

The shadowing blasts of heaven gently sweep,
 Checkering the main with streaks of dark and light.
 And then with stealthy step, the silent Night
 Creeps strangely round the scene, and everywhere
 Its sad mysterious presence in the air
 Is felt. The vessels slowly onward drift
 Amid the snowy moonlit bergs, that lift
 Their cloudlike heads above the glassy stream,
 Till either ships or ice-bergs they might seem.

Three times, with summer, thus the earth has smiled
 In garniture of green, since, hope-beguiled,
 The bold explorers pierced the Arctic maze ;
 And now those hearts wherein there ever plays
 Warm thoughtfulness about the absent ones ;—
 As in the bosom of a rill the sun's
 Light gleams,—with hope's sweet gladness grow full bright,
 And heavy steps, that waited, grow full light,
 And all are trustful, though some dread the while.
 Then summer's grain grows ripe, but not the fruit
 Of expectation, that had taken root
 In loving hearts,—nipped by untimely frost,
 Their bud of Hope shall bloom not,—ever lost.
 Then Autumn passes ; Winter comes and frowns,
 And every blast seems with its wailing sounds
 To mock, and makes them shudder at its blast,
 To think that those they loved, adrift were cast,
 To starve and die, or cold and colder grow,