

Well nigh three hundred year have sped
And sentinell'd the saintly dead,
Since from their homes in sunny France,
From Norman vale with its romance,
There came that strong heroic band,
With cross of faith to bless our land,
Following God's finger through the wild
To snatch from death each savage child.

Their arms the breviary and the cross,
Aught else but faith they count as dross ;
And kneeling seek God's will on high
Within St. Mary's on the Wye.

The seed of faith has blazed within,
The triumphs of the cross begin :
Where death and darkness filled the land,
The rays of truth, showered from God's
 hand,
Blot out the stain of sin and shame
And leave the perfume of God's name ;
Through dark Huronia's forests wild
The savage chief becomes a child.

But Calvary and Thabor's height
Are linked in glorious beams of light,
As torch and stake and burning coal
Release from earth each martyr'd soul.