

SGRIOBHÀIDHEAN CHOINNICH MHICLEOID

The Gaelic Prose of Kenneth MacLeod

Edited by
Thomas Moffatt Murchison

This searchable PDF in English and Gaelic is a selection from the book. The page numberings below are for the PDF, not the book's pagination.

1. The stained glass window commemorating Kenneth in the parish church on Giga, p. 3.
2. Murchison's biography of the Rev Kenneth MacLeod of Eigg & Gigha, pp. 5 - 27.
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4. Gaelic content - Searmonan (from the Sermons), pp. 39 - 50.
5. Glossary of Gaelic terms, pp. 51-57.
6. Google Translate of the Gaelic content in 3 & 4. (I'm sorry, it's the best I can offer, while his stories in item 3 are clearly mangled yet still very beautiful, the sermons seem more straightforward in this English version, but please do not rely on it for quotation).

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This book is the first published collection of the Gaelic prose of the Rev. Dr Kenneth MacLeod. It has been compiled by Thomas Murchison together with a small committee of the Scottish Gaelic Texts Society.

The main text is in Gaelic and the introduction, which gives full information on Kenneth MacLeod and his life and times, is in English.

Kenneth MacLeod was a native of the island of Eigg and had a deep knowledge of Gaelic lore including folksongs, stories and proverbs. He was minister of Gigha in Argyll and is probably best remembered in the non-Gaelic world as collaborating with the late Marjory Kennedy Fraser in publishing *Songs of the Hebrides*, earlier this century.

He was only 16 years of age when his first published contribution to Gaelic folklore attracted attention. Not only as a folklorist, but as a repository of Hebridean lore, a composer of melodies, a writer of prose and verse both in Gaelic and in English, of rare imagination and with inimitable style, his name became well-known in Scotland and the rest of the United Kingdom and Ireland and wherever Gaelic is used throughout the world.

Thomas M. Murchison, M.A., D.D., was a minister of the Church of Scotland and a past Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He was the editor of a previous publication by the Scottish Gaelic Texts Society — *Prose Writing of Donald Lamont 1874-1958* (published in 1960) — and also several articles on the Gaelic language.

Thomas Murchison died in 1984, after which the final editing of this book was completed by a small committee of the Scottish Gaelic Texts Society.

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SGRIOBHÀIDHEAN CHOINNICH MHICLEOID

The Gaelic Prose of Kenneth MacLeod

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This image on the left is not from the book, I have added it, and the art historian Prof Murdo MacDonoald tells me, email 10-VI-2021: "Sorry Alastair, I don't know much about it, apart from the fact that it is by William Wilson. With respect to the 'presbyterian environs' bear in mind that the Church of Scotland was very supportive of stained glass in both nineteenth and twentieth centuries (from the 1870s at the latest)." I describe the powerful effect of vocational calling that viewing it had on me on pp. 39 - 40 of Poacher's Pilgrimage (Birlinn, 2016). Notice the troika of Irish-Scottish saints Brighde (Bride, Bridgit) the shepherdess, Columba on his voyage to Iona and Patrick with the serpent. The seagull was beloved of Kenneth as a mover between the worlds - air, sea and land - and the infant Christ is ablaze with love yet on the cross, similar to the rare such image in the Catholic church in the Isle of Eigg. The Gaelic text translates: "The world will come to an end / But love and music will endure."

This PDF has been compiled by me out of a deep love of the spirit and Celtic (yes) spirituality that the Rev Kenneth has left for posterity. Lest we forget. Alastair McIntosh.

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PREFACE

When the Very Rev. Dr. T.M. Murchison died in January 1984, he had been Honorary President of the Scottish Gaelic Texts Society for some sixteen years, and had been a member since the Society's foundation in 1934. At the Society's meeting in June 1984 it was decided to proceed with the publication of this volume, which Dr. Murchison had left in typescript, and a small committee was entrusted with the task of seeing the book through the press. We now present Dr. Murchison's book to the public.

R.S. Thomson, President
J.W.M. Bannerman, Member of Council
K.D. MacDonald, Member of Council

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INTRODUCTION

When the Rev. Dr Kenneth Macleod died in Edinburgh on 9th July 1955 at the age of 84, there was a widespread feeling that one of the most remarkable of his generation had passed away. Many people said, "We shall not see his like again." He had long been a "celebrity", not because of any high office he had held in Church or State nor for any influence he exerted in public affairs, but by the impression made by his personality, directly on those who knew and heard him, and indirectly on those who knew of his contributions to Gaelic culture.

Macleod's vocation was that of a full-time servant of the Church of Scotland, first for some 25 years as a lay missionary and then for 25 years as a minister of the Gospel. This was the work that had the first claim upon his time, talents, and energy, and to it he was always fully committed. That work was done in quiet and remote places, Highland glens and Hebridean islands, where there are few people and small congregations, and it was done for over half-a-century in spite of a breakdown in health which hindered his University studies, almost caused his early death, and left him with indifferent health throughout his life. An earnest and helpful preacher, a devoted and trusted pastor, and a wise counsellor, Kenneth Macleod also took his due share in the Courts of the Church and was a member of the General Assembly's Royal Bounty and Highland Committees.

Kenneth Macleod was only 16 years old when his first published contribution to Gaelic folklore attracted attention. Not only as a folklorist, but as a repository of Hebridean lore, a composer of melodies, a writer of prose and verse both in Gaelic and in English, of rare imagination and with inimitable style, his name became well-known in Scotland and the rest of the United Kingdom and Ireland and wherever Gaelic is used throughout the world.

But, for all the fame he acquired, he remained a modest, self-effacing, almost diffident man. Small and slight physically, almost (especially in his later years) frail in appearance, he nevertheless had deep springs of energy within. His friends recall

him clad in his orange-coloured crotal over-coat which he himself had dyed with lichen which his own hands had scraped off Hebridean rocks; his deep and luminous eyes; his gentle and courteous manner; the fascination of his voice; and his distinctive style of speech as of writing. Although no orator, he could hold his audiences spell-bound. He was credited with a remarkable talent for extempore speech, whether preaching or lecturing, but, even if he had that ability, he did not presume upon it. His papers provide ample evidence that he took great care in preparing for public speaking and for publication. For his ordinary Sunday services in his own congregation, as well as for special services, lectures, and speeches, he wrote out carefully what he wanted to say and revised his material again and again, often with so many amendments, deletions and additions that sometimes his drafts are difficult to decipher.

If Kenneth Macleod is still remembered in the non-Gaelic world, it is probably as collaborator with the late Mrs Marjory Kennedy-Fraser in publishing the *Songs of the Hebrides*. Many people who sing his still popular song, "The Road to the Isles", do not know the author's name. His little book of Hebridean lore, also entitled *The Road to the Isles*, is now unfortunately out of print. But long before his meeting with Mrs Kennedy-Fraser or the appearance of the song or the book, Kenneth Macleod was recognised by knowledgeable people as "a rising star" in the field of Gaelic culture. For his thorough equipping for the role he was to play in this field, he was, in addition to his natural talent and aptitude, fortunate in his family and ancestry, in his early environment, and in his close friendship as a young man with certain eminent Gaelic personalities, as well as in his having sojourned in so many Highland and Island parishes in the course of his many years of service in the Church.

A Unique Personality

Known to his intimate friends as "Coinneach a' Mhaighistir" (the schoolmaster's Kenneth), he was a man of great charm, able to cross with ease and speed all kinds of dividing lines, linguistic, political and social. Young people were attracted by him, and he delighted in their company, for he remained youthful in spirit and attitude to the end of his days. "Why do people grow old?"

he would say. When he reached the age of 80 he said he was now going to begin deducting a year on every succeeding birthday. His letters of congratulation or of condolence were long treasured by the recipients. He held lightly all the material things of life.

There was about Kenneth Macleod a suggestion of the mystic, the seer, but this in no way detracted from his humanity nor from his genial humour. He was shrewd and practical and a master of the witty riposte and the gracefully worded compliment, while a fund of striking phrases and memorable anecdotes entertained his friends and audiences and illumined his preaching and lecturing.

Whimsical, imaginative, humorous, and (as a friend of many years said) "a past-master in the art of gentle leg-pulling", Kenneth Macleod was the kind of person with whom and about whom fact and fancy so easily become intermingled. Over the years he was frequently written about, and especially by a number of authors who wrote books about the Highlands and Hebrides. There is the mystery about the precise year of his date of birth. There are myths about his sudden ending of his Glasgow University course because of ill-health and his immediate going on a sea trip to Australia through the beneficence of Sir William Mackinnon, his salary being a shilling a week as a nominal member of the crew; about the circumstances of his entry into collaboration with Mrs Kennedy-Fraser; and about how and where he wrote the song, "The Road to the Isles" — at Criannlarich, in Colonsay, or by Loch Etive. There is the myth of his having been a student at St. Andrews University.

There were times when one could not be sure whether one was meant to believe the story he was telling, or whether he himself believed it! A friend who knew him well said this in a published tribute: "There was an elusive quality about him that made it impossible to gauge whether he believed in the fabulous lore that seemed to rise spontaneously out of his knowledge and his poetic invention."

Birth and Family

Kenneth Macleod was born in the Eigg schoolhouse at Sanna-beag in 1871. His father was the parochial schoolmaster of

Small Isles, Donald Macleod, a native of Uig in the parish of Snizort and district of Trotternish in the Isle of Skye, his parents being Kenneth Macleod and Janet Tolmie, each from long-established Skye families. Donald became a teacher and taught a school at Drumbeg in Assynt, and thereafter in the parish of Tongue in Sutherland, prior to his arriving in Eigg in or before 1869.

Kenneth's mother was Jessie Humphrey, daughter of David Humphrey, farmer and local factor at Cul-cinn in Assynt, and his wife Christina Matheson, of the Mathesons of Ross-shire. The family tradition was that they had sojourned for a time in Elgin before they reached Assynt, and were descended from a Cromwellian soldier from England, Humphrey by name, who was stationed in Inverness at the time of the Commonwealth (in the mid 17th century), and who married a local woman and settled down in Inverness.

Donald Macleod and Jessie Humphrey were married in the parish of Tongue in 1857, and had a family of eight — two boys and six girls — of whom two girls died in infancy in Eigg, Felina in 1872 aged 4, and Ishobel in 1877 aged 14 months. Those who survived infancy were (with their approximate dates of birth, according to Census returns of 1871 and 1881) Marion (1858), Christina (1863), Williamina (1866), David (1869), Kenneth (1871), and Euphemia (1875). Marion was born in Assynt, Christina and Williamina in Tongue, and the others in Eigg. Neither Kenneth nor any of the others married.

When Kenneth was only six years old, his mother died in 1877, and his father's sister, Janet Macleod (aged 55 in the 1881 Census) came to the Eigg schoolhouse to be housekeeper to her brother and help rear his young and motherless family. She was also sewing-mistress in the school.

Donald Macleod, who resigned his appointment as Parish Registrar in 1887, seems, either that year or in 1888, to have retired from schoolmastering and made his home in Oban, and thereafter, perhaps in 1892, in Taynuilt, where he had relatives. He died in 1893, aged about 61, and was buried in the Muckairn parish churchyard at Taynuilt, where also are buried his sister Janet and all his family, including Kenneth but excluding his wife, who, along with her little daughters, Felina and Ishobel, is

buried in Eigg. Kenneth was the last survivor of the family and his sister Euphemia the second last.

"Clann a' Chomhairlich"

Donald, Kenneth's father, was the son of Kenneth Macleod and Janet Tolmie. Kenneth Macleod was a descendant of the Macleods of Fàsach in Waternish, Skye, especially of a celebrated (or notorious) warrior, "*Iain a' Chuail Bhàin*" (1473-1557), great-grandson of Iain Borb (c.1392-c.1442), the 6th Chief of the Macleods of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg, who was wounded in the battle of Harlaw in 1411. Among other descendants of "*Iain a' Chuail Bhàin*" was Donald Macleod of Suardal (*Gobha Shuardail* or *An Gobha Mòr*, the Chief's armourer, progenitor of the famous clerical family, the Macleods of Morvern, to whom belonged Dr Norman Macleod ("*Caraid nan Gàidheal*") and his brother, Dr John of Morvern, his son, Dr Norman of the Barony of Glasgow, and his great-grandson, the Very Rev. Dr George Macleod (Lord Macleod of Fiunary). Also from the Macleods of Fàsach descended the late Very Rev. Dr Lauchlan Maclean Watt, minister of Glasgow Cathedral. (*The Macleods: Genealogy of a Clan*, Section III, 15, 23, 29).

Kenneth Macleod was naturally proud of his Macleod ancestry — "*Sliochd Leòid nan long 's nan lann 's nan lùireach*" (The seed of Leod of the ships and swords and breastplates) (CG V.188). He was a keen member of the Clan Macleod Society, but his interest lay more in the Clan's poetry and music than in their martial exploits. He was particularly appreciative of the fact that the Macleod family to which he belonged were traditionally known as "*Clann a' Chomhairliche*" (the Counsellor's family), famed as tradition-bearers. It was this family's boast that "they had never lost any poetry or tradition but were ever adding to the cairn" (*cha do chaill iad bàrdachd no beul-aithris riamh, ach a' sior-chur ris a' chàrn*). (CR IV.348; CG V.62). Early in the 19th century this family began to disperse; "several of its members moved to other parts of the Hebrides, many emigrated to the Colonies, and hardly any of the old stock were left in the Macleod homeland." In the dispersion and in the struggle for existence amid new surroundings the old ballads and the folklore were mostly forgotten — a sad falling away from the wisdom

which had earned for the founder of the family the name of Counsellor. Fortunately, however, the whole of their interesting literary heritage was not lost. About the year 1818 one of the family, Kenneth Macleod (Dr Kenneth's grandfather) carried a good deal of it to Trotternish in Skye, "and his children in their turn (especially his daughter Janet) handed down many fragments to a younger generation in the island of Eigg." This Janet was, of course, Dr Kenneth's aunt and foster-mother, from whom as a child he learned so much of the traditional lore of the Macleods of Harris and Dunvegan. His sister Marion, 13 years his senior used to say that when Kenneth first tried to speak he was attempting to sing an old Gaelic lullaby! Thus was he, from his first conscious moments, immersed in the tales and sayings, the songs and music, of his ancestors, drinking, as he said, from the fountain of Dunvegan and Rodel.

Eigg and the Clanranald Tradition

Kenneth Macleod also, as he said many times, drank from another fountain, that of the Macdonalds of Clanranald. He was born and brought up in the very centre of Clanranald country, "Dunvegan's rival in song and culture as well as in war." At the height of their power and for many generations the Clanranald lands extended beyond Benbecula and South Uist in the Outer Hebrides to Moidart, Arisaig, and Morar in the Roughbounds (*Na Garbh-chriochan*) of the western mainland, and included the small islands of Eigg and Canna. In these Clanranald territories the old Gaelic traditions and lore had remained stronger and for a longer period than elsewhere in Gaeldom.

Eigg, though a small island (about five miles by three), has had a long, exciting, and at times tragic, history. Its name (*Egea Insula*) first occurs in the 7th century A.D. in Adomnan's *Life of Saint Columba*. Columba visited the island, and a stream and a linn still bear his name. In Eigg, in the year 617, Saint Donnan and his 52 companions were martyred, not by the islanders but by pirates from the sea (instigated, according to tradition, by a pagan Queen of Moidart who claimed some rights in Eigg and who with her amazon henchwomen gave Eigg its secret name, "*Eilean nam Ban Mòra*"). In Eigg the Lords of the Isles sometimes held court, and here the clans came to plan forays

and pursue feuds. Here the Macleans of Mull, assisted by Spanish troops from the Armada ship, the *Florida*, now deep in the mud in Tobermory Bay, came to slay, burn, and despoil in 1588, and here too, a few years earlier, if traditions and documents are to be trusted, the Macleods of Dunvegan smoked almost the whole population of Eigg to death in a cave. Here also, in the aftermath of Culloden, the avengers made their presence felt.

But here also over many generations people lived and toiled in sorrow and in joy, wresting a hard living from land and sea, enjoying and passing on their heritage of lore and custom. According to John Walker, *The Economical History of the Hebrides* (1808), I.23, the population of Eigg in 1764 was 457. In 1871, it was 282 (including Kenneth Macleod, who was two months old when the Census was taken that year). At the 1971 census, the population was 69. In 1828 the ownership of Eigg passed, after several centuries, from the Chief of Clanranald (harassed by debts). The purchaser was Dr Hugh Macpherson, successively Professor of Hebrew and of Greek and Vice-Principal of King's College Aberdeen, a member of a famous Skye clerical family descended from a renowned Sleat warrior, Iain Bàn Macpherson, who died while defending Knock Castle against the Macleods. It is one of the strange quirks of history that Dr Hugh Macpherson, who acquired Eigg from Clanranald in 1828, was the great-great-grandson of the Rev. Martin Macpherson, minister of South Uist in the 17th century, who, despoiled of his goods and threatened with assassination at the hands of Clanranald, had to flee to his native Skye. Eigg remained in the possession of the Macpherson family until 1896, and since then there have been several changes of ownership.

In Kenneth Macleod's boyhood in Eigg there was still a reasonably large and vigorous population. Life was hard, but song and dance and story-telling were still essential social elements. The ceilidh and the waulking were still strong institutions. Columba and other early Christian personalities, the Lords of the Isles and their regime, were, despite the lapse of centuries, as fresh in the folk-memory as if their day had been but yesterday. There were tales of the supernatural, of ghosts and fairies, unnatural lights, phantom ships, and unearthly

sounds. Every knoll and nook had its name and its story. Eigg was not an isolated enclave. It was no remote St. Kilda. Lying just south of Skye and a few miles from the Scottish mainland, with the Outer Hebrides out to the west, Eigg was strategically placed between the Outer Isles and the mainland, and between the northern and the southern isles. It was neither untouched by nor unaware of happenings in Church and State. Small though the population was, here as elsewhere, there were Roman Catholics and (since 1843) two kinds of Presbyterians — the Church of Scotland and the Free Church. But, even if on Sundays each denomination worshipped apart and if at times there were tensions (brought in usually by incomers), there seems to have been a reasonable degree of mutual tolerance and harmony. In the daily toil on land and sea and in the more relaxed hours of social life, customary good neighbourliness prevailed. The ceilidhs and the waulkings knew no dividing lines, whether of politics or religion.

Kenneth Macleod often paid grateful tribute for what he had learned from Vincent MacEachin, “an old man from Arisaig” resident in Eigg, and from others named and unnamed, both Catholics and Protestants. “When I was about seven years old,” Kenneth wrote years later, “I sat one day on the knee of Father Charles Macdonald of Moidart, the author of that valuable book about the Clanranald country of Moidart. Having a great love for little children, he chanted over me the Mother’s Invocation. Although I was too young to learn it at the time, the music of it stayed with me, and years afterwards I heard it again from an old folk-singer of our Isle. The good priest had asked me to sing to him, which I graciously did, my favourite song at the time being *Brochan bùrn* (Water porridge). In return, treating me as a fellow-artist, he chanted over me the Mother’s Invocation.”

Thus it was that Kenneth Macleod was, as he said, the heir of two great heritages, that of the Clan Macleod and that of Clanranald, and from his earliest years was steeped in the centuries-old traditions of Gaeldom, and possibly to a greater degree, one may venture to say, than any other literary person in the field of Gaelic folklore.

Inverness

Kenneth Macleod’s primary school education was obtained in the Eigg school, of which his father was sole teacher, and it is a tribute to the quality of his father’s teaching, as well as to his own natural ability and diligence, that at the age of 14 years he won one of the much sought after bursaries which enabled such as he to prepare more adequately for entering a University. It had long been a Scottish boast that from primary schools able lads proceeded at astonishingly early ages to a University. There were, of course, long-established grammar schools and academies in the cities and burghs, but in rural, and especially in Highland and Island, areas secondary education was difficult to obtain. As University standards rose, provision began to be made (as, for example, through the Macphail bursaries and S.S.P.C.K., later Highland Trust, bursaries) to enable pupils to attend such schools as Aberdeen Grammar and Glasgow High.

In 1880, however, under the auspices of the S.S.P.C.K., Raining’s School in Inverness, which had been in existence for over a century, was furnished with a new headmaster, Dr Alexander Macbain, with the duty of establishing a secondary department.

To Raining’s School in 1885 Kenneth Macleod proceeded, his eldest sister, Marion, accompanying him to obtain suitable lodgings for him. During his three years stay at Raining’s he was much impressed and greatly influenced by Dr Macbain, an outstanding Classical and Celtic scholar. “Macbain,” wrote Kenneth forty years later, “filled my head with new knowledge and my heart with dreams.” Discovering Kenneth’s remarkable knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, Gaelic folklore, and aware of his ability and potential, Macbain encouraged him to make a tour of Skye and Uist to collect folklore. This tour seems to have been made in 1887, and some of the material then collected — folk-tales in Gaelic and English — appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* (edited by Macbain) and in Raining’s School Magazine in 1887 and 1888.

There exists the following certificate, with the official letter-heading of “Raining’s School, Inverness,” and dated 2nd May 1888, and presumably in Macbain’s handwriting (although the signature has been cut off): “I hereby certify that Mr Kenneth

Macleod is a pupil of this school and has been here for over two and a half years. He came at 13 and is now about 16 years of age. He is a boy of excellent character and qualities and he has excellent natural parts. He is diligent, punctual, and attentive. He is now in the highest section of the highest class — a section which numbers half-a-dozen boys, of good powers all, and he takes a good position among these. He has read much in Latin and Greek, both prose and poetry; he has been over all the books of Euclid, in Algebra up to the Binomial and so forth — and he has done well in all. His strong point is his Gaelic; he speaks and writes the best Gaelic I know of; he is full of Gaelic lore and folk-literature — especially folk tales. I can strongly recommend him to one of your University Bursaries; no fitter boy could be found in point of scholarship in Gaelic and in other matters.”

It is surprising that, with his competence in, and enthusiasm for, Gaelic traditional lore and literature, Kenneth did not proceed to study under Professor Donald Mackinnon at Edinburgh University, as not a few pupils of Raining’s School did and became eminent in Celtic scholarship, among them George Henderson. He did, of course, attend Mackinnon’s Celtic Class, later, but not until 14 years after his leaving Raining’s. From Raining’s he proceeded to Glasgow University.

The Oban of Lorn

In 1887 Kenneth Macleod’s father, Donald, ceased being Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths for the parish of Small Isles. In the autumn of 1888, Kenneth, matriculating at Glasgow University, gave his home address as 5 High Street, Oban. One may conclude, therefore, that in 1887 or 1888 Donald Macleod retired from the post of schoolmaster in Eigg and made his home in Oban. It is likely also that in 1892 he moved from Oban to Taynuilt, where he died in 1893. Members of the family may have stayed on in Oban, for there is a letter written by Kenneth from 5 High Street, Oban, in 1896.

Oban in the 1880s and 1890s was one of the most thriving communities in the West Highlands. Steamship services had been extending and improving since the early part of the century, with an ever-increasing tourist traffic, to which the coming of the

railway to Oban in 1880 had given additional impetus, so that the town was known as “the Charing Cross of the Highlands.”

A local press cutting, dated 21st August 1891, which Kenneth had carefully preserved among his papers, describes “Oban in the season”. “Our little town,” it says, “is now fully rejoicing in the jingle of the tourist’s guineas. Day by day, steamers and trains rush into the town and leave behind hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world. A stranger would find it difficult to decide whether Oban is English, Highland, French or German. Not only is Oban ‘a rare and dainty place’, but it is in many respects absolutely unrivalled. It is really ‘a nest of loveliness’, as Dr Joseph Parker well described it.” There is mention of “white wings cruising about the bay”, green islands, the mountains of Mull and the hills of Morvern, glorious sunsets, picturesque Dunollie rock, while in the evening Oban is seen at its best — “then Oban life is like a pleasant dream.”

In spite of the danger of being swamped by an alien culture and by commercialism, there was in Oban and the region around it a fervent Gaelic loyalty. This found expression in 1877 in the founding of the Lorn Ossianic Society, which published transactions and lasted some time, and in 1891 in the founding of An Comunn Gaidhealach, largely through the initiative of local Gaelic enthusiasts. In addition to *The Oban Times* and *The Oban Telegraph*, both strongly pro-Gaelic (Kenneth Macleod contributed to both), there was the (unfortunately short-lived) *Highland Magazine*, published by Duncan Cameron in 1885 (eight numbers only).

Kenneth Macleod seems to have enjoyed immensely his sojourn in Oban, and his experiences of that time were often in later years recalled with pleasure. He had three close friends there, and the group called themselves the “O.R.C.” (the Oban Roving Commission), all of them students and “divines-to-be”. Their vacations were filled with excursions and ploys and much argumentation. Two were Obanites — James Girdwood Calderwood (1871-1957) and George Drummond (1867-1942), and a Robert Robertson, apparently a native of Edinburgh, whom I have not been able to identify. Calderwood was educated at Oban High School, Glasgow University, and the United Presbyterian College in Edinburgh, and later ministered at Slateford

(Edinburgh), Kirkcaldy, and Inch (Aberdeenshire). He was present at Kenneth Macleod's 80th birthday party in Edinburgh in 1951, and at his memorial service in St. John's Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, in 1955. Drummond, whose father was a Provost of Oban, was educated at Oban High School, Raining's School, Aberdeen Grammar School, and the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh. He ministered in Glenlyon from 1904 until his retirement in 1940.

Fortunately, among Kenneth Macleod's papers there are photocopies of several letters which he wrote to James Calderwood in the 1890s, which give much information about Kenneth's activities and attitudes at that time, both in Oban and as a student in Glasgow. There is also a letter from Kenneth in 1932, thanking Calderwood for his congratulations on Kenneth's about to become a Doctor of Divinity, "The really important thing about a Doctorate," wrote Kenneth, "is that it brings one letters of congratulation from old comrades. I am still more or less the daft cratur' you knew in the O.R.C. days. . . . I haven't seen George Drummond for years and years. I wonder what he is like now. He was a whole generation older and more developed than the rest of us; it would be interesting to hear his views on life now. I had a delightful note from Robert Robertson a few years ago . . . posted in Inverness but giving no address . . . I have been trying ever since to track him, but in vain. . . . In his old evangelistic days he took a great deal of trouble to keep me in the right track, but ten to one he is a very Broad Churchman now . . . I have only been once in Oban during the last 9 years. . . . Do you know it is only now I am getting over the fatigue of that long walk we had from Oban to Oban, via Taynuilt and the Bonawe Quarries and the side of Loch Etive and the Black Crofts and Connel Ferry, which we reached just in time to catch a train we were too late for by nearly an hour."

Writing to Calderwood on 19th December 1891, Kenneth said that 1891 was a particularly happy year for him, and he added: "I intend to enjoy myself at Christmas. It may be my last appearance in Oban as an Obanite, and I mean to lead the old life once more." This was probably a reference to his father's impending removal from Oban. Kenneth wrote to Calderwood in November 1896: "I don't know Oban now. It certainly isn't

the old place . . . the fact that not one member of the Roving Commission is present makes the place deadly dull. . . . I have seen very little of you for the last four years, but still I haven't forgotten old times. How well I remember our trip to Loch Awe . . . our escapades at Dunollie and Gallanach, and our glorious raid on Gylen Castle (in Kerrera).

A Song-and-story Mart and the Knoydart Woman

Many years later, recalling the 1890s as he addressed some public gathering in Oban, Kenneth Macleod said: "From my 17th to my 20th year I lived a good deal in the small town known to Gaels as *An t-Oban Latharnach* (The Oban of Lorn), which then as now attracted many people from the Hebrides and the coastland opposite. A thriving trade was done in Black-faced sheep and Highland cattle and an even better, if less lucrative, trade was done in Gaelic songs and stories. I remember Oban as a town of colonies — a Lorn one, a Clanranald one, an Inner Isles one, and an Outer Isles one. In those days it was the song and story market of the West. Some of you will remember the remarkable group of men too old to work who used to gather in the day-time for an open-air ceildh on the sea-front. They sat on the parapet opposite the railway station (or in a sheltered corner nearby), from which they could get a good view of the station and the three quays and the boats in the bay and, if they were so minded, of Dunollie Castle and the bens of Mull and the hills of Morvern. At this gathering one heard stories and legends and songs from the Isles and from Morvern and Lorn and elsewhere. It is doubtful if that group of men could be equalled anywhere else in the Highlands for knowledge of old lore. On market days their numbers were increased by men who had come to Oban on business but who nevertheless had time for this open-air ceildh, to exchange songs and stories. As you may imagine, the collectors (of lore) were always buzzing around them. Now it would be Dr Alexander Carmichael (of *Carmina Gadelica*) greatest of all the collectors, searching for a lost line of some ancient incantation; then it would be Duncan Mackillop, interested in the history of Dunstaffnage; and now and again a third, still happily with us, Ex-Provost Dugald MacIsaac, would daunder down to the parapet and take part in the open-air

ceildh. Perhaps I might add that, as soon as the lions disappeared, a fourth collector, a certain youth, as he then was, would pluck up courage to do a bit of collecting too!

The Woman from Knoydart

Recalling in later years "the many artists who opened their treasures to me and bore patiently and courteously with my clumsy efforts to learn tunes by ear, and write down the Gaelic words," Kenneth Macleod went on to say: "The one who made the greatest impression on me was the one known to us all as *A' Bhan-Chnòideartach* (The Knoydart Woman)." Kenneth made her acquaintance in Oban. She was then, he said, in her 80th year. "She spoke little but sang much. Her tunes were the most indefinite I have ever listened to; it was almost as easy to get a grip of the wind as it passed on! The only possible method was to sit down at her feet and let the tunes soak into one's mind. When she came into the street, wearing a crotal skirt and a tartan plaid and a white mutch partly hidden by a black scarf, she looked, both in dress and in the look of wonder on her face, like one from another century and another people, as was really the case."

One of the songs Kenneth learned from this remarkable woman was:

"Chuir an cadal a chùl rium,
'S tric mi gluasad 's a' tionndan,
'S nach fhaic mi do bhàta
Seòladh àrd o'n chuan-ghorm."

In CG.V.82 it is stated that a version of the ballad, "Seathan", was written down from *A' Chailleach Chnòideartach* (The Old Woman of Knoydart) at High Street, Oban.

Glasgow

In the autumn of 1888 Kenneth Macleod matriculated in the Arts Faculty of Glasgow University. The M.A. degree regulations at that time required four sessions, and Kenneth's curriculum was: 1888-89, Junior Latin (in which he gained Third Prize) and Junior Greek; 1889-90, Senior Latin, Senior Greek,

and Junior Mathematics; 1890-91, Logic and Senior Mathematics; 1891-92, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, and English Literature. He appears to have passed in all his subjects except English Literature, which he had to repeat in session 1892-93. It was during this last session that he had a very serious breakdown in health, which meant his abandoning his studies and leaving the University without graduating. 1892 was a particularly heavy year for him, with a heavy programme of study, a summer mission in Uig, Skye, and other commitments during the winter of 1892-93.

The Professors under whom he studied were all men of high academic repute — George G. Ramsay (Latin), R.C. Jebb (Greek), William Jack (Mathematics), John Nichol (English Literature), John Veitch (Logic), Edward Caird (Moral Philosophy), and Sir William Thomson (later Lord Kelvin) (Natural Philosophy). The only subjects commented on in Kenneth's letters to James Calderwood are Moral Philosophy and Natural Philosophy, the latter of which he seems to have found particularly difficult. In one letter he wrote: "This is part of the lecture — but Caird is not the author. It is none the worse of that. . . . Take care of yourself and Philosophy will take care of itself (in fact, it takes so much care of itself that it never shows itself to the mental eyes of poor students)." In December 1891 Kenneth wrote: "My poor brain is quite confused. This morning we had the Moral (Philosophy) exam — not very difficult perhaps, but plenty of it. Then there is that confounded Natural (Philosophy) affair on Monday morning . . . I am fairly lost in that class. I knew a little about Science at the beginning of the Session — but now I know nothing. I have discovered that what I did know was wrong, and the right thing I have not yet found. Sir William is still defining and dancing — but goodness knows where is science. Someone has said that 'Thomson's Science is a Magnus structure of Bottom-less definitions' — to which I beg to add a hearty Amen. Such is life, but I mean to survive it all." The jocular allusions here are to a Mr Bottomley and (later Professor) Magnus Maclean, the first Celtic lecturer in Glasgow University and a native of Skye, who were assistants to Sir William Thomson at that time.

In April 1892 Kenneth wrote: "Kelvin's name reminds me that

Bottomley has given me rather a good certificate. It is a great surprise to me to be told that I attended 'with great regularity', and that my 'answering in the weekly examinations, in writing, was very satisfactory'. There is no mention made either of 3rd or 4th class, though I am quite sure I never managed further than the latter. And now a lasting farewell to our friend Bottomley. Long may he try to teach Science at Gilmorehill! Long may he sleep under the spell of Lord Kelvin's eloquent and clear definitions! Long may he continue to threaten the 'back-bench' students with expulsion! May his face never grow less sweet, or his speech less gentle! May his fame never die, and, when his great career comes to an end, may he be placed in the door of Hades to keep students from going in and frighten them away to the better H."

Throughout his time at Glasgow University Kenneth Macleod was probably the most active member of the Glasgow University Ossianic Society (founded in 1831), the Highland students' society. He was Secretary in session 1889-90, Vice-President in 1890-91, and President in 1891-92. His Presidential Address to the Society on 13th November 1891 is recorded thus in the Society's minutes:

"Thug an Ceann-suidhe seachad òraid thlachdmhor mu dheigh-inn a' chuspair so, A' Ghàidhealtachd Ur. Leig e fhaicinn mar a dh'atharraich cleachdadh agus beachdan nan Gàidheal o cheann leth-cheud bliadhna, agus mar a bha daoine tighinn gu bhi smaointinn gach neach air a shon fhèin. Cho-dhùin e le bhi cur cliù a' Chomuinn an làmhan nan oileanach."

Kenneth managed to persuade the Society to affiliate with the students' Union and to begin meeting in the University premises instead of St. Columba Church premises, in which it had been meeting for many years. He also persuaded the Society to appoint an Honorary Bard, and the first person to be chosen for the office was Neil Macleod, Edinburgh, the well-known Skye bard. Kenneth constantly objected to the increasing use of English in the Society's activities. He also pressed forward with the effort, which the Ossianic had been engaged in in earlier years, to have a Celtic Lectureship established in Glasgow University. In this project the students had the assistance of the

Rev. Dr Robert Blair, from Islay, former minister of St. Columba Church, Glasgow, and for many years Honorary President of the Ossianic. One may add that it was not until 1900 that the first Celtic Lecturer was appointed (but on a part-time basis), Dr Magnus Maclean, already referred to, and this was achieved largely by the support of the University Principal, the Very Rev. Dr R.H. Storey, and a bequest from the Rev. Dr A. Kelly MacCallum. Dr Magnus Maclean was succeeded by Dr Kuno Meyer, and in 1906 by the Rev. Dr George Henderson (at first on a part-time basis but from 1910 to his death in 1912 full-time).

Kenneth Macleod was a frequent debater, delivered many talks, proposed toasts at functions, and went as delegate to other University Highland and Celtic Societies. Kenneth's name last appears in a minute of meeting on 11th March 1893. If the tradition is true that the serious illness that ended his student career at Glasgow University struck him while he was speaking at a meeting of the Ossianic, it may have happened soon after this date.

Kenneth Macleod's activities in Glasgow were not confined to the University. He associated himself with St. Columba Gaelic Church, in which Dr Robert Blair had been succeeded by the scholarly Dr John Maclean, from Tiree. In 1932, presiding at the Diamond Jubilee Concert of the famous pioneer Gaelic choir, the St. Columba Choir, Kenneth recalled with gratitude the thrill the Choir gave him when he first heard them in 1889. "MacCrimmon's Lament, as sung that night," he said, "has been singing in my ears ever since. Every singer in that choir was for the time being MacCrimmon himself, pouring into other hearts the nobleness of his sorrow, which means, of course, great singing. I am glad to know that two or three members of the 1889 choir are with us tonight, and after all those years I thank them from the heart for having set a Hebridean boy dreaming of what might be done with the songs of the Gael. Not only was the choir formed at the very dawn of the modern Gaelic movement, but in a real sense it was itself that dawn. At any rate, it created an atmosphere in which it was possible for patriotic Gaels to make great ventures, such as the founding of the Mod in 1892, and, if the best way of drawing people towards Gaelic is through

song, then we owe that best way to the St. Columba Choir, the mother of many children.”

In Glasgow during the late 1880s and early 1890s, among the prominent Gaels in Glasgow with whom Macleod became acquainted were Duncan Whyte, Henry Whyte (“Fionn”), Magnus Maclean, Calum Macfarlane, Archibald Sinclair, John Macfadyen and Duncan Reid.

The Contemporary Scene

During Kenneth Macleod’s youth and early manhood — the last 30 or so years of the 19th century — the interest and concern of Gaeldom were centred on three main issues — land, language, religion. In all three a new militancy emerged between about 1870 and the end of the century, and argument carried over into action. This was the period in which the Highland crofters won certain basic rights in the Crofters Act of 1886; the Education Act of 1872, by its denial of a due place for Gaelic in the school system of the Gaelic areas, provoked a vigorous campaign (which still continues) for the preservation and promotion of Gaelic culture; while in 1893 and 1900 the Free Church, which resulted from the Disruption of 1843 and claimed the allegiance of most of the Gaelic population, was fragmented into three rival Presbyterian denominations, each claiming to be the true heirs of the Disruption and custodians of its principles.

Many books and articles, as well as folk-memory, record the story of what happened to the people of the Highlands and Islands from the mid-18th century onwards. It is a story of conflict between old ways (good and bad) and new forces (some beneficial, many not). It is the story of economic and social change, of well-meant improvement schemes and of selfish exploitation; of sheep and deer being deemed more valuable than human beings, of evictions, clearances, and emigration; of productive glens left desolate where communities once lived; of barren coastal fringes and islands where poverty-stricken and overcrowded people toiled for a meagre living from sea, sea-shore, and rocky soil. It is a story of almost incredible injustice, of destitution, tyrannical landlords and their even more tyrannical underlings, of insecurity and many disincentives. We must not forget, of course, that there were those, both groups and

individuals, who did what they could to alleviate distress and privation, and protest against what they saw to be wrong. “Tenants-at-will” who spoke their mind risked eviction; others could be victimised in other ways. For many people, therefore, the natural reaction to how things were was apathetic acceptance and hopelessness, which largely accounted for the widespread allegation that Highlanders were lazy and shiftless.

The Hungry Forties were followed by the Depressing Fifties and the Sullen Sixties, and then the Highland people, too patient far too long, decided they could take no more. Led in the first instance by city Gaels, and encouraged by contact with their fellow-Celts in Ireland, who also had long suffered in similar fashion, the Scottish Gaels began to fight back. The Highland Land League was founded, a largely-signed petition was presented to Parliament, there was much argument in the press and in numerous public meetings. No longer trusting the established political parties, Tories and Liberals (both Whig and Radical wings), and with the extension of the right to vote, the Highlands sent some half-dozen “Crofter Party” M.P.s to the House of Commons. The Napier Commission on Crofting Conditions speedily fulfilled their remit, producing a voluminous report and far-reaching recommendations. There resulted the Crofters Holdings Bill of 1885, which was rejected as not going far enough, and the Crofters Act of 1886, “the Magna Carta” of the Highlands, providing basic rights. Although it fell short of what was demanded and needed, and of what the Napier Commission recommended, and had to be supplemented and amended by various legislative and administrative measures over the past 90 or so years, it began a new and promising era for the Highlands and Islands.

If the land agitation was needed for physical survival, the campaign in support of Gaelic was needed for the survival of a distinctive culture. Some 500 years earlier a Scottish historian, John of Fordun, had put on record the distinction between the civilised Scots of the east and south of the country and the uncivilised inhabitants of the north and west mainland and the islands, with their different language and their uncouth dress. The Gaelic language, at an earlier period the vernacular of almost the whole of what is now called Scotland, and the

language of Church and Royal Court, became by the vicissitudes of history so associated with lawlessness that King James VI, for whose descendants so many Gaels later sacrificed their all, decreed it should be rooted out. First of all, in the early 17th century he planned to extirpate the inhabitants of some of the Western Isles. Yielding to pressure from wiser men, he and his Council determined instead to extirpate the language, and so gained for himself the infamy of being the pioneer protagonist of the anti-Gaelic movement, which has persisted to this present day. Here again, as in the case of the land, the story of the Gaelic language over the last four centuries is an oft-rehearsed tale. It also is a story of well-meant but often ineffective schemes, of much ignorance and the prejudice arising therefrom. It is also, however, the story of an unbroken tradition of loyalty to, and much devoted labour on behalf of, Gaelic. If there were clergy and schoolmasters against Gaelic, there were more for it. When Edward Lhuyd, the great Welsh scholar, came to Scotland to carry on his researches just before the start of the 18th century, he discovered there were not a few men learned in and proud of their Gaelic culture. The lamp of Gaelic scholarship may have burnt dimly from time to time, but from time to time also the lamp has been trimmed again and replenished with oil — and made to shine so brightly that the outside world has begun to notice it. This happened, for example, in the 18th century, despite Samuel Johnson's dictum that Gaelic is only "the rude language of a barbarous people" (1773) and the gibe of the Scottish historian, John Pinkerton, in 1789 that the Celts were rude savages, "and are little better at present, being incapable of making any progress in society".

Increasing interest and advancing scholarship in languages generally, and in the Celtic languages particularly, gave Gaelic a new prestige and our native Gaelic scholars much encouragement. Poets and prose writers, translators, collectors of traditional lore, publishers, teachers and preachers, all played their part in maintaining and advancing the cause of Gaelic in Scotland.

Economic and social conditions, emigration, and the sheer struggle for survival, all told strongly against Gaelic. "Gaelic is of no use when a young man wants to get on," was the

conviction of many Gaels. The false choice was presented of Gaelic and poverty or English and good prospects, and great havoc was wrought by the mistaken belief that to acquire English one must abandon Gaelic.

In the year of Kenneth Macleod's birth, 1871, the first Gaelic census was held, although the Registrar General thought it an unnecessary and quite unjustified operation. "As we in the United Kingdom are one people," he said in effect, "Let us have but one language," and that language must, of course, be English. The same year the Gaelic Society of Inveness was established to make a new effort on behalf of Gaelic. In 1872 came the Education Act which made primary education compulsory and, even in the areas where almost all the children knew no language but Gaelic, made no provision for Gaelic in the schools. The Gaels organised and campaigned for Gaelic in the education system. Step by step concessions were won. The founding of the Chair of Celtic Studies in the University of Edinburgh in 1882 enhanced the prestige of Gaelic. The founding of An Comunn Gaidhealach in 1891 and of the Annual Mod in 1892 was largely instrumental in persuading more and more of the ordinary Gaelic-speaking public that the ability to speak Gaelic was not the badge of second-class citizenship but something to be proud of. A new Gaelic Renaissance was on the way, and Kenneth Macleod played his full part in it.

On the third main issue dominating Gaeldom in the last thirty years of the 19th century, the religious or rather the ecclesiastical issue, not very much need be said. The subject is dealt with in a mass of printed material, and the results of the situation which developed at that time are clearly before us to this very day.

The Disruption of 1843 practically emptied the parish churches over vast areas of the Highlands and Islands, and the situation thereby created is vividly described by Norman Maclean in *The Burnt Offering* (1911). But the Free Church, while it claimed the allegiance of most of the people in many areas, found itself by the 1860s involved in internal turmoil and dissension. There was a plethora of battle-cries. Unionism and Anti-unionism, Establishment and Disestablishment, Hymns and No Hymns (or even Paraphrases), the New Theology versus the Westminster Confession of Faith, Dr Begg versus Dr Rainy,

For and Against Moody and Sankey, and so on. In the Churches generally the new theories and ideas in Science (especially since Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859)), new attitudes as regards the authority and interpretation of the Bible and consequent heresy-hunting, and new modes of Public Worship, stirred up much argument and disagreement. These trends were not unrelated to the issues that sowed the seeds of suspicion and bitter division in the Highlands.

There were many people in Scotland for whom Church History began with the 16th century Reformation, but there were others who looked back to earlier times, to the age of the first Celtic missionaries. But even in that field there was scope for disagreement. If the various groups within the Free Church argued about who were the true successors of the Reformers, the Roman Catholics, the Scottish Episcopalians, and the Presbyterians argued about who were the true successors of Columba of Iona. The 19th century saw the publication of many weighty volumes about these early Christian times in Scotland, about who were the Culdees and what was the relation of the Celtic Church to the Catholic or Universal Church. The Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, thanks mainly to increasing immigration from Ireland, began to grow rapidly in numbers, and after a lapse of many generations the full hierarchy was restored. The Scottish Episcopal Church, which had had its own internal troubles, arrogated to itself the ancient territorial titles of the pre-Reformation Church.

This situation was accompanied by bitterness and the strife of tongues. Church issues, whether we call them principles or prejudices, brought division into communities and congregations, and even into families. Intelligent and earnest young men, feeling a vocation to the Christian ministry, were (not surprisingly) deterred by the prospect of a life of futility and frustration.

And yet, in all the Churches there were earnest and devout Christian men and women, "the quiet in the land", who amid the ecclesiastical disputations of the time got on with the job of living Christian lives and rendering Christian service.

From a casual remark in one of his addresses I think that Kenneth Macleod's father may have, at least in his earlier life,

been attached to the Free Church. By the time he became Parochial Schoolmaster of Small Isles, it was no longer incumbent on a person holding such an office to belong to the Established Church of Scotland. Kenneth, however, from his Glasgow days onwards seems to have belonged to the Church of Scotland. He was therefore only an observer in the troubles of the Free Church. His was a simply Scriptural and practical conception of Christianity, as far as I can gather from the evidence available to me. He had no great liking for philosophical or theological speculation and had little regard for ecclesiastical differences and niceties. He was in fact an Ecumenist long before Ecumenism became fashionable. He had close friends in all the Churches, and outwith the Churches also. What he did have a special interest in was simple and dignified and reverent worship, and he was for many years a member of the Church Service Society. From letters sent him by a fellow-student we learn that he made a special study of early church liturgies, especially the Stowe Missal, and that he read the sermons of J.H. Newman. The early Christian missionaries—Columba, Bride, and others—seemed very real and near to him.

A Trip to Australia

According to the "tradition", part of Kenneth Macleod's restoration to health after illness ended his University career in Glasgow was in large measure due to the beneficence of Sir William Mackinnon, chairman of the British India Steam Navigation Co., who arranged for him to sign on as a crewman on one of his ocean liners for a wage of a shilling a week.

Fortunately two letters from Kenneth to James Calderwood, as well as the still surviving Certificate of Discharge, show that the voyage took place from November 1895 to March 1896 and provide some interesting information.

On 6th November Kenneth wrote from Campbeltown: "Excuse delay in writing. I have been unsettled, and a wanderer. Now I have definite news. On Sunday first I leave Glasgow for London (so as to be there on Monday morning), and on following Wednesday I sail for Australia via Suez Canal. I shall be back sometime in Spring. . . . I am here visiting a friend . . . I shall have but 2 days to get rigged out, etc. — a ridiculously

short time. I shan't stop at one voyage — in fact, I've thrown up the Church, and have other views."

On 3rd December 1895 Kenneth sent Calderwood a long letter from "Near Aden (Arabia)", in which he describes his two days in London, his trip down the Thames, through the English Channel, across the Bay of Biscay, and on through the Mediterranean; his impressions of Port Said, and then to Aden. Unfortunately, there is no information about the remainder of the trip and the return journey. Here are some extracts from the letter:

"I am taking kindly to sea life and have proved myself an excellent sailor. We had two days in London but did precious little sight-seeing. I don't think I should like to stay in it — the eternal cockney chatter would kill me." The "we" refers to himself and a young man who was to be ship's doctor and who travelled with Kenneth from Glasgow.

The ship was the "Merkara", registered at Glasgow and of 3,098 tonnage, bound for Brisbane. Kenneth was described as aged 23, and his "Capacity" was described as "Assistant Clerk." He was signed on on 13th November 1895 and discharged in London on 27th March 1896. Both his character and ability were described on the Certificate of Discharge as "Very Good"

On this voyage the ship had a crew of 70, along with 60 passengers, "most of them third-class." Fortunately, the ship was "a beauty in rough weather." As they entered the Bay of Biscay "the sea went mad." The waves washed over the decks and everything "loose or weak" was carried away, and there were several accidents which kept the ship's doctor busy. There follow comments about the daily routine and about the passengers and crew. "The Skipper is a man after Carlyle's ideal — a silent philosopher, but without the philosophy." Kenneth's favourite among the passengers was "the veteran Chalmers, the New Guinea missionary. He is a man after my own heart — in theology, in charity, in kindliness, and in everything that goes to make a true man. The services conducted by him on Sunday morning are among the most pleasant features of a pleasant trip."

This passenger who so impressed Kenneth was the Rev. James Chalmers (1841-1901), who was born at Ardrishaig, Argyll, and

was appointed a missionary in Rarotonga in the South Pacific in 1866, and ten years later moved to New Guinea, where he was killed by cannibals. This voyage in 1895-96 was his second and last visit home to Scotland.

"The trip costs over a hundred pounds," wrote Kenneth. "Fortunately, however, a friend of mine is intimate with the Chairman of the Company (a nephew of the late Sir William Mackinnon), and he gave me the benefit of an old dodge, which is to create for the time being the post of Assistant Purser. It is merely nominal, and carries no salary. It means, however, a free trip, and it makes me an official with the many advantages pertaining thereto."

"The trip all along has been very fine. The Mediterranean was glorious — soft winds, sky and sea faultlessly blue, and calm nights with the full moon casting silver rays on the dancing waves. Our first stoppage was at Port Said (in Egypt), a fortnight's run from London. The town has a population of over 30,000, practically a mixture of France and Egypt. No sooner had we anchored than we were surrounded by shoals of native boats, each eager to have the honour of bringing us ashore. The men looked very picturesque in red turbans, blue blouses, and white tunics. Knowing that our steamer belonged to a Scotch line, the rascals were all Scotchmen for the time being. Each called himself "John Ferguson" and addressed us indiscriminately as "Mishter Mackenzie". The "John Ferguson" whom we chose as our guide told us he hailed from Aberdeen and Ecclefechan . . ."

"We spent part of the time in a music-saloon, with little tables, 'Tea or coffee or something stronger than either, was available. The music was a mixture of Scotch and English. After each selection one of the girls came round to collect the money. After ten o'clock I believe the girls make love to you — but we left before that stage. There were several side-rooms where you could gamble and see naked people dance and get as much wicked enjoyment as you could wish. Needless to say, we avoided such places. Chalmers, the missionary, was our guide, and with him we were safe. Several of the shops were covered in photos — of a certain kind — the vilest things that human nature could stoop to. It was midnight before we left the town.

In that time we saw new phases of life, and things that I for one never dreamed of."

After leaving Port Said they sailed through the Suez Canal, and then the Gulf of Suez, where they had a glimpse of Mount Sinai. "Now we are in the Red Sea, the bluest sea I have ever seen. The sunsets are magnificent; the after-glow sets the whole sky ablaze." The weather was now very hot and "we are all dressed in white garments — white helmet, white jacket, white trousers, white slippers," and in a week or two they would be sleeping on the decks, the cabins being too close.

"We shall be at Aden tomorrow. About a week later we shall be at Ceylon, and then we make for the New Guinea Isles and Queensland. We are due in Brisbane on the 7th January."

(Sir William Mackinnon, of Loup and Balnakill in Kintyre and of Strathaird in Skye, was born in Campeltown, and started his business career there. He rose from humble origins to wealth and influence).

Tensions and Choices

The period from 1892 to 1896 was clearly of special importance in the life-story of Kenneth Macleod, but from the information I have at present it is difficult to be sure of the sequence of events. There are important gaps in the evidence and seeming contradictions, but I venture to think of this period as one of uncertain health and unsettlement, issuing finally in the decision to become for an indefinite period a full-time lay missionary of the Church. What considerations led to that decision?

It has been alleged that his becoming a lay missionary was due to the fact that his impaired state of health prevented his following up his Arts course by embarking on the three or more years of further University study in theology necessary for qualification for the ordained ministry. That, however, may not have been the sole, even if it may have been the principal, reason. In November 1895 Kenneth writes of "throwing up the Church" and "having other views" and perhaps going to sea. In September 1896 he writes of going to South Africa, probably for some years. In letters I have already quoted and in others still to be quoted he is somewhat cynical about the Church and

ecclesiastical matters, although there is no hint whatsoever that he had weakened in his Christian commitment.

When Kenneth returned to Glasgow in the autumn of 1892 to complete his Arts degree course by repeating the English Literature Class, he found that his closest friends (who were prospective divinity students and belonged to the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church) had moved on — some to the Divinity Hall in Glasgow and busy with practical work in missions, one to the United Presbyterian Hall in Edinburgh. He felt very much alone, but he applied himself diligently to his studies and, as Ex-President of the Ossianic Society continued to share in its activities. His last-mentioned attendance at its meetings was on 13th March 1893. It was then, it is said, that he was smitten with serious illness, which presumably meant his being laid aside for some time followed by a long convalescence, spent (I have been told) in the Hebrides. But how, then, can we fit in his being a summer missionary in Greenock Gaelic Church that summer, and how could he be fit for whole-time missionary work in South Uist before the end of 1893? We must also remember that it was in 1893 that his father died.

I have no information about his activities in 1894 and most of 1895 other than that, as he stated in his petition to the General Assembly of 1917, he was a missionary in South Uist from 1893 to 1896. Then come the letter of November 1895 from Campeltown to James Calderwood and his voyage to Australia and back from November 1895 to March 1896. Thereafter there is a further gap (in which, of course, he may have returned to South Uist) until from 5 High Street, Oban, on 20th November 1896 Kenneth wrote to James Calderwood as follows:

"Please don't be surprised to see an old friend's handwriting. I often thought of writing to you from Stornoway, but I never got further than the thought. Is it any consolation to you to know that I wrote no letters during the summer, but simply hid myself away from everybody? Now, however, that I am once more in the world, a feverish desire has seized me to find out how the old chums are — what they are doing — what their thoughts are — and what their prospects. I arrived in Oban . . . last night.

"I liked Stornoway very much indeed . . . I don't know Oban

now. It certainly isn't the old place — at any rate, to me . . . the fact that not one member of the Roving Commission is present makes the place deadly dull . . . I have something more important to say. I shall be in Glasgow sometime this month, and I mean to take a run out to Lanark to see you. It will be a farewell visit, as I intend to leave for South Africa in the near future — and several years will probably elapse ere I return to Bonnie Scotland. I shall also go to Edinburgh to see Robert — and perhaps luck will kindly throw me in George Drummond's way.

"I have seen very little of you for the past four years but still I haven't forgotten old times. How well I remember our trip to Loch Awe . . . our escapades at Dunollie and Gallanach, and our glorious raid on Gylen Castle! . . . We are all older and sadder now, but I doubt if we are any wiser. For my own part, I knew far more then than I do now, but I don't think I am quite so happy — at any rate, I am not so supremely indifferent to law or authority. I used to shock our gentle thoughtful Robert, but now I am afraid, afraid, afraid that he may find me as decent and quiet and orthodox as himself. What a downfall for me!!

I am told that you have every book worth reading within the last few years. I forget who told me but I *fear* it is quite true. Now, before I promise to go to Lanark, you must give a solemn pledge not to talk about books. You may tackle old times and old chums and the Socinian heresy and *other* subjects of a light and agreeable nature, but you **MUST** avoid books. Otherwise you will simply compel me to tell lies by the square yard, as no respectable chap likes to confess to ignorance or literary and bookish torpor. Since March last I've read *nothing* but the Bible and little bits of Browning, Tennyson, and the Glasgow Herald. So please take note, and avoid literary talk.

"At the last Communion in the old Free Church here, a pretty little incident took place. The assistant clergyman gave out a Paraphrase — an intimation which caused a flutter among the unco guid. Up started old Brown the banker — 'Mr Preacher, we don't sing Paraphrases in this Church.' 'All right, Sir, we shall sing instead the 67th Psalm, Lord, bless and *pity* us!'"

The petition to the General Assembly of 1917 states that Kenneth served as missionary at Stornoway Parish Church (now

St. Columba's) in 1896, and it may be that on returning from his trip to Australia in March 1896 he went first for a time to South Uist and then took up duty in Stornoway. The minister with whom he served there was the Rev. Hector Mackinnon, from Tiree, a former pupil of Raining's School.

In November 1896, as the above-quoted letter indicates, Kenneth was proposing to go to South Africa, perhaps for several years. This shows that he was not yet decided on a definite course of action.

As stated earlier, it may be that the state of unsettlement and uncertainty apparently indicated by Kenneth's actions and letters from 1893 to 1896 arose, not only from his state of impaired health and personal circumstances, but from the ecclesiastical climate of the times.

Lay Missionary

With his mind now apparently determined on a particular course of action, and with five years' experience of preaching and pastoral work, Kenneth Macleod began in 1897 twenty years' full-time service as a full-time lay missionary of the Church of Scotland. The same year he appears to have taken a decisive step also in what became his second main interest in life, the collection of Gaelic folk-lore. The first volume of his collection of "Bàrdachd nan Eilean", the title he gave to his collection of traditional Gaelic poetry, is dated 1897. It was in 1897 also, that according to Kenneth Macleod's own testimony to Dr J.L. Campbell, Father Allan Macdonald showed Kenneth his own written collection of folk-lore. This probably inspired Kenneth to be more systematic in his folk-lore collecting, for, while previously he had written and published folk-lore material, he had from childhood been in the habit of trusting to a large degree to his memory.

For his training as a lay missionary there were as that time no specific courses, and he had not been a student in a theological college or divinity hall. Any training he had was through his own reading, the guidance of the ministers under whom he served, and possibly short summer courses or conferences.

As a lay missionary he was able to perform all the duties of a

preacher and pastor except administering the sacraments and officiating at marriages. The salary was meagre, even by the standards of those times. In 1914 Kenneth's salary as missionary at Straloch was £80 per annum (the parish minister's stipend was £176).

From 1897 to 1916 Kenneth Macleod served in the following places — 1897-1900, Carinish and Baleshare, North Uist; 1900, Morvern; 1900-01, The Highland Church in Campbeltown; 1901-02, Lochboisdale in South Uist; 1903, Kilberry in Kintyre, Kyleakin in Skye, and Lochboisdale; 1904, Mallaig; 1905 Glenquoich, in Western Inverness-shire; 1906, Morvern, during the absence of the minister, Rev. Donald Macfarlane, who was abroad because of ill-health; 1907-10, Straloch, in the parish of Moulin; 1910-12, Crianlarich; 1912-15, Straloch again; 1915-16, Ardchattan, in the absence of the minister, the Rev. J.A. MacCormick, who was also on active service as an Army Chaplain; 1916-17, Boat of Garten and Aviemore, in Strathspey.

If the monetary reward was meagre, he enjoyed the respect and affection of the people he so devotedly served. Two expressions of appreciation may be quoted. The first is in a letter written to him in September 1902, by a "Physician Extraordinary to the King, M.D., F.R.S." It runs:

"I have had the advantage and pleasure of hearing the Rev. K. Macleod's services during my brief stay of a month at Kyleakin. It gives me the greatest satisfaction to say that I have seldom listened to anything more impressive than his exposition of Christian faith and practice, as he holds and expresses it as the outcome of his own honest theological view and simple and liberal construction of the faith he teaches so well and so earnestly. I wish him every success in life, and beg of him to accept my personal thanks for the great pleasure and profit I have derived from his acquaintance."

The other appreciation appeared in the Moulin Parish Supplement of July 1915, as he left Straloch, having served there longer than anywhere else:

"Straloch has suffered a great loss in the departure of our delightful missionary, Mr Kenneth Macleod. He came in February 1907. In February 1910 he deserted us for a year and a

half, going to Crianlarig (*sic*), but in January 1912 we got him back again. For about seven years we have had the great privilege of having among us a man of beautiful poetic mind and of singularly winning nature — one who but for the misfortune of indifferent health would by this time have attained high rank in the Church — one whose name, as it is, will endure when the rest of us are forgotten, for in his Songs of the Hebrides he has done work for future ages. Another generation, and these songs would have perished, but Mr Macleod has given them literary expression, and now they are secured for all time as a priceless heritage for the Celtic race. Those qualified to speak say there is a special charm about Mr Macleod's Gaelic preaching. At the beginning of the War Mr Macleod offered his services. Though not available for direct war duty, he is being sent to the charge of the important Gaelic parish of Ardchattan during the absence of the minister, who has been appointed to an Army Chaplaincy."

His years of missionary service in so many different Gaelic areas gave Kenneth Macleod the opportunity of becoming familiar with various Gaelic dialects, and with local lore, traditions, and music — an opportunity he used well. Thus, for example, was gathered the collection of Gaelic proverbs from Skye and Uist, as well as from Eigg, which he contributed to the *Celtic Monthly*.

Edinburgh

During his years as a missionary, Kenneth managed to be in Edinburgh from time to time for longer or shorter periods, and even attended Professor Donald Mackinnon's Celtic Class in the University of Edinburgh for one session at least, 1902-3, winning the first prize, the four-volume set of J.F.Campbell's *West Highland Tales*.

Edinburgh, like Glasgow, had its coterie of enthusiastic Gaels. The leader of the group was Alexander Carmichael, whose home was now in that city and who kept an open door and a hospitable table for his fellow-Gaels, and especially for Highland students. Carmichael's daughter, Ella, became the second wife of William J. Watson, who later succeeded Donald Mackinnon as Professor of Celtic in Edinburgh University.

Among Kenneth Macleod's papers there is the following letter sent him by Carmichael, dated 17th January 1906:

My dear Kenneth, . . . I wish you would see your way to come through to the dinner. I understand that they are going to make you an honorary member. The Celtic students are to be here to help us! . . . While I think of it, have you old hymns? I think you have, and I hope you have added light and leading to them. I am always bothering people about these things. Ella is going to leave us! she is going to marry Mr William Watson, Rector, Inverness Academy. Mr Watson is a widower with three children at home. On this account Mrs Carmichael and I are not keen upon the match, although in all other respects the match would be an ideal one. Mr Watson is a very fine man and a very fine scholar and a very good Highlander. He took honours at Aberdeen and double honours at Oxford. He is also an excellent Gaelic scholar. He and Ella have much, very much, in common. You need not tell about this just yet. Let me hear of your new MSS."

Included in the Edinburgh coterie were Professor Donald Mackinnon, Neil Macleod (the Skye bard), Donald Mackechnie (Gaelic poet and essayist from Jura), Ella Carmichael and her brother, Eoghan, and William J. Watson, while Frances Tolmie, George Henderson, Father Allan Macdonald, and Kenneth Macleod also were regarded as belonging to it.

It was in this Gaelic group in Edinburgh that the project for establishing the *Celtic Review* originated and took shape. This was a high-quality quarterly which began in 1904 with Ella Carmichael as Acting Editor and Professor Mackinnon as Consulting Editor, to deal in scholarly fashion with Gaelic literature and lore in particular and with Celtic Studies generally. The idea of the Review apparently started with a friend of Ella Carmichael and of Father Allan Macdonald, Dr Walter B. Blaikie, an artist-printer with the firm of T. and A. Constable. The original intention had been to draw largely on the remarkable collection of folk-lore made by Father Allan Macdonald, but only a few items from that source appeared. Among contributors to the Review in its early years were Donald Mackinnon, George Henderson, and W. J. Watson, and in it by no means the least appreciated items were those contributed by Kenneth Macleod.

"The Songs of the Hebrides"

Marjory Kennedy was born in Perth in 1857, a daughter of David Kennedy, a professional singer who was renowned for his singing of Scots songs. He made several world concert-tours with the members of his family, including Marjory. She received a sound musical education and early made her debut on the concert platform at home and abroad. Her maternal grandfather, a Fraser, was Gaelic-speaking and in 1882 she began to take an interest in Gaelic songs. In a concert tour of that year, including Inverness and Oban, she included in her repertoire three Gaelic songs which she had arranged for unaccompanied trio singing by herself and her two sisters, Helen and Margaret. About that time she began to take Gaelic lessons from Mary Mackellar, the Gaelic poetess, who then lived in Edinburgh where also the Kennedy home was. Professor John Stuart Blackie gave her much encouragement. Some twenty years were to pass, however, before she embarked on the task which brought her fame, the collection, arrangement, publishing, and performing of Gaelic Hebridean folk-songs, or rather of art-songs based on traditional songs and melodies.

In 1887 Marjory Kennedy married her mother's cousin, Alec Yule Fraser, later Rector of Allan Glen's School in Glasgow. Within three short years she was left a widow with two small children, David and Patuffa, but with characteristic courage and energy this talented woman set about rearing her family and maintaining herself by teaching music and giving musical recitals. She lived a full and busy life and became very interested in Breton folk-music.

It was in 1905 that Marjory Kennedy-Fraser, as she was known after her marriage, set out for Eriskay, and there began her work on Hebridean music. The parish priest of Eriskay was Father Allan Macdonald, poet and folklorist. With two other visitors to the Hebrides, Ada Goodrich Freer (author of *The Outer Isles*) and Amy Murray (author of *Father Allan's Island*), Father Allan had already shared some of his rich store of lore, while another, a Miss Bentinck, also sought his help. With Mrs Kennedy-Fraser also he would have with his characteristic generosity, shared his treasure, but very soon after their first meeting he fell ill and died in 1905 at the age of 46.

With the material gleaned, Mrs Kennedy-Fraser returned to Edinburgh and presented some of her discoveries at recitals. She realised, however, that she had not enough knowledge of Gaelic to make satisfactory progress without a competent Gaelic collaborator. She sought the advice of Professor Donald MacKinnon. He replied that she should approach Kenneth Macleod, as there was no other person, in his opinion, so well equipped for the task. Kenneth, when approached, was at first unwilling. He had already begun to publish the folk-lore material he had himself collected, and in any case he preferred prose to poetry, he said. It was Ella Carmichael (Mrs Watson) who persuaded him that his duty lay in helping Mrs Kennedy-Fraser. Some of the material in the first volume of the "Songs of the Hebrides" was already ready for the printer before Kenneth began his share of the work, but thereafter the partnership endured through twenty years and more.

During that period Marjory Kennedy-Fraser made repeated music-collecting tours in the Hebrides, usually accompanied by her "gramophone" or phono-graph (with wax cylinders), a somewhat primitive and clumsy kind of recording-machine when compared with the sophisticated equipment available to folklore collectors nowadays. She filled many notebooks and made a large number of recordings — valuable material now lodged in the archives of the University of Edinburgh.

From this material — priceless, but in her view *raw* material to be suitably processed — bits and pieces of melodies and scraps of ancient songs — she, with Kenneth's aid, produced the contents of her published volumes and albums. Not only so; she and her sister Margaret and her daughter Patuffa performed these songs in public throughout the United Kingdom and, indeed, throughout the world. Never before had the world outside Gaeldom been so impressively and entrancingly made aware of the quantity and quality of Hebridean music.

Although Kenneth Macleod is described on the title-page of the volumes of the *Songs of the Hebrides* as "Gaelic Editor," he was much more than an editor. From his own store of folk-song he supplied much of the material, both words and music. He composed new Gaelic verses and also made new English versions and verse-translations of the old songs. English verse-

translations stated to be "by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser" were in fact made by her from word-for-word translations by Kenneth. Kenneth also from his vast knowledge of traditional lore and from his fertile imagination wrote many of the "Introductions" to the songs, unique of their kind, not merely giving the historical background and origin of songs, but rather designed "to induce the appropriate mood."

Now and again controversy has arisen about the authenticity and appropriateness of the "Songs of the Hebrides", as they issued from the minds and hands of Marjory Kennedy-Fraser and Kenneth Macleod. Islesfolk are reported to have said of Marjory, "Mhill i na h-òrain againn." But neither Marjory nor Kenneth ever concealed the fact that they had "processed" the "raw material" they used. Here is what they themselves said, and said in public more than once.

It was a work, not only of interpretation, but also of reconstruction, repairing and refurbishing ancient musical gems and presenting them in an appropriate setting. This was how Marjory Kennedy-Fraser regarded her work. "In setting the airs we have in no case altered the melodies; we have tried merely to set them in an harmonic and rhythmic framework of pianoforte wrought-metal, so to speak, as one would set a beautiful gem, a cairngorm or the like." "We preserve all the good lines," she said, "single words even, from the Gaelic originals, and piece them together as Burns did 150 years ago with Lowland songs."

Here are extracts from Kenneth Macleod's lectures and other writings. "A great many Hebridean tunes cannot be noted down exactly as they are sung by the people. There are no symbols in the system of notation used by musicians that will represent all the intervals of Hebridean folk-song. Such tunes can be learned by ear, if the learner's ear is good enough, but they cannot be noted down. The result is that in the case of many of the tunes, once they are noted down, the tang is gone. . . . Mrs Kennedy-Fraser realised, early in her collecting, that in many cases there was a difference (very slight, but still a difference) between what she heard and what she could note down". (She remarks on this in the Introduction to the first volume of the *Songs of the Hebrides*.) The difficulty of precisely representing Highland airs in the customary musical notation is referred to also by the Rev.

Patrick Macdonald in the 18th century and by Miss Frances Tolmie.

"I now come to the question which is asked oftener than any other: Will you tell us exactly how you have treated the material collected in the Hebrides? First of all, Mrs Kennedy-Fraser and myself had to decide whether we should work from the artistic or from the antiquarian standpoint. Sometimes, of course, the two can be combined; sometimes they cannot. If you hear a beautiful tune wedded to hopelessly poor words, or beautiful words to a hopelessly poor tune, and you give them to the world exactly as you heard them, you are working from the antiquarian angle. If you throw away what is worthless, whether tune or words, and try to get something better, you are working from the artistic angle. It seemed best, both for Gaeldom and for the world at large, that we should only preserve what was worth preserving.

"Now, a word about the tunes, — and here let me put myself right with the audience. Musically, I am absolutely illiterate. I can neither read nor write (music). Like the rest of our folk-singers or crooners, I learn everything by ear, and give a thing out again as Fate and the mood may decide. As to the tunes, then; they are arranged, of course, but the original melodies remain. For instance, labour songs, as sung by the people, have no stereotyped beginning or end. In fact, they have no end at all, being circular tunes. If you wish to arrange them for the public you have to choose where to begin and where to end effectively. Sometimes, too, in Mrs Kennedy-Fraser's arrangements, a commonplace phrase is omitted altogether, and a particularly attractive one repeated oftener than in the original version — repetition being perhaps the dominant note in genuine Hebridean song, whether words or music. But no matter how the tune is arranged, the original material remains — nothing is added to it, though something may be purposely left out. Nothing has amazed me more in Mrs Kennedy-Fraser's art than her gift of making a few notes into a song, and yet preserving the tune as sung by the folk. A good instance is the song which we call 'The Reiving Ship' (in Volume II). It is given exactly as it was sung by an old lady of 90 in the Island of Eigg. The tune, though remarkably ecstatic, is very slight, and yet it gives one the impression of being a really big tune. This is due, partly to the

accompaniment, and partly to the fact that towards the middle of the song Mrs Kennedy-Fraser has made the verse suddenly leap into the place of the chorus, so that it gives the impression of being an entirely new bit of melody. . . . It is no easy task to note down a tune (or learn it by ear) from our Hebridean folk-singers. If you leave out the ornamentation, as some collectors do, as often as not you spoil the tune. Also, a folk-singer hardly ever sings two verses exactly the same. Each verse has its own variations, and when these are equally good, one likes to preserve them all. Sometimes a folk-singer gives you one version of the tune this year, and next year, though quite unconsciously, something of a different character. And, of course, from different folk-singers one gets a bewildering variety of versions. The advantage is that a collector, by picking and choosing what is best in each verse and in each version can produce a better tune than any one folk-singer has actually sung. In this respect, at any rate, it can be said of the songs of the Hebrides that they are not always given exactly as they are sung by the people, or (to be very exact) by any one individual among the people.

As regards the sifting of the songs, let me give you an instance. In one very small island Mrs Kennedy-Fraser and myself listened to about a hundred unpublished tunes. Twenty of these had already been found elsewhere. Over 30 were rejected on a first hearing as being below our standard. About 40 out of the 100 were phonographed. Later on, these 40 tunes were resifted, and ultimately only 22 of the 100 were published. A great deal, of course, of the rejected material is preserved in manuscript, but we had too much respect for art to publish everything that we collected or could have collected . . .

"Let me add that, if anyone is anxious to know what Mrs Kennedy-Fraser has done to the tunes, a good way would be to study the late Miss Frances Tolmie's Collection. Miss Tolmie, who died only four weeks ago in the 88th year of her age, was undoubtedly the most interesting and cultured gentlewoman in the Isles — nobly queenlike in appearance and in nature. She knew Hebridean life and lore and music as few have known them in these latter days. Her Collection of 105 Hebridean Songs, published in the Transactions of the Folk Song Society, is a work of the highest value, and will be appreciated more and

more as the years pass. Twenty of those tunes are used, by permission, in the four volumes of the Songs of the Hebrides and, if you compare those tunes as used by Mrs Kennedy-Fraser with the tunes as noted down by Miss Tolmie from the folk-singers, you will see at once what Mrs Kennedy-Fraser has done to the Songs of the Hebrides and, seeing, your verdict on her work will, I feel sure, be this: 'great material greatly used.'

In answer to those who objected to instrumental accompaniments to the Hebridean songs, Kenneth Macleod replied thus: "This question of accompanied or unaccompanied singing I am not, of course, competent to discuss. But let me say that I have hardly ever heard unaccompanied singing in the Hebrides. Rowing songs were accompanied by the swish and the swash of the oars and the plashing of the waves, waulking songs by the thumping of the same waulking, spinning songs by the hum of the wheel and the foot-work of the spinner, while even in our chorus-singing at weddings or harvest-homes each shared a handkerchief with a neighbour to keep time with the leader. Personally, then, I like to hear an artist's accompaniment, if only as compensation for all that the songs lose when taken away from their own surroundings.

"To come to the literary side of the work, the words, we tried to follow certain ideals. We preserved everything that could fairly be called a thing of beauty. We tried to get as many versions as possible of the words, and out of these to make one good version. If the words were not worth preserving, we wedded the tune to any other words of the same rhythm and character that might be waiting for a tune, thus bringing the beautiful words and the beautiful tunes together. In the last resort, of course, we had to make words."

In a book which is concerned primarily with Kenneth Macleod's Gaelic prose-writing, I cannot, even if I had the competence, discuss the various issues raised by *The Songs of the Hebrides* as offered to the public by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser and Kenneth Macleod. I merely allow them to explain their own ideas and methods. How they dealt with the words and music of folk-songs throws some light on Macleod's way of dealing with other traditional material. The purpose was not merely to collect and preserve the relics, often sadly mutilated, of

a centuries-old but fast dying culture, and let them survive as museum-pieces for the curious and the specialist. It was rather to re-create, remind, and bring the material into use and circulation in the modern world.

Minister

One effect of the First World War was seriously to reduce the number of ordained ministers available for vacant charges. Many students intending the ministry had interrupted their studies to serve as combatants in the Armed Forces and in other occupations contributing directly to the nation's war effort. Many ministers were serving as Chaplains or with the Huts and Canteens services for the forces. The Gaelic areas were especially affected. There were then over 200 parishes in which Gaelic was regularly in use in public worship, and of these many were vacant. During and after the war both the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church (and possibly other denominations also) relaxed somewhat the regulations for the training of the ministry, and in particular made some of their better qualified lay missionaries eligible for ordination as ministers.

As explained earlier, Kenneth Macleod's intention to study for the ministry had been frustrated because of ill-health, but, although he had not undertaken the prescribed Divinity Hall courses for the ministry, his reputation as an able and devoted lay missionary as well as his growing renown as a Gaelic scholar and writer had led some prominent Gaelic ministers, notably Dr Norman Macleod of Inverness and Dr Robert Blair of St. John's, Edinburgh, to suggest many years earlier that he should be made eligible for a full pastoral charge, but he had declined to act on the suggestion. However, in 1917, being concerned at the number of vacant Gaelic charges, Kenneth ventured to present to the General Assembly of that year a petition to be given the status of a licentiate. The crave of the petition was granted, and in June 1917 he was by the Presbytery of Abernethy, in whose bounds he was then serving as a missionary at Boat of Garten and Aviemore, licensed to preach the Gospel (which, of course, he had been doing with much acceptance in many places for over 25 years). This was a necessary technicality permitting him to be

ordained to the ministry and settled in a charge. He had not long to wait.

In September 1917 Kenneth Macleod, having been duly called and appointed to the parish of Colonsay and Oransay, was ordained and inducted by the Presbytery of Islay and Jura. In 1923 he was called to the charge of Gigha and Cara, and was inducted there by the Presbytery of Kintyre, in succession to his friend of many years, the Rev. Donald Macfarlane. There he remained until in September 1947, at the age of 76 years, he demitted his charge and retired from the active ministry. His ministry in Gigha began with the replacement of the church (built in 1780), by a new church, largely built with the stones of the former one. In May 1924 the new church was opened and dedicated, and at the same time a memorial window for the late minister, Donald Macfarlane, was dedicated. Towards the end of his ministry in Gigha, Kenneth Macleod was largely instrumental in having a community hall erected in the island. In both Colonsay and Gigha, throughout his ministry, his normal Sunday services were one in Gaelic and one in English. In both charges he was greatly loved. His preaching, quiet but impressive, was greatly appreciated, both by parishioners and visitors. He was a diligent and understanding pastor. In Colonsay, but even more in Gigha, which was nearer the mainland, his fame meant his getting more invitations than he could undertake, for special services and lectures. An interesting relic of those years of island ministry is a handwritten message on Messrs. David Macbrayne Ltd. notepaper in 1927 — and perhaps more a joke than a serious document — addressed to Mr Kenneth Campbell, Rodel; Mr John Mackenzie, Tarbert Harris; Captain Brown, of the *Cygnets*; and Captain Robertson, of the *Plover*; and running: "To introduce the one and only Rev. Kenneth Macleod. Be good to him, (Signed) A. Mackinnon." Kenneth was a familiar, popular, and frequent passenger on the West Highland steamers.

When in September 1947, at the age of 76, Kenneth Macleod demitted his charge of Gigha and Cara and retired from the active ministry, he had completed 55 years' service in the Church (25 as a lay missionary and 30 as a minister). His parishioners and other friends, as well as the Presbytery of Kintyre, of which he was Moderator, held functions and gave gifts of appreciation.

In 1932 the University of St. Andrews had conferred on Kenneth Macleod the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. In presenting him for laureation, the Very Rev. Principal George D. Galloway, said:

"Celtic-born, Mr Macleod has the spirit of the Celt in his blood, and from early years deeply interested himself in the tales, folklore, and songs of the Islands. His enthusiasm for things Celtic is the genuine expression of the man, and in his fortunate collaboration with the late Mrs Kennedy-Fraser he has done much to bring home to the modern world the heritage of Celtic song which reaches back into the immemorial past. Readers of his book, *The Road to the Isles*, know how deep and true are his sympathy and understanding for the spirit and outlook of the Celt. The degree to be conferred is a token both of gratitude and appreciation."

It is of interest to note that the other eminent persons who were laureated on that occasion included the famous medical missionary, philosopher, theologian, and musician, Dr Albert Schweitzer of Lambarene (given a D.D.), Bishop Herbert Hensley Henson of Durham (LL.D.), and an eminent European Old Testament scholar, Dr Ernest Sellin (D.D.)

The occasion of Kenneth Macleod's being thus honoured with a Doctorate gave many of his friends and admirers throughout the country the opportunity to present him with a presentation at a meeting held in Perth. Both the gift and a book with the names of the subscribers were handed over by the Rev. (later Dr.) Coll A. Macdonald of Logierait. The people of Gigha also, and the Presbytery of Kintyre, honoured him at this time.

Retirement

Kenneth Macleod spent his years of retirement in Edinburgh, and, although he sorely missed his beloved Isles, these last years were both busy and pleasant. He continued to be in demand for special services, broadcasts, talks, and lectures, and was an honoured guest at many gatherings, as he had been throughout his whole adult life. He delighted to meet regularly with friends of many years, some of them also in retirement, such as Dr Donald Lamont (formerly of Blair Atholl), a Tiree man, and Dr Coll Macdonald (formerly of Logierait), an Iona man, and also

when he came to town, the Rev. Angus J. MacVicar, of Southend, Kintyre, a native of North Uist. Annually at General Assembly time there was for some years a tea-party for the members of the Presbyteries of Kintyre and Dunkeld. Kenneth also regularly attended meetings of the Edinburgh Celtic Union and the Clan Macleod Society and other Highland gatherings.

Kenneth Macleod died in Edinburgh on 9th July 1955 in the 85th year of his age. The news of his passing called forth many tributes. He was interred in the parish kirkyard of Muckairn at Taynuilt, with his father and other members of the family, of which he himself was the last survivor. He was unmarried, as were also his only brother and his four sisters who survived to adult life.

A Memorial Window was placed in commemoration of him in the parish church in Gigha, and another Memorial Window in the Abbey Church in Iona, where also, in the St. Ronan's burying place, the ashes of Mrs Marjory Kennedy-Fraser had been interred.

Kenneth Macleod's language usages

Macleod's language is less literary than that of most of the leading Gaelic prose-writers, and it bears the strong impress of Common Speech and of his local dialect. At the same time, by the use of archaic forms, certain forms of the plural noun and adjective, and much use of impersonal forms of the verb, he developed a style reminiscent of the old traditional tales. When his "An Clachan A Bha Ann" was published, Professor Mackinnon wrote to him in May 1911:

"My dear old student,

"Many thanks for *Leabhar a' Chlachain*, although indeed I already had a copy.

I do trust you write, even though you may not print, as much as you can find time for of your delicious prose. Mackechnie was a master of good-humoured sardonic fun in idiomatic Southern Gaelic, but there is a flavour of old-time Gaelic in yours, of which no educated Gael of modern days has to my knowledge discovered the secret except yourself. By all that's Celtic, put as much of this gift in writing as you can, and print it in your own good time."

The basic unit in Gaelic is not the word but the phrase, and for ease, fluency, and rapidity in speech, certain sounds are elided and some are assimilated. There is also a tendency to increased use of aspiration, both initially and within words, and especially in compound-words. Very often there are alternative spellings.

Without going in too much detail into the matter, the following features in Kenneth Macleod's Gaelic writing (on the evidence of his mss and printed writings) may be noticed.

Co-dhiù is almost invariably the form used. "To the" appears as *d'an*, *do'n*, and *dh'an*. *ur*, "your", *nuair* for *an uair*, "when" — these appear very frequently. *ciod e*, "what", is almost always *dè*. *Ithe* and *innse* generally appear as *itheadh* and *innseadh*. The following alternative forms occur: *ar leam*, *air leam*, "methinks"; *briagh(a)*, *brèagh(a)*; *ceud*, *ciad* ("first, a hundred"); *caothach*, *cuthach*; *(mu) choinne*, *(mu) choinneamh*; *fallain*, *fallan*; *fhèin*, *fhìn*; *da rìreadh*, *da rìribh*; *Glascho*, *Glaschu*; *leòr*, *leòir*; *maighstir*, *maighistir*; *math*, *maith*; *meur*, *miar*; *ris*, *rithisd*, *rithist*; *siod*, *siud*; *tuille*, *tuilleadh*; *tùrsach*, *tùirseach*.

Almost invariably there is no accent mark on any part of the verb *dean*.

Elision is very frequent. 'S represents *is* (and), *is* (the verb), and *is* or *as* (the relative). *bh'ann* is frequent, also *am* for 'nam (= *ann mo*).

Assimilation: *far a(n) luaidhear*, *gu(m) freagair*, *na(m) faigheadh*.

Note: *co mhiad òran* (= *cia meud òran*), *air toman fhraoich* (= *fraoich*), *crodh-mhara* (= *crodh-mara*), *faol-mhara* (= *faol-mara*), *leaba-bàis* (= *leaba-bhàis*), *dà chrònan-bàis* (= *dà chrònan-bhàis*), *anabarrach bhriagha* and *anabarrach fuar* (cf. *anabarrach dhaor*, *anabarrach feudalach*, MWHT. I, 74, 164). *ceanghtar*; *cha dhuilich*; *a dheanamh dheth* and *a dheanamh deth*.

Final *n* followed by dental, liquid, or *s*. *nach urrainn domh*, *b'urrainn duinn*, *làn-toilichte*. There is frequent use of *h-* which is also characteristic of Donald Mackinnon: *a h-uile h-aon*, *a h-aon de*, *air a h-aon*, *le h-eagal*, *le h-urram*, *gur h-urrainn*, *gur h-ann*, *gur h-e*, *gur h-i*, *gur h-olc*, *mur a h-abair e*, *mur h-abradh*, *mur h-eil*, *mur h-'eil*, *h-Iob* (gen.), *ri h-Una*, *gu h-Una*, *ri h-uile àite*

eile, gu h-Eilean, an dara h-aon. Intrusive *t. smaointich, strath, bhris* and *bhris, a' creidsinn an t-seana t-seanfhaicail.*

Svarabhakti vowel: *seanachas, aona chuid, olc an aona bhliadh-na (sic).*

Nouns and adjectives: Fem. voc. *a chaillich dhàna (= a chailleach dhàna), a chraoibh-òir (= a chraobh-òir).* Dative forms: *air aodainn, anns an teangaidh bhailbh, do'n choillidh, teinidh, geolaidh, am chlàrsach bhinn (= am chlàrsaich bhinn, "in my harp"), air a' chraoibh mhòir ioma-dhuilleagach, an làrach nam bonn, an lorg an teine.*

Plural of nouns and adjectives: *reamhra, sligean failmhe, facail mhatha, dùthchanna-cèine, na h-uisgeacha fuara, sgeula nodha, seann sgeula, ionada, alltha.*

The dat.plur. in *-ibh* is often used.

Substantive verb *Bi.* These forms occur: *Tha* (very often *ata*, which I have changed to *a ta*.) V.n. and infin. *a bhi* but often in emphatic position *bhith. a bhi togail, faodaidh e bhith, thathas, bhathas, gu bheileas, gu robhas, chan 'eilear, gu robh* and *gun robh.*

Irregular verbs. *Faic — chitear, chunnacas, faicear, chan fhacas, nach facas, far nach fhacas. Faigh — usually gheobh, gheabh, gheobhadh, as well as gheibh, gheibheadh. Gabh — gabhar, gabhar suas. Rach — rachar, nan d'rachadh, Thig — thigear. Thoir — thugar.*

A very noticeable feature is the use of passive forms in an impersonal sense (this is also a feature of folk-tales), and sometimes archaic forms. Examples are: *buailear, ceapar, cuirear, cumar, càirear* ("is or will be placed"), *cuireadar, cluinnear, dùnar, falbhar, gearrar, tòisichear, innsear d'a mhnaoi* ("he tells his wife"), *iarrar air an duine* ("the man was asked"), *mholadar, rugadar, thugadar, gabhadar, fuaradar, do rinneadar, tangadar, rangadar, fhuaireas bàta, falbhar mar thàinig, leigear fhaicinn.*

The relative is sometimes *is* sometimes *as*. *Ciamar is urrainn, is mòr is fhiach.*

Macleod almost always omits *a'* of verbal noun when previous word ends in a vowel: *tha mi làn-chreidsinn, a bhi gabhail, tha mi deanamh.*

Note also: *a dh'iarraidh do nighean ri pòsadh* (Cf. Sg.Dhon.33). *feuchainn g'a chur air falbh, cha b'urrainn iad 'ga dheanamh, cha b'urrainn iad g'a fhuasgladh.*

Note omission of *ag* before *ràdh*, frequent but not invariable: *thathas a' ràdh* and *thathas ag ràdh; bha thu ràdh, dè tha sibhse ràdh?*

With regard to genitive or accusative after verbal noun, Macleod uses both: *a thogail tigh ùr dha, toirt iomradh, a' cur dleasdanais, a' faighinn toileachas.*

Prepositions. *Thar* and *thun* are usually said by grammarians to take the gen. but Macleod prefers the accus. *thar a' chaolas, thun an tràigh.* Note: *ri h-uile àite eile (= ris a h-uile àite), ris na fuinn a cheangal.*

A mach, a muigh, a steach, a stigh are used interchangeably without regard to whether rest or motion is involved.

Macleod prefers *dà* to *dithis* when referring to persons: *dà dhuine (dithis dhaoine), dà fhoghlumach (dithis fhòghlumach).*

English words are rarely used in the Gaelic text, but there are several Gaelicised words from English, e.g. *fasan, gibht, portair* (a porter). Occasionally there are English idioms, but only such as are now usual in Common Speech; *rinn e suas inntinn, rinn iad suas eatorra gu.*

AN CUAN

1. An Cuan Siar

Bha Binne-bheul fad air a h-aineol an tìr an eòrna, 's latha de na làithean thuir i gum bu mhithich di nis dol dhachaigh da flaitheas fèin, far nach laigheadh grian 's far nach èireadh gaath 's far nach sguireadh ceòl. An ciaradh na h-oidhche chaidh i steach 'na birlinn nach iarradh seòl no stiùir ach rùn a cridhe fèin, 's mar an eala shiab i às an t-sealladh. Ach air oiteig fhann an fhoghair dh'fhàg i iomadh soraidh slàn is beannachd às a dèidh. Slàn leibh, a mhuintir mo ghràidh, tha solas-iùil air sgeir as eòl domh, agus siar air sin tha mo dhachaigh. Slàn leibh, a mhuintir mo ghràidh, ri tràghadh 's ri lionadh, 's am fear a leanadh mise gabhadh e aiseag nan tonn.

Riamh on oidhche sin tha sùil na h-òige agus cridhe na h-aoise a' sireadh siar — ma tha no nach eil an solas-iùil fathast air an sgeir.

Shuidh mi air creig an oir a' chladaich, ann an sùil na grèine, a dh'òl mo leòr den Chèitein. Air mo chùlaibh, anns a' ghleann, bha na h-uain a' mèilich 's na laoigh a' geumraich. Air mo bheulaibh bha na h-eòin a' neadachadh an tìrr na feamann, bha long a' fuaradh an rubha, bha balachan bàn a' ruideis air an tràigh is a' tilgeadh choilleag air na faoileannan a bha a' sgiathagraich ris na tonnan. "Ille bhig," ghlaodh mi ris, "tha do sheanair feadh nan caorach 's do mhàthair anns a' bhuaile, 's nach b'abhacas don bhalachan bhith am measg nan uan 's nan laogh!" "Is docha leam bhith cleasachd ris na faoileannan," ars esan; "bhuaile mi naoi diubh cheana, 's tha mi feuchainn ri trì eile a bhualadh mus toir an rubha am bàta dhìom." "Ille bhig, 'ille bhig" — ach cha b'ann ris-san 'na aonar bha mi bruidhinn — "tha t'athair 'na laighe an aigeal a' chuain, 's chan eil bodha shir no sheachainn ainm eadar seo agus Rocabarraidh nach bu leaba-bàis uair no uair-eigin do na daoine on tàinig thu, agus is mòr m'amharas, mur dean am Freasdal fèin a chaochladh, nach

ann ris an uaigh ach ris a' chuan a ta thusa 's do leithid a' fàs." "Is e cron m'fhàis a mhailead," ars esan, "ach tha an reabhairt san fhannadh, 's an teis-mheadhan na contraigh bheir mi leam a' gheòlag 's nì mi an Sgeir Bhreac dheth." "Seadh, a laochain, a dh'fhaicinn an ruic a chuir an suaineadh-bàis mu dhà chois do bhràthar." Ach cha b'ann air m'fhacail a bha 'aire. "An teis-mheadhan na contraigh", ars esan, "bidh ròin a' chaolais gu lèir cruinn còmhla air an Sgeir Bhric, a' gusgal a' chiùil sin a dh'ionnsaich iad o chionn fhada ann an Lochlainn, mus do chuir am muime na truaghain fo na geasa. Chuala mi an cuid phort aig mo sheanair, ach b'fheàrr leam gu mòr an cluinntinn o am beòil fèin." "Seadh, seadh, a laochain, 's thèid mi an urras nach i an Sgeir Bhreac as ceann-uidhe dhuit an deireadh sgeòil." "Chan i, le 'r cead; ma bhios mi am ghille math, 's nach bàthar mi a' cleasachd ris na faoileannan, gheibh mi san sgoth mhòir an ath uair a thèid i air sàil; an taobh thall den rubha tha an Tràigh Bàn far am bi a' mhaighdeann-mhara ga failceadh fèin, 's an uamh mhòr far am bi i ag itheadh nam morair; 's nam faighinn fèin treis air an stiùir, rud nach dual gu faigh, ruiginn an geodha nas fhaide shios, far a bheil òr na Spàinte am falach 's an taibhse caol dubh ga dhion." "Seadh, seadh, a bhobain ghaolaich, 's chan fhada gus am bi an sgoth 'na làn-luing, le stiùir òir is tri chroinn airgid, 's an Cuan Siar fo 'sròin! Bha uair agus b'eòlach mise air a' cheart luing sin; is iomadh sgeul thug mi às a croinn, 's cha robh slat no calpa, achlais no aisinn dith air nach cuirinn ainm. An Cuan Siar! An Cuan Siar! B'e an tÀladh-sidhe a gair! Teòthaidh a' ghrian fèin ga h-ionnsaigh san fheasgar 's mus eil reabhairt nan eun 'na h-àirde tha brúadar na h-òige air iteig chum a doimhne sìogaidhe. Ach, O, 'ille bhig, 'ille bhig — ---." Thuit coilleag eile am measg nam faoileann. "Tri eile!", ars esan gu moiteil, "is cha tug an rubha am bàta dhiom fhathast!"

Is fhada bhios cuimhne air an oidhche ud. Tha a sgeul sgrìobhte an iomadh cluaineig 's an iomadh tobhtaidh an cois na mara, is anns na làithean nach tàinig innsidh fear le moit gun d'rugadh e Fèill-Brighde nan seachd sian. Cha b'e an èiginn ach an t-àilgheas a chuir o thaigh mi fèin an oidhche sin, 's nan toireadh toil dhachaigh mi, cha b'ann a-muigh fo sgàth creige a bhithinn gu h-àin an là. Ach bu shaor an ceannach na dh'fhuiling air na chunnaic mi; mur do thuig mi riamh roimhe

uamhas nan dùl, is iad air bhoile, dh'fhairich is thuig a-nis. Bha gach sgal gaoithe a thigeadh a' sior-dhol an cruaidhead gus mu dheireadh gum b'aon sgal an doineann gu lèir 's i air fìor-bhàrr a comais. Agus, mar a chuireas damh le bheucail damh eile gu bùirich, dhùisg an fhairge fo dhùbhlan na gaoithe; dh'at is fhìrion is still i an aodann a buaireadair, 's nuair nach fhaigheadh i grèim oirre, dh'ìoghaill i air an neochiontach e, 's le leum-roid shlachdraich i i fèin an aghaidh nan creag. Leis a' ghaoir 's leis an stàirn chaidh mo cheann 'na bhreislich, 's nuair a chunnaic mi na dealanaich ri falach-fead anns an dorchadas, ar leam gum bu sradagan teine iad à armaibh nan gaisgeach a bha garbh-chòmhraig ri chèile, 's ma bha tàirneanaich an lorg an teine, bha iad fèin 's an doineann air an aon ghleus 's cha chomharraichte o chèile iad. Ach ge b'fhada dubh an oidhche, thàinig crìoch oirre mu dheireadh, 's cho luath 's a stiùirinn mo cheum 's a cheadaicheadh an doineann sin domh, thog mi orm gu baile. Air an rathad dè b'ìongantaiche leam na boireannach fhaicinn 'na crùban air tòrr staimh, siaban nan tonn a' stealladh thairte, 's i fàsgadh a bas mar thè an dubh-bhròn. "A bhean, a bhean," ghlaodh mi rithe, "is olc an ceann-uidhe taobh na mara ri an-uair." "Seadh, a choigrich," ars ise, "ach nach math a' chas air tìr! Bha m'aona-mhac air bhàrr nan tonn an raoid, 's aig Rìgh nan Dùl tha brath ciod a chàramh an diugh. Is mairg a dh'earbadh a chuid no dhuine ris a' chuan — bha i riamh gun iochd gun truas — 's bha manadh a bhàthaidh air-san co-dhiù. Nuair a bhiodh giollain eile a' breacladh san allt no ag eunadaireachd anns a' chreig, b'e chluich-san a bhith cleasachd ris na tonnan 's ris na faoileannan. 'S gu cinnteach cha b'e cionrabhaidh a chuir gu muir e. Chaill e 'athair 's chaill e bhràthair le dosgann-mhara, is b'ainneamh riamh bàs a' chinn-adhairt am measg nan daoine on tàinig e. Ach nach amaideach mise! Gus an deanar sùgan de ghainmhich na tràghad cha chuirear teadh-air air fuil na marachd 's i òg."

Leis a seo dh'èirich i 'na seasamh, chrath i an sàl às a h-aodach, chuir i a h-aghaidh air baile. Chunnaic i màileid san tìurr — am priobadh na sùla bha siod a-mach aice air bàrr an t-sàile. "Biodh siod aice còmhla ris a' chòrr," ars ise, "an duine 's a chuid mar-aon." Chunnaic i duilleag den Bhioball ga luasgadh anns a' ghaoith — chrom i 's chuir i siod 'na broilleach. "Sìth

gun d'fhuair an làmh a rug 's an t-sùil a leugh." Chunnaic i dealbh an sgor creige — chuir i sìod ri taobh na duilleige. "Bha dealbh aig mo mhac-sa cuideachd, mur a robh a dhà — na leigeadh Dia gu bheil màthair eile gan togail air cladach-cèin an diugh!"

Mo thruaighe, mo thruaighe, ge blàth anail na màthar 's ge làn tataidh a guth, breugnaichidh an Cuan Siar a h-aona-mhac uaipe, a' cur ionndrainn 'na chridhe nach mùchar le faoil na dachaigh no le gaol nam ban.

"Le 'r cead," ars esan, 's e 'na shuidhe ri taobh an rathaid, a' leigeadh a sgios, "mur cuir mi dragh air ur n-inntinn no maille nur ceum, b'fhìor thoir leam an aon-fhalbh a bhith againn." "Ro-mhath, a charaid," arsa mi fèin, "is mothaid a' chuideachd, is lughaid an rathad e — 's tha aithne gun chuimhne agam ort co-dhiù." "Is càraid sinn anns a' chùis," ars esan, "ach is eagal leam gu bheil siubhal iomadh latha 's bliadhna cur nan eòlach às mo chuimhne."

Dh'innis e dhomh an sin an liuthad cuan a sheòl e 's an liuthad cladach a bhual e, an tòir air an fhortan. "'S ged nach do thog mi fhathast e," ars esan, "thig mo latha gun teagamh, ma bhios mi fèin furachail 's am Freasdal deònach." Anns an fhacal thog an ceò bhàrr nam beann; chuir rudhadh na grèine trian ri àilleachd a' ghlinne; theò mo chridhe ri mo dhùthaich fèin, 's b'ann de m'iongnadh gun smaointicheadh duine cneasda sam bith air a fàgail. An làrach nam bonn bha smuain mo chridhe 'na bheul-san. "An dachaigh, an dachaigh," ars esan, "cha dhuine duine às a h-aonais; ach cha robh taobh an teine riamh aig a bhlàths gus an tigeadh am feasgar, 's am biodh an coigreach làn-sgìth de shiubhal-cèin 's de dh'allaban. Air mo shon fèin, cha d'fhuair mi mo leòr fathast de na solais 's de na bailtean 's de na beanntan gorma ta fad air falbh; agus, ma tha no nach eil mi amaideach, is e mo làn-dùil, mus miosaich an t-Earrach 's mus tig an ra-dorcha air a' ghealaich, a bhith aon uair eile air luing, a' seòladh gus na dùthchannan siar."

An fhuil, an fhuil, smaointich mi annam fèin. Cha d'fhuaraich trì mìle bliadhna i; cuiridh i fathast an cridhe gu h-ionndrainn 's a' chas gu siubhal, 's nì i an dà nì cho dian — iarraidh na maidne gu falbh agus iarraidh an fheasgair gu tilleadh.

Cha robh ann ach taigh-tughaidh, ach b'fhada shiùbhladh tu

mus faicheadh tu a leithid eile. Thug monadh is coille seas-gaireachd dha, sruthan ceòl-gàire, fosgladh an iochdar a' ghlinne sealladh mara, 's nan iarradh an rìgh na b'fheàrr, bu mhotha mhiann na chomas. Bha fear-an-taighe 'na shuidhe air geòlaidh, 's a beul fòidhpe, e uair a' snìomh siomain 's dà uair a' briodal r'a chuid leanaban 's iad a' ruideis m'a chasan. "Cha tèid i seo tuilleadh gu muir," thuirt mi ris, 's mi cur mo chois air druim a' bhàta. "Cha tèid i fèin no a stiùreamaich tuilleadh gu muir," ars esan. "Seadh, seadh, a charaid, ge be dh'aiticheas an talamh, cha d'fhàg i falamh riamh e." "Cha d'fhàg buileach, co-dhiù," ars esan; "air a miosad is fheàrr atharnach an fhearainn na atharnach nan tonn. B'òg a dh'earb mise mo chuid 's mo bheatha ris a' chuan, 's thug i dhiom trian de m' bheatha, 's mo chuid gu lèir. Ach fhuair i na gheibh i de m' chuid 's mur dàna dhomh a ràdh, de m' dhaoine. Chir mo màthair, 's i 'na bantraich, falt liath iomadh bliadhna roimh-mhithich leis a' bhròn-mhara; 's na leigeadh Dia gun cuir mac dhòmhsa gu bràth cas air clàr luinge, 's a h-aghaidh ri muir. Chan urrainn nach eil an Droch-shùil aig a' Chuan Shiar! Chuir i a cuid draoidheachd ormsa on chiad latha thog mi coilleag san tràigh, 's cha mhòr nach robh mi buileach fo 'smàig, corp is anam, an deireadh sgeòil. Ach latha bh'ann, 's b'e lath' an àigh dhòmhsa e, rinn gaol mnatha seun domh, 's tha mi nis saor gu bràth o sgleò 's o gheasa na Doimhne."

Thug e sùil bhlàth air a chuid leanaban, is las 'aodann le teas-gràdh athar. "Nach buidhe dhòmhsa mo chàramh an diugh!" ars esan; "na laoigh a' geumraich, na h-uain a' mèilich, mo choimhleabach anns a' bhuaile, mo chuid cloinne mu m' dhà ghlùin, 's gun mi ach ceum on dachaigh. 'S nuair dhùnas mi an doras am beul na h-oidhche, ma thig gair na mara a-steach, chan ann mar ghlaodh bàis am chluais, ach mar thàladh muime a' cur mo chuid leanaban 'nan suain. Nach buidhe dhòmhsa mo chas air tìr!"

Och, och, an deachaidh an solas às air an sgeir as eòl duinn? A bheil Binne-bheul 'na tosd, 's an do sguir an ceòl a bha tàladh nam fear thar aiseag nan tonn?

"An Dàn 's an Cuan!", ars esan, 's e air tachairt rium anns a' chladach air feasgar fann foghair, "an Dàn 's an Cuan! an Dàn 's an Cuan! is ionann an dà nì — bheir iad le chèile an cuid fèin

a-mach. Bha mise, 's mi am dhallaran truagh, an dùil gu robh mi fèin 's mo chuid chloinne saor gu bràth o dhraoidheachd na Doimhne, ach cha robh 's cha bhi fear de m'dhaoine. Ged a thuinichinn an teis-mheadhan na h-Eòrpa, gheibheadh mo leanabain lorg na lacha chon a' chuain — 's tha dithis dhiubh nis ('s gu cinnteach chan ann air an aineol !) san Tir-fo-thuinn. 'S ged nach còir do fhear m'aoise a ràdh, chan fhaic mi fèin seòl air cuan nach iarrainn a bhith air an stiùir, 's luimein math gaoithe am leth-cheann." "Seadh, a charaid, ach nach math a' chas air tìr, gu sònraichte am bràigh a' ghlinne! — crodh is caoraich air an raon, bric anns an allt, earbag no dhà anns a' choille!" "Cha chùm," ars esan, "crodh no caoraich, breac no earbag, fuil na marachd on chuan 's Dia thoirt mathanais domh! cha chùm no gaol nam ban."

Bha a' ghrian nis a' dol fodha; bha cuan an lìonaidh a' cniadachadh feamainn a' chladaich: 's bha feamainn a' chladaich a' dol air mhìre 's air rudhadh mar mhaighdeann a phògar. "An Cuan Siar, an Cuan Siar!" ars esan, 's e air bhoile le gaol nach gabhadh mùchadh, ach a bha mar an lasair ag iarraidh nan speur; "an Cuan Siar, an Cuan Siar! Thug i dhiom mo chuid 's mo dhaoine uair is uair, ach, m'eudail, a tràghadh 's a lìonadh, 's gàir san fheasgar! Bàs a' chinn-adhairt is rèilig na cille, cha b'iad mo roghainn — ùir dhubh gad thachdadh, cnuimheagan gad tholladh, gun chreutair beò ri d'thaobh a chumas sgìos no fadal dhiot. Chan ionann is an cuan — i a' plogadh le beatha a latha 's a dh'oidhche, 's i cho uirsgeulach lasgarra. Is comann na fèile shios agus shuas! Ròn is eala 's maighdeann-mhara! Faoileann bhàn is cathan is sùlaire! Is na lachain! — lacha bheag, lacha mhòr, lacha-stiùrach, lach a' chinn uaine — 's blas na meala air gach ainm diubh! An Cuan Siar, an Cuan Siar! A Dhia, 's e an cuan i! — ceann-uidhe mo dhaoine am beatha 's am bàs — fuil na marachd, eadhon an craiceann na h-aoise, a' sìor-ospagaich ga h-ionnsaigh."

2. Duatharachd na Mara

Theirteadh gum "bu dual do isean an ròin dol thun na mara," 's tha e ceart cho dual don Eileanach a shùil 's a chridhe 's a làmh a thionndadh ris a' Chuan Siar. 'S gun tighinn air sin idir, ar leam gu bheil rud-eigin an litreachas na mara, doimhneachd is dian-theas is balbh-neart, nach eil idir cho tric rim faotainn an litreachas na beinne. Theagamh gu bheil dà nì ag adhbharachadh seo. Ma nì sinn gàrradh-criche eadar beul-aithris agus làmh-aithris, eadar na bàird a ta an diugh gun ainm-baistidh agus na bàird sin a fhuaire an cuid bàrdachd air a sgrìobhadh 's air a clò-bhualadh fo an ainm is 'nan latha fèin, chì sinn gur beul-aithris, 's nach idir làmh-aithris, a' mhòr-chuid de litreachas na mara. 'S tha a bhuil air an aithris. Ma tha aon nì ann a ta comharrachadh nam bàrd sin a rinn ceàird, mar gum b'eadh, den bhàrdachd, is e braisead an cainnte. Tha na facail a' taomadh a-mach, gu tric gun urram aon da chèile, mar eas à creig, is ge dearbhadh soilleir e air feartan na Gàidhlig — cho sgaiteach torrach easgannach 's as urrainn di bhith — cha ghabh e àicheadh nach do dhioghail a' bhàrdachd air anabarr na teanga-aireachd. Nis tha litreachas na mara saor on smal sin, a chionn gun do sheachainn na sàr-bhàird an cuan mar cheann-bàrdachd. Mas e Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, cha do chuir an cuan riamh gu seinn e, mar rinn Allt an t-Siùcair; cha lugha na Birlinn Chlann-Raonaill chuireadh gu sàil e, 's 'na bheachd-san cha robh anns a' chuan ach nàmhaid eadar-dhà-phort, a bha dearbhadh fiugh-antas na birlinne is sgiobaireachd nan Raonallach.

Tha nì eile ann cuideachd a ta comharrachadh o chèile litreachas na mara agus litreachas na beinne. A-rèir beachd an t-sluaigh bu bheò-chreutair an Cuan Siar, le faireachdainnean daonda, 's le cumhachd thar comas nàduir, thar comas aona chuid maith no uilc. Ach cha do shaoil neach riamh sin a thaobh na beinne; air a h-àirdead 's air a maisead bu bheinn i iochd air n-achd, 's ged thachradh na daoine, cha charaicheadh na cnuic. Cha b'ionann 's an cuan; bha siubhal-sidhe aicese riamh; shiùbhladh i ceithir ranna ruadh an domhain a dh'iarraidh uaigh a cloinne fèin; 's cha robh geas no ealain anns na Sgoile Dubha nach robh dà thrian às an trì dhiubh aig a' chuan, 's an trian nach robh aice, bha e glaiste an làimh dheis Rìgh nan Dùl. Cha

b'urrainn, ma tà, gun bhuidh bhith aig na beachdan seo air an litreachas, 's a leigeadh fhaicinn gu robh, ged mholadh an sluagh Beinn Dobhrain le luathghair àrd, sheinneadh iad na h-òrainmhara mar leanabain a' cagarsaich anns an dorchadas, 's an cladh am fagas. Ach gun dol nas fhaide steach anns a' chùis, is leòr a ràdh gu bheil gaol is eagal, beatha is bàs, subhachas is dubhachas, a' gleusadh a chèile anns a' chuantachas 's a' cantainn litreachais anns a bheil doimhneachd is dian-neart mar dhoimhneachd 's mar neart na mara fèin. No ma dh'fhaodar a chur an dòigh eile — an coimeas ri litreachas na mara, tha a' mhòr-roinn de litreachas na beinne mar fhalaig lasrach fraoich an coimeas ri gual goileach na ceàrdaich.

Nis bhiodh na seann daoine bruidhinn air "duatharachd" na mara, 's leis a sin bhathas a' ciallachadh gu robh nithean ceangailte rithe nach robh idir ceangailte ri nithean nàdurra mar tha clach no ùir, 's gu robh buadhan aice nach robh gu coitcheann eadhon aig Siol Adhaimh. Chunnaic sinn cheana gum bu bheò-chreutair i am beachd an t-sluaigh, 's tha iomadh sgeul againn anns a bheil i ga nochdadh fèin an riochd mnatha, 's a' cur eagal beath' is bàis air ceatharnaich na talmhainn. Mas e Fionn Mac Cumhail, cha do chuireadh riamh ceart chuig 'e gus an do thachair a' Mhuileartach Bhuidhe ris, 's theagamh nach eileas fada cli san amharas gum b'i a' Mhuileartach an Cuan Siar fèin anns an fheòil. Co-dhiù, bha e san t-seanachas gun tàinig latha is bliadhna de sheachran-seilge air an Fhèinn, 's fad na h-ùine sin gu robh iad an cois na mara, ag itheadh bhàirneach is fhaochag, gus an robh clachan a' chladaich cho lom ri peirceall tuirc. Is e an ceòl bu bhinne chuala an Fhèinn riamh fead Chaoilte an àine an là, a' toirt sanais daibh gu robh e mu dheireadh 's mu dhiù air lorg an fhèidh.

Ceud soraidh leis na faochagan,
Làmh sgaoilte leis na bàirnich,
Chualas fead chaol chruinn chruaidh Chaoilte
Air taobh tuath Loinneachain.

Tha e nàdurra gu leòr, ma tà, gum biodh an Fhèinn, 's iad a' cothachadh ris a' chuan, ga meas mar nàmhaid; is ni sam bith a ta 'na nàmhaid tha faireachdainnean aige; is ni aig a bheil faireachdainnean feadh an latha tha fuil is feòil air nuair thig an

oidheche — co-dhiù, tha comas maith is uilc aige. Theagamh, ma tà, nach eil e tuaitheal idir a bhith smaointinn gum b'i a' Mhuileartach no a' Mhuireartach Bhuidhe an Cuan Siar fèin anns an fheòil. 'S gu cinnteach chan fhacas riamh fo ghrèin no fo ghealaich cailleach cho oilleil 's cho ceannsgalach rithe.

Bha h-aodann dubh-ghorm air dreach a' ghuail,
'S a deud cnapadach cnàmh-ruadh
Bha aon sùil ghlumach 'na ceann
Bu luaithe na rionnag gheamhraidh,
Craobh mhineach chas air a ceann
Mar choill sgràbach den t-seana chritheann.

Chan iongantach idir ged dh'fheuch Fionn r'a breugnachadh air falbh le cumhacha sithe.

Bheireadh Mac Cumhail siod di gun diombadh,
Deich ceud chon air choimhlion èille —
Gabh an cumha is an còrr,
Deich ceud ùbhlan dearg òir.

Ach an e gun gabhadh ise ceannach no breugnachadh is làn cruinne de dh'òr 's de dh'airgead aice an aigéal a' chuain?

Buaidh na h-Eireann ged gheibhinn uile
Le h-òr, le h-airgead, le h-ionmhas,
B'fheàrr leam air bòrd air mo luing
Ceann Oskair is Dhiarmaid is Choirill.

Is cha robh tarraing làmh no seasamh chas aig na Fianna fo fhraoch na cailliche gus an do thachair i fèin agus Fionn air a chèile.

Bha i gam frithealadh mu seach
Mar a ruitheas lann troimh lasair,
Gus an do thachair Mac Cumhail an àigh
'S a' Mhuileartach làmh ri làimh.

'S a-rèir an sgeòil a fhuair Iain Og Ile ann an Uibhist, ged bha a' chailleach treun, bu treise àgh Fhinn,

'S bha taobh air a tholladh le guin,
 Bha braon d'a fuil air an fhraoch,
 Mharbhadh a' Mhuileartach leis an rìgh;
 Ma mharbhadh, cha b'e marbhadh min.

Ach chuala sinn car eile ga chur san sgeul — gu robh feòil na cailliche mar uisge nan tonn, a' tàthadh ri chèile an dèidh gach gearraidh.

'S co-ionann a bhith gearradh stuadh
 'S a bhith gearradh feòil na Fuath,
 Mar a thàthas braon ri braon,
 Thàthadh feòil ri feòil 'na taobh.

Ach cha ruig sinn leas dol gu Iain Og Ile no gu Uibhist a dh'fhaotainn deireadh an sgeòil — tha e ga aithris fèin a latha 's a dh'oidhche. Cha mhaireann Fionn no Oisean, ach tha an Cuan Siar an siod fhathast, a' tràghadh 's a' lionadh, ma chaill no nach do chaill a' Mhuileartach a ceann.

Ach tha aon nì ann as fheadar aideachadh a thaobh a' chuain, gu bheil i air fàs leasg 'na sean-aois, 's nach tric a chithear i nis an taobh a-muigh da crìochan fèin. 'S tha sgeul air sin cuid-eachd. "O chionn linn-tìbh fada fichead," arsa sgeulaiche Eig-each, "bha daoine mar na faoileagan 's cha robh bàthadh orra, 's o Thràigh Bàin Mhùideart gu dol fodha na grèine — 's a Thi Mhòir, 's fhada sin air falbh! — chan fhaigtheadh gille-turais don chuan an geodha no an doimhne; 's ma bha gnothach aig mo ghaladhad air tìr, rud as minig a bha, cha robh air ach gu feumadh i fhèin dol air a chionn. Ach an diugh tha an t-aigeal breac le suinn na cruinne, is b'olc an airidh mur faigheadh an cuan gillean-turais 'nam measg." 'S a-rèir an sgeòil, fhuair ise sin, gillean-turais (no, mar theirtheadh riutha, leannana-cuain) cho sgairteil 's a shuidh riamh air tobhtaich no chuir ràimh troimh bhacaibh; 's chan eil geodha no caladh an eilean no an oirthir anns nach facas iad uair no uair-eigin a' toirt gu buil rùnta na mara. "Nuair bha mi am ghlais-ghille," arsa fear de shliochd-nan-ròn an Uibhist a Tuath, "fhuair sinn latha bha siod corp fir san tiùrr-fheamann, 's o nach b'fhios duinn cò e no co às da, bha sinn dol ga thiodhlacadh an oir a' chladaich, los nach biodh fad aig a' chuan dol ga iarraidh, nan iarraidh i e. Ach nuair bha sinn ga thogail, mhothaich sinn gu robh inean loma bân-

dearg air, 's thuirt sinn ri gach a chèile gum b'ann de na h-urracha mòra esan co-dhiù, 's gun cuireamaid fon ùir e gu h-eireachdail, mar bu dual, còmhla ri Crìosdaidhean eile an Teampall na Trianaid — rud a rinn. Am beul na h-oidhche, chunnacas bàta tighinn troimh na caoil, gun bhrèid aodaich rithe, ged bha soirbheas aice nach iarrainn-sa co-dhiù na b'fheàrr — ach lom rùisgte mar bha, is i shiùbhladh ! Am priobadh na sùla bha a taobh ri laimrig, leum seisear ghillean aisde, gabhar suas gu Teampall na Trianaid, 's aig Nì Math tha fios dè bh'aca air an guallibh san tilleadh. Och! och! bheir an cuan a cuid fèin a-mach — is mairg a dhosanaicheadh rithe!"

Bu nòs riamh do luchd-tìre a bhith caoidh cor nan leannan-cuain, 's a bhith smaointinn nach biodh a' chùis idir cho goirt nan d'fhuair iad bàs a' chinn-adhairt, is mar ris cadal-dàimh fo fhòid na tunga.

Rìgh! nach robh thu nad chadal
 Ann an Clachan na Tràghad,
 Ann an Eaglais na Trianaid
 Far an lionmhor do chàirdean.
 'S gum biodh deòir mo dhà shùla
 Mar an drùchd glasadh t'fhàile.

Ach air theothad nan deur, cha d'fhuair 's chan fhaigh bròn-mara furtachd.

'S tha luchd mo ghaoil 'nan truaghain,
 An grunn d' a' chuain gun charachadh,
 Gan reubadh leis na stuadhan,
 'S gam bualadh ris na stallachan.

Mu choinneamh sin, is fheadar a ràdh, ged is iomadh leannan-cuain a thug sgriob air ais do Thir-nam-beò, nach cualas fear diubh riamh a' diomoladh Tìre-fo-thuinn. "Is fuar do leaba nochd, fhir mo ghaoil," arsa bantrach ri taibhs a fir, 's e air tachairt rithe oidhche sa' chladach. "Chan fhuar 's cha theth," ars esan, "ach dìreach mar dh'iarrainn, nam faigheadh na dh'iarradh." "Mur fuar, a ghaoil," ars ise, "is aonaranach co-dhiù." "Is e tha sin naidheachd," ars esan; "air an aon sgeir rium tha sàr-ghaisgich Lochlainn, bàird na h-Eireann, sgeulaichean na h-Albann, 's an rud nach cuala iadsan no mise riamh, is eòl

don ròn 's don eala sin." "Eudail mo chridhe," ars ise, "nach amaideach sinne a' gul 's a' caoidh nam fear, is iadsan cho seanachasail sona san Tir-fo-thuinn!" "Is fhìor dhuit sin, a ghràidhein," ars esan, 's e dol às an t-sealladh.

Tha leannan-cuain eile tathaich Caolas Odair (no Odrum), eadar Heisgeir agus an dà Haisgeir, taobh siar Uibhist, 's a-rèir a sgeòil-san, is àite bochd Tir-nam-beò seach Tir-fo-thuinn.

Ann an Caolas Od-odrum,
Far an caidleadh an ròn,
'S far nach cluinnteadh guth duine,
Ach fuaim tuinne 's glog geòidh.
Mar mhuime 'g altram a pàisdean
'S i gan táladh gu ciùin,
Gu bheil tulgadh nan cuantan
Gar sìor-luasgadh nar suain.
Tha 'n ròn rioghail a' gusgal
'S an eala guileag r'a thaobh,
'S a' mhaighdeann-mhara 's i bruadar
Anns an uaigneas air laoch.
Tha na luingis a' seòladh
Le 'n cuid òigear troimh 'n chaol,
An tòir air gaisge 's air gàbhadh,
Air ceòl-gàire 's air gaol.
'S thèid na luingis a bhàthadh,
'S thèid na h-àrmainn a dhìth,
'S cha laigh suain air an ainnir,
Gun a leannan, sa' chill.
Och! an dùthaich an eòrna
Cha sguir còmhrag no eug,
'S gum bi dòrainn chloinn-daoine
Leis an aois dol am meud.
Ach bidh mise 's mo leannan
Chaidh nar flaitheas fo thuinn,
'S cha ruig airsneal no aois oirnn
Gus an saorar na suinn.

Is e dà thrian na dachaigh a bhith toilichte leatha, 's a rèir coslais tha na leannana-cuain làn-riaraichte an dà chuid le an tuineadh 's le am muime. Ach ge taitneach creideasach an sgeul,

is duilich a chlàradh air na mnathaibh — co-dhiù orrasan a chaill an ulaidh sin a fhuair an cuan. Cha b'ionmhainn riamh le màthair muime, 's tha i gun bhreith fhathast an tè theireadh o ìochdar a cridhe, "Is e mo dhùrachd gum bi mo chuid leanaban nas sona le am muime, ma bhios i ann, na bha iad leamsa!" 'S chan ailis idir e air gaol nam ban, ma chuir deagh bhanaltramas a' chuain teothad 'nan deòir is goirtead 'nan cridhe nach cuireadh a h-an-ìochd gu bràth. Tha an uaigh gionach gu leòr, ach chan iarr 's chan fhaigh i ach fuil is feòil is cnàimh; iarraidh is gheibh an cuan sin 's an t-iomlan, an duine eadar anam is chorp. Faodaidh e bhith "Gum bi dùil ri beul cuain ged nach bi ri beul uaigh," ach nuair tha an dùil marbh, chan eil anns a' bhròn a their, "Thug an uaigh mo mhac dhiom," ach neoni an coimeas ris a' bhròn sin a dh'fhaodas a ràdh, "Thug an cuan dìom gaol mo mhic."

Ach ge mòr fuath nam ban don Tir-fo-thuinn, is motha na sin an gràdh do na fir nach maireann, 's tha cuid diubh co-dhiù a thuinicheadh gu toileach anns a' chuan air sgàth luchd an gaol.

Beul a' mhìre 's a' cheòl-gàire,
'S truagh nach mise bha ceart làmh riut,
An druim a' chuain no 'n iomall tràghad,
Ge be àit am fàg an làn thu;
Taobh ri taobh, a ghaoil, mar b'ábhaist,
Taobh ri taobh, gun dùil ri t'fhàgail,
Sìor dhol suain, 's ar mànrán sàmhach —
Och, mo leòn! cha chluinn mo ghràdh mi,
'S bàthadh stuadh air m'osna chràitich.

Ach bha iad ann a bha na bu rathala na i seo, 's a fhuair na dh'iarr. Tha mu cheud gu leth bliadhna ann a-nis on sheòl Ailean Donn a-mach à Steòrnabhagh los ceangal pòsaidh a chur air fhèin 's air àilleagan nan eilean, nighean Fir Scalpaigh 's na Hearadh; ach eadar togail is leagail siùil fhuair an rosad-mhara grèim air, 's nuair bu chòir dha, nan robh a' chòir ann, bhith cur na fàinne air meur na suirghich, 's ann bha e 'na laighe fo chobhar nan stuadh. 'S ma chuir seo nighean Fir Scalpaigh gu bròn, chuir e a bròn gu seinn, 's gus an latha 'n diugh tha am bantrachas-cuain a' gul 's ag iargain 'na ceòl.

M'achanaich-sa, Rìgh na Cathrach,
 Gun mi dhol an ùir no 'n anart,
 An talamh toll no 'n àite-falaich,
 Ach sa' bhad an deach thu, Ailein -
 Ailein Duinn, o hì, shiùbhlainn leat.

Is shiubhail i leis. Nuair thàinig àm a fuasglaidh, b'e toil a càirdean a h-aiseag thar a' chaolais gu àite-tàimh a h-athraichean; ach ged thug iad iomadh oidhirp air a' cheann-uidhe sin a thoirt a-mach, bha an Dàn 's an Doineann 's an cuan 'nan aghaidh, 's an deireadh sgeòil choimhlion an cathadh-mara iarrtas na tè "anns a' bhad an deach thu, Ailein."

Sin mar a bha 's a tha — gach nì chun a' chuain, 's tha eachdraidh nan Eilean sgrìobhte.

Tha iomadh nì duatharach san doimhne a thuilleadh air na leannana-cuain. Theireadh na seann daoine nach robh "beò air luim gun a shamhailt bhith fo thuinn," crodh-mara, faol-mhara, cat-mara, nathair-mhara iochd air n-achd. Ach tha trì ann a tha de sgeul 's de dhuatharachd a' chuain os cionn chàich — an ròn 's an eala 's a' mhaighdeann-mhara. Cha b'ann de fhìor nàisinn na mara a h-aon diubh, ge fad an cèilidh fo thuinn. Nan robh a' chòir air a cumail, bu rìghrean air Lochlainn na ròin an diugh; ach 'nan òige bha iad cho eireachdail am pearsa 's cho sgairteil an gnìomh 's gun do ghabh am muime gràin na crìche orra, 's cha bhiodh beò aice gus an toireadh i leagadh cinn is crìche dhaibh. Thug i seachd làithean is seachd bliadhna ag ionnsachadh na Sgoile Duibhe, 's nuair fhuair i na dh'fhòghnadh (is innleachd mnatha còmhla ris!), cuirear a cuid dalta fo gheasaibh 's fo chroisibh "nach b'iasg 's nach b'ainmhidh gu bràth, 's gum biodh am miann-mara gu tìr 's am miann-tìre gu muir fhad 's a bhuaileadh tonn air tràigh." Gus an latha 'n diugh, ma tà, tha "Clann Rìgh Lochlainn fo gheasaibh" a' gusgal an cuid ciùil air na sgeirean, a' sìor-ghearan mar a tha, 's a' sìor-iargain mar a bha — 's mar theireadh na seann daoine, "Nach aithnicheadh tu air an dà shùil 's air an cluais-chiùil gu bheil fuil nan rìghrean anns gach fèith." 'S a-rèir an sgeòil bha e anns na geasaibh cuideachd gum biodh aca ri dol 'nan cruth nàdurra fèin trì uairean sa' bhliadhna, ri làine gealaich, los gum biodh call ga ùrachadh 's bròn ga mheudachadh dhaibh le bhith faicinn an

dilse fo cheannas nan coimheach. 'S theirteadh, nam faiceadh tu h-aon diubh anns a' cheart àm sin, gun toireadh tu gaol do chridhe dhìse no dhàsan, 's nam biodh bannsean idir air t'aire, gur h-e banais a bhiodh ann. Tha sliochd nam pòsadh sin anns na h-Eileanan fhathast; b'ann diubh Clann 'ic Codrum, 's theirteadh gum b'ann diubh cuideachd gach neach a b'fheàrr guth-cinn no clèibh na chèile.

Is gann gu ruigear leas a ràdh nach eil e rathail ròn a mharbhadh, 's nach robh buil no blàth riamh air sealgair a rinn a leithid. Faodaidh bàrd na beinne bhith seinn:

Mharbhainn duit geòidh is ròin is eala,
 'S na h-eòin air bharran nan geug.

Ach, nam b'Eileanach e, bhiodh e na bu chneasda, co-dhiù, chuirteadh cneasdachd air 'aindeoin, mar is minig a thachair. Latha bha fir Chanaidh air tì seilge an Eilean-nan-ròn, faicear cuilean anns an fheamainn is e dùr-amharc orra le a dhà shùil mhòra bhlàtha, mar gum biodh e dol a ràdh, "Is ann de shliochd nan rìghrean mise, 's na marbhaibh an cuilean." Ach mharbhadh an cuilean — le fear bu luaithe làmh 's bu chruaidhe crìche na chèile 's ma mharbhadh chaidh gaoth is fairge gu boile, 's bha na fir an sin gun seasamh chas aca, 's iad mar na bàirnich a' greimeachadh ris na creagan. Arsa fear a' chridhe chruaidh, eadar dà sgal gaoithe, "Chan ann gun adhbhar a thàinig seo, fheara — tha dà Phròstanach nar cuideachd — is fheudar gu bheil diomb air Moire 's air a Mac." Air sàil an fhacail ghrad-rugadh air an dithis fhear, 's cha bhiodh air ach gum feumadh iad an dara cuid a thoirt mar cheannach don chuan am beatha no an creideamh. Ach is e gach nì fon ghrèin a dheanadh an dà shaobhaire ach dealachadh rim beatha, 's b'e deireadh na cùise gun deachaidh am baisteadh le chèile, an lodan sàile, a-steach don Eaglais Naoimh Chaitligich. Ach cha do shèimhich sin gaoth na fairge, 's an treas latha thuirt am fear bu shine 's bu ghlice anns a' chuideachd, "'S e seo mo bheachd fhèin, fheara, nach ann den chràbhadh mort no marbhadh, 's nan robh an cuilean-ròin beò fhathast, dh'fhaoidte gu robh sinne na bu rathala na tha sinn." Bhòidich an sin gach fear diubh, nam faigheadh e a bheatha leis an tràth-sa, nach marbhadh 's nach

màbhadh e ròn gu bràth tuilleadh. An oidhche sin bha na fir 'nan taighean fèin an Canaidh.

Ma tha duatharachd an eachdraidh an ròin, tha duatharachd is còrr an eachdraidh na h-eala. Anns na sgeulachdan theirear “nighean an dà luan deug” rithe, 's bhiodh na seann daoine cur beachd air seo: nuair bhiodh fàs air a' ghealaich gum biodh bàinead air an eala, 's nuair bhiodh ra-dorcha air a' ghealaich gum biodh dath-dorcha air an eala. Ach biodh sin mar a bhitheas, is nighean rìghinne co-dhiù an eala. Anns na làithean duatharach, a-rèir an sgeòil, bha dà rìghinn ann a bha cho àlainn 's nach b'urrainnear a ràdh cò bu ghràinne-mullaich dhiubh, 's an tè eile làthair; 's b'e deireadh na cùise gun do chuir an dara tè an tè eile fo gheasaibh, “i shiubhal gu bràth o àird gu h-àird an riochd eòin, sgiamhach air muir, clibeach air tìr, binn-ghuthach fo ghealaich, balbh tosdach fo ghrèin” — 's tha an eala fo na geasaibh sin fhathast. Theagamh gu bheil mìneachadh an sgeòil r'a fhaotainn anns an t-seanfhal, “Farmad na grèine ris a' ghealaich.” Co-dhiù, tha e san t-seanachas, nuair a shìolaidh an Dìle Ruadh gu robh a' ghealach làn, 's gu robh i cho gile an oidhche sin 's gum faiceadh duine calg na muice-creige 'na chois, nam biodh calg innte. Chuir seo a' ghrian, 's i 'na crùban anns a' chuan, gu boile 's gu feirg. “Eiridh mi,” ars ise, “ge fada mus blais an t-eun an t-uisge, 's cuiridh mi grad-smal air an rè 's air na reultaibh uile.” Rinn i sin, 's ma rinn, chaill a' ghealach trian da solas, 's tha e ga dìth chuige seo. Theagamh, ma tà, gur h-e an trian sin a ta againn an riochd na h-eala, nighean an dà luan deug, 's i binn-ghuthach fo ghealaich ach balbh tosdach fo ghrèin.

Tha iomadh sgeul air an eala anns na h-Eileanan, 's iad uile ag aithris gu bheil i tiamhaidh 'na beatha is aonaranach 'na bàs, 's gur h-e a rogha-ciùil a bhith tàladh nan leannan-cuain air na sgeirean. Cò nach cuala iomradh air an eala leòinte a shnàmh à Eirinn gu h-I, 's a fhuair fasgadh is leigheas an sin?

Latha chaidh Calum-cille mach
 Anns a' mhadainn mhoich,
 Faicear an eala, guile! guile!
 An eala bhàn air an t-snàmh
 'S guileag bhàis aic',
 Guile! guile!
 An eala bhàn 's i leòinte leòinte,
 An eala bhàn 's i breòite breòite,
 Guile! guile! 's an dà shealladh oirr',
 Guile! guile! 's an dà mhanadh oirr',
 Beath' is bàs,
 Guile! guile!
 Cia às do shnàmh, eala bhàn,
 Ars Calum-cille mo ghràidh —
 A h-Eirinn mo shnàmh, guile! guile!
 O'n Fhèinn mo chràdh, guile! guile!
 Guin a' bhàis,
 Guile! guile!
 Eala bhàn, eala na h-Eireann,
 Is cobhartach mise don èigheach,
 Sùil bhlàth Chrìosd air do chràdh,
 Ortha na seirc 's an t-sior-ghràidh,
 Gad dheanamh slàn,
 Guile! guile!
 Eala bhàn na h-Eireann, guile! guile!
 Cha bhi beud ort, guile! guile!
 A bhaintighearna na linne, guile! guile!
 A bhaintighearna na tuinne, guile! guile!
 Do Ios' a' ghlòir,
 Guile! guile!

Eadar-dhà-sgeul, nach fhaodadh e bhith gu bheil snàmh is leòn is leigheas Eala na h-Eireann a' riochdachadh uidhearachd ar sluaigh o dhoilleireachd na Fèinne gu soilleireachd an t-Soisgeil? B'fhurasda leudachadh air a' chùis, ach cha bhuin e do ar seanachas san àm.

Nis tha fios againn cò às a thàinig an ròn 's an eala, ach cò às idir a thàinig a' mhaighdeann-mhara? Cha dhuilich sin innseadh, ma tà. Bha maighdeann ann uair 's rachar latha de na làithean

gu fuaran a dh'òl dibhe. Ars ise, 's i ga faicinn fèin anns an fhior-uisge, "Chan eil fhios a bheil tè eile an Albainn cho briagha riumsa?" "Nach amaideach thusa, ghràidh nam ban," ars a muime, 's i air tighinn gu fàilidh air a cùlaibh, "ge mòr Alba, is motha an saoghal." "Mas motha, chan fheàrr," ars a' mhaighdeann, "'s co-dhiù, chunnaic mise sin, gach ridir as fheàrr na chèile à ceithir ranna ruadh an domhain, 's bhòidich is bhriathraich gach fear diubh nach fac iad mo leithid aon chuid rompa no às an dèidh." "Faodaidh sin a bhith," ars a muime, "ach ge mòr an domhan, is beag e seach an fhairge, agus is iomadh fios freagairt a ta an cleith 'na doimhne." An oidhche sin fhèin chaidh a' mhaighdeann gu dubh-sgoilear ainmeil, 's ars ise, "Fhir na Sgoile Duibhe, thoir dhomh eòlas na mara." "Nì mi iasg dhiot," ars esan. "Chan fhoghainn e," ars ise; "dh'fheumainn sùil mnatha 'nam cheann, los mi dh'fhaicinn 's a dh'aithneachadh maise mo sheòrsa." "Cuiridh mi," ars esan, "ceann mnatha air an iasg." "Chan fhoghainn e," ars ise; "dh'fheumainn cridhe mnatha 'nam chliabh, los gaol a thabhairt 's a ghabhail, nam biodh luchd-gaoil ann." "Miann do chridhe dhuit," ars esan — 's gabhar le chèile thun a' chuain. Riamh on oidhche sin chitear baintighearna òr-bhuidh, le earball èisg, a' snàmh nan tonn 's a' sior-iarraidh an nì sin nach gabh faotainn, tè as àille na i fèin. 'S mas fìor am fathann, ged fhuair i eòlas na mara, cha d'fhuair i riamh sonas 'na lùib, 's nuair bheir i gaol, is ann do fhuil bhlàth, 's chan ann idir do fhuil fhuair.

Tha duatharachd na mara cho farsaing 's domhainn rithe fèin, 's cha bhiodh an sgeul iomlan gun iomradh a thoirt air na fearra-longa, mar theirteadh riutha, 's air na h-Eileana-sgeòil. Is maith an long a bheir a-mach an caladh às an d'fhalbh i, ach fada roimh mhithich bhiodh sùil nam ban a' sireadh a' chuain, 's a' faotainn sgeòil uaipe cuideachd air cor nam fear. Nam faicteadh fearra-long is solas dearg oirre, bu mhanadh air a' bheò e; nam faicteadh tè is solas geal oirre, bu mhanadh air a' mharbh e.

Chunnaic mi fearra-long an raoir,
Solas oillt is èig 'na crann,
'S thuig mi gu robh m'aona mhac òg
Fuar fo spòig a' chuain ud thall.

'S ma dh'fhaodar earbsa chur an sùilean an t-sluaigh, is iomadh uair a thug na bantracha-cuain fèin sgrìob anns an fhearra-luing, 's a chiteadh am beul na h-oidhche

Fearra-long mhòr a-steach an caolas,
Bean 'na toiseach a' sior-chaoinneadh,
Bean 'na deireadh a' sior-ghlaodhaich,
Bean air tobhtaigh a' sior-ghaoladh.

Nach eil nì-eigin taitneach anns an smuain gur h-i an long a ta giùlan fios-bàis chum nam ban a ta cuideachd gan aiseag troimh 'n chaolas a sheinn an tuiridh os cionn a' mhairbh? Ach chan adhbhar iongnaidh idir e — cha bu mhotha riamh gairge na mara na a teò-chridheachd. 'S ma tha i teò-chridheach, an colorg sin tha i cruaidh ceart. Cha b'ann aon uair no dà uair, anns na làithean duatharach, a chaisg i eucoir nan Gall, 's a dh'fhògair i an ciontach don àite sin a bha freagarrach do dhroch ghiùlan. "B'fhurasd aithneachadh air an fhearra-luing," theireadh na seann daoine, "nam b'e siod a ceann-gnothaich — bhiodh i daonnan air theinidh." Chan eil cho ro-fhada on chunnacas i air a' cheart ghnòthach 's anns a' cheart bheairt sin, agus seo an sgeul mar fhuaradh i o fhear den dithis a chunnaic:

Bha sinn dìreach a' greimeachadh air fasgadh an fhearainn, nuair chunnaic sinn neul boillsgeach, mar gum b'ann os cionn Chaol Muile. Ars mo ghoistidh rium fhèin, "Cuiridh mise mo chluas air a' gheall gur h-i th'ann Tobar-Mhoire ris na speuran, 's gu dearbh cha b'iongantach ged bhitheadh, 's na solais aca muigh air na sràidean fèin!" Ach san fhacal thàinig ise — oir 's i fhèin a bh'ann — timcheall Rubha Aird-na-murchann, 's cuirear a ceann air Eige — 's a Thi Mhòir, 's i dh'fhalbhadh! 'S bha sinne nar dithis 's ar n-anail nar n-uchd, 's ar cridhe leum às a chochall, is fios is cinnt againn mur bàthadh sàl gu loisgeadh teine. Ach, eudail nam fear, cha robh an uair air tighinn — 's am priobadh na sùla bha a' bhèist oirnn, 's i 'na caora dearga o 'toiseach gu 'deireadh, o 'bòrd-uisge gu bàrr a croinn. Is Nì Maith gar seunadh, bha fear fada caol dubh oirre, is fidheall 'na dhòrn, 's e sior-chluich 's a' leum 's a' lasganaich — agus, O Mhoire 's a ghràidh, b'uamhasach fhèin an raoiceil a bha gu h-ìosal. Is càit an tug i oirre 'na dhèidh sin? Aig an t-Sealbh tha

brath — ach an sealladh mu dheireadh a fhuair sinne dhith, bha i mach an Caol Canach, 's an Cuan Siar fo 'sròin.

Cha lean sinn i nas fhaide an tràth-sa, ach gu cinnteach is iomadh uair a b'fhiach i leantainn, nuair bhiodh teine nan eucorach às, 's a guala gile mar a' ghrian, 's i deanamh àirdeachd gu Tìr nan Og, no gus na h-Eileana-sgeòil eile, an t-Eilean Uaine, an t-Eilean Sorcha, Innse Geala nan Rà-solais, Eilean nam Fear Fial Fionn. Gun teagamh tha eileanan eile ann nach eil idir cho taitneach riu sin — Eilean na Fiacais, far an tèid luchd nan teanga fada; Eilean na Duibhre, far an tèid farmad is droch shùil; is Rocabarraigh fo Thuinn, taobh siar Bharraigh, far a bheil na h-alla-bhèistean mòra a' sìor-dheilbh uile an aghaidh a' chinne-dhaonna. Mar dh'èirich do bhrataich Shil-Leòid, thàinig Rocabarraigh ris dà uair cheana, 's an treas uair

Nuair thig Rocabarraigh ris,
Is dual gun tèid an saoghal a sgrios.

Thathas ag ràdh gu bheil cuid de na h-ollamhan a' faotainn anis lorg lacha, no theagamh gur h-e lorg geòidh, thun nan Eilean-sgeòil sin, 's a' toirt h-Irt mar ainm air a' mhòr-roinn diubh. Ach biodh iad ceart no ceàrr, is dìomhain an saothair. B'ann den chridhe, 's cha b'ann den fhradharc, na h-Eileana-sgeòil; 's ged bhualteadh Tìr nan Og am màireach, an earar bhiodh Eilean-sgeòil eile ann na b'fhaide mach sa' chuan, 's cha tig an latha chì sùil no shaltras cas tìr ar n-ionndrainn.

Nis, nan ceadaicheadh an duilleag, nì nach ceadaich, b'fhurasda shoilleireachadh mar tha beatha an Eileanaich, o bhreith gu bhàs, air a còmhdach, mar gum b'eadh, le duatharachd na mara. Theirteadh gum biodh lùth is aigneadh an duine a-rèir an t-siùil-mhara bh'ann nuair a rugadh e, 's gum biodh rath an lionaidh no rosad an tràghaidh air fhad 's bu bheò e. 'S ma thachair gu robh a' ghealach a-rèir a' chuain san àm, bha ceann cinnt air a' chùis an sin.

Rugadh Calum-cille mo ghràidh
Ri cuan an lionaidh,
Ri gealach an fhàis,
'S b'e 'n t-àilleagan e fèin.

'S a-reir an sgeòil, nuair rugadh Iùdas bha cuan a' tràghadh 's gealach a' cnàmh, 's a thaobh 's gu robh, bha rà-dorcha air a bheatha-san riamh. Theirteadh cuideachd gun d'rugadh Pilat ri marbh-shruth na contraigh — 's nach robh a' bhuil air? Cha b'fhios da riamh dè an taobh a ghabhadh e, 's cha robh seasmhachd 'na ghnìomh no earbsa ri chur 'na fhacal. Ach chan e aon chèilidh no dà chèilidh chuireadh crìoch air an sgeul sin, 's a leigeadh ris duinn mar tha ceòl-gàire is cràbhadh an t-sluaigh, am beul-aithris 's an gnàth 's am beachdan gu lèir, air an neulachadh le duatharachd na mara. B'e an ceart iongnadh e nach robh aignidhean an t-sluaigh air an tur-shaobhadh 's air an crùbadh gu neoni fo cheannas na duatharachd sin. Ach 's e theirteadh "gur h-ann air comhairle na gaoithe tha an cuan," 's a chionn 's gu robhas a' creidsinn an co-lorg sin "gur h-ann air comhairle Rìgh nan Dùl tha a' ghaoth," bha nì-eigin an inntinn an t-sluaigh a bha cumail làmhachas-làidir na mara o thighinn gu cearrachas-làidir air a taobh-se, 's gu tràillealachd air an taobh-san. Ach 'na dhèidh sin 's da aindeoin, is e toiseach is deireadh an sgeòil gum b'ann 's gur h-ann den chuan beatha an Eileanaich, 's ma tha cluas na h-òige fosgladh, gu bheil cluas na h-aoise dùnadh, ri a gair.

Tha 'n ceò 's an drùchd,
Tha 'n drùchd 's an ceò,
Tha 'n ceò 's an drùchd
An sùil mo ghràidh
An sùil mo ghràidh.
A Thì dh'fhosgail an t-sùil òg,
Dùin i 'n nochd an clò a' bhàis,
An clò a' bhàis.
Tha gair a' chuain,
A nuall 's a gair,
Tha gair a' chuain
An cluais mo ghràidh,
An cluais mo ghràidh.
A thì bheairtich an ùr-long,
Stiùir i 'n nochd thar tonn a' bhàis,
Thar tonn a' bhàis.

e. B'fheàrr leis gu mòr a bhith labhairt ri coimhthional mar gum biodh e a' reusonachadh ri caraaid taobh an teine. Bheireadh e mach ceann-teagaisg, chuireadh e a chorrag air a' phrìomh-smaointinn anns a' cheann-teagaisg sin, agus leanadh e an smaointinn seo tre lùban agus tre chama-lùban gun a lorg a chall, gus an càiricheadh e i gu sèimh socair ann an eanachainn agus an cridhe an luchd-èisdeachd. Cha bu dàna dhomh a ràdh nach robh mòran eaglaisean an Albainn anns an cluinnteadh teagasg cho fallan no cho farsaing is a chluinnteadh an Eaglais Chille-Mhoire an Uibhist a Tuath. Agus bha bhuil ann. Mar thuirt fear den choimhthional, "Far an d'fhuair an t-uan am bainne, thèid e rithist ann."

Ach bha iad ann, eadhon an Uibhist, daoine a bhiodh a' gearan nach robh Maighistir Dòmhnall cruaidh gu leòr no idir bagarrach gu leòr 'na theagasg. Chaidh am freagairt aon Dòmhnach co-dhiù. "Faodaidh e bhith gu bheil cuid anns an èisdeachd a their nach eil mi cruaidh gu leòr air daoine, no eu-dòchasach gu leòr m'an taobh." Thàinig togail air a cheann agus lasag 'na shùil. "Rachaibh don chladh ud shìos, matà, agus abraibh an sin, os cionn luchd bhur gaoil, nach eil ministear Chille-Mhoire cruaidh gu leòr a thaobh nam beò no eu-dòchasach gu leòr a thaobh nam marbh. Abraibh e, ma thèid agaibh air." Mas maith an sgàthan an t-sùil, thàinig tiomadh, mur tàinig fiamh cuideachd, air gach cridhe anns a' choimhthional.

An dèidh adhlacadh Chalum Chille, chaidh fear de na manaich a-steach don Eaglais Mhòir a dheanamh ùrnaigh. An uair a dh'amhairc e mun cuairt, thàinig rachd caoinidh air; "Is fuar falamh an eaglais an diugh, gun esan innte."

VI

SEARMONAN

14. Ceòl anns an Oidhche

Anns an là àithnidh an Tighearna a thròcair, agus san oidhche bithidh a laoidh maille rium, agus m'ùrnaigh ri Dia mo bheatha. Salm 42:8.

Anns an t-Salm seo bha an Salmadair ann an dà inntinn, mar their sinn. Tha e tòiseachadh le bhith ag innse gu bheil tart air 'anam chum an Dè bheò, agus mar sin tha e dol gu Taigh Dhè còmhla ri cuideachd mhòir air là-fèille (is e sin, latha naomh). 'S tha e làn de mholadh agus de ghàirdeachas a chionn gu bheil e ann an Taigh Dhè 's gu bheil cuideachd cho mòr còmhla ris. Ach, 'na dhèidh sin, tha a' chuibheall a' tionndan; tha an coimhthional a' sgaoileadh, 's tha Taigh Dhè air a dhùnadh, 's tha aig an t-Salmadair a-nis ri aghaidh a chur air an t-saoghal, 's chan eil e faicinn ann an sin ach troimh-chèile agus buaireas: "chaidh do thonnann uile," ars esan, "thairis orm." 'S nuair a thèid na tonnan uile thairis air duine, tha sin a' leigeil fhaicinn gu bheil stoirm air an fhairge — 's ann an seagh eile tha e a' leigeil fhaicinn gu bheil stoirm ann am beatha an duine. 'S e their iad ruinn, ars an Salmadair, Càite bheil do Dhia? Direach mar gum biodh iad ag ràdh ris: "Tha thu creidsinn ann an Dia; is beag as fheàrrd thu sin. Chan eil thu sianadh nas fheàrr dheth na na daoine sin nach eil a' creidsinn idir ann — 's tha do bheatha pailt cho trioblaideach, mura h-eil nas trioblaidiche — na am beathasan." Ach chuimhnich an Salmadair air an taobh eile. Ma bha trioblaidean 'na bheatha, bha e daonnan a' faotainn thairis air na trioblaidean sin, agus ma bha dorchadas a' tighinn an dràsda agus a rithist, bha e cluinntinn laoidh an Tighearna no (mar a tha e air a ràdh ann an àite eile) òran an Tighearna, agus (ann an àite eile) ceòl an Tighearna. Bha e cluinntinn sin anns an oidhche, anns an dorchadas. Cha b'iongantach, ma tà, ged a chriochnaich e le bhith ag ràdh: "Car son a tha thu air do

leagadh sìos, O m'anam? Agus car son a tha thu fo bhuaireas an taobh a-staigh dhiom? Earb thusa à Dia, oir fathast molaidh mise e, slàinte mo ghnùise agus mo Dhia."

Nis, tha facail ar cinn-teagaisg, "Bidh a laoidh no a cheòl maille rium anns an oidhche" — tha na facail sin fìor ann an iomadh dòigh. Tha iad fìor ann an eachdraidh na h-Eaglais.

Beagan bhliadhnachan an dèidh bàs an t-Slànaigheir, dh'èirich na h-Iùdhaich an aghaidh nan Ròmanach, 's thàinig na Ròmanaich orra le armailtean mòra; sgrìos iad Ierusalem, agus a' chuid sin den t-sluagh nach robh air am marbhadh, bha iad air an sgapadh air feadh an t-saoghail — agus na Crìosdaidhean còmhla ri càch. Bha ceannardan na h-Eaglais, agus an t-Abstol Eòin cho maith ri càch, a' deanamh dheth gu robh an oidhche no an dorchadas air tighinn. Ach fhaicibh mar a dh'oibrich e mach. Na Crìosdaidhean sin a bh'air an sgapadh, ghiùlain iad leo an Soisgeul gu dùthchannan ùra, agus dh'fhàs an Eaglais na bu làidiriche na bha i riamh roimhe. Ann an aon fhacal, thàinig maith às an olc, agus ceòl às an oidhche.

Bliadhnachan 'na dhèidh sin, thog Impire na Ròimhe a làmh an aghaidh na h-Eaglais, agus chaidh na Crìosdaidhean a chur gu bàs anns a h-uile dòigh bu mhiosa na chèile. 'S e an oidhche a bh'ann da-rìreadh. Ach a-mach às an oidhche sin thàinig ceòl Dhè, oir cha deachaidh aon mhairtìreach a chur gu bàs nach tàinig fichead a chunnaic e air a chur gu bàs, gu bhith a' creidsinn anns an t-Soisgeul.

Còmhla ris gach nì eile, thàinig plàigheannan agus gorta agus cogaidhean gu leòr, agus 's e an oidhche a bh'ann thairis air na dùthchannan, ach a-mach às na nithean sin thàinig a' bhuannachd seo, gu robh e a-nis soilleir, air cho innleachdach 's air cho cumhachdach 's gu robh an duine, gu robh nithean ann nach b'urrainn da a dheanamh, 's nach b'urrainn da an saoghal a riaghladh gu ceart fhad 's a bha e dol an aghaidh teagasg an t-Soisgeil. Ann an aon fhacal, ma tà, a-mach às an oidhche thàinig ceòl Dhè.

'S an nì sin a tha fìor ann an eachdraidh na h-Eaglais agus ann an eachdraidh nan dùthchannan, tha e fìor cuideachd ann am beatha an duine fhèin. Dè a th'ann an trioblaid ach dorchadas, ach glè thrìc tha ceòl Dhè a' tighinn a-mach às an dorchadas sin. Agus nach tric e tachairt ann am beatha an duine gu bheil math

a' tighinn a-mach à olc, agus solas a-mach à dorchadas? Nam biodh a chaochladh fìor, chan eil fhios idir ciamar a bhiodh daoine, no ciamar a b'urrainn daibh a bhith beò. Tha mi làn-chreidsinn gu bheil ceòl Dhè anns a h-uile trioblaid agus cunnart agus dòrainn, ged a dh'fhaodas e bhith nach eil sinne ga chluinntinn aig an àm. Ach ma tha an spiorad ceart annainn fèin, cluinnidh sinn an ceòl an uair a tha an trioblaid no an cunnart no an dòrainn seachad.

Agus aon nì eile. Nach ann à dorchadas agus à oidhche a thàinig an Comanachadh? Is ann a chionn gu robh Calbhairi agus an Ceusadh aig an doras a chuir an Slànaighear an Comanachadh air bhonn, agus riamh bhuaithe sin bha an Comanachadh a' dol còmhla ri nithean cudthromach agus sòlaimte.

Anns na seann làithean, an uair a bhiodh daoine a' fàgail an dachaigh, agus cunnart mòr air thoiseach orra, bhiodh iad a' gabhail Comanachaidh mun robh iad a' fàgail. Ach chan eil beatha an duine uair sam bith gun chunnart, 's faodaidh an cunnart tighinn uair sam bith, an uair as lugha ar dùil ris, agus is mòr as fhiach gum biodh laoidh agus ceòl Dhè a' seinn anns a' chridhe.

15. Searmon Foghair

Bheir an talamh a thoradh; gum beannaicheadh Dia, ar Dia-ne, sinn! — Salm 67:6.

Bha an Salmaidh a' moladh Dhè airson iomadh nì, agus cha do dhi-chuimhnich e a bhith ga mholadh a chionn gu robh an talamh a' toirt a-mach a cuid toraidh 'na h-àm fèin. Tha e anabarrach freagarrach gum biomaid taingeil an àm an fhoghair, oir anns a' choirce tha biadh againn an dà chuid do dhuine agus do bheathach, agus nì sam bith a tha cumail suas beatha, is nì luachmhor sin. 'S a thuilleadh air sin tha iomadh obair ann mun faod sinn a ràdh le firinn, "'S e mo làmh-sa a rinn siud 's cha b'i làmh sam bith eile", ach chan urrainn duinn sin a ràdh a thaobh an fhogharaidh. Gun teagamh, tha daoine a' deanamh an cuid fhèin, ach chan eil iad ga dheanamh air fad. Tha grian is

gaoth is uisge a' deanamh an cuid fhèin, agus tha na nithean sin ann an làmhan Dhè, agus chan ann anns na làmhan againne.

Ach 's e bu mhaith leam a bhith cur nur cuimhne gu bheil àm an fhogharaidh a' teagasg iomadh nì dhuinn a bhiodh chum ar maith, an dà chuid ann an seagh nàdurra agus ann an seagh spioradail.

1. Tha am foghar a' teagasg obair. Tha foghar ann a chionn gu robh earrach ann. Tha buain ann a chionn gu robh cuireachd ann. Tha coirce ann a chionn gu robh treabhadh ann. "Am fear nach cuir, cha bhuain e." Tha a' cheart nì fìor ann am beatha an duine. Is e àm na h-òige an t-earrach, agus an siol a thèid a chur ann an àm na h-òige, is e a bheir toradh ann an àm na buana. Am fear sin a tha cruaidh no mì-onarach no sanntach no breugach no nach gabh earbsa a chur ann, cha b'ann an latha no am bliadhna a dh'fhàs na nithean sin; chaidh an cur ann an làithean na h-òige. Air an làimh eile, ma tha creideamh, dòchas, agus gach maitheas eile air an cur ann an làithean na h-òige, bheir iad a-mach toradh eireachdail ann an làithean na h-aoise. 'S nach eil e anabarrach cho cùramach 's a tha daoine am bitheantas mu dheighinn a bhith cur an t-sil cheirt anns an talamh anns an earrach, agus aig a' cheart àm, faodaidh e bhith, iad anabarrach mì-chùramach mu dheighinn a bhith cur an t-sil cheirt ann an cridheachan agus inntinnean an cuid cloinne. An e gur fhiach crioman talmhainn tuilleadh na beatha an duine?

2. Tha am foghar a' ciallachadh creidimh. An uair a tha an siol air a chur, 's a dh'amhairceas duine air na h-achaidhean, is iad uile cho dubh agus cho lom, cò shaoileadh gun tigeadh samhradh no foghar? Ach tha an dà chuid a' tighinn 'nan àm fèin, 's tha daoine a' creidsinn gun tig. Co-dhiù, theireadh sibh gur h-e fìor amadan a bhiodh anns an duine sin a theireadh an àm an earraich, "Cha chuir mise siol am bliadhna, oir tha an t-eagal orm nach fàs e, no gun tig droch shìde an àm an fhoghair, agus nach fhaigh mi a bhuain." Chan fhaca 's cha chuala mi duine riamh a theireadh no dheanadh mar sin. Tha creideamh aig daoine. Tha iad a' deanamh an cuid fhèin agus a' fàgail gach nì eile ann an làmhan an Fhreasdail, agus nach maith a dh'fhaodamaid a' cheart riaghailt a leantainn nar beatha latha an dèidh latha — dleasdanas an ama a dheanamh, biodh e cruaidh no furasda, agus gach nì eile fhàgail 'na làmhan-san as

Tighearna an dà chuid air earrach agus air foghar, air toiseach agus air crìoch na h-oibre.

3. Tha am foghar a' teagasg gun cuir fear is gum buain fear eile. Sin dòigh an t-saoghail. Cha deachaidh obair mhòr riamh air a h-aghaidh — co-dhiù, nan gabhadh i treis — nach fhaodadh e bhith air a ràdh, "Is iomadh fear aig an robh làmh an toiseach na h-oibre nach eil a làthair gu crìoch fhaicinn oirre". Ach fad na h-ùine feumaidh daoine a bhith cur, co-dhiù chì iad am foghar no nach fhaic. Sin an t-eadar-dhealachadh a tha eadar duine agus beathach. Tha an duine a' cur, glè thrìc, airson dhaoine eile; tha e ag obair airson nan daoine a thig às a dhèidh, daoine nach fhaic e ri bheò, dìreach mar a dh'obraich na daoine a dh'fhalbh air ar son-ne. Tha sinn uile, ma tà, a' buain mum bheil sinn a' cur — a' buain an t-sil a chuir na daoine a bha romhainn, agus a' cur an t-sil a bhuaineas na daoine a thig às ar dèidh. Ach tha mi an dùil nach biodh mòran toileachaidh no furtachd anns an smuain mura b'e gu bheil sinn air ar ceanghal ri "Iosa Crìosd, an dè, an diugh, agus gu sìorraidh, an tì ceudna."

16. Sgeul a dh'innseadh

Chaith sinn ar bliadhnachan mar sgeul a dh'innseadh. - Salm 90:9.

Tha na facail a leughas sinn am bitheantas fada air falbh bhuainn fhèin — tha iad mar gum biodh dùthaich fad às — no mar dhaoine nach fhaca sinn riamh ach air an cuala sinn iomradh. Ach tha na facail a leughas sinn a' tighinn nas dlùithe dhuinn fhèin an uair a tha iad a' toirt iomraidh air nì-eigin air a bheil sinn fhèin eòlach — nì-eigin a tha tachairt 'nar beatha fhèin agus am beatha ar cuid choimhearsnach. 'S tha seo anabarrach fìor a thaobh facail ar cinn-teagaisg an diugh. Is tric a their sibh, "Tha ar bliadhnachan a' dol seachad mar sgeul a dh'innseadh", dìreach mar a dh'fhaodamaid a ràdh, "Tha e fuar an diugh" — 's chan eil an còrr ma dheighinn. Ach nuair a chuireas sinn na facail ruinn fhèin, agus a chuimhnicheas sinn air na nithean a thachair nar latha, an dà chuid nar beatha fhèin agus am beatha nan daoine a' b'athne dhuinn, tha na facail a' tighinn dlùth

dhuinn fhèin an uair sin, 's tha sinn a' mothachadh air ar son fhèin gu bheil iad fìor.

Tha cuimhne aig cuid anns an eilean air seann Mhgr. Curdie. Tha ciad agus deich bliadhna ann on thàinig e dhan eilean; tha trì fichead bliadhna ann on shiubhail e. Nach iomadh Comanachadh a bh'ann on thàinig e dhan eilean. Seo an t-ochdamh Comanachadh fichead anns an Eaglais ùr seo. No smaointicheadh iadsan a tha seachad air meadhan-aois air an taigh anns an d'rugadh iad, agus na taighean far an do chuir iad seachad treis den ùine, agus far a bheil iad an diugh. Is iomadh nì a thachair anns an ùine sin, agus is iomadh seòrsa oibre a chaidh a dheanamh, agus is iomadh facal a chaidh a ràdh, agus is iomadh coimhearsnach air a bheil cuimhne aca. Ach dh'fhalbh gach nì mar sgeul a dh'innseadh, 's chan eil ann ach seann naidheachd anis. Mar tha an seanfhacal ag ràdh, "Sin sgeul a bha ùr an uraidh; tha e sean am bliadhna." 'S mar tha seanfhacal eile ag ràdh, "Cha bhì cuimhne air an Nollaig aig a' Chàisg." Gu cinnteach, tha sinn a' caitheamh ar bliadhnachan mar sgeul a dh'innseadh. Tha an sgeul ga innse, 's tha e seachad an sin, 's ged a dh'fhaodas seòrsa de chuimhne bhith againn air, tha e daonnan dol nas fhaide bhuainn; dìreach mar gum biodh fear a thachradh ruinn air an rathad mhòr; beiridh sinn air làimh air 's their sinn facal no dhà ris, 's tha sinn a' dealachadh an uair sin, 's tha h-uile ceum gar toirt nas fhaide o chèile.

Ach chan eil an sin ach aon taobh. Faodaidh beatha an duine a bhith mar sgeul a dh'innseadh, ach tha an sgeul sin ag atharrachadh beatha an duine. Faodaidh sinn tarrang a chur ann am fìodh 's a thoirt às gun dàil, ach tha e fàgail làraich às a dhèidh. 'S chan eil nì a' tachairt ann am beatha an duine nach eil a' fàgail làraich air chor-eigin às a dhèidh. Faodaidh e bhith nach eil sinne ga fhaicinn no ga mhothachadh, ach tha e ann an sin. Tha an sgeul, ma tà, ag atharrachadh ar dòighean 's ar beachdan 's eadhon ar nàduir, gun fhios duinn fhèin. Mar dhearbhadh air seo, chan eil agaibh ach an aois agus an òige a chur taobh ri taobh, gun ghuth idir air an eadar-dhealachadh ann an coslas agus ann an comas, chan ionann dòigheannan no beachdan no faireachdainnean. 'S e sgeul nam bliadhnachan a tha deanamh an eadar-dhealachaidh. Ach tha a' chuibheall a' dol mun cuairt gun fhois, gun stad. Aois an là an diugh, b'ì sin

òige an là an dè, agus òige an là an diugh, sin aois an làrna-mhàireach. Tha an aon sgeul, ma tà, ga innse anns gach linn, le atharrachadh beag an siud is an seo anns an sgeul.

Ach is maith dhuinn gu bheil tuilleadh agus sin ri ràdh. Tha am Bioball ag ràdh, "Maille ri Dia chan eil atharrachadh", agus cuideachd, "Iosa Criosd, an dè, agus an diugh, agus gu sìorruidh an tì ceudna". Agus chaidh an duine a chruthachadh ann an iomhaigh Dhè - a' bheatha sin a th'anns an duine, 's ann o Dhia a thàinig i an toiseach. Falbhaidh an fheòil, ma tà, ach mairidh an Spiorad. Faodaidh bliadhnachan an duine a bhith mar sgeul a dh'innseadh, ach tha sgeul eile ri innse an uair nach bì bliadhnachan ann.

Is ann air sin a bhios sinn a' smaointinn aig àm Comanachaidh. Tha suas ri dà mhìle bliadhna on bha a' chiad Chomanachadh ann, 's cha ghabh iad cunntas na shuidh aig a' Bhòrd anns an ùine sin, an dà chuid sean agus òg. Chan urrainn domh chreidsinn 's chan urrainn duibhse chreidsinn gu robh na daoine sin uile air am mealladh anns an dòchas a bh'aca. Bha cuid dhiubh cho ainmeil airson na h-oibre a rinn iad 's gu bheil iad thun an là an diugh a' deàrrsadh mar gum biodh na reultan ann. Agus is e an dòchas a bh'aca, an uair a bhiodh am bliadhnachan seachad 's a thigeadh oidhche am beatha, nach biodh anns an oidhche sin ach doras, mar gum b'eadh, thun an sgeul agus an latha air nach tigeadh crìoch. 'S ann a chionn gu bheil sinn a' creidsinn sin a tha sinn a' tighinn thun a Bhòrd-san mum bheil e air a ràdh, "Esan a bha beò agus a bha marbh agus a tha beò a rithist", agus a thuirt ra dheisciobail, "Tha mi dol a dh'ullachadh àite dhuibh, chum far a bheil mise, gum bì sibhse mar an ceudna."

17. Na Seann Chomharran-criche

Na h-atharraich an seann chomharradh-criche a shuidhich t'athraichean. - Gnàth-fhacaill 22:28.

'S fhada on a chaidh a ràdh gu robh na Gàidheil agus muinntir na h-àird-an-ear cosmhail ri chèile ann an iomadh dòigh. Tha an ceòl aca glè chosmhail ri chèile; tha cuid de na beachdan aca cosmhail ri chèile; agus tha iad anabarrach cosmhail ri chèile a

thaobh an àite bha iad riamh a' toirt do sheanfhaicail, an dà chuid 'nam beatha agus 'nan còmhradh. Thun an là an diugh tha gu leòr anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, 's ma bhios iad a' bruidhinn air nì sam bith, 's gur urrainn daibh a ràdh gun duirt an seann duine seo ma dheighinn, tha dùil aca nach eil an còrr ri ràdh. 'S tha muinntir na h-àird-an-ear, agus na h-Iùdhaich 'nam measg, den cheart bheachd. Agus 's e sin a thug air Rìgh Solamh leabhar a dheanamh de sheanfhaicail, no Gnàthfhaicail, mar a tha e air a ràdh ann an seo. Tha e air innse gun do labhair Solamh e fhèin trì mìle seanfhacal; chan eil e air a ràdh gun d'rinn e fhèin suas iad air fad — chan eil e cosmhaile gun d'rinn, ach gum b'aithne dha trì mìle ciod air bith an àireamh dhiubh sin a rinn e fhèin suas. San dol-seachad faodar a ràdh gun deachaidh cheana còrr agus seachd mìle de sheanfhaicail Ghàidhlig a chruinneachadh.

Nis, tha an seanfhacal air a bheil sinn a' smaointinn an diugh an dà chuid am measg nan Iùdhach agus am measg nan Gàidheal. "Na h-atharraich," ars an t-Iùdhach, "an seann chomharradh-criche." Agus ars an Gàidheal, "Chan ann am fealla-dhà a thogadh an carragh-cuimhne." Anns a' Bhìoball tha na comharran-criche am bitheantas a' ciallachadh càrn de chlachan, cuid dhiubh an sin a chum dealachadh a chur eadar dà fhearann no dà bhaile, agus cuid eile a chum a bhith 'nan cuimhneachan air na h-athraichean, agus 'nan cuimhneachan air na nithean sin a rinn Dia às leth nan Iùdhach anns na làithean a dh'fhalbh — mar eisimpleir, Iàcob aig Betel agus Iosua ri taobh Iòrdain.

Nis, dè tha air chùil an t-seanfhaicail sin, "Na h-atharraich an seann chomharradh-criche a shuidhich t'athraichean"? Tha, nach eil e idir freagarrach no buannachdail a bhith deanamh tàir air na seann nithean 's air na seann bheachdan, 's air na seann chleachdanna a bh'ann, fhad 's a bha na nithean sin a chum gliocais agus a chum maith. Tha seo fìor an dà chuid ann an seagh nàdurra agus ann an seagh spioradail. Ann an seagh nàdurra, cha b'ann an diugh no an dè a rinneadh an saoghal, 's nach eil e anabarrach amaideach a bhith smaointinn gu robh daoine a' strì agus ag obair agus a' smaointinn agus ag ionnsachadh fad mhiltean de mhiltean a bhliadhnachan, 's a dh'aindeoin sin nach d'fhàg iad dad às an dèidh as fhiach a chumail air chuimhne. Chan eil e idir cosmhaile. Togaibh ur

sùilean is amhaircibh mun cuairt oirnn. Co meud nì anns an dùthaich no anns an t-saoghal mun urrainn duinn a ràdh, "Sinne a rinn na nithean sin 's cha b'e na daoine a bh'ann. Thuir Solamh 'na latha fhèin nach robh nì ùr ann fon ghrèin, 's bhiodh e pailt cho furasda sin a ràdh an diugh. Na nithean sin a tha sinn a' smaointinn a tha ùr, tha na freumhaichean aca a' dol fad air ais anns na làithean a dh'fhalbh; agus an sruthan sin a tha gabhail seachad le leithid de dheifir, tha an tobar on tàinig e fada shuas am measg nam beann. Tha dùil againn an diugh gur e nì ùr a th'ann a bhith toirt àrd-urram don luchd-oibre, ach tha iomadh ceud bliadhna ann on bha e 'na fhacal am measg an t-sluaigh, "Nuair a bha Adhamh a' ruamhar agus Eubh a' sniomh, càite an sin an robh na h-uaislean?" Is gann gu bheil nì air an smaointich sinn a tha a chum maith an t-saoghail nach do thòisich iomadh linn air ais. Is iomadh deur a chaidh a shileadh, osna a leigeadh, boinne fala a chaidh a dhòirteadh le daoine air nach eil cuimhne an diugh, mun tàinig laghannan cearta a-staigh don rìoghachd againn. Chitear na comharran tiugh mun cuairt oirnn, agus "na h-atharraichibh na seann chomharran-criche a shuidhich na h-athraichean."

Gun teagamh, tha againne ri ar cuid fhèin a dheanamh — na nithean a thuit a thogail, na nithean a tha dùinte fhosgladh, na nithean a tha tuilleadh is cumhann a dheanamh farsaing, agus na nithean a tha ceàrr a cheartachadh. Chan urrainn linn sam bith a ràdh: "Is e seo deireadh an sgeòil, agus chan eil an còrr ri dheanamh no ri fhaotainn a-mach". Chan urrainn, 's ma tha neach sam bith a' smaointinn gur h-urrainn, seasadh e aig bonn nam beann no fo sholas nan reult agus amhairceadh e suas. Chan ann an diugh no am màireach a gheibhear deireadh an sgeòil.

Nis, ma tha seo fìor ann an seagh nàdurra - agus tha e fìor - tha e pailt cho fìor ann an seagh spioradail, agus 's ann a dh'ionnsaigh nithean spioradail a bha mi a' deanamh a' cheuma fad na h-ùine. "Na h-atharraichibh na seann chomharran-criche a shuidhich na h-athraichean." Chan eil an Fhìrinn ùr, agus an uair a their daoine, "Thoiribh dhuinn dòigheannan ùra agus beachdan ùra", feumaidh sinn fhaighneachd, "Dè tha sibh a' ciallachadh?" Ma tha iad a' ciallachadh, "Mùchaibh an Fhìrinn," tha fios againn càite a bheil iad 'nan seasamh. Tha fios

againn cuideachd gum biodh e pailt cho furasda teadhair a chur air a' ghaoith 's a bhiodh e dhuinn an Fhìrinn a mhùchadh. Ach ma tha iad a' ciallachadh, "Deanaibh an Fhìrinn nas soilleire dhuinn", is maith an t-iarrtas. Chan eil neach sam bith an aghaidh dhòigheannan ùra a tha feuchainn ris an Fhìrinn a thoirt nas dlùithe do dh'inntinn agus do chridhe an duine. Tha toiseach aig a h-uile nì, 's bha là ann 's bha na seann chomharran ùr. Ach an uair a their sibh gu bheil nì seann-fhasanta, chan e sin am facal mu dheireadh.

Cuimhnicheamaid air na seann chomharran-criche nach bu chòir dhuinn atharrachadh. Ma tha e ceàrr dhuinn comharran-criche ar n-athraichean atharrachadh, is motha gu mòr a tha e ceàrr comharran-criche Dhè atharrachadh. Ciod iad na deich àithntean ach deich comharran-criche a shuidhich Dia a chum clann nan daoine a chumail o dhol air seachran. 'S ged a tha mòran nar latha-ne ag ràdh gu bheil na h-àithntean ro-chumhann, chan eil e idir uair sam bith 'na chall na h-àithntean a ghleidheil no 'na bhuannachd am briseadh.

Cha dhiomoladh idir air nì a ràdh gu bheil e sean. Ged a bhiodh e cho sean ris a' cheò, ma tha e fìor, cha mhisd' e bhith liath le h-aois; 's ann as fheàrrde e sin, oir an nì sin a thàinig tre shiantan agus tre chunnartan nam bliadhnachan fada, tha sinn nas cinntiche às na tha sinn às an nì sin nach do dhearbh e fhèin fhathast. Nach seann-fhasanta Creideamh, Dòchas, Gràdh - na trì nithean sin. 'S fhad an dà latha on a thug Pòl iomradh orra, agus an d'fhuair sinn fhathast trì nithean eile a chuireas sinn 'nan àite? Tha gu leòr de nithean ann air a bheil leigheasan ùra, ach tha nithean ann cuideachd air nach eil. Thun an là an diugh chan eil leigheas air pathadh ach deoch òl, chan eil leigheas air acras ach biadh itheadh, agus chan eil leigheas air peacadh ach maitheanas iarraidh agus fhaotainn. Na atharraicheamaid, ma tà, na seann chomharran-criche a shuidhich na h-athraichean. Dè a th'anns a' Bhioball agus an Eaglais ach seann chomharran-criche a tha togail fianais gu bheil Dia ann? Dè th'anns na Sàcramaidean ach seann chomharran-criche a' cur an cèill gun do shuidhich Crìosd a Eaglais anns an t-saoghal? Dè th'ann am Bethlehem ach seann chomharradh-criche air an t-seann sgeul mhòr-aoibhneis a ta airson nan uile dhaoine? Agus dè th'ann an Calbhairi ach seann chomharradh air gràdh Dhè a ta os cionn

gach gràidh? Tha fagas air dà mhìle bliadhna on a bha an Slànaighear anns an t-saoghal, agus nam faighnicheadh neach dhinn an diugh, "Ciod e Dia? Ciod e a nàdur? Agus ciod a thoil a thaobh an t-saoghail?", dè an fhreagairt a bhiodh againn ach seo, "Tha Dia ra fhaicinn ann an teagasg agus obair Iosa Crìosd, oir esan a chunnaic am Mac, chunnaic e an t-Athair. Agus esan a leanas na comharran a shuidhich am Mac ruigidh e an t-Athair."

Anns a' cho-dhùnadh, ma their daoine, "Gu dè maith a th'anns na seann chomharran-criche? Nach fheum an saoghal siubhal seachad, agus sluagh mar an ceudna?", their sinn gu bheil comharran ann a dh'fheumas falbh, na comharran a shuidhich daoine mar sinn fhèin. Ach tha comharran ann nach siubhail seachad. Ann an cùrsa tim tha Calbhairi dà mhìle bliadhna air ar cùlaibh, ach ann an spiorad tha e fada air toiseach oirnn. An neach a b'fhaide a ghluais air Slighe na Fireantachd, chunnaic e Calbhairi air thoiseach air; agus an neach a b'airde dh'èirich, chunnaic e Calbhairi os a chionn. Neach sam bith a dh'fhalbhas o Chalbhairi, 's ann a chionn gu bheil a chùlaibh ris, agus chan e a aghaidh.

18. Calbhairi

An uair a thàinig iad don àite dan goirear Calbhairi, an sin cheus iad e fèin agus na droch dhaoine. - Lùcas 23: 33.

An dà chuid anns an dùthaich seo agus ann an dùthchannan eile chì sibh an siud agus an seo comharraidhean, no carraighean cloiche, mar their sinn riutha, air mullach nan cnoc no air a' chòmhnard, agus is iomadh leabhar a chaidh a sgrìobhadh a thaobh na ceiste seo: dè bha na carraighean cloiche sin a' ciallachadh? 'S ged tha atharrachadh bheachdan a thaobh na ceiste sin, tha na h-uile co-dhiù ag aideachadh seo: far am faic sinn carragh cloiche, gu bheil e a' ciallachadh gun do thachair nì cudthromach air choreigin anns an àite sin - aona chuid gu robh adhradh air a dheanamh an seo, no gun deachaidh duine cumhachdach a thiodhlaiceadh ann, air neo gun do chuireadh blàr anns an àite sin. 'S mar sin chan eil carragh cloiche a chì

sinn nach eil, mar gum b'eadh, ag ràdh ruinn, "Thachair ni cudthromach an seo".

Nis, tha aon chomharradh ann an eachdraidh an t-saoghail a tha os cionn gach comharradh eile, agus 's e sin Crann-ceusaidh Chalbhairi. Cha bhiodh e tuilleadh 's a chòir a ràdh gu bheil eachdraidh an t-saoghail air a filleadh timcheall a' Chroinn-cheusaidh sin. Tha e soilleir gu bheil bàs Chalbhairi eadar-dhealaichte o bhàs sam bith eile ann an eachdraidh. Is iomadh fàidh urramach agus fianais urramach a thàinig a dh'ionnsaigh an t-saoghail, agus a bha calg-dhireach an aghaidh bheachdan agus dhòigheannan an t-saoghail, a chionn gu robh na dòigheannan agus na beachdan sin ceàrr; agus cha robh neach sam bith 'nan latha fhèin nach fhaodadh a ràdh a thaobh nam fàidhean agus nam fianaisean sin, "Tha na daoine sin cho ceart agus cho eudmhor air taobh na firinn is gu bheil e cosmhail gur h-e as crìoch dhaibh gun tèid an cur gu bàs."

Ach tha Calbhairi a' ciallachadh tuilleadh agus sin. Cha bu nì e a dh'fhaodadh tachairt, no a bha cosmhail gun tachradh e, ach nì a dh'fheumadh tachairt. Dh'innis an Slànaighear fhèin uair is uair on toiseach gu robh Calbhairi roimhe, agus nach biodh an crùn air an obair a bha aige ri dheanamh gus am biodh Calbhairi air a choimhlionadh. On chiad latha a thòisich e air searmonachadh, bha a shùil agus a cheum air Calbhairi. Cha bu leòr a theagasg no a mhiorbhailtean no eisimpleir gus am biodh iad sin air an crùnadh le a bhàs; agus cha b'urrainn da a ràdh le firinn, "Tha e crìochnaichte", gus am biodh e a' toirt suas an deò air Calbhairi. Agus, cuideachd, cha b'urrainn dha ruigheachd air cridhe an t-saoghail ach tre Chalbhairi. Mar thuirt e fhèin: "Agus mise, ma thogar suas mi (is e sin, air a' Chrann), tàirngidh mi na h-uile dhaoine a m'ionnsaigh." Nach eil e soilleir, ma tà, mas e seo an nì as cudthromaiche anns an t-saoghal, am buntainneas a tha eadar Dia an t-Athair agus clann nan daoine, gur h-e Calbhairi teis-meadhan an nì sin, agus mar sin teis-meadhan eachdraidh an t-saoghail? Cò a shaoileadh gu robh uiread an crochadh air na facail seo: "An uair a ràinig iad an t-àite dan goirear Calbhairi, an sin cheus iad e?"

Nis, am bitheantas, an uair a bhios daoine smaointinn air Calbhairi, tha iad a' smaointinn gu sònraichte air a' phian chorporra tren deachaidh an Slànaighear. Agus, gun teagamh,

eadhon a thaobh na feòla, dh'fhuiling e tuilleadh nas urrainn duinne a ghabhail a-staigh, agus faodaidh sinn a bhith cinnteach gu bheil e air a chiallachadh anns an Tiomnadh Nuadh gum biomaid a' feuchainn ri bhith tuigsinn, ann an tomhas, na pèine tren deachaidh e air a' Chrann, agus gur h-e sin as adhbhar gu bheil cunntas cho mionaideach air a thoirt duinn ma cheusadh — mar a chaidh na tàirngean 'na làmhnan agus 'na chasan, crùn droighinn air a cheann, agus an t-sleagh 'na thaobh, agus mar a chlaoidheadh e le pathadh.

Ach aig a' cheart àm, air cho mòr agus gu robh pian na feòla, is beag as fhiach e ainmeachadh làmh ri pian na h-inntinn agus an spioraid. Is diamhaireachd seo a tha os cionn smuaintean agus faireachdainnean dhaoine, ach tha dà nì ceangailte ris air am faod sinn smaointinn.

Thuirt am fàidh o shean gun leagadh an Tighearna air-san smachdachadh a shluaigh, agus tha e air innse dhuinn uair is uair anns an Tiomnadh Nuadh gun do ghiùlain e air a' Chrann peacaidhean a shluaigh. Thoireamaid nas dlùithe dhuinn fhèin e anns an dòigh seo. Smaointicheadh gach neach air a pheacaidhean fhèin — an dà chuid na nithean a rinn e agus na nithean a tha e buailteach dha a dheanamh: nach goirt an cudthrom e eadhon a bhith smaointinn air? Agus ghiùlain an Slànaighear air a' Chrann cudthrom a shluaigh gu lèir — cudthrom sluaigh nach gabh cunntas o thoiseach gu deireadh tim. Agus chan e sgàile no brùadar a bh'anns na peacaidhean sin idir. Chaidh na bha de phuinnsean ann an nàdur an duine o thoiseach gu deireadh tim a chur anns a' chupan sin a fhuair esan ra òl. Cha b'iongantach ged thuirt e, "Athair, mas e do thoil-sa e, cuir an cupan seo seachad orm". Cha b'iongantach idir ged a shaoil leis, an uair a bhlais e air a' chupan seo, gu robh e fhèin cailte. "Mo Dhia, mo Dhia, cuime a thrèig thu mi?" (Ach, mar thuirt mi cheana, is diamhaireachd seo nach urrainn inntinn an duine a ghabhail a-staigh).

'S e an dara nì a dh'fhaodamaid a ràdh a thaobh pian an spioraid tren deachaidh ar Slànaighear an nì seo: gun tàinig e a dh'ionnsaigh a mhuinntir fhèin, agus nach do ghabh a mhuinntir fhèin ris — agus chan eil nì ann as goirte na sin. Nam biodh athair ann, agus gum faigheadh e buille-bàis o a mhac, nach e a theireadh e, "Air cho goirt is air cho cunnartach 's gu bheil am

buille a fhuair mi, 's e a leòn mi buileach gur h-e mo mhac fhèin a rinn e!" Agus nach fhaodamaid a ràdh gur h-e nì-eigin den cheart seòrsa, agus ann an seagh mòran as àirde, a bhrìst cridhe an t-Slànaigheir air a' Chrann?

Tha sinn a' tighinn a dh'ionnsaigh nì as fhasa, an uair a tha sinn a' tighinn a dh'ionnsaigh na dara cuid den cheann-teagaisg — "An sin cheus iad e, agus dithis eile maille ris, fear air gach taobh."

Abair gu robh fear ann a bha a' creidsinn ann an Dia, ach nach cuala riamh mun t-Slànaighear — mar Chornelius ann an leabhar Gnìomharan nan Abstol. Abair gun innseamaid dha mu cheusadh an t-Slànaigheir. Nach e a ghabhadh an t-uamhas, 's nach eil e cosmhail gu leòr gun abradh e: "Ma tha sin fìor — agus tha mo chogais agus mo chridhe agus mo spiorad gu lèir ag innse dhomh gu bheil — nach bu chòir gum biodh Calbhairi, agus a h-uile nì a tha Calbhairi a' ciallachadh, a' faotainn àite nar beatha nach eil nì sam bith eile a' faotainn?" Bu chòir, 's nam biodh a' chòir air a cumail, bhiodh na facail sgriobhte ann an litrichean beò air ar cridheachan: "An uair a ràinig iad Calbhairi, an sin cheus iad e, agus na droch dhaoine."

19. Ardachadh is Isleachadh

Ge be neach a dh'àrdaicheas e fèin, islichear e; agus ge be a dh'islicheas e fèin, àrdaihear e. — Lùcas 18: 14.

Air an t-Sàbaid seo chaidh bha sinn a' smaointinn air an Phairiseach agus air a' chis-mhaor a chaidh suas don Teampall a dheanamh ùrnaigh. Rinn am Phairiseach ùrnaigh mhòr ga mholadh fhèin agus ag innse do Dhia cho maith 's a bha e agus cho dona 's a bha daoine eile. Agus, air an làimh eile, cha leigeadh an t-eagal no an nàire leis a' chis-mhaor fiù a shùilean a thogail suas gu nèamh — bhuaile e uchd 's cha b'urrainn dha an còrr a ràdh ach seo: "A Dhia, dean tròcair ormsa a tha am pheacach." Agus thuir an Slànaighear gun do ghabh Dia ri ùrnaigh iriosal a' chis-mhaoir 's gun do chuir e cùl ri ùrnaigh uaibhreach an Phairisich, agus 's e an co-dhùnadh a dh'ionnsaigh an tàinig sinn gur h-e tha uasal an irioslachd, an dà chuid ann an seagh nàdurra agus ann an seagh spioradail — ann

an seagh nàdurra, gur h-e am fear sin a tha iriosal blàth, agus a ta faotainn dlùth don fheadhainn a ta air an cunntas nas isle na e fhèin, gur h-esan a tha uasal agus duineil; agus, ann an seagh spioradail, gur h-e am fear sin a tha smaointinn glè bheag de a mhaitheas fhèin is nach bi tuilleadh is cruaidh air daoine eile, gur h-esan, a-rèir teagasg a' Bhiobaill, a bhios air a chunntas iriosal uasal ann an sealladh nèimh.

An diugh smaointicheamaid air na facail a thuir an Slànaighear a thaobh an Phairisich agus a' chis-mhaoir air an tug sinn iomradh air an t-Sàbaid seo chaidh: "Ge be a dh'àrdaicheas e fèin, islichear e; agus ge be a dh'islicheas e fèin, àrdaihear e."

Tha daoine gan àrdachadh fèin ann an dà dhòigh. Air an aon làimh, tha daoine gan àrdachadh fèin ann an dòigh an Phairisich. Tha iad a' deanamh dheth, ma tha iad a' leantainn riaghailtean on taobh a-muigh, a' leughadh a' Bhiobaill, 's a' cumail na Sàbaid, 's a' deanamh ùrnaigh, 's a' gluasad gu faicilleach am measg an t-sluaigh, gu bheil iad nas fheàrr na daoine eile. Gun teagamh, tha na nithean sin iomchuidh, ma tha iad air an deanamh anns an spiorad cheart, is ann a ta iad a' fàgail dhaoine iriosal, agus chan ann mòr asda fhèin. Ma tha na nithean sin a' fàgail dhaoine cho cruaidh cumhann neo-thaitneach agus mòr asda fhèin ris na Phairisich, tha e 'na chomharradh gu bheil an cridhe fuar, agus nach eil an teine air a lasadh ann. Agus, co-dhiù, chan urrainn duinn faotainn thairis air seo — gu robh an Slànaighear fhèin anabarrach dèidheil air a' chridhe bhlàth. Is ann mu dheighinn tè a bh'air a cunntas 'na bana-pheacaich mhòir a thuir e: "Tha a peacaidhean a ta lionmhor air am maitheadh"; air an adhbhar sin ghràdhaich i gu mòr. 'S tha cuimhne agaibh gu robh an Slànaighear, a-rèir coslais, na bu dhèidheile air triùir de na deisciobail na bha e air càch — Peadar, Seumas, agus Eòin; agus a-rèir coslais, cuideachd, b'e an triùir sin luchd a' chridhe bhlàth. Bha Peadar cho blàth-chridheach 's gu robh e iomadh uair nach robh fios aige dè bha e deanamh, 's bha e cearta-coma dè dheanadh e fhad 's a gheibheadh e blàths a' chridhe a-mach. 'S bha an t-Abstol Eòin a rithist cho blàth-chridheach 's gur h-e bhiodh 'na laighe air broilleach an t-Slànaigheir, agus gur h-ann da a thug an Slànaighear an t-àite bu bhlàithe 'na chridhe. Chan eil e 'na iongantais idir, ma tà, ged thuir an Slànaighear, "Esan a

dh'ardaicheas e fèin, islichear e; agus esan a dh'islicheas e fèin, àrdaichear e", oir chan ann o bhlàths ach o fhuachd a' chridhe a dh'ardaicheas duine e fhèin. Agus am fear a dh'ardaicheas e fhèin, bithibh cinnteach às a seo, biodh e luath no biodh e mall, gun islichear e. Faodaidh sin tachairt ann an iomadh dòigh, ach co-dhiù tachraidh e.

Ach cuimhnichibh gu bheil dòigh eile ann cuideachd anns am faod neach a bhith ga àrdachadh fhèin, 's gun fhios aige air fad na h-ùine. Nach tric a chluinneas sibh fear ag ràdh: "Chan eil mise a' deanamh aideachadh sam bith; chan eil mi ceangailte ri Eaglais ann, 's chan eil mi gabhail orm fhèin ann an dòigh sam bith a bhith nas fheàrr na mo choimhearsnaich; ach aig a' cheart àm chì mi luchd-aideachaidh a' deanamh iomadh nì nach deanainn-sa, agus ann an iomadh dòigh tha iad nas miosa na mi fhèin." Dè tha an duine sin a' deanamh, ma tà, ach ga àrdachadh fhèin — tha e ga dheanamh fhèin 'na bhritheamh air càch, agus a' toirt breith orra, agus anns an t-seagh sin ga àrdachadh fhèin, agus mura h-islichear e ann an dòigh sam bith eile, faodaidh e bhith gun tèid isleachadh anns an dòigh seo — gu faic e air a' cheann fa dheireadh gu robh e ceàrr 'na bheachd. Thuirt duine glic roimhe, "Na toir breith air neach sam bith gus am feuch thu ri thu fhèin a chur 'na àite, agus gus an tuig thu dè bha 'na aire agus dè an dùrachd a bha 'na chridhe." 'S am bitheantas am fear a nì sin, cha toir e breith idir.

Nis, gu ruige seo bha sinn a' smaointinn air a' chiad chuid den cheann-teagaisg— "Esan a dh'ardaicheas e fèin, islichear e; ach tha a' chuid eile pailt cho fìor — "Esan a dh'islicheas e fhèin, àrdaichear e". Cha ruig mi leas a chur nur cuimhne mar a dh'islich an Slànaighear e fhèin. Dh'islich e e fhèin an uair a ghabh e air fhèin nàdur an duine. Dh'islich e e fhèin o a bhreith gu a bhàs air sgàth a shluaigh. Agus chan iongantach ged dh'islicheadh daoine eile iad fhèin. Tha e air a ràdh ann an Leabhar Aithghearr nan Ceist gu bheil dà sheòrsa peacaidh ann - peacadh gin agus peacadh gnìomh. Is e peacadh gin am peacadh a th'anns an duine gu nàdurra, 's a chaidh a bhreith còmhla ris, 's nach fhàg e gus an dealaich an anail ris. Agus is e peacadh gnìomh am peacadh a tha an duine a' cur an gnìomh, là an dèidh là. Ach tha am Bioball ag innse dhuinn gu bheil dà sheòrsa de pheacadh gnìomh ann — air an aon làimh, an t-olc a

ta e deanamh; air an làimh eile, am maith a ta e fàgail gun deanamh. Agus 's e seo an gnothach: ged nach biodh an t-olc a ta daoine deanamh gan dìteadh idir, bhiodh co-dhiù am maith a dh'fhàg iad gun deanamh gan dìteadh. Nach eil e soilleir, ma tà, nach eil dol às ann, 's nach eil a h-aon againn nach fhaod breith air làimh an fhir eile agus a ràdh, "Ma tha thusa ciontach ann an aon nì, tha mise ciontach ann an nì eile." Thuirt a h-aon de na naoimh o shean, "A dh'aindeoin na dh'fheuch mi de mhaith a dheanamh, dh'fhàg mi a dhà uiread gun deanamh; 's iomadh coibhneas a dh'fhaodainn a dheanamh nach d'rinn mi, agus 's iomadh facal blàth a dh'fhaodainn bhith air a ràdh, nach dubhairt mi; 's bha mi riann na bu choibhneile rium fhèin na bha mi ri daoine eile." Agus cò nach fhaodadh sin a ràdh; 's nan smaointicheamaid air gu h-onarach, an àite bhith faotainn coire do chach a chèile, 's e theireamaid, gach aon air a shon fhèin, "A Thighearna, dean tròcair ormsa a ta 'nam pheacach." Air mo shon fhèin, feumaidh mi aideachadh gum biodh barail a b'airde agam air an duine a theireadh na dhà no trì facail sin 'na chridhe, 's e ag imeachd air an rathad-mhòr, na ged bhiodh e air a ghlùinean fad an latha am fianais dhaoine eile. Tha fios aig Dia dè th'anns a' chridhe, 's dè tha sinn a' ciallachadh, 's dè an dùrachd a th'anns a' chridhe, agus nach e nì sam bith on taobh a-muigh a tha cunntas air a' cheann mu dheireadh.

Tha e air a ràdh mu dheidhinn Chalum Chille gu robh e aon latha, o ghairm choileach gu dol fodha na grèine, air a ghlùinean anns an eaglais, a' deanamh ùrnaigh. An ciaradh an fheasgair chaidh e mach, agus cò thachair ris ach fear de na bràithrean. Dh'fhaighneach Calum Chille dheth càite an robh e air a bhith. "Ma tà," ars am fear eile, "chuala mi gun deachaidh h-aon de na bràithrean air seachran, 's chaidh mi a dh'aon gnothach far an robh e a dh'innse dha, ma bha esan dona, gu robh mi fhèin a sheachd mhiosad ris." "Is tusa," ars Calum Chille, "a bha ag ùrnaigh, agus cha b'e mise — mise am fianais dhaoine, ach thusa am fianais nèimh."

20. Solas an t-Saoghail

Is mise solas am t-saoghail; an tì a leanas mise, cha siubhail e an dorchadas, ach bithidh solas na beatha aige. — Eòin 8: 12.

Chan eil nì ann cho brèagha ri solas, eadhon ann an seagh nàdurra. Nach abradh sibh gu bheil rud-eigin ceàrr air an duine sin nach deanadh gairdeachas ris a' ghrian no ri solas an latha, oir tha sinn uile ag aideachadh gu bheil leigheas anns an t-solas agus anns a' ghrèin. Gun teagamh, bha latha ann, agus b'fheàrr le daoine bhith còmhnaidh ann an uamhachan san talamh no ann an coilltean dùmhail no ann am frògan na beinne, ach 's e an t-eagal a bha toirt orra sin a dheanamh, oir cha robh riaghladh ann, is bha làmh gach fir an aghaidh a choimhearsnaich, agus mar sin bha cunnart anns an t-solas.

Ach an diugh, an uair a tha eagal o dhroch riaghladh air falbh, chan iarr daoine ach solas agus blàths na grèine — no, mar a thuirt na seann daoine, “Ri cùl gaoithe 's ri aodann grèine”. Agus gu cinnteach is mòr an t-atharrachadh a nì solas ann an spiorad an duine. An uair a bhios neach 'na laighe air leaba tinneis agus nach eil e faotainn cadal na h-oidhche, nach tric a shùil air an uinneag feuch a bheil solas an latha idir brath tighinn. Agus nach iomadh fear a bhios eu-dòchasach gu leòr feadh na h-oidhche is gnothaichean ag amharc anabarrach dorcha 'na aghaidh, a tha faotainn air ais a dhòchais agus a mhisneachd an uair a thig solas an latha agus a tha a' ghrian ag èirigh. Nach maith a thuig an Salmaidh seo an uair a thubhairt e:

Tràth feasgair fòs ged robh ann bròn,
thig aoibhneas leis an là.

Cha leig leas iongantais sam bith a bhith oirnn, ma tà, gu bheil am facal “solas” air a chleachdadh cho bitheanta anns a' Bhioball — anns an t-Seann Tiomnadh a thaobh ceartais, fireantachd, naomhachd, is Facal an Tighearna; agus anns an Tiomnadh Nuadh a thaobh an t-Slànaigheir agus a Shoisgeil. Mar thuirt e fhèin: “Is mise solas an t-saoghail.”

Chì sinn cho freagarrach is a tha am facal seo, ma smaointicheas sinn air cor an t-saoghail mun tàinig an Slànaighear. Bha trì treubhan no rìoghachdan ann a bha comharraichte am measg chàich — Iùdhaich, Greugaich, Ròmanaich — agus dh'fhaodamaid a ràdh gu robh a' chuid eile den t-Saoghal a tha aithnichte an diugh ann an dorchadas, eadhon ann an seagh

nàdurra. Agus bha na trìuir a dh'ainmich mi ann an dorchadas ann an seagh spioradail, ged nach robh ann an seagh nàdurra.

Bha na h-Iùdhaich air tuiteam on staid àrd anns an robh iad ri linn Dhaibhidh agus Sholaimh; bha an crùn air falbh uapa, agus bha coigrich a' riaghladh na dùthcha; agus, nì bu mhiosa air fad, bha an seann chreideamh air falbh — bha an teine air a dhol às, agus, ged bha luath gu leòr ann fhathast, bha an cridhe on tàinig an teas fuar marbh. Agus cha robh na Greugaich dad na b'fheàrr. Bha iad comharraichte airson dà nì — maise na h-inntinn agus maise na làimhe. Airson grinneas agus snas, an dà chuid ann an sgrìobhadh agus ann an clachan snaidhte, cha robh leithid nan Greugach riamh ann an eachdraidh an t-saoghail. Ach aig a' cheart àm cha robh àite do Dhia ann am beatha no ann an obair nan Greugach — neo-ar-thaing nach robh cathair bhreàgha aca, ach cha robh an Dia beò agus fìor 'na shuidhe anns a' chathair sin. Gun teagamh, bha smaointinn na b'fheàrr aig cuid aca, oir an ceann bhliadhnachan, an uair a thàinig an t-Abstol Pòl don Ghrèig, chunnaic e altair ann a h-aon de na sràidean, agus na facail seo sgrìobht' oirre: “Don Dia neo-aithnichte”. Agus arsa Pòl riu: “Esan da bheil sibh a' deanamh adhradh, gun eòlas agaibh air, is e a tha mise a' searmonachadh dhuibh.”

Aig a' cheart àm bha na Ròmanaich 'nan ruith is 'nan cabhaig, a' cur rìoghachd ri rìoghachd is dùthaich ri dùthaich, a' toirt a-mach maighistearachd agus glòir an t-saoghail le fuil is le iarann, gun ghuth air an dà nì a mhaireas — Dia agus anam an duine.

An uair a smaointicheas sinn, ma tà, air cor an t-saoghail an uair a thàinig an Slànaighear, agus an uair a chuimhnicheas sinn carson a thàinig esan, chì sinn cho freagarrach is a tha na facail seo: “Is mise solas an t-saoghail.”

Nis, ged tha gnothach againn ris an t-saoghal ann an seagh, agus ris na rìoghachdan ann an seagh, os cionn gach nì tha ar gnothach ruinn fhèin. 'S ma thuirt an Slànaighear, “Is mise solas an t-saoghail”, thuirt e cuideachd, “An tì a leanas mise, cha siubhail e ann an dorchadas, ach bithidh solas na beatha aige.” 'S nach fhaodamaid na trì dòighean cudthromach anns a bheil Crìosd a' toirt solas do gach aon, leth fa leth, a chur sìos ann am

beagan fhacal. Tha e a' toirt solais do dhaoine an là an dè, an là an diugh, agus an là màireach.

An là an dè. Tha an là an dè 'na chudthrom air gach aon againn, agus chan iongantach ged a bhitheadh. Thuirt fear roimhe: "Nan tachradh an là an dè rium an diugh, nach e a chuireadh an t-eagal orm!" Gun teagamh, chuireadh, a chionn gu bheil e làn pheacaidhean air a bheil cuimhne againn agus làn pheacaidhean air nach eil. 'S nan abradh fear ruibh, "Ged a gheibhinn-sa an là an dè air ais a rithist, cha toirinn atharrachadh sam bith às; an nì a bha mi is a tha mi, 's e dh'iarrainn a bhith gu bràth tuilleadh" 's e a theireadh sibh mu dheidhinn an duine sin gu robh e aona chuid ga mhealladh fhèin air neo nach do thuig e riamh an t-eadar-dhealachadh a tha eadar naomhachd Dhè agus mì-naomhachd an duine. Mas e an Salmaidh, nach e a thuirt e, "A Thighearna, na cuimhnich an aghaidh do sheirbhisich peacaidhean òige"; agus mas e an t-Abstol Pòl, nach e a thuirt esan, "Och, is duine truagh mi! Cò a shaoras mi o chorp a' bhàis seo?" "Tha mi a' toirt buidheachais do Dhia," ars esan, "tre Iosa Crìosd an Tighearna." Is e an Slànaighear, ma tà, solas an t-saoghail a thaobh an là an dè. Mas e is gun aidich sinn ar peacaidhean, bheil e maitheanas dhuinn. Is e sin a tha a' toirt dhinn cudthrom agus eagal an là an dè.

An là an diugh. Tha an là an diugh a' toirt uilc fèin agus a dhòighean fèin 'na chois, is ma thuit sinn an dè no ma ghèill sinn do na draghannan, ciamar a tha fios againn nach tachair a' cheart nì an diugh, agus nach tuit sinne; is dè as fheàrrde sinn maitheanas a thaobh an là an dè, ma tha an là an diugh a' dol a sgrìobhadh cunntais ùir nar n-aghaidh. Is maith dhuinn, ma tà, gu bheil solas an là an dè a' deàrrsadh air an là an diugh cuideachd. Nam biomaid ag iarraidh coimeas don t-Soisgeul, chan e a h-aon de na comharraidhean sin a chì sibh aig dealachadh nan rathad agus a tha mar gum b'eadh ag ràdh ruinn, "Sin do rathad-sa; imich thusa ann an sin." Tha an Soisgeul a' deanamh tuilleadh agus sin air ar son; tha e a' gluasad còmhla ruinn anns an rathad agus a' giùlan 'na chois maitheanas airson gach peacaidh, neart airson gach buairidh, leigheas airson gach galair, agus solas airson gach àite dorcha. "An tì a leanas mise", 's e tha Crìosd ag ràdh. Tha e fhèin a' dol air thoiseach anns an rathad, 's mar a bha an là an dè 'na làimh,

's mar a tha an là an diugh 'na làimh, mar sin tha an làrna-mhàireach 'na làimh cuideachd, agus a h-uile màireach a bhios ann. "Is e Iosa Crìosd an tì ceudna, an dè, an diugh, agus gu sìorraidh". 'S ged a tha iomadh solas anns an t-saoghal seo a thèid às — solais a chaidh a lasadh le gliocas no le fòghlam no le innleachd dhaoine, cha tèid an solas aige-san às co-dhiù a chionn gur h-e Solas na Beatha.

21. Anns an Oidhche

Agus 's e an oidhche a bh'ann. — Eòin 13: 30.

Ann an eachdraidh an t-saoghail tha dà sheòrsa ann de dhaoine ainmeil — na daoine sin a tha ainmeil a chionn gun d'rinn iad maith, agus na daoine a tha ainmeil a chionn gun d'rinn iad olc. 'S ann den dara seòrsa a tha Iùdas, agus tha e aig fìor cheann na rèisimeid dam buin e. Their sinn am bitheantas gu bheil Iùdas ra dhiteadh a chionn gun do bhrath e a Mhaighistir. Ach chan e sin idir an diteadh as motha a tha 'na aghaidh. An nì a bhios air òrdachadh tachraidh e, agus tha e soilleir gu leòr gu robh Calbhairi agus an Crann-ceusaidh air òrdachadh 's ged nach robh Iùdas air Crìosd a bhrath, is e bàs a' Chroinn-cheusaidh a bhiodh ann co-dhiù. Is e diteadh Iùdais gun do pheacaich e an aghaidh an t-solais; chuala e na b'fheàrr agus bha fios aige air na b'fheàrr, is a dh'aindeoin sin, is e a' chuid bu mhiosa 's chan e a' chuid a b'fheàrr a rinn e. Is iomadh fear a nì nì ceàrr ann an iomrall no gun smaointinn, ach cha chualas riamh gun gabhte lethsgèul an duine sin, eadhon ged a bhiodh a chaomh-charaid ceàrr. An tug sibh an aire riamh cho beag 's a tha am Bioball ag ràdh mu dheidhinn Iùdais. Tha e daonnan air ainmeachadh gur h-e a bhrath an Slànaighear 's tha e air innse mar thachair dha air a' cheann fa-dheòidh, agus chleachd an Slànaighear fhèin a dhà no trì de fhacail ghoirte ma dheidhinn — ach chan eil a bheag tuilleadh. 'S ann a shaoileamaid gum biodh caibidealan ma dheidhinn, ag innse cho ciontach 's a bha e 's cho gràineil 's a tha an gnìomh a rinn e. Ach 's e a' chuid as lugha a ghabhadh sgrìobhadh ma dheidhinn a th'air a thoirt dhuinn anns a' Bhìoball, agus chan e a' chuid as motha.

Aig a' cheart àm tha leithid de chudthrom anns a' bheagan

fhacal a th'air a chleachdadh 's nach urrainn neach sam bith gun a' chudthrom sin fhaireachadh: "Chaidh e a-mach air ball agus bha an oidhche ann." Is e an oidhche a bh'ann ann an dòigh no dhà do Iùdas, agus tha tuilleadh air innse anns na dhà no trì facail sin na ged a bhiodh leabhraichean sgrìobhte ma dheidhinn — "s e 'n oidhche bh'ann."

Nis, nì a tha nàdurra gu leòr, bha an oidhche riamh a' ciallachadh gnìomharan dorcha agus eu-dòchas. A' chuid as motha den chron a tha air a dheanamh anns an rioghachd agus feadh an t-saoghail, 's ann anns an oidhche a thàtar ga dheanamh. 'S chan eil e idir 'na iongantais ged a bhiodh eagal air daoine anns an oidhche nach eil idir orra anns an latha, oir anns an oidhche tha e cho furasda do naimhdean no do sgiòrradh sam bith tighinn air daoine gun fhiosda, an uair nach urrainn daibh iad fhèin a dhion gu ro-mhaith. 'S ann an nithean spioradail a theirear gu bheil an oidhche ann an uair a tha an t-olc cho làidir 's gu bheil e a' glacadh dhaoine thall 's a-bhos, no a' feuchainn ris co-dhiù, dìreach mar a thigeadh beathach fiadhaich air duine anns an oidhche. Theirear cuideachd gu bheil an oidhche ann an uair a tha neach a' call a dhòchais agus a tha e a' faicinn roimhe, chan e rathad fosgailte ach creag air nach faigh e thairis. Sin an suidheachadh anns an robh Iùdas an uair a dh'fhàg e an seòmar anns an robh an Slànaighear agus na h-abstòil eile, agus a chaidh e leis fhèin a-steach don oidhche. Chan eil fhios againn dè na smaointean a bhiodh aige anns an dorchadas, ach faodaidh sinn a bhith cinnteach nach robh aona chuid maise no ceol-gàire anna. Ma smaointich e, gun fhios da fhèin, air na làithean sona a bh'aca còmhla, agus air a' choibhneas agus air a' ghràdh a fhuair e, chuireadh e na smaointean sin bhuaithe, oir cha bhiodh a h-aon dìubh nach biodh dol an sàs ann mar bhior air a dheanamh dearg san teine.

Nach iomadh fear aig an robh cridhe goirt agus smaointinn dèistinneach an uair a dh'fhàgadh e beannachd aig comann air an robh mòr-mheas aige, ach fad na h-ùine chan i an oidhche a bhiodh 'na chridhe, oir, ged bha iad a' dealachadh, 's ann an càirdeas agus an deagh-dhùrachd do chach a chèile. Ach an uair a dh'fhàg Iùdas an seòmar, bhrìst e an càirdeas agus an gràdh, eadhon mar a bhrìstear soitheach crèadha air cloich. Gu bràth tuilleadh bhiodh abhainn na bu doimhne na an fhairege eadar

Iùdas agus an comann a dh'fhàg e. Nach fìor, ma tà, an seanfhacal — gu bheil amannan ann agus gur miosa an dealachadh beò na an dealachadh marbh. Chaidh e a-mach agus 's e an oidhche a bh'ann.

Tha roinn den dorchadas sin anns an t-saoghal an diugh. Theireadh na seann Ghàidheil gur h-e seo an suidheachadh bu mhiosa anns am b'urrainn neach a bhith: oidhche dhòrcha, ceò, uisge, agus gaoth mhòr ann; bàta caol corrach le siùil àrda a mach air an fhairege, agus còmhla ris gach nì eile sgioba fhann fheargach, gun urram aon da chèile. Nan abradh sibh na ceart fhacail sin mu dheidhinn na cuid as motha de na rioghachdan, cha bhiodh sibh fada ceàrr. Agus 's e seo an comharradh as miosa uile gu lèir — nach eil na nithean a tha tachairt a' cur idir uiread de dh'uamhas air daoine agus a bu chòir dhaibh a chur. Tha e air a ràdh gum fàs daoine cleachdta ri nì sam bith, ach cha bu chòir gum fàsadh daoine cleachdte ris an olc. An e gun d'fhàg an cogadh cridheachan dhaoine na bu chruaidhe agus cogaisean dhaoine na bu mhaola na bha iad roimhe? Co-dhiù, nach dona an comharradh e gum biodh uiread de mhòrt agus de mharbhadh ga dheanamh anns an rioghachd againn, agus nach cuireadh mòr-roinn den t-sluagh, a-rèir coslais, uiread de dhiù ann 's a chuireadh iad, abraibh, ann an sgillinn eile air an aran. Tha e dona gu leòr gum biodh an oidhche ann, ach 's ann a tha e dona buileach an uair nach eil daoine a' tuigsinn sin no (ma tha iad a' tuigsinn) a' deanamh dheth gu bheil an oidhche cho maith ris an latha. Agus, anns a' cheart dòigh, tha e dona gu leòr gum biodh mòrt cho cumanta, ach 's ann a tha e dona buileach an uair nach cuir an nì seo crith ann am feòil dhaoine mar a dheanadh e anns na làithean a dh'fhalbh. 'S dè as coireach ach nach eil sinn air ar lionadh mar bu chòir dhuinn le spiorad an t-Soisgeil mar a thàinig e o bhilean an t-Slanaigheir. Nam bitheadh, 's e theireamaid ruinn fhèin: "Is e mo bhràthair-sa a bha sin; 's ann ann a chaidh am peilear no an sgian, 's cha bhi mi toilichte gus an èirich an sluagh agus an abair iad, chan ann airson seo a bha Calbhairi ann; ma tha miltean ceàrr, bithidh iad air an cur ceart, chan ann an spiorad Iùdais ach ann an spiorad an t-Slanaigheir." An uair a thig an latha sin, theid daoine a-mach agus a-staigh, 's chan e an oidhche a bhios ann ach an latha, eadhon mar thuirt e fhèin: "Is mise solas an t-saoghail."

Glossary

achd in phr. *iochd air n-achd*, 7, 34, nevertheless, for all that
àilgheas, n.m., 2, wilfulness
ailis n.f. and vb.n., 13, 32, 41, disgrace, reproach
àin, n.f., 2, 8, in phr. *àin an là*, broad daylight
aineol, n.m., 34, in phr. *air a h-aineol*, on unfamiliar ground
ainn, n., 150, possibly synonymous with *aog*, 'death', in phr.
aog is ainn, though note in *Celtic Review*, III, 355,
 suggests pl. form of *fann*, 'weak'.
air, prep., 151, in comparison with. *mar reul air na*
rionnagan, like a planet in comparison with the stars
àirdeachd, n.f., 20, 34. *deanamh àirdeachd gu*, making
 headway towards. *àirdeachd an rathaid*, elevation,
 steepness of the roadway; difficulty
airean, n.m., 156, ploughman
airmseachd, n.f., 78, quickness in repartee, var. of *airmseachd*
allaban, n.m., 4, 26, 33, wandering, fatigue of journeying
allamharachd, n.f., 36, foreignness, hostility
alltha, adj., 26, pl. of *allaidh*, wild, untamed
amhasg, n.m., 35, 52, barbarian
an-uair, n.f., 32, bad weather
annlan, n.m., 45, sustenance
atach, n.m., 26, prayer
atharnach, n.f., 5, second crop, harvest
bac, n.f., 10, rowlock of a boat
bacaideach, adj., 156, studded, bossed
bachallach, adj., 44, melodious, warbling
bagarrach, adj., 80, threatening
baidealach, adj., 153, tapering, lofty
bainidh, adj., 39, womanly, modest
bàinidh, n.f., 25, rage, frenzy
balgam, n.m., 117, mouthful
banarach, n.f., 138, milkmaid
baobach, n.f., 143, misfortune, calamity
baobh, n.f., 40, rascally female
bàs a' chinn-adhairt, 3, 6, a natural death [lit. a pillow death]

beadagan, n.m., 160, upstart
beairteachadh, vb.n., 54, assembling, preparing
bean-ghlùin, n.f., 24, midwife
beannachadh, vb.n., 38, *a' beannachadh d'a chèile*,
 exchanging greetings
bearradh, n.m., 165. *bearradh eòin is amadain*, orig. *bearradh*
geòin is amadain, fool's tonsure, clipping in mockery. See
 Angus Matheson, 'Some Words from Gaelic Folktales',
Éigse VIII, 255
beic, n.f., 45, 72, curtsey
beòlagraich, n.f., 163, converse
beul, n.m., 54, *beul ri*, almost
beul-bochd, 75, pleading of poverty
beul-bòidheach, 75, flattery
beul-mòr, 75, boastful talk
beumannach, adj., 160, striking, wounding
beum-sgèithe, n.m., 32, the issuing of a challenge [lit. striking
 of a shield]
beum-slèibh, n.m., 44, mountain torrent, landslide
biorgadh, vb.n., 31, piercing
blaith-sheamhuill, 124, 125, 126. This obscure expression
 appears, in the context, to mean a causeway, or some such
 structure, formed by the drowned bodies in the loch
blaom, vb., 39, blink
blaomadh, n.m., 157, a surprised blinking or opening of the
 eyes
blasag, n.f., 36, a taste
bloighdeag, n.f., 44, fragment
boisleag, n.f., 25, palmful
boiteag, n.f., 38, worm
bonn-a-h-ochd, n.m., 69, a coin of very small value
bòrd-uisge, n.m., 19, keelboard of a boat
braid, n.f., 39, theft
braidseal, n.m., 40, a large fire
braisead, n.f., 56, *dol am braisead*, becoming more ardent
bràthadh, vb.n., 23, milling with a quern
bràthraich, vb.n., 25, be a brother to
breacladh, vb.n., 3, fishing for trout
brèid, n.m., 11, *gun bhrèid aodaich rithe*, carrying no sail

breodail, adj., 152, *gu breodail*, smartly, vigorously
bricean, n.m., 29, small trout
brodadh, vb.n., 137. *brodadh an teine*, poking the fire
bruadar na dunaidh, 145, a dream of disaster
bruthaiste, n.f., 67, brose
bucaideach, adj., 156, studded
buchallach, adj., 44, nestling
buinneag, n.f., 42, 43, *a bhuinneag*, familiar term of address to a female
cagaran, n.m., 30, term of endearment used of a child. *mo chagaran gràidh*, my beloved little darling
cagarsaich, n.f., 7, 34, whispering
caim, n.f., 163, guarding, encirclement. *beannachd na caoime's na caime*, the blessing of protection and guarding
caimich, vb., 25, protect, encompass
cairbhinn, n.f., 144, carrion
càirean, n.m., 137, gum of the mouth
calanas, n.f., 68, wool-working
calpa, n.m., 2, nail used in boat-building
canntail, n.f., 23, 27, chanting
canntaireachd, vb.n., 22, singing merrily
caob, n.m., 36, piece, portion
caoim, n.f., 163, shelter, protection. See J. L. Campbell (ed.), *Gaelic Words and Expressions from South Uist and Eriskay*, 2nd edn. 1972, 258. Cf. *caim supra*
caoin, n.f., 36, 39, 47, surface, exterior aspect
car, n.m., 30, twist. *a-rèir a' chuir a bhiodh anns an adhairc* depending on the circumstances
car-mu-chnoc, 71, an evasive dodge
carrach, adj., 126, scabby, mangy
cathan, n.m., 6, barnacle goose
ceall, n.m., 23, 33, monastic cell
ceannsgalach, adj., 8, domineering
cearrachas-làidir, n.m., 21, 111, tyranny
ceatharn, n.f., 23, troop
ceatharnas, n.m., 30, *air cheatharnas*, on a freebooting expedition
ceòban, n.m., 34, *ceòban uisge*, smirr of rain
ceòlagraich, n.f., 163, crooning

cinneadalachd, n.f., 52, sense of pride in one's own race
claisneach, n.m., 136, *air claisneach a dhroma*, flat on his back
clàradh, vb.n., 13, *is duilich a chlàradh air na mnathaibh* it is hard to convince the women of it
cleas a' chleitim, 161, prob, a corruption of *cleas a' chleitin*, javelin feat. See W.J. Watson (ed.), *Rosg Gàidhlig*, 2nd edn. 1929, 214
cleas an òigeam, 161, perhaps 'ogham feat'. See Watson, *loc. cit.*
clì, n.f., 28, vigour
clibeach, adj., 16, clumsy, ungainly
clis, adj., 113, brisk
clisgeadh, n.m., 154, *a chlisgeadh*, in a trice
clò, n.m., 21, *clò a' bhàis*, the slumber of death
cnapadach, adj., 8, humpy, uneven
cneadhach, adj., 161, wound-inflicting
cneasda, adj., 15, humane, decent, seemly
cneasdachd, n.f., 15, seemliness
cniadachadh, vb.n., 6, caressing
cnuasachd, vb.n., 47, pondering
cobhar, n.m., 13, foam
coille, n.f., 26, *fo choill*, outlawed
coite, n.f., 26, boat
comaidh, n.f., 38, the sharing of food. *aithne gun chomaidh*, acquaintance at a distance, secondhand knowledge
comain, n.f., 38, 143, obligation. *cha bu chomain domh*, it would ill become me. *an comain nam briathran ceudna*, in like manner
comraich, n.f., 22, sanctuary, haven
corpan-crèadha, n.m., 31, clay effigy used in casting spells
corran, n.m., 28, sickle
cosnach, n.m., 122, labourer
crannag, n.f., 154, crow's nest (in a ship's mast)
craos, n.m., 117, gullet
cridheag, n.f., 29, affectionate term for a girl
crioman, n.m., 84, 129, small piece
critheann, n.m., 9, aspen
crochaire, n.m., 39, hangman, villain

cromadh, n.m., 143, unit of measurement, corresponding to the distance between the tips of the fingers and the knuckles
cruaidh-leadradh, vb.n., 144, violently pounding
crùisgean, n.m., 31, oil lamp
cuailean, n.m., 29, tress of hair
cuaran, n.m., 155, fold, rumple
cuibean, n.m., 160, spark
cuibheas, n.m., 150, sufficiency
cuibhiseach, adj., 41, *cuibhiseach maith*, tolerably good
cuid, n.f., *cuid na h-oidhche*, 58, a night's hospitality
cuigealadh, vb.n., 23, 31, working with the distaff
cuimsich, vb., 40, aim
cuir, vb., 30, *a'cur an Rubha Mhòir*, rounding the Rubha Mòr
cùlachas, n.m., 22, *cùlachas gaoithe*, a position sheltered from the wind
culaidh, n.f., 29, clothing
cùl-taice, n.m., 57, prop, support
cuman, n.m., 28, milking pail
cunnart-mullaich, n.m., 52, paramount danger
dachaigh-càin, n.f., 156, a quiet home
dalachrann airein, 156, a ploughman's second plough. See Watson, *op. cit.*, 212
dall, vb., *dhall iad orra*, 114, they hotly pursued them.
faodaidh tu . . . dalladh oirre, 48, you may belabour her
dallaran, n.m., 5, blinded or deluded person
dealan, n.m., 39, gleam, spark
dearbh-shamhailt, n.f., 31, symbol, representation
dearc-luachrach, n.f., 131, lizard
deireadh, n.m., *mu dheireadh 's mu dhiù*, 8, at long last
deireasach, adj., 38, backward
deisearachd, n.f., 22, *deisearachd grèine* a southern exposure
deodhalachd, n.f., 55, tenderness
dile, n.f., 156, *gu deireadh na dìleann*, to the end of time
dinneadh, vb.n., 72, *air an dinneadh*, pressed, crowded
dioghail, vb., 7, *dhioghail a' bhàrdachd air anabarr na teangaireachd*, the poetry has suffered from excess of wordiness
diol, n.m., 40, usage, treatment

disnein, n.pl., 161, dice
diù, see *deireadh*
donnalaich, vb.n., 120, howling
dòrainn, n.f., 164, pain
dorran, n.m., 45, 109, vexation, *bha ise air a dorranachadh*, 123, she was vexed
dosanaich, vb., 11, *is mairg a dhosanaicheadh rithe* pity the one who showed her disrespect
drèin, n.m., 62, grimace, expression of disgust
dronnag, n.f., 136, ridge of the back
duain, vb., 25, sing to, lull
duanadh, vb.n., 22, addressing in song
dubh-chall, 34, *air chall is air dubh-chall* utterly lost
dubh-chapall, 152, some form of punishment or indignity. See notes in *Celtic Review*, III, 356, and J.L. Campbell (ed.), *Hebridean Folksongs*, Vol. II, 1977, 246
dubh-fhacal, n.m., 27, mysterious or enigmatic utterance
dubh-sàmhach, adj., 140, absolutely silent
dubh-sgoilear, n.m., 18, one possessed of magic arts
dùdaire, n.m., 44, trumpeter, herald
dùiseal, n.m., 46, slumber
dùr-liodradh, vb.n., 144, steadily belabouring
eag, n.f., 46, *calg-dhìreach an eagaibh a chèile*, entirely in agreement
ealtainn, n.f., 38, birds (coll.)
earalas, n.m., *an earalas dad a bhith ceàrr*, 24, for fear that something might be wrong. *dìreach anns an earalas*, 48, just as a precaution. *mus robh luchd na Gàidhlig 'nan earalas*, 58, before Gaelic speakers were alerted
earra-dhubh, n.m., 55, wane. *tha an t-earra-dhubh air bruidhinn*, *is gu sònraichte air sgrìobhadh*, *na Gàidhlig*, the speaking of Gaelic, and more especially the writing of it, is on the wane
earradh-iasaid, n.m., 53, borrowed garb
eàrr-ite, n.f., 41, tail feather
easgannach, adj., 7, eel-like, supple
èirig, n.f., 136, ransom price
eislinn, n.f., 26, bier
euradh, n.m., 39, refusal

failc, vb., 2, 161, bathe
fàilidh, adj., 18, stealthy, quiet
fàir, n.f., 33, dawn
fàite-gàire, n.f., 30, smile
faitich, vb., 25, *dh'fhaitich i air falbh mi*, she gestured (smiled?) me on my way
falach-cuain, n.m., *chuir an cabhlach seo gu falach-cuain na reubairean*, 37, this fleet caused the plunderers to make themselves scarce on the sea. *a' dèanamh falach-cuain air*, 158, leaving him marooned
fàlaire, n.f., 151, steed, palfrey
falpanaich, vb.n., 153, splashing
faol-mhara, n.m., 14, sea-wolf
faosaid, n.f., 22, 39, confession
fathann, n.m., 18, 23, report
feaman, n.m., 143, tail or rump (of deer)
fearas-fo-thuinn, n.m., 55,? steadfastness
fearra-long, n.f., 18, 19, spectre ship
fidileireachd, n.f., 56, fiddling, trifling
fiughaidh, adj., 153, wooden
fleasgach, n.m., 126, young man
fochaid, n.f., 27, mockery
fosgarra, adj. 45, frank, affable
friochdadh, n.m., 162, stab
frion, vb., 3, become angry, bristle
fròg, n.f., 26, 98, cleft
fuarraidh, adj., 59, chill, musty
fuin, vb., 28, bake
fulpanaich, vb.n., 153, plashing
gabadh, n.m., 128, *gun ghuth gun ghabadh*, without saying a word
gabh mu thàmh, 119, *ghabh iad mu thàmh*, they went to bed, settled down for the night
gachannach, adj., 159, harsh, acerbic
gaineamhan, n.m., 41, grain, particle
galadhad, 10, *mo ghaladhad*, familiar term of address to a female
gaoth, 42, *a thigeadh an gaoith do sgèithe*, who would approach you

garbh, n.m., 57, rough ground
geòcach, n.m., 165, glutton, scavenger
geòp, n.m., 41, blether
gille-mirein, n.m., 54, puppet
gille-turais, n.m., 10, envoy, messenger
giobach, adj., 76, ragged, unkempt
gionach, adj., 13, voracious
giseag, n.f., 24, 75, superstitious ceremony or precaution
glag paiseanaidh, 154, *thuit e nuas 'na ghlag paiseanaidh*, he fell down in a dead faint
glas-ghuib, n.f., 146, muzzle, gag. *cuiridh sin a' ghlas-ghuib air a' chuthag a ta 'na inntinn*, that will silence the cuckoo in his mind
gliogarsaich, n.f., 159, clanking, rattling
gliong, n.m., 46, sound
glog geòidh, 12, the gaggle of a goose
glog-shùil, n.f., 39, hollow eye
glumach, adj., 9, dark
glumag, n.f., 35, deep pool
glùn, n.f., 40, generation. *cò thug glùn domh*, 68, who nursed me?
gogaid, n.f., 40, silly female
gogan, n.m., 47, small wooden bucket
goic, n.f., 42, *goic 'na cheann*, his head at an angle
goileam-oilean, n.m., 45, rigmarole
gointe, p.part., 159, wounded
goirtean-fogharaidh, n.m., 28, harvest field
goistidh, n.m., 19, companion
gonadh, n.m., 27, wounding: *bhiodh gonadh orm gu là mo bhàis*, I should keenly regret it to the day of my death
gradag, n.f., 44, instant; *an ceart ghradaig an ama*, this very instant
gràinne-mullaich, n.m., 16, the topmost grain, the best; *cò bu ghràinne-mullaich dhiubh*, which of them outmatched the other
grathann, n.m., 31, space of time, short while
grianan, n.m., 22, a sunny green
gris, n.f., 59, cold shiver
griseann, adj., 46, brindled

grùthan, n.m., 114, liver
gùgail, vb.n., 40, calling (of a cuckoo)
guileag, vb.n., 12, calling (of a swan); *guileag-bhàis*, n.f., 55
 swansong
guin, n.m., 162, wound, hurt
gusgal, vb.n., 2, 12, 14, calling (of a seal)
hòro-gheallaidh, n.f., 28, memorable incident, stir
ibeag, n.f., 145, charm
impis, 112, *an impis*, almost, as good as
iochd air n-achd, 7, 14, 34, 41, for all that, willy-nilly,
 assuredly
iola, n.f., 26, fishing bank
iomair, n.m., 52, field
iomchair, n.m., 135, accusing, blaming. *cuimhnich nach bi
 agad ri bhith cur iomchair ormsa*, remember you are not to
 blame me
iomluas, n.m., 39, inconstancy
iomrall, n.m., 46, error
iongradh, vb.n., 31, festering, causing to fester
iorghail, n.f., 53, furore
ireachd, 51, maturity
iteal, n.m., 46, attempt
lacha bheag, n.f., 6, teal
lach a' chinn uaine, n.f., 6, mallard
lacha mhòr, n.f., 6, eider duck
lachan stiùrach, n.f., 6, long-tailed duck
lapanach, vb., 34, trudge
lasag, n.f., 80, gleam
lasgaire, n.m., 23, a stalwart
lasganaich, vb.n., 19, laughing, whooping
lasgarra, adj., 6, active
leadairt, vb.n., 157, tearing, mangling
lear, n.m., 153, sea, ocean
leibid, n.m., 135, accident, mischance
leigeil, vb.n., 138, milking
lèine, n.f., 26, shroud
lèineag, n.f., 26, baby's gown
leirist, n.m., 42, misfit
leitir, n.f., 28, hillside

leth-bhàir, n.f., 161, goal in shinty
leth-bhreitheach, adj., 31, biased
lide, n.m., 47, syllable, word
liobhadh, vb.n., 155, sharpening, whetting
liuthail, vb.n., 25, bathing
loda, n.m., 15, 151, small pool
lom, 14, 25, *air luim*, on dry land
lomhainn, n.f., 150, leash
los, conj., 147, for the purpose of
lùdag, n.f., 138, little finger
luidealach, n.m., 142, blockhead
luimein, n.m., 6, breeze
màb, vb., 16, abuse
màgan, n.m., 131, toad
màirnealachd, n.f. 25, dilatoriness
maith ris a' mhaith agus olc ris an olc, 38, comparing like
 with like
manadh, n.m., 24, omen, prediction
meamhair, n.f., 40, *meamhair na fàidheadaireachd*, the
 faculty, or gift, of prophecy
mèinneach, adj., 143, discreet
mìomhail, adj., 40, 43, impolite, unmannerly
miosaich, vb., 4, become worse
mire-chatha, n.f., 23, battle frenzy
mnatha-siùbhla, n.pl., 159, women in travail
mòd, n.m., 32, court, order of procedure
moigean, n.m., 39, plump little fellow
mosach, adj., 151, mean, contemptible
muthairnean, n.pl., 155, ankles
nàisinn, n.f., 14, native stock
nàistinn, n.f., 62, caution, circumspection
norrage, n.f., 48, nap, forty winks
oidhche, n.f., 52, *cuid na h-oidhche*, see *cuid*
òglach, n.m., 156, young warrior
ortha, n.f., 24, prayer, spell
ospagaich, vb.n., sighing, *anns an ospagaich*, 48, gasping,
 panting
pìos, n.f., 164, goblet
pràmh, vb., 25, grieve, become dejected

pràmh, n.m., 145, dejection
prasgan, n.m., 23, band
rachd, n.f., 80, *thàinig rachd caoinidh air*, he broke down and wept
raoceil, n.f., 19, roaring, bellowing
rasgach, adj., 139, grating
rath, n.m., 20, prosperity, good fortune
rathail, adj., 13, 15, fortunate
reabhairt nan eun, 24, the spring-tide of the birds (around the time of St. Patrick's Day, March 17th)
reasgach, adj., 139, harsh
rèidh, 57, *air an rèidh*, on level ground
rèilig, n.f., 6, 23, burial place
reubair, n.m., 37, robber, plunderer
riaghailteach, adj., 134, *ann an àm riaghailteach*, in good time
riasladh, vb.n., 123, exhausting, damaging
rioba, n.m., 151, a hair
riobag, n.f., 144, a little hair
ròic, n.m., 40, 125, feast
roid, n.f., 154, *le roid*, at a run
roimh-mhithich, adv., 5, prematurely; adj., 22, *sgeul roimh-mhithich*, prophetic report
ròineag, n.f., 143, a single hair; *ri ròineig*, 47, in tow
ròlaist, n.m., 48, declamation
rosad, n.m., 20, 25, misfortune; *fhuair an rosad-mhara grèim air*, 13, he was overtaken by the doom of the sea
rosg, vb., 55, incite, arouse
rudhadh, n.m., 58, *nach rachadh anns an dearg rudhadh*, but would blush to the roots of his hair
sac, n.m., 165, a choking
sac eich, 134, a horse load
saobh, vb., 56, turn aside, apostatise. *air an tur shaobhadh*, 21, entirely taken over
saobhadh, n.m., 56, deviation
saod, n.m., 162, way, means
saoidh, n.m., 154, sage
seachran-gaoil, 31, *tè air an tàinig seachran-gaoil*, a woman crossed in love
searganach, n.m., 159, a withered, ailing person

seise, n.m., 137, the equal, match
seisear, n.f., 11, a group of six; *seisear ghillean*, six lads
seudagach, adj., 44, jewelled
seunadh, vb.n., 19, 25, charming, protecting
sgag, vb., 155, warp, crack
sgàirneach, n.m., 44, scree
sgaoth, n.f., 43, 74, flock, large number
sgeul-rùin, n.m., 22, a secret
sgiolta, adj., 45, neat, well-turned
sgiorradh, n.m., 102, calamity
sgiorragach, adj., 26, accidental
sgithich, 161, *le sgithich no le sgothaich*. Note in *Celtic Review*, III, 358, citing a parallel run, suggests this phrase may be a corruption of *le sgiotaiche no le sgotaiche*, and would translate: 'by gamester or juggler'
sgleogach, adj., 45, snivelling, sycophantic
sgleogaireachd, n.f., 45, prattle, gabble
sgonn, n.m., 126, *sgonn mòr caileig*, a big lump of a girl
sgothaich, 146, see *sgithich*
sgràbach, adj., 9, 76, rough, shaggy
sgrath, n.f., 23, turf
sgreag, vb., 31, become dry, shrivelled; *sgreagadh*, vb.n., 56
sgreataidh, adj., 40, nasty, appalling
sgròban, n.m., 157, throat, gizzard
sgùirt, n.f., 130, skirt, lap
siachadh, vb.n., 31, spraining
sianadh, 81, *chan eil thu sianadh nas fheàrr dheth*, you are not a whit better off
silteach, n.f., 25, stream, gush
siogaidh, adj., 2, 150, beguiling, captivating
sioman, n.m., 31, rope of twisted straw or heather
sitheadh, n.m., 144, thrust
siùrra feamann, 165, seaweed wrack
slacanta, n.m., 156, club, cudgel
sliom, adj., 39, smooth
slugan, n.m., 54, gullet
smàg, n.f., 5, paw; *fo 'smàig*, under her power
smaoisleachadh, n.m., 157, stirring in sleep
smuais, n.f., 31, marrow

smùid, n.m., 41, *smùid aige air port*, spiritedly playing a tune
snàgach, adj., 31, reptilian
snàig, vb., 58, creep
snighe, n.f., 31, rain coming through the roof of a house
sogan, n.m., 146, exhilaration caused by drink
soganach, adj., 130, merry
soirbheas, n.m., 11, 43, a fair wind
spailp, vb., 71, *a b'fheàrr a spailpeadh e*, who would cut a finer figure
sparradh, vb.n., 58, thrusting
spilgean, n.m., 71, small grain, particle
spùinneadair, n.m., 44, plunderer
srannadh, n.m., 47, word, cheep
stàirn, n.f., 3, consternation
stalla, n.m., 11, cliff
stamh, n.m., 3, sea tangle
steall, n.f., pl. *still*, 153, splashes, spouts of water
stiùireamaich, n.m., 5, steersman
sturn-starn, n., 141, din
stururaich-stararaich, n., 141, clatter
sugairt, n.m., 44, cheerfulness, glee
sùgan, n.m., 3, 31, rope of twisted straw
sùil bheag, n.f., 42, a wink
suirgheach, n.f., 13, fiancée
sùlaire, n.m., 6, gannet, solan goose
tabh, n.m., 37, ocean
tailceas, n.m., 150, contempt, disdain
tairgneachd, n.m., 157, prophecy, prediction; *dan robh e san tairgneachd*, of whom it was foretold
tairteil, adj., 150, vigorous
taisead, n.m., 56, *dol an taisead*, becoming weaker
tanalach, n.m., 37, shallow water
tarbh truid, n.m., 160, bull of battle
tatadh, n.m., 4, caressing; *a thatadh an t-sluaigh*, 26, to ingratiate himself with the people
teach mo thriubhais, 162,? the covering of my trews
teadhair, n.f., 109, tether
teangair, n.m., 45, orator, spokesman
tearmad, n.m., 39, sanctuary

teòdhalachd, n.f., 55, 56, affection, warmth
teòthadh, vb.n., 38, *a' teòthadh ri m'fhine*, feeling affection for my own kind
teugmhail, n.f., 27, peril, danger
tì, 122, *an tì air thusa thogail tigh ùr da*, of a mind that you should build a new house for him
tighinn, vb.n., 6, *gun tighinn air sin idir*, leaving that completely aside
tilg, vb., 52, shed, discard
tiomadh, n.m., 35, 56, 80, a softening
tobhta, n.f., 10, rower's bench in a boat
togail, vb.n., 30, *gu robh chuile bò a b'fheàrr na chèile anns a' bhuaile air a togail*, that all the best cows in the fold had been stolen
treallaichean, n.pl., 156, accoutrements
troileis, n.f., 38, rubbish
trom-lighe, n.f., 156, nightmare
trulainn, adj., 165, topsy-turvy
tuaitheal, adj., 8, perverse
tùis, n.f., 34, incense
tul-fhìrinn, n.f., 75, the absolute truth
tulmsag, n.f., 160, little knoll
tunga, n.f., 11, burial ground
tùrais, n.f., 158, tower
tùrlach, n.m., 152, fire
ubag, n.f., 24, 145, charm
uidhearachd, n.f., 17, progression
uirt, 150, possible pl. form of *ord* (Lat. *ordo*; see *RIA Dict.*), order, sequence, arrangement; used here in musical context. Cf. *Celtic Review*, III, 355
ulaidh, n.f., 13, 26, 52, treasure
urracha mòra, n.pl., 10, the nobility, gentry
urra-sgithinn, n.f., 156, a mighty(?) knife
ùtraid, n.f., 25, path, track

I

THE SEA

1. The Atlantic Ocean

Binne-beul had been wandering for a long time in the land of the Orna, and one day she said that it would be better for her now to go home to her own heaven, where the sun would never set and where the wind would never rise and where the music would never cease. At dusk she went into her galley, which required no shelter or shelter but the desire of her own heart, and like the swan she flew out of sight. But on the gentle breeze of autumn she left many farewells and blessings behind her. Farewell, my beloved people, there is a light on a reef that I miss, and west of that is my home. Farewell, my beloved people, to ebb and flow, and the man who would follow me would take the ferry of the waves.

Ever since that night, the desire of youth and the heart of age have been searching for the west — whether or not the lighthouse is still on the reef.

I sat on a rock by the shore, in the sun, which was most of May. On my knees, in the valley, the lambs were bleating and the calves were bleating. In front of me the birds were nesting in the grass, a ship was cooling off on the headland, the girls were running on the beach and throwing sticks at the gulls that were flapping their wings on the waves. "Little one," I called to him, "your grandfather is with the sheep and your mother is in the fold, and it would be a shame for the boys to be among the lambs and calves!" "I must be playing with the gulls," he said; "I have already killed nine of them, and I am trying to kill three more before the headland takes the stick from me." "Little island, little island" — but it was not to him alone that I spoke — "your father lies at the bottom of the sea, and there is not a single island or bay between here and Rocabarry that has not been a deathbed at one time or another for the people from whom you came, and I greatly suspect that, unless Providence itself does otherwise, it will not

"It is not to the grave but to the sea that you and your kind are growing." "It is the curse of the Lord," he said, "but the word remains, and in the heart of the land I will take the grove and make of it the Sgeir Bhreac." "Yes, my hero, to see the grove that has laid the sleep of death around your brother's feet." But it was not my words that were the point. "In the heart of the land", he said, "the grove of the straits will be like the Sgeir Bhreac, singing that song that they learned long ago in Scandinavia, before their stepmother put the poor things under the spell. I heard their tunes from my grandfather, but it would be better to learn them from their own lips." "Yes, yes, my hero, and I will guarantee that the Sgeir Bhreac is not your destination at the end of the story." "No, with your permission; if I am a good boy, and am not a fool to play with the seagulls, I will find the big boat the next time it sails; on the other side of the peninsula is the Traigh Ban where the mermaid hunts for herself, and the sweet cave where she eats the lords; and if I could only get a little on the helm, which I am not likely to get, I would reach the lake further down, where the gold of Spain is hidden and the slender black ghost protects it." "Yes, yes, my dear fellow, and it will not be long before the ship will be a full-fledged ship, with a helm and three silver masts, and the Atlantic Ocean under its nose! There was once a time when I knew that very ship; she,; I took many stories from her, and there was not a rod or a capital, a mast or a stern that I did not name. The Atlantic Ocean!

The Atlantic Ocean! Her voice was the land of fairy tales! The sun will shine upon her in the evening and before the birds' song is heard in the sky, the dream of youth has flown to its deep depths.

But, O, little town, little town —

Another woodpecker fell among the gulls. "Three more!", he said proudly, "and the head hasn't given me the stick yet!"

That night will be long remembered. Its story is written in many a hut and in many a ruin by the sea, and in the days that have not come a man will proudly tell that he was born on the Feast of the Seven Sabbatarians. It was only necessity but the sickness that sent me from my own house that night, and if desire had taken me home, I would not have been out under the shade of a rock all day: But the purchase was cheaper than the promise of what I saw; if I had never understood before

The terror of the blind, they were on fire, now felt and understood. Every gust of wind that came increased in severity until finally one gust of wind was enough to make the storm roar at the very peak of its power. And, as an ox with its mouth drives another ox to

The sea was silent under the wind; it was still and silent in the face of its tempter, and when it could not be seized, it took revenge on the innocent, and with a leap it dashed itself against the rocks. With the wind and the terror my head went wild, and when I saw the lightnings flashing in the darkness, I knew that they were sparks of fire from the weapons of the warriors who were in close combat with each other, and if there were thunderbolts in the fire, they were in the same tune in the storm and could not be distinguished from each other. But however long the night was, it came to an end at last, and as quickly as I could straighten my steps as that storm would permit me, I set off for the town. On the way, I saw a woman lying on a beach, the foam of the waves splashing over her, her body covered with a blanket of sadness. "Woman, woman," I called to her, "the end of the sea is bad at this hour." "Yes, stranger," she said, "but it is not good to set foot on land! My only son was on the waves last night, and the King of the Eyes knows what he is doing today. Woe to him who has trusted his part or his family to the sea—it has always been merciless and pitiless—and he was destined to drown with her. When other boys were playing in the sand or playing in the rocks, it was his game to play with the waves and the seagulls. And it was certainly not a mistake to send him to sea. He lost his father and his brother to sea-sickness, and the death of a chieftain was never rare among the people from whom he came. But what a fool I am! Until a bag of sand is made on the beach, the blood of that sailor will not be washed away." "at."

With this she rose to her feet, shook the dirt from her clothes, and turned her face towards the village. She saw a bundle in the heap—in the twinkling of the dirt she had it out on the top of the beam. "She shall have it with the bundle," she said, "the man and the part alike." She saw a page of the Bible swaying in the wind—she bent down and put it to her breast. "Peace

"The hand that held and the eye that read were filled with tears." She saw the picture of the rock formation—she placed it beside the page. "My son had a picture too, if not for his—God forbid that another mother is raising them on a distant shore today!"

Alas, alas, however sweet the mother's breath may be and however full her voice may be, the Atlantic Ocean will rob her only son from her, leaving a longing in his heart that will not be quenched by the joy of home or the love of women.

"With your permission," he said, sitting by the side of the road, letting out his sigh, "if I don't disturb your mind or your step, I would really like to have a private moment."

"Very well, my friend," said I, "the company is greater, the journey is shorter — and I have an unforgettable acquaintance with you, after all." "We are friends in the flesh," said he, "but I fear that traveling for many days and years will erase the acquaintances from my memory."

He then told me of the many seas he had sailed and the many shores he had struck, the fortune that had brought him. "And though I have not yet built it," said he, "my day will surely come, if I myself am watchful in the gracious Providence." At the word the mist lifted the tops of the mountains; the sun's rays added a third to the beauty of the valley; my heart was attached to my own country, and it was to my surprise that any wise man would think of leaving it. In the lair of the Mountains the thought of my heart was in his mouth. "Home, home," he said, "no man is alone; but the fireside was never at his flower until evening came, when the stranger was weary with travel and sweat. For my own part, I have not yet had my fill of the lights and the towns and the blue mountains far away; and, whether I am a fool or not, my full hope is, before the spring is over and the moon is dark, to be once more on a ship, sailing to the western lands."

The blood, the blood, I thought to myself. Three thousand years have not cooled her; she still makes the heart yearn and the foot wander, and she does both things so intensely—wish the morning would go and wish the evening would return.

It was only a thatched house, but you could walk a long way.

before you saw anything like it. The moor and the forest gave him a quiet place, the streams of music, the opening at the bottom of the valley a view of the sea, and if the king had asked for better, he would have wished for more. A man of the house was sitting on a log, with his mouth under him, now spinning a sail and now bridling his children as they ran at his feet. "She will never go to sea again," I said to him, putting my foot on the back of the stick. "She will never go to sea again, nor will she go," he said. "Yes, yes, my friend, however much the land may be cultivated, she has never left it empty." "She has never left it completely, at least," he said; "at least the father of the land is better than the father of the waves. I was young and I trusted my part and my life to the sea, and she gave me a third of my life, and my whole part. But she got what she gets from me and, if I dare say, from my people. My mother, a widow, combed her hair gray many years ago with grief; and God forbid that a son of mine should ever set foot on a ship's deck, and face the sea. The Atlantic cannot but have the Bad Wind! She cast some spell on me from the first day I built a hut on the beach, and I was almost completely under her spell, body and soul, at the end of the story. But there was a day, and it was a day of peace for me, a woman's love charmed me, and now I am free "Forever from this spell of the Deep."

He gave his children a flower, and his face lit up with the warmth of a father's love. "How happy I am today!" he said; "the calves bleating, the lambs bleating, my concubine in the fold, my children around my knees, and I am only a step from home. And when I close the door at night, if the sound of the sea comes in, it is not like the cry of death in my ear, but like the caress of a stepmother putting my children to sleep. How happy I am to have my feet on land!"

Oh, oh, has the supply run out on the reef we know? Is Binne-beul silent, and has the music that the men sang across the waves ceased?

"The Dan and the Ocean!", he said, having met me on the shore on a cold autumn evening, "the Dan and the Ocean! the Dan and the Ocean! the two things are the same - they bring together their own."

out. I, a poor blind man, was sure that I and my children were ever free from the magic of the Deep, but not one of my people was and never will be. Even if I settled in the middle of the Earth, my children would find the sea-dogs—and two of them are now (and certainly not in ignorance!) in the Land-under-the-waves. And though a man of my age should not say, I myself have never seen a sea that I would not ask to be at the helm, with a good wind in my sails." "Yes, my friend, but the foot on land is not good, especially in the valley! — cattle and sheep on the field, trout in the lake, a roach or two in the forest!" "Neither cattle nor sheep, trout or roach, can hold," he said, "the blood of the sailor from the sea, and God forgive me! nor the love of women."

The sun was now setting; the ocean of the ocean was lapping at the seaweed of the shore: and the seaweed of the shore was swaying and rustling like a maiden to be kissed. "The Atlantic Ocean, the Atlantic Ocean!" he said, burning with a love that could not be extinguished, but which was like the flame seeking the sky; "The Atlantic Ocean, the Atlantic Ocean! She has taken from me my people and my people time and time again, but, my love, ebbing and flowing, and crying in the evening! The death of the head of the sea and the graveyard of the cell, were not my choice — Black air strangling you, worms piercing you, with no living creature by your side to keep you from weary or longing. The ocean is not the same — it is bursting with life day and night, it is so legendary and fiery. It is a society of feasts below and above! Swans and swans and mermaids! Gulls and mergansers and mergansers! And the ducks! — little duck, sea duck, merganser, green-headed duck — and honey is the taste of every name of them! The Atlantic Ocean, the Atlantic Ocean! Oh God, it is the ocean! — destination "My people, in life and death, the blood of the sea, even the skin of age, is constantly flowing towards it."

2. The Duality of the Sea

It has been said that "it is natural for a bird to go to sea," and it is just as natural for an Islander to turn his heart and soul to the Atlantic. And without even going into that, let us learn that there is something in maritime literature, a depth and intensity and silent strength, that is not so often found in mountain literature. Perhaps two things account for this. If we draw a line between oral tradition and written tradition, between the poets who are today without a baptismal name and those poets who had their poetry written and printed under their own names and in their own day, we will see that most maritime literature is oral tradition, and not written tradition at all. And the result is the narrative. If there is one thing that distinguishes those poets who have made a craft, as it were, of poetry, it is the brilliancy of their language. The words pour out, often without respect for each other, like a waterfall, and while this is a clear demonstration of the qualities of Gaelic — as satirical and fertile as it can be — it cannot be denied that the poetry has not avenged the excesses of the language.

Now the literature of the sea is free from that stain, because the poets avoided the sea as the chief subject of poetry. If it is Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, the sea never made him sing, as did Allt an t-Sifcair; no less than the Clanranald's Galleon would have made him sing, and in his opinion the sea was only a passing enemy, which was proof of the worthiness of the Galleon and the captaincy of the Clanranalds.

There is also something else that distinguishes the literature of the sea from the literature of the mountain. According to the opinion of the people, the most living creature in the Atlantic Ocean was a creature with human feelings and a power beyond the power of nature, beyond the power of either good or evil. But no one ever thought that about the mountain; in its height and beauty it was a mountain of mercy, and even if the people came, the hills would not be moved. The sea was not the same; it had always had a wandering mind; it would wander the four red corners of the earth to seek the grave of its own children; and there was no spell or art in the Black Schools that the sea did not have two-thirds of, and the third that it did not have was locked in the right hand of the King of the Blind.

These views could, then, have no effect on literature, and it would be seen that, although the people praised Beinn Dobhrain with loud cheers, they sang sea songs like children playing in the dark, with the cemetery nearby. But without going any further into the matter, it is sufficient to say that love and fear, life and death, joy and melancholy, harmonize with each other in the ocean and in the language of literature in which there is depth and intensity like the depth and strength of the sea itself. Or if it may be put another way — compared to the literature of the sea, the bulk of the literature of the mountain is like a flaming torch of heather compared to the boiling coals of the craftsman.

Now the ancients would speak of the "dualism" of the sea, by which was meant that there were things connected with it which were not at all connected with natural things such as stone or air, and that it had qualities which were not generally possessed even by the Seed of Adam. We have already seen that it was a living creature in the opinion of the people, and we have many stories in which it appears to the people in the form of a woman, and strikes fear of life and death upon the four corners of the earth. If it is Fionn Mac Cumhail, it was never properly addressed until the Yellow Mulberry encountered him, and perhaps it is not far to suspect that the Mulberry was the Atlantic Ocean itself in the flesh. However, it was said in the legend that there came a day and a year of hunting leave for the Féinn, and during that time they were by the sea, eating venison and hake, until the stones of the shore were as thick as a pig's jaw. The sweetest music the Féinn ever heard was the fiddle of Caoilte the Aine that day, giving them the news that he was at last and almost on the trail of the deer.

A hundred farewells to the falcons, A
loose hand to the falcons,
A thin, round, hard whistle was heard.
On the north side of Loinneach.

It is quite natural, then, that the Finns, when they are fighting the sea, should regard it as an enemy; and anything that is an enemy has feelings; and that which has feelings all day long has flesh and blood when the day comes.

night — god, it has the power of good and evil. Perhaps, then, it is not at all absurd to think that it was the Muller or the Yellow-haired Muireartach of the Atlantic Ocean itself in the flesh. And certainly never under sun or moon was there seen an old woman so terrible and so rebellious as her.

His face was blue-black, like the coal,
And a red-bone-shaped lump
There was a single beam of light in her head.
Faster than the winter star,
A tall tree with a head on its head
Like a scrubby forest of old aspen.

It's no wonder that Finn tried to lure her away with terms of peace.

Mac Cumhail would give her that without regret,
Ten hundred dogs on a leash —
Take the lament and the
sorrow, Ten hundred red shillings on it.

But could she be bought or forged if she had a world full of gold and silver at the bottom of the ocean?

Even if I could win the victory of Ireland with all
the gold, silver, and treasure, I would rather
have a bard on my ship, Oscair's Head,
Diarmaid, and Chorrill.

The Fianna had no hand to draw or foot to stand under the old woman's heather until she and Fionn met.

She served them in turn, As a blade
runs through a flame,
Until Mac Cumhail the sigh happened
And the Muleartach hand in hand.

According to the story that Og Ile found in Uist, although the old woman was brave, she was stronger than Finn,

And her side was pierced with a spear,
 There was a drop of her blood on the heather,
 The Muleartach was killed by the king; If he was
 killed, it was not a murder.

But we heard it put in a different way in the story - that the old woman's flesh
 was like the water of the waves, sticking together after each cut.

Cutting a wave is the same as cutting the
 flesh of hatred, as one cuts drop by drop,
 flesh by flesh, side by side.

But we don't need to go to John Og of Ile or to Uist to find the end of the story -
 it tells itself day and night. Finn and Ossian will not survive, but the Atlantic
 Ocean is still there, ebbing and flowing, whether or not the Mull has lost its head.

But there is one thing that must be admitted about the sea, that it has grown
 sluggish in its old age, and is now seldom seen outside its own borders. And
 there is a story to that effect. "Twenty long centuries ago," says the storyteller
 of Eig-each, "people were like seagulls and did not swim, here on the shores of
 Ban Mithideart to the setting of the sun — and in the Great Sea, that is far away!
 — no seafarer could be found in the sea, nor in the depths; and if my dear had
 business on land, which was very often, she had only to go herself. But today
 the sea is dotted with the world's delights, and it would be a pity if the sea did
 not find seafarers among them." According to the story, she found that, sailors
 (or, as they were called, lovers of the sea) as brave as ever sat on a wreck or
 rowed through obstacles; and there is no cove or harbour on the island or coast
 that is not seen at one time or another bringing to fruition the wonders of the
 sea. "When I was a boy," said one of the descendants of the Rons of North Uist,
 "one day we found that there was a man's body in the sea, here we did not know
 who he was or who he was from, we were going to bury him on the shore, so
 that the sea would not have to go far to find him, if she wanted him. But when
 we were picking him up, we noticed that the women of Loma were

red on him, and we told each other that he was of great honor and that we
 would put him under it magnificently, as was customary, with other Christians
 in the Temple of the Trinity - which we did. At nightfall, a stick was seen coming
 through the narrow, without a trace of clothing

to her, though she had success I would not ask for the
 better — but a ship that was broken as it was, and she is a traveler! In the
 twinkling of an eye she was beside the jetty, six lads jumped from her, were
 taken up to the Temple of the Trinity, and at Ni Math they have even what they
 had on their shoulders in the return. Alas! alas! the sea will bring out its own —
 and woe to her!"

It has always been common for countrymen to lament the plight of sea-
 lovers, and to think that the pain would not be so painful if they had found the
 head of the sea dead, like a sleeping ox under the tongue.

King! that you were not asleep In the
 Stones of the Beach, In the Church of
 the Trinity Where your many friends
 are. And that my tears would be as
 dirty as the dew that locks your scent.

But in the heat of tears, the sea bass has not found and will not find relief.

And my loved ones are miserable, At the
 bottom of the ocean without a care, Torn by
 the waves,
 And they hit the stalls.

In contrast, it must be said that although many sea-lovers have written back
 to Tir-nam-beo, none of them have ever been heard to disparage Tire-fo-tuinn.
 "Your bed is cold tonight, my beloved," said a widow to the ghost of her
 husband, who had met her one night on the shore. "It is neither cold nor hot,"
 said he, "but just as I would wish, if I could get what I asked for."

"If it's not cold, my love," she said, "it's lonely anyway." "That's news," he said;
 "on the same shore as me are the great heroes of Scandinavia, the bards of
 Ireland, the storytellers of Scotland, and what neither they nor I have ever
 heard, I know.

for that swan and that swan." "My heart aches," she said, "are we not foolish to weep and mourn for the men, when they are so traditionally happy in the Land Under the Waves!" "That is true for you, my love," he said, disappearing from view.

There is another sea-lover who visits the Sound of Odair (or Odrum), between Heisgeir and the two Haisgeir, west of Uist, and according to his story, Tir-nam-bed is a poorer place than Tir-fo-thuinn.

In the Sound of Od-odrum,
Where the raven slept,
And where no human voice could be heard,
But the sound of waves and the clucking of geese.
Like a stepmother nursing her children
She is not attracted to
That the oceans are raging
Constantly moving in our sleep.
The royal family is crying.
And the swan is a swan by his side,
And the mermaid is dreaming.
In the solitude of a hero.
The ships are sailing.
With their youth through the narrow,
Will he be brave and successful,
On music and laughter and on love.
And the ships will sink,
And the weapons will be gone,
And sleep does not lie on the shore,
Without his lover, in the cell.
Oh! the old man left
Fighting and death will never cease,
And may the children of men be in trouble
With increasing age.
But my lover and I will be together.
Never in our heavens beneath the waves,
And neither age nor time will touch us.
Until the sun is set.

Two-thirds of the household is happy with her, and it seems that the sea-lovers are completely satisfied with both their settlement and their stepmother. But however pleasant and believable the story is,

It is hard to write it down for women—that on those who treasure that the ocean found has been lost. A stepmother has never loved, and she is still unborn, who would say from the bottom of her heart, "It is my wish that my babies will be happier with their stepmother, if she is there, than they were with me!" And it does not at all diminish the love of women, if the good nursing of the ocean has put a warmth in their skin and a hunger in their hearts that its cruelty would never put. The grave is full of

but she asks and receives only blood and flesh and bone; asks and receives that ocean and the whole, the man between soul and body. It may be "That one may hope for the mouth of the ocean even though one may not hope for the mouth of the grave," but when the beloved is dead, the grief that says, "The grave has taken my son from me," is but nothing compared to that grief that can say, "The ocean has taken my son's love from me."

But as much as the women hate the Land of the Waves, their love for the dead men is greater, and some of them are willing to settle in the sea for the sake of their loved ones.

The mouth of the mermaid and the music of laughter,

It's a pity I wasn't right by your side, On the edge of
the ocean or on the shore, Wherever the tide leaves
you;
Side by side, my love, as usual, Side by side,
without hesitation in leaving you, Forever falling
asleep, and our silent songs —Oh, my Wm! my
love will not hear me, And a wave will drown
my trembling sigh.

But there were those who were more fortunate than this, and who got what they asked for. It is now about a hundred and fifty years since Alan Donn sailed out from Stornoway to tie the knot of marriage for himself and the lovelies of the islands, the daughter of Fir Scalpay in Harris; but between the lifting and the setting of the sail the sea rose got hold of him, and when he should, if there was a time, have placed the ring on the finger of the suitor, he was lying under the waves.

And if this made Fir Scalpay's daughter sing, he made her mourn, and to this day the sea-widow weeps and cries in her music.

My request, King of the City,
 Without me going in the mud or the sheet,
 The hole in the ground or the hiding place,
 But immediately you went, Ailein -
 Ailein Duinn, oh hi, siabhblainn feat.

And she traveled with him. When the time came for her release, it was the will of her friends to ferry her across the strait to her fathers' place; but although they made many attempts to reach that destination, the Dan and the Doineann and the ocean were against them, and at the end of the story the blizzard fulfilled the request of the "as soon as you went, Ailein."

That's how it was and is — everything to the sea, and is the history of the written Islands.

There are many dark things in the deep besides the sea-lions. The old people would say that "there was no life, without the likeness of being under the waves," the sea-cow, the sea-wolf, the sea-cat, the sea-serpent, and the sea-serpent. But there are three that are of the story and darkness of the sea above all others—the raven, the swan, and the mermaid. None of them were of the true sea-nation, however long they lived under the waves. If the law were kept, the seals would be kings of Scandinavia today; but in their youth they were so handsome in person and so brave in action that their stepmother took a great dislike to them, and would not be able to bear them until she had laid their heads and hearts upon them. She spent seven days and seven years studying at the Black School, and when she had acquired the skills (and a woman's skill with it!), her students were placed under spells and crosses "that they would never be fish or beasts, and that their desire for the sea would be for land and their desire for the land for sea while a wave would beat on the shore." To this day, then, the "Spellbound Clan of the Kings of Lochlainn" are wandering their kind on the reefs, always complaining as they are, and always fighting as they were — and as the old people would say, "Wouldn't you know by their two eyes and their ear-ring that the blood of kings is in every vein."

According to the story, the spells also required them to take on their natural form three times a year, at the full moon, so that their losses would be reduced and their fortunes would increase by seeing the moon.

loyal under the leadership of the strangers. It was said that if you saw one of them at that time, you would give your heart's love to him or her, and if there were any weddings at all, it would be a wedding. The descendants of those marriages are still in the Islands; among them were the Clann 'ic Codrum, and it was said that among them were also those who had a better voice or a better voice than each other.

It is hardly necessary to say that it is not a good idea to kill a hare, and that no hunter who has done such a thing has ever been punished or punished. The mountain bard may sing:

I would kill for you geese and seals and swans,
 And the birds on the tops of the branches.

But, if he were an Islander, he would be more polite, even though politeness would be imposed on him, as often happened.

One day the men of Cannae were hunting on the Isle of Wight, and a cub was seen in the seaweed, and he looked at them with his two large, white teeth, as if he were going to say, "I am of the lineage of kings, and do not kill the cub." But the cub was killed — by a man who was swifter in hand and harder in heart than the others, and when he was killed, wind and sea went to a boil, and the men there were unable to stand, clinging like the scoundrels to the rocks. The man with the hard heart said, between two gusts of wind, "This has not come without a reason, men — there are two Protestants with us — and Mary and her Son must be angry." At the word of the sudden birth of the two (man), and it would have been only that they would have to give as a purchase to the sea either their life or their religion. But everything under the sun that the two sailors would do was to part with their lives, and the end of the race was that they were baptized together, their salt flats, into the Holy Catholic Church. But that did not calm the wind of the sea, and on the third day the oldest and wisest man in the company said, "This is my own opinion, men, that it is not of religion to kill or to be killed, and if the seal pup were still alive, perhaps we would be more successful than we are." Then each of them vowed, if he could have his life with him at that time, that he would not kill or not

He was never seen again. That night the men were in their own houses in Canna.

If there is a black swan in the history of the river, there is a black swan in the history of the swan. In the stories she is called "the girl of the twelve moons", and the old people would comment on this: when the moon was full the swan would be white, and when the moon was dark the swan would be dark. But be that as it may, the swan is still the daughter of a queen. In the old days, according to the story, there were two queens who were so beautiful that it could not be said which was more beautiful than the other; and the end of the matter was that the second swan put the other under a spell, "to travel forever from shore to shore in the form of a bird, beautiful on sea, graceful on land, sweet-voiced under the moon, silent mute under the sun" — and the swan is still under that spell. Perhaps the explanation of the story is to be found in the proverb, "The sun's envy of the

"The moon." It is said in the legend that when the Red Flood came, the moon was full, and that it was so bright that night that a man could see the hump of a rock porcupine at his feet, if there was a hump in it. This made the sun, which was trembling in the sea, furious and angry. "I will rise," she said, "even before the bird tastes the water, and I will quickly take a look at the moon and all the stars." She did so, and if she did, the moon lost a third of its light, and it needs it for this. Perhaps, then, it is that third that we have in the form of the swan, the daughter of the twelve moons, sweet-voiced under the moon but silent and mute under the sun.

There are many stories about the swan in the Islands, all of which it is said that she is sad in life and lonely in death, and that her civil choice is to lure lovers of the sea to the reefs. Who has not heard of the wounded swan that swam to Ireland, and found shelter and healing there?

The day Columba went out
 In the early morning,
 The swan is seen, guile! guile!
 The swan on the water
 There is a death trap,
 Guile! Guile!
 The swan was wounded, wounded,
 The swan she is sick sick,
 Guile! Guile! in the two glances of them,
 Guile! Guile! and the two omens for us,
 Life and death,
 Guile! Guile!
 Where did you swim from, female swan,
 My love Columba said —
 My dear Ireland, dear! dear!
 From the Féinn my heart, dear! dear!
 Death's curse,
 Guile! Guile!
 Swan, swan of Ireland,
 I am prey to the wicked,
 The flower of Christ's gaze upon your suffering,
 May the sea and eternal love be upon them,
 To make you healthy,
 Guile! Guile!
 The female swan of Ireland, beautiful! beautiful!
 You won't be disappointed, dear! dear!
 O lady of the century, how! how!
 O lady of the waves, how! how!
 Glory to Jesus,
 Guile! Guile!

Incidentally, could it not be that the beauty and healing of the Irish Swan represent the journey of our people from the darkness of the Faith to the clarity of the Gospel?

It would be easy to expand on the story, but it doesn't belong to our tradition at the time.

Now we know where the reindeer and the swan came from, but where did the mermaid come from? That's not hard to tell, then. Once upon a time there was a maiden.

to a fountain to drink. She said, seeing herself in the fresh water, "I wonder if there is another in Scotland as beautiful as me?" "Are you not foolish, love of women," said her stepmother, having come to enjoy her haven, "though like Scotland, the world is greater." "If greater, no better," said the maiden, "and by God, I have seen that, each knight better than the other in the four red ranks of the world, and each of them a knight and a eloquent man who has never seen my like either before or after." "That may be," said her stepmother, "but though the world is small, it is not as big as the sea, and many are the answers that lie in its depths." That very night the maiden went to a famous blacksmith, and she said, "Men of the Black School, give me the knowledge of the sea." "I will make a fish of you," said he. "It will not suffice," said she; "I would need a woman's beam in my head, that I might see and recognize the beauty of my kind." "I will," said he, "put a woman's head on the fish." "It will not suffice," said she; "I would need a woman's heart in my chest, to give and receive love, if there were lovers." "Your heart's desire is yours," said he—and they will go together into the ocean. Ever since that night a golden-haired lady, with a fish's tail, is seen swimming in the waves and always seeking that unobtainable thing, more beautiful than herself. And if the rumor is true, although she has acquired knowledge of the sea, she has never found happiness in her husband, and when she makes love, it is your blood that is sweet, and not your blood that is found.

The mystery of the sea is so vast and deep in itself, that the story would not be complete without mentioning the shipwrecks, as they were called, and the islands of legend. The ship is good that it leaves the harbor from which it departed, but long before the myth the women's lights would seek the sea, and receive news from it also of the condition of the men. If a shipwreck was seen with a red light on it, it was an omen of life; if it was seen with a white light on it, it was an omen of death.

I saw a ship last night, A bright light
shining from its mast,
And I realized that my only son was cold
under the mouth of that ocean over there.

And if the eyes of the people can be trusted, many times the sea-widows themselves have given a sign in the fore-ship, and it was seen at the mouth of the night.

A ship-nailer enters the strait, A woman at the
beginning always weeping, A woman at the
end always crying, A woman on the verge of
ruin always crying.

Is there not something pleasant in the thought that the ship that carries the news to the women who are also ferrying them through the strait will sing the lament over the dead? But it is no wonder at all — the sea has never been more fierce than its kindness. And if it is kind-hearted, it is also cruel. It was not once or twice, in the dark days, that it prevented the crime of the foreigners, and banished the guilty to that place which was suitable for bad deeds. "It would be easy to recognize the best ship," the old people would say, "if that were its chief business —

"She was always on fire." It wasn't that long ago that she was seen on the same business and in that same place, and this is the story of how one of the two who saw her was found:

We were just clinging to the shelter of the land, when we saw a sparkling cloud, as if it were over the Kyle of Mull. My host said to myself, "I'll put my ear to the promise that it's Tobermory in the sky, and indeed it wouldn't be surprising if it were, with their lights out in the streets themselves!" But at the word she came — for it was she — around the Point of Ardnamurchann, and her head was set on Eigg — and Thimore, she was gone! And we were two with our breath in our chests, and our hearts leaping out of their hoods, and we were sure that if we didn't drown, a fire would burn. But, the men's fear, the hour had not come — and in the twinkling of an eye the beast was upon us, a red sheep from beginning to end, from the water's edge to the top of her belly. And Ni Maith charmed us, she had a long, thin black man on her, and a fiddle in her fist, she was always playing and jumping and swinging — and, O Mary, my love, the noise below was terrible. And where did she take her after that? At the Shealth is

news - but the last sight we got of her, she was out in the Caul Canach, with the Atlantic Ocean right under her nose.

We will not follow it further now, but surely it would have been worth following many times, when the fire of the wicked was out, and the coals were as white as the sun, and it would have been worth pursuing to Tir nan Og, or to the other Islands of legend, the Green Island, the Sorca Island, the White Isle of Ra-solais, the Island of the Brave Fionn. There are undoubtedly other islands that are not so pleasant as these—the Isle of Fiacais, where the tongues of the wicked go far; the Isle of Duibhre, where envy and evil go; and Rocabarraigh under Thuinn, west of Barra, where the great monsters are always plotting evil against mankind. As the banners of Sil-Leoid rose, Rocabarraigh came to him twice already, and the third time

When Rocabarry comes to him,
It is likely that the world will be destroyed.

It is said that some of the professors are now finding traces of a duck, or perhaps a goose, in those legendary islands, and are giving the name of Irt to the main part of them. But whether they are right or wrong, their labour is in vain.

It was of the heart, and not of the sight, that the Islands of Legend were; and even if Tir nan Og were to be conquered tomorrow, there would be another Island of Legend further out in the ocean, and the day would not come when we would see the light or tread the foot of a land we long for.

Now, if the page were allowed, which it does not, it would be easy to explain how the life of the Islander, from birth to death, is covered, as it were, by the influence of the sea. It was said that the day and night of a man would be according to the sea tide when he was born, and that the luck of the net or the luck of the sea would be upon him while he lived. And if the moon happened to be in line with the sea at the time, there was a certain end to the chaffs there.

My love Columba was born
By the ocean of the full
moon, By the full moon,
And it was the aliens themselves.

According to the story, when Judas was born the sea was ebbing and the moon was waning, and as it was, his life was always dark. It was also said that Pilate was born at the backwater of the country — and what was the result? He never knew which way he would go, and there was no stability in his actions or trust in his words. But not a single song or two would put an end to that story, and we would be shown how the music and the religion of the people, their folklore and customs and all their ideas, are clouded by the darkness of the sea. It was a real wonder that the people's minds were not completely distorted and shaken to nothing under the leadership of that darkness. But it was said that "the ocean is by the counsel of the wind," and because it was believed that "the wind is by the counsel of the King of the Isles," there was something in the minds of the people that kept the strong will of the sea from coming to strong will on its side, and to slavery on its side. But after that and despite that, the beginning and end of the story is that the life of the Islander is from the sea, and if the ear of youth is open, the ear of age is dull, to its lack.

The fog and the rain,
The dew and the fog,
The fog and the dew are

The light of my love
The beam of my love.

Oh, the young tree opened,
She sang in the night of death,
The death knell.

The ocean is calling,
A cloud and a word,
The ocean is calling.

In the ear of my love,
My love's ear.

To the rich of the Golden Ship,
Stink in the night over the wave of death,
Over the wave of death.

He preferred to speak to a congregation as if he were reasoning with a friend by the fireside. He would give a teaching, point to the main idea in that teaching, and follow this idea through thick and thin without finding its footing, until it had settled quietly in the minds and hearts of the hearers. I dare say that there were not many churches in Scotland where teaching was heard as sound or as comprehensive as that heard in Kilmore Church in North Uist. And there was a result. As one of the congregation said, "Where the lamb found the milk, there he will go again."

But there were, even in Uist, people who complained that Master Donald was not strict enough or at all threatening enough in his teaching. The answer was one

Sunday "It may be that there are some in the audience who say that I am not hard enough on people, or hopeless enough towards them." There was a nod of the head and a light in his eyes. "Go down to that cemetery, friends, and say there, in front of your loved ones, that the minister of Kilmore is not hard enough towards the living or hopeless enough towards the dead. Say it, if you can." If the mirror is good, a sense of dread, if not fear, came over every heart in the congregation.

After the burial of Columba, one of the monks went into the Main Church to perform a vow. When he looked around, a feeling of lamentation came over him; "The church is cold and empty today, without him in it."

VI

SERMONS

14. Cecil in the Night

*In the day the Lord will make known his mercy, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.
Psalm 42:8.*

In this Psalm the Psalmist was in two minds, so to speak. He begins by saying that his soul thirsts for the living God, and so he goes to the House of God with a large company on a feast day (that is, a holy day). And he is filled with praise and joy because he is in the House of God and there is such a large company with him.

But, after that, the wheel turns; the congregation disperses, and the House of God is closed, and the Psalmist now has to face the world, and he sees in it only confusion and turmoil: "all thy waves," he says, "have passed over me." And when all the waves pass over a man, that shows that there is a storm on the sea—and in another sense it shows that there is a storm in the man's life. They say to us, says the Psalmist, Where is thy God? Just as if they were saying to him: "You believe in God; you are little better than that. You are no better than those people who do not believe in him at all—and your life is as much troubled, if not more troubled—than their life." But the Psalmist remembered the other side. If there were problems in his life, he always overcame those problems, and if darkness came now and again, he would hear the hymn of the Lord or (as it is said in another place) the Song of the Lord, and (in another place) the music of the Lord. He would hear that in the night, in the darkness. It was not surprising, then, that he ended by saying: "Why are you

"Why are you cast down, O my soul? And why are you disquieted within me? Trust in God, for I will yet praise him, the salvation of my countenance and my God."

Now, the words of our teachers, "His song or his music will be with me in the night" — those words are great in many ways. They are great in the history of the Church.

A few years after the death of the Saviour, the Jews rose up against the Romans, and the Romans came upon them with great armies; they destroyed Jerusalem, and that part of the people who were not killed, were scattered throughout the world — and the Christians with them. The leaders of the Church, and the Apostle John as well as everyone else, assumed that night or darkness had come. But see how it worked out. Those Christians who were scattered, carried the Gospel with them to many lands, and the Church grew stronger than ever before. In a word, good came out of evil, and music out of the night.

Years later, the Roman Emperor raised his hand against the Church, and the Christians were put to death in every way that was worse than any other. It was truly the night. But out of that night came the music of God, for not one martyr was put to death who did not come twenty who saw him put to death, to believe in the Gospel.

Along with everything else, plagues and famines and wars came to light, and it was night over the dials, but out of these things came this triumph, that it was now clear, as ingenious and as powerful as man was, that there were things he could not do, and that he could not govern the world rightly so long as he went against the teachings of the Gospel. In a word, then, out of the night came the music of God.

And that which is true in the history of the Church and in the history of nations, is also true in the life of man himself. What is trouble but darkness, but very often the music of God comes out of that darkness.

And it doesn't happen often in human life that good

coming out of evil, and light out of darkness? If it were otherwise, I do not know how people would be, or how they could be. I am a firm believer that there is God's music in every trouble and danger and sorrow, although we may not hear it at the time. But if the right spirit is in us, we will hear the music when the trouble or danger or sorrow is over.

And one more thing. Was it not in darkness and night that Communion came? It was because Calvary and the Crucifixion were at the door that the Savior instituted Communion, and ever since then Communion has been associated with serious and sacred things.

In the old days, when people left their homes, and danger lay ahead of them, they would take Communion before they left. But human life is never without danger, and danger can come at any time, when we least expect it, and it is most worthwhile to have the hymn and music of God singing in the heart.

15. Autumn Sermon

The earth will yield its produce; may God, our God, bless us! —Psalm 67:6.

The Psalmist praised God for many things, and he did not forget to praise Him because the earth was yielding its produce in its season. It is most fitting that we should be thankful at harvest time, for in the corn we have food for both man and beast, and anything that sustains life is a precious thing. And besides, there are many works of which we can truly say, "My hand has done this, and no other hand," but we cannot say that of the harvest. Of course, men do their part, but they do not do it all. There is a sun and a

wind and rain do their own thing, and those things are in God's hands, and not in our hands.

But it would be good for us to remind you that the harvest season teaches us many things that would be for our good, both in a natural sense and in a spiritual sense.

1. The harvest teaches work. There is harvest because there was spring. There is harvest because there was sowing. There is corn because there was ploughing. "He that soweth not, shall not reap." The same is true in the life of man. The spring is the time of youth, and the seed sown in youth, shall bring forth fruit in the time of harvest. That man who is hard or dishonest or greedy or false or untrustworthy, these things were not born in the day or the year; they were sown in the days of youth.

On the other hand, if faith, hope, and all other good things are sown in the days of youth, they will bear splendid fruit in the days of old age. And is it not remarkable how careful people are generally about planting the right seed in the ground in the spring, and at the same time, it may be, how careless they are about planting the right seed in the hearts and minds of their children. Are bits of earth worth more than human life?

2. The harvest signifies faith. When the seed is sown, and a man looks upon the fields, and they are all so black and bare, who would think that summer or harvest would come? But both come in their own season, and men believe that they will come. By God, you would say that a man would be a fool who would say in the spring, "I will not sow seed this year, for I am afraid that it will not grow, or that bad weather will come in the autumn, and I will not be able to harvest it." I have never seen or heard of anyone who would say or do so. Men have faith. They do their own thing and leave everything else in the hands of Providence, and wouldn't it be good if we could follow the same rule in our lives day after day—do the duty of the hour, be it hard or easy, and leave everything else in His hands?

Lord of both spring and autumn, of the beginning and the end of the work.

3. The harvest teaches that one sows and another reaps. That is the way of the world. No work has ever gone so far—if it had taken time—that it could not be said, "Many men have had a hand in the beginning of the work, who are not yet able to see the end of it." But all the time men must be sowing, whether they see the harvest or not. That is the difference between man and beast. Man sows, very often, for other men; he works for those who come after him, those whom he will not see alive, just as those who have gone before have worked for us. We all, then, reap what we sow—reap the seed that those who came before us have sown, and sow the seed that those who come after us will reap. But I suspect that there would not be much pleasure or comfort in the thought if we were not connected to "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever."

16. A story to tell

We have spent our years like a tale to be told. - Psalm 90:9.

The words we read are often far away from us — they are like distant colors — or like people we have never seen but have heard of. But the words we read come closer to us when they refer to something we are familiar with —

something that is happening in our own lives and in the lives of our neighbors. And this is especially true of the words of our leaders today. You often say, "Our years pass like a tale to be told," just as we might say, "It is cold today"—and it is not so.

But when we apply the words to ourselves, and remember the things that have happened in our day, both in our own lives and in the lives of people we know, the words come closer.

for ourselves then, and we feel for ourselves that they are great.

Some on the island remember old Mr. Curdie.

It is one hundred and ten years since he came to the island; it is sixty years since he travelled. There have been many Communion since he came to the island. This is the twenty-eighth Communion in this Church of men. Or let those who are past middle age think of the house in which they were born, and the houses where they spent much of their lives, and where they are today. Many things have happened in that house, and many kinds of work have been done, and many words have been said, and many neighbours they remember. But all has passed away like a tale to be told, and it is only old news now. As the proverb says, "That is the tale of the men of the hurrah; it is old this year." And as another proverb says, "Christmas will not be remembered at Easter." Surely, we spend our years like a story to be told. The story is told, and it is over there, and though we may have some sort of memory of it, it always goes further from us; just as if there were a man who met us on the highway; we take his hand and say a word or two to him, and then we part, and every step takes us further apart.

But that is only one side. A man's life may be a story to tell, but that story changes a man's life. We can draw a line in wood and draw it out without a trace, but it leaves a trace behind it. And nothing happens in a man's life that does not leave some trace behind it. We may not see it or feel it, but it is there. The story, then, changes our ways and our opinions and even our nature, without our knowing it. As proof of this, you have only to place age and age side by side, without any mention of the difference in appearance and ability, not the same qualities or opinions or feelings. It is the story of the years that makes the difference. But the wheel goes round and round without rest, without stopping. Today's age, that was it.

The same story, then, is told in every Age, with a slight variation here and there in the story.

But it is good for us that there is more to say. The Bible says, "With God there is no change", and also, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever". And man was created in the image of God - that life which is in man, came from God in the beginning. The flesh, then, will pass away, but the Spirit will remain. The years of man may be a story to tell, but there is another story to tell when there are no years.

That is what we think about at the Commonwealth. It is up to two thousand years since the first Commonwealth, and they will not count the number of people who sat on the Board in that year, both old and young. I cannot believe and you cannot believe that all those people were deceived in their own home. Some of them were so famous for the work they did that they shine to this day as if the stars were there.

And their hope was that when their years were over and the night of their lives came, that that night would be but a door, as it were, to the story and the day that would never end. It is because we believe this that we come to His Table of whom it is said, "He who was alive and was dead and is alive again," and who said to his disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where there is a mouse, there you may be also."

17. The Old Boundaries

Do not remove the ancient landmarks that your fathers have set. - Proverbs 22:28.

It has long been said that the Gaels and the people of the East were similar in many ways. Their music is very similar; some of their ideas are similar; and they are extremely similar in

where they have always given to proverbs, both in their life and in their conversation. To this day there are many in the Highlands, and if they talk about anything, and they can say that this old man said it, they think that there is nothing more to say. And the people of the East, and the Jews among them, are of the same opinion. And that is what led King Solomon to make a book of proverbs, or Proverbs, as it is said here. It is stated that Solomon himself spoke three thousand proverbs; it is not said that he made them all up himself — it is not likely that he did, but that he knew three thousand whatever the number of those he made up himself. In the meantime, it can be said that over seven thousand Gaelic proverbs have already been collected.

Now, the proverb we are thinking of today is both among the Ifidhach and among the Gael. "Change not," said the Ifidhach, "the old landmark." And said the Gael, "The monument was not erected in jest." In the Bible, landmark usually means a row of stones, some of them there to mark the boundary between two lands or two towns, and others to be a memorial to the fathers, and a reminder of those things which God did for the Jews in days gone by — for example, Jacob at Bethel and Joshua by the Jordan.

Now, what is the meaning of that proverb, "Do not remove the ancient landmarks which your fathers have set"? Yes, it is neither proper nor profitable to despise old things and old ideas and old customs, so long as they were for wisdom and good. This is true both in a natural and a spiritual sense. In a natural sense, the world was not made today or yesterday, and it is not very foolish to think that men have been struggling and working and thinking and learning for thousands and thousands of years, and yet they have left nothing behind them worth remembering. It is not at all like that. Take your

Sit down and look around us. How much in the country or in the world can we say, "We have done these things, and not men." Solomon said in his day that there was nothing great under the sun, and it would be so easy to say that today. Those things that we think are great, have their roots far back in days gone by; and that stream that flows with such haste, the source from which it came is far up among the mountains. We have a feeling today that it is a great thing to show disrespect to workers, but it is many centuries since it was a saying among the people, "When Adam was reaping and Eve was spinning, where were the nobles?" There is scarcely anything that we have thought of that is worthy of The good of the world did not begin many centuries ago. Many tears were shed, sighs were heaved, drops of blood were shed by men who are not remembered today, before the laws of justice came into our kingdom. The thick marks are seen all around us, and "change not the ancient landmarks which the fathers have set."

Of course, we have our part to play—to lift up the fallen, to open the narrow, to widen the narrow, and to right the wrong. No age can say: "This is the end of the story, and there is no more to be done or found out." It cannot, and if anyone thinks he can, let him stand at the top of the mountains or under the starlight and look up.

The end of the story will not be found today or tomorrow.

Now, if this is for in a natural sense - and it is true - It is so abundantly true in a spiritual sense, and it was towards spiritual things that I was making the step. "Do not change the ancient landmarks that the fathers have set." The Truth is not clear, and when people say, "Give us clear ways and

We must ask, "What do you mean?" If they mean, "Sip the Truth," we have no idea where they stand. We have no idea

We also wish it were as easy to set sail for the wind as it would be for us to spread the Truth. But if they mean, "Make the Truth clearer to us," the request is good. No one is against new methods that try to bring the Truth closer to the mind and heart of man. Everything has a beginning, and there was a day and the old signs were new. But when you say something is old-fashioned, that is not the last word.

Let us remember the old landmarks that were not we must change. If it is wrong for us to change the landmarks of our fathers, how much more is it wrong to change the landmarks of God. What are the ten commandments but ten landmarks that God has set to keep the children of men from going astray. And although many in our day say that the commandments are too restrictive, it is never a loss to keep the commandments or a gain to break them.

It is no exaggeration to say that something is old. Even if it were as old as the mist, if it is old, it should not be gray with age; that is all the better, for that which has come through the trials and dangers of long years, we are more certain of than we are of that which has not yet proved itself. Are not Faith, Home, Love—those three things old-fashioned? And it is two days since P01 mentioned them, and have we yet found three more things to put in their place?

There are many things for which there are cures, but there are also things for which there are not. To this day there is no cure for thirst but drink, no cure for hunger but eating, and no cure for sin but asking for and receiving forgiveness. Let us not, then, change the ancient landmarks set by the fathers. What is the

Are the Bible and the Church but ancient landmarks that testify that God *exists*? Are the Sacraments but ancient landmarks that proclaim that Christ has established his Church in the world? Is Bethlehem but an ancient landmark of the ancient good news that is for all people? And is Calvary but an ancient landmark of God's love that is above all?

every love? It has been nearly two thousand years since the Savior was in the world, and if one of us were to ask today, "What is God? What is His nature? And what is His will for the world?", our answer would be, "God is seen in the teaching and work of Jesus Christ, for he who has seen the Son has seen the Father.

And he who follows the signs set by the Son will reach the Father."

In the same way, if people say, "What good are the old landmarks? Must not the world pass away, and the people also?", we say that there are landmarks that must pass away, the landmarks set by men like ourselves. But there are landmarks that will not pass away. In time Calvary is two thousand years behind us, but in spirit it is far ahead of us. He who has walked the furthest in the Path of Righteousness has seen Calvary before him; and he who has risen the highest has seen Calvary above him.

Anyone who flees from Calvary is doing so because his fate is with him, and not against him.

18. Calvary

When they came to the place called Calvary, there they crucified him and the criminals. - Luke 23:33.

Both in this country and in other places you will see here and there signs, or stone monuments, as we call them, on the tops of hills or on the plains, and many books have been written on this question: what did those stone monuments mean? And although there is a change of opinion on this question, all religions admit this: where we see a stone monument, it means that something important happened in that place - either that worship was performed here, or that a powerful person was buried there, or that a leaf was placed in that place. So a stone monument that you see is not

We are not, as it were, saying to us, "Something important happened here".

Now, there is one landmark in the history of the world that stands above all others, and that is the Cross of Calvary. It would be no more right to say that the history of the world is wrapped around that Cross. It is clear that the death of Calvary is different from any other death in history. Many honorable prophets and honorable witnesses have come to the world, and have been directly opposed to the opinions and ways of the world, because those ways and opinions were wrong; and there was no one in their own day who could not say of those prophets and witnesses, "These men are so righteous and so zealous for the truth that it seems that their end is to be put to death."

But Calvary means more than that. It was not something that might happen, or that seemed likely to happen, but something that must happen. The Saviour himself had declared time and again from the beginning that Calvary was before him, and that the work he had to do would not be finished until Calvary was finished. From the first day he began to preach, his eye and step were fixed on Calvary. His teaching, his miracles, and his example were not finished until they were finished by his death; and he could not truly say, "It is finished," until he should give up the work on Calvary.

And, also, He could reach the heart of the world only through Calvary. As He Himself said: "And I, if I be lifted up (that is, on the Tree), will draw all men unto Me." Is it not clear, then, that if this is the most important thing in the world, the relationship between God the Father and the children of men, that Calvary is the center of that thing, and therefore the center of world history? WHO would have thought that so much depended on these words: "When they came to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him?"

Now, generally, when people think of Calvary, they think specifically of the physical pain the Savior went through. And, of course,

even as to the flesh, he suffered more than we can comprehend, and we may be sure that it is meant in the New Testament that we should try to understand, in some measure, the pain he endured on the Tree, and that is why such a detailed account of his crucifixion is given to us—

how the nails went into his hands and feet, the thorns on his head, and the spear in his side, and how he was consumed with thirst.

But at the same time, as painful as the pain of the body was, it is hardly worth mentioning next to the pain of the mind and spirit. This is a mystery that transcends human thoughts and feelings, but there are two things connected with it that we can think about.

The prophet of old said that the Lord would lay upon him the punishment of his people, and he is told us again and again in the New Testament that he bore upon the Tree the sins of his people. Let us approach it more closely to ourselves in this way. Let every man think of his own sins—both the things he has done and the things he is likely to do: is it not painful even to think of them? And the Saviour bore upon the Tree the weight of all his people—

an uncountable population from beginning to end.
And those sins were not a shadow or a dream at all.
The poison in man's nature from the beginning to the end of time was put into that cup that he received on 01.

It was no wonder that he said, "Father, if you are willing, remove this cup from me." It was no wonder that he felt that when he tasted this cup, he himself was lost.

"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" (But, as I have already said, this is a mystery that the human mind cannot fathom).

The second thing we could say about the pain of the spirit in which our Savior went is this: that he came to his own, and his own did not receive him—and there is nothing more painful than that. If a father were there, and he received a mortal blow from his son, would he not say, "How painful and dangerous is the death of my father?"

"What a blow I received, yes, I am very hurt that it was my own son who did it!"
And could we not say that it was something of the same kind, and in a much higher sense, that broke the heart of the Savior on the Tree?

We come to something easier, when we come to the second part of the teaching—"Then they crucified him, and two others with him, one on either side."

Suppose there were a man who believed in God, but had never heard of the Savior—like Cornelius in the book of Acts. Suppose we told him about the crucifixion of the Savior. Wouldn't he be shocked, and wouldn't it be quite likely that he would say: "If that's true—"

and my conscience and my heart and my spirit all tell me that—shouldn't Calvary, and all that Calvary stands for, have a place in our lives that nothing else does?" It should, and if the truth were kept, the words would be written in living letters on our hearts: "When they came to Calvary, there they crucified him, and the wicked men."

19. Elevation and Descending

For whoever exalts himself will be humbled, and whoever humbles himself will be exalted. — Proverbs 18:14.

Last Sunday we were thinking about the Pharisee and the tax collector who went up to the Temple to pray. The Pharisee prayed a great prayer praising God and telling God how good he was and how bad others were. And, on the other hand, the tax collector, who was afraid and ashamed, would not lift up his hands to heaven—he beat his breast and could only say this: "God, be merciful to me a sinner." And the Savior said that God accepted the humble prayer of the tax collector and rejected the proud prayer of the Pharisee, and the conclusion we have come to is that humility is noble, both in a natural and a spiritual sense—in

in the natural sense, that he who is humble in heart, and who draws near to those who are counted lower than himself, is the one who is noble and humane; and, in the spiritual sense, that he who thinks very little of his own goodness and is no longer harsh on others, is the one, according to the teaching of the Bible, who will be counted humble and noble in the sight of heaven.

Today let us reflect on the words spoken by the Savior regarding the Pharisee and the tax collector whom we mentioned last Sabbath: "Whoever exalts himself will be humbled; and whoever humbles himself will be exalted."

People exalt themselves in two ways. On the one hand, people exalt themselves in the way of the Pharisee.

They think that if they follow outward rules, read the Bible, and keep the Sabbath, and pray, and walk carefully among the people, they are better than other people. Of course, these things are proper, if they are done in the right spirit, they make humble people, and not like the Pharisees. If these things make people so hard, so unlovable, and as hard as the Pharisees, it is a sign that their hearts are cold, and the fire is not kindled in them. And, by God, we cannot get over this—that the Saviour himself was exceedingly particular about the warm heart. It was after she was called a great sinner that he said: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven"; for that reason he loved her exceedingly. And you remember that the Saviour was, it seems, more fond of three of the disciples than of one—Peter, James, and John; and it seems, moreover, that these three were the ones of a tender heart. Peter was so tender-hearted that he often did not know what he was doing, and he was right to do whatever he could to get the tender heart out. And the Apostle John was again so tender-hearted that he would lie on the Saviour's breast, and it was to him that the Saviour gave the sweetest place in his heart. It is no wonder, then, that the Saviour said, "He that

"Whoever exalts himself will be humbled; and whoever humbles himself will be exalted," for it is not from the heart that a man exalts himself. And whoever exalts himself, be sure of this, whether it be quickly or slowly, will be humbled. That can happen in many ways, but

it will happen.

But remember that there is also another way in which a person can be exalting himself, and not even know it.

the How often do you hear a man say: "I make no confession; I am not connected with any Church, and I do not pretend to be in any way better than my neighbors; but at the same time I see confessors doing many things that I would not do, and in many ways they are worse than I am." What is that man doing, then, but exalting himself—he makes himself a judge of others, and passes judgment on them, and in that sense exalts himself, and if he is not humbled in any other way, it may be that he will be humbled in this way—that he may at last see that he was wrong in his opinion. A wise man once said, "Never judge anyone until you try to put yourself in their shoes, and until you understand what was in their mind and what was in their heart." And usually the person who does that, doesn't judge at all.

Now, so far we have been thinking about the first part of the doctrine— "He who exalts himself will be humbled; but the rest is abundantly true— "He who humbles himself will be exalted." I need not remind you how the Saviour humbled himself. He humbled himself when he took upon himself human nature. He humbled himself from birth to death for the sake of his people. And it is not surprising that other people would humble themselves. It is said in the Book of Short Questions that there are two kinds of sin—

Original sin and act sin. Original sin is the sin that is in man by nature, which he was born with, and which he does not leave until his breath leaves him. And act sin is the sin that man commits, day in and day out. But the Bible tells us that there are two kinds of act sin — on the one hand, the evil that

he does; on the other hand, the good he leaves undone. And this is the matter: even if the evil that men do were not condemned at all, the good they leave undone would still be condemned. Is it not clear, then, that there is no escape, and that there is not one of us who cannot lay hands on another and say, "If you are guilty of one thing, I am guilty of another." One of the saints of old said, "In spite of all the good I have tried to do, I have left as much undone; many kindnesses I could have done that I did not do, and many kind words I could have said that I did not say; and I have always been kinder to myself than to others." And who could not say that; and if we would think of it honestly, instead of finding fault with one another, we would say, each for himself, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." For my part, Mein, I must confess that I would have a higher opinion of the man who would say those two or three words in his heart, as he walked along the highway, than if he were to be on his knees all day long in the presence of other men. God knows what is in the heart, and what we mean, and what is in the heart, and it is not anything external that ultimately determines the outcome.

It is said of Columba that one day, from cockcrow to sunset, he was on his knees in the church, making a vow. In the evening he went out, and who met him but one of the brothers.

Calum Chille asked him where he had been.

"Well," said the other, "I heard that one of the brothers had gone astray, and I went to him on purpose to tell him that if he was bad, I myself would spend seven months with him." "It was you," said Colum Chille, "who was praying, and it was not I—me in the sight of men, but you in the sight of heaven."

20. Light of the World

I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life. — John 8:12.

There is nothing so beautiful as a sofa, even in a natural sense. Would you not say that there is something wrong with that man who would not rejoice in the sun or the sofa of the day, for we all admit that there is healing in the light and in the sun. Of course, there was a day, and men would have preferred to live in caves in the earth or in dense forests or in the caves of the mountains, but it was fear that made them do so, for there was no rule, and the hand of every man was against his neighbor, and so there was danger in the light.

But today, when the fear of bad government is gone, men seek only the light and the blossom of the sun — or, as the old people said, "To the wind and to the sun's face." And certainly a great change a dream makes in a man's spirit. When a man lies on a sick bed and cannot sleep at night, how often does he look out the window to see if the day's dream is at all coming. And how many a man who has been hopelessly despondent all night and affairs look very dark before him, who regains his hope and courage when the day's dream comes and the sun rises. How well did the Psalmist understand this when he said

it:

This afternoon, even though it was dark, joy comes with the day.

It should come as no surprise, then, that the word "light" is used so often in the Bible—in the Old Testament in reference to justice, righteousness, holiness, and the Word of the Lord; and in the New Testament in reference to the Savior and His Gospel. As He Himself said: "I am the light of the world."

We can see how appropriate this word is if we consider the condition of the world before the coming of the Saviour. There were three tribes or kingdoms that stood out among all others — Jews, Greeks, Romans — and we might say that the greater part of the world known today was in darkness, even in a sense.

natural. And the three I mentioned were in darkness in a spiritual sense, although not in a natural sense.

The Jews had fallen from the state in which they had been in the days of David and Solomon; the crown was gone from them, and foreigners ruled the land; and, worst of all, the old religion was gone—the fire was gone, and, though there was still a spark to burn, the heart from which the heat had come was dead cold. And the Greeks were no exception. They were noted for two things—beauty of mind and beauty of hand. For fineness and polish, both in writing and in carved stones, the likes of the Greeks had never been equaled in the history of the world. But at the same time there was no place for God in the life or work of the Greeks—not that they had a beautiful city, but the living and eternal God did not sit in that city. No doubt, some of them had a wrong idea, for years later, when the Apostle P61 came to Greece, he saw an altar in one of the streets, with these words written on it: "To the Unknown God". And P61 said to them: "What you worship without knowing him, this I preach to you."

At the same time the Romans were running and rushing, adding kingdom to kingdom and color to color, bringing forth the mastery and glory of the world with blood and iron, without a word for the two things that endure - God and the soul of man.

When we think, then, of the state of the world when the Savior came, and when we remember why He came, we see how appropriate these words are: "I am the light of the world." ,

Now, although we have to do with the world in a sense, and with the kingdoms in a sense, above all our concern is with ourselves. And if the Savior said, "I am the light of the world," He also said, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." And could we not see the three important ways in which Christ gives light to each one?

, separately, to put down in

A few words. It gives light to people yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

Yesterday. Yesterday is a burden to each of us, and not surprisingly so. A man once said: "If yesterday were to come upon me today, wouldn't it frighten me!" Of course it would, because it is full of sins that we remember and sins that we don't. And if a man were to say to you, "If I could have yesterday over again, I wouldn't change a thing; what I was and am, I would seek to be forever more," you would say of that man that he was either deceiving himself or that he never understood the difference between the holiness of God and the unholiness of man. If it were the Psalm, wouldn't it say, "Lord, remember not against your servant the sins of my youth"; and if it is the Apostle Paul, did he not say, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "I thank God," he said, "through Jesus Christ the Lord." The Savior, then, is the light of the world in regard to yesterday. If we will confess our sins, He will forgive us. That is what gives us the weight and fear of yesterday.

Today. Today brings its own evils and its own ways, and if we fell yesterday or gave in to worries, how can we be sure that the same thing will not happen today, and that we will not fall; and how can we be forgiving of yesterday, if today is going to write an account against us. It is good for us, then, that the light of yesterday shines on today also. If we were to seek a comparison to the Gospel, it is not one of those signs that you see at the parting of the roads and that as if say to us, "That is your way; walk in it." The Gospel does more and that for us; He walks with us on the road and carries with him forgiveness for every sin, strength for every temptation, healing for every disease, and light for every dark place. "He who *follows* me," says Christ. He himself goes before us on the road, and as the day was in his hand,

and as today is in his hand, so is the eternal light in his hand also, and all the tomorrows that shall be. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever." And though there are many lights in this world that will go out—lights that have been lit by the wisdom or by the learning or by the invention of men, the light of this one will not go out because he is the Light of Life.

21. In the Night

And it was night. — John 13:30.

In the history of the world there are two classes of famous men—those who are famous for having done good, and those who are famous for having done evil. Judas is of the latter class, and he is at the very head of the regiment to which he belongs. We generally say that Judas is condemned because he betrayed the Master. But that is not the greatest condemnation against him. What is ordained will happen, and it is quite clear that Calvary and the Cross were ordained, and even if Judas had not betrayed Christ, the death of the Cross would have been the same as God's. Judas' condemnation is that he sinned against the light; he heard better and knew better, and yet he did the worst and not the best. Many a man does wrong in error or without thinking, but it is never heard of that man being excused, even if his best friend was in the wrong. Have you ever noticed how little the Bible says about Judas? He is always mentioned as the one who betrayed the Savior, and it is told what happened to him afterwards, and the Savior himself used his

two or three harsh words about him but not much more. We would think that there would be chapters about him, telling how guilty he was and how heinous the act he did. But the least that could be written about him is given to us in the Bible, and not the most.

At the very moment when there is such importance in the few

a word used that no one can miss without that weight: "He went out immediately and it was night." It was night in one way or another for Judas, and more is said in those two or three words than if books were written about it — "it was night."

Now, naturally enough, night has always signified dark deeds and despair. Most of the harm that is done in the kingdom and throughout the world is said to be done at night. And it is not at all surprising that people should fear at night that they do not fear in the day, for at night it is so easy for enemies or any harm to come upon people unawares, when they cannot defend themselves very well. In spiritual matters it is said that night is a time when evil is so strong that it seizes people from behind, or tries to

just as a wild beast would come upon a man in the night. It is also said that night is a time when a man loses his hope and sees before him, not an open road but a rock that he cannot overcome. That was the situation in which Judas was when he left the room where the Savior and the other apostles were, and went alone into the night. We do not know what thoughts he had in the darkness, but we can be sure that there was neither beauty nor laughter in them.

If he thought, without knowing it, of the happy days they had together, and of the kindness and love he had received, he would send those thoughts away from him, for there would be none of them that would not burn in him like a red-hot ember in the fire.

How many men had a sore heart and thought certain when he would leave a blessing at a society on He had great respect for her, but not for long, for the night would be in his heart, for, although they parted, it was in friendship and goodwill towards each other. But when Judas left the room, he broke their friendship and love, even as a clay vessel is broken on a stone. For a moment more there would be a river deeper than the sea between them.

Judas and the company he left. Isn't the proverb true, then — that there are times when separation is worse than separation. He went out and it was night.

There is a part of that darkness in the world today. The old Gaels would say that this is the worst situation a man could be in: a dark night, fog, rain, and a great wind; a narrow, narrow ship with a high mast out at sea, and with all the rest an angry, disrespectful crew. If you could say those true words about most kingdoms, you would not be far wrong. And this is the worst sign of all — that things that happen do not strike men as much terror as they ought to. It is said that men grow accustomed to anything, but men should not grow accustomed to evil. Is it because war has hardened men's hearts and hardened their consciences?

more foolish people than they were before? Is it not a bad sign that there should be so much murder and slaughter being done in our kingdom, and that a large portion of the people would not, it seems, put as much of it into it as they would put, say, into another penny on their bread. It is bad enough that there should be night, but it is worse when people do not understand that or (if they do understand) make it out that night is as good as day. And, in the same way, it is bad enough that murder should be so common, but it is worse when this thing does not make people tremble in the flesh as it did in days gone by. And what is the reason but that we are not filled as we should with the spirit of the Gospel as it came from the lips of the Saviour. If it were, we would say to ourselves: "That was my brother; that's where the bullet or the knife went, and I won't be satisfied until the people rise up and say, this is not what Calvary was for; if there are thousands who are wrong, they will be set right, not in the spirit of Judas but in the spirit of the Savior."

When that day comes, people will go out and come in, and it will not be night but day, even as he himself said: "I am the light of the world."