

3. Frozen In

Bleak as northern tempest, Life's relentless striving Bites into the marrow, Chills past all reviving.

Green-inwoven bower Warmed by sun's caresses Turns to icy shielding In North's wilderness.

Yet within there shelter Still some thoughts of kindness, Bowed and bashful-seeming, Grieving in their blindness.

Some, their fetters shaking, Hardly have arisen, Breathe the air, then stagger Frozen to their prison.

Rending blasts of winter, Warmth to ice congealing, Leave them for life's battle Frail and sick past healing. -

Winter comes apace now, Chill days shorter growing: Blacker looms the blackness, Features paler showing, -

Till the thoughts of kindness Some brave hearts had cherished Mid those icy regions Desolate have perished.

Comes the wind-tost whaler Blown upon those islands, Not one soul he meeteth In that grave of silence.