

In rage and terror from their burning lairs !
How could I risk thee, love, to go alone
Amid such dangers as would daunt a man ?
To seek for help in Newark's distant town,
Where haply help is not—or needed more
Than in our forests Everywhere, they say,
The iron grip of famine holds the land ;
And men have long since shared their household corn
To the last handful, and there's nothing left !

She stooped and kissed him tenderly, with lips
That trembled in an ecstasy of fear,
What might betoken all the signs she saw,—
Then told in broken accents how she sped :
“ I care not though my feet were bruised or scorched
Treading the burning forests, if I brought
Good news, my love, to thee, and help to all
The famished dwellers on the Chenonda ! ”

Then she recounted in his eager ear,
That drank her words as summer dust the rain,
How England's Prince had come ! and Newark town
Was hung with flags ; and cannon pealed salutes
To welcome him from old Niagara's walls !
And she had seen the river margin thronged
With broad batteaux, all laden down with corn,
Brought by the Prince in haste, to help and save
The King's true subjects in the forest land.

A gleam of joy across his features shone,
As when a sudden ray escapes the sun,
Shot through a cloud rift in the wintry sky,
Athwart the old gray Mississaugua tower ;
Where it stands desolate, on guard no more
Over Ontario's ever-changing sea.

“ God bless the Prince ! ” he said, “ 'Tis princely done
To bring, not send the help we sorely need !
A gift is sweetest from the giver's hand
When face to face we look and understand
The soul of kindness in it to the full.
And one may take King's gifts and feel no shame,”
He said, to reconcile his manly pride
To take a gift as alms from even him.
“ For he is ours and we in fealty his.
We hold this land of England and the King
Though all the seven plagues around us cling ! ”
Then added, in a tone of fervent prayer :
“ Bless we Prince Edward's name for evermore ! ”