



LITHELY the sweet song-sparrow sang, with matin bells
in tune,

As on the gray walls of Quebec dawned the warm sun of
June:

High o'er St. Louis' Fort it met the golden lilies' glance
From their floating field of azure,— the gonfalon of France.

Heaven smiled above ; but all around, in hut and palace hall,
Fever and famine fiercely raged, and death o'erspread its pall ;
And many a squaw and Gallie *femme* watched the dull embers
burn,
Weeping her warrior consort gone,— gone, never to return.

Sleepless through weary hours, Vaudrenil, his locks with night-
dews wet,
Unmindful of the sentry's call, had trod the damp *banquette*,
Hoping 'gainst fate for aid from France, when, by the morning gun
Roused from his reverie, he turned and faced the rising sun.

Across, Point Levi's terraced plain and Orleans Island lay ;
To left and north the wilderness stretched boundlessly away :
All down the stream no merchantman loomed out of the white
mist ;
No pennon of a man-of-war the gleaming sunbeams kissed.