

At length my thoughts became a numb, dim dream,  
And still I sped, but oh! my weary feet  
Seemed weighted with the marsh. I only knew  
The warning that I bore must reach its goal;  
These were the words with which I made my strength  
Whene'er I feared I could not stagger on.  
And though the banks were clamoring with flowers,  
I knew their presence as one feels at night  
That all the hedges down the lane are white  
With sweet-breathed bloom of May. Onward I trailed,  
A heaviness which ever seemed to grow—  
Even the breezes' pressure held me back—  
Until I topped a height, and on the slope  
That spread before me saw a little band  
Of strange fantastic men who, with a rush  
Like demons, hemmed me in. I faltered not.  
It was as though my aching brain were dulled  
And glutted with the terrors I had passed,  
So to the circling Indians I cried  
Their Captain's name. Waiting no further word,  
They bore me onward.

To my ears there came  
A rushing sound of voices; round me forms  
Floated like shades, until there spoke a man  
Whose words each rang out sharp as a command.  
Afar I heard a voice, thin as the pipe  
Of some tired bird after a sun-scorched day,  
Or like the whisper of a spirit passed  
Into the silence, that still tried to breathe  
A word of comfort for the stricken home.  
I marked its struggle full of weariness,  
But fail not till the story had been told  
Of danger and the coming of the foe.  
Then as I swayed and stretched out clutching hands,  
I knew that distant, toneless voice was mine.

NOTE:—Laura Secord's name is cherished for her heroic service in apprising the British and Canadian troops under Lieut. Fitzgibbon of the approach of an American force under Col. Boerstler. For this purpose on a steaming day in June, 1813, she walked from Queenston to Beaver Dam (now Thorold), over ten miles, through a tangle of unbroken forest, guiding her steps by the aid of the sun.