

EPITOME.

On Iceland's damp and stormy shore,
Mid Geyser's throe and Ocean's roar,
A sturdy race on sterile soil,
Pursue their unremitting toil;
Struggling against stern poverty,
And Denmark's hostile mastery.
Farther northward, bleak and cold,
Bound by Winter's icy hold,
Where eternal snows abound,—
There the Esquimaux is found.
House of ice and suit of fur;
Food, the flesh of polar bear;
Tusks of walrus, the only arm,
Ferocious beasts alone alarm;
A dog-sleigh ride his only pleasure;
A piece of flint his choicest treasure;
Ambition's height to steal a wife,
For her he dares to risk his life.
He tells no lie nor ever swears;
For neighbor, as for brother, cares.
The golden rule he never heard,
But tries to keep its every word.
Father to son the story told,
How sailors hardy, brave and bold,
Far back in bygone centuries,
Sought to explore the Northern seas;
Storm-bound, shipwrecked and cast-away,