

Beneath the throne of justice, where
The Martyrs, night and day,
Call to their Prince and Heavenly King
Why vengeance thus delay.

The heart begins to sicken, boys,
When we think on such crimes,
And runs us back to other days,—
To bloody Mary's times.
For now, as then, the murderers
Have hitherto gone free,
Where Protestants were doom'd to die;
All this we plainly see.

But Father Richot's musing now
In Ottawa's strong jail,
And e'er he leaves it's battlements
He'll get a hangman's bail—
That's if the wretch be guilty found
With murder to his name;
If not, our country will be lost,
Priest-ridden and in shame !

XIV.

NUNLINGS WALKING.

When the city bells are ringing,
If you're passing on the way,
You may hear a young man singing
"Stop a little, stranger, pray ;"
Do you see yon maidens walking,
Early to the cloister school ?
See them smiling, hear them talking
Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

'Tis at matin prayers they see them,
Nuns, then kneeling side by side,