

But when clouds come darkling o'er you as ye face stern duty's height,
 Then remember He who sends them can disperse them in a night.
 Work with patience, pray with trusting, each one faithful at his post,
 And erelong the wave of blessing which swept o'er Moskito Coast
 Shall reach your remotest borders, and refresh and gladden you.
 Many a Laukra, and Quamwala, Kukallaya, and Yulu,*
 Shall rise up to call you bless'd, and to verify the words,
 There's success in David's battle, for the battle is the Lord's.
 G'nadendal † shall yet burn brightly, as a lamp with freshened oil,
 Entunasi, Engotini, and Entwanazana's ‡ soil
 Yet shall yield abundant harvest, and another *Herald* § soon
 Bear the Gospel's gladdening message over Mexican lagoon.
 And you of this latest venture, who but yesterday went forth
 With your lives of consecration to the wild Alaskan ¶ North,
 Take our heartfelt blessing with you, and amid your ice and snow
 On the drear Kuskokwim River let it comfort you to know
 That upon our hearts we bear you, and though miles may surge between,
 In the truest bond of union we are with you on the scene ;
 We could understand your feelings as ye slowly sailed away
 From the harbor of Francisco on that eighteenth day of May,
 And we could but stand and wonder at those two of gentler form
 Who were thus prepared to join you in the solitude and storm ;
 Spite of all your ocean-tossings, and the dangers that ye faced,
 Never once in spirit shrank ye from the cause ye had embraced.
 We could see you grouped together gazing on the outline blue,
 Till the mountains of Alaska shaped themselves to clearer view ;
 We could see you, lone and wistful, by the warehouse on the land,
 Where the *Lizzie Merrill* ¶ left you dazed, yet waving with the hand
 Towards the fast-receding vessel, bidding farewell to the last
 Of all things that seemed to link you with the brightness of the past.
 Then ye nerved yourselves to action, though unused to rope and spar,
 Weighed the anchor, trimmed the sails, and launched your little *Bethel*
Star ;

Past the mudbanks safely guided, up the river bravely bore
 Through those fifty leagues of sameness ; saw the tundras** on the shore,
 Marked the pine-trees and gamutés †† sparsely set on either side,
 And the Eskimo bidarka †† swiftly floating o'er the tide ;

* Places affected by the recent awakening among the Moskito Indians.

† G'nadendal, the oldest mission station in South Africa, founded by George Schmidt in 1734.

‡ Former and present stations among the Kaffirs.

§ New mission vessel for the Moskito Coast Mission.

¶ Alaska, until 1867 Russian America.

¶ The schooner which conveyed the Alaskan pioneers from San Francisco to the mouth of the Kuskokwim River.

** Tundras—"treeless, shrubless, mossy flats."

†† Gamutés—village.

‡‡ Bidarka—three-hoied kayak, or skin-covered canoe.