

ian saint. Sound be his sleep under the flagstones in the old Church of All the Saints, and which he had blasphemously nicknamed the "Church of All the Devils."

THE POET BEWAILS THE EXODUS AND DEGENERACY
OF THE RISING GENERATION IN THE
LEWIS COLONY IN QUEBEC.

ORAN AIR TOLSTA, UINSLO.

Le Domhnul Morrison.

Cha seinn mi 'n diubh dhuibh oran
Mar ni cuid de'n oig mu'n cuart,
'S ann a bhis e dhuibh mar stori
Gun moran ann ach fuam.
Ach cha'n ann le u uail sil na morchuis
A thoisich me air duan,
Ach a d'h innseadh dhuibh cho gorach
Bha me fein 'us tò do'n sluagh.

Gur e ur cruas 's ur N' aineolas,
Nach d'ainig sinn gu Criosd,
Nuair a bha E anns a bhail so
O chean cor's fichead bliadhna.
'Nuair a dhiompaicheadh 'r 'n aithreach-an
Gach neach air a robh mian,
A chaidh go saibhailt dhachaidh
'S a bhuain a steach gu baile dian.

Tha diubhur mor an tra so
'S mar bha 'n aite ri mo linn s'
Bha 'n uairai sin duaine cairdeal ann
'S gras braitheal anna mar ehlainn.
Bhidh 'n connaidh coinnibh shabaid aca
Is Patric go bhi seinn,
Bu bhille leam s'ri eisdeach e
Na coin na'n speir 's choil.