

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.
Tha sinn gu iriosalach eiridh comh-chuideachadh airson colbh na Gaillig'

Cha 'n fhada an uine gus am bi Sior-ranachd Victoria air thoiseach air na h-uile aite ann a Canada leatha tighnean sgoile tha mor briagha agus comhfhurtachail. Gu araidh tha so ri fhaicinn mu thimchioll St. Anns agus a Cladaich a Tuath. Cuiridh e pròis mhòr air neach air bhith dol troimhe nan aitean ud 'nuair a' chi e an teach air aghart iongantach rinn iad o chionn trì no ceithir do bhliadhnaichean ann an togail eaglaisean agus tighnean sgoile. Tois-eachadh aig Bagh Baddeck far am bheil tigh sgoil ur, mor, agus leantunn sios ch'inn tighinn sgoil mor ion-mholta aig a Cnoc Mhor, Chaolan a Tuath, 'n Abhainn a Tuath, Tairbair, Chov na Eagann, Allt an Inneanach, Chov a Gheoidh agus aig an Abhainn Phrangach. Thuilleadh oera so tha moran eile timchioll an arda tuath ag ullachadh gus iad sud a bheithidh. Obair urramach! Deanaidh tighinn comhfhurtail do air mic as do air nigh-eanan anns am faigh iad an t'ionnsuchadh sin ni comasach iad air a bhi na luchd-aiteachaidh fennaidh agus ion-raiteach. Gu fìor is e so deasannas na h-uile athair as mathair.

Tha chionn Ghaolach gabhail fois 's an an so ach ann a beagan lathainn toisichidh an sgoil a rithist. Bithidh maighstirean sgoile ur an so is an sud. Bu choir do na h-uile luchd mor a chuir air na sgoilean agus fir teagasg maith fhaighinn. An diugh tha cothrom ag a leanabh bhoch foghlunn fhaighinn cho maith ri cloinn a mhillionair. Gle thric tha na sendan as luachmhor 'ar a fhaicinn ann a cniltean dorchadh. Ge lion neach bochd le canchann oir-dheare—nllamh gu deardh no faigh-eadh i a cothrom, da 'n boiginn a bheo-lande a dheanamh leis a phoicaid as a fshovel nuair a bha a duine leis an canchann bheag, gidheadh thair foghlunn, a faighean a theachd-an-tir le suainneas. Ach gu ar la, as gineal-aidh agus sgoilean. Tha moran shectionanan a deanamh mearachd mhòr le a bhi saolsinn gun dean maighstir sgoile sam bi a gnòthach gu teagasg clann og—gu sgoil a chumail far nach eil na sgoilearan fad air an adhairt. Mearachd mhòr a' tha so. Mar as oige a leanabh is ann is mo a fheumas na parantain an aire thoirt gum bi fear teagasg maith thairis air. Mar as oige is ann 's furasda a chuir ceann agus bithidh e gle dhuilich a chuir, agus a chumail ceart ris. Feumaidh bhunait a bhi air an lay ro mhaith air no bithidh trioblaid ann. Aon uair as gu bi a chloinn air an teagasg gu maith ge b'e air bith cho bochd as a bhithis an ath mhaistear sgoil cha bhi e gle furasda dha milleadh a dheanamh mar dean e maith. Tha moran d'io dhaoinibh na ministirean as na luchd-ceard nach faigh thairis gu brath air an droch teagasg a fhuair iad bhon cheud maighstir sgoile. Uine sin air a pu h-uile cor faidhich gach section am maighstir sgoil a' fòarr as urrainn i go be no chostas e. Thoiridh sgoil maith do air cloinn. Gun so chan fhaighidh an uachdar 'san tsaothal sa. Ge be air bi gu te an ni a ni a duine ionnsuichte bidhidh e air a dheanamh n's fear na's urrain a neach gun foghlum a dheanamh. Tha an obair is eifeachdachaidhe theid a dheanamh an crochadh ris an inneal agus an heart tha leis, no air a chuib. 'Cuir claidheamh Dhamascus le fhaobhair ro-ghèur ann an lannaidh leanabh agus gu te cho neo-eifeachdach. Cuir carbad asal an a lann Shamson, agus air son a neart, marbhuidh e na ceudan ach gu te na dheanamh e thairis air so le claidheamh geur Dhamascus. Tha rum gu leor air mullaeh an fharadh anns na h-uile ceard agus dreachd air son an neach a tha ionnsuichte, ciuin, stuama agus gnìomhach. Cha 'n eil rum idir ann an so do n' fhear neo-fhoghlumate. Co a bha air an taghaidh gun oibrichibh cumhachdach a dheanamh o thoiseach an tsaothal? Co fhuair a mach nach uile innleachd ar' iad sin a bha ionnsuichte. So eachdraidh a chinne daoina.

Tha so ro-mhath ach cha fheum-ar di-chuimhe a dheanamh air an ionnsuchadh no teagasg na dachaidh—an teagasg aig glun namh mathair. So an t'ionnsuchadh as ro-fhearr. Isann bhoam mathraicean a fhuir no daoina is ainmeil a bha riobh air thalamh an t'ionnsuchadh rinn mar sin iad. Chuir gach aon d'ia uirama air an teagasg. Feumaidh a cridhe a bhi ceart. Se a cridhe a riaghas agus a stinras lann ceur Dhamascus an fhoghlum. Tha foghlum eifeachdach gus a maith no f'olce chuir ar 'n adhairt. Seall seall Mhuais. Air fhòlach tri miosa—air a chuir sa chobhan cullce aig braich na h-aimhne agus a phintha am fad naith a dh' fhaicinn ciod a dheanta ris. Thairig nighean Pharaoh a nna gus an amhainn agus an uair thugadh d a h-ionnsuidh a cobhan—dh' fhosgail i e, agus fench ghul an naoidhean. Agus ghabh i truas ris. An sin thubairt a phiuthar ri nighean Pharaoh, an teid mise agus an gairm mi dhuith banaltrum do na Mnaibh Eabh-ruidheach a chum as gu'n altrum i 'n leanabh dhuith? Cia cho mor as na bha an crochadh ris an fhreagairt—cor clainn Israel—shuagh Dhe. Thubhairt nighean Pharaoh Falbh. Chaidh i agus ghairm i mathair an leinibh. Cia cho dileas as a bha i gu teagasg an an aidmheil na'n Iudhach re na'n dheich bliadhna a' bha e maille ri. Cha do dhi-chuimhich Maos riomb teagasg a

mhathair. Chaidh e troimh chollegian mora nan Eiphteach. Bha e na urrain mor leis na oil-thighean so mac nighean Pharaoh a bhi a'g ionnsuchadh anna. Agus dh' fhoghlumadh Maos ann an uile ghliocas nan Eiphteach gidheadh thug teagasg a mhaith bnaidh oirra uile agus mu dhearaidh dhuith e bhi air a ghairm na mhac do nighinn Pharaoh, a roghnachadh amhar fhuilang maille ri shuagh Dhe. Nach iomadh Maos agus Timoteus a bhithidh againn na a dheanadh na h-uile mathair a dheas-annas. Cuiridh gach bean ghlic a tigh suas; ach leagaidh a' bhean amaideach sios e le a lannaidh feig—Prov. 14.1.

Literature the War Will Make.

There is no doubt that this war will have an effect on our literature. Literature is much more of a business now than it used to be. At least one well known author has gone to the scene of the conflict to get material and local color and who knows how many correspondents may not be sustained through their hard and self-sacrificing work by their literary ambition; by the thought of how valuable the impressions they receive may be in later and more glorious days. Seamen have made a field practically unworked as yet by literature. It is the universal complaint that an unworked field is a hard thing to find nowadays; and certainly in the incidents that have already taken place, this field promises well. But the conflict possesses in itself all the essential elements of romance. One can see novels in the mere statement of the dramatis personae. The Dons, handsome, with the blue blood of centuries in their veins; cowardly or desperately brave, chivalrous or tricky, as may be most useful; the Cubans, as rescued heroine or patriotic hero; the American rescuer, dashing, daring, clever, victorious; the patrician American girl who has gone to the front as a nurse; the great ship, the tropical sea, its sudden storms and its wonderful moon; the beautiful suffering country, with its mocking luxuriance, the high purpose that animates the conquering fighters—there will be novels enough when the war is over; the Hispano-American war will not want for a place in fiction as well as in history.

Thus the emotional and dramatic possibilities are obvious to all. For an example of the unusually effective scenic background take the impressive setting of the Merrimac episode. It was one to invite so strongly the hand of romancer, painter and poet, that one feels that it is destined to a place in art. There was the human setting in the silence of the anxious, watching fleet, every man of whom knew on what desperate errand the heroes were slowly drawing away. Then there was the background of nature which furnished a stately poetic scene. Tall sentinel shadows where the day had left gloomy fortresses that were now asleep appeared as black masses rising into darkness from an inky sea. The only sound was the haping of the waves on the sides of the ghost-like vessel creeping to its doom. The starless sky hung low, and through a break in the clouds no bigger than a hand the mysterious, watching, sailing moon lent the little light that was needed. And then, as the vessel drew to the place appointed, there broke, with all the suddenness of the tropic's morning, the grey light of dawn. With it the forts on the hill awoke, the pitiless fire leaped forth on the helpless ship and crew. The silence and darkness of night had given away in an instant to light and a deafening roar that made the fit accompaniment, the incomparable finale of nature and man combined, to the courageous act.

Or take the details of the great battle of Santiago. What writer is he who, sure as he can be of his audience, can find no literary inspiration in these scenes? It has been suggested that nations need war from time to time as a stimulus, a tonic, for an injection of manliness and primitive, natural emotion, to save them from degenerate effeminacy. The theory is belligerent. Without subscribing to it, the muses can yet find in war's ill wind the good of invigoration, a wholesome freshening, and a breeze that blows the cobwebs out of weary brains. War gives a temporary glory to the sword that makes it cut a swathe where pens can only scratch; but in the end—in the restoration of normal conditions new scenes and new characters, to resuscitate old thoughts are found to come out of war's confusion.

"Why," asked the teacher, "did the Romans call their emperor Augustus?" Clearly it was the opportunity of the bad boy, who is some day to be admiral or a secretary of the treasury or something. "They didn't dare to call him Gus!" he shouts, dissonantly.—Detroit Journal.

She did not hesitate to express alarm concerning the young soldiers' future. "Have no fears," he exclaimed, cheerily. "We have a colonel who is both gallant and discreet and subordinate officers who are intelligent as well as brave." "I know that, Harold dear. But what kind of a cook have you?"—Washington Star.

"Dickie, how did you happen to eat the whole pie?"
 "Mamma, I played you wuz grandma, an' told me to take all I wanted."

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