

Rev. Donald Monro, Rev. F. J. MacLeod, Hugh MacColl, Archibald MacKillop, A. Gordon, Alexander MacMillan, Hugh MacCorquodale, Neil Clark, Mrs. Angus MacKay, Mrs. McKenzie, Dr. J. MacLeod, Donald Grant, Donald Campbell, D. MacFarlane, Angus Carmichael (author of "Venus of the Gael," etc.), James MacMaster, Miss Catherine Cameron, Mrs. John MacDonald.

Quite recently, while on a visit in the county of Bruce, I came across a number of Gaelic songs composed by Mr. J. B. Macdonald, a respected citizen of Tiverton, a specimen verse of which I shall transcribe to show that patriotism and vitality still characterize the sons of Ossian:

O, 's ann a'n America a tha mi an dràsda,
Fo dhùbhar na colie nach teirig gu bràth,—
'S'n uair dh' fhaibhas an dàbhlachd 'sa thionnd'as am biàths
Bidh drisean 'us biùlan 's fiùth'r orra fàs.

Ach's truagh nach robh mise 'n Tìridh mar bha,
Ged bhithinn gun sgillinn dar ruiginn an traigh;
Bu shunndach a bhithinn 'n uair dh' eireadh an iàn,
Doi a dh' iarraidh nan sìolag gu tochdar traigh-bhaigh.

Tìridh mo chridhe, Tìridh mo ghaoil,
Far am bithinn am mireag 'sa ruith air an raon',
'S bho 'na thug mi mo chùl ris do dhuthaich nan craobh,
'S e dh' fhag mi fo mhulad nach grunnalch mi 'n caol.

The Gael had his "Golden Age," and it was an age of poetry. Its traditions have floated down the centuries to our own times, and are met with in popular songs, one of which may fitly close this sketch:

"LINN AN AIGH"—"THE HAPPY AGE."

TRANSLATED:—

When all the birds in Gaelic sang,
Milk lay like dew upon the lea;
The heather into honey sprang,
And everything was good and free.

No tax or tribute used to fall
On honest men, nor any rent;
To hunt and fish was free to all,
And timber without price or stent.

There was no discord, war or strife,
For none were wronged and none oppressed;
But everyone just led the life
And did the thing that pleased him best.