

As we who joyously once rode
 So often forth to trumpet sound
 Pass guarded gates, by ways that wound
 O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
 The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
 The Orlean's Isle, and seaward melt ;
 Then past old walls by cannon crowned,
 Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
 The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
 And learning from Laval looks down,
 And quiet convents grace the town.
 There swift to meet the battle shock
 Montcalm rushed on ; and eddying back
 Red slaughter marked the bridge's track ;
 See now the shores with lumber brown,
 And girt with happy lands that lack
 No loveliness of Summer's crown.

Quaint hamlet-alleys border-filled
 With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
 Where flits the yellow bird, and fall
 The deep eave shadows. There when tilled
 The peasant's field or garden bed,
 He rests content if o'er his head
 From silver spires the church bells call
 To gorgeous shrines, and prayers that gild
 The simple hopes and lives of all.

Winter is mocked by garbs of green,
 Worn by the copses flaked with snow.—
 White spikes and balls of bloom, that blow
 In hedgerows deep : and cattle seen
 In meadows sparkling thick with gold,
 And glebes where lovers' fates are told
 Around the red-doored houses low ;
 While rising o'er them, fold on fold,
 The distant hills in azure glow.

Oft in the woods we long delayed,
 When hours were minutes all too brief,
 For nature knew no sound of grief ;
 But overhead the breezes played,