

THE ARCTIC REGIONS,
AND THE
HOPES OF DISCOVERING THE LOST ADVENTURERS.

"There is a hand that guides."—TENNYSON. *The Princess*.

FAREWELL to mossy vale, and sapphire sky,
Green earth, and golden wood, and silver wave,
The lily, and the zephyr, and the rose!
Farewell! I may not rest the crown'd harp
On emerald meads, or wreath its fretted base
With blushing flowerets, while a gentle bride
Lists the sweet shiver of the ringing chords.
Ah no! away! away! another tone
Must gleam upon the lute, in snowy lands
Where not a bud can tinge its purple cup,
Or shake its dewy bell;—on ic'd hills
I must imbed the pedals;—and my hands,
Ah me! the cold touch of my frozen hands,
Must trill and twangle on the glimmering strings
Until they all flash fire¹.

For I must sing
Of hero-daring, and of woman's love,
And of a glorious nation's fearful hopes
All centred on a continent of snow.

¹ Cf. *παῖν δὲ λάμπει*. Soph. *Œ. R.* 186.

"His beams shall cheer my heart, and both so twine
Till e'en his beams sing, and my music shine."—Herbert.

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