

Help us O France ! to save thy fair dominion in the west  
 Which for thy sake we planted and have carved thy royal crest,  
 Of golden lilies on the rocks beside the streams that flow  
 From mountain rills and past the hills  
 Of far off Ohio.  
 Then down leagues by the hundred where bayous meander slow  
 Though orange groves and sugar canes, and flowers that ever blow,  
 In fair Louisiana. We will take and hold the land  
 For Francia's crown of old renown,  
 If she will by us stand.'

So spake Montcalm, and message sent—' My armies melt away  
 With victories—my beaten foes grow stronger every day—  
 In vain Monongahela and Carillon piled with slain,  
 If France forget to pay the debt  
 Of honour without stain,  
 She owes her sons who willingly are bleeding every vein  
 For sake of her white flag and crown, on fortress and on plain.  
 If we can keep Niagara safe that guards the western door,  
 Then in the east Quebec may feast  
 In quiet, evermore.'

Vain were Moncalm's appeals for aid, Voltaire's cold spirit ruled  
 The Court—while noisy doctrinaires a gallant nation schooled  
 In selfishness, and unbelief, and cowardice—and ease,  
 Which manhood daunt, while women flaunt  
 Their idle hours to please.  
 Degenerately they drank the wine of life mixed with the lees,  
 The Spartan virtues that make nations free and famous—these  
 Were mocked—derided, set at nought, while fatuous statesmen stand,  
 Whose feeble will potent for ill  
 Yields where it should command.

## SPINA CHRISTI.

### PART III.

Remote amid the trackless woods and waters of the west,  
 No enemy had broken yet Niagara's quiet rest.  
 The fifth year of the war came in—a change was nigh at hand ;  
 The order ran to raise the ban  
 And make a final stand.  
 Prideaux and Johnson honoured were with new and high command,  
 From Albany a hundred leagues to march across the land,  
 While Wolfe besieged Quebec, and its defences battered in ;  
 So they elate took bond of fate,  
 Niagara to win.

But not before June's leafy days, when all the woods are green,  
 And skies are warm and waters clear, the English scouts were seen.  
 A lull before the tempest fell with weeks of steady calm,  
 Of golden hours when blooming flowers  
 Filled all the air with balm.  
 The garrison were now prepared to struggle for the palm  
 To win the wreath of victory or die without a qualm ;  
 So passed their time in jollity and ease, as if the day  
 Of bloody strife with life for life  
 Was continents away.