

Who won her, ere she knew how weak her heart
In secret was for Basil; though, in sooth,
For reasons good, she trembled to avow
The love that should not be; that takes the eye
Of woman, ere she asks the reason why.

The beacons flamed and smoked with gathering wrath,
Far down the coast, on point and headland grim,
And still the distant cannon jarred the air
With dull reverberations—sounds of woe
To loving ears that listened—raised fresh prayers
Of anxious women, after each discharge,
For those whose lives were dearer than their own,
For their dear country, dearer still than all,
And victory upon their nation's foes—
For loyal to their very garments' hem
Were our Canadian women in those days;
As they are now—and will be evermore.

The sun shone out, nor hastened to go down,
However eager eyes longed for the hour,
To end the battle with the shades of night,
As once on Gibeon, where he stood all day
'Gainst prayers of stricken men, and would not set,
To save the Amoritish host, that fled
Before the sword of Joshua, and still
More terrible, the stones of heaven that fell—
(God's truth that smites rank falsehood on the brain)
To save the humblest servants of the Lord,
Who only do His work, and ask not why,
Bring wood and water to His altar; they
Are His peculiar care, His Gibeonites,
Although not children of His covenant;
For them His greatest wonderwork was done!

The broad grey sky stretched endlessly away,
Without a cloud to dapple it, save one
Long purple bed that lay low in the west,
Befringed with gold, lifted from under heaven
To make the glorious couch of setting day.
The apple trees, asnow with blossom, stood,
A revelation of the inner world,
Whence comes their beauty, to the eyes of man, ~
Too often slow to catch the half it means.
The green grass in the meadows glowed more green
As fell the sunset rays athwart the land;
The crocus, daffodil, and cowslip pale,
The violet, that shyest babe of Spring,
Peeping and spying from its tufts of leaves,
Together mixed their perfume with the breath