

**An Litir Bheag**  
**le Ruairidh MacIlleathain**

An Litir Bheag is a shortened and simplified version of Ruairidh's Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh (also available on the BBC website), designed for those who are at an earlier stage of learning Gaelic. The topic each week is the same as Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh so that, once the Litir Bheag is mastered, a student of the language might wish to try the full Litir. This is Litir Bheag 352 (which corresponds to Litir 656). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk).

When Dugald Buchanan, the spiritual poet, was a teenager, he went to live in Stirling. He departed from the Lord's way. But his sins preyed on his conscience. He went through years of doubt about his religion.

He tells in his book *The Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan*, what happened to him one day. He was on the street. "A drunken soldier was walking in front of me," he says. "Other young lads were annoying him by throwing a torn old piece of dirty rag in his face..."

Dugald didn't understand the situation. He picked up the cloth. He was going to throw it away. The soldier thought that Dugald was one of the louts. He drew his bayonet. Dugald ran up a close. The soldier was going to run him through with his bayonet. But he fell flat on his face. He lay there unconscious. And Dugald fled. Dugald reckoned that God had saved his life.

After a period in Stirling and Edinburgh, he went to Kippen in Stirlingshire. He was eighteen years old. His father was wanting him to take out a trade. He himself says he

Nuair a bha Dùghall Bochanan, am bàrd spioradail, na dheugaire chaidh e a dh'fhuireach ann an Sruighlea. Chaidh e far rathad an Tighearna. Ach bha na peacaidhean aige a' bualadh air a chogais. Chaidh e tro bhliadhnaichean de theagamh mun chreideamh aige.

Tha e ag innse anns an leabhar aige *Beatha agus Iompachadh Dhùghaill Bhochanain* mar a thachair dha aon latha. Bha e air an t-sràid. "Bha saighdear air mhìsig a' falbh romham," tha e ag ràdh. "Bha gillean òg' eile a' cur mì-thlachd air le bhith tilgeadh seann ghiobal de luideag shalach na aodann..."

Cha do thuig Dùghall an suidh-eachadh. Thog e an clobhd. Bha e a' dol ga thilgeil air fhalbh. Bha an saighdear dhen beachd gum b' e Dùghall fear de na bleigeardan. Tharraing e a bheigeileid. Ruith Dùghall suas clobhsa. Bha an saighdear a' dol ga shàthadh le a bheigeileid. Ach thuit e air a bheul fodha. Laigh e an sin gun mhothachadh. Agus theich Dùghall. Bha Dùghall dhen beachd gun robh Dia air a bheatha a shàbhaladh.

An dèidh ùine ann an Sruighlea agus Dùn Èideann, chaidh e don Cheapan ann an Siorrachd Shruighlea. Bha e ochd bliadhna' deug a dh'aois. Bha athair ag iarraidh air ceàird a thoirt a-mach. Tha e

*was lazy. But he got work to learn joinery.*

*But Dugald and his master fell out with each other. Dugald went to another man in Dumbarton. That work didn't last long either.*

*In 1742, Dugald went to a large gathering in Cambuslang near Glasgow. Twenty thousand people gathered. They were listening to the famous preacher, George Whitefield.*

*Dugald was encouraged. But doubts still assailed him. His life was about to change in a big way, however, as we'll see in the next Litir.*

fhèin ag ràdh gun robh e leisg. Ach fhuair e obair airson saoirsneachd ionnsachadh.

Ach chaidh Dùghall is a mhaighstir a-mach air a chèile. Chaidh Dùghall gu fear eile ann an Dùn Breatann. Cha do mhair an obair sin fada nas motha.

Ann an seachd ceud deug, ceathrad 's a dhà (1742), chaidh Dùghall gu co-chruinneachadh mòr ann an Camas Long faisg air Glaschu. Thàinig dà fhichead mìle duine cruinn. Bha iad ag èisteachd ris an t-searmonaiche ainmeil, Seòras Whitefield.

Fhuair Dùghall misneachd. Ach bha fhathast teagamhan a' bualadh air. Bha a bheatha a' dol a dh'atharrachadh gu mòr, ge-tà, mar a chì sinn anns an ath Litir.