

But these Nunlings are detesting,  
One shall never be a bride ;  
To a freeman, after walking  
Early to the cloister school,  
Such young ladies, Nunlings talking,  
Never shall our children rule.

XV. ST. ZENITH'S BONES.

Come all true hearted Protestants  
And listen to my song ;  
Be loyal to your Bible, boys,  
It will not lead you wrong ;  
It bears the mark of truth and light,  
It gives you hopes divine,  
And gives to each a perfect right  
To say this book is mine.

The other day, at Montreal,  
There was a grievous sight,  
Where thousands answered to a call,  
Which gave their Priests delight,  
To see their dupes meet rotten bones  
Within a gilded shrine,  
And kneel before them on the stones,  
As if they were divine.

Saint Zenith's bones were in that shrine,  
This is what people said,  
And had been lost for ages past,  
And yet were undecayed.  
For fifteen hundred years or more  
These bones had been forgot,  
Till lying wonders, as of yore,  
Points out the very spot.