

CHAPTER XIII.

Donald in Prison.

The shameful dastard deed is done,
Young Donald weltering lies,
Shot down by foes, and bleeding now
Before his parent's eyes !
We must o'er this heartrending scene
In pity draw a veil,
The money's won and Morrison
Is sent to Sherbrooke jail !

We dwell not on the agony
He suffered in that room
Above the rugged rock-bound depths
Where Magog's waters boom.
Corroding grief and bitter pangs
Were borne without a moan—
Five months or more he suffered sore,
But uttered not a groan.