

Thus, slowly, home they reached, and at the door
 The household gathered, and a soldier stood,
 Young Basil's orderly, who held his horse,
 That champed his foaming bit, and tossed his mane,
 Pawing the ground impatient to be gone.
 The watch-fires of the English camp were lit
 Down the hill sides, and on the level beach,
 With crafty purpose, to deceive the foe,
 When Basil, with a kiss and brief good-bye
 Left Isa, smiling in her tears, with grasp
 Of friendly hands of others—rode away
 In joyous spirits to rejoin "The King's,"
 And share with them the glory of the night.
 One secret Isa kept, of all she knew,
 From Basil—one of all her thoughts that day—
 A resolution of her woman's heart,
 Moved to its depths, to aid the gallant men,
 Wounded and dying in the fight to come.
 With Basil foremost in the danger, she
 Must succour them, and would.

"For what," she cried,

"If he should fall, with none to care for him?"
 And some must die, she knew—the price of blood
 Must needs be given for the victory—
 For, strong in all the courage of her race
 She faltered not in faith that they would win.
 So she, with high resolve, would seek the field,
 To help and comfort, as a woman might,
 With gentle hand, and not unskilled to heal.
 For war had rudely taught her not to faint
 At sight of wounds and sickness in the camp;
 Nor flinch from woman's part, beloved of Christ,
 In deeds of mercy shown to friend and foe.

When Basil reached the camp, "Good-night! all's well!"
 The sentries cried; while cheery bugles rang
 Their last sweet call to set the watch, and rest
 The war-worn soldiers for another night—
 A ruse to cheat the enemy, he knew!
 He smiled, and rode straight to the tent, where sat
 The gray, old General, with a chosen few
 Bold leaders, ready, at the order given,
 To march with all their men to Stony Creek,
 Amid the darkness, and with one stout blow
 Strike down the enemy, and free the land.

The General greeted Basil with a smile,
 Not without seriousness; as one who weighed