

## VII.

Were those not brave old races?—  
 Well, here they still abide ;  
 And yours is one or other,  
 And the second's at your side,  
 So when you hear your brother say,  
 "Some loyal deed I'll do,"  
 Like old Valrennes, be ready with  
 "I'm here to answer you !"

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 WINTER'S DAWN IN LOWER CANADA.

To each there lives some beautiful sight: mine is to me  
 most fair,  
 I carry fadeless one clear dawn in keen December air,  
 O'er leagues of plain from night we fled upon a pulsing  
 train ;  
 For breath of morn, outside I stood. Then up a carmine  
 stain  
 Flushed calm and rich the long, low east, deep reddening  
 till the sun  
 Eyed from its molten fires and shot strange arrows, one  
 by one  
 On certain fields, and on a wood of distant evergreen,  
 And fairy opal blues and pinks on all the snows between :  
 (Broad earth had never such a flower as in my country  
 grows,  
 When at the rising winter sun, the plain is all a rose.)  
 Then seemed all nymphs and gods awake—heaven  
 brightened with their smiles,  
 The land was theirs ; like mirages, stood out Elysian  
 isles.  
 Westward the forests smiled in strength and glory like  
 the plain,  
 Their bare boughs rose, an arrowy flight, and by them  
 sped the train.  
 But dream-crown of that porcelain sea, those plains of  
 sunrise snow,  
 The green woods east, the grey woods west, and molten  
 carmine glow—  
 A light flashed through the sappling wastes and alders  
 nearer by,