

In silent sympathy. For every one
Loved Basil, and admired the faithful girl,
Whose grief and beauty touched each manly breast.

Hours, days, and weeks passed by of hopes and fears
For that dear life, that seemed a grain of dust,
So light and loose, a breath would blow away ;
And still he lived—a gift to Isa's prayers,
Who never ceased her watch beside his couch,
And welcomed his awaking to himself,
His recognition of her, with the joy
The angels of the resurrection feel,
When they raise up to life the happy dead.

In heart, in intellect, and speech, at length
Basil was all himself—yea more ; his soul
Had been caught up to higher planes and seen
The summits of the distant hills of God,
Sun-tipped with heavenly light, and in his dreams
Had flashed the garments of the shining ones,
Who bide with man to ease life's miseries,
Or comfort him with anodyne of death
When God the Merciful shall so decree.

But he was maimed forever ! Rise or walk
Without man's help or woman's, never more
Would Basil. Once the swiftest in the race,
The foremost in the battle or the dance ;
The gayest gallant e'er took woman's eye,
Or with his manliness won woman's heart !

The summer waxed and waned, till turned the leaf
Red as the war-bird, on the maple tree,
The storm of strife rolled back upon the lines
Where devastation reigned. No husbandman
Had time to labour twixt the clash of arms.
The land was left unploughed, the fruit unplucked,
Except where faithful women went afield.
Last to despond of their dear country's cause,
The first to arm their sons in its defence
And send them forth. Each man was at the front
In the last grapple with the foe, before
Returning winter made a Truce of God,
Enforcing peace upon the rage of man.
Back, ever back they drove the enemy,
Till Newark was retaken—what was left
Of its poor ashes and the blackened heaps
Of its once happy homes, its people all
Cast houseless forth amid December's snows.

But terrible the Nemesis of war !
When Justice sternly cried : " It must be done ! "