

Then why this throbbing heart?
Why dim my eyes with blinding tears?
Why hands shake, as if gath'ring years,
And all that cares impart
Had bent me down with age's fears,
Till every fond desire their malice sears?

No! No! Not age I ween
Has touched, to mar or hand or eye.
My stanch canoe I paddle by,
Where Red Men scarce have been;
And dauntless thro' these wilds I hie,
Nor aught I fear save Him to whom I cry.

This hand is true as steel,
And never flinched when danger pressed.
That glossy hide once clutched this breast,
Till I could almost feel
No human strength could stand such test.
One knife-thrust given, and low lay Bruin's crest.

Alone I face the storm,
When fierce winds o'er the mountains sweep;
When bird and beast to shelter creep;
When trees are bent and torn;
And deer cower down like frightened sheep,
And only men still onwards bravely keep.