

And this is why he flees, pursued
 By worshippers of stone and wood,
 Loud clamoring for his Christian blood,—
 Sweet sacrifice, I ween.

On, on, and upward, ah! despair!
 The summit almost gained, but there
 High cliff of granite grey
 Rises upright, and circling round
 Beneath, deep chasms lay,
 A prisoner thus securely bound
 Fair Aidan stands at bay.

What feelings charged that youthful breast:
 Love — sorrow — they may well be guessed.
 One parting thought to Father — Mother,—
 To all in that dear cottage nest
 And one beloved other;
 “My dear, affianced Dariene,
 Thou star-eyed angel maiden,
 Farewell, my Rose, my mountain Queen,
 No more our steps will stray at e’en
 The vales of fair Ardfinan green
 That sweet and lovely Eden.”

Now, closer pressed the pagan foes
 Where Aidan’s graceful form arose.
 Huge stones upraised each giant’s hand,
 While some sharp blades of steel command.
 But, calm and undismayed,
 The youth devoutly lifts his hand,
 Calls on his God for aid.

“The Christian’s sign.” they furious, shout,
 And sinewy arms are whirled about,
 And one a stone has flung.
 It struck Fair Aidan’s noble brow
 And laid him on the mountain low.
 Green heather beds among.

The tiger thirsts for human blood
 As for the Christian’s they;
 But in the eager race they stood
 When midway to their prey,