

And now they sail upon their frozen way,  
 With stern and stubborn ice disputing sway ;  
 Now, gliding swiftly through an open track ;  
 And now, surrounded by the closing pack ;  
 And now, becalmed, the listless flags aloft  
 Are touched, but stirred not by the breezelet soft.  
 The mirror sea holds to its heaving breast  
 The snowy clouds, the ice-berg's snowy crest.

At even, standing on the poop alone,  
 Self-communing in low, sad, monotone,  
 Is Franklin ; wrapped in meditation deep,  
 And memories old, as with eve's shadows creep  
 Over the soul, when eve is calm and grand.  
 And as he gazes on that icy land,  
 Over his heart warm memories still troop,  
 Of earlier days, as when at eve doth droop  
 The setting sun, yet through the little rift  
 Of sky, stray wandering sunbeams lightly drift,  
 And throw their brightness on the sky of morn,  
 That long had gathered gloom, and shadows born  
 Of Time. He longs for love in fulness found  
 In her who every fragrance shed around  
 His heart, as o'er the budding earth at night,  
 The clear May moon drops soft and loving light.  
 And strong resolves his mission to fulfil,  
 And strong presentiments of good, yet ill,  
 Flash o'er his mind, as o'er the billowy deep,