

I expect to pass through this life but once. if there
is any kindness to show or any good thing I can do
to my fellow-beings, let me do it now. Let me not
defer nor neglect it. I will pass this way but once.

Bark Jacob A. Howland.

March 12th 1882.

Lat 6:30 N. Long 128:00. W.

I'm all my wanderings round this world of care,
I'm all my griefs - and God knows I have had my share.
I still had hope, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last.

J. A. H.

Arctic Ocean April 28th 1883.

Aug 16th 1883.

Arctic Ocean.

Bright is the sun, but I am blue.
Alas this day I'm fifty two.