

And freeze, and perish in the reeking fogs  
Far from our native land!

'Nay, brothers, nay!

God's hand is over us, his sleepless eye  
Watcheth our sorrows.—Cease we to repine,  
Trust we in him!<sup>1</sup>

Yet not an easy task  
Was your's, brave chiefs, loved Franklin and Fitzjames,  
To still the murmurs of that misery.  
But God is present in the howling wilds,—  
Why should we fear?

Five<sup>2</sup> times the laughing Spring  
Shook violets on the fields of chrysoprase;  
And Summer floated on her fragrant cloud  
Over our land; and Autumn from wreath'd horn  
Flung nectarine and peach; and Winter rolled,  
Rolled silver-axled o'er the flowerless fields:  
Ah where were they?

'Twas night, long Arctic night,  
And the red meteor-arches spanned the sky  
With quick continual flash,—and they had asked  
The gentle savage<sup>3</sup>, the mild Esquimaux,  
'What means yon purpling<sup>4</sup> iris?' and he cried

<sup>1</sup> "We were inspired with so strong a sense of the Omnipresence of a beneficent God that our situation even in these wilds appeared no longer destitute."—Sir J. Richardson's *Narrative*. "I endeavoured to encourage him by explaining the mercy of God, who ever beholds with an eye of pity those that seek his aid."—Mr Back's *Narr.* See the whole of this harrowing story, and cf. Parry, I. 214.

<sup>2</sup> The expedition sailed in June, 1845.

<sup>3</sup> "The gentle and loving savage," as one of the old simple-hearted voyagers calls the Esquimaux. See the interesting and favourable accounts given of them by Parry and Franklin.

<sup>4</sup> πορφύρεον ἶρις.—Hom. *Il.* xi. 27.