

And bade her terrors be dismissed:—  
 “Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James  
 The fealty of Scotland claims. 755  
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;  
 He will redeem his signet ring.  
 Ask naught for Douglas; — yester even,  
 His Prince and he have much forgiven;  
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,  
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong. 760  
 We would not, to the vulgar crowd,  
 Yield what they craved with clamour loud;  
 Calmly we heard and judged his cause,  
 Our council aided and our laws.  
 I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern 765  
 With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn;  
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
 The friend and bulwark of our throne.—  
 But, lovely infidel,<sup>1</sup> how now?  
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow? 770  
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;  
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid.’”

## XXVIII

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
 And on his neck his daughter hung. 775  
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour,  
 The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—  
 When it can say with godlike voice,  
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!  
 Yet would not James the general eye  
 On nature's raptures long should pry; 780  
 He stepped between —“Nay, Douglas, nay,  
 Steal not my proselyte<sup>2</sup> away!

<sup>1</sup> **Infidel**—Unbelieving one.

<sup>2</sup> **Proselyte**—Convert. Ellen now believes what the king has said.