



THE HUNGRY YEAR:

AUTUMN.

PART I.



THE war was over. Seven red years of blood
Had scourged the land from mountain-top to sea :
(So long it took to rend the mighty frame
Of England's empire in the western world).
Rebellion won at last : and they who loved
The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
To England's crown, and scorned an alien name.

Passed into exile ; leaving all behind
Except their honour, and the conscious pride
Of duty done to country and to king.
Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth
Of patient toil and self-denying years
Were confiscate and lost ; for they had been
The salt and savor of the land ; trained up
In honour, loyalty, and fear of God.
The wine upon the lees, decanted when
They left their native soil, with sword-belts drawn
Tae tighter ; while the women only, wept
At thought of o'd firesides no longer theirs ;
At household treasures reft, and all the land
Upset, and ruled by rebels to the King.

Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came
In exodus to our Canadian wilds ;
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.—
With thousand toils they forced their devious way
Through the great wilderness of silent woods