

“ My soul is filled with troubled thoughts,
To-night I cannot rest ;
Perchance the storm without will calm
The tumult in my breast.
So, mother, weep no more for me,
The hour is growing late ;
To-night the wild will keep your child—
To-morrow tells his fate.”

Thus saying, Donald quietly stooped
And kissed her tenderly,
Then vanished into outer gloom,
Led on by destiny !
And scarcely had he left the door —
When hark ! oh, mournful tale !
Two rapid shots—death dealing notes !
Were mingled with the gale !

Sweep on, O storm ! but bear thou not
Thy burden to the maid
Whose pray'rs ascend from yonder cot !
For him so lowly laid.
Sweep on, and let the silent shades
The tale of shame infold—
The treachery this land so free
Will perpetrate with gold !