

roared over the boards, tearing away like beasts of prey the shrieking human creatures that clung there.

Helgebiorn with one arm seized the carven beak of his ship, and with the other caught by Creevin's mantle. But, alas! it parted in his hand, just as, with cold rushing of water and flying of spray, a billow swept the deck. With its receding she was gone from him, whom he had cruelly stolen away and at last kindly loved—gone into that chaos of darkness and merciless waves, and with a cry of pity and despair he let go his clasp of the ship, and thought himself drowning too. A roaring of great waters was round him, and then utter darkness and long oblivion.

His senseless body was swept off on a wave-crest, as the *Sea-Raven*, flung against the cliff for the last time, split her timbers, and, filling with water, sank back like a stone down to the fathomless bottom of the sea.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO GAELIC RUNES

KENNETH MACLEOD

AT the World Missionary Conference, held recently in Edinburgh, the following Gaelic runes, so appropriate to the occasion, were widely circulated among the delegates, by whom they have now been carried to the uttermost parts of the earth.

DUAN NA H-AOIGHEACHD.¹

Chunnaic mi coigreach an dé ;
 Chuir mi biadh an àit' ithidh da,
 Deoch an àit' òil,
 Ceol an àit' eisdeachd ;
 'San ainm naomh na Trianaid,
 Bheannaich e mi fhin 's mo thigh,
 Mo nì 's mo dhuine ;
 'S thuir an uiseag 's i seinn,
 Gur minig, minig, minig,

THE RUNE OF HOSPITALITY.

I saw a stranger yestreen ;
 I put food in the eating place,
 Drink in the drinking place,
 Music in the listening place ;
 In the sacred name of the Triune,
 He blessed myself and my house,
 My cattle and my dear ones ;
 And the lark said in her song,
 Often, often, often,

¹ Taken down by the writer from Janet Macleod, Schoolhouse, Isle of Eigg.

