

ward stood more open still—flung wide to all the Seven Seas.”

Meanwhile, Montcalm had done all he could against false friends and open enemies. He had repulsed Wolfe's assault at Montmorency and checkmated every move he could divine through the nearly impenetrable screen of the British fleet. A week before the battle he had sent a regiment to guard the Heights of Abraham ; and, on the very eve of it, had ordered back the same regiment to watch the path up which Wolfe came next morning. But the Governor again counter-ordered. *There they are where they have no right to be !* — and Montcalm spurred on to reconnoitre the red wall that had so suddenly sprung up across the Plains. He had no choice but instant action, "... he rode down the front of his line of battle, stopping to say a few stirring words to each regiment as he passed. Whenever he asked the men if they were tired, they said they were never tired before a battle ; and all ranks showed as much eagerness to come to close quarters as the British did themselves... Montcalm towered aloft and alone—the last great Frenchman of the Western World... he never stood higher in all manly minds than on that fatal day. And, as he rode before his men there, his presence seemed to call them on like a *drapeau vivant* of France herself.” He fought like a general and died like a hero.