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VOL. 27.—NO. 79

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Ch'town, March 5, 1891.

"The Clan Macdonald Gathering"

BY MRS. MARY MACPHERSON, THE SKYE POETESS.

The following is the poem specially composed by Mrs. Mary Macpherson, the Skye poetess, to the "Clan Macdonald Society," and recited by her at the meeting of the Society, held in Glasgow, on the 30th Jan. last in Berkeley Hall, St. Andrew's Hall, Lord Kingsburgh, president of the Society, in the chair. Conspicuous among the large number who supported the noble Lord on the platform was Eneas Macdonald, Esq., of Morar, "the grand old man" as his fellow clansmen sometimes delight to call him, and who delivered a stirring and eloquent address on the occasion. The venerable old gentleman is a first cousin of our esteemed ex-Governor, the Hon. A. A. Macdonald, of this city. As the air or foun of this spirited and truly poetic lyric is familiar to many of the readers of THE EXAMINER, its reproduction here will render it all the more acceptable. Those who can read and fully appreciate the poem will find it couched in language "drawn from the well of pure Gaelic undefiled." MAC.

Selected from The Scottish Highlander for The Examiner.

Cruinneachadh Chlann Dombhuill
Ann an Glaschu;
Oran
Le Maire Nighean I in Bhain.
Air Fonn—An Dombhuillach Furanach.

Na Dombhuillach urramach
Gur deonach a chruinnich iad,
'S bha sibhneas air an cairdean
'S gach ceann air a chunnach iad
Na Dombhuillach urramach.

'S ann maduinn na bliidin' uire
Thainig fios 'gam Ionnsuidh
'Chuir m' aigheadh ann an sunnd
Gus na thionndadh m' iorram
Air na Dombhuillach urramach.

On's e amior an t-seorsa
Chuir spiorad na mo phorao,
Gus cuir mi ann an ordugh
An t-oran bheir furan
Air na Dombhuillach urramach.

'S Dombhuillach mo shinnir
Eho Eilean n. m. beann ionmhor,
'S bidh chathair air a Bonadh
Le siad dhiubh's cha b' fuithear leam,
Na Dombhuillach urramach.

O thog thu onsr t-ainme
Eha Chinnse-burg sinneil;
Tha aitheand nam sona a dh' fhalbh
Agus seilbh aca fuireach ann,
Na Dombhuillach urramach.

'S i ogha an fion dhùit'—nasail
'S na bairt' i sheas an cruidail,
'S nach thigeadh i ann le fustasdas
A bhaid' gus am buinnidheadh,
Na Dombhuillach urramach.

B' aithe dhuinn a sean mathair,
'S a mathair, bha i ainneil,
'S ged thug am bas air fàbh i,
Bidh h' ainm air a chumail
Leis na Dombhuillach urramach.

'S cuimhnicidh sibh Fìoraidh
Aig crinneachadh Chlann Dombhuill,
'S bidh h' onsr air a h-òrl
Mu na bhòrd leis gach urra
Dhena Dombhuillach urramach.

Dhion i Pionnsa Tearlach
Bho channartan na namhaid
'S cha dealaidhidh i gu brath ris
Air sal gus na chuir i e,
Bhan Dombhuillach urramach.

Theid fios null thar sàll
Gu Canada is airde,
Gu Dombhuillach mo graidh
Agus airmid dhiubh fuireach ann,
Na Dombhuillach urramach.

Sir Ian dhaibh na channard
'S iad uile fo chommand' ann;
'S gur mi rinn an t-oll-innein;
'Raofr nuair a chumna mi
Mu'n Dombhuillach urramach.

E corr's tri fheadh bliadhna
'S a cheann a nis air liathadh,
'S a cheann a cheart cho isgaidh
Ri fiada ann na monaidhean,
An Dombhuillach urramach.

Tha Dombhuillach ro fhaicail
A tamh 'san Eilean Sgiathach,
'S tha fear dhiubh ann an Lindail
Rinn miorbhuil neo-chumanta.
An Dombhuillach urramach.

Rina e rathad dha'n each iarunn
Troimh bheanntachan ro iargail,
'S theid coisichean gun phianadh
Mar ian bhar nan talaichean,
Na Dombhuillach urramach.

'S bho na chuir e'n t-srian ann,
Na tugaibh d' bhean an diollaid
Dhuan—bheagais gus an triall e,
'S tha biadh ann a chumas ris,
Na Dombhuillach urramach.

Albannaich na mor-bheann
Thug eachdraidh mu Chlann-Dombhuill,
Cuir fhathast air a doigh dhuinn,
An coir air a Chruineachadh,
Na Dombhuillach urramach.

Nedr dh'fhalbas mi gu h-àotrom
A choinneachadh mo dhaoine
Gu'n d' thoir me ealsh fraoich leam
'S bidh eorabh aig gach urra
Dhe na Dombhuillach urramach.

'S e suaischeantas ar n-àrachd
Fraoch is bradan tarra-gheal,
Long is leughann meannach
'S lamh dhearg gus an t-illinn,
Air na Dombhuillach urramach.

'S ma bhitheas mise air doigh
Nur thig an latha mor ud,
Gu'n d' theid mi na ar comhdhail
'S cha bheo e na chumas mi
Bho na Dombhuillach urramach.

The Perils of the China Seas.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM REV. E. CHAPPELL.

Among these are such as the brave Towns of the "Jessie Troop" met, when a typhoon drove his ship from the Japan coast to the Loo-choo islands, and smashed it to kindling wood against the rocks.
But there is another peril. When I taught school at Dorchester, an old gentleman, Mr. Charles Smith, as he sat beside the blazing fire of a winter's evening, would while away the time by telling me pirate stories that he had heard in boyhood. But these days, he said, were long since past, and could not be repeated. Not so, however, along this Asiatic shore, as what I am about to relate will show.

A few days ago a steamship that touches at Chinese ports, and is manned by foreigners, left Hong Kong. There were on board many Chinamen on the way home from America and the Straits Settlements, bringing with them the earnings of years. At Hong Kong fifty other Chinese took passage. When about forty miles out, and while the foreign passengers were at tiffin, these fifty began operations. First a Mr. Peterson, whose was taking his noon meal on deck, was shot and died instantly. Then the leader, who could speak "pidgin" English, shouted down to the captain, telling him what they were there to do, and advising him to come up and make terms. On his way up he received several shots, fell to the foot of the stairs and died soon afterwards. To make a long story short, they got the foreign passengers and crew (except fireman) into the cabin, fastened them there securely, and took charge of the ship. They made the Chinese passengers bring up the trunks and break them open. Then, having turned the ship, they got back to where they boarded her, gave a signal of two whistles to junks that were in waiting, transferred the treasure, broke holes in the ship's lifeboats, dropped anchor and broke the windlass so that the anchor could not be raised, made the firemen draw the furnaces and then went leisurely away, taking, it is supposed, between twenty and forty thousand dollars with them. Is not this story blood-curdling enough for the day after Christmas?

But more. Two lady missionaries of the M. E. Church south were, a short time before, sailing on a river of China, when the steamer was boarded by pirates, and the ladies had to give up all they had with them. Yes, Henry Kirk Whit, you sang truly:
"In every clime, from Lapland to Japan,
This t'uth's confest—that man's worst foe is man."

Do I hear some one say, "Better forty years of Europe than a cycle of Cahay!" And why? The answer is the argument for all missionary work. They "sit in darkness and the shadow of death." The song of the angels over the plains of Bethlehem they have not heard.

Must I make all my letter of this sombre hue. Rev. J. T. Headland and wife took dinner with us in October on their way from America to China. Mrs. Headland, young, bright, the picture of health, full of enthusiasm and hope, took cold on one of the river boats and soon after reaching her destination died.

The China Inland Mission has been suffering greatly from deaths. One of the last to succumb to the climate was Mr. of Toronto. He was young, and had been one of the healthiest of the band. When told that he was going to a better world he said in words worthy of a true missionary "But the work! the work!" As earth was fading "Beautiful! Beautiful!" he said, and passed away.

The heroism that made the life of Henry Martyn such an inspiration is repeated to-day so frequently that it now fails to attract such notice as his did. The giving up of home and friends is but a small part of what it means to be a missionary in China. To go to a people who not only do not welcome you, but despise you, and hate, as they ought to hate Satan, the red-whiskered barbarian, the foreign devil, and revile in most loathsome ways "beautiful name by which ye are called;" to live among these and patiently suffer and wait, this is a heroism that heaven looks upon with a deep admiration, however it may be esteemed among men.
Aoyama, Tokyo, 26th Dec., 1890.

Concerning Taste.

There is no universal standard of taste, and such a regulation would be as impossible to establish as a universal language. Tastes, in all matters and things, are formed, and trained, and educated, by circumstances and surroundings. They are almost as various in color and shade as the human countenance and complexion. In nothing do tastes differ more widely than in literature, and the choice of books as the result.

As a general rule, children do not like books when first introduced to them, and never take kindly to those they are forced to read. The good little boy who is reported to have said he would rather stay in the house and read a chapter in the "good book," than eat a sweet cake and go out in the sunshine and play, told a "white lie," and his mother knew it, too; yet she praised him for his goodness, gave him the cake, and told him to "get out."

Taste for reading may be trained by a judicious selection of reading matter for children, but it cannot be forced, except at the risk of creating dislike and repulsion; and this is a fact that parents and teachers should remember and regard. The road to reading ought to be made as smooth and pleasant, and easy as possible, and not beset, as it often is, with flinty stones and thorny brambles. The child should be allowed to ramble and romp in open sunshine and flowery paths, until a glimpse is caught of the wide landscape, deep woods, and the mysterious mountains beyond. Then the desire to explore becomes a passion, and all reading, romance, correct tastes are formed, and a practical education is the unerring result.

Call and get some bargains while we are selling off so cheap to make room for the new goods to arrive in the early spring. These goods must be sold at the Cheapest Grocery Store.—W. P. Colwell. mar16&w1w

A splendid assortment of stamped asanburg for hooking, at Jas. Paton & Co.
W. P. C. for the Stomach.

Criticism.

Criticism is a medicine that sometimes kills, but often cures. It cured Lord Byron of some of his early foibles and lordly conceit, and it is said to have killed John Keats, an over-sensitive young poet. But taken as a whole, criticism is a good thing if wisely directed and properly administered. It corrects errors, cultivates taste, and conducts the world in the right paths to the attainment of the most substantial good to the greatest number.

It cannot be successfully launched from the platform, pulpit or "stump," unless it is caught up and repeated by the press, like a far-resounding echo, which is multiplied until it reaches all ears, and quickens the general perception. Judgment is not infallible, and criticism may sometimes err, but its effects are always beneficial, and the result is generally good. It stimulates investigation and discussion, and induces people to think and decide for themselves. That's the good of it. Criticism of dramatic work may be right or wrong, just or unjust; they attract public attention, and confer benefits all around. Criticisms of books exercise a similar healthful influence, whether they are favorable or unfavorable to the work. Authors would generally rather be noticed and "cut up," than ignored and left alone. The spirit of criticism is always capacious; still, it is a good spirit, and performs a mission like that of an "angel unawares." It may mean to pull down and destroy, but the result of its work is to build and create. The intended injury is its own unconscious reparation. The general spirit of criticism is aptly illustrated by the remark of a celebrated English wit, critic and censor, who is credited with having said that he never read a book before criticising it, as reading always prejudices one so much. The remark has become the rule of nearly all the book reviewers of the present time, who, as newspaper writers, despatch huge piles of books that come under their notice in a few hours. This haste is one of the imperious necessities of daily journalism, that is now edited by electricity, and disseminated by steam. Thus, even the greatest improvements in speed have their stumbling blocks, drawbacks and disadvantages.

The winter is practically over and you are safe in buying a new spring hat. Nowhere can you get better suited in the latest styles than at J. B. Macdonald's. mh16i dw

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