

Sat like corpses themselves, stunned prey in the fangs of starvation.
 Seeing Jonathan Sherwood, sleek, purse-proud, satisfied merchant,
 Ten years ago, could a poet dream such an irony? Look you,
 The Sherwoods starving in rags in a peasant's hut in the forest,
 'The threshold half filled with snow, and by the light of a sleigh-lamp,
 Wild men, muffled in skins, reviving their worshipped daughter
 And they too listless or feeble to stir?

But Dorothy, called back,
 Clapsed in the arms of her lover and kissed, and kissed, but so gently
 Lest he should bruise the frail life, as a child with too eager fingers
 Crushes the beautiful moth, which he covets, and catches triumphant,
 Dorothy, felt the flood of life surging up in the channels,
 Late like low-tide in Fundy, and leaning on Lester besought him,
 "Save my father and mother, or Hunger will slay them ere morning."

Lester, ten years beloved by sieged soldiers and castaway sailors,
 Came with his remedy ready. Meanwhile, without, the two carters
 Had loosed the teams from the sleighs that the horses' animal instinct
 Might be free to save them alive, till they threw up a shelter.

The horses
 Followed them loose to the wood, where sharp axes and skilful woodsmen
 Swiftly made screens of boughs, with the natural screen of the forest,
 Sufficient to keep them alive, while their masters tramped back to the cabin,
 And, dragging their stores inside, fast bolted the door on the weather,
 Finding the fire replenished, and the starved folk feeding by inches,