

How he had braved the hatred and the scorn,
Escaped the deep designs of countless foes,
Of governors and priests, who would have torn
Him from their path but that the good Lord chose
To save him from their snares, to ward off all their
blows.

From that far day full twenty years before
When bright-eyed Danger tempted him to thread
The lonely woods to find the golden door
To China and Japan, ever his bed
Was 'neath the silent stars, his noiseless tread
Upon the forest floor, or on blue seas
And lonely lakes and spacious rivers sped
His light canoe: a hundred tragedies
His eyes had seen and by God's grace escaped all
these.

"Wherefore," he said, "my thanks be unto God
Who hath in all the dangers I have passed
Seen fit to spare my life that I may laud
And bless His name this morn: but whether cast
Among the Iroquois, or in the blast
Convulsing Huron sea, my heart has known
Death comes but once, to every man at last,
And only when God wills: if overthrown,
This day I die without a grief, without a groan."