

And Otto rises, as he would his sentiments unfold,
When James, upspringing quickly, cries "Brethren,
forbear

To open thus your Council, ere you engage in prayer ;
Myself will be the Chaplain of this puissant host,
Here I'll remain and pray for you, when in the battle
toss'd."

But Otto's words, arrested just as they took the wing,
Were gathering venom, all the while, more potently to
sting ;

"Those to the creamy hypocrite, may list," he cries,
"who choose,

I'll to the front and range the troops, there's little time
to lose."

"And I," cries Jones, "have fear that they may charge
us in the rear,

Mine be the post of danger then, I'll take my station there.
Annand leads on our centre, Stairs on our right commands,
While, on the left, Ben Christmas heads his gallant Mic-
mac bands.

But why stand idly talking ? let us dispose our force
To charge upon the enemy ; to horse ! my friends to
horse !"

Then Annand mounts his charger, a badly spavined hack.
His vertebrae like mountains, ran, a ridge along his back ;
And spurring slowly to the front, addresses thus the host,
"Soldiers, be valorous to-day, or our good cause is lost ;
And when again our party shall o'er the land hold sway,
Honours shall recompence each deed of valour done
to-day."

Meantime, with intermittent glance, he scans the long
array,