

What could they do but follow in the track  
 Of the destroyers of fair Newark town?  
 With torches kindled at its smouldering fires,  
 They crossed the broad Niagara; stormed the forts,  
 And with the besom of destruction, swept  
 The frontier clean and clear from end to end!

Then from war's miseries full hard to bear,  
 The land had rest and breathing time again.  
 Hope born of resolution not to fail,  
 Was cheered by royal words; and England's aid  
 Lavish as nobly promised, was at hand  
 To conquer in their trials yet to come.

Basil was not forgotten all those days.  
 No courier ever passed fair Isa's home,  
 Where he lay lingering, but message brought  
 Of kind remembrance from the gallant "King's."  
 His heart was with his comrades, and repined  
 He could not share their struggles in the field,  
 Nor pluck at victory with his own right hand.  
 Isa alone could wean his thoughts away  
 From what could never be! taught him instead  
 To look for better things than this world's fame;  
 Not much when won—not oft untimely lost!  
 After earth's disappointments, still to look  
 With her to heaven in faith for their reward;  
 Where love, however crossed, so it be true,  
 Is sure of happy consummation there.

Sometimes, wheeled to the window, Basil lay  
 And watched the wind-swept pines and azure lake,  
 Or gazed on quiet nights at starry depths,  
 As if to pluck their secret from their hearts,  
 And found it not; and then to Isa turned,  
 Who constantly sat by, with work, or book,  
 Or wise converse, that healed with softest touch  
 Some sore of false philosophy, or moved  
 Some doubt and stone of stumbling from the way.  
 His thoughts were loosened from their former bands,  
 As Lazarus from his grave clothes, when the Lord  
 Recalled his spirit back to mortal life.  
 In Isa's eyes he saw a light not born  
 Of earthly ray—a glimpse of love divine.  
 He recognized the secret he had sought;  
 Hid from the godless wise—revealed to babes,  
 How to Judean Shepherds angels sang  
 Of God made manifest in flesh—the Son;  
 The Word, that all things comprehends and fills—