



G A E L I C
T R A N S L A T I O N S .

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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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GLASGOW :

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MDCCLIX.

INTRODUCTION.

WE will always feel grateful to Dr Norman M'Leod 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 develop 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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(1) This Poem was translated into English from the Latin of St Columba, by the late Dr John Smith of Campbellton.

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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 ;
 He 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 bhlaire, fo sgàil nan gorm-choill ùr,
 'S na brudair Ghreugach, theich gu leir fo'r cùl.
 A Rìgh thug càil do'n Fhaidhe 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 Iesse faic le teas a' fàs
 A suas san speur a' Gheug is cùbhraidh 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 drùchd na slaint' air bharr gach meoir ;
 Le tamh fo 'sgàil gu bràth cha loisg a' ghrian,
 'S o stoirin nan gaoth nì'm fasnadh caoinh 'ur dìon.
 Treigidh an t-ole, 's gach ceilg a lot an sluagh,
 'S air slighe 'pheacaidh coisuidh 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 luath !
 Grad éireadh fianh 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 an 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 spìsrìdh Sharoin suas 's na neoil,
 A's Charmeil 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 nì gàir m'an Tì is àirde t' ann !
 Tha'n saoghal ag éiridh ; lùb an speur a nìos,
 Gach nì le gràdh 'cur fàilt air teachd an Triath !
 Na seudair rìomhach cromaidh sìos an ceann !
 Fodha na sleibhtean ! éireadh làr nan gleann !
 Gach creag biodh mìn ! biodh sìth air thuilteibh luath
 Roimh sholus gnùise Slauuighir 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 adamantine 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 chràidh ni's mò,
 'S o ghruaidh gach crentair suathar deur a' Lhròin ;
 An geimhilibh praise glaisear suas an 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 bhath-ghaoith chiùin,
 Shireas le sùl-bheachd dùrachd na th'air ehall,
 '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-ghàir 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 nasal suas 's gach tìr,
 'S na thionnsgain athair bheir am mac gu crìch.
 Sgaoilidh an fhionain 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 sguabach, reachd'or, tròm ;
 A's chi na buachaillean gach cruaidh dhruim fàis
 Ur-bhog le fear, 's le liligh '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 thric na déigh.
 'S a' ghleann bha 'fàs fo bhàrr do'n sgitheach dhoirbh
 Tha 'm bocsa grinn 's an giuthas sniomhain, gorm.
 An àite chuseag sheasg, a's luibhean searbh,
 Ni 'mortal fàs, 's am pàilm is àillidh dealbh.
 Bidh iarmad sgrìos 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 aon phrasaich tàmh,
 '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 translation 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 aindeoin a bhòilich, eha soirbhich le d' namh,
 Oir is treun e, 'm fear-còmhnaidh tha a' d' mheadhon a' tàmh ;
 Làn-théaruint' 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 nàimhdean, bha aingealta, dian ;
 Bì seasmhach, bì gramail, oir eunnairt ma th' ann,
 'Cha dhuit-se fath eagail, ach do d' cascaraid dall.

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

Togaidh an leanaban cìche 'bhéisd o'n làr,
 'S i bheithir bhreac a chleachd an ruinn-ghath bàis ;
 Le gair thoil-inntinn chi e lìth nan lann,
 'S m'an teagaidh ghobhlaich cluichidh an t-òg gun fheall.

A Bhan-rìgh SHALEIM! àrdaich gloir 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 fhosgais gus am faic iad soills' an là ;
 An sliochd gun chumntas seall tu 'dùsgadh suas,
 Thoirt modh do'n Rìbhinn àigh is àillidh snuagh!
 Gabh beachd air feachd nan rioghachd fad o laimh,
 Air ghluinibh lùbt' ag ùrnuigh 'd' theampull àigh!
 'S na ceudan rìgh a' tuiteam sìos gu dhùth,
 '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 desraich 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!
 Mu d' thimehioll 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 siorruidh tuitidh sìos 'nan ùir;
 Ach seasaidh firinn dhùleas Rìgh nan dùl!
 Riaghlaidh tu fein 's Mesiah 'n éibhneas nèamh,
 'S air gloir 'ur rioghachd ni'm faicear crìoch gu bràth.

A N E A G L A I S .

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

'S cha bhuaidhaich a chaoidh; a dh' aindeoin an uail,
 Air do thaobhsa tha losa, 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 Cànán thu tamull, 's dha b' aithreach gu'n d' rinn ;
 Oir thuit e, le 'mhacaibh, fo d' shleagh a's fo d' launn ;
 'S a' chuid nach do thuit diubh fo chudthrom do bheum',
 Dhian-ruaigeadh gun stad iad fo mhàllachd 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-chreachadh—dh' eug a mhaenus 's a mhùirn,
 'S mar a dhuais ghlac am *Persach* a bheartas 's a chrùn.

Dhian lean thu an t-Iùdhach, 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 dràgoin bha ghnàth air do thì.

A cuing bhàrr do mhuineil do thilg thu gu làr,
 A's ràisg thu dhith 'n fhalluing a dh'fholaich a nàir ;—
 A srannraich na cuireadh ort eagal no fiamh,
 Tha a ceann air a bhruthadh, 's a cumhachd air triall.

Mo thruaighe gur fìor e ! an tìr so an àigh,
 Gu 'n d' fhuairas 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 bhuail thu 's a bhuaidhaich 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 sios air do naimh.

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

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

Feadh gharbhach an t-sléibhe 's air réidhlein 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 faothachbadh fhuair
As shiabadh 'n deur-chràidh a bha blàth air do ghruaidh ;
'S do naimhdean bha 'n cumhachd 's an urram ro-mhor,
Thur-chrion 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 sior.

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

Oigh Shioin, 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 namh.

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 cinn,
 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 Ròimh' ;
 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 Ròimh',
 Gu dàna ghlac t' àim 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 tir 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' f heuch 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 f huair thu o d' nàimh,
 'S tha 'chroich air a deargadh le fuil do chuid dàmh.

Ach dh' fhuiling do naimbdean, a s dh' fhuiling an sliochd,
 A's dh' fhògradh gach aon diubh gun chòmhnadh 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 chorrnich 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 daoi,
 Cha bhudhaich 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 Shion ! biodh dileas 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.

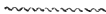
But, oh ! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'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 ghnàis',
'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 ruigeadh 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'ann,
'N uair dh'fhògradh na naoimh roi' choilltibh nam beann ;
Bha caomh bhratach Shìoin 'an naigneas 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 sléibhteann ;
Air beanntan na dù'cha bha tlà dhealt a's drùchd,
A' braonadh air lusau, 's air blàithean nan stùchd.

Bha'n uiseag gu ceolmhor feadh neoil ghil nan speur,
A' seinn le toilinntinn am binn cheileir ròidh,
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-lhlàth 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 teamdachd bha 'g éiridh ;
Cha b' urrainn iad tlachd a bhì ac' air an làraich,
Far am b' fhios doibh am fuil bli ga dòrtadh am màireach.

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

Bha'n agbaidhean uaine, 's an claidheannan rùisgte,
Ach bha'n dìo'ltas a dhubhraich an sùilean gu bh-rùchdadh

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 ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !



AG A I N S T A V A R I C E.

HUNALD ! the counsel of Columba hear,
And to thy friend give now a willing ear ;
No studied ornament shall gild my speen,
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 page,
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 ghèilleadh,
 '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,
 Dhorchaidh na speuran, b' àrd beucail na torruim,
 'S na treun-fhìr ga'm marbhadh 'an garbhilach a' mhonaidh.

'N uair mharbhadh na firein, '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 uairean a ghlanadh,
 'S na h-anamaibh éibhinn a dh'éirich á àmbghiar,
 'S do fhlaithneas dh'fhalbh iad air charbad na slàinte.

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

AN AGHAI DII SAINT.

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

Cuir muinghinn ann an Dia, 's d'a ghuth thoir géill,
 An feadh a mhaireas là do chuairt fo'n ghréin ;
 A's thoir faineas ar beath' an so gu'n d' fhuair
 G'ar n-anaman dheasach' air son sonas buan.
 Dean dìmeas air na sòlasan nach mair,
 'S na leag do chri 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 disturb'd 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 can'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-ìomhais luachmhor sin bidh buan mar neamh,
Ach siubhlaidh ìomhais 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 lò,
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 fainear 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 'ehuid òir,
Tha miannan 'anm' air cuspair eil' an toir ;
Fior fheum an saibhreis 's teare 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 stochd.
Na leomainn cha dean air a thrusgain beud,
'S cha toir e ghràn a reamhrachadh nan steud,
Ni mo bheir iomagain crì e chaoidh fo spròcad :
No teine fòs, no meirlich gu bhì bochd.
Tha ìomhas 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 uir :
Ar feum air airgiod cha bhì mòr no buan,
A chionn nach buin e ach do'n taobh so'n naigh.
Là cuairt chloinn daoìn' a bhos cha 'n iarr mòr stochd,
Oir fosglaidh nèamh gun dàil do'n diadhaidh bhochd,
Am feadh a dh' fhosglas prìosan doreha 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 dhèneas ann am focal Dé,
 Is lubach, carach tha gach ni fo 'n ghréin:
 An duine truagh, thuir Daibhidh, 's gearr a là,
 A bheatha teichidh as gu luath mar sgùil.
 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 bhàth,
 'S thig àm gu eur a's buain, a's là 'n deigh là.
 Ach beatha ris cha phill le blath nam bruach,
 A's duine aon uair marbh cha phill o'n uaigh.
 Is glic mata gach aon d'an eùram gear,
 'S an t-seal so ullachadh fa theachd a Dhé.



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

Ciod uime 'n dean duine gearr-shaoghalach uail!
 Mar an dreug, no mar neul a shiubhlas gu luath,
 Mar bhoilsgheadh an dealain—mar thoman 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'altrum 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 lèin,
 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 daoi 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 !

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### C A S T E A N D C H R I S T .

“ 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 rùn '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 chuinnic iad dhuinne nis 's leur,  
Ag òl do'n aon fhuaran, o'n ghréin 'factainn blàth's,  
A' ruith san aon chùrs' mar rium iad-san, 'nan là.

Ar 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 còmhlaich an tosdachal 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, toilinntim 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 thonnau 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 uime 'n dean duine gearr-shaoghalach bòsd !



## DIOBARRAICH AGUS CRIOSD.

“ O ! 'choigrich sgèth, '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 dhiot bràthair,  
'S leam nach nàrach tigh'nn dhuit dlù.

Ormsa mhionnaich mi, Aosd'-làithean,  
'Bhi 'cur deas na 's cearr mi féin,  
M' fhoacal 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 ghlac 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 sin'ful 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 lip 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-boughten 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 sruadh ;  
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 bhlath, troimh'n d' iomaineadh an tonn.

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

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

Dh'imich borb phlanndairean mun'cuairt, a's dh'fharraid aois na h-oigh—  
Air neart na mathar ghabh iad beachd, cha 'n f hac iad riamh a deoir—  
Mhin-ranusaich iad an seann duin' tiath, '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' tiath 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 teasraigín bho 'n amhghar chruaidh—a chur an trail fa sgaoil.

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

Chaidh 'nis na planndairean a thaobh, 'n an cunradh 'deanamh uail,  
'S le 'm huannachd shalaidh shiubhal iad troi' bhaile mu an t-sluaigh,  
Air teachd do 'u t-Sabaid thig iad cruinn gu aoradh naomba Dhe ;  
Ach fagaidh 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 cach a dheanamh dhuit, dean thusa dhoibh d'a reir,"  
Do thig na h-urnuigh dean gu grad do thraillean truagh a ghairm,  
A's ann am fianuis 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 Slaunighear 'na ghradh, do spiorad fein fa sgaoil,  
Ach boim do thraillean, O ! na h-earb gu geatan neamh thoirt suas,  
'S dol as o uamhas corruich Dhe, 's o pheanas siorruidh buan.

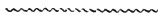
O 's foisneach a bhios t-uchd air teachd la saorsa do gach trail!  
Ni t'innit uail 's na tonnan mear, a bhuaileas air an traigh ;  
Mar oran binn bidh fuaim nan gaoth 'ni mire feadh do chiabh,  
A's nadur fein, 's gach duil 'na com, sior thogaidh fonn do Dha.

Gach craobh a luaisgeas anns a gbaoith, '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 tola 's dheur, 's o mhallachd cuing an trail ;  
O bhuanachd shalaidh mar an ceudn', 's o uamhas gath a' bhais.

O d' bhrundar duisgidh tu 's an oidhch' le h-inntinn aoibhinn, ait,  
A's naoidhean shaoirte ni do cheum le rosan cubhraidh 'sgap' ;  
A's re do bheatha 'n so a bhos 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 riun 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'ioacas prìs na h—"Och!"  
 A'd' leabaidh dh'iblidh 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 bhochd;  
 A's neartaich 'anail ann an glaic a' bhàis  
 Gu luaidh a thoirt air ainm a Thighearn àigh;  
 A's tròcair iarruidh d'a luchd-casgraidh breun,  
 Mar Phrionnsa Nèanb 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,—  
 Fhèoil bhriosgach, fhosgach, 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 aigne 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 traill a chuir e moirt' á chuimhn'.  
 Gidheadh tha Neambnuid 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 bhruaidir 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.

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### 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.

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\* 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-fhir b' àillidh sgiamh ;  
 Le'n tric a ghabh i sràid gun sgàth, gun fhiamh ;  
 Rì 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 fiùrau 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' mbeal 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, Treun nam buadh."  
 Mar so 'nuair dh' éirich a' mhuir bheuchdach suas ;  
 Rì d' thràigh tha slachdraich 'Ghalile nam buaidh,  
 Na tonnan uaibhreach 'n suaraich chuir gach nì ;  
 Ach 'nuair thuir Iosa riutha " Tosd, biodh sìth,"  
 An fhairge shiolaidh, 's balbh gu'n d' fhas an t-sìd,  
 'S an iùbhrach lag gu tearuinnt' rainig tìr.

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LAOIDII 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 sios.
 Tha nàdur f'cin 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 al ;—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 bìth 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 uamhann mòr a's crith 'n uair bhios gach dùil
 'Nan tosd a' feitheamh foillseachaidh do rùn ;
 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 tìr',
 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 crìnaidh nithe 'b' aobhar oillt,
 Gach ole a's maith, 's eas-aonachd anns an t-saogh'l
 Do ghuth do bhéil bheir umhlachd, thoileach, shaor,
 'S nì 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 daoin' do'n ole,
 'S gach smaointinn ion-mholt' nì 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 lunnid nì 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 dhaoin' a's dhée ;
 Ged chuartaich neula dorcha t'àite tàimh,
 'S a chluinnear anns an tàirneanach do chainnt,
 Gu h-atlaireil, 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.

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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<sup>†</sup>  
 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 daoin' a's dée nach sguir gu sìor  
 A sheinn air lagh ro fharsuinn, mòr an Rìgh.

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## 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 fonnhor àrd le cliù  
 Sàr chumhachd fìor, a's mòrachd Rìgh nan dùl.  
 Na bhruidhneas teang' 's na sgrìobhas peann neo-chlà  
 Tha rannan ciùil a' teachd ni's dlùith' o m' chridh.  
 Uil' mhaise dhaoin' tha t'ailleachd chaoin-s' os cionn,  
 Oir 's àillidh, ciatach dealradh fiamh do ghnùis ;  
 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 chlaidheamh crioslaich 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-mhor bidh gu bràth a'd' laimh :  
 Bheir t'aobhar ceartais misneach, neart, a's cli,  
 Le naomh-enchd treun dhuit leis an dean thu strì  
 Do naimhdean sgathar leat fo d' chlaidheamh treun,  
 'S their rìghrean cìosnaicht' gur h-o 'n Triath thu féin.  
 Gach neart 's leat féin, Iehobhab, 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-mhor 'sàsachadh do chrìdh'.  
 Tha nigh'nean rìgh a' frithealadh 'na d' chòir,  
 'S do bha-nrìgh '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'ehd àraidh thig o'n Aird-an-ear.

Ach thus', O Bhan-rìgh! aom do chluas, a's éisd,  
Tìgh t'athar dioch'naich 's tìr do dhùchais tréig,  
'S gach cusbair roimhe choisinneadh do luaidh,  
'S do mhianm 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 glòir a's géill.  
Thìg Ban-rìgh Thiruis féin o 'h-àite taimh  
Le millte tiodhlae '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.

Fèuch! Nìgh'n an Rìgh, an éididh rìomhaich, ghrinn,  
Do chéile, Ard Rìgh, miann a's gràdh do chrìdh,  
'S a falluinn òr-mhaisicht', gu bòidheach, dlùth,  
'S a h-aodunn-dhreach ni 's taitniche do 'n t-sùil ;  
Am buaidhean àigh a crìdh' cia àrd gu léir,  
Far bheil a' tàmh gach beus a's gràs is fearr.  
O feuch a Rìgh! do chéile rìombach, gràidh,  
A' teachd a'd' ionnsuidh 'u 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 grinn,  
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,  
Mìc 's nìgh'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 fù ;  
'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 dhùtchaibh céin gu'n cuir mi'n céill do chliù.  
Am feadh a ghluais' as neoil mu chuairt nam beann,  
'S aig àm na h-oidhich' bhios reulta 'soillseach ann ;  
'M feadh bhios a' ghrian a' fiamhachadh an lò,  
A'ò glòir '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 ! ”

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 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 ni 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 fhuir-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 e' àit' idir an seall?

O! teich-sa,” deir m' anam “gu casan do Shlàn'ir,
Dean maithneas 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 bhlaithéan an raoin! ged 's àillidh 'nan sgeimh

Blaithéan a' ghàraidh, sibhse b' annsa leam fein,

Tha sibh 'g aiseag dhomb sambraidhean m' òig',

'Nuair bha aoibhneas air aghaidh an t-saoghail mu'n cuairt,

'Sa bha buidheagan 's neoincanan 'comhdach nam bruaich,

A' fas air shmuadh 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 cubhraidh nan cluan;

Far am faicinn am fiadh astar cian uam sa' ghréin,

'S an cluinninn an calaman air bharran nan geug,

Ri durdail throm a bu chianala fuainu.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart little wildings of June :
 Of old ruinous castles 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 ehild 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 deare air 'ur gnùis,
 'Nuair a bheachdaich mi iongantais nàduir au 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 nain',
 'Thig a'm' chuimhne, 'sna duileagaibh bàit' ;
 Nach iomad sealladh is leir 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'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 bhallaich a' aosda a Dhuairt nan saoi,
 Gur h-àluinn do bhratach a' snàmh agus a' ghaoith ;
 Air a' bhaideal m'an iadh an eidgeann 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' chraim,
 Tha lìonadh le sòlas luchd-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 'tìladh 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 nan laoidh.

Cha'n'eil fiamh air an òigh' roi' bhratach an àigh,
 Gu'n gairmear air falbh uaipè leannan a gràidh ;
 Tha màthair nam fleasgach gun eagal, gun fhuath,
 A' fhaicinn 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.

~~~~~  
 M Y M O T H E R .

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 ehi 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 dùthecha, '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.

~~~~~

M O M H A T H A I R .

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 thàiris^morm gu caomb,
 'S mi 'm luidhe anns a' chreathail fhaoin,
 'S a shìl na deòir le bàigh cho caoin ?
 Mo Mhàthair.

Fo euslainte 'nuair bha mi'n sàs,
 O àm gu h-àm ni's laige 'fàs,
 Cò ghuil 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 dhomb 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' oidheh' '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'à' 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 fhreagair 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 tìll 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 daoine'.

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.

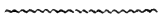
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

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 *Righ*, xix. 35.

Chrom Senacherib mar reub-chu air crò,
 Bha 'armailt a' dealradh le airgiod a's òr ;
 Bha boillsgeadh a launan 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 daoibh ;
 Air suaimhneas an tàmha thuit pràmh-chadal fuar,
 Aon phlogsg thug gach cridhe—cha do phlogsg 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 phlogsgaidh 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' mheing 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 bantraichean Ashuir fo ànradh 's fo thùrs',
 A's iodhalan Bhàail 's gach àite 'n an smùr ;
 A's spionadh a' Chinnich nach do mhilleadh 's an àr,
 Leagh iad, O! Thighearn, mar shneachd ann a'd' làth'ir.

L A B H I N I A.

Bha càirdean aon uair aig Labhnia 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, bantrach uireasbh'ach a's lag,
 Am bòthan ìosal chòmhnuidh iad le chòil' ;
 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 táir,
 Tha daoine 'deanamh tha air at le uailh,
 Air maise 's beusachd ann an là an aire.
 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 ghuirm chiùin
 Is gann a thog i, 'dearcadh sìos le bàigh
 Air snuadh nan neòinean 's air na blàithibh maotli';
 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 grunn
 Ni b' fhearr na rìomhadh àrd:—a h-àilleachd-sa
 Cha'n iarradh sgèimh no suas 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 fàsach, 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 Iurach àluinn 'chinn Labhinia suas.

MADUINN NA SABAID.

Nach sàmhach maduinn chiùin an latha naoimh!
 Tha fuaim an t-saoghail balbh. Cha chluinnear fòs
 'Sa bhuaile lunnag, no an fhead air raon.
 Tha'n speal 'na sìneadh anns an fheur fo dhrùchd,
 Na blàithean maotl' a' seargadh anns an spadh,
 Ge b' ùrail ait iad anns a' ghaoith an dé.
 Cluinnear an fhuaim 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 Ion-dubh tha 'seinn nì'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 fears 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 Comrie (father of the celebrated George Gilfillan), he got the late learned and accomplished Mr

An riabhag dh'èrich i an diugh gu nèamh,
 Le 'feadan ceolmhor ; tha'n t-alltan fein
 Gu mòr ni's réidhe a' siubhal sìos roi'n ghleann.
 O'n bhothan bheag ud as am faicear smùid
 Ag éiridh caol os ceann a' cheo, tha fuain
 Nam salma milis—laoidhean naomha, binn.
 Tha sìth os ceann a' bhaile bhig ud thall,
 An t-innein chlos ; tha h-uile ni '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 graò an lòn
 Air an lòn bhàr, fo dhion 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 altach 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-SABAID.

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, tho 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 shìon 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 rùn
 '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 chlàsaibh 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 còmhuard 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 critheach, 's a cheum mall !
 Le farmad tha beachd a shùl
 Air leabaidh ghuirm ùr nam foid ;
 'S e 'snàgan gu áros 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 ВИТН-МНÈR.
 Feuch, tha na mìltean 'nan tosd—
 Seall 'ga nochdadh teachdair' Dhé !
 Dh'fhosgail 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 Dòmhnuaich 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-even, when low the sun
 Slants 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 murn'ring, 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 chnoc,
 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 TIHOCAIR.

'S milis 's an òg mhaduinn sèimh-ghaoth air mòr bheanna,
 Ag osnaich sa' mhòintich, 's a' mombhur 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 aoihbhinn 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-sgenl is àghmhoire, beath' agus slàinte,
 A dh'fhuadaich gach sgàil dhorch' a shàraich mi trom.

O seadh ! 's maith is col 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 chuantaibh,
 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 McLeod, 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 euairt an t-sléibh 'tha fo m' bhonn
 Tha iomadadh sonn euchdach,

'Se guth cùin 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 easgadh
 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'iarruidh gu d' chaol leabai' fhuair ;
 Reult na Maidne ag éiridh aig fuaim 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 daoì.

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

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

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

A thuit a sios 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 éislean ;  
 'S bhiodh a chaochladh a nis 's an rann  
 R'a aithris mu àn an léirsgrios.  
 Ach 'bhuadhaich mìosgain a's foill,  
 'S chaidh laoiach 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."

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 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.  
 Ceilg, 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 liun ud lagh gu diogh'ltas trom,  
 Bha caomh-lagh nàdur ceart a' tàmh 's gach com :  
 'S da réir gach uair 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 combhghair uallach inneal b' fhuaimneach srann,  
 A thional sluaigh gu còmhrag cruaidh nan lann.  
 Mar so gu tèaruint', suaimhneach, sèimh bha'n tàmh  
 Gun sgàth, gun chùram ac' roimh ionnsuidh nàmh ;  
 'S an luaidh gu sìor air euchd an sinnsear treun,  
 Fo ionradh 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 "ghlìnn 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 suadh,  
 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 suadh,  
 '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.

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 ACHUINGE AN DEIRCICH.

Gabh truas do bhròn an t-seann duin' fhann,
 'S a bhuill air chrith 'ga ionchar chum do theach ;
 Tha làithe 'uis ach beag air teachd gu ceann,
 Dean còmhnadh 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 nd 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 riombach còmhnuidh ghrinn dh'i féin.

'S cruaidh cor an ti tha aimbeirteach a's fann !
 An so 'n uair dh'iarran orra sud greim bidh,
 Chuir òglach geòeach 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 ghaòith ro chruaidh, a's mheith am fuachd mo chlàth !
 Is gearr mo chuairt do'n uaigh d'am bheil mi triall,
 Oir tha mi uireas'ach a's aosmhor, sgèith.

Na'n iunsinn m' aobhar brèin gu h-iomlan duit,
 M'a mhaothaich daonnaich 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 uair thig mi-shealbh 'n ar dàil ?
 'S e '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 uair fhuair mi croiteag bheag o m' athair caoin,
 Mar uiseig shuundaich 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 chomhurtachd do m' aois,
 Mheall daoi-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 nam,
 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 see,
 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 pas.

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 rìomhach nach diobair an càs,
 'N uair 'bhios amhghairean geura 'toirt dheur o mo shùil,
 A's mi caoidh gu ro chràiteach na dh' fhàg mi air chùil.

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 gaoil.

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 cluimt' ann ach gàirich nam bà a's nan laogh.

Sin na brudaran 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 Èden 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 sgèth 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 deuchainean 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 'fhaoinis 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 dhatn '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."

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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 ceòlmhor, milis ;  
 'S e 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 stùe,  
 'N uair bhiodh an driùchd a' sileadh.

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

'N sin laidhidh mi 'smuainteach' mu bhuidh 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 fas."

~~~~~

A' CHUTHAG.

Fàilt' ort, eilthirich ghlais nam bruach,
 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 cès a' chnuic fo dhubhar ?

'S mòr m' f harmad 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 bhì 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 sambradh '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 fáilt air earrach nuadh.

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

O ! na'm bu leamsa sgiath an eoin,
 Gu'n sinbhlainn 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 ;
 Drumma cha chualas a' bualadh.

Thiodhlaiceadh esau an uaigneas na h-oidheh',
 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 ollanachd anairt g'a chuairteach' ;
 Ach laidh e mar ghaisgeach a' gabhail a shuain,
 Le 'thrusgan cogaidh mu 'n cuairt air.

B' aithghearr, 's bu tearc an urnuigh chaidh suas.
 A's shil sinn na deòir gu sàmhach,
 Ag anhare 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 bhia 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 reckon, 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 Cattnach 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 oirn,
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 euala 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 glaodh;
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 réidhleis an daraich bh'air crìonadh le aois;
"Fo leachd-lighe na còinnich, 'an so càiribh mo luaidh—
Nach labhair mo ghillean?" deir Gleannaora fo ghruain.

"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 eislium nam marbh,”
 Ghlaodh guth an f hìr 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'airde 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 dileas,
 A sheas ri strìgh 's ri stòirm ;
 Le sìòl a' sranraich '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 iong ;
 '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.

A D A M A N D E V E .

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 bhudhar, 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.

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A D H A M H A G U S E U B H .

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 bhì 'n dùil  
 Gun cuireadh iad air aiteas le 'n cruit-chiùil ;  
 Bu diomhain do na h-coin, air òb 's air ghéig,  
 Bhi 'cur ri ceòl san fheasgar bhòidheach chéit ;  
 Bu diomhain do 'n t-sruth mhòr bhì 'crònaich dha,  
 'S do bheachain bhreac bhì 'sranraich '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 snèadh.

## 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 ;

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\* 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 FILL,” 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.

Na 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!*

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### 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 ann an taice nam badan gorm, blàtha,  
 Far 'n do thuinnich mo shinnsear cha chaith mi mo làithean,  
 Le fiadh-lusan bòidheach cha chòmhdach 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 ni's mò.  
 O! 's cruaidh an càs gun bhì 'n àit' air mo chàradh  
 Far am bithiun fo dhùein—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?  
 Ghuil m' athair 's mo phiuthar 'n uair thuit e gu làr;  
 C'à' bheil mo mhàthair a dh'araich mi'm naoidbean?  
 A's c'à' bheil mo cheud-ghràdh a's m' fheadail 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 mùiru a's mais' air an ais leo o'n bhàs.

Ged tha cui'neachadh m' àbhaist an tràs 'toirt mo chli uam,  
 Aon atheuinge bàis a'm uchd pràmhail ni tàmh;  
 Eiriun, mo bheannachd biodh agad mar dhùleab,  
 Fhearainn mo shiuusearaibh, Slàn leat gu bràch!  
 'Nuair bhios anns an uaigh mo chri' fuar 's e gun ghluasad,  
 O! innis na mara biodh do mhachraichean uaine;  
 'S do bhàird le guth àrd 'seinn le'n clàrsaichean fuaimneach,  
 " Eirinn, mo mhùirnein! Eiriun 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 McKinnon 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 là'ir !  
 Feuch feachd fo'n cruaidh air cluan an àir !  
 A' teachd le'n uaill gu buaireas blàir  
 A dheanamh thràilleas dhibh !

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

Cò 'n càs a rìgh, a riogh'chd, '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 sliochd 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 ghéilleas 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 chombnuidh na fois,  
 Thainig fosadh air doinionn nan sian ;  
 'S gu'n d' ghleus is' a clàrsach ri naomh-cheol nam flath,  
 'Sleinn cliù do'n Ard-thriath a's do'n Uan.

Seadh, shìochaidh an stoirm, agus thùrling 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 'eridhe 's a h-àros gu h-àrd ;  
 Cha ghearain i tuille a h-aighe 'bhi fuar,  
 N'a còlunn 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 ceoil.

“ Biodh slàint', agus gloir, agus gliocas, a's neart,  
Do'n Tì a fhuair bàs air a' chraobh !

'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 sa-airt a's rìghrean dhinne do Dhia,  
Biodh gloir agus urram gach ré.”

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

Na guileadh a céile, a càirdean, n'a claun—  
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 tròcair 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 suaiceas na mnà:  
Ged 'ghabh i 'cead buan dhinn, cha diobair a luaidh  
Ann an inntiun an t-sluaigh 'thug dhi gràdh.

## TROCAIREAN DHE.

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

'S i do thròcair, Iehobhah, tha dhomh na bun-sgéil—  
'Na h-aoibhneas do m' chridhe, 's na h-uaill ann a'm' bheul:  
Do shaor-ghràs a mhàin o thoiseach gu crìch,  
Air m' aigne thug buaidh, 's chuir mo chridhe fo chis.

Gun do thròcairean 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 d light,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes  
Eut 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 trèd do shaor-mhaitheas gu'n d' chum thu mi suas,  
'S an Ti sin a dhealbh mi gu'n toir e dhoinh buaidh.

Tha dorus do thròcair-se fosgailt gach là  
Do'n bhòchd 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 fhìrinn, nach dìobair gu bràch.

### AN CANAAN NEAMHAIDH.

Fad as ó shiantan dorch' an t-sao'il,  
Tha glòir nach traoigh gu bràth ;  
A's ionad sona thar gach smaoin,  
Nach leir 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 tinneas 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 bli oidhech' ann feadh gach iall,  
'S cha bhual a' ghrian 's an 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 fèin,  
A sìos do shlochd na caoidh :  
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 fèin.

---

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 auhàin,  
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 'àois 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.

## 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,  
 Ionsgarar 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' f heuch iad gach doigh gu dbeanamh '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 Chriosduidhean, 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.

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### 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-each 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.

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BEATH' AN DUINE.

'S an earrach mar bhios àilleachd ròis,
 No mòr shruth 'choidhch' nach gabhadh tàmh,
 'S mar bhlàth bhios ùrail le deadh-mhais',
 No cambanaich ro-mboch an là :
 No mar na neòil feadh doinionn àrd,
 '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 fear, 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 deare 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 ni gun tàbhachd bhì '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 bhlas 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'n 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 Lansdowne MSS. British Museum, Parliamentary Collections, 498. 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.]

EXTRACT

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 sgar do thriall,
 Ach fhad 's a ch' do shùil a' ghrian
 Thig dlùth air fireantachd 's air Dia.
 Gach anam leis am miann bhì saor
 Biodh aigean an taobh thall do'n uaigh ;
 'S am feadh 'tha slàinte dhuit-se dlùth
 Rì 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 !

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### AM FOGRADH A PARAS.

Mu chiad chiont' Adhaimh a choisinn cràdh d'a shliochd,  
 'S mu mheas na craoibhe toirmisgt' thug oirnn sgrìos  
 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' chlobair 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 Shìoin ;  
 No sruth Shiloa 'ruith gu siubhlach 'sios  
 Am fochar tagh-ghairm Dhé ; a's cònar leat  
 Mo'dhàn le d' neart, 's e 'n t'ìth 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 e bhinn-gbhoir 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 aigeal 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 ; roud 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 aigein 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 bhris',  
 Ged bhà gach ni 'n an seilbh ach aon a mhàin?  
 An nathair ifrinneach, 's e laist le tù,

Le diogh'tas agus ceilg, 's e 'mheall a' bhean,  
 A chionn gu'n d'fhuadaicheadh á nèamh e 'mach  
 Arson a ghiùlain chealgaich, uaibhrich, bhuirb,  
 Le 'bhuidhinn cheannaircich de dh'Ainglibh truagh,  
 Le'n cònadh b' àill leis éiridh suas thar chàich,  
 'S tigh'nu gu bhì 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, chlàth,  
 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 ghruind,  
 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 oidhch', mar thoimhsear tiom nam beò,  
 Thug e le 'sgìobadh sgreataidh, air an claidh,  
 'S a' cur nan car dhiubh 'n dubhaigein 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 dorcha foillseach anns an gam bu leur  
 Gach sealladh éitidh bha r'a fhaicinn ann,  
 Fo sgàiltibh muldach '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 tuiltibh teinteach 'brùchdadh as gach laimh  
 De phronnug 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.—

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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 builsguin 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 claoidh 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 olc 's an neart
 'Fhuair urram mòr a rìs an tìr Chanàan,
 'S e Beelsebub dha' b' ainm ; ris le briathraibh àrd,
 Bho shàmhehair uamhraidh, labhair an t-Ard nàmh,
 D'am b'ainm 'na dhéigh sin Sàtan ann an nèamh.

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### B A B I L O N .

An sud bha Báb'lon mòr nan còmhuard 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' àit' am bheil na craobhan àrda, trom,  
 A's boltrach cùbhraidh, tlàth, mhaoth-bhlàth nan tom.  
 An so gach ni chuir làmh a' mhilteir 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' à'n do thàmh an rìgh,  
 Am baoth-fhear làn, an draoidh, no'm bochd gun ni.  
 Tha còmhnuidh 'n fhiadhl-bhea'ich far an d' iadh na slòigh  
 'S tha 'nathair chiar an tìgh 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 ni'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, aiumeil Bhàbiloin.

## 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 ghloir.  
 'S a shléibhtean uain', mu'n tric rinn suaimbneas tàmh,  
 Cha chluinn iad fuaim ach caithream-buadh' nan nàmh.  
 Biodh tosd 's an t-saogh'l,—oir thuit na laoiach le'm beum,  
 'S air slios nam beann tha 'n sgiath 's an laun 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 euehd—thuit òg nam beus gun bhuidh,  
 'S an tosd a' bhàis am measg an àir tha 'n uaigh ;  
 Ach 's tric a sheinn an saighde srann sa' bhàr,  
 'S a bhoillsg an laun gu sgrios an nàimh san àr.  
 Bu ghràdhach, caoin 'nam beò na laoiach 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 loimn a b' àird' air éideadh b' àillidh sgiamh,  
 'S a shoillsich sròl nan leug bu bhòidheche fiamh.  
 C' nim' 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 nau daoi,  
 Bu chaomh rium féin, 's tu fàth mo dheur 's mo chaoidh—  
 An òg-bhean chiùin cha taisbein tùs a gràdìn  
 D'a céile òg, mar nochd thu dhomb-sa bàigh.  
 Tha bròn ga m' chlaoidh, 's is tric le d' chuimhn' mo dheòir !  
 Mo chreach ! mo chràdh ! tha 'm fiàran àigh gun treòir !  
 C'aim' 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 ?

---

S P R I N G .

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 bhì'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 chaoidh,  
 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 e'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 neòinein ; [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.\*

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\* 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 crìdh' ath-bheothachadh gu fàs :  
 'N sin ionpaichear 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 bhì san àit'  
 Air nach bì caochladh tigh'nn gu bràch !  
 Far nach cuir an geamhradh fiamh,  
 Far an earrach fad na bliadhu' :  
 Fonn an aoibhneis, tìr an àigh,  
 Far nach crìon 's nach searg am blàth ;  
 Cha bhì 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, marshal'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 ;

* 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 hut 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 gaathan 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 bairn' 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 by 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."—Zechariah, 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, Ticee, 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 bhì mach air chuan,
Bha 'n o'che duaichnidh—shéid a' ghaoith ,
Dh'at an euan, 's bha sìopan fairg',
Ag ia'dh gu garbh m'an eithear fhaoin.

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

Mo sholus ait, mo lòchrann gaoil,
An sealladh faoilt do m' chridhe sgèith,
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 bhìd 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 tàirnt' o chuislibh Ios' ;
Gach peacach 'thilgear sìos fo 'n tuil,
Glan buileach thig e nios.
Och an t-Uan, &c.

ing Air ; and prefixed a *Seisd*, 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.

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'iomhan 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 uair mo bhàis. [bhuaidh,
 Och an t-Uan, &c.

'N sin seinneam òran 's milse ceòl
 Air cumhachd mòr do ghràis,
 'N uair bhios an teanga mhanntach, through
 Gu balbh 'san uaigh na tàmh.
 Och an t-Uan, &c.

Dhe creideam fein, gu 'n d' uimhaich 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 maitheas 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.”

~~~~~  
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-uaille,—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 dhomb, 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 eun,  
 'S a chòmhdaicheas gach blàth,  
 Nach solair e do'n Chrìosdaidh chaomh  
 A mhaoin o là gu là.

~~~~~  
 AN-EARBSA BI 'SIUBHAL.

An-carbsa bi 'siubhal, mo Shlàn'ear tha 'm chuideachd,
 'S e toileach, a's murrach air m' fhurtachd a'm fheum ;
 Sior ghleachdam le h-àrnuigh, 's ni esan au tùrn 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 fhàisnich gu buileach gach creutair sa' chruinne,
 Gach focaf a thuirt thig uile gu crìch.

Tha 'ghràdh 'bha cho caoin 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 abbachd ri sgrios :
 'S an d' rinn e mo threòrach 'chur ann-san mo dhòchais,
 'S am fàg e gu bròuach 'an dòruinn mi 'nis ?

C'uim' bhithinn fo anntlachd 'thaobb easbhuidh no ambghar
 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' dhaoim' !
 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 mhcasam 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' sileadh 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 righ-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 STUIR.”

Dh'éirich an fhairge, 's shéid a' ghaoth,
 A's b'aobhar oillt an fhuaim,
 Don' h-uile aon san eithear fhaoin
 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'òbras 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 sàmbach,
 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' àilleas
 Na bha càramh caomh Mhic Dhé,
 'N uair a thùrling 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 dhàiu car searbh;
 'S i do mhàthair a ta làmh riut,
 'S ni a gàrdeana 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 Redeemer 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' cnàmh 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 fhìacal,  
'Thàinig Iosa Crìosd 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 'au tìr an àigh.

Bheirinn mìle, mìle pòg dhuit  
Leis an dòchas th'air mo mhiann ;  
Chaoidh 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 dorch' 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 chaoiu ;  
'S na déigh-s' gu'n d' thaisbean anns au 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 RESURRECTION 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! mhàthair 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 cheam  
Tha 'damnsa 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 suairee dùisgidh suas á shuain,  
'S ann leis bu taitneach clastinneachd 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 teannaich e gun dàil,  
A chuireas neart a's fallaineachd 'na chàil:  
A's miaun 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 bluaidh ;  
 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 ìfrinn 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 mhaduim 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 ;
 'S an neach 'tha sgìth o 'shaothair fois,
 A's mic na h-airc 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 mhothaich 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.

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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 bhuaidhaich 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 dìdean a mhàin ;  
 'S e 'Nearth-san a bhuaidhaich '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-uair  
 Gu'n do sgap, agus bhàth thu an doimhneachd a' chuain :  
 Mar an asbhuaibh le gaoith air a fuadach 's gach àit'  
 Rinn anail do chorruich an casgradh gu bàs.

Agus Pharaoh 's a chuideachd, le 'n uair a's le'm bòsd,  
 'S a' mhuir tha 'n an laidhe gun phlog a's gun deò :  
 Le t'Anail rinn rathad do d' phobull 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 diobairt, 's 'n an àr ;  
 Agus rùisgidh mo chlàidheamh, 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 aigeal 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-iennan ri Dia ?  
 Cò dh'fhaodar a choimeas 'an tuigse r'ar Triath ?

Do làmh shùn 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.

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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 cinnich, '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 Mhoib fo gheilt mar an ceudn'.

Bidh mic Phalestina fo uamhan, 's fo bhròn,
'S luchd-àitich' Chanàin 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 Thu '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 Iehòbbah—'s gu'n tog sinn an àird
Oran molaidh d'a Aium-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 oidheche gu ùrnuigh, 's gu tàmh aun 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, treu'ntas, no gliocas, cha dion 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 ;
Bearteas, 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 whitecapping 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 ìosal, chòmhnard 's nach 'eil e furasd' a thogail 's an oidheche 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 sinm o'n bhàs !

O! 's nàmhaid gun tioma, gun tròcair am Bàs—
Tha 'imeachd 'measg fòla, 'us truaighe gach là—
Cha chuir deòir, 's cha chuir osua aon stad air a cheum ;
Rinn e 'n saoghal so uile ro dhubhach—làn dheur !

Ach mola-th 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 bì tinneas, no doilgheas, no àmhghar, no bròn.

'Iosa, Mhic Dhé! 's tu aoibhneas mo shùl !
Ri d' ghràdh, a's ri d' chòmhnaidh do ghnàth bì'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 ghrìan 's i air luidhe fo smal a's fo ghruaim,
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 doiniomn a' siubhal nan speur,
A's fearann no fagadh do'n sgiobadh cha leur ;
Ach gun mheatachd, gun incheist air cridhe nan sonn,
Shìor ghleidh iad an gabhail air Eilean nan tonn.

Deir am maraiche aosda a shuidh air an ailm,
“ Na strìochdadh mo ghillean fo uabhar na stoirm !
Biodh 'ur n-carbsa gu daingean 'an àrd Rìgh nan dùl,
Oir dheònaich a mhaitheas na bheir soills' agus iùl.”

Agus feuch ! mar a labhair, air carraig nan stuadh,
Suas dh'éirich le 'dhearsadh àrd lòchran nam buadh ;
'S an deur nach do dh'fhàisgeadh le gábhadh o'shùil,
Shìl an t-athair 'nuair thuir 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 thuir 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 Dùn a leanas a sgrìobhadh.”

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 dhiot no truas.

“ Cha dì-chui'nich mi thusa, cha'n urrainn gu bràch
 Mi dhearmad na dh'fhuiling air a' chrann 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 anmhunn 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-oidhche a' sìoladh gun chhì.

Bha ciar-bhrat an anamoich air sgaoileadh mu'n cuairt—
 A' còmhdach nan garbhach, nan gleann, a's nan cruach ;
 Ach 's carach na sionntan, 's is meallta a' ghaoth—
 Mar shubhachais dhìomhain, 's mar shòlasan baoth.

Tha àilleachd na h-iarmailt air caochladh gu gruain,
 '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-uabhbreach, 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'.

Aou eithear gu sgairteil a' gleachd a's a' strìth—
Ri àrd-thonnaibh sgaiteach is confhaiche lìth ;
'Tha 'bristeadh a steach oirr' na mill nach 'eil faoin,
'S a' fàsgadh a h-aisuibh le claidein, 's le saoth'ir.

Ge b'èòlach an sgiobadh air ànradh 's air spàiru,
Lion uamhann an cridhe, a's mheataich an càil
Aig faicinn nan toman 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 ghnùis
'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 mhìre a nis tha fo chis—
An fhairge 'bha 'milleadh a nis tha aig sìth :
Fò 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 gràsmbhor 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 phianadh 's a chlaoidheadh gu geur,
Gus am fàs e 'na naoidhean—'na *nuadh-dhuin'* 'an Criosd,
A's an gluais e le h-aobhneas 'an slighe na sìth.

Ach an àmhuinn ged 's teinnteach, 's ged 's nuallach an cuau,
Tha 'n Slànuighear cinnteach d'a ghealladh gach uair,—
“ 'N uair théid thu troi' thuiltean cha 'n fholaich 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.

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 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 g'àir,  
 Chi thu uabhar an t-srutha ag aomadh air falbh  
 Ag cluinntinn a' ghutha, "Bì ciùin, a's bì balbh."

~~~~~  
 TURUS-CUAIN PHOIL.

M'as éiginn gu'n téid Pòl do'n Roimh,
 Cha'n aobhar oillt dha'n cuan ;
 Oir tha e tearuint' air gach laimh
 Le òrdugh Dhé nach gluais.

Ged chaidh an long 'san robh e 'luasg'
 'S an doinn chruaidh a bh' ann ;
 An gealladh thar gach ni 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
 Mar 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 'tighiun 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 ehum
 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 ! "

* 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 uair 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 Dònull Bàn Mac-
 ruimein. Mu'n d'fhàg iad an Dùn thuir 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 MHCIRUIMEIN.

Bratach bhudhail Mhicleoid o'n tùr mhòr a' lasadh,
'S luchd-iomraidh nan rannh 'greasadh bhàrc 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 'còmhdachadh Chuilinn !
Slàn leis gach blàth shùil 'th'air an Dùn, 's iad a' tùreadh ;
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 tuille ! "

'S tric a chluinnear fuaim bhinn, caoidh thiom-chri' 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 Dònall 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 dublach,
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.]

BRUADAR.

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 leòmhain 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-fhann 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' au 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 dhìon a' ghàirdein Thréin,
 Bidh mi gun eagal, no gun fhiamh gu sìor.

 EARBSA ANN AN DIA.

“ Gu ruige so chuidich an Tighearna leinn.”—I 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.

~~~~~  
 L A O I D H ,

Ri doille na h-oidhche, '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 nam,  
 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' urrainn domh lòchran na soillse,  
 A dhearsadh fa'n comhair ri dubhar na h-oidhche ;  
 'S gach maraich' th' air faontra, gu h-airneulach, sgèith,  
 A thàladh gu tearuint' 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' ghuimhar' 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 cailt' ;  
 'S bheir e binneas do d' chaithream aig deas laimh do Rìgh  
 Gur leur dhuit e sonadh aun an rioghachd na sìth.



## L A O I D H .

Ri àilleachd 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 chòmhdach le àilleachd gach nì.

Ach thàinig an geamhradh gu tartarra doirbh—  
 Theirinn an doiniomn, 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 mhianach ;  
 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 àuradh .  
 A's ghluais mi gu silteach fo iargain 's fo bhròn,  
 Gun chobhair, gun chòmhnadh, gun éideadh, gun lòn.

Shiubhail mi'n saoghal gu h-airsneulach, sgèith ;  
 Ach tha faoineachd a's diomhanas sgrìobht' air gach nì :  
 A s air nachdar an domhain cha d' fhuair mi cul-taic',  
 Gus 'n do thill mi ri Dia, mar an calman do'n Airc.

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 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' e le misnich 'na àmhghar 's 'na airc :  
 Tha mìlse r'a fhaotainn 'sa chupan is seirbhe,  
 'S tha reult a' toirt soillse anns an oidhche 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 fiughair na slàinte mar adhart fo 'cheann.

Chunna mi 'bhamtrach, '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 ch'ì mi a' tighinn àrd latha na soillse,  
 An latha nach tionndaidh gu feasgar no oidhche ;  
 Tha dòchas an fhèran 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' uchd ;  
 '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' ;  
Coim'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 gràs mhor, 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 Dhè, 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 cacchladh a's mughadh, gun sùil riu no fiughair,  
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 suaireas '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 còmhach.

Bu chiatach a' chòisridh 'bha chòmhnuidh 's na beanntaibh,  
Siol fìor-ghlan, gun fhòtus, ged dh'fhògradh gun taing iad ;  
O'n gleannanaibh Lòidheach 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 mhànran,— 'n an làraichean uaine.

An òige mar shealladh gun mhealladh 'se firinn,  
'N àm dùsgadh 's a' mhaduinn b'e'n tlachd 's an toil-inntinn  
Bhì '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 annta,  
'S ann dh'fhògradh, gun aobhar, gu saoghal nan crann iad.

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### C E O L.

'S binn caoirean nan caochan 'an aonach nam beamn,  
'N uair tha'n latua 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 bairich 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 chòl iad nach àluinn, nach càirdeil, nach caoin ?

Ach tha ceòl ann is naisle 'na bhuaidhaibh 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 ehlag mha'duinn Dhòmhnuaich, nach sonraichte grinn ?  
 Na fuim tha ro àluinn 'tha fàilteach' an là  
 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 ?

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### DO'N BHOGHA FHROIS.

A Bhogha àluinn, ghràs-mhoir, òrbhuidh,  
 Urrais àird air slàint' a's còmhlanadh,  
 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 mhìre-chatha,  
 'N uair 'luidheas oidheh' air uchd an latha,  
 Faiceam soillse do ghnàis fhathail.

Cuir an céill dhomh, 'theachdair' dhileis,  
 Gealladh aoibhneach Dhé na firinn ;  
 Innis dhomh am briathraibh m'èine,  
 Chaoidh nach sgriosar sinn le dìle.

Seallam ort a choroin sgiamhaich,  
 Mar roi'-earlais air Mac Dhia dhuinn,  
 'Chleith san fheoil àrd ghloir a Dhiadhachd,  
 Rì'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 leanabh eatrom, gòrach,  
 'Dearc' 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 baòth 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' dhòchas.

'N uair bhios tuitlean trom air m' anam,  
 'S tonnan buaireas a' dol tharam;  
 Le sùil creidimh riut 'an còmhnuidh,  
 Ios'! bi dhomhs' a'd' bhogha dòchais.

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### 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, fhaoin?  
 Am Biobull,

Cò thug dhomh sgeul air tàs 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 lèchrain 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 bhàigb,  
 '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 oidheh' le gruaim  
 Air uchd m' anama, 's a bheuc cuan,  
 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 threòraich mi mar lèchran 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 Biobull.

Cò a shàsaicheas am bochd ?

Cò a chòmhdhaicheas an nochd ?

Cò bheir saorsa o gach lochd ?

Am Biobull.

Cò bheir air an fhàsach chruaidh

Teachd ga àilleachd agus snuadh;

A sgaoileas maise air 'bhios buan;

Am Biobull.

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' sgathan soilleir réidh,

Sior dhearcam air, is faiceam e,

Gus 'na ìomhaigh 'n dealram fèin.

A Bhiobull.

O ! gabh do thurus do gach tìr,

Le 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 leghadh gu tlàs ann an deàrsa na gréin'.

Tha 'ghrian nis a' sgaoileadh a gàirdean a mach—  
 O'n Ear gns an Iar tha i 'g iarraidh mar theach ;  
 'S an t-sòbhrag bha greis nainn 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 còmhuard 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 enoc,  
 'S a' tiunnadhb nan neoinen '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-gueag an Fhoghair ag at air a' chraoibh,  
 A's lith nain' an Earraich a' sgaoileadh gach taobh ;  
 Tha 'n tom-sheangan a' gluasad, 's a' chuileag gu near,  
 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 iognadh leam idir mar chinneas an fear,  
 Tha grian anns an linne, 's aon eile 's an speur.

Tha choill a bha lomnochd a' feadail 's a' ghaoith  
 'Ga còmbdach le duilleach, a's blàthaibh gach taobh.  
 Is taitneach an sealladh bhi 'g ambare a suas,  
 A's srannan a t-seillein a' seirm ann am chluais.

'S an àtha na h-éisg tha ri mire gun cùlos,  
 A' sireadh nan cuileag taobh geal-bhuinne eas ;  
 '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' chuaip,  
 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 bhruachaibh 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 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 sgur o na dh'fhàs  
 Iad cho teare a's a chnàmh iad gu'n cùl.

Tha na h-uinneagan 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 druidt' 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 mianri.

A chionn gu bheil an t-eilthreach 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 soire 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, bhochd e, gun treoir,  
Ach toil an Fhreasdail, 's mar dh'òrduicheadh dhà.  
Bha e uair 's cha robh 'n Muile gu feum  
Aon duine bu ghéire 's a b' fhearr ;  
Ged is duilich a chòmhdach '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 dhi—bochd fann :  
Air an aobhar sin maoth'cheadh do chrìdh',  
'S ma tha maoin agad sin 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 cèd 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 neonaiù ùr is àillidh blàth ;  
 Mar pheileir teine 'ruith roi'n speur,  
 'S an ath-shealladh dheth nach leur ;  
 Mar neoil na h-oidheche 'théid 'n an luath's  
 'N' uair dh'éireas grian an àigh a suas ;  
 Mar latha geambraidh 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 cireachdail, agus air gach taobh dheth ghràbhail 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,  
 C'ia 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 chaidh,  
 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 sruadh 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!

LAOID II.

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'ch, 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-oidhel';  
 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 ceanusachd 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 nìsge pailt le bhraonaibh feartar, tlàth,  
 'Ni'm fàsach ait fo luisreadh reachdmhor blàth,  
 Thig arbhar trom air slios nam fonn; 's a' ghrian  
 Gu'm faic an dìthreabh 'fàs le mìle miagh;  
 Fo bhraonaibh tlàth ni 'n fhaiche 's fàs-mhoir' sìol  
 'An cuairt gach bliadhna pailteas fial a dh'òl,  
 Cnuc 's cluaintean fàs tha dreachte 'n àilleachd nuadh,  
 Fo chòmhdach feòir is urail, éibhinn snuadh;  
 Na treudan tric le gean air slios 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 earn ge' cian mu'n dealraich grian le h-iùl,  
 Le iognadh ait mu d' ghlòir gu'n deare gach sùil;  
 Air oibrìbh 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 chliù 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-airnealach, 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 bhì 'g éisdeachd na spèideig 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 spèideig '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 'eudann,  
 'S bu ghile bha 'eudach 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 :  
 'Sa 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 luaithe 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 talamb 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 chaidh.”









