

The Rockwood Review.

THE TOMBS OF THE MACLEANS.

In the Island of Iona, supposed to be among the oldest relics of Christian occupation and sculpture in Great Britain, and coeval with St. Columba, the first Apostle of Christianity in the British Isles.

Where stormy winds and angry seas
Sweep down from the roaring Hebrides,
And the mist and spray of Stornoway
Drift over the rocks of the desolate bay,
Swept by the clouds and drenched by the rain,
And the trumpet music of wind and main,
Stark and straight and carved in stone,
Each in his storm-rocked burial place,
The chiefs of the ancient highland race
Still guard the isles that were once their own.

Here in the old Ionian isle,
Where the crumbling walls of the stately pile
Upreared by the saint so long ago
Shadow and shelter the tombs below,
Stark and straight, with the battle blade
By each mute figure grimly laid,
The cross above, and the sword beside,
Worn and trampled by wind and tide
The ancient chiefs of the highlands sleep,
While the centuries move slowly by.
And the moan and the croon of the restless deep,
The old nurse mother from cliff and steep
Sounds forever her lullaby.

K. S. McL.