

Air an raon rinn fuil a dhath,
 Feadh lasair, stàirn us peileirean,
 Thuit, na threin "Iàn Dubh nan cath."*
 Fosglaidh farsuinn tuam cladh Athoil
 'N taite tamh aig cnaimh nan saoi,
 Fosglaidh iad! na dorsan coisricht,
 'S theid e cheilidh ann mar aoidh,
 Crioich nan Gaidhail 'bha neo-sgathach,
 Crioich saors' Albainn, crioich an t-sliochd,
 Leis am bh'fhearr am bas, gun truaillleadh,
 Na bhi beo, san tìr fo smachd.
 O! A leogha'n-chridheach, chalma,
 Na toir suim do'n tìr tha teachd,
 Ged mheasair onair na cas-onair,
 'S dilseachd-duthcha na mhi-thlachd;
 Caideal socair ann 's an duslach,
 'Taobh do chinnceadh uasal, fìor,
 Aobhar Albainn 's iad nach dìobradh—
 Nach d'rinn ni bha suarach riamh.
 Caideal! 's gus an duisg an trombaid
 Na tha marbh 'sa mhuir 's air tìr,
 Cha dean Albainn uail a ceannard
 Na bu shuairc na bha Dundie.
 **Sobriquet by which Lord Viscount Dundee was sometimes known.*

The Wit and Wisdom of the Gael.

Dean air d'athais, 's ann is luaithe.
 Take it easy, you'll speed better.

Is fhearr sgìos chas na sgìos meamna.
 Better weary foot than weary spirit.

Is maith far an saoilair.
 'Tis well to be well thought of.

Bheirear comhairle seachad, ach cha toirear giùlan.
 Counsel can be given, but not conduct.

Is maith an sgathan suil caraid.
 A friend's eye is a good looking-glass.

Hags and Goblins in Gaelic Folklore.

FROM "URQUHART AND GLENMORISTON," BY WM. MACKAY.

The hags and goblins that haunted certain localities were almost as much dreaded as the evil one himself. Among the worst of these was Cailleach a' Chrathach, the Hag of the Craach—a wild and mountainous district lying between Corrimony and the Braes of Glenmoriston. This being rejoiced in the death of men, the MacMillans being especially the objects of her fierce malice. Her manner was to accost some lonely wayfarer across the wild, and deprive him of his bonnet.

As he travelled on in ignorance of his loss, she rubbed the bonnet with might and main. As the bonnet was worn thin by friction, the man grew weary and faint, until at last, when a hole appeared in it, he dropped down and died. In this way fell at least five MacMillans within the last hundred years—and all were found in the heather without a mark of violence. Very few escaped from her toils. One evening Donald MacMillan, Balmacaan, met her at Cragan a' Chrathach and exchanged a passing salutation with her. He went on his way unaware of the fact that she had taken his bonnet. His eyes, were, however, soon opened, and he hurried back to the Cragan, where he found her rubbing his head-gear with great vigor. A terrible struggle took place for its possession, in which Donald in the end prevailed, but as he hurried away from her she hissed into his ear that he would die at nine o'clock on a certain evening. Her prophecy was fulfilled to the letter, notwithstanding the earnest prayers of his family against it.

Scottish Artists.

Miss Maggie Falkner, Williamstown, Ont.

No. II.

Last month we presented our readers with a portrait of Miss Mabel Munro, the famous Scottish entertainer, New York. This month we present them with a sketch and portrait of one of our sweetest Scottish-Canadian singers, Miss Maggie Falkner, soprano and Scottish vocalist. Miss Falkner is a comparatively young singer, but she has already captivated more than one audience in Montreal, Ottawa, and in Cornwall, as well as on many occasions among her own people of Glengarry County, Ont.

The daughter of Dr. Falkner of Williamstown, Ont., she is a graduate and gold medallist of the College of Notre Dame, Williamstown, and has since spent considerable time in voice culture, etc., under the celebrated Prof. Conture of Montreal. She has a natural musical disposition, and a voice of great compass and flexibility, remarkable for its pure culture and high pitch, and she never fails to give satisfaction. Her press notices are unanimous in her praise.