

Rev. Horace Lyman  
Missionary to Oregon

Preserve the seal unbroken  
until you arrive within  
the tropic of Cancer.  
D. H.

To Rev. Horace Lyman,  
and my Dear niece,  
Mrs. Mary Denison Lyman,  
His Companion, Missionaries  
of the Cross to Oregon.

The following memorial is most affectionately inscribed,  
as a token of love and friendship, on bidding you a  
last farewell. November 4. 1848

Erastus Higley

### The Consolation

The northern Pole may dip beneath the wave,  
The major Bear, hide in his icy cave:  
The Rock of ages never changes place,  
We live in him, and anchor on his grace.

He holds the ocean in his spacious hand,  
The billows rise and fall, at his command;  
Tempests awake to execute his will,  
His work performed, the elements are still.

Was Jonah out cast? God preserved him; how?  
A fish provided, takes the prophet now.  
The infant Moses, cradled on the Nile,  
His guardian angel, watched the crocodile.

Voracious lions shut their mouths in fear,  
When Daniel comes, his friendly voice they hear,  
Disarmed their rage, in mute prostration lie,  
Far distant keep, or terror stricken die.

God is omnipotent, in counsel wise,  
His children, dear as jewels in his eyes;  
His love paternal, Measures out their years,  
They look to him, and overcome their fears.