









...gold.

*Part One:*  
**THE TRAIL.**

---

*My darling boy.*



*I believe I would consider the hardships of this year quite insuperable, had I not endured them directly.*

*In consequence of so many disappointments, I barely dare think these words, far less write them. And yet here they are:*

*I am coming, Caleb. I am coming to find you.*



*I have languished fifteen months without intelligence as to your welfare or prosperity.*

*Since Christmas 1897, that is, upon which hateful day your father led you ashore at Dyea, singing hymns, to join the line at the Golden Stair.*

*I did not see you surmount the pass at Chilkoot, though I have often imagined you there, and indeed beyond on the shores of lake Bennett.*



*Awaiting the thaw with a smile and a prayer, and then onwards again, along the cold Yukon, where all the bold men of the world have set their hearts.*

*To a mean little creek the heathens call "Klondike," and all the gold in Christendom.*