

# University of Ottawa

## REVIEW

Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 5.

### A SIEGE.



YOUNG, beautiful, well-armed and brave,  
He stood within the citadel,  
In his right hand his gleaming glaive,  
Above, the banner guarded well :  
Without the foe was fierce and grim,  
His trumpet call as lion's roar ;  
In front, a garden's spoils for him ;  
Behind, an Aceldama's gore.

#### THE DEFENDER.

Upon the ramparts as he stood,  
A shining alb his coat of mail,  
The barbaric arrows 'round him strewed  
Pierced not that armor's filmy veil ;  
While many a deadly javelin thrown  
By his strong arm, brought to the dust  
A fiery warrior, tho' alone  
God with him was, his strength and trust.

#### THE ASSAULT.

Ten thousand savage bowmen rushed  
To storm the fortress, strong and fair,  
Some up the frowning bastions pushed,  
Some sought for breaches ; everywhere  
They seemed, but vigilant and bold  
The one defender watched and fought,—  
Upon the winds his locks of gold,  
His defiant glance as lightning wrought,