

Tw'as as he rode by panic's flank to re-assure retreat,
That, pressed by death's chance bolt he sank at anxious duty's feet ;
Yet, stricken down, his only thought was how the tide to stem,
As from his hie he vainly sought a lost cause to redeem.

Even when the rout found rest at last from the gailing musketeers,
His orders issued thick and fast, to calm his followers' fears :
Though wounded sore he gave no heed to what betokened death,
For he felt his country's fate had need of a patriot's latest breath.

At last when told his end was near, 'twas then he found relief,
" I shall not live the doom to hear of a city wrung with grief,
" 'Tis God's hand presses on the town, perchance He'll set it free,
" Besides the foe hath high renown that claims the victory."

And when De Ramesay sought his couch to urge a last behest,
No tremor throbb'd the hero's touch as the sol'dier's hand he pressed ;
" To France the fair be ever leal, whatever may betide,
" Soil not her lilies when you seal a treaty with her pride ;

" Our foe is generous as brave, nor will our faith betray,
" He'll never make New France a slave, though victor in the fray ;
" This night I spend the last on earth, communing with my God,
" The morrow's sun will bring me birth within His high abode."

" So God be with you all," he said, as he chid his comrades' tears,
And turned with pain upon his bed, still undisturbed by fears ;
And soon from earth there passed a soul as brave as France hath seen,
And as the centuries onward roll his fame is fresh and green.

* * * * *

And now the knoll that deadly conflict saw
Is strangely crowned with emblem of the law
That curbs the human passions, finding vent,
Though not in war in ways unholy bent.
In summer from the tower the eye may rest
Upon the fields by war and nature pressed
Aloft in gravel-beds and grassy knowes,
Whereon the lowing kine the greensward browse ;
When winter comes with polar storms in train
To cover with its fleece the drowsy plain,
Beneath the wreathlets of the snow-flake sea
There sleeps the mingling peace of destiny,
That calms beneath its storn the whilom foes,
Who, fiercely fighting, clarified their woes,
Till liberty assured had crystallized
The bitterness of strife in friendships prized.