

How tenderly back in the cariole,
 Under the sheepskin apron thrown over them both, he had wrapped her
 In the softest and thickest skins, and chafed her hands and revived her
 With sips and sips of broth, from a phial thrust in his bosom—
 The only warmth that defied the frost.

Oh! The way it was weary,
 Weary to Jonathan Sherwood, his wife, and the staunch backwoodsmen.
 For the snow in the night had drifted deep in the breaks of the forest
 Making toil for the wooden shovels, or they had to dig out the horses,
 For the newfallen snow was soft, and the track they had made half-buried.
 But to Lester the three leagues flew like racing, and ere he remembered
 They were striking the Scotsmen's road by the mighty Acadian river.
 They halted: for four hours fast, and the cold, made hunger imperious,
 And the road was so heavily drifted, and deadwood was handy for firing,
 Needed to thaw their food: and they ate, after throwing their sheepskins
 Over the horses, their saviours, to keep them alive while they halted
 But the drifts rose hillock-high, for this was the end of the forest,
 Since the river in years gone by had run through a lake, and vast meadows
 Held its dried bosom with hardly a tree, and the shovellers shuddered:—
 Well-nigh ten leagues to be traversed! and three, when they all were fresher,
 Had cost them fifteen hours, and Lester, the hardiest toiler,
 Having no doubt in his mighty heart of the sledges' safe-homing,
 Doubted yet if the Sherwoods, the old above all, though his heart beat
 Loudest for her he loved, could endure the endless exposure
 Of a second day out in the cold; and, inspired by his heart, ascended