

movement has recently been made with the view of erecting a monument to the memory of Dugald Buchanan, without exception the best of modern Gaelic poets in the true sense of the term, for in comparison with him the bulk of modern would-be bards are mere poetasters and rhymers. At a meeting held at the beginning of September in Kinloch-Rannoch for the furtherance of this object, the Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan, of Edinburgh, who presided, spoke as follows:—"Dugald Buchanan's memory will be fresh as long as the language in which his hymns were composed continues to be a living tongue. These sacred songs are his true monument. But the feeling exists among those who cherish his memory and admire his poetry that something should be done to give expression to a sentiment which exists so widely, and with that feeling I deeply sympathise. Other Gaelic poets of a different class have their monuments, and why should not he? Buchanan, as is well known, was a native of Balquhider, and was for seventeen years of his life a contemporary of Rob Roy. Strange that the same district should, nearly at the same time, produce two characters so different as Dugald Buchanan and Rob Roy Macgregor. The fact teaches us not to judge hastily of the character of the people of the Highlands generally at the time. There might be fierce and barbarous men in the country, but there were distinguished men of God too, and none more so than this native of the very district which was the scene of so many of Macgregor's lawless deeds, and where his dust now lies. Buchanan was one of the early missionary teachers of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge—men selected as much for their grace as their gifts, although he was richly endowed with both. Many interesting incidents are related regarding him in this capacity. The scene of his labours was Rannoch, where we are now met. He was incessant in labour for Christ, and faithful in rebuking sin and winning

sinners to his Master; and none could be more valued than he as a guide and instructor by experienced Christians. His interest in the welfare of religion may be gathered from the fact that, notwithstanding the difficulty of travelling at the time and the length of the way, he visited Cambuslang during the great revival in the days of Whitfield, and was much encouraged by what he saw. He was employed to superintend in Edinburgh the first issue of the Gaelic New Testament translated by Mr. Stewart of Killin, and so highly was he esteemed by competent judges that it was proposed to ordain him as the first minister of the Gaelic congregation in Edinburgh. This last proposal was not carried out for reasons variously related; but I feel a personal interest in this movement from the fact that the name of Buchanan was in some measure associated with the congregation of which I am now the minister. It is perhaps not so generally known that Buchanan was a prose writer. His account of his own spiritual history down to the year 1750 is a remarkable composition, full of life, of unction, and of knowledge in the things of God. It is worthy of being put side by side with the 'Spiritual Autobiography of Boston.' His poetry is so well known in the Highlands that little requires to be said about it. It speaks its own praise. There are eight pieces extant, called 'Laoidhean Spioradail' or Spiritual Hymns. These are of almost uniform excellency, both in matter and manner. 'The Skull' and 'The Day of Judgment' have been said to excel the others, but I own that I do not observe that the superiority is very marked. Buchanan has been called 'the Cowper of the Highlands,' and if that be high commendation it is no higher than what his genius and his taste deserve at the hands of all those who can read and relish the language in which he wrote. Nor let it be said that his powers suffered by the use of his mother tongue, for there is no language living that is more capable of giving