

Once more St. George hath armed him for the fray,
And once again goes forth the foe to slay.
Upon his breast the conquering sign he wears
And with courageous heart to heaven he swears
To conquer or to die—his thrice cross'd flag unfurl'd
He now stands forth the champion of the World.

Let all true men with one accord
Their utmost aid to him afford,
For none but recreant hearts can play
A neutral part in this great Day.
O Lord of Hosts his arm uphold,
The mystery of Thy will unfold
That soon a tortur'd world again
May shout with joy "the Dragon's slain."

L'ENVOI.

With rancorous rage the monster foul did fight,
And from his mouth came forth a deadly blight.
No devilish deed conceived beneath the sun
Was found too base for him to leave undone.
And all the arts of Hell he did array
Against that fearless Knight, to gain the day
And other three as hateful to the sight
To help him, strove with all their might.
For many months the contest fierce did rage
And ebb'd and flow'd with varying success.
As, like the rolling wave, the monster beast
Did hurl himself with all his brutal force
Against that gallant Knight, him to o'ercome.
And all the world did fairly stand aghast
Lest evil over virtue should prevail.
But when the fight against the Knight did go
Angelic voices whispered in his ear,
"Fight on brave heart, for we are near
And in good time the waiting world shall see
The crowning victory shall rest with thee."

Meanwhile from widow'd hearts did prayers ascend
In constant stream to God for that brave Knight;
And all who virtue loved came to his aid.
At length the reptile comrades of the beast
Shrunk sorely wounded one by one away.
And with a stroke supreme the dragon's head was crush'd
And weltering in a sea of blood the victim lay.
Then echoed through the world the glad refrain,
"Let every soul rejoice, the Dragon's slain."

—GEO. S. HOLMESTED.