
 'Us ghlac e 'mhuing gu deas ;
 Ach 's gann a fhuair e suas gu h-àrd.
 'N uair b' éigin teachd air ais.

Cha luithe ràin' e'n diollaid shuas,
 'S a shuidh e air an each,
 Na chuunnaic e triùir cheannaichean
 D'a bhùth a' dol a steach.

Theirinn e, 's cha b'ann d'a dheòin,
 Oir bha e dian gu falbh ;
 Ach leis an t-sannt cha dùraichdeadh
 An sgillinn-ruadh a chall.

Bu mbailiseach na ceannaichean,
 Bha greis mu-n robh iad réidh ;
 'N sin Beati ghlaodh a mach gu h-àrd,
 " Dh' fhàgadh am fion 'n'ur déigh !"

" Nall e !" ars' Iain, " 's maith an t-àm ;
 Thoir dhomh a nuas mo chrìos,
 Crìos leathair mo dheagh chlaidheimh ghéir,
 'N uair bha mi 'm shaighdear deas."

Bha aig bean Ghilpin, (làmh a' ghrùinnd :)
 Dà shearraig làidir ghlais,
 'S am b' àbhaist di an deoch a b' fheà-
 A chumail teann fo ghlais.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipp'd from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly," John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
 Away went hat and wig:
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Bha aig gach searraig dhiubh fa leth,
 Dà chluais tre'n deach' an crios;
 Chroch e iad mar sin r'a thaobh,
 Fear dhiubh air gach leis.

'N a dheaghaidh sin, a chum 's gu-m biodh
 E sgeadaichte le sgoinn,
 A chleòca maiseach sgàrlaid ghabh,
 'Us thilg e air a dhruim.

Faic e nis 'n a dhiollaid shuas,
 Air muin an steud eich dhuinn,
 Ag imeachd air a' chabhsair chruaidh
 Gu socrach, 'us gu ciùin.

Ach 'n uair a fhuair e'n t-slighe réidh
 Fo 'bhrògaibh cruidheach cruaidh,
 Le sitrich dh' fhalbh gu trotan garbh
 A shàraich Iain truaigh.

“Gu réidh,” ars' Iain, “deas dé, 'eich dhuinn;”
 Ach labhair e gun fheum,
 O throtan chaidh gu dian-ruith luath,
 Gun suim de mhuisseal sréin',

Chrom e sìos, mar dh' im'reas iad
 Nach urrainn suidhe suas,
 Ghlac e muing an eich gu teann,
 'S e 'dol a nis 'n a luath's.

An t-each a mhothaich air a dhruim
 Uallach cho deacair ùr,
 Theich e le geilt; 's mar theich e, dh' fhàg
 An saoghal air a chùl.

Air falbh chaidh Iain 'n a shradaibh dearg,
 Air falbh chaidh 'n ad 's a' ghruag;
 Is beag a shaoil an duine còir
 Dol air a leithid de ruaig.

Chaidh coin gu tathunn, 's clann gu sgriach,
 Bha cinn a mach 'n an ceud',
 'Us ghlaodh gach aon, le 'uile neart,
 “'S tu féin an gille-steud!”

Away went Gilpin—who but he!
 His fame soon spread around,
 “He carries weight! he rides a race!
 ’Tis for a thousand pounds!”

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 ’Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter’d at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse’s flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seem’d to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced
 For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came into the wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here’s the house”—
 They all at once did cry;
 “The dinner waits, and we are tired;”
 Said Gilpin, “So am I!”

Air falbh chaidh Iain, cò ach e?

Na miltean air a thòir:

“Is réis tha ’n so! ’s cha lugha ’n geall,
Na mìle bonn de ’n òr!”

’S a nis, ’n uair dhlùthaich e gu dàn’

Air luchd na cise cruaidh,

’An tiota thilg iad fosgailte;

A’ chachaileith gu luath.

’N uair chrom e sìos os ceann an eich

Le ’cheann ’na smùidibh teth,

Bhuail an dà shearraig air a chùl,

’Us spealg ’n am mìle bloidh.

Bu mhuladach an sealladh so,

Am fion dearg mar a dhòirt,

’Thug smùid á cliathaich an eich dhuinn,

Mar cheithreamh muilt-fheòil ròist’.

Gidheadh bha e mar mharcaiche,

A’ ruith na réis le ’chrios;

’Us amhach na dà shearraig ghlais,

Ag udal air a leis.

Mar so troimh bhaile Islington,

Faic e le mire ’triall,

’Us fòs a suas troimh Edmonton,

’S a stigh feadh lùb nan giadh.

’S ann ’an sin bha ’phlubartaich,

’San t-each a’ diùltadh smachd,

Mar sgaoth de gheòidh no ’thunnagan

’G an lubradh féin le tlachd.

Aig uinneig ann an Edmonton

Gu-n d’ sheas a bhean a suas,

’Us chunnaic i ’dol seachad e

Le iongantas r’a luath’s.

“Stad, stad, Iain Ghilpin, so an tigh!”

Gu-n d’ ghlaodh iad uile ris,

“Tha’n dinneir réidh, ’s tha sinne sgith;”

“Cha lugh’,” ars’ Iain, “tha mis’!”

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there!
 For why?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend, Tom Calender's,
 His horse at last stood still.

Tom Calender, amazed to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke ;
 And thus unto Tom Calender
 In merry guise he spoke;

“I come because your horse would come,
 And, if I well forbode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here,
 They are upon the road.”

Tom Calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
 A wig that flow'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear
 Each comely in its kind.

Ach 's beag an t-suim a ghabh an t-each,
 De ghlaodh nam ban gu léir,
 Bha prasach mhaith a mhaighstir féin
 Deich mìl' air falbh aig *Ware*.

Mar shaighead luath o làimh na treòir,
 O'n iughar righinn, chruidh,
 Gu-n d' theich an t-each—'s tha so 'g am thoirt
 Gu dara leth mo dhuain.

Air falbh chaidh Iain le séideadh àrd,
 'S gu dearbh cha b' ann d'a dheòin,
 'S aig dorus tigh' Thom Chalender,
 Gu-n d' sheas an t-each faidheòidh.

'N uair chunnaic esan e mar so,
 A' teachd gun ad, gun ghruag,
 Thilg e 'phìob thombac' air falbh,
 'Us ruith e 'mach gu luath.

“ Do sgeul, do sgeul—thoir dhomh do sgeul !
 Do naigheachd innis dhomh ;
 C'arson a tha thu ceann-ruisgte ?
 C'arson a tha thu 'n so ? ”

Bha Iain làn a dh' fheala-dhà,
 De shùgradh beag, 's de chleas,
 'S a réir so ri Tom Calender,
 Gu-n d' fhreagair e gu deas ;

“ Tha mise 'n so, oir thigeadh d' each,
 'S mur 'eil mi 'm fhàidhe bréig',
 B'ìdh m' ad 's mo ghruag 'an so gun dàil,
 Oir tha iad as mo dhéigh. ”

Bha sòlas air Tom Calender,
 A charaid 'bhi co ait,
 'S cha dubhairt tuille ris 's an àm,
 Ach thill e stigh gu grad ;

'S a mach gu-n d' thug e ad 'us gruag,—
 Gruag mhòr nan dualan cruinn,
 'Us ad a's gann a chuir e riamh
 Seachd uairean air a cheann.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus show'd his ready wit,
 "My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
 "I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure I came here
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast!
 For which he paid full dear;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why?— they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well."

Chum e suas iad 's thubhairt e

Le feala-dhà 'n a chainnt;

“ Mo cheannsa tha dhà mheud ri d' cheanns',

'Us théid iad ort gun taing.

“ Leig dhomh an t-eabar sin 's am poll

A ghlanadh bhàrr do ghnùis;

Fuirich ri biadh, oir 's cinnteach mi

Gu bheil thu 'call do lùis.”

“ S e so,” ars' Iain, “ co'-là mo bhainns',

'S bu sgeigeil e r'a ràdh,

Gu-m bitheadh mo bhean aig Edmonton

'Us mise 'n so fo phràmh.”

'N sin labhair Iain ris an each,

“ Tha cabhag orm gu m' bhiadh;

Air d'ailghios thàinig mise 'n so,

'Théid thus' air d'ais do m' riar.”

O! bòsd na tubaist' a bha 'n so,

Mar dh' fhiosraich e gun dàil;

Oir asail fhad-chluasach bha dlùth

'Thug raoichdeil choimheach àrd.

Le srann gu-n d' thog an t-each a cheann,

Ceart mar roimh leòmhann garg;

'S air falbh le 'uile lùs a ris,

'Theich e 'n a shradaibh dearg.

Air falbh chaidh Gilpin, 'us air falbh

Chaidh 'ad 's a ghruag 'n an deann;

'An tiota thuit iad, chionn gu-n robh

Iad motha 's mòr d'a cheann.

'N uair chunnaic bean Iain Ghilpin e

A' marcachd nuas co bras,

Tharruing i 'n sporan sìoda mach,

'S bonn leth-chruin thug i as.

'N sin thuirt i ris a charbadair,

'S a crìdh' le iomaguin làn,

“ Gur leatsa so, mo ghille gleusd',

'Us thoir air ais e slàn.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went postboy at his heels,
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry:

“Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman;”
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that pass'd that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space;
 The toll-men thinking as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town;
 Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
 And Gilpin long live he;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

Dh' fhàlbh e, 's choinnich iad gun dàil,
 'Us dh' fheuch e 'n t-each a stad,
 Ach 's ann a chuir an oidheirp so
 An rosad air air fad.

'N uair dh' fhairtlich air na bha 'n a bheachd
 A chur a nis 'an gnìomh;
 Gu'n d' chlisg an t-each, 's air falbh gu'n d' theich
 Na's luaith' na rinn e riamh.

Air falbh chaidh Gilpin, 'us air falbh
 An carbadair co bras,
 Gun straidhlich chuibhleachan 'n a dhéigh,
 Gu meamnach a' dol as.

Bha sèathnar uaislean 'chunnaic e
 A' teicheadh air an each,
 'S an gille-carbaid as a dhéigh,
 Gu'n d' ghlaodh iad uile mach,

“ Mèirleach! mèirleach! Glacaibh e!”
 Gu'n d' ghlaodh iad dh' iarraidh fòir,
 'Us dh' fhalbh iad féin 's na chunnaic e
 'N an teann-ruith air a thòir.

'S a rithist dh' fhosgladh dha gu luath
 Cachailleith mhòr na cìs';
 Oir shaoil na daoine, mar air tùs,
 Gu 'n robh e 'ruith na réis.

Bha e mar sin, 'us choisinn e;
 Oir fhuair e buaidh le 'luath's:
 Cha d' rinn e stad gus 'n d' ràinig e
 An t-àit' 'an deach' e suas.

Nis seinneamaid fad-shaogh'l do'n rìgh,
 'S air Gilpin gu-n robh àgh;
 'S an ath-uair 'theid e 'chur na réis,
 Bu mhaith leam féin 'bhi làthair!

THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

~~~~~

Oh! my days have been o'ercast,  
 With sorrow and with pain,  
 Since bonny Jeanie Ballantyne  
 Gaed o'er the roaring main,  
 To seek a kindly hame  
 In the western forest free—  
 Oh! the world's aye sinsyne  
 Been a wilderness to me.

Her father's cottage stood  
 In a sweet secluded glen;  
 It was theekit o'er wi' moss,  
 Had a cantie butt and ben;  
 And the honeysuckle bloom'd,  
 And the lily blossom'd fair,  
 And the mavis and the lark  
 Thrill'd their sweetest music there.

The daisy gemm'd the sward,  
 And the gowan glittered round,  
 And the burnie wimpled by,  
 With a sweetly-soothing sound;  
 And Jeanie's angel-voice,  
 By her father's hallow'd hearth,  
 Made the cot a bower of bliss—  
 It was paradise on earth!

And fondly did we love,  
 With a pure and ardent flame;  
 For our wishes and our wants,  
 And our feelings were the same.  
 From morning's rosy blush  
 Till the gloaming star was seen,  
 Seem'd scarcely half an hour  
 When I wander'd with my Jean.

Her parents both approv'd  
 Of our mutual love, I ween;

## FASACHADH NAN GLEANN.

Bha mo làithean dubhach, trom,  
 Le trioblaid agus cràdh,  
 O 'n sheòl mo Shìne bhòidheach  
 Gu brònach nunn thar sàil',  
 A dh' iarraidh dachaidh chaomh  
 'Am measg coilltich fad an iar—  
 A's bha'n saoghal dhomh o 'n tràth sin  
 Mar fhàsach udlaidh, chian.

Bha teach a h-athar ghaoil  
 Ann an gleannan uaigneach, gorm;  
 Air a thuthadh leis an fhraoch  
 A's fo dhìon o fhuachd 's o stoirm;  
 Mu'n cuairt da feadh nam bruach  
 Bha'n lilidh ùr fo bhlàth,  
 Agus eunlaith bheag nan geug  
 Sheinn an ceileir binn gach tràth.

Chinn an neòinein a's gach blàth  
 Air na h-àileanan mu'n cuairt,  
 A's an t-alltan beag o 'n sgàirn  
 Ruith le monbhor àrd gu luath;  
 Agus luinneag Shìneag bhlàth  
 Air a' chuibheil a' toirt sreann  
 Rinn teach a h-athar ghràidh  
 Cridheil, sùgach, anns gach àm.

O! bu teith, 's bu bhuan an gaol  
 Taobh air thaobh a thug sinn féin;  
 Bha ar n-iarrtais a's ar dìth  
 A's ar faireachdain d'an réir.  
 Bho na dh' éireadh grian gu moch  
 Gus an crìochnaicheadh i 'cuairt,  
 An tìom cha bhiodh ach gearr  
 'N uair a ghabhainn sràid le m' luaidh.

A muinntir sheall le bàigh  
 Air a ghràdh a thug sinn féin;

They minded us in prayer  
 When the books were ta'en at e'en;  
 And her mother smil'd with joy,  
 While the tear stood in her e'e,  
 That her darling should be join'd  
 To a decent youth like me.

Thus contentment, peace, and love,  
 Sweeten'd a' our daily toil,  
 Till a stern and stranger lord  
 Became owner of the soil;  
 And he gave the fell behest,  
 That the glen should be "improved:"  
 And levell'd with the dust  
 Were the cottages we lov'd!

The neighbours couldna speak,  
 But they looked up to heaven—  
 For the judgment on us fell  
 Like a shower of burning leven;  
 And the wrinkled, hoary sire  
 Of fourscore years and ten,  
 And the baby at the breast,  
 Were ejected from the glen!

And rustics, in their prime,  
 Bereft of home and hearth,  
 Had to bid a long farewell  
 To the spot which gave them birth;  
 And they gnash'd their teeth, and cried,  
 In a deep sepulchral tone—  
 "Shall vengeance sleep for aye?  
 It belongs to God alone!"

Oh! what sickness of the soul,  
 And what bursts of wild despair!  
 And, alas! unhallow'd words  
 Fell from many a lip in prayer;  
 For the mother, with her babes  
 Shiv'ring houseless at her knee,  
 Couldna mind the blest command,  
 "Ye may suffer—but forgi'e."

Agus fòs aig cathair gràis  
 Ghuidh gach là dhuinn beannachd Dhé;  
 Bha 'màthair aoibhneach, ait,  
 Ged a thuit o gruaidh an deur,  
 Gu'm biodh a h-ìoghnag chòir  
 Pòsd' ri òigfhear mar 'mi féin.

Bha gràdh a's sonas caomh  
 Air a mheasgadh dhuinn neo-ghaun,  
 Gus an tàinig uachd'ran baoth  
 Air na croitean anns a' ghleann :  
 Fhuair sinn uile òrdugh triall  
 Gu'n robh 'n gleann r'a chur "fo fhéidh,"  
 Agus leagadh sìos gu làr  
 Ar fàrdaichean gu léir!

Bho aon cha chualas smid,  
 Ged a sheall iad suas ri nèamh—  
 Oir am breitheanas so thuit  
 Oirnn mar smachdachadh ro gheur;  
 A's an t-aosda lag a's sgìth,  
 A bha 'g éiridh suas ri ciad,  
 A's na leanabain air a' chich  
 Chaidh an sgànradh fada 's cian!

An òigridh 'n tréin' an làith'  
 Bha nis gun tigh, no tùr,  
 Agus b' éigin falbh gu bràth  
 As an àit' a bha cho chaomh;  
 Ghluais fo aimheal a's le fearg  
 Ged a chum iad orra féin,  
 "Ach dìoghaltas gu dearbh  
 Buinidh dhuitse 'mhain, a Dhé!"

O! bu trioblaideach ar dìol,  
 'Sinn fo mhi-ghean a's fo ghruaim!  
 Agus b'iomadh guidhe 's grìos  
 A chuir cuid a suas 's an uair;  
 Oir a' mhàthair a's a clann,  
 Air am meileachadh le fuachd,  
 Dhearmaid àithne Dhé 's an àm,  
 "Sinn a mhaitheadh d' ar luchd fuath,"

But though Jeanie's father griev'd,  
 O'er his prospects lorn and lone,  
 Yet he trusted in his God,  
 And his energy alone;  
 "There is space on earth," he cried,  
 "For ourselves and for our child—  
 We shall find a cottage-home,  
 In the dark Canadian wild.

"We'll cut the pristine pine,  
 And we'll chase the bounding roe,  
 And we'll urge the slipp'ry sledge,  
 Over trackless mounds of snow:  
 And we'll tend our lusty steers  
 In the forests and the pen,  
 And we'll snap our fingers, thus,—  
 At the tyrant of our Glen!"

The fated bark arriv'd,  
 For one tide in Allan-bay;  
 And the exiles steep'd in tears,  
 Left their native land for aye;  
 The swelling sails were spread  
 To the early summer breeze;  
 And bonny Jeanie Ballantyne  
 Glides o'er the western seas!

I watch'd the vessel's course,  
 With a strain'd and watery eye,  
 Till she dwindled from my sight  
 Like a speck against the sky:  
 Oh! the agony I felt  
 On that inauspicious day,  
 Was like rending of the soul  
 From its tenement of clay!

The welkin lower'd around,  
 And I sunk upon the sod;  
 But, anon, the earth was spann'd  
 By the glorious bow of God;  
 And the scowling clouds dissolv'd  
 Into fructifying showers;

Ach athair Shìne ghrinn,  
 Ged a bha fo smalan geur,  
 Chuir e 'earbsa ann an Dia,  
 A's na dhìchioll tapaidh féin :  
 "Tha 'n saoghal mòr gu leòir  
 Dhuinn féin 's d'ar leanabh gràidh—  
 Agus gheibh sinn dachaidh thall  
 Ann an Canada le càch.

"Na craobhan leagaidh nuas,  
 Agus glacaidh sinn an t-seilg,  
 Agus falbhaidh sinn gu luath  
 Air an t-sneachd air slìos na leirg;  
 Agus beathaichaidh an t-àl  
 Feadh nam fàsaichean 's nam beann,  
 A's cha toir sinn buinneag chàil  
 Air fear-fàsachaidh nan Gleann!"

Chunnacas long nan crannag àrd  
 Fad aon làin a stigh 's a bhàgh;  
 A's gu dubhach, deurach dh'fhàg  
 Cead gu bràth aig tìr an gràidh;  
 Chaidh na siùil a thogail suas,  
 A's an oiteag shamhraidh shéid,  
 Agus dh' fhalbh mo Shine uam  
 'Thar a' chuain gu dùthaich chéin!

O! sheall mi as an déigh  
 Le sùilean deurach, trom,  
 Gus an d' fhalchaidh iad gu léir  
 Anns an dubhar cul nan tonn;  
 O! an trioblaid a's a' phéin  
 A fhuair mis' air là mo chràidh,  
 Ion 's ga m' reubadh as a chéil'  
 'S a toirt na feòla bhàrr mo chnàmh!

Bha 'n t-iarmailt uile gruamach  
 Agus thuit mi air an làr;  
 Ach ri ùine dh' fhalbh an duibhre  
 'Schunnacas bogha Dhé gu h-àrd;  
 Agus leagh na neòil bha ùdlaidh  
 Anns na frasan, torach, blàth

And incense rose to heaven  
From the herbage and the flowers.

Then I thought upon the vows  
We had vowed in early youth;  
That her bosom was the home  
Of simplicity and truth;  
That a sparrow cannot fall  
Save permitted from on high,  
And my throbbing bosom swell'd  
With a melancholy joy.

I shall join her in the wild,  
Where a tyrant may not come;  
And together we shall live,  
Till we slumber in one tomb;  
We shall build a bower of bliss  
Far from those busy haunts of men,  
Then farewell,—a long farewell  
To my native Allan-Glen!



## THE MESSIAH,

Who hath our report believed ?  
Shiloh come is not received,  
Not received by his own:  
Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,  
David's offspring sent to bless you,  
Comes too lowly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,  
What is thy fond expectation?  
Some fair-spreading lofty tree?  
Let not worldly pride confound thee:  
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,  
Mark the lowest—that is he.

Like a tender plant that's growing  
Where no waters kindly flowing,

Agus dh' éirich tùis gu nèamh  
Bho gach luibh a's blàth bha 'fàs.

'N sin chuimhnich mi mu'n ghaol  
Taobh air thaobh a thug 'n ar n-òig' ;  
A's an Sìne nach robh ceilg  
Ach firinn ghlan gun ghò;  
A's nach tuit an t-eunan beag  
Ach mar cheadaichear o'n àird,  
A's mo chridhe bhuail neo-throm,  
Ged a bha mi car fo phràmh.

Agus coinnichidh sinn a chéil'  
Far nach tig gu bràth fear-fuath,  
Agus meallaidh sinn a chéil'  
Gus an caidil sinn 's an uaigh ;  
Agus sgàil-thigh cuiridh suas  
Fada, ciann, o thuineadh chàich  
'An sin soraidh slàn gu buan  
Do mo ghleannan uaigneach, gràidh!

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## A M M E S I A H.

Cò a ghabh r'ar sgeul mar fhìrinn ?  
Siloh thàinig ach fo dhimeas—  
Fo dhimeas le dhilsean féin :  
Bho fhreumh Iese faic a' teachd e,  
Gineil Dhaibhidh 'shaoradh pheacach,  
Ach ro bhoichd gu'm biodh dheth spéis.

A chinnich, d'an do nochdadh deadh-ghean,  
Ciod a tha thu 'n dùil r'a fhaotainn ?  
Ard chraobh sgaoilteach 's uaine bàrr ?  
Na leig uabhar talmhardh 'n uachdar—  
'Measg nan geugan òg' mu'n cuairt duit,  
'S e is suarraiche na càch.

Amhuil lusan maoth droch-shnuadhach,  
'S e gun drùchd, gun fhras, gun fhuaran,

No kind rains refresh the ground:  
 Drooping, dying, ye shall view him,  
 See no charms to draw you to him;  
 There no beauty will be found.

Lo! Messiah unrespected,  
 Man of griefs, despis'd rejected,  
 Wounds his form disfiguring:  
 Marr'd his visage more than any,  
 For he bears the sins of many,  
 All our sorrows carrying.

No deceit his mouth had spoken,  
 Blameless he no law had broken,  
 Yet was number'd with the worst:  
 For, because the Lord would grieve him,  
 Ye who saw it did believe him,  
 For his own offences curs'd.

But while him our thoughts accused,  
 He for us alone was bruised,  
 Yea, for us the victim bled!  
 With his stripes our wounds are cured,  
 By his pains our peace secured,  
 Purchas'd with the blood he shed.

Love amazing, so to mind us,  
 Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,  
 Wand'ring sheep all gone astray;  
 Lost, undone by our transgressions,  
 Worse than stript of all possessions,  
 Debtors without hope to pay.

Death our portion; slaves in spirit;  
 He redeem'd us by his merit,  
 To a glorious liberty.  
 Dearly first his goodness bought us,  
 Truth and love then sweetly taught us,  
 Truth and love had made us free.

Glory be to him who gave us—  
 Freely gave his Son to save us!

Ann am fearann fuaraidh, teann :  
 Brònach, bàsmhor, bidh 'n 'ur sùil e,  
 Gun aon bhuaidh g'ur tarruing dlùth air ;  
 Aileachd gnùis' cha 'n fhaicear ann.

Feuch ! Mesiah 'fulang tàmailt,  
 Duine brònach, tréigte, càinte,  
 'Saghaidh àilidh air a leòn :  
 Rinn mi-dhreach a ghnùis a chaochladh,  
 'N uair a sheas e 'n àite dhaoine,  
 'Thoirt sgeul-saorsa do gach slògh.

Cha do labhair ceilg le 'bheul e,  
 'S cha do bhriseadh reachdan Dhé leis,  
 Ged a cheus iad e mar dhaoi :  
 'N uair a dh'éirich fearg a Dhé ris,  
 Sibhse 'chunnaig mheas gu'm b' fheudar  
 Gu'n robh euceart féin 'g a chlaoidh.

Ach 'n uair chasaideadh gu geur e,  
 Sheas 'na aonar e 'n ar n-éiric—  
 Leig 'n ar n-éiric 'anam sìos !  
 Trid a bhuillean sinne léighseadh,  
 'S fhuair sinn sìth do thrìd a chreuchdan—  
 Seulaichte le fuil a chrìdh'.

Gràdh gun samhlaidh 'rinn oirnn tròcan  
 Buachail' chuir o nèamh g' ar tòrachd,  
 Caoirich thruagh air fuadan cian ;  
 Millte, caillte leis a' pheacadh,  
 Olc, 's cha 'n e bhi ruisgte, creachta,  
 Fiachairean an làimh aig Dia.

Marbh 'am peacadh, 's aoint' ri truaighe,  
 Rathad fuasglaidh trid-san fhuair sinn,  
 Chum na saorsa tha bith-bhuan.  
 Cheannaich e air tùs gu daor sinn,  
 'S theagaisg e le 'bhriathran caoin sinn,  
 'S thug 'n a ghaol dhuinn crìdhe nuadh.

Glòir a bhi do'n tì 'thug uaithe  
 Mac a ghaoil a shaoradh thruaghan !

Glory to the Son who came!  
 Honour, blessing, adoration,  
 Ever from the whole creation,  
 Be to God, and to the Lamb!

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## PHARAOH.

See the monarch of Egypt, he musters his host,  
 And marcheth them vauntingly out to the coast ;  
 All his banners unfurled, and his standards displayed,  
 With pride uncontrolled and despotic parade,

See the Israelites flee, how they tremble and fear !  
 While the foe, with barbarity, howl in their rear :—  
 “ In the pride of my heart, with the strength of my hand  
 I shall sweep in the ocean this fugitive band.

“ Not a man shall survive, not a remnant remain—  
 A disgrace to a king, to my kingdom a stain ;  
 The wicked, proud rebels, have stolen and fled,  
 Then woe and destruction be swift on their head.”

The princes and people together conspire,  
 And the king goads them on in the flush of his ire ;  
 The chariots drive faster, urged on is the steed,  
 And the horsemen exult in the flight of their speed.

All is bustle and hurry, and fury, and haste,  
 As they sweep like the whirlwind over the waste.  
 Through the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire  
 The God of his chosen looked down in his ire.

The Red Sea divides, and the waters stand high  
 As a wall on each side, and a passage supply ;  
 When the people of God unmoved descend,  
 And firm on the ocean-bed fearlessly wend.

The thousands of Israel get safely to land,  
 While the armies of Egypt sink deep in the sand ;  
 Now the high wall of waters return and enclose  
 The might and the muster of Israel's proud foes.

Now Egypt's stern warriors are sunk in the deep,  
 And Egypt, her king and her glory may weep ;  
 For there, like the ocean-weeds spread on the coast,  
 Lie the king of the Nile and his numberless host.

Glòir do'n Mhac a thàinig 'nuas !  
 Moladh agus glòir le chéile,  
 'Tuilleadh o na h-uile creutair,  
 Biodh do Dhia agus do'n Uan.

## PHARAOH.

Faic uachdran na h-Eiphit air toiseach a shluaigh  
 Gu bòsdail 'g an treòrach' a mach gus a' chuan :  
 A bhratach a' srannraich ri crann aig gu h-àrd,  
 Le uabhar a' tòcadh air tòir a chuid thràill.

Faic na h-Israelich dhìblidh fo mhìghean 's fo làròn,  
 'S an naimhdean cho breun le aon éigh air an tòir :  
 "Ann an uabhar mo chridhe, 's le m' spionnadh ro threun,  
 Am prasgan so sguabaidh do'n chuan iad gu léir.

Cha teid aon aca as, 's cha mhair iarmad diubh beò—  
 'N am masladh do'n rìgh a's do m' iochdrain-sa fòs ;  
 Na ceannaireich uamharr' le goid agus foill,  
 Nis léir-sgrìos a's dosguinn thig orra gun mhoill.

Na prionnsan 's am pobull tha'n co-bhoinn le chéil',  
 'S an rìgh tha 'g an iomain mar neach as a chéill,  
 Na carbaid tha 'n deifir, 's gach steud anns an tòir,  
 'S á neart an cuid eachraidh tha 'm marc-shluagh ri bòsd.

Tha iad uile 'n an siubhal 's air bhoile ro chruaidh,  
 Mar a' chuairt-ghaoith tha 'n imeachd thar chòmhnhard a's  
 Ach sheall Dia ro ghruamach o dhubhar an neòil [chruach;  
 Air luchd-casgraidh a shluaigh 'bha cho luath air an tòir.

Ach dh'fhosgail a' mhuir, 's sheas na h-nisgeachan suas  
 Mar bhalla gach taobh a chum tearmunn d'a shluaigh ;  
 Agus pobull lehòbhah, le muinghinn, chaidh sìos,  
 'S thar grinneal an aigein fhuair rathad gu tìr.

Fhuair mìltean chloinn Israeil gu tearuinte null,  
 Ach feachdaibh na h-Eiphit chaidh fodha 's a' ghrun ;  
 A's an t-uisge 'rinn seasamh mar challaid a suas  
 Air na h-Eiphitich phill, agus sgrìos iad 'n an uail.

Fir-chogaidh na h-Eiphit chaidh fodha gu léir,  
 'S am banntraichean òga tha brònach 'n an déigh ;  
 A nis mar an fheamainn tha sgaipt' air an tràigh  
 Tha Pharaoh 's a mharc-shluagh an cadal a' bhàis.

## LITTLE MARY TURNER.

Your little Mary now is gone,  
Gone like a flower in May;  
For death came like a killing frost,  
And nipt her life away.

How short the time since last she sat,  
A prattler on the knee;  
A happy little laughing thing,  
So full of childish glee.

Sore, sore, you'll miss her pattering feet.  
Upon the dwelling floor;  
No more she'll run with joyful step,  
To meet you at the door.

No more her little loving arms  
Around you she will clasp;  
For now they 're cold and motionless  
In death's unyielding grasp.

But hold! my friends, we ever look  
Upon the darkest side;  
Just think of little Mary now,  
A spirit glorified.

Dry up your tears—yea, and rejoice  
That all her pain is o'er;  
And that she has arrived in peace  
On yonder happy shore.

Your little Mary's happy now,  
For she is safe at home;  
Just think she's there to welcome you.  
When you, her friends, shall come.

Then all the trials you endure,  
How light they all shall seem;  
And also all the joys of earth,  
Just like a fleeting dream.

O! could you look within the veil,  
And your dear Mary see,

## MAIRI BHEAG TUAIRNEIR.

Dh'fhalbh thu, 'Mhàiri, 'uain gu bràth,  
 A's shearg thu mar am blàth;  
 'Thàinig am bàs mar reodhadh fuar,  
 A's sheac thu 'sìos gun dàil.

Cha-n' eil e leam ach mar an dé  
 O'n bha i air do ghlùn,  
 Gu beothal, eutrom, suilbhir, ait,  
 Ged tha i 'n diugh fo 'n ùir.

Is mòr an ionndrainn nis gach tràth,  
 A ceum cha tig dhuit dlùth;  
 A's tuille 'm feasd cha ruith i 'mach  
 Ad còmhachadh le mùirn.

'S cha ghlac i thu 'na làmhnan beag  
 Gu tlusor, mar bu ghnàth,  
 Oir tha iad 'nis gun lùths, gun neart,  
 Fo cheangal teann a' bhàis!

Ach tosd! mo chàirdean, 's tionndaibh 'nis  
 Bho choslas dorch' na h-uaigh',  
 A's faicibh Màiri shuas air nèamh  
 'An cuideachd Dhé 's an Uain.

Bho 'r sùilibh siabaibh fòs gach deur  
 Le h-aiteas air a sgàth;  
 Oir fhuair i saors' o 'sàrachadh,  
 A's fuasgladh o gach càs.

Do Mhàiri bheag tha sona 'nis—  
 A dachaidh ràinig shuas;  
 'S le aiteas còmhlaichidh thu 'n sin,  
 Ma leanas tusa 'n t-Uan.

Gach sàrachadh a fhuair thu bhos  
 'An sin bidh faoin leat féin;  
 A's fòs gach sòlas talmhaidh bidh  
 Mar bhruadar dhuit gu léir.

Na-m faiceadh sibh a nis a h-àgh,  
 'S cho glòrmhor 's a tha i,

Arrayed in the white spotless robe,  
And filled with ecstasy.

A golden crown upon her head,  
A harp within her hand,  
Among yon happy children dear,  
Who round the throne do stand.

And there, in holy loveliness,  
She will for ever grow;  
No sin can mar her happiness,  
As it does ours below.

She eats the fruit of endless life,  
Which Jesus' hands bestow;  
He leads her to the rivers sweet,  
Where living waters flow.

Then let us not repine, my friends,  
When ties are broken here;  
If they are only called from hence  
To fill a higher sphere.

Each tie that's loosed, is meant to bind  
Us nearer to our God;  
To loose our hold of earthly things,  
And walk the narrow road.

May this and every trial sent  
To you be sanctified;  
And from the furnace may you come  
Like gold that's purified.



### A CRY FROM CRAIGELLACHIE.

Land of Bens, and Glens, and Corries,  
Headlong rivers, ocean floods!  
Have we lived to see this outrage  
On your haughty solitudes?

Yea! there burst invaders stronger,  
On the mountain barriered land,

'S i còmhdaichte le trusgan geal,  
'An aoibhneas 'tha gun chrìoch.

Le crùn neo-thruaillidh air a ceann,  
A's clàrsach òir air ghleus;  
'An caidreamh gràidh na cloinne sin  
'Tha 'cuartach' cathair Dhé.

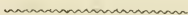
A's ann am maise 's ann an àgh  
'Nis fàsaidh i gu h-àrd;  
Oir peacadh, freunh gach truaighe's cràidh,  
Cha téid a suas gu bràth.

Do chraobh na beatha blaisidh i  
Bho làmhan Iosa féin;  
A's òlaidh i do'n uisge bheò  
Bheir sòlas feadh gach ré.

Mo chàirdean, feuch gu-n strìochd sibh 'nis  
'N uair bhrisear bannan gràidh;  
Oir ged a dhealaich sinn a bhos  
Gu-n còmhlaich sinn gu h-àrd.

Gach snaom a dh'fhuasglar leis a bhos  
'S e rùn gu-n tàth gu h-àrd—  
'S 'n uair bheir e sòlais thalmhaidh 'uain  
Gu-n gluaiseamaid 'na ghràdh,

Gach sàrachadh a's deuchainn gheur  
Gu-n naomhaicheadh dhuibh fòs;  
'S o àmhuinn theith na h-àmhghair chruaidh  
Bheir sibh a mach mar òr.



## EIGH BHO CHREIG-EILEACHAIDH.

Thìr nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Coire,  
Nan sruth cas, 's nan tuiltean mòr',  
Leinn cha d' shaoil gu'm faict' an càramhs'  
Air do fhrìdhean àrd' r'ar beò.

Feuch a nise feachd a's tréine  
Na feachd *Chromueill* nan geur-lann—

Than the Ironsides of Cromwell,  
Or the bloody Cumberland!

Spanning Tay and curbing Tummel,  
Hewing with rude mattocks down  
Killiecrankie's birchen chasm,  
What reck they of old renown!

Cherished names! how disenchanted!  
Hark the Railway Porter roar,  
Ho! Blair-athole! Dalnaspidal!  
Ho! Dalwhinnie! Aviemore!

Garry, cribbed with mound and rampart,  
Up his chafing bed we sweep,  
Scare from his lone lochan cradle  
The charmed immemorial sleep.

Grisly, storm resounding Badenoch,  
With grey boulders scattered o'er,  
And cairns of forgotten battles,  
Is a wilderness no more.

Ha! we start the ancient silence,  
Thundering down the long incline  
On Strathspey and Rothiemurchus,  
Forests of primaeval pine.

Boar of Badenoch! Sow of Athole!  
Hill by hill behind we cast,  
Rock, and craig, and moorland reeling,—  
Scarce Craigellachie stands fast.\*

Dark Glen More and clov'n Glen Feshie,  
Loud along these desolate tracts,  
Hear the shriek of whistle louder  
Than their headlong cataracts.

Strange to them the train—but stranger  
The mixed throng it huddles forth—  
Strand and Piccadilly emptied  
On the much enduring North.

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\* "Stand fast Craigellachie," is the war-cry of the Clan Grant.

'S colgarra na feachd Dhiùc Uilleim  
'Teachd mar thuil air Tìr nam beann!

'Crasgadh Thatha, 'casgadh Theamhuill,  
'Snaigheadh sìos le builean treun'  
Glacan beithe Coille-Chragaidh,  
'Magadh air an cliù o chéin!

Ainmean caomh'! Ach dh' fhalbh an druidheachd!  
Cluinn 'g an éigheach gill' an Ròid,  
Blàr-an-Adholl! Dail-an-Spideil!  
Feuch Dail-Chuinnidh! Agaidh-mhòr!

Gairidh druidt' le tòrr 'us daingnich,  
Steud sinn suas 'n ar deann r'a taobh,  
'Fuadachadh a chaidh o 'lochan  
Codal tosdach nan linn aosd'.

Bàideanach nan gaillionn fiadhaich,  
Anns an lionmhor liath-chlach mhòr,  
'S carragh-cuimhne bhlàran fuilteach—  
Uaigneach cha bhi 'cnuic ni's mò.

Ghluais sinn tosdachd chian nan àrd-bheann,  
'Steudadh sìos an gleann le gaoir,  
Air Srath-Spé 'us Ratamhurchuis—  
Frìdhean àrd' nan giuthas aosd'.

'Mhuc 's an Torc\* theich as 'n an deann-ruith!  
Beinn ri beinn gu teann a' stri!  
Sgòrr, 'us creag, 'us sliabh a' ruidhleadh—  
'S gann a "sheas Creag-Eileachaidh!"

'S a' Ghleann-mhòr, 'n Gleann-Feishidh uaigneach,  
Suas air fad an cluaintean glas',  
Cluinnear sgàl an fheadain bhuaireant',  
'S àirde fuaim na 'n easan cas'.

Carbaid iarunn ged is neònach,  
'S neònaiche an lòd do shluagh—  
Sràidean Lunnuinn air an taomadh  
Mach air raointean an Taoibh-Tuath!

\* Sow of Atholl and Boar of Badenoch, two contiguous mountains.

Cockneys, Frenchmen, swells, and tourists,  
 Motley-garbed and garish crew!  
 Belted pouches, knickerbockers,  
 Silken hose and patent shoe.

While from carriage-window gazing,  
 Eye-glassed damsels, yawning, drawl,  
 "Strange these names of yours—Braeriach,  
 Ben-Mac-Dhui, Cairntoul."

What to them are birk-tree fragrance,  
 Pine-wood scents, moss-myrtle balm!  
 What the burns down corries sounding,  
 Or the solemn mountain calm!

Point not them to Loch-an-Eilan,  
 Lochindorbh's grim island hold:  
 Tell them not wild tales of Comyn,  
 Or the Badenoch Wolf of old.

O Cairngoram! O Bracriach!  
 Roll ye blinding swathes of cloud  
 Down your crags, that these insult not  
 Your majestic foreheads proud.

On, still on—let drear Culloden  
 For clan-slogans hear this scream,  
 Shake, ye woods! by Beaully river,—  
 Start, thou beauty-haunted Dhrum!

Northward still the iron horses,  
 Naught may stay their destined path,  
 Till their snort, by Pentland surges,  
 Stun the cliffs of far Cape Wrath.

Must they pass, quite disappearing  
 From their glens, the ancient Gael?  
 In and in must Saxon struggle?  
 Southron, Cockney more prevail!

Clans long gone, and pibrochs going,  
 Shall the patriarchal tongue  
 From these mountains fade for ever,  
 With its names and memories hung?

Sas'naich, Frangaich, spailp, 's luchd-turuis,  
 Ann an uidheam do gach lì!  
 Brìgis fharsuinn, pòcan leathraich,  
 Brògan lainn'reach, 's osain shìod'!

'S anns 's gach uinneag carbaid, maighdean  
 'G ràdh, 's i 'sealltuinn suas gu dian :  
 “ 'S ainmean neònach Carn-an-t-sabhail,  
 Beinn-mac-duthaidh, 's am Bràighl'-ria'ch! ”

'S beag an sgoinns' do'n bholtrach chùbhraidh  
 'Dh' éireas ùr o lus 's o chrann,  
 'S uillt a' ruith feadh ghleann gu fuaimneach,  
 'S tosdachd shòluimt' bhuan nam beann!

'S coma leò-san Loch-an-eilein,  
 Loch-nan-doirb, 's a dhaingneach liath,  
 'N Cuimeanach 'us 'euchdan gàbhaidh,  
 'S Faol-chu Bhàideanaich o chian.

O Chùirn-ghuirm! 'Us thus', Bhràighl'-riabhaich!  
 Tilgibh sìos mu 'r creagan neòil,  
 Chum nach dean na daormuinn thruagha  
 'Tarcuis air 'ur cruachan mòr'.

'Stendadh seach! Cluinneadh Cuil-fhodair,  
 'N àit' gairm-chogaidh Threubh, an fhuaims';  
 Criothnaicheadh gach coill' mu'n Mhan'chuinn—  
 Dhruim, mu'n iadh gach àille, gluais-s'!

'Sior-dhol tuath, a chaoidh cha srianar  
 Na h-eich iarunn 'n an steud dheirg,  
 Gus am bòdhrar le an srannail  
 Creagan geala Rudh'-na-Feirg'.

'N fheudar buileach do na Gàidheil  
 Triall o 'n àrois 'measg nan gleann?  
 'Chuid 's a chuid an saltair Sas'naich  
 Tur fo 'n casan Tìr nam beann?

Fineachan a chean' air dibreadh,  
 Ceòl na piob' 'dol as gu luath;  
 'M bàsaich tur á Tìr nan àrd-bheann  
 Gàilig àghmhor aosd' nam buadh?

Oh! you say, it little recketh,  
 Let the ancient manners go,  
 Heaven will work through their destroying  
 Some end greater than you know!

Be it so! but will Invention,  
 With her smooth mechanic arts,  
 Raise, when gone, the Highland warriors,  
 Bring again warm Highland hearts?

Nay! whate'er of good they herald,  
 Whereso comes that hideous roar,  
 The old charm is disenchanted,  
 The old Highlands are no more!

Yet, I know, there lie, all lonely,  
 Still to feed thought's loftiest mood,  
 Countless glens, undesecrated,—  
 Many an awful solitude!

Many a burn in unknown corries  
 Down dark linns the white foam flings,  
 Fringed with ruddy-berried rowans,  
 Fed from everlasting springs.

Still there sleep unnumbered lochans,  
 Craig-begirt mid deserts dumb,  
 Where no human road yet travels,  
 Never tourist's foot hath come!

Many a Scur, like bald sea-eagle,  
 Scalped all white with boulder piles,  
 Stands against the sunset, eyeing  
 Ocean and the utmost Isles.

If e'en these should fail, I'll get me  
 To some rock roared round by seas,  
 There to drink calm nature's freedom,  
 Till they bridge the Hebrides!

[The above was written by Professor Shairp of St. Andrews,  
 after travelling for the first time to Inverness by the Highland  
 Railway, August, 1864.]

“’S coma,” ’deir thu, “ged a rachadh  
 Na seann chleachdaidhean air cùl,  
 Bheir an Triath gu buil tre ’n sgrios-san  
 Crìochan ris nach ’eil do dhùil!”

Feudaiddh sin ’bhi; ach ’n toir Innleachd,  
 Le a h-ealdhain mhìn ’s a snas,  
 Treun-laoich cholgarran nan àrd-bheann,  
 No ’n seann chàirdeas ris air ais?

Ni h-eadh; ach dh’ aindeòin am buannachd  
 Far an d’ thig an cruaidh-ghaoir bhreun,  
 Dh’ fhalbh gu tur a’ bhuaidh ’s an druidheachd,  
 ’S cha bhi ’Ghàidh’ltachd chaoidh i féin!

Ach tha fathast glacan bruachach  
 ’Dhùisgeas annam sùmuintean àrd’,  
 ’S glinn gun àireamh nach do thruaillleadh,  
 ’S iomadh dithreabh uamhalt fhàs;

Iomadh allt ’an coirean uaigneach,  
 Bho sheann fhuarain ’g éiridh suas,  
 ’Taomadh ’n linnean dorch’ an uisge,  
 ’S caorann ruiteach air gach bruaich;

Iomadh loch, le creagan cuairticht’,  
 ’Tàmh gun bhruaillean ’measg nam beann,  
 Air nach d’ thàinig slighe duine,  
 No fear-turuis fathast teann;

Iomadh sgòrr, mar iolair mhara,  
 Suas fa chomhair laidhe gréin’,  
 Geal-cheannach le stùchdan cruachach,  
 ’Beachdach’ ’chuain ’s nan Eilean céin.

Fàilnicheadh iad sin, ’us théid mi  
 Gu creig éigin ’measg nan stuadh,  
 ’Mhealtuinn làn-shaors’, gus an crochar  
 Drochaidean os-cionn a’ chuain!

## THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

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“In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.”—Zechariah, xiii. 1.

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From Sion's holy mountain  
 The tidings loud proclaim;  
 The Lord hath op'd a fountain,  
 Salvation is its name :  
 Its purifying waters,  
 The house of David know,  
 And Salem's sons and daughters,  
 There wash'd, are white as snow.

From sin and from uncleanness  
 That fountain can redeem;  
 There age may find fresh greenness,  
 Thence youth with wisdom teem :  
 The blind and deaf, there drinking,  
 At once both see and hear;  
 The lame, with feet unshrinking,  
 Are swift, as is the deer.

The dumb, who seek in sadness  
 That water's living spring,  
 In grateful songs of gladness  
 Its hallowed praises sing.  
 Breaking each chain asunder,  
 That fount can freedom give;  
 And, all-surpassing wonder,  
 Hath caus'd the dead to live!

“Whence flows this tide of healing,  
 That does such wond'rous things?  
 Oh! haste, its source revealing,  
 That I may seek its springs.”  
 Sinner, thy prayer is granted,  
 It flows from Jesu's side;  
 Thence, whatsoe'er is wanted,  
 To man will be supplied.

## AN TOBAR AIR FHOSGLADH.

“Anns an là sin bidh tobar air 'fhosgladh do thig Dhaibhidh, agus do luchd-àiteachaidh Ierusalem, air son peacaidh agus air son neo-ghloine.”—Sechariah, xiii. 1.

Bho thulaich naomha Shion  
 An soisgeul cuir an céill;  
 Oir tobar dh'fhosgail Ios' ann,  
 'Se slàint' a's ainm dha féin:  
 An éifeachd tha san uisge,  
 Do theaghlach Dhaibhidh 's eòl,  
 A's mic a's òighean Shàileim  
 Ann nigh, 's tha glan mar òr.

Bho pheacadh a's o neo-ghloin'  
 Gu'n glan an tobar àigh,  
 Air aois thig blàth na h-òige,  
 'S gheibh òigridh uaithe gràs:  
 Am balbh 's an dall, ma dh'òlas,  
 Gheibh claisteachd 's fradharc shùl;  
 'S an crùbach lag gheibh treòir ann,  
 'S gu'n leum mar mhang nan stùchd.

Gu dubhach, ged thig balbhain,  
 Gu sruth an uisge bheò,  
 Le òrain bhinn neo-chearbach  
 Gu'n seinn a' chliù le ceòl.  
 Gach ceangal cruaidh ni fhuasgladh,  
 A's buaidh bheir e 's gach càs;  
 A's, ni chaidh thar ar smuaintean,  
 Na mairbh gu'n dùisg o'n bhàs!

“Cia as tha 'n sruth so 'g éiridh,  
 'S am bheil an éifeachd chòrr?  
 Gu h-ealamh cuir an céill domh,  
 'S gu'n rachain air a thòir.”  
 Do ghuidhe fhuair thu, 'pheacaich,  
 Tha 'n sruth o lotan Ios';  
 A's na bheil ort a dh'easbhuidh,  
 Gu pailt gheibh thu gu sìor.

## COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

When gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark, and friends are few,  
 On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
 Experienced every human pain:  
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;  
 To fly the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the thing I should not do;  
 Still He, who felt temptation's pow'r,  
 Shall guard me in that evil hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
 Despis'd by those I prized too well;  
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
 Who felt on earth severer woe;  
 At once betray'd, deny'd, or fled,  
 By those who shar'd his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
 And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;  
 Yet He who once vouchsaf'd to bear  
 The sick'ning anguish of despair,  
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
 Which covers all that was a friend;  
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
 Divides me for a little while;  
 Thon, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And, oh! when I have safely past  
 Through every conflict but the last;  
 Still, still, unchanging, watch beside  
 My painful bed—for thou hast died;  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tear away.

## COMHFHURTACHD 'AN AMHGHAIR.

'N uair bhios na neòil a'm' speur a' gleachd,  
 Na làithean dorch' 's na càirdean tearc,  
 Mo thaic' bidh ris-san, ann na ghaol,  
 A dh'iomachair uil' àmhghar dhaoin':  
 Dha m' eagail 's m' uireasbhuidhean 's leur,  
 'S leis cunntar 's taisgear suas gach deur.

Gu seachran ma bhios m' anam buairt'  
 Bho cheum an ionracais 's na stuaim;  
 A sheachanadh a' mhaith bha 'm shùil,  
 No'n rud a dheanamh nach robh 'm rùn;  
 An Ti a bhuadhaich air gach nàmh,  
 Cumaidh suas mi 's a' chruaidh-chàs.

An uair bhios m' acain trom a thaobh  
 Gu'n d' thionndaidh fallsa luchd mo ghaoil;  
 Ni esan còmhnaidh leam e féin  
 A dh'fhuiling uile bu mhò fo 'n ghréin;  
 'Tréigte agus bratht' d'a nàimh'  
 Leòsan a dh'ith 's a dh'òl bho làimh.

'N uair dh'éireas smuaintean goirt a'm chridh',  
 'S a leagas uamhas m' anam sìos;  
 An 'Ti, aon uair, a chluas a lùb  
 Gu caoin ri cnead a' chridhe bhrùit;  
 Ni 'n deur gu caomh a shiab' o'n ghruaidh,  
 Is misneach chur san anam bhuairt'.

'N uair chrom, le bròn, mi taobh na h-uaigh  
 'S an tàmh na th'ann a nis do'm luaidh,  
 'S le 'n sgarar uam an tràths' a shùil,  
 A làmh, a ghuth, a's aoibh a ghnùis;  
 Mo dheuraibh dhuitse, 'Shlà'n'ghir, 's leur,  
 Oir ghuil thar Làsaruis thu féin.

A's, O! 'n uair bhios mi ré do'n t-saoghal,  
 'Taobh thall gach deuchainn ach an t-aon,  
 Cum thusa 'n sin mo mhisneach suas,  
 Oir luidh thu féin fo 'n bhàs car uair;  
 A's feuch dhomh 'n tìr 's nach crom a' ghrian,  
 'S o m' ghruaidh an deur mu dheireadh siab.

## THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Methinks I stand upon the rock  
 Where Balaam stood, and wond'ring look  
     Upon the scene below;  
 The tents of Jacob goodly seem,  
 The people happy I esteem,  
     Whom God has favour'd so.

The sons of Israel stand alone,  
 Jehovah claims them for his own,  
     His cause and their's the same:  
 He saved them from the tyrant's hand,  
 Allots to them a pleasant land,  
     And calls them by his name.

Their toils have almost reach'd a close,  
 And soon they're destined to repose  
     Within the promised land;  
 Even now its rising hills are seen,  
 Enrich'd with everlasting green,  
     Where Israel soon shall stand.

O! Israel, who is like to thee?  
 A people saved, and call'd to be  
     Peculiar to the Lord!  
 Thy shield! he guards thee from thy foes,  
 Thy sword! he fights thy battles too;  
     Himself thy great reward.

Fear not, though many should oppose,  
 For God is stronger than thy foes,  
     And makes thy cause his own:  
 The promised land before thee lies,  
 Go up, and take the glorious prize  
     Reserved for thee alone.

In glory there the King appears;  
 He wipes away his people's tears,  
     And makes their sorrows cease;  
 From toil and strife they there repose,  
 And dwell secure from all their foes,  
     In everlasting peace.

## FEARANN A' GHEALLAIDH

Ar leam gu'n d' sheas mi air an t-sliabh  
 Bho 'n d' sheall Balàam nuas o chian  
     Air buidhnean Israeil:  
 Tha bùthaibh Iacoib àilidh, grinn,  
 Is sona 'm pobull sin air chinnt,  
     A fhuair deadh-ghean an Dé.

Na h-Israelilich tha 'n sud leò féin,  
 Aig Dia tha còir orra gu léir,  
     'S e 'n aobhar aobhar Dhé:  
 Bho làmh an nàmhaid thug iad saor,  
 'S an crannchur thug e do gach aon,  
     A's dh'ainmich iad air féin.

Tha 'n sàrachadh ach beag aig ceann,  
 'S an ùine ghearr gheibh fois nach gann  
     San tìr a gheall o chian:  
 A beanntan àrda chi mi 'n céin,  
 Is ùror, àillidh iad gu léir,  
     'S ann gheibh iad fois gach iall.

Cò's cosmhail riut am measg chloinn-daoin'?  
 Pobull a ghairm 'sa thug e saor,  
     'Tha sònruicht' thar gach seòrs'!  
 'Se féin do sgiath ni dìon 's gach càs;  
 Do chlaidheamh chasgras gach nàmh;  
     'S do dhuais ata ro mhòr!

Fo gheilt na bi ged bhagras bàs,  
 Oir 's treise Dia gu mòr na càch,  
     A làmh-san tha ro threun:  
 Tha tìr a' gheallaidh sgaoilt a mach,  
 Gabh suas gun dàil a's rach a steach  
     Do'n oighreachd a's leat féin.

'N a mhòrachd chi thu féin an Triath,  
 A's bròn cha chlaididh thu 'n sin no pian,  
     Oir caisgidh e gach truaigh':  
 'S an sin o'n sgìos gheibh fois gu sìor,  
 'S o'n nàmh gheibh tearuinteachd gu fìor,  
     A's sìochaint a bhios buan.

Fair emblem of a better rest,  
 Of which the saints shall be possess'd,  
     When they have run their race!  
 Methinks I see the heavenly shore,  
 Where sin and sorrow are no more;  
     And long to reach the place.

Nor shall I always absent be  
 From him my soul desires to see,  
     Within the realms of light;  
 Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,  
 And not a cloud shall then conceal  
     His glory from my sight.

Sweet hope! it makes the timid brave;  
 It makes a freeman of the slave,  
     And bids the weary rise;  
 It lifts a worm of earth on high,  
 It gives him wings, and bids him fly  
     To everlasting joys.

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### THE ONLY REFUGE.

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
     Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
     While the tempest still is high:  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
     Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe in to the haven guide:  
     O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;  
     Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
     Still support and comfort me!  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
     All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
     With the shadow of thy wing!

Feuch samhladh àigh air sonas buan,  
 A gheibh na naoimh, 'n uair ruigeas shuas,  
     'S a chrìochnaicheas an réis!  
 Ar leam gu'm faic mi'n dùthaich àigh,  
 'S nach inndrinn pian, no bròn, no cràdh,  
     Ach sonas feadh gach ré.

Cha bhi mi ghnàth air seachran cian  
 O 'n dùthaich anns am bheil mo mhiam,  
     Far bheil an solus iùil;  
 Gu grad bheir Dia air falbh gach sgàil',  
 A's neul cha 'n fholaich ann gu bràth  
     A ghlòir o m' shealladh sùl.

Ni dòchas gealtair ro threun,  
 A's saoraidh tràill an otraich bhréin,  
     'S do 'n ànrach lag bheir buaidh;  
 Togaidh e cnuimh an duslaich suas,  
 Bheir neart da dh'itealaicheas luath,  
     Gu aoibhneas tha bith-bhuan.

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### AN T-AON DIDEIN.

Iosa, 'ghràdhaich m' anam truagh,  
 Cuir mu'n cuairt orm do làmh,  
 'M feadh a bheucas guth a' chuain,  
 Leis an doininn uaibhrich, àird :  
 A'd' bhroilleach folaich mi gu caoin,  
 Gus 'n téid gaoir na gaillinn seach;  
 Stiùrsa mi do'n chaladh naomh,  
     'S m' anam thoir gu caomh do d' theach.

Teanacas eile cha 'n 'eil ann,  
 No cùltaic' an teanntachd m' fheum;  
 O! na fàg mi, 's mi cho fann,  
 Dìon mo cheann fo sgàil do sgéith':  
 M' uile dhòigh tha annad féin,  
 Cuibhrionn m' anm' fo 'n ghréin is tu;  
 'N uair bhios buaireadh ann am cheum,  
     Bi-sa 'n sin, a Dhé, dhomh dlùth.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want!  
 All in all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind!  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness,  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace, to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within!  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Spring thou up within my heart;  
 Rise to all eternity!



### TRUST IN GOD.

Thou art, O Lord! my only trust,  
 When friends are mingled with the dust,  
 And all my loves are gone;  
 When earth has nothing to bestow,  
 And every flower is dead below,  
 I look to thee alone.

The bosom friend may sleep below  
 The churchyard turf, and we may go  
 To close a lov'd one's eyes;  
 They will not always slumber there,  
 We see a world more bright and fair—  
 A home beyond the skies.

Thou wilt not leave, in doubt and fear,  
 The humble soul, who loves to hear  
 The lessons of thy word;  
 When foes around us thickly press,  
 And all is danger and distress,  
 There's safety in the Lord.

'S tusa, 'Chriosd, a mhàin tha dhìth,  
 Gràsan sìorruidh 's leat gach uair;  
 Thoir do'n truaghan mheata clith,  
 'S gabh do'n dilleachd' acrach truas :  
 'S ceart 's is naomha t'ainms' gu bràth,  
 M' ainm-sa tha ro ghràineil, thruagh;  
 Urram buinidh dhuits' a's gràs,  
 Dhomhsa tàir a's rughadh gruaidh.

Agadsa tha gràs gun dìth,  
 Gràs a dh'ionnlad dhìom gach sal;  
 Sgaoil feadh bhuaghan m' anm' do shìth,  
 'S fuadaich o mo chrìdh' gach smal!  
 Sruth na beatha 'se do ghràdh,  
 M' anam pàiteach gluais 'n a dhéigh;  
 Tuilleadh biodh e 'm chridhe blàth,  
 'G éiridh 'n àird air feadh gach ré!

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### MUINGHINN ANN AN DIA.

'S tu, 'Thriath, mo mhuinghinn a's mo threòir,  
 Ged tha mo chàirdean caomh fo'n fhòid,  
 'S gach aon d'an tug mi gràdh;  
 Gach sòlas talmhaidh ged a thréig,  
 'S a shearg gach blàth d'an tug mi spéis,  
 Riut féin gu'n seall mi'n àird.

Ar càirdean ionmhuinn tha 'n an suain  
 'S a' Chill fo fhòidean gorm na h-uaigh',  
 Fo cheangal cruaidh a' bhàis;  
 An là tha 'teachd 'san dùisg iad suas,  
 A's inntrinnidh air sonas buan  
 'San dachaidh tha gu h-àrd.

A choidhech' cha 'n fhàg fo gheilt no fhiamh  
 An t-iompachan a nì do riar,  
 'S do t'fhocal a bheir géill;  
 Ar naimhdean 'n uair bheir ionnsuidh gharg,  
 Gidheadh, o 'm mirun a's o 'm fearg,  
 Gheibh didein ann ad féin.

Although we feel the bitter dart,  
 Most keenly rankling in the heart,  
     By some dark ingrate driven;  
 In us revenge must never burn,  
 We pity, pardon, then we turn,  
     And rest our souls in heaven.

'Tis thou, O Lord! who shield'st my head,  
 And draw'st thy curtains round my bed,  
     I sleep secure in thee;  
 And O! may soon that time arrive,  
 When we before thy face shall live  
     Through all eternity.

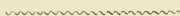
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### THE COVENANTERS.

Far up the hills, amidst some lonely glen,  
 They met, the brave and persecuted men!  
 A holy remnant of the just and true,  
 Sworn to that faith which tyrants never knew:  
 Hunted from house and home, they gather'd there  
 To offer up to Heaven their earnest prayer;  
 They knelt around, while one, with lifted hand,  
 Invoked a blessing on that martyr band.  
 Then rose they up, and sang with one accord,  
 Their sweet and simple anthems to the Lord;  
 Till the far shepherd on the mountain's brow,  
 Who heard the notes arise so faint and low,  
 Might deem in such a place, that holy hymn  
 Was raised and chanted by the seraphim!  
 They went to battle—not as armies go,  
 Who blindly smite an unoffending foe;  
 Forth to a glorious field they march'd unaw'd,  
 The chosen champions of the living God:  
 They fought and triumph'd, as the good and just,  
 Who fight in such a cause, for ever must.  
 And thus, of yore, have Scotland's patriots rose,  
 And bravely overcame their banded foes.

Ged dh'fhuilgeas sinne goimh a's tàir,  
 A ni ar claidh gu goirt 's ar cràdh,  
     Bho nàmhaid guineach, geur;  
 'N ar crìdh' cha toir do ghamhlas àit',  
 Ach maithidh sinn gu saor 's gach càs,  
     'S gheibh fois an àird leat féin.

Is tusa, 'Thriath, mo sgiath a'm' fheum,  
 'S tu chuir brat-sgàil mu'n cuairt domh féin,  
     'S a bheir dhomh fois o m' sgìos;  
 A's gu mu luath a thig an là  
 'S an nochdar sinn leat féin gu h-àrd  
     An aoibhneas tha gun chrìoch.



## NA CUMHNANTAICH.

Na daoine dileas, sàraichte, 's fo bhròn,  
 Chòmhlaich gu tric am measg nam beann 's nam fròg!  
 Am fuigheal beag bha firinneach 's gach càs,  
 'S a bhòidich fòs nach strìochdadh iad gu bràth:  
 Ruaigte o'n dachaidh chruinnich iad an céin,  
 A chum an athchuinge chur suas gu nèamh;  
 Shleuchd iad mu'n cuairt, a's dh'asluich aon do'n treud  
 Gu'n dìonadh Dia iad o gach olc a's beud.  
 Dh'éirich iad suas an sin a's sheinn gu h-àrd  
 An laoidhean binne fòs do Dhia nan gràs;  
 An ciobair siùbhlach shuas am measg nam beann,  
 Le ìoghnadh dh'éisd e ris a' cheòl ro bhinn,  
 An laoidh bu choltach i ri ceòl nan nèamh,  
 A thogadh aingle naomh a suas gu sèimh!  
 Gu cogadh chaidh, gidheadh cha b' ann le saunt,  
 'N an doille 'bualadh sìos an naimhdean fann;  
 Ach gus an àrfhaich dh'fhalbh gun sgàth, gun fhiamh,  
 Mar ghaigich thaghte 'tabhairt glòir do Dhia:  
 Chòmhraig a's bhuadhaich iad mar ni gach aon,  
 A théid am mach le ceartas air an taobh.  
 Mar so rinn gaisgich Alba gleachd o chian,  
 'S gu fearail cheannsaich iad an naimhdean dian

## LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
     "This is my own, my native land!"  
 Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
     From wandering on a foreign strand!  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell:  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band,  
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!

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 LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

*Wizard.*—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day,  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.  
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far!  
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.

## GAOL DUTHCHA.

'Bheil neach air bith, 's an deò na chré,  
 Cho fuar 's nach tuirt e rianh ris féin,  
 "Mo dhùthaich chaomh d'an tug mi gaol!"  
 Aon nach do las a chridh' na chom,  
 Dhachaidh 'n uair ghluais le ceum neo-throm,  
 Bho ànradh cianail feadh an t-saogh'il!  
 Ma tha rach 's beachdaich air gu dlùth,  
 Ri laoidh no ceòl cha tog e shùil:  
 Ged bhiodh e àrd an ainm 's an inbh',  
 'S a mhaoin cho mòr 'sa dh'iarradh miann;  
 A dh'aindeoin 'airgid, 'ainm a's òir,  
 'S e 'n t-ùmaidh truagh bhios ann r'a bheò,  
 Cha'n fhaigh e meas, no miagh, no cliù,  
 'S 'n uair thig am bàs théid sìos do'n ùir,  
 Gun chuimhn' no iomradh air am feasd,  
 'S cha chaoidhear air a shon gun cheisd.  
 O! Albuinn chaomh, nan stùc, 's nan càrn!  
 A mhuime dh'àraicheas na bàird!  
 A thìr a' bharraich a's an fhraoich,  
 A thìr nam beann, nan tuil', 's nan craobh,  
 Tìr mo shinnsear'! tìr nan sàr,  
 Cò dh'fhuasglas an ceangal gràidh,  
 Rì d' thràigh a dh'aonas mi gu bràth!

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 RABHADH LOCHIALL.

*Fiosaiche.*—A Lochiall! a Lochiall! bi t' fhaicill roi'n la,  
 Anns an còmhlaich na Gaill thu 'an suidheachadh blàir!  
 Ann am shealladh tha'n àrfhaich le dearg fhuil nan laoch,  
 Air monadh Chùilfhodair 's iad sgapta gach taobh.  
 Thug iad ionnsuidh ged dh'fhàilnich air buannachd an cóir;  
 Marbh-thaisg air a' mharc-shluagh a shaltras na seòid!  
 Tha *Cumberland* uaibhreach 'toirt tàmailt a's tàir,  
 Do'n laochraidh neo-mheata tha prònta gu làr.  
 Ach éisd! Ciod an steud 'tha le luathas na gaoith  
 Troi'n deathach 's troi'n lasair a' ruith chun an fhraoich?  
 'S e do steud-sa, 'Ghlinnuillinn, tha do chéile fo chràdh,  
 A' sealltuinn ri d' thighinn; ach cha tig thu gu bràth.

A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
 Weep, Albyn ! to death and captivity led !  
 Oh ! weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead :  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—  
 Culloden ! that weeps with the blood of the brave.

*Lochiel*.—Go, preach to the coward, thou death telling seer !  
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

*Wizard*.—Ha ! laughest thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?  
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !  
 Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
 From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?  
 Lo ! the death shot of foeman outspeeding he rode  
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;  
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high,  
 Ah ! home let him speed for the spoiler is nigh.  
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast  
 Those embers like stars from the firmament cast ?  
 'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
 From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
 Oh, crested Lochiel, the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,  
 Heav'n's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;  
 Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return !  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
 And a wild mother's scream o'er her famishing brood.

*Lochiel*.—False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,  
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one ;  
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock ;  
 Let him dash his proud foam like the wave on a rock ;  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
 When Albyn her claymore indignantly draws ;  
 When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,  
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
 All plaided and plum'd in their tartan array—

*Wizard*.—Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day,  
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
 But man cannot cover what God will reveal ;  
 'Tis the sun-set of life gives no mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.  
 I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring,  
 With the blood-hounds that bark for their fugitive king

Faic sa' mhoch-thrà tha steud 'tighinn gun mharcaich' na chòir;  
 Ach tha'n t-srian air a deargadh le fuil nam fear mòr.  
 O Albuinn! 'tha 'm bàs a's am bruid aig an nàmh,  
 A's cha'n àireamh do dhèir na tha nis aig a' bhàs;  
 Oir claidheamh an dioghaltais tha mach air gach taobh,  
 'S tha smùid feadh Chuilfhodair bho chairbhean nan laoch!

*Lochiall.*—Falbh 's innis do 'n ghealtair mheata do sgeul—  
 'S ma tha faiche Chuilfhodair cho dosgach leat féin,  
 An fhalluing so suain i mu'n cuairt ort gu dlùth,  
 'S gach bòcan a's glaisteag ni fhalach o'd' shùil!

*Fios.*—'Lochiall sguir ad sgallais, 's na dean tàir air mo sgeul,  
 Eòin naibhricht na beinne spionar t' ite chùl-sgéith!  
 Am fir-eun an seòl e gu bòsdail a suas  
 Bho dhachaidh measg tiugh neula' dùbhlaidh 'n taobh tuath?  
 Feuch a naimhdean tha 'caitheadh geur shaighdean a' bhàis,  
 'S na aonar tha 'siubhal le léir-sgrios 's le h-àr;  
 Ach cromadh e nuas o gach cruadail a's beud,  
 'S rachadh dhachaidh gu luath, oir tha 'n tòir as a dhéigh.  
 'N an lasair na mullaich, 's mar fhalaig an fhraoich  
 Tha 'n teine na fhrasan a' tuiteam gach taobh,—  
 Ise teine an léir-sgrios air iomain gu garbh,  
 'S a tha 'tarruing a nuas orra dioghaltas ro gharg,  
 O! thusa, 'Lochiall, 'tha gu choimeas 'an cliù,  
 Le do bhrataichean àluinn a' snàmh bho do thùir,—  
 Tha teine o'n àirde mu'n cuairt ort gu d' chràdh;  
 Gu grad pill-sa dhachaidh, 's rach as o gach càs,  
 Oir tha duibhre a' chasgraidh a mach air gach taobh,  
 'S tha mhàthair gu cràiteach mu leanaban a gaoil.

*Loch.*—Nis, 'Fhiosaiche bhreugaich, thoir thu féin as gu luath,  
 Mo dhaimhich tha treubhach, 's cha ghéill iad gun bhuaidh,  
 Tha iad firinneach, dileas, 's cha strìoc iad gu bràth,  
 'S mar luchd-buana ni gearradh air achadh a' bhàis.  
 Bheir mi dùlan do *Chumberland* tighinn le 'steud,  
 Ged a bhuaileas mar thonn air a' charraig le beuc;  
 Ach mo thruaigh' a luchd-leanmhuinn, 'n an creich aig a' bhàs,  
 'N uair thàirn'eas na Gàidheil an claidh'ean gu h-àr!  
 An Cinnfheadhna, le 'm boineidean gorma bheir buaidh—  
 Clann-Dòmhnuaill, 's gach Clann nach bu tais anns an ruaig—  
 Air an éideadh 'am breacan an fhéilidh gu'n sàil—

*Fios.*—A Lochiall! a Lochiall! bi t-fhaicill ro'n là;  
 Oir ged dhiùltas mi amharc air sealladh cho fiat'  
 Cha cheilear le duine na dh'fhoillsicheas Dia:  
 Chi mi nitheanan dìomhair 'am feasgar mo lài',  
 Agus plathadh ro' làimh do gach ni tha 'san dàn.  
 Mu'a cuairt do Chuilfhodair cluinneam ullartaich bhreun  
 Nan con-luirg a tha 'n tòir air ar Prionusa ro threun.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath—  
 Behold! where he flies on his desolate path:  
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight;  
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight.  
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors—  
 Culloden is lost and my country deplores:  
 But where is the iron bound prisoner? Where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banish'd, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast, bleeding and torn?  
 Ah! no, for a darker departure is near;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
 His death-bell is tolling, oh, mercy dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
 Life flutters convuls'd in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims;  
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown e'er it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

*Lochiel.*—Down soothless insulter, I trust not thy tale;  
 For never shall Albyn a destiny meet,  
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat;  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.\*

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\* It is somewhat remarkable that none of the English Poets furnishes so many pieces suited for translating into Gaelic as Thomas Campbell. The cause no doubt is, that Campbell spent a considerable portion of his early days in the West Highlands, and consequently he knew the habits and superstitions of the people thoroughly. Every schoolboy knows "*Lochiel's Warning*," but only those who have spent their early days in the Highlands can fully understand the "*mystical lore*," so ingeniously interwoven with the texture of the "*Warning*." Those who pretend to have the gift of the "*Second Sight*" allege that they see those events which are soon to happen, pass in succession before them. They are generally very old, and partly by native shrewdness and cunning, and also by paying attention to local matters, they are able to give a pretty correct guess of "*coming events*," and one of

As na nèamhan a nuas dòirtear copan na feirg—  
 Feuch a nis e 'na dheann-ruith air lom shlios na leirg—  
 Air na bòc-thonna caoir-gheal a' teicheadh gu luath;  
 Dùisgeadh! éireadh! an doimionn a nì dhìon o gach fuath's.  
 Tha e seachad. Cha chluinnear an làmhach nì's mò;  
 Oir chailleadh Cuilfhodair, 's tha 'n dùthaich fo bhròn.  
 Ach c'à' bheil an ciomach 'an geimhlìbh tha 'n sàs?  
 Oir au còmhrag tha crìochnaicht' an léir-sgrìos 's am bàs.  
 Air falbh thar a' chuain e na dhiobrach fo bhròn,  
 Le lotaibh air fhuadach o 'dhùthaich 's o 'ehòir.  
 Nì h-eadh, oir tha 'shiubhal am fagusg gu dearbh—  
 Tha suaicheantas bròin ann, a's eislinn nam marbh.  
 Tha éigh bhais r'a cluinntinn—O! thròcair gabh truas,  
 Tha 'n sealladh ro sgreitidh, 's ga m' fhàgail-sa truagh;  
 Air chrith tha gach cuisle, gach féith agus ball,  
 'S o chuinneinibh chi mi 'n fhuil chraobhach na deann;  
 Tha cual-chrìon a' chasgraidh na lasair air làr  
 Leis an loisgear an cridhe tha tairisneach blàth;  
 Tha deathach a dhuslaich ag éiridh 'san speur—

*Loch.*—Tosd, 'Fhiosaiche bhreugaich, cha chreid mi do sgeul,  
 Oir am feasd cha bhi cranuchur nan Gaidheal cho cruaidh  
 'S gu teich iad fo dhosguinn 's fo thamailt san ruaig.  
 Ged a mhillte mo ghaisgich 's a thuitedh sa' bhlàr,  
 Mar fheamainn a' chladaich air a sgapadh air tràigh,  
 Lochialì b'ìdh gun truailleadh, 's gun chuibhreach gach ré,  
 Fhad 's a bhuailas a chuisle 's a phlosgas a chré;  
 Air na coimhich bheir buaidh no luidhidh san ùir,  
 Le a bhuinn ris an nàmh, 's ris an àrfhaich a chùl,  
 Gun smal air a chliù ged a thuiteas san àr,  
 R'a dhuais anns na flaitheas suas seallaidh gun sgàth.

those "*Taisearan*" or Seers, before '45, could predict with considerable accuracy what would be the fate of those who espoused the cause of the Prince.

The sentiments expressed by Lochiel in the closing lines are truly the sentiments of a Highland warrior of the olden times. Although his ideas of the way of a sinner's acceptance with God are rather heathenish, they are quite consistent with the belief of those who expected to be received at their death to "*Flathinnis*," (the Island of the Brave,) because they had never done anything to tarnish their honour; and the poet, putting the words into Lochiel's mouth, makes him speak, as we have said, the sentiments of a Highland warrior, and in the belief of which he could

"Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame!"

## LOCHINVAR.

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone,  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers and all:  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,  
"O! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar.")

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;  
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprang!  
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

## LOCHINBHAR.

Thainig triath Lochinbhàr as an Iar oirnn gu grad,  
 Air steud each a b'aille 's na crìochaibh air fad;  
 Gun bhall air a shiubhal ace claidheamh deas, treun,  
 A marcachd gun armachd 's a' marcachd leis fhéin!  
 Cho dileas an gaol, a's cho gaisgeil am blàr,  
 Cha'n fhacas riamh coimeas do thriath Lochinbhàr!

Gun chùram do bhacadh, gun eagal roimh nàmh,  
 Far an doimhne an amhainn, riun esan a snàmh;—  
 Ach *Netherby Hall*, m'an do ràinig e thall,  
 Thug a leannan a h-aonta, 's bha 'shao'ir-san air chall,  
 Oir bha giùgaire 'n gaol, agus cladhaire 'm blàr,  
 Dol a phòsadh na h-ainnir aig triath Lochinbhàr.

Do *Netherby Hall* gu neo-sgàthach ghabh e steach,  
 Am measg fhleasgach a's chàirdean, a's bhrà'rean, 's gach neach!  
 'Sin thu'irt athair na gruagaich, 's a lamh air a lann,—  
 (Bha 'm fear-bainnse air chrith, 's e gun smid as a cheann.)  
 “An d'thàinig thu 'n sìth no an d'thain' thu chum àir?  
 No a dhanns' aig a' phòsadh, a thriath Lochinbhàr?”

“B'fhad' a shuiridh mi do nighean, ged dhiùlt thu mo ghràdh;  
 Ach tha 'n gaol mar a' mhuir, ni e lìonadh a's trá'dh;  
 A's thàinig mi dh'ionnsaidh a' phòsadh gun sion,  
 ‘Ach a dhanns' leis an òg-bhean, 's a dh'òl leatha fìon.  
 Tha pailteas an Albainn de dh'òighibh a's fhearr,  
 A ghabhadh gu deònach tighearn òg Lochinbhàr!”

Bhlais ise; ghlac esan an copan gu teann,  
 As thilg e á làimh e 'n uair dh'òl e na bh'ann;  
 Chrom ise gu màllda 's a h-aghaidh fo nàir',—  
 Le deur air a sùil, 's air a bilibh fèith-ghàir'.  
 Ghabh e greim air a làimh dh'aindeoin bacadh a màth'r,—  
 “'Nis theid sinn a dhannsadh!” thu'irt triath Lochinbhàr.

A chruth-san cho àluinn, 's a gnùis-se cho briagh,  
 Cha 'n fhacas aon chàraid thug bàrr orra riamh;  
 Fo chorruich bha h-athair, a màthair, 's a luchd-dàimh,  
 'S am fear-bainnse trom, dubhach, 's a bhoineid 'n a làimh;—  
 Rinn na maighdeannan cagar, “B'e mòran a b'fhearr,  
 “I dh'fhaotainn r'a phòsadh tighearn òg Lochinbhàr!”

Air-dha beantuinn r'a làimh agus cagar n'a ceann,  
 A mach air an dorus a ghearr iad le deann;  
 Thog e suas air an each i, 's am priobadh na sùl,  
 Bha esan 's an dìolaid a's is' aig a chùl!  
 “Tha i agam gun taing! Beannachd leibh!” thuirt an sàr,  
 “Bidh iad tapaidh a ghlacas tighearn òg Lochinbhàr.”

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan ;  
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :  
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lea,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

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### THE ROCK STRUCK.

Oppressed with toil, and parched with thirst,  
 On Sinai's burning sands,  
 The tribes of Israel slowly moved,  
 And drooped his fainting bands;  
 They thought on Egypt's fertile fields,  
 Her richly watered plains,  
 And while they mourned her vanished joys,  
 Forgot her galling chains.

Against the Lord with rebel souls,  
 And impious mouths they cried,  
 His watchful care their hearts disowned,  
 His grace their tongues denied;  
 Against His servant Moses, too,  
 With forward lips they chode,  
 And vowed no more in Araby  
 To make their drear abode.

Before the Lord their leader bent,  
 And claimed His promised aid;  
 "What shall I with this people do?"  
 'Twas thus he loudly prayed:  
 "Thy long-tried love, Thy present care,  
 Their hearts and lips disown;  
 And me, Thy servant, for Thy sake,  
 They seem prepared to stone!"

"Go boldly on," the Lord replied,  
 "Thy rod take in thy hand;  
 Lo! I on Horeb's lofty brow  
 Before thee take my stand:

Chur na càirdean le cabhag an eachaibh air doigh ;  
 Cuid a' ruith, cuid a' marcachd a ghlacadh na h-òigh :  
 Bha ruagadh, a's réiseadh, thar raointibh a's shliabh,  
 Ach sealladh do'n òg-bhean cha'n fhacaidh iad riamh !  
 Cho treubhach an gaol, a's cho gaisgeil am blàr,  
 Am facas riamh leithid tighearn òg Lochinbhar !



## A' CHARRAIG BHUAILTE.

Ro sgìth, a's tràisgte leis an teas,  
 Am fàsach theith Shinài,  
 Bha treubhan Isracil 'gluasad sgìth  
 Fo mhighean a's fo chràdh ;  
 Air sògh na h-Eiphit chuimhnich iad,  
 'S a sraithean torach, buan,  
 Ach dhearmaid iad an cor san robh,  
 Fo thàir 's fo dhìmeas cruaidh.

An ceannaire dh'éirich iad gu dàn'  
 An aghaidh àithne Dhé,  
 'S a chùram chuir iad an neo-shuim,  
 'S le 'm bilean dh'àicheidh e ;  
 An aghaidh Mhaois rinn monbhor mòr,  
 A's dhiùlt iad strìochdadh dha,  
 A's bhagair fòs gu'm pilleadh iad  
 Do thigh na daors' gun dàil.

An làthair Dhé shleuchd Maois a sìos,  
 A's dh'aslaich còmhnaidh uaith' ;  
 "Ciod ris a' phobull so nì mi ?"  
 B'e sud a ghlaodh san uair :  
 "Do ghràdh 's do chùram 'tha cho fial  
 Le 'm bilean dh'àicheidh fòs,  
 A's ormsa, t-òglach, air do sgàth  
 Rinn tàir a's bagradh mòr !"

"Gu dàna imich," arsa Dia,  
 "'S an t-slat thoir leat a'd' làimh ;  
 'S air mullach Horeib romhad shuas  
 Bidh mise dlùth 's an àm :

There smite the rock, and from its side  
 A limpid stream shall flow,  
 Which shall, to this rebellious race,  
 My power and presence show."

The prophet rose, he onward went,  
 To Horeb's mount he came;  
 And bade the people mark the might  
 Of Him they dared to blame:  
 He turned him round, he raised his rod—  
 A breathless pause ensued—  
 While pale with fear, and mute with awe,  
 The tribes at distance viewed.

He struck the rock, a rushing sound  
 Of water met the ear;  
 The mountain yawned, and forth it flowed,  
 A streamlet cool and clear;  
 The people drank, their souls revived,  
 And round the mountain's base  
 They prayed that God would still forgive  
 His Israel's contrite race.

"That Rock was Christ," the Apostle says,  
 And from His side there flows  
 A stream which cheers the thirsty soul,  
 And life and health bestows;  
 Let all who faint, in Him their hope,  
 In Him their safety see,  
 And learn that to each longing heart  
 The healing fount is free.

"That Rock was Christ!" Proclaim the news!  
 Proclaim it far and wide!  
 His grace still rolls a glorious flood,  
 A never-failing tide:  
 And as it rolls, its murmurs deep  
 This sweet assurance give,  
 That all without a price may drink  
 And all who drink shall live.

A' charraig buail, a's sruthaidh 'nuas  
 Bho taobh an t-uisg' gu luath,  
 A nochdas dhoibhsan tha cho reasg'  
 Mo chumhachd mòr 's mo bhuaidh."

Am fàidhe dh'éirich, a's gu grad  
 Gu Horeb chaidh e suas,  
 'S dh'iarr orra sealltuinn ris an Ti  
 Air an d'rinn iad dimeas cruaidh :  
 Thionndaidh riutha 's thog an t-slat—  
 Tha iad 'n an tosd gach aon—  
 Le geilt a's ball-chrith tha gun smid  
 Na treubhan ud faraon.

A' charraig bhuail a's chualas fuaim  
 An uisg' a' tighinn gu cas,  
 An sliabh rinn fosgladh 's ruith a mach  
 An sruthan fionnar, bras;  
 Am pobull dh'òl, 's dh'ath-bheothaich iad,  
 'S mu'n cuairt air bonn an t-sléibh  
 Tha 'n éigh ri Dia gu maith gach beud,  
 A's ole a rinn iad féin.

"B'i charraig Criosd," tha Pòl ag inns',  
 'S a ruith a sìos bho 'thaobh  
 Tha sruth a chuireas casg air iot',  
 'S a léighseas bho gach gaoid :  
 'S gach neach 'tha fann le dòchas gann,  
 Gheibh tearmun ann an Criosd;  
 Oir do gach cridhe truagh fo thart  
 Bidh e 'na thaic' gu sìor.

"B'i 'charraig Criosd," 's e 'n sgeul' tha fìor,  
 A's éigh e 'm fad 's an cian!  
 Mar thuil tha 'ghràs a ghnàth a' ruith  
 Gu pailt air feadh gach iall :  
 'S na chùrsa tha e cur an céill  
 Le dearbhachd, do chloinn-daoim',  
 Gun luach an diòl gu'm faod iad òl,  
 'S na dh'òlas gheibh iad saors'.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father! Such the tender name,  
 By which a child of sin and shame  
     To Thee for mercy sues:  
 Than earthly father far more dear,  
 Thou hear'st our prayer, nor dost the tear  
     Of penitence refuse.

From highest heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
 Thou mak'st the brightness of thy face  
     On all thy saints to shine:  
 Alike the evil and the good  
 Depend for life, for light, for food,  
     On the behest divine.

Thy name be hallowed! Saints above,  
 And holy angels, sing the love  
     Which God to man displays:  
 And, oh! shall man himself be found  
 Remiss to echo back the sound  
     Of gratitude and praise?

Thy kingdom come. From east to west,  
 From north to south, the tidings blest  
     Of thy dominion fly:  
 May Jew and Gentile form one state  
 Of brotherhood below, and wait  
     Thy glorious reign on high.

Thy will be done. In weal and woe,  
 When thou dost strike or heal the blow,  
     Let man submissive bend:  
 And still on earth with true delight  
 Obey thy word, as angels bright  
     In heaven their service lend.

Give us this day our daily bread,  
 Not as the Hebrews, who were fed  
     With angels' food, and died:  
 But with the mortal food we eat,  
 Our souls be with immortal meat  
     To endless life supplied.

## URNUIGH AN TIGHEARNA.

Ar n-Athair! 'So an t-ainm tha caomh,  
 'Tre 'm faod do leanabaibh dìblidh, baoth  
     An achuinge chur suas:  
 Ro ionmhuinn tha thu ghnàth dhòibh féin,  
 Os ceann gaol pàrant' tha do spéis,  
     'S r'an éigh gu'n aom do chluas.

A nèamh nan nèamhan, t'ionad tàimh,  
 Ni dealradh glan do ghnùis gach àm  
     'Tighinn air do shluagh gu léir:  
 Oir fireanaibh a's aingidh fòs,  
 Uait féin tha 'mealtuinn beatha 's lòn,  
     Mar chi thu orra feum.

T' ainm naomh' biodh beannaichte gu sìor,  
 A's seinneadh aingle 's naoimh gun sgìos  
     Mu d' ghràdh do'n chinne-daonn':  
 A's daoine' am faighear leig no mall  
 A thogail suas do ghlòir gach àm,  
     Le taingealachd neo-chlaon?

Do rioghachd-sa sgaoileadh n-car 's an iar,  
 'S o dheas gu tuath, feadh chriochan cian,  
     Air t'uachdranachd biodh sgeul:  
 Biodh Iudhaich 's Geintilich 'n an aon,  
 Am bràithreachas 's an ceangal caoin,  
     A' feitheamh gairm o nèamh.

Do thoil a ghnàth biodh deant'; cò dhiubh  
 A lotas goirt no léighseas tu,  
     Gu h-umhal géilleadh daoine':  
 Le gean a's tlachd air thalamh bhos  
 Toirt géill do t'fhocal naomh gun chlos,  
     Mar ni na h-ainglibh naomh.

Ar n-aran làitheil thoir dhuinn féin,  
 Cha'n ann mar fhuair do shluagh o chéin,  
     'S a bhàsaich iad na dhéigh:  
 Cha 'n ann le aran talmhaidh mhàin,  
 Ach aran nèamhaidh nuas o'n àird,  
     Ni sultmhor sinn gach ré.

Our trespasses forgive us, Lord,  
 As like forgiveness we afford  
     To those who do us wrong:  
 And blest be he, who ill requites  
 With good, nor dares usurp the rights  
     That to his God belong.

Let no temptation, Lord, we pray,  
 Entice our wandering steps to stray  
     From thine all-righteous laws:  
 Be pleased to send thy Spirit down,  
 Against the world our efforts crown,  
     Its censure or applause.

From evil of whatever kind,  
 Whether of body or of mind,  
     In mercy set us free:  
 And oh! enable us to shun  
 The malice of the evil one,  
     His snares and perfidy.

For Thou hast universal sway,  
 And all the good for which we pray  
     Hast power to bestow;  
 Let, then, thy creatures' love proclaim  
 The eternal glory of thy name,  
     Amen, Lord. Be it so.



### HABAKKUK'S PRAYER.

LORD, I have heard thy mighty speech,—  
 It wakened all my fears;  
 Revive, O Lord, thy work revive  
     In these eventful years:  
 Amidst the years thy love make known  
     And in deserved wrath  
 With beams divine let mercy shine  
     On thy tempestuous path.

Ar fiachan maith dhuinn féin, a Dhé,  
 Mar mhaithear leinn dhoibh sud gu léir  
     'Rinn eucoir oirnn no beud :  
 A's beannachadh biodh airsan 's rath  
 An éiric uile a dh'ìocas maith,  
     Oir diolaidh Dia e féin.

Na leig le buaireadh 'm feasd, a Dhé,  
 Ar toirt air seachran cian uait féin,  
     'S bho d' lagh ro cheart a's naomh :  
 Do Spiorad beannaicht' taom a nuas,  
 A neartaicheas sinn gu toirt buaidh  
     Air saoghal truailidh, baoth.

Bho olc 's o laigse do gach gnè,  
 Mu 's ann an corp no 'n inntinn e,  
     An tròcair cuir fa sgaoil :  
 'S dean sinne comasach, le d' ghràs,  
 Dol as o rib a's eangach bàis  
     Ard-nàmh a' chinne-daonn'.

Oir agadsa tha neart gach ré  
 Air son gach maith tha sinn' na fheum,  
     A bhuileachadh gu sìor :  
 Gach creutair cuireadh iad an céill  
 Do chliù 's do ghlòir-sa feadh gach ré,  
     A's gu mu h-amhluidh 'bhios.

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### URNUIGH HABACUC.

A Thighearn, chuala mi do chainnt,  
     'S fo namhas bha mi féin ;  
 Ath-bheothaich t'obair le do ghràs  
     A nis 'am là-sa, Dhé :  
 Do ghràdh am measg nam bliadhnaidh nochd,  
     Ged thoill do dhiomb a's t'fhuath,  
 'An tròcair seall oirnn, trid do ghràis,  
     A's saor o chàs 'so thruaigh.

From Teman came the Holy One,  
 From Paran's ancient mount;  
 Earth woke her harp-notes to his praise,  
 Heaven did his fame recount;  
 Seraph and saint, one choir, proclaimed  
 His majesty sublime,—  
 Eternity the song began,  
 'T was echoed back by time.

His glory, like a dazzling robe,  
 The firmament o'erspread;  
 The beams of his resplendent form  
 Surpassing lustre shed;  
 Pure as the light, his brightness was,  
 When storms have ceased to lower,  
 Yet these were but his secret pomp,  
 The hiding of his power.

Before him pestilence and death  
 On stern commission went;  
 Forth from beneath his radiant steps  
 The burning coals were sent;  
 O Grave! thou hadst the victory then—  
 The bier its trophies bore,—  
 What wrecks the tempest wildly strewed  
 Upon thy gloomy shore!

He stood and measured out the earth—  
 The nations in their pride,  
 Like chaff before the wintry wind  
 He scattered far and wide:  
 Then the perpetual hills did bow  
 In reverence and in praise,  
 The everlasting mountains fled—  
 Eternal are his ways!

Children of Cushan, saw I not  
 Your tents in sorrow laid?  
 Midian, the curtains of thy land  
 Deep terrors did o'ershade;  
 Nature, thy God seemed wroth with thee,—  
 He cleft thy streams in twain:  
 And hurled the anger of his word  
 Against the swelling main,

Bho Theman thàinig Dia a nuas,  
 'S bho Phàran an 'Tì 's àird',  
 An talamh dhùisg le gean a's ceòl,  
 'S na nèamhan chuir air fàilt';  
 Na naoimh a's aingle chuir an céill  
 A chumhachd a's a chliù,—  
 A's tiom a's sìorruidheachd thog an ceòl  
 Mu mhòrachd Rìgh nan dùl.

Mar fhalluing dhealraich sgaoil e 'mach  
 Na nèamhan àrd an céin;  
 Le'n gaithean soluis a' toirt bàrr  
 Air àgh a' chruinne-ché;  
 Co fìor-ghlan ris an t-solus mhòr,  
 'S an speur gun neul, gun ghruaim,  
 Ach iad so uile bha 'cur sgail'  
 Air làith'reachd Thriath nan sluagh.

Roimh 'ghnùis chaidh bàs a's plàigh a mach  
 Gu 'thoil a chur an céill;  
 A's éibhlean teine mar an ceudn'  
 Bho cheumaibh drilseach féin;  
 A's fhuair an uaigh a' bhuaidh an sin;  
 Oir mòran chaidh gu bàs,—  
 'S bu lìonmhor crannalach a sgap  
 Na tonnan air an tràigh!

An talamh thomhais e an sin,  
 'S na cinnich ann an uail,  
 Sgap se iad mar mhol air falbh  
 Le gaoith a' gheamhraidh fhuair:  
 Na sléibhtean sìorruidh chrom a sìos,  
 A's umhlachd thug iad dha,  
 A's theich na cnuic bhithbhuan air falbh—  
 A shlighe tha gu bràth!

A threubhan Chùsain, chunnaic mi  
 'Ur bùthaibh ann am bròn;  
 Brat-sgàile fearainn Mhidian féin  
 'S ann chrìothnaich iadsan fòs;  
 An Triath bha ann corruich riut,  
 An sruth gu'n d' sgoilt 'n a dhà,  
 'S le focal 'fheirge phill gu grad  
 An tuil air ais o'n tràigh.

Lord, when thou didst in chariots ride,  
 And on thy steeds of fire,  
 The mountains saw thee, and they shrank,  
 Appalled before thine ire;  
 The ocean uttered forth his voice  
 From out his deep, far home,  
 And lifted up his hands on high,  
 Radiant with virgin foam.

The sun beside his burning throne,  
 The moon in midnight's bower,  
 Stood awe-struck as thine arrows flashed,  
 All terrible in power:  
 Thou didst march through the stricken land.  
 In vengeance how severe!  
 Yet wast thou just when thou didst speak,  
 And when thou judgedst clear.

Like as a whirlwind had they come  
 Against thine own elect;  
 The haughty foe had dared assail  
 The men thou didst protect;  
 They sought thy chosen to devour,  
 But thou wast nigh to save,  
 And didst their joy to sorrow turn,—  
 Their triumph to the grave.

Amidst the conflict and the storm,  
 My God, I'll rest in thee,  
 When thus thy judgments are abroad,  
 Thy footsteps on the sea;  
 The lip may quiver at the voice  
 Of thine approaching day,  
 The frail heart tremble at its woes,  
 But thou wilt be my stay.

Although the fig-tree blossom not,  
 Nor verdure clothe the vine;  
 Though flock, nor herd, nor olive crown  
 The stores I thought were mine;  
 Yet I will in the Lord rejoice,—  
 The Lord, my strength and shield;  
 The God whose power, in sorrow's hour,  
 Doth full salvation yield.

'N uair chaidh thu mach air t'eachaibh féin,  
 'S air carbadan na slàint',  
 Na beanntan chunnaic 's leagh mar chéir  
 Le h-eagal ann ad làthair;  
 An fhairge chuir a mach a guth  
 Bho'n doimhne, fad air falbh,  
 'S a làmhan thog a suas gu h-àrd  
 Le gàirich agus toirm.

A' ghrian gu'n d' sheas 'n a dealradh féin,  
 'S a ghealach san dubh-thràth,—  
 Sheas iad fo gheilt roimh t'shaighdean geur,  
 Cho treun gu lot 's gu cràdh:  
 Roimh 'n fhearann thriall thu ann am feirg—  
 Do cheartas tha gun lùb!  
 Oir tha thu ceart 'n uair bheir thu breith,  
 A's fìor 'n uair labhras tu.

Mar chuairt-ghaoith thàinig iad a nìos  
 Gu sgrios do phobuill féin;  
 An nàmhaid borb thug oidhirp ghrag  
 Gu dìtheachadh do threud;  
 Dh'fheuch iad do shluagh a shlugadh suas,  
 Ach bha thu dlùth san uair,  
 An aoibhneas thionndaidh thu gu bròn,  
 'S an caithream fòs do'n uaigh.

Am measg gach trioblaid agus teinn  
 Mo thearmunn thu gach uair,  
 'N uair tha do bhreitheanais a mach,  
 'S do cheumaibh anns a' chuan;  
 An t-aingidh criothnaichidh le geilt  
 Roimh theachd do latha féin;  
 An cridhe anmbunn géillidh sìos,  
 Ach 's tusa ghnàth mo stéidh.

Ged air crann-fige nach tig blàth,  
 'S air fìonan nach tig fàs;  
 Ged thréigear buar a's greidh gu léir,  
 'S gach creutair ged théid bàs;  
 Gidheadh 'san Triath bidh mise ait—  
 'S e féin mo neart 's mo sgiath;  
 An Ti, gu beachd, an là na h-aire'  
 A nì dhomh taic a's dìon.

## THE BELIEVER COMFORTED.

The greatest blessings lent us while on earth,  
 We by their loss are often taught their worth;  
 Thus in affliction, health is chiefly prized,  
 The dead esteem'd, who living were despised;  
 And time, most precious time, recall'd in vain,  
 While godliness, too late, is counted gain.  
 Deluded mortal, flee the baits of sense,  
 Pursue not pleasure at your soul's expense;  
 Think on the shortness of the present state,  
 For, Oh! what folly, to be wise too late!  
 Hear, for thy comfort, poor believing soul,  
 O'er whom the waves of whelming sorrows roll;  
 God has declar'd thou shalt receive no ill,  
 Without His knowledge, or against His will;  
 And when afflictions shall his saints befall,  
 Has promis'd graciously to hear their call.  
 O then, thrice happy soul! assuage thy grief,  
 He will at all times be thy sure relief;  
 Thy God's thy glory who preserves thy ways,  
 Strive thou to live as well as speak his praise.  
 Still, for thy further consolation know,  
 The Lord for wisest ends appoints thee woe;  
 To wean thee from the world, thy patience prove,  
 To show thy sonship and a Father's love.  
 Will life, with all our frail enjoyments here,  
 But as a shadow or a dream appear?  
 Is day far spent, and is the night at hand,  
 Which neither youth nor riches can withstand?  
 Now is the accepted time, receive the grace,  
 In Scripture offered to a guilty race.  
 Do what thou hast to do with all thy might,  
 Lest this thy day should close in endless night.  
 Seek true repentance and religion prize,  
 In youth, in manhood, and in age be wise.  
 Let not the Christian under grief despair,  
 But every pain with resignation bear;  
 For through afflictions true believers rise,  
 To realms of endless day beyond the skies.

## COMHFHURTACHD DO'N CHRIOSDUIDH.

Gach àgh a's motha tha 'n taobh bhos do 'n uaigh  
 An luach cha 'n fhios duinn gus an teich iad uainn,  
 Mar so le bròiteachd 's fios duinn luach na slàint',  
 'S mairbh fo dheadh theisteas 'bha ri'm beò fo thàir;  
 An tiom 'chaidh seach' cha tig air ais gu bràth,  
 Cuir luach air cràbhadh 'n uair a ni dhuit stàth.  
 A chreutair bhàsmhoir teich o shùgradh baoth,  
 'S na rach an cunnart air son shòlas faoin;  
 Cuimhnich cho goirid 's a tha t'ùine bhos,  
 Gu còmhlaachadh ri Dì gu tràth dean deas.  
 Eisd, a's gabh misneach, anaim dhìblidh, bhochd,  
 'S na cumadh tonnan buairidh thu fo sprochd,  
 Oir esan gheall nach tig am feasd ort féin,  
 Gun taing d'a thoilsan, truaighe, bròn, no péin:  
 'S 'n uair thig cruaidh-chàs, no éiginn, air a naoimh  
 Gheall e gu'n éisd r'an gearan a's r'an caoidh,  
 A mhuinntir shaorte, tiormaichibh 'ur deòir,  
 Oir anns gach àm 's e féin 'ur slàint' 's 'ur treòir:  
 'Se Dia 'ur glòir' 's e threòiricheas 'ur ceum,  
 'S mar iobairt thaitneach thugaibh dha sibh fèin.  
 'S a chum 'ur comhfhurtachd biodh fhiosaibh fòs  
 Gu'r h-ann g'ur buannachd tha 'ur truaigh' 's 'ur leòn,  
 Gu'r cur an dìosg' o dhìomhanais an t-saoghail,  
 'S a nochdadh gràdh 'ur n-Athar dhuibh faraon.  
 Am bheil 'ur là mar sgail' no sòlas gearr  
 A' ruith air falbh 's nach pill air ais gu bràth?  
 An là tha seach', 's an oidhche tha aig làimh,  
 A's maoin no òig cha chum air ais an t-àm.  
 'Se nis an t-àm tha tàitneach, là nan gràs,  
 'Tha Dia, na Fhocal, 'tairgse do gach àl.  
 Gach ni as ceart duit dean le t' uile neart  
 Mu'n tig an oidhche dh' fhàgas truagh thu'm feasd.  
 Gabh aithreachas, 's air cràbhadh cuir mòr luach,  
 'S ri t'òig' 's ri t'aois gu'm bi e dhuit mar dhuais.  
 Ach feuch, a chreidmhich, nach bi thu fo bhròn,  
 Gach deuchainn theinnteach giùlain mar is còir;  
 Oir 's ann tré àmhgharan a théid sibh suas  
 A mhealtuinn comunn sòlasach an Uain.

Then, poor benighted soul, complain no more,  
 But what thou canst not understand, adore.  
 Is pain thy lot? presume not to repine,  
 For thou art Christ's, and he is ever thine.  
 A few more sorrowing days, weeks, months or years.  
 A few more painful struggles, groans and tears,  
 And all thy conflicts, Christian, will be o'er,  
 And sin and grief distress thy soul no more.  
 Time swiftly flies, improve the moments lent,  
 Prepare for death, and husband each event;  
 Think not to trifle with the Lord most high,  
 Who views thine actions with a jealous eye.  
 Take heed of sleeping on enchanted ground,  
 Dream not of happiness where ills abound;  
 But know, though man to fancy here's a slave,  
 'Tis all reality beyond the grave!  
 Are light and darkness necessary here,  
 Does night as useful as the day appear?  
 So are afflictions, sickness, pain, and woe,  
 As health and pleasure, while we dwell below.  
 Then cease to murmur, poor desponding soul,  
 O'er whom afflictions on afflictions roll;  
 Hence learn what blessings on the Christian wait,  
 Both in the present and a future state;  
 Trust in the Lord, make him alone your stay,  
 He'll give thee strength according to thy day;  
 Thy sure support and best physician prove,  
 First sanctify afflictions, then remove.  
 The Lord's his God, his guardian, guide, and friend,  
 Mercy and goodness on his steps attend:  
 Eternal love his sun and shield appears,  
 In every danger to dispel his fears;  
 His beacon prove through life's tempestuous sea,  
 And blissful portion in eternity.

A neach fo thùrsa, tiormaich suas gach deur,  
 'Sa nì nach tuig thu creid gu bheil gu t' fheum.  
 'Ni péin do chrannchur? feuch nach bi fo ghruaim,  
 'S le Iosa thusa, 's leats' e féin gach uair.  
 An dèigh beagan mhios', a's bhliadhnai' bhos fo bhròn,  
 A's beagan eile dheuchainea a's dhèdir,  
 'N sin t-àmhgharan, a Chriosduidh, thig gu crìch,  
 A's ciont' no truaigh' cha bhuair iad thu gu sìor.  
 Tha tiom a' ruith 's dean feum dheth chum do leas,  
 'S fa chomhair bàis a's breitheanaid dean deas;  
 Air lagh Iehòbha feuch nach dean thu tàir,  
 A shùil ro eudmhor tha ort féin do ghnàth.  
 Na tuiteadh cadal ort an tìr do nàmh,  
 'S air àgh na brudair far bheil uile a's cràdh;  
 Biodh fhiosad fòs am measg gach sgled a's uail  
 Gu bheil gach nì da-rìreadh an taobh thall do'n uaigh.  
 'Bheil duibhr' a's solus iomchuidh dhuinn a bhos?  
 Ri là tha 'n oidhch' cho feumail dhuinn gu clos;  
 Mar sin tha tinneas, iarguin agus péin,  
 Cho iomchuidh dhuinn ri slàinte bhos fo'n ghréin.  
 Nì's mò na bi ri monbhor, anaim bhochd,  
 'Tha 'giùlan àmhghair, cràidh, a's iomadh lot,  
 Nis faic na beannachdan a's leat gu beachd,  
 Araon 's an àm so 's anns an àm ri teachd;  
 Earb thus' á Dia, 's do dhòchas na biodh meat',  
 A reir do latha tha e 'gealltuinn neart:  
 'S e féin do lighiche, 's do thaice threun,  
 A léighseas t'euslaintean 's do chreuchdan breun.  
 'S e 'n Tighearn Dia t'fhear-iùil, 's do charaid fòs,  
 Tròcair a's maitheanas théid leat ri d' bheò:  
 A ghràdh 'tha sìorruidh 's e do ghrian 's do sgiath,  
 'S a t'uile theanndachd fuadaichidh e t'fhiamh;  
 Mar sholus soillseach bidh do d' cheum gach uair,  
 'S do chuibhrionn aoibhneach e san t-sìorr'achd bhuan.

## THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.\*

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
     Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
     The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet-sound array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
 And furious each charger neigh'd,  
     To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;  
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;  
 And, volleying like the bolts of heaven,  
     Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder still these fires shall glow,  
 On Linden's hills of purpled snow;  
 And bloodier still shall be the flow  
     Of Iser, rolling rapidly,

'Tis morn; but scarce you level sun  
 Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
     Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens: On, ye brave!  
 Who rush to glory or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!  
     And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
     Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

---

\* It was near Hohenlinden, a village of Bavaria, on the 3rd of December, 1800, that one of the greatest battles ever fought took place, between the French and Bavarian army on the one side, and the Austrians on the other. The former, under the general-

## BLAR HOHENLINNDINN.

Air Linndinn 'n uair a luidh a' ghrian,  
 Bha 'n t-òg-shneachd geal gun fhuil air sliabh;  
 'S gu dorch, ceò-reoteach, gu'n d' thriall  
 Sruth Iosair 'sios gu cabhagach.

Ach chunnaig Linndinn sealladh nuadh,—  
 Air meadhon oidhch' thog druma fuaim,  
 'Toirt òrdugh teinntean bàis chur suas  
 A lasadh luath 'na h-achannaibh.

Le solus lias 's gair thromb 'na chluais,  
 Gach marcaich' spìon a lann á truaill,  
 'S b' àrd sìtrich stend 'n an leum 'dol suas,  
 'N uair 'chualas fuaim na sabaide.

Gu'n d' chrith na cnuic gu'm boun le spàirn;  
 Air mhire ruith gach each gu h-àr,  
 'S mar thorruinn speur a's éitidh ràn  
 Gu'n cluinnte pràis ri langanaich.

Ach 's braise 'lasas teinntean buan  
 Air sléibhtibh Linndinn 's deirge snuadh,  
 'S le gaorr nan àr, gu fuileach, ruadh  
 Sruth Iosair gluaisidh cabhagach.

'S e 'n là e; 's cha nochd grian an àigh  
 Ach gann a gnùis troi' chlar-cheò 'bhàis,  
 'S an Frangach bras 's an t-Ungach dàn'  
 Fo 'sgàil ri gair le dannarachd.

Tha 'n cath 'fàs fuileach: sìos gach treun,  
 A's coisinn buaidh, no gluais gu h-eug!  
 A Mhùinich sgaoil ri crann gach bréid!  
 'S greas ort gu streup le d' ghaisearachd!

Cha till o'n chòmhail mòran slàn,  
 Do'n chorr nì'n sneachda léine-bhàis,  
 'S gach fòid de'n fhonn a ta fo'n sàil  
 Mar uaigh do shàr gu'n treachailear.

---

ship of Moreau, gained a complete victory over the latter, under Archduke John. Besides killed and wounded, the Austrians lost 10,000 prisoners, and 100 pieces of canon.

## VERSES TO MR. E. LLHUYD.\*

When first from Spain the grey Gael hither came,  
 With the Milesian race, a dauntless stock;  
 Their hardy blades were not in tales more famed  
 Than were their lays and lore, through every land.  
 Once this fair seed had spread out far and near,  
 Then honour meet and due the Gaelic gained:  
 That copious, tasteful, sweet, expressive tongue,—  
 That polished, sounding, smooth, well-ordered speech.

\* When Mr. Llhuyd published his "Archæologia Britannia," in 1704, so pleased were the Highlanders with the interest with which he invested their language, that many of them addressed complimentary verses to him, expressive of their appreciation of his work. In 1707 a second edition was issued, wherein some of these verses were given. The above is a translation, by the late Rev. T. Pattison, of what Mr John Maclean, minister of the parish of Killninian, Island of Mull composed on that occasion. The verses are interesting as showing the enthusiasm of a Highland clergyman on seeing his language duly honoured by such an eminent man as Mr Llhuyd was. The following pieces, although not so lengthy, show that Mr Maclean was not the only Highlander who complimented Mr. Llhuyd:—

Bho Raibeart Caimbeul, Fear Faraiste (Sgìreachd) Mhic-Chailein, an Còmhal, do'n uasal òirdheire, Maighstir Edward Lhuid, Fear-coimhead Tigh-nan-seud 'an Oil-thigh Ath-andaimh an Sasunn, Ugindar an Fhoclair Ghaoidheilg, Fàilte!

Ceillfair soc is cantair ceòl  
 An rioghachd Eirinn gach aon lò;  
 'S cuirear adhbha ciùil faoi ghleus  
 An crìochaibh aoibhin na h-Albann.

An t-aobhar fa'n deiream sud,  
 Cànamhuin òirdheire nan tìr ud,  
 Air bhi dhi o shean am bruid  
 A sgaoileadh a nis o 'cuibhreath.

Le cainnt a dhruidear gach sìth,  
 Bheirear aoradh do'n Ard-rìgh:  
 Neach, d'a fheabhas, 's fann a chor,  
 'S cànamhuin a bhi d'a easbhuidh.

Do bhrosnuich sud Maighstir Leòd  
 Am briathran oileanta deas-ghlòir,  
 Freumh do'n aiteal chruadhach ghrinn,  
 Do shìol buadhach nam breithneach.

## RANNAN DO MHAIGHSTIR E. LUID.

Air teachd o'n Spàinn do shliochd a' Ghàidheil ghlais,  
 'S do shliochd nam Mìlidh, 'n fhine nach bu tais;  
 Bu mhòr an sgleò 's gach fòd air cruas an lann,  
 Air fil'eachd fòs 's air fòghlum nach bu ghann.  
 'N uair dh'fhàs am pòr ud mòr a bhos a's thall  
 Bha meas a's prìs de'n Ghàilig anns gach ball—  
 An Teanga lìonmhor, bhrìghmhor, bhlasda, bhinn,  
 'S a' Chànain thartrach, lìobhta, ghasda, ghriun.

Oid' an iùil an sàs na fhil'eachd,  
 An àrd stuidear na sgoileachd,  
 'Ta chaidre tuinnidh a's tàimh  
 Aig Ath-an-daimh an Sasunn.

Sgàile mòrachd 's air treun ghnìomh  
 An droing 'chuir Eirinn fo thròmh chis,  
 Aon do'n chinneadh cheud-chathach ud  
 'G a togail a nis gu mòr-chliù.

An gnìomh do roghnuich am mac ud  
 Toistear air meud a mheamna,  
 Dh'fhàg maireanta buan a bhladh  
 Alloill am flaitheas Ghàidheal.

Nior thaisteil talamh do'm fhios  
 Ughdar coimeaste ris:  
 Saoi do bheothaich air ais  
 Oghuim céir na Gàilig.

Tiomnadh sgriobhte dha mar dhuais  
 A chaidh gu'm bi alladh a' fàs,  
 Eigneachd a chéille le'n chnuas  
 Gu là Luan an déigh a bhàis.

Bho Sheumas Mac-Mhuir', Sagart Chill-Dalltan, 'an Ile.

'S e do bheatha, 'Fhoclair chaoimh,  
 Do chrìochaibh àrd Chlanna Gàidheal;  
 Gu innis fòs nan Còig-Còigeamh  
 'S i do bheatha g'an uibhir.

Gheibh thu fàilt' an crìochaibh Ghàidheal,  
 'S i do bheatha 'n Innse-gall;  
 Ni gach Triath riutsa comunn,  
 Gheibh thu moladh an Eirinn thall.

Do dhùisgeadh riut as an uaigh  
 A' chànain chruaidh a bha fo smal;

In regal courts a thousand years and more  
 It reigned, ere raised its head the dark Gall's tongue ;  
 Then bard, and lyrist, prophet, leech, and sage,  
 All trace and record of achievement brave,  
 Since first Gathelus left the Egyptian strand,  
 Wrote down in Gaelic with effective pen.  
 Thus long the clergy glory won and fame,  
 And thus with native accents praised their God.  
 Thus Patrick spoke, in kingly Innisfail,  
 And sainted, mild Columba thus in *Ie*.  
 The polished French, from whom all people learn,  
 Their own first rudiments of learning got  
 In that fair Isle of penitential tears:  
 There spoke the nurse of every tribe and tongue ;  
 For Gaelic then was not the guiding star  
 Of Gaelic youth, more than of Galldic too.  
 Now is it circumscribed,—woe! woe! and well-a-day!  
 Few love it now.—Alas! the weary change,—  
 Oh! the decline,—its authors all forgot,  
 Heroes who lisped it first, then cherished it.  
 But courtiers sold it for a poor exchange—  
 A modern tongue,—a tongue of yesterday ;  
 Thus, with contempt, deserting from their own.  
 Great fame, great praise, great thanks to noble Llhuyd,  
 Who has revived it from the grave again.  
 All from the versatile, fierce Gael derived,  
 Each tribe in whom their language still inheres,—  
 All men,—the increase of the Scottish root,—  
 Should now requite thee with a due reward,—  
 Down from the Queen at present on the throne,  
 Even to the wandering, houseless poor this night.  
 Back from a hundred generations come  
 The memory of their exploits—retained  
 In this most worthy language—slighted now

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Teanga bha cian fo gheasaibh  
 Do chuireadh leat an clò ré seal.

Tuigseach, saibhir do theagasg,  
 Soilleir, tarbhach, sèimh do ghlòir ;  
 Lionmhor, brighmhor do shean-fhocail,  
 Sgiamhach, taitneach, ciallach, mòr.

Thoir mo bheannachd gu Maighstir Liath,  
 A dhùisg le buaidh Foclair fial :  
 Bheir gach Gàidheal dhuit-se beannachd,  
 Is e leatsa thar na dh'àirmhear.

An cùirt nan Rìgh, ré mìle bliadh'n' a's treall,  
 Gu'n robh i 'n tàs mu'n d' thog cainnt Dhù'ghall ceann.  
 Gach fili 's bàrd, gach léigh, aosdàn' a's draoi,  
 Gach seanachaidh fòs, gach eoladhain shaor a's saoi  
 Gu'n tug Gathelus leis o'n Eiph't a nall,  
 'S an Gàilig sgrìobh iad sud le gnìomh am peann.  
 Na diadhairean mòr, bu chliù 's bu ghlòir do'n Chléir,  
 B' ann leath', gu tarbhach, 'labhair iad briathra Dhé.  
 B'i labhair Pàdrùig 'n Innisfàil nan rìgh,  
 'S am Fàidhe naomh sin, Calum caomh 'an I.  
 Na Frangaich lìobhta lean gach tìr am beus,  
 O I nan Deòraidh ghabh am fòghlum freumh.  
 B'i b'oidhe-mùinte luchd gach dùthch' a's teang';  
 Chuir Gaill a's Dubh-ghaill chum an iùil so 'n clann.  
 Nis dh'fhalbh i uainn gu tur, mo thruaigh! 's mo chreach!  
 'S tearc luchd a gaoil,—b'e sud an saogh'l fa seach!  
 Thuit i 's an tùr m'araon r'a h-ùghd'raibh féin,  
 'S na flaith' 'm bu dùth' i ghabh d'a còmhach spéis.  
 Reic iad 's a' chùirt i air cainnt ùr o 'n dé,  
 A's thréig le tàir, 's bu nàr leo 'n cànan féin.  
 Air sàr O Liath biodh àgh, a's cuimhn', a's buaidh,  
 A rinn gu h-ùr a dùsgadh as a h-uaign.  
 Gach neach 'tha fhreumh o'n Ghàidheal ghleusda gharg,  
 'S gach droing d'an dùth a' chànan ud mar chainnt—  
 Gach aon a chinn air treubh 's air linn a' Seuit  
 An duais is fhiach thu 's còir gun òc iad dhuìt.  
 O 'n Bhanrighinn air am bheil an tràs an crùn,\*  
 Gu ruig am bochd 's an àit' an nochd an dùn,  
 Bha 'n ainm 's an euchd, o linn nan ceudan àl,  
 Tre mheath na Gàilig 'dol á cuimhne chàich:

\* Banrighinn Anna.

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Bho Aindrea Mac'illeathain, Fear-a'-Chnuic, an Tirithe, mac Easbuig Earraghàidheal.

Ordheire an gnìomh, saor bhur còmhlan,  
 Cliù do fhòghlum beiridh uain;  
 Ti do chuir do na thuit o'r sinnsreibh  
 Cus do sgéimh bhur linn am fuaime.

Molamaid Mac-Liath 'na sheanachas,  
 Uchd-mhacachd do leanmhuinn oirn,  
 Bràithreachas Gàidheil fear Shasuinn,  
 Thoirt 'n ar cuimhne ceart na lorg.

Their deeds of fame, yet distant lands can learn ;  
And one to other say, "A Gaelic race hath been."

But, better still, with polished rhetoric,  
We can express, with might, the truth of God.  
Who knows but He who Aholiab erst,  
And Bezaleel taught to build the ark,  
Hath moved thee and inspired thee now, O Llhuyd !  
To do thy work with energy and art ;  
And make His own great name adored and praised,  
In every region by the Gael possessed.  
So neither let, nor distant be the day,  
When shall thy name in every heart be writ,  
And every memory, in lettered gold.  
And, now, a blessing, and adieu from me,—  
From heart, and hand, and tongue attend on thee.

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### THE MOUNTAIN SANCTUARY.\*

Bleak was the winter Sabbath morn,  
And dreary was the sky,  
When the persecuted left their caves  
To worship the Most High;  
An unfrequented mountain-gorge  
Received the trembling flock,  
Their canopy was mist and cloud,  
Their altar was the rock.

The eagle o'er their sanctuary  
Majestically soared,  
And scream'd discordant while the crowd  
Most rev'rently adored;

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\* The venerable John Blackadder, describes one of the open-air communions held in 1677, as follows:—"We entered on the holy ordinance, committing it and ourselves to the invisible protection of the Lord of hosts, in whose name we were met together. Our trust was in the arm of Jehovah, which was better than weapons of war, or the strength of hills. There was a solemnity in the place befitting the occasion, and elevating the whole soul to a pure and holy frame. The communion tables were spread on the green by the water, and round them the people had

Nis cliù an gnìomh chluinn crìochan fada thall,  
'S their iad le chéil', "Bha Gàidheil aon uair ann."

'S ni 's fearr, a shaoi, bidh briathran lìobht' 'n ar beul,  
Làn seadh a's brìgh le'n nochdar firinn Dhé.  
Cia fios an Ti chuir 'n Aholiab tùr\*  
'S am Besaleel, a thogail àrois ùir,  
Nach e so féin a ghluais O Luid 's a ghleus  
Gu 'shaothair thoirt gu buil le 'thuigse ghéir,  
Bhrìgh bhi 'na rùn 'ainm dheanamh cliùiteach, mòr  
Air feadh nan crìoch 's an d' fhuair na Gàidheil còir?  
Gu'm b' amhluidh bhios,—'s gach neach a chi an lò  
Biodh t'ainmsa sgrìobht' 'n a chrìdh' 'an litir'ean òir,  
Agus 'na chuimhn'—a's gheibh thu choidhech' uam féin,  
Beannachd a's fàilt' le m' chrìdh', le m' làimh. 's le m' bheul !

\* Ecsodus, xxxi. 2.—6.

## IONAD-NAOMHA NAM BEANN.

Air maduinn Dhòmhnuich ùdlaidh, fhuar,  
'S bu ghruamach dorch' an speur,  
Bho 'n uamhaibh còsach ghluais an sluagh  
Gu h-aoradh naomha Dhé;  
'An làgan uaigneach fad' o chàch  
An treud tha cruinn le chéil',  
Na neòil 's an ceò chuir orra sgàil',  
B'i chreag an altair féin.

Os ceann an ionaid naomha bhig  
Am Fir-eun dhìrich suas  
Le sgriachail sheirbh 'rinn toirm ro gharg  
'N uair shleuchd a sìos an sluagh;

arranged themselves in decent order. We desired not the countenance of earthly kings; there was a spiritual and divine majesty shining on the work, and sensible evidence that the great Master of assemblies was present in the midst. It was indeed the doing of the Lord, who covered us a table in the wilderness in presence of our foes, and reared a pillar of glory between us and the enemy, like the fiery cloud of old that separated between the camp of Israel and the Egyptians—encouraging to the one, but dark and terrible to the other."

The chilling wind moan'd fitfully  
 Through groves of stunted pine,  
 And the torrent rush'd and thunder'd  
 Through the desolate ravine.

And from that lonely rugged spot  
 Ascended, rich and rare,  
 The incense of the contrite heart—  
 The sacrifice of prayer;  
 And angels from the heights of heaven  
 Did look complacent down,  
 On the honour'd heads that soon should wear  
 The martyr's glorious crown.

And grey-hair'd sires forgot their griefs,  
 And all their wrongs forgave,  
 When they heard of Him whose powers burst  
 The barriers of the grave;  
 And widows, poor and desolate,  
 And homeless orphans, pray'd  
 For pardon from the throne on high  
 On their oppressor's head.

And matrons haggard, pale and wan,  
 With babes upon their breast,  
 Expell'd from husband, hearth, and home,  
 Gaunt, destitute, oppress'd;  
 Exulted in their sufferings—  
 Nay, smiled at torture—death;—  
 And gazed on the Sun of Righteousness  
 With the eagle-eye of faith!

And woe-worm groups in manhood's prime,  
 By tyranny harass'd,  
 Whose tatter'd garments, matted hair,  
 Stream'd on the wintry blast,  
 Attuned their voices solemnly  
 To a high and holy theme;  
 And the strains of Zion blended  
 With the roaring of the stream!

The ruthless conqueror may climb  
 The slippery steep of fame;

Bha fuaim na gaoithe fuaire nis  
 R'a cluinntinn feadh nan craobh,  
 'S bha toirm an t-sruth, o chreig gu creig,  
 R'a chluinntinn air a' ghaoith.

Ach as an ionad ùdlaidh ud  
 Chaidh iobairt chùbhraidh suas  
 Bho chridhe briste, brùite, goirt  
 Nan deòraidh bochda, truagh;  
 Bho nèamh bha ainglean 'sealltuinn 'nuas  
 Le tlachd, san uair ud féin,  
 Air cinn na muinntir bha gun dàil  
 R' an crùnadh 'n làthair Dhé.

Na seann-daoin' dhichuimhnich am bròn,  
 A's mhaith gach eucoir chlaon,  
 'N uair chual' mu ghràdh an 'Ti a chuir  
 An ceanglaichibh fa sgaoil;  
 Na banntrich' ònrachdanach bhochd,  
 'S na dìleachdain gun treòir,  
 Ghuidh air son maitheanas o Dhia  
 Do luchd na h-eucoir mhòir.

Na mnathan glas-neulach, lag, fann,  
 Le 'n leanaban air an cìch,  
 Bho 'm fearaibh pòsda a's o'n clann  
 Bh' air fògradh feadh na tìr;  
 'N an trioblaid bha ri gàirdeachas,  
 'An neo-shuim chuir an cràdh,  
 'S ri Grian an àigh gu'n d' sheall iad suas  
 Le creidimh a's le gràdh.

Bha iomad òglach dubhach, sgìth,  
 A's claidht' le fòirneart cruaidh,  
 Le 'n éideadh luideach, tolltach, sean,  
 'S gu peallach, dubh an gruag;  
 Le cridhe brùite sheinn le gean  
 Mu chliù an 'Ti a's àird;  
 A's òrain Shion mheasg le toirm  
 An t-sruth a' ruith gu tràigh.

A's fear na h-uail' ged gheibh a suas  
 Ro àrd 'am beachd an t-sluaigh,

And venal pens, corroding brass,  
 immortalize his name;  
 But unfading wreaths, celestial palms,  
 And crowns, are their reward  
 Who braved the despot when the sword  
 Of tyranny was bared!



## PSALM CXLVIII.

Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,  
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
     And praise th' Almighty's name.  
 Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
 In one melodious concert rise,  
     To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,  
     Ye scenes divinely fair:  
 Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim,  
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,  
     And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,  
 While all the adoring thrones around  
     His boundless mercy sing;  
 Let ev'ry list'ning saint above  
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
     And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;  
 Thou, dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
     The mighty chorus aid:  
 Soon as grey ev'ning shades the plain,  
 Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,  
     And praise him in the shade.

Thou, heav'n of heavens, his vast abode;  
 Ye clouds proclaim your forming God,  
     Who call'd yon worlds from night;

'S ged ni luchd-sodail mar a's àill  
 Gu 'chuimhne chumail suas;  
 Tha palmaibh nèamhaidh, 's crùn nach searg  
 Air a thasgaidh shuas gu h-àrd,  
 Do'n dream nach géill do luchd am fuath,  
 'N uair bhagras iad am bàs.

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SALM CXLVIII.

O! m' anam, tog am fonn gu réidh,
 'S do smuaintean uile thugadh géill,
 A's seinneadh cliù do'n Triath.
 Feuch! nèamh a's talamh, muir a's speur,
 Tha 'togail suas an guth le chéil',
 A' seinn do chliù gach ial.

A speuran àillidh 's dearsaich' fiamh,
 Le 'r n-uile mhaise, dhreach a's sgiamh,
 'Thar iomraidh agus smaoin :
 Air neart a' Chruithfhir 'deanamh sgéil,
 Innsibh mar las e suas an speur,
 'S a shéid e 'n t-àileadh caomh.

Le caithream togadh aingle 'm fonn,
 'S gach ni tha os ar cionn 's fo 'r bonn,
 Mu 'ghràdh a tha gu bràth ;
 Na naoimh 'tha 'n sonas sìorruidh shuas,
 Deanadh iad luaidh air gràdh bith-bhuan,
 A' seinn le laoidhibh dha.

A reultan, 'tha san iarmailt shuas,
 'S a ghrian 'tha 'g òradh bheann a's chruach,
 'Nis cuidicheadh am fonn :
 Air magh, 'nuair dh'aomas an dubh-thràth,
 A' ghealach togadh suas gun dàil
 A chliù le guth neo-thròm.

A nèamh nan nèamhan togaibh suas
 Cliù a's glòir do Thriath nan sluagh
 A rinn an cruinneadh cé;

“Ye shades, dispel!”—the Eternal said:
At once the involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

Whate’er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye dragons, bound his awful name
To heav’n aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow’ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt’ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose’s vermil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shap’d your finer mould,
Who tipp’d your glittering wings with gold,
And tun’d your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway’d,
The feeling heart, the judging head
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven’s broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen’ral burst of joy.

“An duibhre teicheadh,” thuirt e féin—
 Gu grad an duibhre theich gu léir,
 As nàdur dh’ éirich suas.

Gach bith ’tha tàmh ’s a’ chruinne-ché,
 Air làr ’tha dol, no shuas san speur,
 Gu h-ait dha togaibh fonn:
 A dhragonaibh, le’r neart ro threun,
 Air ’ainm ro oirdhearc deanaibh sgeul,
 Le doimhneachdan nan tonn.

Na dùilean fòs biodh ait gach ré:
 ’S an tàirneanach ’ni fuaim san speur
 Dha togadh iollach àrd;
 ’S an oiteig shèimh le guth ro bhinn
 Dha canadh cliù o linn gu linn,
 A’ seinn le comh-sheirm Dha.

A sheudair’ àrda, cromaibh sìos;
 ’S a bheanntan mòralach gach tìr,
 Gach uair dha thugaibh géill;
 Innsibh mar las beinn Shinai suas,
 ’S a chriothnaich i o bonn fo ghruaim
 ’N uair labhair e le ’bheul.

A spréidh a dh’ionaltrais ’s na glinn,
 ’S gach cuileag bheag os ceann ar cinn,
 Dha thugadh géill a’s cliù;
 Gearraibh an ròs a’s deirge snuadh,
 ’S am faileadh cùbhraidh éireadh suas
 Mar thùis do Dhia nan dùl.

Dùisgibh, ’eunlaith bhinn nan geug,
 ’S gu ceòlmhor togaibh suas dha féin
 ’Ur n-òrain ait mu ’chliù;
 Dha-san a thug dhuibh cuma ’s dreach,
 Le iteach buidhe ’s dearg fa seach,
 Le càil a ghleusadh ciùil.

An duine fòs, le tuigse ’s tìr,
 Le cridhe ’s ceann san d’ chuir e iùil,
 Dha thugadh moladh buan;
 A’s ’ainm ro uasal sgaoileadh ’n céin,
 A’ toirt mac-tal’ air ais o’n speur,
 Le iolach ait, bith-bhuan.

HOPE.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
 Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
 To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
 On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
 When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
 Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
 When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
 The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
 Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
 And hears thy stormy music in the drum!



MIRIAM'S SONG.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen; all splendid and brave,
 How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, Praise to the Lord,
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!

DOCHAS.

Cultaic' a' ghaigich anns gach airc a's teinn,
 Tha 'n Treun nach meat' a' cur a neirt 'n ad mhèin ;
 'S an cridh' air bhall-chrith 'deanadh earbs' ad chàil,
 Measg thuiltibh borb' 's air raontaibh dearg le h-àr,
 'N uair ghluaiseas feachd nam bratach as gach làimh,
 Mu'n dlùthaich suinn an strìth nan lann le gàir.
 'N uair bhios gach fuaim 'n an suain air faich' a' bhàis,
 Ni'n gaisgeach sgìth grad dhiol air gnìomh gun spàirn.
 Mar 'sheinneas fheadan dealrach éiridh suas
 A ghnùis gun fhiamh,—a shùil 'sa mhiann 'na snuadh,
 'Na chòm 'cur fàilt' air buaidh a ta ri teachd,
 'Se 'cluinntinn toirm do ghuth 'an drumà 'n fheachd !



ORAN MHIRIAM.

Seinn tiomban ard-fhuaimneach thar cuan glas na h-Eiphit!
 Iehòbhah thug buaidh—shaor e'n sluagh a thug géill da!
 Seinn—oir thuit ardan an nàmhaid 'chum smachd oirnn,
 'S a charbaid, 's a mharc-shluagh, bu mhaiseach air fonn.
 B'fhaoin 'uail as an gnìomh ; cha tuirt Dia ach am facal,
 'S bha 'charbaid 'sa mharc-shluagh 'g an casgradh 'san tonn.
 Seinn tiomban ard-fhuaimneach thar cuan glas na h-Eiphit!
 Iehòbhah thug buaidh—shaor e'n sluagh a thug géill da!

Gu'm molar am Buadhach—gu'm molar an Triath,
 B'e 'fhacal ar saighead, b'e anail ar sgiath!
 Co 'thilleas do'n Eiphit 'thoirt sgéil air a bhuidhinn,
 A chuir i 'n an uidheam gu siubhal 'san tòir?
 'N uair dh'amhaire ar Triath as a nial air a cumhachd,
 'San fhairge le sruthaibh gu'n do shlugadh a slòigh.
 Seinn tiomban ard-fhuaimneach thar cuan glas na h-Eiphit!
 Iehòbhah thug buaidh—shaor e'n sluagh a thug géill da!

THE WINTER.

See how rude winter's icy hand
Has strip'd the trees, and seal'd the ground,
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise!
Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love.

Dear, Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble prayer and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.



THE EXILE'S COMPLAINT.

When captive Israel sat and wept
Beside the stream whose waters swept
By Babel's lofty walls;
Well might sad tears her cheeks bedew,
As vivid memory called to view
Fair Salem's ruined halls.

She mourned Jehovah's prostrate fane,
Where incense erst, and victims slain,
His rising anger stayed;

AN GEAMHRADH.

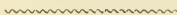
Seall mar lòm an geamhradh fuar
 A' choill, 's mar chuir e 'm fonn fo ghlais;
 Ach thig a chlisg' an t-earrach nuadh,
 'S bheir àilleachd do gach ni air ais.

Tha mise' a' bròn fo gheamhradh 's cruaidh',
 Cha tig duil' uaine orm no blàth;
 O! cuin' thig orms' an t-earrach nuadh,
 A thoirt dhomh fàs as ùr 'an gràs?

Iosa, seall orm! 's tu mo ghrian,
 'S tu ni 'n cridhe reòta tlàth;
 Ciùinich an stoirm tha ormsa 'g ia'dh,
 A's tearuinn mi fo sgàil do ghràidh.

A Thighearn, èisd ri m' ghearan lag,
 Tha fadal orm thu 'theachd a làth'ir;
 An geamhradh dhòmhsa 'bhliadhn' air fad?
 Am fuiling thu do d' lus dol bàs?

Bi sàmhach, m' anam, 's feith r'a uair,
 Le ùrnuigh bhuan a's creidimh beò;
 A ghràs gu'n taom e ort a nuas,
 'S na ghealladh biodh a ghnàth do dhòigh.



GEARAN AN FHOGARRAICH.

Na h-Iudhaich 'n uair a ghuil o chian
 Ri taobh nan sruth tha 'ruith gu dian
 Seach callaid Bhabiloin;
 An deòir cha b' ioghnadh 'ruith gun tàmh,
 'N uair chuimhnich iad an aitreabh àigh,
 Bhi nis 'na làraich luim.

Fo thùrsa bha mu theampull Dhé,
 'S an tric a thairgeadh ìobairt réit'
 Gu casg 'chur air a ghruaim;

His altars now no longer smoked,
 Nor Aaron's sons with prayer invoked
 His blessing and his aid.

While pagan taunts each bosom wrung,
 Well might their harps remain unstrung
 On that ill-omened day;
 Well might their tongues refuse to sing
 The sacred songs of Sion's King,
 And chant a festive lay.

'Tis thus that, haply doomed to roam,
 A weary wanderer from his home
 In Britain's favoured isle,
 Laments, with tears of sad regret,
 The by-gone days, whose sun has set
 Since fortune ceased to smile.

He sees the churchyard's hallow'd sod,
 He sees the temple of his God
 By idol rites defiled;
 And sighs for that loved house of prayer
 Where Christ alone presides, and where
 He worshipped when a child.

So likewise in the world we see
 A Babylon of misery,
 Where, captive-led by sin,
 The true-born sons of Israel's race
 Travail and groan for inward grace
 Redemption's price to win,

Here no abiding city waits,
 No safe asylum opes her gates
 To bid them welcome home:
 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 No present resting-place they know,
 But seek for one to come.

Oh! when shall I, a pilgrim too,
 Thy heaven-built towers, fair Salem, view,—
 Bright mansions of the blest?
 How gladly will I hail the day.
 Which calls my ransomed soul away,
 And leads me to my rest!

A nis o'n altair cha 'n 'eil smùid,
 No sagartan, le 'm bòltrach tùis,
 Ag aslachadh a thruais.

'N uair rinn na Cinnich sgeig a's tàir,
 Cha b' ioghnadh iad-san 'bhi fo phràmh,
 'S an clàrsaichean gun ghleus;
 An teangaibh dhiùlt a dhol air seirm
 Gu òrain naomha Dhé a sheinn,
 'S a thogail fonn le'n teud.

Mar so is tric 'tha 'n t-ànrach truagh,
 Bho dhachaidh 'dige fad air chuairt,
 A' cuimhneachadh le bròn,
 Air làithean àigh a dh'fhalbh 's nach pill,
 A chaith gu h-aobhneach anns na gliun,
 Le càirdean nach 'eil beò.

A' Chill 's am bheil a dhàimh' 'n an suain,
 'S an aitreabh mu'n do thruis an sluagh,
 Tha saltairte gu làr:
 B' e mhiann bhi fathast, mar bu ghnath,
 'Cur ùrnuigh suas tre Chrìosd gach tràth,
 Mar 'rinn o chian le càch.

Mar so san t-saoghal chi sinn féin,
 Gach sàrachadh, a's bròn, a's péin
 'Tha feitheamh air gach aon;
 Ach oighreachan a' gheallaidh tha
 A' guidhe air son gràis gach là,
 A bheir dhòibh fuasgladh saor.

Cha 'n 'eil an so dhuinn dachaidh bhuan,
 'S a dorsa 'fosgladh fial a suas
 G' ar fàilteachadh le bàigh;
 Mar choigrich a's luchd-cuairt a bhos,
 Gun àit' air bith gu tàmh no clos,
 Ach dachaidh gheibh gu h-àrd.

Is coigreach mis' tha lag a's sgìth,
 'S do gheataibh àillidh c'uin a chi,
 Ierusalem 'tha shuas?
 Cia aobhneach leamsa teachd an là
 'S am faigh mi fuasgladh o gach càs
 Gu bràth 'an sonas buan!

THE GOSPEL.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;—
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver,
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we, to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole!
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

AN SOISGEUL.

Bho bheanntan rèda *Ghreenland*,
 Bho Innsean teith nan slògh,
 Bho *Africa* nam fuaran
 'Bheir uath' a' ghainneamh òir;
 Bho iomadh amhainn aosmhor,
 'S bho iomadh réidhleoin uain',
 Tha ruinne, air son saorsa,
 An glaodh tighinn thar a' chuan.

Air *Ceylon* ged a shéideas
 A' ghaoth gu cùbhraidh, tlàth;
 Ged tha gach sealladh ceutach,
 A's duine 'mhàin 'na ghràin;
 Mòr mhaitheas Dhé tha 'n dìomhain
 Air ìocadh air gach taobh;
 Tha truaghain dhall na tìr' sin
 A' strìochd' do ìodhail fhaoìn.

'N dean sinne, 'th'air ar stiùradh
 Le gliocas iùil o'n àird,
 An lòchran nèamhaidh 'dhiùltadh
 Do'n dream tha 'n duibhr' an sàs?
 Dean slàint' do pheacaich éigheach—
 Dean sgeul nam buadh a sheirm,
 Gus am bi gach creutair
 Air géill a thoirt do'n ghairm.

Dean ruith, a sgéil na saorsa,
 Air carbad gaoithe 's cuain,
 Gus, anns gach cearn do'n t-saoghal,
 An cluinn gach aon an fhuaim!
 A's duine air a shaoradh,
 Le ìobairt ghaoil an Uain,
 Ag éigheach o gach taobh ris,
 E 'theachd g'a rìoghachd gu luath.

THE WITHERED LEAVES*

See the leaves around is falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound:—
 "Sons of Adam once in Eden,
 Blighted whence, like us ye fell:
 Hear the lecture we are reading;
 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.
 "Virgins, much, too much presuming
 On your boasted white and red;
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

* The following verses, on the same subject, were translated from the French, by the late Mr. Ewing Maclean, Post-Office, Glasgow; and we are sure that every Highlander of taste, will thank us for inserting them here:—

'N trà sgap am foghar mu'n cuairt
 Duilleach ruadh nan craobh air làr,
 'N uair dh'fhàilnich dubhar na coill,
 'S nach cluinnte ceòl binn 'n a bàrr.
 Dh'fhalbh easlainteach dubhach, tròm
 Moch, 's e mall-cheumach fo bhròn,
 A dh'fhaicinn, mu'n tigeadh am bàs,
 Doire 'ghràidh an làithibh òig'.
 "Soraidh leat, a' choill mo ghaoil,
 'S leir dhomh crannchur m' aois' ad phràmh,
 'S gach duilleag 'tha seargte air ghéig
 'Tha 'cur an céill 's dlùth dhomh 'm bàs.
 "An Tairgeannach bho Epidaùr,
 Thuirt e rium, ' Mu'n téid thu aog,
 Chì thu uair eile le d' shùil
 Crionte, duileach ùr nan craobh.
 " Mu d' thiomchìoll tha 'n t-iubhar a' fàs,
 Na's bàine na faoghar nan sguab,
 'S tu 'g aomadh a sìos gu tràth,
 Gu dachaidh shàmhaich na h-uaigh'.

AN DUILLEACH SEARGTA.

Faic an duilleach ruadh mu'n cuairt duinn,
 Seachdte, seargte air an làr;
 A's ri daoine eucéillidh, guanach
 Tha, le truas, mar so ag ràdh:—
 "A shìol Adhaimh a bh' ann an Eden,
 Shearg a's thuit sibh mar sinn féin:
 Eisdibh na chuireas sinn an céill duibh;
 Gun ag 's e 'n fhìrinn th'ann gu léir.

"Oighean ait is àille snuadh
 Na deanaibh uail á geal a's dearg;
 B' àluinn sinn' measg dhuilleach uaine—
 'Nochd gu truagh am measg nam marbh.

" 'Meathaidh t'òig' agus do sgiamh
 Mu'n searg am fiar air an lòn,—
 Mu'n seac, 'am fasgadh nan cnoc,
 Bagailtean dosrach nan cnò.'

"Tha 'n uair a' teachd, 's fuar a' ghaoth
 'Tha 'bualadh neo-chaoine 'am chiabh;
 Faileus m' òige, 's tròm a' ghuth
 'G ùrachadh cumha 'na m' chliabh.

"Tuitibh, a dhuilleagan maoth,
 Follaichibh an ròd tiamhaidh, balbh,
 'S ceilbh air mo mhàthair ghràidh
 Far am bi mi màireach marbh.

"Ach ma thig leannan mo chrìdh',
 Gu deurach, tùrsach fo ghruaim;
 'S an dubh-thrà dh'fhaicinn an fhòid,
 M' fhaileas le sòlas gu'n gluais."

Thuirt e,—thriall e, 's cha do thill,—
 Theirig ùine 'n tìr nam beò,
 Fo sgàil an daraich tha 'shuain,
 'S an tigh chaol, gun fhuaim, gun cheòl.

Cha 'n fhac a leannan an leac,—
 Cha robh i feasgar ga còir;
 'S cha dùisg guth e gu là Luan,
 'N a aitreabh uaigneach 's an tòrr.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Fluttering high in fancied worth;
Lo! the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

“Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.
Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn the unwilling eye;
Think, amidst your fading glory,
Autumn tells a winter nigh.

“Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay;
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stayed;
Which, alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”

THE PRAYER OF AGUR.

PROVERBS, XXX.

These things have I desired of God;
O hear thy servant ere he dies—
Keep me far distant from the road
Which leads to vanity and lies.

Preserve me in that equal state
Wherein my soul shall prosper best;
Neither with flowing wealth elate,
Nor yet by poverty depress'd.

Still feed me with convenient food,
And for my daily wants provide:
Give what thou knowest for my good,
Not that which ministers to pride.

'Chlann an anabhair a's na mòrchuis,
 C'uim' an dean sibh bòsd 'n 'ur cuid?
 'S i 'n oiteag 's àirde thogas suas sinn
 'Bheir a nuas sinn gus an dus.

"Fhearaibh òg', lán treòir a's slàinte,
 Dòchas àrd a's càileachd bhras;
 'S tric bha latha grianach meallt',
 'S tha 'm foghar air a' gheamhradh faisg'.
 'Sheanairean nan ciabhan sneachd-gheal,
 Beachdaichibh an so le tùr;
 Tha 'ur fogharadh 'n a dbeann-ruith—
 Faicibh 'n geamhradh air a chùl.

"Tha sinn ann an cùrs' na bliadhna
 Mar theachdairean a' cur an céill;
 A's ag innseadh do gach creutair,
 Talamh 's nèamh théid seach' gu léir.
 Nis air craobh na beatha shìorruidh
 Biodh 'ur muinghinn féin gu bràth;
 'Sin a' chraobh a ghnàth 'tha ùrail,
 'S anns gach àm tha i fo bhlàth."

URNUIGH AGUIR.

GNATH-FHOCAIL, XXX.

Tha m' achuingean riut féin, a Dhé,
 Ri t'òglach éisd mu'm faigh e bàs;
 Cum mi fad air falbh o'n cheum,
 Gu eug 'tha treòrachadh, 's gu cràdh.

'An cuimse coimhead mi gach uair,
 A's m' anam truagh dean sultmhor, ait;
 Gun saibhreas 'ni mo thogail suas,
 'S na leig mi 'm bochduinn chruaidh 's an airc.

An lòn bhios iomchuidh air mo shon,
 Dhomh solair fòs o là gu là:
 Na bhios gu m' bhuannachd thoir-sa dhomh,
 'S cha 'n iad na nithean leam is àill.

Lest I be full, and so rebel,
 And in my heart should madly say,
 Who is the Lord? where doth he dwell?
 That I should serve him and obey?

Or lest in penury and pain,
 I should put forth my hand to steal;
 Or take thy holy name in vain,
 And for a bribe the truth conceal.

THE SOCIETY OF TRUE HIGHLANDERS.*

In lov'd Wilhelmina, near whose mural pile,
 Proud Lochy's tides with eddying surges boil,
 Conven'd the mountain-patriot's faithful band,
 And pledg'd the endearing tie with heart and hand;
 A tie that calls to mind primæval days,
 And rites to sires that won immortal praise.
 Those are the Gael's still unconquered race,
 They wear their native arms with native grace,
 Milesian arms, Milesia's rich costume,
 The garb of Gaul that sack'd imperial Rome:
 Themes that would bid the strain spontaneous roll,
 If heaven-born genius fir'd the poet's soul.
 The graceful bonnet freak'd with various dyes,
 O'er whose high crown the shadowy plumes arise,
 Forms the rich crest, and, as the warriors move,
 The effusive clusters seem a floating grove!
 The parti-colour'd plaid, a splendid show,
 Bestrides the breast, like Æther's lovely bow
 On western clouds, when Sol the day renews,
 And ev'ry field is gemm'd with twinkling dews.
 Encas'd within the silver-spangled sheath,
 Hangs from its zone the pond'rous beam of death:
 Thus sleeps the thunder-dragon of the skies,
 Till storms in all their warring rage arise.
 Before the Phelig's finely plaited coil,
 Conspicuous waves the glossy badger's spoil,

* This Address was composed by Ewan Maclachlan, Esq., Rector of the Grammar-School, Aberdeen, on the formation of "The Society of True Highlanders," by Colonel Macdonnell of Glengarry, and recited amidst enthusiastic cheering at their first

Air eagal 'n uair a bhithinn làn
 Gu cuthaich, dàn' gu'n abrainn féin,
 Cò e Dia? 'cà' bheil e 'tàmh,
 Gu'n tugainn seirbhis dha a's géill?

Air eagal a's nam bithinn bochd,
 Mo làmh gu lochd gu'n sìnninn fòs;
 No t'ainm ro naomh a luaidh gu faoin,
 'S a chleith na firinn air son tòic.



COMUNN NAM FIOR-GHAIDHEAL.

An Inairlòchaidh nam mùr
 Chunncas an t-ùr-ghaisreadh cruinn;
 Thaisbein iad an cliù bu bheus,
 Sud an sgeul a b' éibhinn leinn.
 B' ioma Ceann-tighe 's Fear-feachd—
 B' ioma gaisgeach meamnach, mòr—
 B' ioma Flath agus Triath sluaigh
 A thuinnich an stuaigh nan còrn.
 Gàidheil, an Comunn gun fheall,
 Làn uidheam Ghàidheal m'an dream,
 Ghleusadh sud teanga gu fonn,
 N'am b' eòlach air dhealbh nan raun.
 Sealladh cha 'n fhacas air blàr
 A dh'àrdaicheadh càil do chléibh,
 Mar thriall nan cath laoch uach clìth,
 'An earradh an sinnsridh féin.
 Boineid ghorm an t-éideadh cinn,
 Ite riomhach nan dos tròm
 Air iom'-chrith 'na babaibh grinn,
 Thar ùrlainn mheachair nan sonn.
 Trast mu ghuaillibh gach fir thréin
 Breacain bhall-bhreac nan ceud cuach,

Meeting in Fort-William, on the 12th of July, 1815. The Gaelic version was not composed for some months thereafter, as we find it bearing date, November 1. 1815, and inserted in Mr. Maclachlan's volume of "Poetical Effusions."

Whence plenty dealt, without the frown's alloy,
 Can turn the wail of grief to songs of joy.
 Beneath the knee whose beauty mates the snow,
 The well-wrought tassel binds the gaudy hose,
 Where red and white with rival lustre blend,
 And round the calf at equal angles bend.
 Last, glancing as the polish'd jet, the shoe
 Adorns the foot that scarce imprints the dew.
 Anon, the bag-pipe pours its stream of tones,
 Swelled by the peal of the silk ruffling drones ;
 With all the flight of quivering fingers driven,
 The torrent floats on the four winds of heaven :
 Rais'd by the quick or solemn marching time,
 On music's wing the soul ascends sublime ;
 Full of the deeds that beam through years of old,
 Our clans advance, in might and freedom bold :
 The muse, enraptur'd at the bright survey,
 Bids their lov'd names adorn the unprompted lay.
 With flags display'd, *Clann-Domhnuill's* regal line,
 And Stewart's ranks with martial beauty shine :
 The Cam'rons there, behind their gallant sire,
 Hard as the flint, and fierce as flames of fire ;
 Maclachlans, murd'rous in the van of fight ;
 Macleods, exulting in their native might ;
 Macleans, whose swords could deal the fateful storm,
 When Mars and rage the battling host deform ;
 Victorious Grants, the sons of chiefs renown'd,
 From where Spey's current laves the flow'ry grou
 Mackenzies, that wide waste the leaguer'd vale,
 When the Stag's Branching Antlers mount the gale ;
 Mackinnon's champions join'd with Black Macrae's,
 Whose bright exploits in glory's annals blaze ;
 Macgregor's tribes with arms and prowess steel'd,
 In furious combats never known to yield ;
 The hardy sons of Diarmad fam'd of yore,
 (The chief who felled Glenshee's destructive boar) ;
 The Frasers, awful as the lightning blast,
 With heaps of slaughter'd foes to strew the waste ;
 Chisholm, from northern glens, with marshall'd pow'rs,
 And brave M'Colls, from Appin's sylvan bow'rs ;
 With the strong ranks that bear the Leader's name
 Who gain'd, in Malcolm's days, immortal fame.
 Before the pomp, advanc'd with kingly grace,
 I see the stem of Conn's victorious race,
 Whose siros of old the western sceptre sway'd
 Which all the Isles and Albyn's half obey'd.
 The illustrious chief of Garry's woody vales :
 His radiant standard eddying sweeps the gales,

Mar bhogha-frois anns an speur,
 'S grian ag éiridh air feur-chluain.
 Lann-chasgraidh 's an truaill air bhoinn,
 Loinntreach le h-airgiod 's le h-òr,
 Mar bheithir-dhealain 'na suain,
 Mu'n dùisg a bruidhlein 's na neòil!
 Fuaighte ri h-éileadh nam pleat
 'Tha sporan iallach a' bhruic;
 'S tric a dhioladh as do'n bhochd
 Bho làimh phailt, le gnùis gun stuirt.
 Geal a's corcur a' comh-ghleachd
 'S an osan ghearr, beairt nan cos,
 Bròg bhileach, dhubh 'bu ghrinn snas,
 Mu'n troidh nach dean feur a lot.
 Inneal nan sreann-dhos a' seinn
 Caismeachd a b' àrd-ghlòireach pong,
 Pronnduil lùth'or nam mean roinn,
 Chur aigne air ghoil gu glonn.
 A' tuil-dhòrtadh as gach taobh,
 Faicibh Uaislean nan Saor-Chlann!
 'Sud coille nam mìle miagh
 Nach d' àraich an crìonach cam.
 Dòmhnallaich rìoghail nan sròl;
 Stiùbhartaich d'an còir-bhreith buaidh;
 Clann-Cham'roin, an streup nan arm,
 Cho teann ris an ailbhinn chruaidh;
 Lachannaich chlis nan gleus dlùth;
 Leòdaich nam beum drùighteach, tròm;
 Leathanaich bu luaithe làmh
 'Am boile-chath gàir nan sonn:
 Granndaich is tric a fhuair cis,
 Sliochd nam mìlidh bho thaobh Spéith;
 Clann-Choinnich bu phronntach àr,
 'N uair dh'éireadh àrd Chròchd an Fhéidh;
 Ionmhuinnich euchdach bho'n t-Srath;
 Sliochd Mhic-Rath Dhuibh bu gheal gnìomh;
 Aitim Ghriogair nan colg cruaidh,
 Roimh bhorb shluagh nach gabhadh snìomh;
 Siol Dhiarmaid nam faobhar nochd,
 A mharbh an Tore 'an Gleann-Sìth;
 Frisealaich bhras bho'n Taobh-tuath,
 A dhruim-leanadh ruaig 's an strì;

Conspicuous blazon'd with *Clann-Domhnuill's* shield,
 That rears fame's emblems on its quarter'd field,
 The barge with furling sails, the gory hand,
 The flying eagle, and the croslet wand ;
 Two bears, the types of vanquish'd Lochlin's shame,
 With shafts infix'd, support the mystic frame.
 Its crest, the tow'ring rock in blue pourtray'd,
 And the perch'd raven tinged with sable shade.
Clann-Domhnuill's puissant chief o'er all presides ;
 His active zeal the council forms and guides ;
 They pledge adherence to the patriot laws
 That knit true Gaels to their country's cause,
 That prompt the Gael, like a fiery zone,
 To link as guardians of the British throne ;
 As British freedom, loyal, firm, and bold,
 That never barter'd faith, for proffer'd gold,—
 Through life unstain'd to hold the Gaelic name,
 And dread no form of death like guilty shame.
 No deed of shame the genuine Gael stains,
 No taint of pois'ning guile pervades their veins ;
 Instinctive touch'd with feeling's finest glow,
 They shed refreshing balm on wounds of woe :
 Thus, ev'ning slakes the world with pearly rains,
 When the sun flames on ocean's western plains.
 On wanton foes whose madness prompts their ire,
 They rush like streams of heaven's electric fire,
 When rolling thunders burst in awful peals,
 And nature, tott'ring, to her centre reels !

Facts crowding thick on facts, confirm my strain
 From crops matur'd we judge the parent grain ;
 The tree whose arms with luscious apples glow,
 Supplies no sap for the lean aspen bough ;
 The lion, mightiest of the sylvan kind,
 Breeds not the feeble kid, or tim'rous hind ;
 Nor the shrunk nag that draws the sledgy car
 Can procreate the bounding steed of war.
 Through ages past explore the rolls of fame,
 No speck has soil'd the genuine Gael's name :
 With one rich juice from one nectareous vine,
 Through ev'ry age the generous clusters shine.
 These are the sons of Fingal, Caelt, and Gaul,
 Whose glorious prowess made earth's tyrants fall,
 The great Cuchullin, Oscar, prince of shields,
 And Conn, victorious in a hundred fields—
 Names that shall grace the poet's tuneful rhymes,
 While sun and stars, revolving, measure time.

The Ausonian pow'rs, of their vast conquests vain,
 Have stretch'd their sway o'er Albion's southern plain ;

Clann t-Shola bho'n Apuinn ghuirm;
 Siosalaich nach fuilgeadh tàir;
 Sliochd an Tòisich bu mhòr luaidh,
 Fo Chalum iol-bhuadhach àigh.
 Ceann-suidhe Comuinn gun mheang,
 Mac Oighre Rìgh Innse-Gall,
 Ard-Fhlath an t-slàigh ud Siol Chuinn,
 Alastair uasal nan Gleann.

Tha 'n caidreimh Comuinn nam buadh
 Gach subhaile luach'or bu chòir,
 Firinn mhòr-aigeanach nach strìochd
 Air mhuilein do mhìltibh òir.

Dearbhaidh na feumach am bàigh,
 Mar ghréin àigh sa' Chéitein chiùin,
 Maduinn òg a' sìleadh bhraon,
 'S gach raon a' dealradh fo dhriùchd.
 Eaglach do'n nàmhaid tha'n gruaim,
 Mar chaonnaig uaibhrich nan speur,
 Braghadaich an torruinn chruaidh
 'Cur luasgan fo'n chruinne-ché!

'S nì nach ioghnadh glòir mo dhàin,
 'S dualchas do'n bhàrr gnàths an t-sil;
 A freumhach abhail nan seud
 Cha bhrìst geug a' chrithinn chrìn.
 Bho gharg leòghann nan tosg fiar
 Choidhch' cha sìolaich am meann tais,
 'S cha bheir làir-pheallach a' chléibh
 Crùith-each àluinn nan leum bras.
 Rannsaich gach sgeula bho shean,
 Bha 'n deadh Ghàidheal riamh gun chron,
 An fhìonain dhearc-thoireach ghlan,
 Do'n aon bhrìgh bho bhàrr gu bun.
 Sliochd Chuchulainn, Chaoilt', a's Fhinn,
 Osgair, a's Oisein, a's Ghuill,
 'S rìgh nan ceud cath d' am b' ainm Conn,
 'S cian a bhios luaidh air na suinn.

Ged b' àrd na Ròimhich 'an gleus,
 'S a' mhagh-thìr gu léir fo'n ceann,
 Thug SAORSA buaidh anns an strìth,
 'S ghléidh i dhi féin Tìr-nam-Beann.
 Cha snaoidh an Gàidheal 'an teinn—
 Treun'tas a dhaingneach 's cha 'n fhoill,

But northern Freedom cried:—"My sons! combine;
 Dread not yon foe; the land of hills is mine."
 The hill-born heroes Freedom's flag unfurl'd,
 And check'd Rome's progress in the western world.
 No fear the Gael's dauntless soul can tame;
 Not fraud but prowess gains him deathless fame,
 He fights or falls in native freedom brave,
 And scorns to live on terms that bind the slave.
 O'er Mili's gallant sons to usurp the rein,
 Proud Scandinavia try'd, but try'd in vain.
 On Albyn's shores she won sepulchral grounds:
 This right is fix'd, till the last trumpet sounds.
 All Enrope, from Iberia's wave-beat coast,
 Through her wide realms, to Zembla's world of frost,
 In praise of Scotia's mountain race conjoins,
 How in fame's fields their peerless valour shines.
 From the green bow'rs where first young Sol awakes,
 To woods that hide him from Columbian lakes,
 Renown's acclaims in answ'ring echoes roll,
 And circle the vast sphere from pole to pole.

Napoleon led his firm embattl'd train
 Where seven-stream'd Nilus soaks the Libyan plain;
 Before him shone Britannia's pride display'd,
 And thus, predictive of war's fate, he said:
 "Those are the tribes of Albyn's northern hills,
 The extended realms of earth their glory fills:
 Be strong, my warriors! ere the close of day,
 Yon parti-colour'd lines, so grimly gay,
 May teach what force the soul of Oscar steel'd,
 And how great Fingal's arm could waste the field."
 Truth seal'd his speech. The champaign blaz'd around;
 The nations mix'd, red slaughter stain'd the ground;
 The "Unconquer'd host" a conquest soon became,
 And fall'n or fled, resign'd an empty name.

The plain of Waterloo's decisive fray,
 Attests the Gael's full exerted sway:
 Squares rang'd by squares, in mail-cas'd myriads, stood,
 The spoilers of the world, athirst for blood.
 War's columns now advanc'd in silent state,
 Majestic, awful, big with Europe's fate!
 Britannia's Lion roar'd:—"My cubs, away!
 Spring on yon wolves, and glut your maws with prey!"
 Swords clash'd, steel rattled, murder march'd before,
 And strew'd the scene with corpses bath'd in gore!
 When Morven's plaided sons, in vengeful ire,
 Roll'd on the steely wall the flood of fire,
 It broke, as melts a mass of dusky haze,
 When Sol, in Cancer, darts the noontide blaze!

Cha mheal am fìor-ghaisgeach tàir,
'S annsa leis am bàs na chuing.

'S tric thug Lochlunn ionnsuidh chlàith
Gu sìol Mhìlidh 'chur fo smàig;
Fhuair i 'n Albuinn eug a's uaigh,
Seilbh is buan di gu là bhràth.
Na crìochan Eòrpach gu léir,
Innsidh sgeul air Laoich nan Sliabh,
Am buillsgein gach deannail chruaidh
Mar chuireadh iad ruaig gu dian.
'S maireann an alladh 's gu' r cian,
Fad 's a shiubhlar fonn a's cuan—
Bho 'n tìr 's am mosgail a' ghrian,
Gu 'tàmh an iar air chùl nan stuadh.

Stiùir Napoleon am mòr-chath
Air bruaich Niluis nan seachd sruth,
Sheall e, 's inntinn fo throm cheal,
Air reang nam fear bu chaoine cruth.
"S Gàidheil iad sud," ars' an sonn,
"Gaisgich chliùiteach nan Tuath Bheann,
Dearbhaidh torruinn an geur lann
Mar chogadh Osgar a's Fionn."
B' fhior a bhriathar—las am blàr,
Thionnsgain spàirn nam bròcladh searbh,
Dh'fhàs na Do-cheannsaich gun chlàith—
Cho-chaille iad an nì 's an t-ainm.

Fhuair iad ath-dheuchain a' chràidh
Aig Bhatarlàidh nan àr tròm,
Cho dlùth 's ga'n robh 'mheatailt àigh
Ga'n còmhach bho bhàrr gu bonn.
Bheuchd Leòghunn Bhreatuinn le sgairt:—
"As oirbh a Chuileinean gràidh!
Gheibh sibh thallud sealbh gu pailt,
Glacaibh a's casgraibh 'ur sàth."
'Sin far an robh spòltadh truagh,
Lannan luatha 'bruanadh chnàmh,
Closachain, 'n am plod-fhuil ruadh,
A' dearg-dhath gach cluan do'n bhlàr.
Leagh am meall cruadhach gu léir
Roimh mhaoim theinnti nan treun mòr,
Amhuil baideal do cheò ciar
A sgapas a' ghrian mu nòin!

For this the valiant Gael shine renown'd,
 With glory's never-fading laurels crown'd;
 Now rais'd aloft, Old Caledonia's name,
 With lasting beams shall gild the sphere of fame.

Hail, chiefs and patriots now combin'd to save
 Our ancient rites from time's all swallowing grave!
 While you protect the sea-girt queen of isles,
 She stands secure of force and fraudulent wiles.
 The Gael's freedom fenc'd by sacred laws
 Now joins his own with his dear country's cause:
 The Gaelic, sham'd and fetter'd now no more,
 Resumes full empire on her fav'rite shore.
 Auspicious era, hail! The power of love
 Descending from the blissful thrones above,
 With the fair choir of Virtues, hand in hand,
 Shall fix their reign in Albyn's favour'd land.
 Discord, and fell oppression, head-long thrown,
 On hell's red rocks with tortur'd fiends shall groan:
 The spring of heav'n shall now with fost'ring gales,
 Make our hills green, and fertilize our vales.
 Youths, herds, and flocks, unnumber'd swarm around,
 Thick as the ferns that skirt the sylvan bound,
 Arts, tillage, commerce, rear a patriot train,
 To wield the sword, or plough the spacious main;
 While Christian truth, and classic learning join'd,
 Unfolding all the boundless realms of mind.
 Refining love shall thus his warmth diffuse,
 Peace, grace, and bliss distil empyreal dews,
 And the great Age, in rolls of fate foretold,
 Beam on our happy Isle with rays of Gold.
 Thou, at whose potent word primæval light,
 Flash'd through chaotic glooms, and scatter'd night,
 Sov'reign of heav'n and earth! vouchsafe to smile
 With choice regard on Freedom's Western Isle!
 May the great fabric of her threefold sway
 Endure, till earth and seas and skies decay!
 Preserve our prince, the realm's illustrious heir;
 His life, his throne, be thy perpetual care!
 Preserve our state from faction's rending jars;
 Preserve the hosts that bravely fight our wars;
 Preserve the native rights that form our boast,
 Preserve the Oaken Mound that walls our coast;
 May British Majesty unrivall'd shine,
 While Phœbe's force attracts the surging brine,
 And ev'ry flag on ocean's breast unfurled
 Revere the mistress of the wat'ry world.

'N a lorg sud tha meas a's miagh
 Air Clann Ghàidheal nan colg geur;
 Bidh cliù gach linn air an gnìomh
 Fhad 's a dh'iadhas grian mu'n speur.

Mìle beannachd, mìle buaidh,
 Air Comunn uaislean mo rùn:
 Cha snisnich Breatunn le fiamh
 A's sibhse mar dhion ar a cùl.
 Thog Albuinn a ceann le h-uaille,
 Dh'fhuasgladh a' Ghàilig á snaoim,
 Tha còir gach saorsain gu feum
 Aig sliochd Ghàidheal nam beus grinn.
 Thig sonas, a's bliochd, a's maoin,
 Fial'achd a's tìus, faoilt' a's bàigh;
 Sgaoilidh, 'n am mìltean, 'ur siol
 Mar fhrainich nam fiadh-ghleann fàs.
 Eiridh gaisreadh ghallan ùr
 A dhion Bhreatuinn, mar mhùr prais,
 'S an ifrinn loisgeach nam pian
 Taisgear folachd fo chiad glas.
 Bidh eòlas a's creidimh fìor
 A' stiùradh nan gnìomh le beachd,
 'S tionnsgnaidh an Aois Oir 'an sìth,
 Mar a dh'òrduigh Rìgh nam feart.
 'Thus', a las an aibheis chian,
 Le 'saoghalaibh 's le 'grianaibh iùil!
 Didein Ban-Impir' a' chuain
 Gu là Luan, mar chloich do shùl.
 Coisrig i deas agus tuath,
 Coisrig gach sluagh tha fo 'reachd,
 'S am boire nan deubhadh garg
 Treòraich-sa gu sealbh a feachd.
 Deònaich d'ar Prionns' òirdheire, àigh
 Saoghal aoibhin 's gach àrd-bhuaidh;
 Deònaich sàr ghliocas d'a chùirt,
 Chum 's gu'n dearbh iad iùil do d' shluagh.
 Naomhaich ar lagh, gléidh ar còir,
 Gun cham fhòirneart 'g am buin' dinn,
 'S aig Mòrachd Bhreatuinn biodh bàrr,
 Fo d' shaor ghràs bho linn gu linn.

THE EMIGRANT.

Fast by the margin of a mossy rill,
 That wander'd, gurg'ling, down a heath-clad hill,
 An aged peasant stood, oppress'd with woe,
 And eyed the ocean's flood that foam'd below.

Where, gently rocking, on the rising tide,
 A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride ;
 Unwonted well I ween, for ne'er before
 Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore.

Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd,
 Beyond the shelter of his native shade :
 His few remaining hairs were silver gray,
 And his rough face had seen a better day.

Around him, bleating, stray'd a scanty flock,
 And a few goats o'erhung the neighb'ring rock ;
 One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
 And strove, with many a trick, to ease his care.

While, o'er his furrow'd cheeks, the salt drops ran,
 He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began:—
 “Farewell! Farewell! dear Caledonia's strand,
 Rough though thou be, yet still my native land:

“Exil'd from thee, I seek a foreign shore,
 Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more.
 By hard oppression driven, my helpless age
 That should, e'er now, have left life's bustling stage,

AN T-EILTHIREACH.

Aig caochan nan srann a's nan lùb,
 'Bha le tùchanaich teàrnadh o'n chreig,
 Sheas àireach nan treud 's e gun sunnd,
 A chridhe le fòirneart fo smal.
 O'n fhireach, 'bha còmhdaicht' le fraoch,
 An t-aosda thug sùil air an loch
 'Bha luasgadh le iomairt na gaoith,
 'S a' bualadh air cladach gun chlos.
 Air uachdar na tuinne air tràigh,
 Far nach b' àbhaist do bhàta a bhi,
 Bha long nan crann-àrda na tàmh,
 'N a h-ìoghnadh do 'n àireach 's d'a mhi.
 Seach beanntaibh a ghràidh a's a ghaoil
 De'n t-saoghal cha'n fhacaidh e dad;
 'S air dha bhi nis liath leis an aois
 O'n sealladh cha'n iarradh dol as.
 Bha na caoraich a' mèilich r'a chluais,
 'S na h-uain a' mireag gu mear;
 Agus gobhair ag iarraidh nam bruach
 'An tòir air eaghann 's air cneamh.
 Bha 'n gaodhar nach do dhìobair e riamh
 Ag iarraidh, le iomadh lùchleas,
 Sòlas aiseag d'a chombanach liath,
 'S a chridhe ath-nuadhach' le gean.
 Na chunnaic e dhrùigh air gu trom,
 Agus lùb e 'cheann fo throm sprochd;
 A dheuraibh bhrùchd a nuas mar an tonn,
 'S air a chlàrsaich gu'n d' sheinn e mar so:—
 “O Albuinn! slàn leat, slàn gu bràth—
 Am fhòg'rach 's éiginn dhomhsa triall
 O'n ghleann 's an d' fhuair mi m'arach tràth—
 An tìr 's an robh mo dhìslean riamh.
 “Tha ainneart cruaidh 'g am chur air falbh,
 A's tìr mo ghaoil cha'n fhaic mi 'choidhch,—
 Cha till, cha till mi nall thar sàil'
 A chòmhradh ri mo chàirdean caomh.
 Tha aois na h-uallach orm 'tha trom,
 'S mo chasan lag air chrith gu luath;

“ Is forc’d the ocean’s boist’rous breast to brave,
 In a far distant land to seek a grave.
 Thou dear companion of my happier life,
 Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife!

“ ’Twas here you rear’d, with fond maternal pride,
 Five comely sons: three for their country died!
 Two yet remain, sad remnant of the wars,
 Without one mark of honour—but their scars.

“ Contented still we rear’d, with sturdy hands,
 The scanty produce of our niggard lands;
 Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir’d—
 No more from us our gen’rous lord requir’d.

“ But, ah, sad change! those blessed days are o’er,
 And peace, content, and safety, charm no more:
 Another lord now rules these wide domains,
 The avaricious tyrant of the plains.

“ Far, far from hence, he revels life away,
 In guilty pleasure; our poor means must pay.
 The mossy plains, the mountain’s barren brow,
 Must now be tortur’d by the tearing plough.

“ On you, dear native land! from whence I part,
 Rest the best blessing of a broken heart.
 If, in some future hour, the foe shall land
 His hostile legions on Britannia’s strand,

“ May she not, then, the alarum sound in vain,
 Nor miss her banish’d thousands on the plain.
 Feed on, my sheep: for, though depriv’d of me,
 My cruel foes shall your protectors be;

Is beag a shaoil leam thar nan tonn
Gu'm feumainn dol a dh'iarraidh m' uaigh'.

Mo chéile, m' annsachd, mo bhean ghaoil!

Tha nis gu tosdach, balbh san ùir,
Bu shona sinn 'n uair bha sinn saor
O fhoill, o fhòirneart, a's o thnù.

"Ar còignear mhac, mar ghallain ùr,
'S a' ghleann so dh' altrum thu le gràdh,
Ach anns an àrfhaich thuit dhiubh trìuir,
'S tha dhà air mhaireann treun mar bha.

"Tha mic mo rùin gun chliù, gun duais,
Ach lotan ruadh nan sleaghan trom;
Gidheadh le saothair 's fallus gruaidh
Fhuair sinn ar teachd-an tìr o'n fhonn.

"Neo-thorach, cruaidh ged bha an raon
Bha 'màl ro shaor 's ar maighstir grinn;
'N sin fada uainn bha gruaim a' mhaoir,
'Sam fàrdùich chlùthmhoir chòmhnùich sinn.

"Ach, O, mo chreach! ar n-uachd'ran dh'eug,
A's mar ris thréig tolinntinn mi;
Oir thàinig maighstir cruaidh 'n a dhéigh
'Tha 'g éigheach' bhoichd a's nochd o'n tìr.

"Tha 'm màl a tha e 'toirt o 'thuath
'G a struitheadh luath a réir a mhiann;
A shògh a's aighear rinn gach uair
Ar gàirdean a riasladh gu dian.

"A thìr mo ghràidh! gach beannachd leat—
Beannachd mo chrìdh tha cràiteach, goirt;
Daingean gu'n robh thu 'n sìth 's an neart,
A's gainne ghaisgeach nì'n robh ort.

"N uair 'bhrùchdas do naimhdean mu'n cuairt
Biodh do bhratach a' srannraich 's a' ghaoth,
'S na mìltean le'n stàilinnean cruaidh
A' còmhrag le neart air an taobh.

"Mo chaoirich ionaltraibh-se gun sgàth,
'Ur gineil o'n t-sionnach bidh saor;
Luchd mi-rùin stiùraidh sibh gach là
Air sgàth am buannachd shaogh'lt'.

“For their own sakes, shall pen your straggling flocks
And save your lambkins from the rav’nous fox.
Feed on, my goats: another now shall drain
Your stream, that heal disease, and soften pain.

“No stream, alas! shall ever, ever flow
To heal your master’s heart, or soothe his woe.
But, hark! my sons loud call me from the vale;
And, lo! the vessel spreads her swelling sail.

“Farewell! Farewell!”—Awhile his hands he wrung,
And, o’er his crook, in silent sorrow hung:
Then, casting many a ling’ring look behind,
Down the steep mountain’s brow began to wind.

SPRING.*

With the dawning of Spring the song shall arise,
As the herbs spring anew under kindlier skies;
All nature is glad, gone the source of her woe—
Hear how sweetly the strains of the choristers flow.

The Winter has passed from the climes of the North,
Instead of its chill breath the warmth issues forth;
The hail-stones, so frigid in bleak other days,
Are dissolved in the heat of the bright solar rays.

The sun is now sending his radiance abroad,
From the East to the West on his high azure road;
While the primrose, that erst was concealing its head,
Is decking with beauty the mountain and glade,

* The authorship of this Poem has been attributed to Dr. N. M’Leod in consequence of our supposing that the initials, “O. T.” were but a mistaken transposition of “T. O.” the well-known signature of Dr. M’Leod. We had a communication from Mr John White, Easdale, certifying that “Spring” is the production

“A ghobh’raibh breac o’n tric a fhuair
 Mì cuachag bhliochd gun mhoit, gun sgraing,
 A dh’ fhògair easlainte o m’ ghruaidh,
 A’s leis an d’ fhàs mo chlann gun mheang.

“Ach iocshlainte cha bhlais mi choidhch’
 A sgaoileas cràdh mo chridhe ’n céin;
 Ach sgair, mo chlàrsach, sgair a d’ chaoidh,
 Tha glaoth mo mhac ga m’ ghairm o’n bheinn.

“Tha glaoth mo mhac ga m’ ghairm o’n bheinn,
 Na sìuil tha togta ris an luing;
 Slàn le m’ bheanntan, slàn le m’ ghlinn,
 Mac-talla choidhch’ mo ghuth cha chluinn!”

Ag osnaich ’s a’ suathadh a làmh,
 Sheall air gach àite car greis;
 ’S o’n aonach a’ tèarnadh gu tràigh
 B’ iomadh sìil ’thug an t-àireach air ais.



AN T-EARRACH.

’An toiseach an Earraich bidh an t-òran a’ fàs
 Mar chinneas na lusan am broilleach a’ bhlàis;
 Tha nàdur fàs ait, dh’ fhalbh aobhar a bhròin,—
 Nach cluinn thu na ceileirean ’sheinneas na h-eòin.

Tha ’n Geamhradh air teicheadh o’n Deas chum an Tuath,
 ’S an àite fuachd feannach am blàs ’faotainn buaidh;
 ’S na buidhnean chlach-mheallain bha sgaitheach o chéin,
 Air leaghadh gu tlàs ann an deàrsa na gréin’.

Tha ’ghrian nis a’ sgaoileadh a gàirdean a mach—
 O’n Ear gus an Iar tha i ’g iarraidh mar theach;
 ’S an t-sòbhrag bha greis uainn a’ folach a cinn,
 Le caomh mhaist’ tha ’breacadh a’ mhonaidh ’s na gliinn.

of his brother, the late Mr Robert White. Through the kindness of Mr Peter M’Naughton, Tullipourie, by Dunkeld, a gentleman to whom we are indebted for many other literary favours, we are enabled to give this English translation of “Spring,” which we are sure will be very gratifying to the friends of the author.

But Spring, though the battles of elements all
Have passed from the Highlands and plains of the Gall,
Yet think not of slumber, but stern vigils hold,
Lest they come like the ravens to ravage the fold.

The strong healthy ploughman is tearing the steep,
Overturning the sward in the furrow so deep;
The sower steps smartly dispensing the seed,
While after him closely the harrows succeed.

The bloom-buds of Autumn's fruit swell on the tree,
And the green hue of Spring tinges forest and lea;
The ant-hill is stirring—the flies, with delight,
Disport in the beams that are shining so bright.

The thistle is stretching its spiky leaves out,
Defying the Winter to put it to rout.
No wonder the grass grows so rankly and full,
There's a sun in the heaven, and one in the pool.

The woods in the tempest that leaflessly sighed,
Are covered with blossoms, and leaves on each side.
'Tis pleasant aloft through their umbrage to peer,
While the hum of the honey-bee sounds in my ear:

In the Awe the fishes that ceaselessly play,
Are seeking the flies in the waterfall's spray;
From the rock the otter is eager to spring,
From the depth of the pool the salmon to bring.

The goat is essaying to rise on the steep,
While teaching her young one so agile to leap;
The lamb round the bushes aye sportively runs.
While its dam for it seeks by the brinks of the linns.

Round the high peaks of Cruachan the birds are in flight,—
The strong-pinioned eagle, the raven, the kite;
In my ears the lowing of red-deer is heard,
And the song of the maiden a-milking the herd.

The sun now has set on the bright vernal day,
And gone to deliver the charms up to May;
I see Summer coming o'er mountain and tarn,—
There is joy in the valleys and woods of Muc-carn!

Ach Earraich, ged chaidh uait na baideil air chall,
'S a dh'fhàg iad an Ard-thìr a's còmhnhard nan Gall,
Dean faicill mar ghaisgeach, na smuainich air snain,
Mu'm pill iad mar fhithich a mhilleadh nan uan.

Tha'n t-airean gun euslain a' reubadh nan enoc,
'S a' tionndadh nan neòinean 'measg ùir anns a' ghlaic;
Fear eile gu surdail a' sgapadh an fhrois,
Agus each a's cliath-chliata nan deann aig a chois.

Tha bàr-gucag an Fhoghair ag at air a' chraoibh,
A's lìth uain' an Earraich a' sgaoileadh gach taobh;
Tha'n tom-sheangan a' gluasad, 's a' chuileag gu mear,
A' dannsadh 's a' ghrian-ghath tha 'sineadh o'n Ear.

Tha 'm foghnan a' sìneadh a shleaghan a mach,
'Toirt dùlan do 'n Gheamhradh ris pilleadh gu 'theach.
Cha 'n ioghnadh leam idir mar chinneas am fear,
Tha grian anns an linne, 's aon eile 's an speur.

Tha 'choill a bha lomnochd a' feadail 's a' ghaoith
'Ga còmhdach le duilleach, a's blàthaibh gach taobh.
Is taitneach an sealladh bhi 'g amhare a suas,
A's srannan an t-seillein a' seirín ann am chluais.

'S an Atha na h-éisg tha ri mire gun chlos,
A' sireadh nan cuileag taobh geal-bhuinne cas;
'S beist-donn air sgòrr creige air chrith gu bhì shìos
An doimhneachd 'an aigein thoirt bradain a nìos.

Tha ghobhar a' faochnadh ri aodan a' chnaip,
A' teagasg d'a minnean an ealain air streap;
Agus uan a' sìor mhireag mu'n cuairt air a' phreas,
'S a mhàthair ga shireadh mu bhruchaibh an eas.

Air àrd uilinn Chruachain tha gluasad nan eun—
Am fitheach, an croman, 's an iolaire threun;
'S gu m' chluasaibh tha 'tighinn àrd lagan an fhéidh,
Agus ceòlan na h-ainnir 's i 'leigeil na spréidh.

Tha ghrian nis air luidhe air Earrach an àigh,
'S e le aoidh 'dol a liubhairt an àil suas do'n Mhàgh;
Chì mi 'n Samhradh a' tighinn air uilinn nan càrn,
'S gàir ait anns na gleannaibh 's an coille Mhuc-càrn!

“THE WHOLE CREATION GROANETH.”

I walked amid the forest where
 The autumn wind had past,
 And blighted all its wealth of leaves,
 They shivered in the blast;
 And as I looked there came the thought
 Of that Eternal Spring,
 Which will not have one faded hue
 To mar its hallowing!

I marked the beast of burden,
 Yea, the brute of ev'ry kind,
 And man oppress it, though he boasts
 A soul and lofty mind;
 Yea, to my ears it seemed as if
 From earth's life-teeming sod,
 One loud and bitter cry of woe
 Arose to nature's God.

I looked to man, and lo! his life
 Was one continued chain
 Of strife and sorrow, care and grief,
 And ah! how much of pain!
 Exposed to troubles from without,
 A prey to foes within,
 The cause and consequence behold
 In sin—accursed sin!

I watched the Christian and beheld,
 That though his serious eye
 Was often kindled up to joy
 By sunbeams from on high,
 Yet doubt would cloud his brightest hope,
 And his repentant moan
 Was far the saddest tone that swelled
 Creation's choral groan.

But there were moments when his faith
 Seemed merged in actual sight,
 And he beheld that glorious time
 Through dark Creation's night,

“AN CRUTHACHADH UILE AG OSNAICH.”

Na claisean fliuch bha lionta suas
 Le duilleach ruadh nan craobh,
 A bha le gaoth an fhaoghair fhuair,
 Iom-luaisgte air gach taobh;
 An uair a dh' amhaire mi mu 'n cuairt
 Ghrad smuaintich mi le h-aoibh
 Mu theachd an earraich shiorruidh, bhuain
 'S nam blàth bhios nuadh a choidheh!

Chunnaig mi 'n t-ainmhidh sàruicht', soirbh,
 'S na brùidean balbh gu léir,
 Bho 'n duine 'fulang ainneart doirbh
 Ged tha e 'n dealbh a Dhé;
 Seadh, bha e dhomhs' mar aon chruaidh ghlaodh
 Bho ghnùis an t-saoghail mu 'n cuairt,
 Bha 'g éiridh suas ri Dia, a thaobh
 Am péin 's an daorsa chruaidh.

Chunnaig mi 'n duine 's bha e ghnàth
 Gun fhois bho chràdh no caoidh,
 'S an acain throm na uchd a bha
 A dh' oidheh' 's a là ga chlaoidh!
 A mach bha uile do-chunnt' fa sgaoil,
 'S bha naimhdean baoth a steach;
 Am pòr 's an toradh, taobh ri taobh,
 Dh' fhàg glaoth a' bhròin 's gach teach!

A thaobh a' Chrìosduidh ghabh mi beachd,
 Ged chite fois 'na ghnùis,
 'S le solus, mar 'o nèamh a' teachd,
 Ged las gu tric a shùil;
 Gidheadh a dhòchas shiùbhladh uaith',
 'S cha robh aon fhuaim fo nèamh
 A leth cho mulaideach do m' chluais
 Ri osnaich chruaidh a chléibh.

Ach bheirt' am brat corr uair a thaobh
 Tha 'n tràths' a' roinn nan sian,
 'S an t-àm sin chitheadh e le h-aoibh
 Troimh dhuibhre oidheche tiom,

When this lost world will be again
 To perfect bliss restored,
 And every creature hail with joy
 The presence of its Lord!

But oh! to him the sweetest thought
 Was that his sin would be
 No more a burden, and his soul
 From its defilement free;
 That clouds of unbelief and doubt
 Could never, never come
 To hide his Saviour, and obscure
 His title to his home.

Oh! happy hour, when all will be
 In strong alliance bound,
 The mighty chain of Christian love
 About each spirit wound;
 When renovated earth proclaims
 Decay and Death are o'er,
 And praise is glad Creation's voice—
 Her *groan* is heard no more!

THE LAMENT OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

The beauty of our land lies slain,
 On wild Gilboa's side,
 Our mighty ones are fallen,
 In their valour and their pride:
 Tell not in Gath nor Askelon
 That they are lying low,
 Lest fierce Philistia's mocking maids
 Be joyous in our woe.

Ye mountains of Gilboa,
 Be never more on you
 The showers and promise of the spring,
 Nor summer's gentle dew!

'N uair dh' aisigear gu sonas buan
 An saoghal truagh so rìs,
 'S a bhios air maitheas Rìgh nan sluagh
 Gu h-ait a' luaidh gach nì.

Ach so an smuain a thog a chrìdh',
 Nach milleadh nì gu bràth
 An t-saorsa gheibheadh e 's an t-sìth
 O pheacadh gnìomh a's càil;
 'S gu cian nan cian nach éireadh suas
 Cùis rugha gruaidh, no neul
 A dh' fholach gnùis Fhir-saoraidh uaith',
 No 'chòir air suaimhneas nèimh.

Oh! àm an àigh 'n uair bhios gach treubh
 Mar aon fo nèamh gu léir,
 Gach sluagh is cinneach a toirt gràidh
 Do Dhia 's do chàch a chéil';
 An uair a dh' éigheas fonn a's cuan
 Gu 'n d' sgriosadh uaigh a's bàs,
 A's tuilleadh acain, péin no truaigh,
 Nach bris air cluais gu bràth.

CUMHA DHAIBHIDH AIR SON SHAUIL AGUS IONATAIN.

Tha mais' an t-sluaigh air beanntaibh garbh
 Ghilboa sinnt' gun treòir;
 Oir thuit ar gaisgich chumbachdach
 'An àird' an tréin' 's an glòir:
 Na chuinnte 'n Gat no'n Ascelon
 Gur h-ìosal cinn nan sonn,
 Mu'n dean na h-òighean Philisteach
 'N ar bròn-ne uaill le fonn.

A shléibhtean àrd Ghilboa
 Na sìleadh oirbh gu bràth
 'S an earrach frasan gealltannach,
 No drùchd 's an t-samhradh bhlàth!

For on your steeps the royal shield
 Was vilely cast away,
 And dead amongst the countless slain,
 The anointed monarch lay.

Foremost in fight the matchless bow,
 Of Jonathan was bent,
 Foremost in fight the fiery sword,
 Of Saul destroying went;
 Like eagles swift, like lions strong,
 Their lovely lives were one,
 And now, unparted in the grave,
 They slumber, sire and son.

Daughters of Israel, weep for them,
 Whose valiant hearts are cold,
 Who gave the scarlet robes ye wear,
 And wreathed your locks with gold !
 O Jonathan ! full sore I weep,
 For thee, sweet brother mine,
 For passing woman's love to me,
 Was that dear love of thine.

How are the mighty fallen,
 On high Gilboa's side,
 In the thickest of the battle,
 In their glory and their pride !
 How are the mighty fallen,
 On the red accursed field,
 With bow and blade beside them laid,
 And broken spear and shield.

THE TRUE HERO.

HE who would win a warrior's fame,
 Must shun, with ever watchful aim,
 Entangling things of life;
 His couch the earth—heaven's arching dome
 His airy tent,—his only home
 The field of martial strife.

Oir 's ann an sin 'chaidh sgiath an rìgh
 A thilgeadh sìos le tàir,
 'S a luidh am measg nam mìltean marbh
 Corp uasal, ungt' an t-sàir.

Bha bogha buadh'or Ionatain
 Air thoiseach anns gach càs;
 'S air thùs bha claidheamh millteach Shauil,
 'S na lorg chaidh sgrios a's bàs;
 Mar fhìr-eòin luath, mar leògh'naibh treun
 Maraon bha 'm beatha chaomh;
 'S a nis 'n an suain tha 'n rìgh 's a mhac,
 Neo-sgairte, taobh ri taobh.

A nighnean Israeil deanaibh caoidh
 Air son nan gaisgeach mòr,
 A dh'eudaich sibh le sgàrlaid,
 A's a chrùn 'ur cinn le h-òr!
 O! Ionatain, mo bhràth'ir, a'd' dhéigh
 Is goirt mo dheòir 's mo chràdh!
 Oir b' iongantach, thar gaol nam ban,
 'S bu taitneach dhomh do ghràdh.

Cionnus, mo chreach! air beanntaibh àrd
 Ghilboa 'thuit na sàir!
 'An àird' an glòir 'sam mòralachd,
 'S am builsghean dian a' bhlàir!
 Cionnas a thuit na cumhachdaich
 Air faiche dheirg na strì,
 A's sìunt' r' an taobh tha 'n sgiath 's an t-sleagh,
 Am bogha 's lann, gun chli!



AM FIOR GHAIISGEACH.

Esan a choisneadh cliù mar threun
 Seachnadh le faicill mhaith 's le céill
 Gach nì bheir tuisleadh dha:
 An làr a leaba, 's nèamh nan speur
 A phàiliunn 'cumail sgàil air féin—
 'S an àrfhaich biodh gach tràth.

Unwearied by the battle's toil,
 Uncumber'd by the battle's spoil,
 No dangers must affright;
 Nor rest seduce to slothful ease;
 Intent alone his Chief to please,
 Who call'd him forth to fight.

Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be
 Worthy that epithet, stand free
 From time's encumb'ring things;
 Be earth's enthrallments fear'd, abhor'd,
 Knowing thy Leader is the Lord,
 Thy Chief, the King of kings.

Still use, as not abusing, all
 Which fetters worldlings by its thrall:—
 With fame, with power, with pelf,
 With joy or grief, with hope or fear,
 Whose origin and end are here,
 Entangle not thyself.

These close enough will round thee cling,
 Without thy tight'ning ev'ry string
 Which binds them to thy heart:—
 Despise them not! this thankless were,
 But while partaking them, prepare,
 From each and all to part.

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.*

While bounteous harvest teeming o'er,
 Its fulness yields on every hand—
 While sweet the heather's purple bloom
 With fragrance fills the mountain land—

* These beautiful verses, composed by the Rev. D. Fraser of Fearn, obtained the First Prize at the Northern Meeting Competition in 1863. Mr. Fraser very generously handed over the

Neo-chlaidhte biodh e 'n déigh na streup,
 'S neo-luchdaichte le spùill nan euchd,
 Na biodh fo gheilt, no fhiamh;
 Na biodh le leisg no lunn'd e mall,
 Ach deanadh toil an 'Ti 's gach àm
 A ghairm e 's is e 'Thriath.

A shaighdear Chrìosd, mu's maith leat féin
 Bhi airidh air an ainm, na géill
 Do dh'uallach trom na feòl';
 Do chuing an t-saoghail thoir-sa fuath,
 Oir 's e do Cheannard Triath nam buadh,
 'S do Mhaighstir Rìgh na glòir.

Gu h-ìomchuidh cleachd na fhuair thu mhaoin,
 'S na bi mar àireamh mhòr de dhaoin'
 Fo chuibhreach dha gach là:
 Le h-aoibhneas, no le trioblaid mhòir,
 A' gairm an cuibhrionn deth 's an stòr—
 Na bi-sa mar tha càch.

Ged nach tarruing thu gach dual
 An saoghal iadhaidh teann mu'n cuairt
 Do chridhe chealgaich féin:
 Air maitheas Dhé na dean-sa tàir,
 Gidheadh 'n a mhealladh cuimhnich tràth,
 Gu'n tig gu gearr an t-eug.

AM PRIONNSA NACH MAIREANN.

'N uair tha 'm fogh'radh air gach taobh
 A' taomadh sìos le tharbhachd làn—
 'N uair tha fàile blàth an fhraoich
 Gu cùbhr' a' sgaoileadh air gach làimh;

Who is she, the afflicted Fair,
Up Lochnagar that wends her way,
Her sorrowing face and weeds of woe
Attesting she has lost her stay?

Who, but Victoria, gracious Queen,
The merciful, the true, and just,
Bewailing on the mountain's brow
Her Consort lowly in the dust:—
“O! Albert, object of my love!
From the high place where is thy rest,
Dost thou behold me on the heath
With loneliness and grief oppress?

“Oft here, my love, retired, alone,
By sheltering bens, 'neath heavens clear,
Hast thou in secrecy avowed
Thy love for me and children dear!
A widow I am left behind,
To shed the tear with heavy moan;
While they, in bitter accents, wail
A loving father from them gone.

“For, *och nan och*, the heart is cold
That oft beside me warmly beat,
All mute and silent in the tomb
The charming tongue without deceit.
The lightsome foot, with buoyant step
That chased the deer along the steep,
Now stretched and stiff—ah! utter loss!—
The grave and death in durance keep!

“O! what to me the crown I wear?
Or palaces with splendour gay?
The while my heart is broken, bruised,
Because my Prince is in the clay!
I would resign my sway o'er realms
From sunrise to his going down,
To meet my husband on this hill,
As in the days of seasons flown!”

Cò is' a' Bhaintighearn 'tha fo ghruaim,
 A' dìreadh suas ri Lochnangàr,
 'S a tha 'giùlan air a gruidh
 Dearbhadh gu bheil uaip' a sàr?

Cò ach Bhictoria nam beus,
 Banrigh àghmhor nan ceud buagh,
 'Si 'tuireadh air mullach an t-sléibh
 A chionn a céil' a bhi 's an uaigh:—
 "O! Ailbeirt, annsachd mo ghaoil!
 O'n ionad naomh 's am bheil do thàmh,
 An leir dhuit mis' air lom an fhraoich,
 A' m' aonar an so fo phràmh?

"An so, a rùin, is tric, leinn féin,
 Fo ghorm-bhrat speur, fo fhasgadh bheann,
 A' chuir thu gu dìomhair 'an céill
 Do mhòr spéis dhomh féin 's d' ar clann!
 Tha *mise* a'm' bhantraich a'd' dhéigh,
 A' sileadh dheur fo' osnaibh throm,—
 Tha *iadsan* a' cumha gu'n d'eug
 An t-athar gràdhach, reul nan sonn.

"Och nan Och! tha'n cridhe fuar
 A's tric a phlosg le luaths ri m' chléith;
 Gun smid tha tosdach anns an uaigh
 A'n teanga' luath-ghaireach gun bheud.
 Tha 'chos bu shunndaiche ceum
 Air tòir an fhéidh ri uchd nan càrn
 Gu rag, sìnte—mo chreach léir!
 Fo chìs do'n eug, fo ghlais a' bhàis!

"O! ciod e dhomhsa glòir mo chrùin?
 Ciod dhomh lùchairtean nan sròl?
 'M feadh tha mo chridhe briste, brùit',
 A chionn mo rùn a bhi fo'n fhòid!
 Bheirinn m' impireachd gu léir,
 O éiridh gréin' gu 'luidhe sìos,
 Air son gu 'n tachradh orm mo chéil'
 Air uchd an t-sléibh so mar o chian!"

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING!*

Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born king!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies,
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Christ, by highest heaven adored!
 Christ, the everlasting Lord!
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb!
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail the incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
 Jesus our Immanuel!

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing on His wings:
 Mild, He lays His glory by;
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth;
 Born, to give them second birth.

WHAT ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

What are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?

* His Royal Highness, the late Prince Consort, set the four following Hymns to music some years ago. Translations of these Hymns in Welsh, Gaelic, Irish and German have been published

EISDIBH LAOIDH NAN AINGLE NAOMH.

Eisdibh laoidh nan aingle naomh—

“Glòir do ’n naoidhean an t-àrd-Rìgh!
Air thalamh Gràs, us Tròcair chaomh
Dia do pheacaich ’tairgseadh sìth!”
Gach uil’ fhine, treubh, ’us sluagh
Togaibh suas le h-aoibhneas crìdh’
Ceòl nan nèamh, an t-’òrau nuadh—
“Ann am Betle’m rugadh Crìosd.”

Crìosd ’tha ’g àiteach’ cliù nan nèamh,
Crìosd gu sìorruidh Rìgh na Glòir,
Feuch cia h-ìosal nis a ghné
’Teachd mar leanabh bochd na h-Oigh!
Sgàile thalmhaidh air a ghlòir;
Gràsmhor, solasach an sgeul,
“Dia ’n a chòmhnuidh anns an fheadail,
Iosa fìor Emanuel.”

Fàilt’ air Prionnsa caomh na sìth’!
Fàilt’ air Iosa Grian an àigh!
Slàint’ us sonas tha fo ’sgéith,
Beath’ us solus do gach àl.
’Mhòrachd chuir ré seal fo sgàil;
Cheannaich gràs do chloinn nan daoine—
Saors’ o pheacadh ’us o bhàs.
Beatha àghmhor, shuthainn, naomh.

CO IAD SO LE ’N TRUSGAIN SHOILLS’?

Co iad so le trusgain shoills’,
Sluagh do-àireamh, àrd ’an glòir,
Ait a’ seinn a là ’s a dh’oidhch’
Taobh na h-altrach le binn-cheòl?

last year by the Rev. Peter Maurice, D. D., Yarnnton, near Oxford. Through the kindness of the Rev. A. Clerk, Killmallie, who translated them to Gaelic, we are enabled to give them here.

“ Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour ! ”

These through fiery trials trod—
 These from great affliction came,
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His Almighty Name.
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fear,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tear.



THERE IS A REST FROM SIN AND SORROW

There is a rest from sin and sorrow,
 There is a land of perfect peace ;
 In patience wait—a brighter morrow
 Shall bid thy toils and conflicts cease.

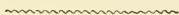
O! not in vain the rain-clouds pouring
 Their fulness o'er the thirsty earth !
 They come, its faded green restoring,
 They come to give new verdure birth.

O! not in vain the ploughshare driven
 Down in the soft and yielding sod,
 In furrows deep, designed of heaven,
 Is cast the precious seed of God !

“S airidh ’n t-Uan a fhuair am bàs
 Moladh dha ’us cliù a luaidh,
 Umhlachd, urram, agus gràdh
 Iocadh dha gach àm ’s gach uair!”

Slighe dhocair, annrach, sgìth,
 Shiubhail iad tré bhròn ’us péin;
 ’Nis tha iad mu ’n Chathair-Rìgh,
 Sgcadaicht’ ann an iomhaigh Dhé.
 Dealrach ann an éideadh nuadh,
 Geugan pailme anns gach làimh,
 ’S e ’m Fear-Saoraidh ’thug dhoibh buaidh
 Thar gach buaireadh ’us gach nàmh.

Saor o dhìth o, thart, ’s o thruaigh’,
 Craobh na beatha dhoibh mar lòn,
 ’Rìgh nan rìgh’—’s e Criosd an t-Uan—
 Nì ’n treòrach’ chum nan uisge beò.
 Sòlas àrd tha ’n àite ’bhròin,
 ’An àit’ eagail, sìth, ’us gràdh;
 Siabaidh Dia e féin na dedir
 O gach sùil gu sìor, ’s gu bràth.



THA SUAIMHNEAS ANN.

Tha suaimhneas ann o pheacadh ’s àmhghar,
 Tha tìr ’s am mealar àgh, ’us sìth;
 Feith le foighid, ’s bheir an là màireach
 Do shao’ir, ’s do chath gu bràth gu crìch.

Cha ’n ann ’an dìomhain tha neòil fhrasach
 A’ taomadh ’nuas air fearann cruaidh;
 Is iad ’tha ’g ùrachadh a mhaise,
 A’ toirt dha beatha, brìgh, ’us snuaigh.

Cha ’n ann ’an dìomhain tha ’n crann-arain
 A’ deargadh talaimh leis an sgriob;
 Tha ’n sgriob a’s doimhne air a tarruing
 Gu leaba-ghineil ’thoirt do ’n t-sìol.

And not in vain the rod that chastens,
 And not in vain the tears that flow—
 With winged speed the moment hastens
 When thou the need of all shalt know.

COME, WEARY SOUL.

Come, weary soul, and view the fountain
 Where streams do flow to cleanse from sin ;
 The blood, once shed on Calvary's mountain,
 Has power to make the foulest clean.

Here mercy, grace, and love unceasing,
 A feast provide for all who come ;
 While peace and joy and light increasing
 Attend them till they reach their home.

Beyond the veil, all labours ended,
 A glorious band is now at rest,
 With Christ, their Lord to heaven ascended,
 In his bright presence ever blest.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.*

Here is the spring where waters flow
 To quench our heat of sin ;
 Here is the tree where truth doth grow
 To lead our lives therein.

Here is the judge that stints the strife
 When men's devices fail ;
 Here is the bread that feeds the life
 That death cannot assail.

* These Lines, on the incomparable value of the Holy Scriptures, with a Prayer for the true use of the same, were

Cha mhò tha 'n dìomhain geur-smachd Dhé ort;
 Cha 'n ann gun aobhar tha do dheòir;
 Is dlùth a' mhaduinn anns an leugh thu
 Leigheas d' anama anns gach bròn.

O M' ANAM! FEUCH AN TOBAR SLAINTEIL.

O m' anam! feuch an tobar slàinteil
 A nigheas o gach uile smal!
 'N fhuil phriseil a dhòirt Criosd 'n a ghràdh dhuinn
 Ni 'n neach a's gràineil' àillidh, geal.

Tha 'Tròcair shìoruidh 'n so a' sgaoileadh
 Cuirm shòghmor do gach aon le 'n àill:
 'Us bheir dhoibh sonas, sìth, 'us saorsa
 Air gach aon cheum gu 'n dachaidh àigh.

'S an ionad naomh—gach saothair crìochnaicht'—
 Tha cuideachd ghlòrmhor 'nis aig sìth,
 'S le 'làith'reachd ait tha 'n Tighearn Iosa
 A' toirt làn aoibhneis do gach cridh'.

NA SGRIOBTUIREAN NAOMHA.

'S e 'n tobar so o'n tig an sruth
 A chìosnaicheas gach miann;
 'S e chraobh e air an cinn am meas
 A bheir dhuinn neart a's rian.

'S e so am breitheamh chuireas cosg
 Air dosgainn 's mi-rùn dhaoi;
 'S e so an t-aran bheir dhuinn neart,
 'S am bàs am feasd cha chlaoidh.

The tidings of salvation dear
 Comes to our ears from hence;
 The fortress of our faith is here,
 And shield of our defence.

Then be not like the hog that hath
 A pearl at her desire,
 And takes more pleasure in the trough
 And wallowing in the mire.

Read not this book in any case
 But with a single eye;
 Read not till you desire God's grace
 To understand thereby.

Pray still in faith, with this respect,
 To fructify therein;
 That knowledge may bring this effect,
 To mortify thy sin.

Then happy thou in all thy life,
 Whatso to thee befalls;
 Yea, doubly happy shalt thou be
 When God by death thee calls.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew:
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Tha sgeul na slàinte 'tighiun gu'r cluais
 A nuas uait féin gach àm;
 Daingneach 'ur creidimh fòs tha 'n so,
 'S ar tearmunnt treun nach gann.

Na bi-sa mar a' mhuc a gheibh
 An neamhuuid fo a bonn,
 'S a raoghnaicheas a h-eabradh féin
 Gu h-ìosal anns a' pholl.

An leabhar so na leugh am feasd
 Gun t-ùrnuigh chur an àird;
 'S an aslaichear leat gràs o Dhia
 Air son a sholuis àigh.

Le creideimh guidh mar so, gach àm,
 Gu'm fàs thu ann an gràs;
 'S gu'n tugadh eòlas air a thoil
 Air peacadh searg 'us bàs.

'N sin sona bidh tu fad do ré,
 A dh'aindeòin mì-rùn nàmh;
 A's sona bidh tu mar an ceudn'
 'N uair thig ort féin am bàs.



DUISG THUS', O! M' ANAM.

Dùisg thus', O! m' anam, leis a' ghréin
 'S imich air sligh' do dhleasnais féin;
 Mosgail o d' airsneul, 's tairg gu suilbhear'
 An iobairt-mhaidne do d' Chruithfhear.

Glòir do Dhia a ghléidh mì slàn,
 'S a dh'ùraich mì le fois 'us tàmh:
 Deònaich, o'n uaigh 'nuair dh'éireas mi,
 Beatha gun chrìoch 'an riogh'chd na sìth'.

Dh'ìocainn as ùr mo bhòid duit féin;
 Fuadaich mo chiont' mar dhrùchd roi'n ghréin:
 Stiùir me thoil, 'us gléidh mo chridh',
 'S le d làithreachd féin, O! sàsuich mi.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my pow'rs with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him, above angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ROCK OF AGES.*

Rock of ages! cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in thee!

* The following translations of this popular Hymn have been sent to us lately. The first is by Mr. Archibald M'Fadyen, a native of Colonsay, to whose pen we are indebted for many excellent pieces, both in this and in the First Series:—

Ann an Carraig dh'ion nan àl
 Folaich mi am meud do ghràidh;
 Biodh le chéile 'n t-uisg' 's an fhuil,
 'Ruith a nuas o d' thaobh mar thuil,
 'Glanadh plàigh a' pheacaidh nam:
 Dean 's gach uì mi 'm chreutair nuadh.

Cha choimhlionar do lagh a chaoidh
 Le deadh ghuimharan nan daoibh;
 Gun fhuarachadh ged mhaireadh m'eud,
 'S a' ruith o m' shuil gun tàmh an deur,
 Bhiodh iad uile gun bhonn stàth—
 Leatsa saorar, 's leatsa mhàin.

Falamh tha mi tigh 'n dhuit dlùth,
 'Ad Chrann-ceusaidh 'mhàin tha m' ùigh;
 Tha mi teachd a dh'ion mo nochd,
 Dh' fhaotainn gràis 's mi anamhunn, bochd;
 Neo-ghlan ruitheam chum na tuil,
 Nigh mi, 'Shlànighir, a' d' fhuil.

Fad 's a bhios mo làithean ann,
 'S 'nuair a thig mo réis g'a ceann,
 'N uair a théid mi troimh na neòil,
 'S thus' a chi mi 'd chathair mhòir,

'S gach ni a their, no thig 'am bheachd,
 Stiùir thus' an diugh 'an géill do d' reachd,
 Gu'n tugadh dhuit-se, mar is còir,
 Gach rùn 'am chridhe cliù 'us glòir.

Molaibh-se Dia o 'm bheil gach sonas ;
 Molaibh e 'fhineachan an domhain ;
 Molaibh air nèamh, O! aingle caomh ;
 An t-Athair, am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh.



CARRAIG NAN LINN.

A Charraig nan Linn, air mo shonsa a bhuaileadh,
 Dh'iarrainn-sa dìon agus fasgadh uait-sa ;

Mo stéidh 's mo dhion bi thus', a Dhè,
 Folaich mi a' d' bhroilleach féin.

The following is by Mr. Peter M'Naughton, Tullipourie, translated from the version issued by the Scottish Episcopal Synod, and inscribed by him to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, as an offering of heartfelt regard for his public and private worth. The reader will observe that a stanza is omitted in this version.

'Chreag nan àl! 'chaidh sgolt' dhomh féin,
 Folaich mi a'd' dhèan treun ;
 Bithidh an tobar uisg is fuil,
 Thùrling o do thaobh 'na thuil,
 Do pheac' na ìoc dhùbailt làn ;
 'Shaor' o fhearg 's gu m' dheanamh glan.

Eiric 'dhòl cha'n urrainn mi,
 A'd' Chrois amhàin 'm earbs do bhi ;
 Ged a shruthadh choidheh' mo dheòir,
 Ged bhidh m'èud gun chaochladh treòir,
 'H-uile cha dean m'anam slàn ;
 'S Tusa shaoras, Thusa 'mhàin.

Trà ghluaiseas m'anail ghearr le iùil,
 'N uair a dhùineas bàs mo shùil,
 'N uair thriallas mi gu saoghal céin,
 An làth'r do chathair breitheanais féin ;
 'Chreag nan Al! chaidh sgolt' dhomh féin,
 Folaich mi a' d' dhèan treun.

Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil the law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Vile! I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-lids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on thy judgement throne,—
 Rock of ages, shelter me!
 Let me hide myself in thee!

CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

- Q. Kind teacher, may I come to learn
 In this abrupt address,
 By framing questions that concern
 My endless happiness?
- A. Yes, but if you would learn to run
 The great salvation race,
 Know that the name of Christ alone
 Can answer every case.

Biodh an t-uisge 's an fhuil a tha 'sruthadh,
 O d' choluinn naomha-sa a bhruthadh,
 Mar leigheas dhomhs' araon bheir saorsa
 O chiont' a' pheacaidh 'us o 'dhaorsa.

Riar' cha tug mise, 's mi gun neart,
 Do d' lagh 'tha iomlàn, naomha, ceart;
 Eudmhor a là 's a dh' oidhch' ged bhithinn,
 Mo dheura bròin a ghnàth ged shilinn,
 Cha dioladh so mo pheacadh truaillidh,
 'Thusa mur tearuinn, romhams' tha truaighe.

Gun duais 'am làimh, gun ni r'a thàirgs',
 Ri crann do cheusaidhs' tha mi 'n earbs',
 Uait-sa, 's mi lomnochd, dh' iarrainn còmhach,
 Uait-sa, 's mi anmhunn, dh' iarrainn còmhnadh;
 An tobar, 's mi truaillidh, ruiginn le sòlas;
 Mur glan thusa féin mi, tha mi gun dòchas.

Fhad 's a tha 'm chridhe deò, no plòsg,
 'N uair dhùineas fuar-là 'bhàis mo rosg,
 'N uair shiùbhlas mo spiorad do'n t-siorruidheachd
 'S a chì mi 'Thu féin air cathair na glòir, [mhòir]
 A Charraig nan Linn, air mo shonsa a bhuaileadh,
 'N sin dh' iarrainn-sa dìon, agus fasgadh uait-sa.

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### CRIOSD NA H-UILE ANNS NA H-UILE.\*

- C. Ciod an t-eòlas, fhir-bheathachaidh 'n treud,  
 Bheir dhomh sonas nach tréig mi gu bràth?  
 F. Eòlas creidimh air Iosa Mac Dhé,  
 'S e fhreagras do d' fheum anns gach càs.

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\* The Gospel Catechism, by Ralph Erskine, has been translated about fifty years ago by the Rev. J. M'Gregor of Nova Scotia, and published along with "Dàin a Chòmhnadh Cràbhaidh;" but although it has been so long before our countrymen, we believe that very few of them have seen the English of it.

- Q. By sin my God and all is lost,  
O! where may God be found?  
A. In Christ; for so the Holy Ghost  
Shows by the joyful sound.

- Q. But how will God with sinful me  
Again be reconciled?  
A. In Christ, in whom his grace to thee  
And favour is revealed.  
Q. O! how shall I a sharer prove,  
And see his glorious grace?  
A. In Christ the image of his love,  
And brightness of his face.

- Q. Where shall I seek all divine store,  
And without fail obtain?  
A. In Christ, in whom forever more,  
His fulness does remain.  
Q. But how shall I escape and flee  
The avenging wrath of God?  
A. In Christ, who bore upon the tree  
That whole amazing load.

- Q. Alas! I'm daily apt to stray,  
How shall I heavenward make?  
A. Through Christ the consecrated way,  
Design'd for thee to take.  
Q. Ah! where's my title, right, or claim,  
To that eternal bliss!  
A. In Christ alone, that glorious name,  
The Lord our righteousness.

- Q. But who unfit can enter there,  
Or with such nasty feet?  
A. Christ by his blood presents thee fair,  
His Spirit makes thee meet.  
Q. May not my spirit, weak as grass,  
Fail ere it reach the length?  
A. Jesus the Lord thy righteousness,  
Will be the Lord thy strength.

- C. Chaill am peacadh dhomh Dia 's gach ni maith,  
C'ait' am faigh mi dhomh féin iad a ris?
- F. Ann an Criosd, o'n tha 'n Spiorad toirt brath,  
'S an sgeul ait a tha 'n siosgeul na sith.
- C. Cionuas idir bhios Dia a's mi réidh,  
Oir 's éitidh mo pheacadh 'na làth'ir?
- F. Ann an Criosd, far an taisbean e féin  
A dheadh-ghèan gu léir dhuit, 's a ghràs.
- C. C'ait am faigh mi deagh shealladh a's roinn  
D'a chuid ghràsan, 's d'an aoibhneas ro mhòr?
- F. Ann an Iosa, a riochd agus 'oighr'  
Anns an soillsich gu dealrach a ghlòir.
- C. C'ait an iarr a's am faigh mi na leòir,  
De gach ionmhas a chòmhnas ri m' shlàint'?
- F. Ann an Criosd gheibh thu pailteas ro mhòr,  
Oir tha easan an còmhnuidh gle làn.
- C. C'ait an teich mi o'n chorruich ro gheur  
A tha tuiteam gu léir air mo cheann?
- F. Dh'ionnsuidh Chrìosd, neach a ghiùlain leis féin  
Corruich uamhasach Dhé air a' chrann.
- C. Cia mar stiùirear mo cheumanna suas,  
A's mi buailteach do sheachran a ghnàth?
- F. Is e Criosd an t-sligh' choisrigte nuadh  
Anns an gluais thu gu dìreach an àird.
- C. C'ait am faigh mi air flaitheanas còir,  
'S air an t-sòlas gun chrìch a th' air nèamh?
- F. Ann an Iosa an Slànuighear mòr,  
'Se Iehobha ar fireantachd e.
- C. Cia mar nithear mis' iomchuidh air glòir,  
'S mi co neò-ghlan am shiubhal, 's am ghnìomh?
- F. Ni fuil Iosa thu ceanalt gu leòir,  
Ni a spiorad thu bòidheach gun ghiamh.
- C. Cia mar leanas mi 'n t-slighe gu 'ceann,  
'S mi co fann, 'us co anmhunn dhiom féin?
- F. Bithidh Iosa 'na neart duit gach àm,  
'S cha bhi 'chobhair dhuit fann ann ad fheum.

- Q. May not hellish hosts, and foes,  
Sore by the way molest?  
A. Christ is a friend to bridle those,  
And give the weary rest.  
Q. May not the guilty conscience brand,  
'And all my comfort chase?  
A. Christ with a pardon in his hand  
Can show his smiling face.

- Q. But how can divine mercy vent,  
Where sins are great and strong?  
A. Christ is the channel, with descent,  
That mercy runs along.  
Q. But may not Justice interpose,  
And stand in mercy's way?  
A. Jesus did all the debt thou owe  
To divine Justice pay.

- Q. Where shall mine eyes the pardon spy,  
Unto my saving good?  
A. In Christ's free promise see it lie,  
In his atoning blood.  
Q. What ground have I to trust and say,  
The promise is not vain?  
A. In Christ the promises are Yea,  
In him they are Amen.

- Q. But where is Christ himself, O! where,  
With promises so sweet?  
A. Christ's in the promises, and there  
Thy faith and he may meet.  
Q. Is Christ in them, and they in Christ?  
How shall I this descry?  
A. His blood and spirit therein list  
To seal and to apply.

- Q. 'Gainst legal fiery threats of wrath,  
Pray, what defence is best?  
A. Christ's full obedience ey'd by faith:  
There should the guilty rest.

- C. Cia mar chlaoidhear mo naimhde mu'n cuairt, ?  
Daoin' a's deamhain 'g am bhuaireadh gun sgar.
- F. Tre Chriosd bheir thu tuilleadh a's buaidh,  
Chuir e 'n ruaig air na naimhdibh gu tur.
- C. Bidh mo chogais 'g am dhètheadh, 's 'g am chràdh;  
Cia mar chuirear a cnàmhadh air chùil?
- F. Nochdaidh Crìosd duit a mhaithanas làn,  
'S chi thu faoilt agus gean air a ghnùis.
- C. Cia mar ruigeas orm tròcair gu bràth,  
'S lionmhor, gràineil mo pheacanna féin ?
- F. Sruthaidh tròcair troimh Chriosd ort a mhàin,  
'S pailte gràs na do lochdan gu léir.
- C. Ach nach éirich an Ceartas le còir  
Eadar trocair 'us mise am feasd?
- F. Fhuair an Ceartas o Iosa na leòir  
Arson d'fhiachan, 's bu mhòr iad gun cheisd.
- C. C'àit am faicear leam maitheanas fial  
Teachd o Dhia dh' ionnsuidh m' anma gun dàil ?
- F. Chi thu sud ann an geallannaibh Chriosd,  
Am fuil Ios' a rinn réite le 'bhàs.
- C. C'àit am faigh mi na geallanna féin,  
'Nan cultaig ann am fheum, 's 'n an cùis earbs' ?
- F. Ann an Crìosd tha iad uile gu léir,  
'Nan Seadh 's nan Amen; daingean, dearbht'.
- C. Agus c'àit am bheil Crìosd: Ochon! C'àit,  
Le 'chuid gheallannaibh gràsmhor gu léir?
- F. Gheibhar Crìosd anns na geallannaibh 'ghnàth,  
Chi do chreidimh e làth'ir annut' gun bhreug.
- C. Crìosd 's a' ghealladh! 's an gealladh 'an Crìosd!  
Cia mar chi mi gur fìor sud le chéil'?
- F. Leis an Spiorad bhi càramh fuil Ios',  
'Us a gheallanna lionmhor riut féin.
- C. Cìod an dìon a's an teancadh as fearr  
Dhomh o bhagradh neo-bhàigheil an reachd?
- F. Sealladh creidimh de'n ùmhlachd chum bàis,  
A thug Iosa, an Slànuighear, seach'.

Q. But how shall faith be had? Alas!  
I find I can't believe.

A. Christ is the author of that grace,  
And faith is his to give.

Q. Ah! when may faithless I expect  
He'll such a bliss bequeath?

A. He will of unbelief convict,  
And pave the way for faith.

Q. Repentance must attend, but whence  
Shall I this grace receive?

A. Christ is exalted as a Prince  
All needful grace to give.

Q. How can so vile a lump of dust  
Heart-holiness expect?

A. Christ by his holy Spirit must  
This gradual change effect.

Q. How shall I do the works aright  
I'm daily bound unto?

A. Christ in thee, by his Spirit's might,  
Works both to will and do.

Q. How shall my maladies be healed,  
So sore molesting me?

A. Christ is the great Physician seal'd,  
The Lord that healeth thee.

Q. By prayer I ought to seek his face,  
This course how shall I drive?

A. 'Tis Christ alone that has the grace  
And spirit of prayer to give.

Q. Salvation-work is great and high,  
Alas! what shall I do?

A. Christ as the Alpha thereof eye,  
And the Omega too.

Q. What pillar then is most secure  
To build my hope upon?

A. Christ only the foundation sure,  
The living corner-stone.

- C. Innis co bheir an creidimh sin domhs',  
'S mi gun treòir leis an cuir mi e'n gnìomh?
- F. Cumaidh Iosa ruit creidimh ri d' bheò,  
'Se a Cheannard o thus gus a' chrìch.
- C. O! e' uin a gheibh an t-ascreidmheach, mis',  
Tiolac measail a' chreidimh o Chrìosd?
- F. 'N uair a leigeas e t' ascreidimh ris,  
A's tu fiosrachadh fhocail 'n ad sgìos.
- C. Bidh an t-aithreachas feumail gach là,  
Cia mar gheibh mise càil da co buan?
- F. Gheibh o Chrìosd, chaidh mar cheannard an àird,  
Chum an gràs sin thoirt seachad d'a shluagh.
- C. Am faigh amhlair co truaillidh, 's co baoth,  
Glanadh cridhe, a's naomhachd gun sgìleò?
- F. Gheibh; ni Crìosd, an Lìghich' tha saor,  
Chuid a chuid ort an caochladh sin fòs.
- C. Cia mar ni mi na h-oibre gu deas  
Tha mar dhleasdanas orm leis an reachd?
- F. Bithidh Crìosd annad 'g oibreach' le treis'  
Toil a's gnìomh gu do leas chur an cleachd'.
- C. Cia mar dh' fheudar mo leigheas gu bràth,  
A's mi galarach, gràineil, ro bhrùit'?
- F. Bithidh Crìosd duit na Lìghich' bheir bàrr,  
'Se an Tighearn' a shlànuicheas tu.
- C. Seòl mi cionnas a dh'iarras mi 'ghnùis,  
A's mo chridhe 's mo dhùrachd co marbh.
- F. Dòirtidh Crìosd ort an Spiorad gu dlùth,  
Gu do sheòladh chum urnuigh gun chealg.
- C. 'S an-mhor àrd m' obair slàint' tharum féin,  
Cìod ni mis', 's mi gun fheum a's gun stàth?
- F. Togaidh Crìosd diot gach eallach gu léir;  
'S easan Alpha 's Oméga na slàint'.
- C. C'àit am faigh mi deadh bhunchar do m' earbs',  
Chum nach éirich i calm agus meallt'?
- F. Ann an Crìosd, a' Chlach-bhuinn a tha dearbht',  
Ris an còir dhuit bhi leanmhuinn gu teann.

Q. When I'm with black pollution stained  
How shall I cleansed be?

A. Christ is a fountain for that end  
Set open wide for thee.

Q. What shall I do when plagues abound,  
With sorrows, griefs, and fears?

A. Christ has a balsom for thy wounds,  
A bottle for thy tears.

Q. But is there any help for one  
That utterly is lost?

A. Christ saves from sin, and he alone,  
Even to the uttermost.

Q. But where shall I be safe at last  
From hell and endless death?

A. Christ is a refuge from the blast  
Of everlasting wrath.

Q. May not even natural death to me  
Become a dreadful thing?

A. Christ by his death in love to thee  
Did every death unsting.

Q. Why, Sir, is Christ the whole you say?  
No answer else I find.

A. Because, were Christ our all away.  
There's nothing left behind.

Q. How can he answer ev'ry case,  
And help in ev'ry thrall?

A. Because he is the Lord of grace,  
Jehovah all in all.

Q. How is he present to supply,  
And to relieve us thus?

A. Because his glorious name is nigh,  
Immanuel, God with us.

Q. Has he alone all pow'r to save,  
Is nothing left to man?

A. Yea, without Christ we nothing have,  
Without him nothing can.

- C. Cia mar gheibh mi an sal chuir air falbh,  
'N uair a thuiteas mi 'n salchar ro ghrand?
- F. 'S tobar glanaidh fuil Chrìosd le mòr thairbh',  
Pailte réidh dhuit gach aimsir, 's gach tràth.
- C. Cìod, mo chreach! ma thig plàighean ro mhòr,  
Ma thig bròn, agus eagal à's airc?
- F. Tha sàr ìochshlaint aig Chrìosd do gach leòn,  
Agus searrag gu d' dhèidh chur an taisg.
- C. 'S mis' am peacach a's caillte 's an t-saogh'l,  
Cia mar dh'fhaodar mo shaoradh o thruaigh'?
- F. O'n is Slànuighear Chrìosd o gach gaoid,  
Bheir e saorsa gu h-iomlaineachd uaith'.
- C. Tha mo gheilt roimh thein' ifrinn ro mhòr,  
Am bheil dòchas gu 'n saorar mi uaip'?
- F. Bithidh Chrìosd duit 'na fhasgadh fa-dhèidh,  
O gach dòruinn, 's o'n chorruich tha buan.
- C. Cha bheag m' eagal, a's m' uamhunn roimh 'n bhàs,  
Cia mar théid mi le dànachd 'na chòir?
- F. Thugadh 'n gath as le Iosa 'na ghràdh,  
'N uair a dh'eug e 'nad àite le deòin.
- C. Cia mar fhreagaireas Chrìosd anns gach càs,  
Anns gach cor, a's gach sàs a thig oirnn?
- F. 'Se is Uil' anns na h-uile de'n t-slàint',  
'Se Iehobha, làn gràis agus glòir.
- C. Cia mar dh'fheudas e 'n còmhnuidh bhi làth'ir,  
A thoirt slàint' agus teasairginn duinn?
- F. O'n is fagus 'ainm glòirmhor a ghnàth,  
Immanuel, Dia maille ruinn.
- C. A's an co' lion e dhomhsa an t-slàint'  
Gun dad fhàgail an taice rium féin?
- F. Cha dean thusa as 'eugmhais-san stàth,  
Tha do chàil a's do chomas mì-ghleusd'.
- C. Ach nach feud mi bhi riarach' mo mhiann,  
Ma ni Chrìosd domh an obair gu slàn?
- F. Sgriosaidh Chrìosd iad 'an ifrinn gu cian  
'Bhios ag iarraidh mì-bhuil thoirt á 'ghràs.

Q. May not some from hence take place,  
And room their lusts to please?

If Christ do all, then very good,  
Let us take carnal ease.

A. Christ will in flaming vengeance come,  
With fury in his face,

To damn his foes that dare presume,  
And thus abuse his grace.

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### THE CHRISTIAN'S FIRM BANK.

I have a never-failing Bank,  
A more than golden store;  
No earthly bank is half so rich—  
How can I then be poor?  
'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,  
And I without a groat,  
I'm glad to hasten to my Bank,  
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my Banker, smiling, says,  
"Why don't you oftener come?  
And when you draw a little note,  
Why not a larger sum?  
Why live so niggardly and poor—  
Your Bank containeth plenty?  
Why come and take a one pound note,  
When you might have a twenty!

"Yea twenty thousand, ten times told,  
Is but a trifling sum  
To what your Father has laid up,  
Secure in God, His Son."  
Since, then, my Banker is so rich,  
I have no cause to borrow;  
I'll live upon my cash to-day,  
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,  
And never was rejected;

- C. Cia mar mheudaicheas m' eòlas le gaol  
Air an t-Slànuighear chaoin fad mo ré?
- F. Meas an coimeas ris saibhreas an t-saogh'il,  
Bhi mar challdach, no aolach gun fheum.
- 

## TAISG-THIGH LAIDIR A' CHRIOSDUIDH.

Cha bhrìst mo Thaisg-thigh féin ri m' bheò,  
Oir 's fearr n' an t-òr a stochd;  
'S gun aon a bhos le leth na maoin,  
Cha 'n fhaod mi féin bhi bochd.  
'N uair theirgeas orm, 's a bhios mi lòm,  
'S gun agam bonn a' ghròit,  
Leam 's buidhe ruith gu m' stòr, a chum  
'S gu'm bleid mi punnd beag òir.

Mo Thaisgeir gràidh their rium, "C'arson  
Nach tig thu 'n so nì's tric'?"  
'S c'arson nach iarr thu barrachd mòr  
Air punnd beag òir 'n uair thig?  
'S c'arson a thig thu beò cho truagh,  
'S do Thaisg-thigh cruachta làn?  
'N uair dh'fhaodadh tusa fichead punnd,  
'Thoirteat mar phunnd gach tràth!

"S gun fichead mìle 'mhiltean uair  
Ach suim bheag, thruagh gun ag,  
An coimeas ris na thaisg dhuit Dia,  
Gu tearuint' fial 'na Mhac."  
O'n tha mo Thaisgeir cho làn maoin,  
'S gu'n aobhar iasaid ann;  
Air m' airgead thig mi beò gach là,  
'S am maireach gheibh neo-ghann.

Mìl' uair bha mis' an so air tùs,  
A's diùltadh riamh cha d' fhuair;

Sometimes my Banker gives me more  
 Than ask'd for or expected!  
 Sometimes I've felt a little proud,  
 I've managed things so clever;  
 But, ah! before the day was gone,  
 I've felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blushes in my face,  
 Just at the door I stand;  
 I know if Moses kept me back,  
 I surely must be damned.  
 I know my Bank will never break—  
 No! it can never fail:  
 The firm—Three persons in one God—  
 Jehovah—Lord of all!

Should all the banks in Britain break,  
 The bank of England smash—  
 Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank,  
 You'll surely have your cash.  
 And if you have but one small note,  
 Fear not to bring it in;  
 Come boldly to his throne of grace—  
 The Banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,  
 Man-merits are rejected;  
 There's not a single note will pass,  
 That God has not accepted.  
 'Tis only those beloved of God,  
 Redeem'd by precious blood,  
 That ever had a note to bring—  
 These are the gift of God.

Though a thousand ransom'd souls may say  
 They have no notes at all,  
 Because they feel the plague of sin,  
 So ruined by the fall.  
 This Bank is full of precious notes,  
 All signed, and sealed, and free,  
 Though many doubting souls may say,  
 "There is not one for me."

'S tric 'thug mo Thaisgeir dhòmh-sa cian  
 Os ceann na dh'iarr mi uaith'!  
 Dh' fhairichinn tric cus pròis mu m' sgairt,  
 Mu ni bhidh seach le rian;  
 Ach dh' fhairichinn fo oidheh' mo chor  
 Cho bochd 's a bha 'mi riamh.

Tric sheas mi 's rughadh air mo ghruaidh  
 Aig dorus fuar fo phràmh;  
 Làn dearbht' na'n cumadh Maois mi mach,  
 Gu'm bithinn truagh gu bràth.  
 'S eòl domh nach brist mo Thaisg am feasd—  
 Cha 'n urrainn da gu sìor;  
 'S gur rian da 'n Triùir ni 'n Dia ta mòr,  
 Iehòbhah,—Triath gach ni.

Ged bhristeadh Taisgich Alb' le 'n òr,  
 'S cuid Shasuinn fòs 'n an smàl;  
 'An Taisg-thigh Shioin cuir do stòr,  
 'S ri d' bheò bidh agad slàn.  
 'S ma tha thu air aon phunnd ro bheag,  
 Gun gheilt cuir ann e seach';  
 Thig dàna 'nis gu caithir gràis,  
 Do Thaisgeir gràidh tha steach.

Gach punnd 'bhios fallsa theid air chùl,  
 A's diùltar fearta dhaoin';  
 Ghabh Dia na puinnd ni feum 's a' chùis,  
 Gu toileach riù gach aon.  
 'S e 'n dream a ghràdhaich Dia 'na ghaol,  
 'S a shaor le fuil an Uain,  
 A bhios an sealbh air stòras fìor  
 Do thiodhlac Dhé nan sluagh.

Ged their na mìltean an'maibh saoir',  
 "Tha sinn gun aon 'ni feum;"  
 Chionn plàigh a' pheacaidh a rinn Adhamh  
 A bhi 'g an cràdh gu geur.  
 Làn phunnd le àgh 's an teach so féin  
 Deas seulaicht', saor gu leòir,  
 Ged their daoineibh teagmhach, baoth,  
 "Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon ann dòmh's."

Base unbelief will lead the child  
 To say what is not true;  
 I tell the soul that feels self-lost,  
 These notes belong to you.  
 The leper had a little note—  
 “Lord, if thou wilt, thou can!”  
 The Banker cashed his little note,  
 And healed the sickly man.

We read of one young man, indeed,  
 Whose riches did abound;  
 But in the Banker’s book of grace  
 This man was never found.  
 But see the wretched dying thief,  
 Hang by the Banker’s side,  
 He cried, “Dear Lord, remember me!”  
 He got his cash—and died.

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### SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

In summer’s bliss all nature may rejoice  
 But man alone. With ever joyous song  
 And grateful praise, creation lifts her voice,  
 The floods break forth, the woods the notes prolong,  
 And seas in calm serenity reveal  
 The rich profusion which the earth displays.  
 But thankless man joins not the solemn peal,  
 He journeys on, and every bliss surveys,  
 But to Jehovah’s name no grateful tribute pays.

But winter’s wild and angry storm descends,  
 Presaging ruin in its doleful sound;  
 Beneath its sweep the howling forest bends,  
 With blight’ning wrath it spreads dismay around;  
 And then, when ills on every hand appear,  
 And coming woes on every hand arise,  
 With holy awe and reverential fear,  
 Man lifts his suppliant, and his waiting eyes,  
 And on Almighty Power with steadfast hope relies.

As-creidimh dubh a stiùras clann  
 A chantain rann nach fìor,  
 Ma's leur dhuit, 'anaim, 'bhi féin-chailt  
 'S leat saibhreas phunnd gu sìor.  
 Bha aig an lobhar punnd dhiubh sud,—  
 "'Dhé 's urrainn duit ma's àill!"  
 A's mhùth an Taisgeir e dha luath,  
 A's dh' fhàs an truaghan slàn.

Mu òigeir àraidh chuala sinn,  
 'S bha fheudail mòr 'na mhiann;  
 Ach ann an leabhar Taisgeir gràis  
 Bha 'ainm gun àite riamh.  
 Ach faic am meirleach truagh air crann,  
 Ri taobh a 'Thaisgeir féin,  
 A ghlaodh, "'Dhé, cuimhnich orm 'am theinn!"  
 A's fhuair e mhaoin mu'n d' eug.

### TRIOBLAID AIR A BEANNACHADH.\*

Ri àileachd a' Chéitein tha 'n saoghal gu léir  
 A' cur maitheas an Tighearna gu h-éibhinn an céill;  
 Tha na tuitlean, 's na cuantan, na coilltean 's na glinn,  
 Gun airsneul a' seinn da le co' sheirm bhinn.

Ged chuala' mi chaithream cha do thog mi am fonn,  
 Ach dh' imich mi romham gu neo-shunntach, trom,  
 Gun urram, gun ghràdh, 's gun fhiùghantachd crìdh'  
 Do 'n Dia sin a chòmhdaich le àilleachd gach nì.

Ach thàinig an geamhradh gu tartarra doirbh—  
 Theirinn an doinionn, a's dh' éirich an stoirm;  
 A's theich mi gu h-anfhann a t-ionnsuidh-sa, 'Dhé,  
 Ag iarraidh ort fasgadh fo sgàile do sgéith'.

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\* This Poem and the one following it appeared in the First Series, although not accompanied with translations. The English in the present case is more a paraphrase than a close translation. We are not at liberty to give the name of the gentleman who so kindly supplied us with the English.

And thus the sunshine of unmingled joy,  
 By man may pass unneticed. Every day  
 May be a day of bliss without alloy,  
 And brightest hopes may cheer his prosp'rous way ;  
 But yet each token of o'erflowing love  
 His heart to gratitude may ne'er incline ;  
 In full enjoyment he may onward move,  
 Regardless of the power and grace divine,  
 That on his radiant path its varied glories shine.

But, lo ! his path with sorrow is o'ercast,  
 Sickness and death encompass him around—  
 He pines in anguish, and affliction's blast  
 His fairest hopes has levelled to the ground.  
 Like Noah's dove he wings his weary flight,  
 But yet on earth no resting-place is given,  
 The void expanse still meets his cheerless sight,  
 Until at length, by pain and anguish driven,  
 In faith he sears on high, and finds his Ark in Heaven.

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### WHERE IS WOE?

Every path we can tread in this valley below,  
 Is encompassed about with affliction and woe ;  
 But though trials severe in each quarter abound,  
 There's no woe without hope all the wide world around.

The most pitiful outcast is not without stay,  
 On which to rely in affliction's dark day ;  
 In the bitterest cup there are sweets to be found,  
 And some star gilds the midnight of darkness profound.

I've witnessed the sinner cloyed, wearied and spent,  
 'Neath a burden of wretchedness abjectly bent ;  
 But the sweet sun of Hope brightly circled his head,  
 And benignantly shone through the tears which he shed.

I've seen the afflicted with suffering outworn,  
 His moans were distressing, his condition forlorn ;  
 But courage remained in the eye that grew dim,  
 And the hope of new health was a pillow to him.

Thàinig samhradh mo bheatha gu h-aoidheil 's gu grianach,  
 A's dh' imich mi romhan,—gach nì mar bu mliannach ;  
 A' mealtuinn gach sochair, a's saor o gach dòlas,  
 Ach fathast 's an Tighearn cha d' rinn mise sòlas.

Ach feuch ! thàinig caochladh a bhròin air mo chàradh,  
 Thàinig le m' gheamhradh gach deuchainn a's ànradh ;  
 A's ghluais mi gu silteach fo iargain 's fo bhròn,  
 Gun chobhair, gun chòmh nadh, gun éideadh, gun lòn.

Shiubhail mi'n saoghal gu h-airisneulach, sgìth ;  
 Ach tha faoineachd a's diomhanas sgrìobht' air gach nì :  
 A's air uachdar an domhain cha d' fhuair mi cul-taic',  
 Gus 'n do thill mi ri Dia, mar an calman do'n Airc.



## C'AIT' AM BHEIL TRUAIGHE?

Tha gach sligh' air an gluais sinn an taobh so do'n uaigh,  
 Air a h-iathadh mu'n cuairt leis gach deuchainn ro chruaidh,  
 Ach ged a tha air gach làimh ioma doilgheas a's dòlas ;  
 Cha 'n 'eil anns an t-saoghal so truaighe gun dòchas.

An dòbarach is laige cha 'n 'eil e gun taic'  
 Ris an earb e le misnich 'na àmhghar 's 'na airc ;  
 Tha mìlse r'a fhaotainn 's a' chupan is seirbhe,  
 'S tha reult a' toirt soills' anns an oidheche is doirbhe.

Chunna mi 'm peacach 'na airisneul 's na sgìos,  
 Fo uallach na h-aing'eachd air aomadh a sìos ;  
 Ach bha grian ait an Dòchais 'na glòir os a cheann,  
 A' dearsadh ro' dheuraibh, gu h-aoidheil 's gu ciùin.

Chunna mi'n t-euslaint' fo iarguin 'ga chlaoidh,  
 Bu chianail a chàradh, 's bu déis'neach a chaoidh ;  
 Ach bha misneach 's an t-sùil a chinn lag-sheallach fann,  
 'S bha fiughair na slàinte mar adhart fo 'cheann.

I've seen the poor widow with sorrowing bowed,  
While the tears from her countenance gushingly flowed;  
Without stay, without succour—with none to provide  
For the children who piteously wailed by her side.

But she rested her hopes on each promise of love,  
And rejoicingly hailed the day-dawn from above,  
When each heart shall be healed, when all sorrow shall cease,  
And the loving shall meet in the mansions of peace.

And I travelled in fancy this wilderness through,  
Its gloomiest deserts, and valleys of woe;  
But hope in each region gave strength in each plight,  
As the sun in his course giveth gladness and light.

But I see fast approaching the full day of light,  
The day that shall have neither twilight nor night;  
The hope of the righteous fruition shall know,  
The wicked is hopeless—Lo! gladness, or woe.

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### A HIGHLAND WAIL.\*

The dark mountain mist has wreathed round Quaillan;  
The *Ban-shee* has sung her dirge of wailing:  
The mild blue eyes in the *Dun* are weeping,  
For thou art away far beyond our keeping.

Return! return! return! no never!  
Mac-Crimmon's away to return to us never!  
In peace or in war return no never!  
Mac-Crimmon's away to return to us never!

The breath of the vale is faintly blowing;  
Each river and stream is mournfully flowing;  
The birds on the boughs are perched in sorrow,  
Since thou art away to return on no morrow.  
Return, return, &c.

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\* Translated from the Gaelic by D. Grant Macdougall, Esq.,  
and respectfully inscribed to Miss M'Kenzie of Applecross. At

Chunna mi 'bhanntarach, 's i sìinnt' air an uaigh—  
 Bha na deuran gu frasach a' sìleadh o 'gruaidh ;  
 'S i gun chobhair, gun taic' ach na dilleachdain mhaoth,  
 'Bha 'tuireadh gu leanabail, 's iad sìnnte r'a taobh.

Ach rinn ise bun anns gach gealltannas gràidh,  
 Agus sheall i le aiteas air maduinn an àigh,  
 Anns an sìobar gach deur, 's an léighsear gach crìdh' ;  
 'S anns an coinnich luchd-dàimh ann an àros na sìth'.

Agus shiubhail mi 'm smuaintibh an saoghal gu léir,  
 Troi'n fhàsach bu duaichuidh, 's troi' ghleannaibh nan deur ;  
 Ach bha dòchas 's gach ionad 'toirt misneach 's gach càs,  
 Mar tha 'ghrian anns gach ionad 'toirt soills' agus blàth's.

Ach chì mi a' tighinn àrd latha na soillse,  
 An latha nach tionndaidh gu feasgar no oidhche ;  
 Tha dòchas an fhìrean air tionndadh gu buaidh,  
 Tha'n t-aingidh gun dòchas.—Feuch ! iomlan, no truagh.

## TUIREADH.

Dh'iadh ceò nan stùchd mu aodann Chuilinn,  
 A's sheinn a' Bhean-shìth a torman mulaid :  
 Tha sùilean gorm, ciùin 's an Dùn a' sìleadh,  
 O n' thriall thu bh' uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha till, cha till, cha till Macruimein ;  
 'An cogadh no 'n sìth cha till e tuille ;  
 Le airgiod no nì cha till Macruimein ;  
 Cha till gu bràth gu là na cruinne !

Tha osag na beann gu fann ag imeachd,  
 Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach ;  
 Tha ialt' nan speur feadh gheugan dubhach,  
 A' caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.  
 Cha till, cha till, &c.

The dark ocean heaves with dismal wailing;  
 The galley unmoored refuses sailing;  
 The voice of the wave is heard in sadness,  
 Singing this wail in mournful madness.

Return, return, &c.

No more in the *Dun* thy pibroch thrilling,  
 Is heard at eve love's fond heart filling;  
 Each maiden and swain is sad in sorrow,  
 Since thou art away to return on no morrow.

Return, return, &c.

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### THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

'There's many a man of the Cameron clan,  
 That has follow'd his Chief to the field;  
 He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,  
 For a Cameron never can yield.  
 I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,  
 Deep o'er mountains and glens;  
 While light springing footsteps are trampling the  
 'Tis the march of the Cameron men. [heath,

Oh! proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows  
 He may tread on the heather no more;  
 But boldly he follows his Chief to the field,  
 Where his laurels were gather'd before.  
 I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path  
 Now trod by the gallant and true—  
 High, high are their hopes, for their Chieftain has said,  
 That whatever men dare they can do.  
 I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

Tha 'n fhairge fa-dheòidh làn bròin a's mullaigh,  
Tha 'm bàta fo 'seòl ach dhiùlt i siubhal;  
Tha gàir nan tonn, le fuaim neo-shubhach,  
Ag ràdh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuilleadh.  
Cha till, cha till, &c.

Cha chluinnear do cheòl 's an Dùn mu fheasgar,  
'S mactalla nam mùr le mùirn 'ga freagairt:  
Gach fleasgach a's òigh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,  
O'n thrialld thu uaiun 's nach till thu tuille.  
Cha till, cha till, &c.

## CAISMEACHD CHLOINN-CHAMROIN.

Cha 'n 'eil òganach treun do Chloinn Chamroin gu léir,  
Nach téid deònach fo bhrataich Lochiall;  
Gu buaidh no gu bàs, 's bidh iad dileas 's gach càs,  
Oir géill cha tug Camronach rianh.  
Chuala mi pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd,  
'Tighinn àrd thar monaidh a's ghleann;  
Agus cas-cheuman eutrom a' saltairt an fhraoich—  
'S i caismeachd Chloinn-Chamroin a th'ann.

O! 's uallach an ceum, ged tha fios aig gach treun  
 Gu'm faod e 'bhi màireach 's an ùir;  
 Ach gach àrmunn, gun sgàth, théid le 'Cheannard do'n  
 Far 'm bu dualach dhoibh buaidh agus cliù. [bhlàr,  
 Chuala mi pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd, &c.

Tha 'ghealach ag éiridh, 's tha 'gathan air ceuman  
 Nan òigfhear tha treun agus fìor;  
 'S àrd dòchas an cléibh, 's thuirt an Ceannard e féin  
 Gu'r laoiach iad nach géill anns an strìth. <sup>14</sup>  
 Chuala mi piobaireachd, piobaireachd, &c.

## THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,  
 They filled one home with glee;  
 Their graves are severed, far and wide,  
 By mount, and stream, and sea.  
 The same fond mother bent at night  
 O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
 She had each folded flower in sight,—  
 Where are those dreamers now!

One 'midst the forest of the West,  
 By a dark stream is laid,—  
 The Indian knows his place of rest,  
 Far in the cedar shade.  
 The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,  
 He lies where pearls lie deep:  
 He was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest  
 Above the noble slain:  
 He wrapt his colours round his breast,  
 On a blood-red field in Spain.  
 And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
 She faded midst Italian flowers,—  
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest who played  
 Beneath the same green tree;  
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
 Around one parent knee!  
 They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheered with songs the hearth,—  
 Alas! for love, if thou wert all,  
 And nought beyond, Oh! earth.

## UAIGHEAN TEAGHLAICH.

'Am maise chinn iad, taobh ri taobh,  
 Aon teach lion iad le 'n gàir;  
 Tha 'n uaighean dealaicht' feadh an t-saogh'il,  
 Air srath, air raon, 's aig tràigh.  
 Am màthair sheall gu seirceil thart',  
 'N uair bha iad trom 'n an suain;  
 'S an àm ud bha gach aon diubh aic',—  
 Ach 'nis tha fada uaip.'

Aig bruachan aibhne anns an Iar,  
 'Tha aon 'na shuain fo'n fhòid,—  
 A's eòl do'n Innseanach a theach  
 Fo sgàil nan craobhan mòr'.  
 Tha aunsachd chaomh gach aoin 's an gràdh,  
 Gu tosdach 'n grunn d'a' chuain :  
 'S cha 'n urrainn caraid caomh gu bràth  
 Tighinn faisg le bàigh air uaigh.

Tha aon 'n a luidhe 's an taobh-deas,  
 'S an dean na figean fàs;  
 A' bhratach shuain mu'n cuairt d'a chneas,  
 Air faich' an àir 's an Spàinn.  
 'S an Eadailt shearg i sìos gu tur,  
 Fo 'n àileadh chiùin 'us thlàth,  
 An té mu dheireadh bha dhiubh sud,—  
 Am bannal caomh a's gràidh.

A's sgairt mar so tha iad 'n an suain,  
 A chluich gu mear gach ré;  
 'S aig glùn am pàrant' chuir iad suas  
 An achuingean le chéil'!  
 Iadsan a dhùisg 's an talla gean,  
 'S mu'n chagailt 'sheinn an ceòl,—  
 Mo chreach! na'm b'e so crìoch gach neach,  
 Bu mhuladach ar dòigh.

## G O D.\*

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight.  
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!  
 Being above all beings! Three in One!  
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;  
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:  
 Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—  
 Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy  
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count  
 The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee  
 There is no weight nor measure: none can mount  
 Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,  
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try  
 To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:  
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,  
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
 First chaos, then existence;—Lord! on Thee  
 Eternity had its foundation:—all  
 Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,  
 Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.  
 Thy word created all, and doth create;  
 Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.  
 Thou art, and wert, and shall be! Glorious! Great!  
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:  
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!  
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
 And beautifully mingled life and death!  
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,

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\* This Poem is said to have been composed by a Russian named Derzhavin, who was born in 1763. It has been trans-

## DIA.

O Aoin Shiorruidh! air fad tha 'n fhailbhe chian  
 'An sealbh do làithreachd ghil, 's gach car fo d' rian,  
 Neo-atharraicht' fad chuaiirtean millteach ùin';  
 'S tu mhàin is Dia! 's gun Dia eil' ann ach thu!  
 Bith os ceann gach bith! 's Tu 'n Aon 'an Triùir!  
 'S Tu'n Ti nach rannsaichear 's nach cuimsich dùil;  
 Leat féin a mhàin tha 'chruitheachd làn gu léir,  
 A'd' thaice 's fillt' ort tha gach ni, 's fo d' ghéill;  
 Bith ri 'n canar Dia, 's gun tuilleadh ciall co e.

Faodaidh feallsanachd, le àrd-sgrùdadh geur,  
 Doimhneachd na mara 'thomhas anns gach ceum,  
 Gach gaineamh, 's gach gath gréin'; ach air do shon-sa,  
 Cha d' fhuaras inneal-tomhais. 'S neach cha téid [Dhé  
 Gu d' dhìomhaireachd; oir fheuchainn 's dìomhain e  
 Do shoillse Reusain, ge d' tha laist' uait féin,  
 Do chomhairlean dorch' gun chrìoch a shireadh; 's théid  
 Gach smuain air chall, mu'n éirich smuain cho àrd,—  
 Mar thiota beag air sìorr'achd a tigh'nn gearr.

A seann neo-nitheachd ghairmeadh leat-sa féin  
 Air tùs dubh-aigein, an sin saogh'l; a Dhé  
 'S ann ortsa 'tha aig sìorruidheachd a stéidh:  
 Gach solus, aiteas, aonachd, uaitse leum; [fhreumh.  
 'S leat gach uil' àilleachd; 's beatha; 's tu'n dearbh  
 Chruthaich 's cruthachaidh t' fhocal gach ni 'tha;  
 'S le gathaibh naomh do ghlòir' tha 'n fhàilbhe làn.  
 Bha, tha, agus bithidh tu glòrmhor, mòr,  
 Triath 'thoirt soluis, 'sa chumail beatha beò.

Mu'n chruinne-ché neo-thoimhste tha do threòir;  
 'Ga chumail suas, 's 'ga bheothachadh le deò!  
 An tùs 's a' chrìoch gu'n d' cheangal thu r'a chèil';  
 'S gu h-àillidh mheasgadh beatha 's bàs leat féin!  
 O'n lasair theinntich mar théid sradan suas,

---

lated into the Japanese, Chinese, and Tartar languages. The English translation is by Bowring, for his volume of Russian Anthology.

So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;  
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand  
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:  
 They own thy power, accomplish Thy command;  
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—  
 A glorious company of golden streams—  
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—  
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?  
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—  
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?  
 And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,  
 Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd  
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
 Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd  
 Against Thy greatness; is a cypher brought  
 Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,  
 Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;  
 Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine  
 As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.  
 Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
 Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee  
 I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,  
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity.  
 I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!  
 Direct my understanding then to Thee;  
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:  
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,  
 Still I am something, fashion'd by Thy hand!  
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Mar sin leum grianuibh agus saoghail uait;  
 Mar gheal chrith-reothadh ann an gath na gréin'  
 Ri lèiscam timcheall sneachd tha feachd geal nèimh,  
 'S a shlòigh a' dealradh ann ad chliù-sa, 'Dhé.

Tha muilleann lòchran laiste le do làimh  
 A' triall gun sgios 's an àibheis ghuirm gach tràth;  
 'Toirt géill do d' neart 's do reachd 'ga chumail slàn,  
 Sgiambach le beatha, 's mòralach le h-àgh.  
 Ciod a their sinn riù? Colbhan criostail geal;  
 Cuideachd do shruthain ghlòrmhor òir gun fhal;  
 Lòchrain do adhar nèambaidh 'losgadh glan;  
 Saoghail ghrian-shoillseachaidh le 'n gathaibh ait?  
 Ach mar an ré do'n oidhech' thu dhoibh air fad.

Seadh, mar bhoinne beag uisge anns a' mhuir,  
 Tha 'mhòrachd so air chall annad gu tur;  
 Ciod iad deich mìle saogh'l r'an coimeas riut?  
 Agus ciod mise? Slòigh gun àireamh nèamh  
 Ged chuirte iad deich mìle uair an meud,  
 'S gach glòir is òirdheirc' smuain 's an cur air réir  
 Air meigh r' an tomhas iad mar dhadmunnn crìon  
 'N aghaidh do mhòrachd, a's mar sgàil gun bhrìgh  
 'N aghaidh bith-bhunntachd! Ciod mise? Neo-ni!

Neo-ni! Ach ràinig sruth do shoillse bheò  
 'Chaidh trid nan saoghal cian mo bhrollach fòs;  
 A'm' spiorad tha do Spiorad 'boillsgeadh dlùth,  
 Mar dhealraicheas gath gréin' a'm braon do'n drùchd.  
 Neo-ni! ach beò, 's air sgiathaibh dòchais 'leum  
 Gu dian gu d' làithreachd; oir 's ann annad féin  
 A ta mi beò, mo dheò, mo thàmh, 's m' àrd dhéidh;  
 Eadhon gu cathair do naomhachd. 'Tha mi,  
 O Dhé! 's gu cinnteach feumaidh tusa bhi!

Tha thu ann! 's gach ni 'g an steòrnadh leat gu léir;  
 Seòl mo thuigse-sa do d' ionnsuidh féin;  
 Ceannsaich mo spiorad, 's iomral mo chridhe stiùr!  
 'Measg anbharrachd, 's nach ni mi féin ach smùr,  
 Gidheadh 's ni éiginn mi a rinn do làmh,  
 Eadar talamh 's nèamh tha m' inbhe 'n dràs,  
 Air oir mu dheireadh na bith bhàsmhoir tha,

Close to the realms where angels have their birth,  
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;  
In me is matter's last gradation lost,;  
And the next step is spirit—Deity!  
I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!  
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously  
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod  
Lives surely through some higher energy;  
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
Created me! Thou source of life and good!  
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude  
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring  
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!  
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,  
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to thy Deity.  
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;  
Thus seek Thy presence—Being, wise and good!  
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;  
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

---

### NEARER TO THEE!

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
Even though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

'S ro dhlùth do'n rìogh'chd 's an d' fhuair na h-ainglibh  
Dìreach air còrsan tìr nan spiorad glic'! [bith,

Tha snàthainn bith' gu coimhliont' ann am chruth;

Annam-sa tha 'n staid dheireannaich aig stùth;

'S e 'n ath cheum spiorad,—agus Dia a rìs!

Ceannsaichidh mi 'n dealanach 's gur duslach mi!

Is dia 's is cnuimh! is tràill mi agus rìgh!

Cia as, a's cia mar 'tha mo theachd an so?

Co iongantach dealbh a's cur! gun fhios? tha 'n clod

So beò tre chumhachd éiginn 'tha ro mhòr,

Oir uaithe féin cha b' urrainn e bhi beò.

A Chruithfhir, chruthaich do ghliocas 's t'fhocal mi;

Seadh! 'Thus', a fhreumh na beatha, 's a mhaith fhìor;

'S tusa spiorad mo spioraid a's mo Fhlath!

Do ghràdh 's do sholus lion 'n an lànachd gheal

Mi le anam neo-bhàsmhor, a thoirt leum

Thar ghlinn dorcha 'bhàis, 's 'ga chuireadh féin

E chaitheadh éideadh là sìor, 's a dhol air sgéith

'N a thuras nèamhaidh as an inbhe bhig

So, eadhon gu 'fhreumh, 'Thus' ùghdar an sin.

O 'n sealladh àigh! O 'n smuain do chur an céill!

Oir ged nach fiù ar beachdan ort gu léir,

Seadh lionaidh t'iomhaidh fhaluichte ar cridh'

Gu snàmh le h-ùmhachd chum do Dhiadhachd shìor.

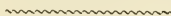
Mar so mo smuaintean-sa théid suas, a Dhé, [threun,

'Shireadh do làithreachd.—'S do d' Bhith mhaith, ghlic,

'Measg t' oibre mòr, le gràdh, gu'n aor mi 'n géill;

'S 'nuair théid do'n teangaidh labhairt 'au deas-chaiunt,

'An deòir na taingealachd ni 'n t-anam cainnt.



## NI'S DLUITHE RIUT FEIN!

Ni's dlùithe, mo Dhia, riut féin,

Ni's dlùithe riut féin!

Ged bi deuchainn na Cròis'

'Mhosgladh an déigh;

'Se fonn mo chridhe gach ré,

Ni's dlùithe, mo Dhia, riut féin,

Ni's dlùithe riut féin!

Though, like a wanderer,  
     The sun gone down,  
 Darkness come over me,  
     My rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
     Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear  
     Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
     In mercy given;  
 And angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
     Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts  
     Bright with thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
     Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
     Nearer to Thee!

---

### SUN OF MY SOUL.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if Thou be near;  
 O may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

Mi, 's a ghrian air dol fuidhe,  
                     Seachranach fann,  
 An doille orm air luidhe,  
                     A' chlach fo' m' cheann;  
 An aisling na h-oidhch', a Dhé,  
 Dh' iarrainn nì's dlùithe riut féin,  
                     Nì's dlùithe riut féin!

Faiceam an sin mo cheum  
                     Dìreadh gu nèamh;  
 'S gach nì dh' àithn thu dhomhsa  
                     'Teachd bho d' làimh;  
 Aingle 'g'am thàladh le 'chéil'  
 Nì's dlùithe, a Dhé, riut féin,  
                     Nì's dlùithe riut féin!

'An caithris na maidne  
                     'Dealradh a' d' ghràdh,  
 Thig as mo chruaidh-chàs  
                     Betel an àigh;  
 'Chum le m' àmghar gu léir  
 'Bhi nis dlùithe, a Dhé,  
                     Nì's dlùithe ruit féin!



### SOILLSE M' ANAMA.

Soillse m'an'ma, 'Shlànuighir chaoimh!  
 Cha'n oidhch' ach 'bhi á d' làith'reachd naoimh.  
 Na ceileadh sgàil thu choidhch o shùil  
 D'òglaich 'tha 'feitheamh ort le dùil.

An nochd, 'n uair bhraonas cadal sèimh  
 Mu m' rosgan trom, mar dhrùchd o nèamh,  
 Mo smaointean shàimh b' e meud an àigh  
 A bhi gu sìorruidh 'n uchd do ghràidh.

Fan thusa leam a dh' oidhch' 's a lò,  
 As d' eugmhais féin cha bhi mi beò;  
 Fan leam ré oidhch' mo thriall fadheòidh—  
 Fo fhiamh a' bhàis 's tu mhàin mo dhòigh.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.\*

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### “LOVEST THOU ME?”

Hark my soul! it is the Lord,  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
“Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?”

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\* The following translation of this Hymn was given to us by Mr. John Whyte, Junr., the translator of “Lochinvar,” and other pieces in this Series, and nephew of the late Mr. Robert Whyte, author of the poem on “Spring,” given at page 136 :—

A Shlàn'ghir ghràidh, mo ghrian is tu;  
Cha 'n oidheh' ach là 'n uair bhios tu dlùth:  
Na h-éireadh neula talmhaidh dùmh'l  
'G ad fholach 'mach o bheachd mo shùl.

'N uair thuiteas dealt a' chadail chiùin,  
'S gu sèimh mo rosgan sgìth gu'n dùin,  
Luidheam le sòlas làn do'n smuain,  
Gu bráth bhi sìinnt' air uchd an Uain.

Fan leam o mhoich gu luidhe gréin'—  
Cha bhi mi beò as t-eugmhais fein;

Ma chaidh air seachran bh' uait an diugh  
 A h-aon de d' chloinn a dhiùlt do ghuth,  
 'Nis teasraig e, a Dhé nan gràs:  
 Na luidheadh e fo chiont' a' bhàis.

Gléidh an t-euslan, bochdan riarach  
 O shaibhreas do lànachd shìorruidh;  
 'S thoir tàmh do luchd a' bhròin an nochd,  
 Mar shìth-shàimh naoidhein chaoimh gun lochd.

'N ar dùsgadh thig 'us beannaich sinn  
 Ar ceum troimh'n t-saogh'l mu'n gabhar leinn:  
 Fan, gus a'd' ghràdh mar dhoimhne mhòr  
 'Shàr lìonar sinn le ìoghnadh glòir.

“AM BHEIL GRADH AGAD DOMH-SA?”

NO “AN TOIGH LEAT MI?”

O m' anam, cluinn-sa guth do Dhé!  
 'Se d' Shlàn'ghear 'th' ann, r'a bhriathar éisd;  
 Tha Iosa 'labhairt riut, 's ag ràdh,  
 “'N ann dòmh's, a pheacaich bhochd, tha d' ghràdh?

Fan leam 'n uair bhios an oidhech' a' fàs,—  
 As t-eugmhais O! na faigheam bàs.

Aon leanabh seachrain bochd an diugh  
 Ma chuir, le tarcuis, cùl ri d' ghuth;  
 'N a anam tòisich obair gràs,  
 'Ga dhùsgadh o chlos peacaidh 's bàis.

An t-euslan fair; air bochd dean fòir,  
 Le beannachdaibh neo-ghann do stòir;  
 Biodh cadal luchd a' bhròin an nochd,  
 Mar chadal naoidhein sèimh, gun lochd.

Bi leinn 'n uair dh' fhosgla sinn air sùil,  
 Troimh 'n t-saogh'l bi Thusa ar fear-iùil;  
 Gus, ann an cuan gun chrìoch do ghràidh,  
 Am faighear sinn 'an rìogh'chd an àigh!

“I deliver’d thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, heal’d thy wound;  
Sought thee wand’ring, set thee right,  
Turn’d thy darkness into light.

“Can a woman’s tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

“Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

“Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be,  
Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me?”

Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore,  
Oh, for grace to love thee more!\*

\* The following translation of this Hymn is by the late Mr. Donald Cameron, Gaelic Teacher, North Uist. He left a large MS. of Gaelic Hymns, original and translated, that is likely to be published:—

M’ anam mosgail suas gun dàil,  
Chluinn guth Slanuigh’fhir do ghràidh;  
Riutsa tha e ’g’radh le sìth,  
“A pheacaich thruaigh an toigh leat mi?”

“’S mis a dh’fhuasgail ort ’s tu’n sàs,  
’S ri do chreuchdaibh a chuir plàs’,—  
Thionndaidh thu o’d sheachran clìth  
’S thug dhuit eòlas, slàint, a’s sìth.

“’N teirig cùram caomh na mnà’  
Mu’n chiochran dh’altrum i gu blàth?

“Chuir mis’ thu saor ’n uair ’bha thu ’n sàs;  
 ’N uair ’bha thu leòint’ rinn mis’ thu slàn;  
 Is phill mi thu o d’ sheachran claon,  
 ’S do dhuibhre rinn mar sholus caoin.

“An sguir an cùram tairis, caomh,  
 A ghabhas màth’r de ’cìochran maoth?  
 A gràdhs’ ged sguireadh tur, ’s a spéis,  
 Cha-n fhàg mis’ thusa chaoidh, ’s cha tréig.

“Tha m’ ghràdhs’ neo-chaochluidheach is buan,  
 Ni’s àirde na na nèamhan shuas,  
 Ni’s doimhne na an doimhneachd shìos,  
 Ni’s treis’ na’m bàs, saor, dileas, fìor.

“Mo ghlòir-sa chithear leat gun dàil,  
 ’N uair ’nithear iomlan obair gràis;  
 Is suidhidh tu a’ m’ chaithir-rìgh—  
 A pheacaich bhochd, an toigh leat mi?”

A Dhé, is e mo ghearan truagh,  
 Gu ’m bheil mo ghràdh cho fann is fuar;  
 Gidheadh dhuit bheiream gràdh is glòir,  
 O thoir dhomh gràs ’bheir gràdh ni’s mò!

Feudaiddh ise fàs gun suim,  
 Ach bidh tus’ gu sìorruidh ’m chuimhn’.

“’S gràdh neo-chaochlaideach mo ghràdh’s,  
 ’S àird e na na néamhan àrd,  
 ’S doimhne e na ’n doimhne shìos,  
 Dìleas, treun, ’s e saor gun chrìoch.

Chithear leat mo ghlòir gu luath.  
 ’N uair bheir gràs a mach a’ bhuaidh;  
 Suidhidh leams am Chaithir-rìgh,—  
 A pheacaich thruaigh an toigh leat mi?”

Thighearn’ ’s e mo ghearan cruaidh,  
 Mo ghaol a bhi cho fann gach uair;  
 Gidheadh tha agam dhuitse spéis;—  
 O! thoir dhomh gràs gu ’chur am meud.

## ARGYLE.

Argyle! thou ancient seat of Albin's kings,  
 Whose warlike sons withstood the Roman arm,  
 Subdu'd the Picts, and spurn'd the yoke of Danes!  
 Long may thy hardy, hospitable race  
 Enjoy their mountains and sequester'd vales  
 In rural innocence! thy pastures clad  
 With herds and fleecy flocks, thy winding glens  
 With yellow corn, thy hills with waving woods,  
 Thy bounteous seas with all the finny tribes.  
 If more be needful, let thy frugal sons  
 Ply well the plough, the shuttle, and the sail—  
 The source of wealth, of elegance, and ease.

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 EARRA-GHAIDHEIL.

Earra-Ghàidheil! tuinneadh rìghrean Alb' o chian,
 A's ghaisgeach nach do ghéill do fheachd na Ròimh;
 Ni mò a strìochd do chuinnng nan Lochlunnach!
 Gu ma buan a mhealas t' iarmad gaisgeil, fial
 Do bheanntan mòr', 's do ghleanntan uaigneach gorm'
 'An neo-chiontas; 's do raontan còmhdaichte
 Le caoraich 's buar, 's do shraithean fasgach blàth
 Le arbhar torach; do bheanntan àrd le coille dhlùth,
 'S do chuantan fial le 'n tachdar maiseach éisg.
 A's tuilleadh ma tha dh'easbhuidh solaraidh
 Do mhic, le'n tapadh dhuit, air muir 's air tìr,—
 Bonn-stéidh' gach saibhreis, comhfhurtachd a's sòigh.

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 C. SALM.

[The following translation of this Psalm is by a gentleman in Arran, whose name we are not at liberty to give. He is of opinion that it is more faithful to the English than the translation given at page 84 of the First Series. Our readers can judge for themselves.]

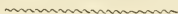
O! uile shluagh an domhain mhòir,  
 Seinnibh gu h-ait do Dhia mar 's còir,

Le iobairt mholaidh togaibh ceòl,  
'S thigibh an lathair Dhia na glòir.

Biodh agaibh fios gur esan Dia,  
'S esan a rinn sinn, 's cha sinn féin :  
Caoraich a threud da rìreadh sinn,  
'S e féin a bheathaicheas sinn gach ré.

Le aoibhneas mòr air geataibh Dhé,  
D'a aros naomha thigibh steach ;  
Ainm molaibh—seinnibh dha gach ré,  
Oir 's ni e 's cubhaidh do gach neach.

C'arson? 'Tha 'n Tighearn' Dia ro mhaith,  
Tha thròcair buan gu suthain sìor ;  
Sàr mhaireannach bha fhirinn riamh,  
A's bidh o linn gu linn gu fìor.



### C. SALM.

[Here is another version of it by Mr. John Whyte, Jun.]

Gach uile thùr air thalamh tha,  
Seinnibh le iolach àrd do Dhia ;  
Le aoibhneas deanaibh seirbheis dha,  
'S le binn-cheòl àrdaichibh an Triath.

Tuigibh gur Dia Iehòbha treun ;  
'S e 'mhàin a chruthaich sinn 's a dhealbh ;  
Mar shluagh 's mar chaoraich fòs dha féin,  
Is leis-san sinn gu léir mar shealbh.

Le buidheachas 'na làthair a steach  
'Na gheataibh àillidh thigibh dlùth ;  
Togaibh, an cùirtibh naomh a theach,  
D'a ainm-san moladh àrd a's cliù.

Oir tha an Tighearn' maith gu fìor,  
Gu bràth cha dìobair tròcair Dhé ;  
Bidh fhìrinn maireannach gu sìor,  
Gun chaochladh buan o ré gu ré.

## CRIOSD AN T-AON DIDEIN.\*

Iosa, 'thug do m' anan gràdh,  
 Gu d' uchd bàigheil teicheam féin,  
 'N uair a dh' éireas tonnan àrd,  
 'S gaoth ro làidir tigh'nn o'n speur;  
 O! m' Fhear-saoraidh, falaich mi,  
 Gus an téid an doinionn seach';  
 Sàbhailte do chala sìth,  
 Gabh mi aig a' chrìch a steach.

Didean eile cha 'n 'eil ann;  
 Riut tha m' anam truagh a taic';  
 O! na fàg mi diblidh, fann,  
 Cum mi suas an àm na h-airc.  
 Annad tha mo dhòchas teann,  
 Tha mo chòmhnuadh uait gu léir;  
 O! cuir falach air mo cheann,  
 'Steach fo dhubhar sgàil do sgéith'.

'S tusa 'mhàin, a Chrìosd, tha uam,  
 Gheibh mi uait na h-uile nì;  
 Tog mi 'n àird' a's cum mi suas,  
 Leighis, agus treòraich mi.  
 'S ceart 's is naomha d' ainm gu bràth,  
 'S mis' am peacach gràineil, baoth;  
 Làn de thruaill'eachd tha mi ghnàth,  
 'S thusa làn de ghràs 'tha saor.

Agadsa tha pailteas gràis,  
 Gràs gu m' pheacaibh ionnlaid uam';  
 Eireadh sruthaibh beò an àird,  
 Chum mo nàdur dheanamh nuadh:  
 'S tusa mhàin an tobar beò,  
 Thoir dhomh deoch ri òl gu saor,  
 Ann am chridhe chuireas treòr,  
 'S fad na sìorr'achd mhòir nach traoigh.

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\* The reader will find the original and a translation of the well known Hymn, by Charles Wesley, at page 66; but this translation, by Mr. A. M'Dougall, pastor of the Baptist Church, Rothesay, being too late for insertion along with the other one, we give here.

## THE FALL OF THE LEAF.\*

(FROM THE FRENCH OF MILONOW.)

The autumnal winds had stripped the field  
 Of all its foliage, all its green;  
 The winter's harbinger had stilled  
 That soul of song which cheered the scene.

With visage pale, and tottering gait,  
 As one who hears his parting knell,  
 I saw a youth disconsolate:—  
 He came to breathe his last farewell.

“Thou grove! how dark thy gloom to me!  
 Thy glories stript by autumn's breath!  
 In every falling leaf I see  
 A threatening messenger of death.

“O Æsculapius! in my ear  
 Thy melancholy warnings chime:—  
 ‘Fond youth! bethink thee thou art here  
 A wanderer—for the last, last time.

“Thy spring will winter's gloom o'ershade,  
 Ere yet the fields are white with snow,  
 Ere yet the latest flowerets fade,  
 Thou, in the grave, wilt sleep below.’

“I hear the hollow murmuring—  
 The cold wind rolling o'er the plain—  
 Alas! the brightest days of spring  
 How swift! how sorrowful! how vain!

“O wave, ye dancing boughs, O wave!  
 Perchance to-morrow's dawn may see

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\* In a note to “The Withered Leaves,” page 118, a Gaelic version of this poem is given. We were not aware till lately that it had been translated by John Bowring for his Russian Anthology.

My mother, weeping on my grave:—  
Then consecrate my memory.

“I see, with loose, dishevelled hair,  
Covering her snowy bosom, come  
The angel of my childhood there,  
And dew, with tears, my early tomb.

“Then, in the autumn’s silent eve,  
With fluttering wing and gentlest tread,  
My spirit its calm bed shall leave,  
And hover o’er the mourner’s head.”

Then he was silent:—faint and slow  
His steps retraced:—he came no more.  
The last leaf trembled on the bough,  
And his last pang of life was o’er.

Beneath the aged oak he sleeps:—  
The angel of his childhood there  
No watch around his tomb-stone keeps,  
But, when the evening stars appear,

The woodman, to his cottage bound,  
Close to that grave is wont to tread:  
But his rude footsteps, echoed round,  
Break not the silence of the dead.

[Those of our readers who have seen the Poem on Spring by Michael Bruce, will remember that it has much in common with the preceding. The only marked difference between them is, that Bruce sung his own dirge, but in this case it is sung by another.]







