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THE BELL OF THE ATLANTIC.

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[When the steamer struck the shore, the dashing of the waves against her frame caused the bell to toll. The tone of this bell is uncommonly shrill and clear, and heard at such a time, must have seemed like a peal from another world.]

Storm-spirits, ye did well,  
To swing the funeral bell,  
That sad night;  
Noting down with iron pen,  
When the struggling souls of men  
Took their flight.

'Mid the raging tumult round,  
How the shrill entrancing sound  
Fills the air!  
Over-mastering the gale,  
Childhood's shriek, woman's wail,  
Man's despair!

From eternity's dark land,  
On whose cold brink they stand,  
Hark! it rolls;  
Pealing forth the notes of woe,  
Ringing loud, ringing slow,  
For the souls!

Ah! 'tis not the broken deck,  
*Man, man's* the only wreck  
Worth a tear!  
Oh, ye seas! what a prize,  
What a costly sacrifice  
Ye took here!

Yet they perished not in vain:  
From their peril, from their pain,  
Let us turn  
To the lessons they unrolled,  
Worth an argosy of gold,  
But to learn.

For the sons of God were there,  
Men of faith, men of prayer,  
Unsurpassed;  
And the love of Christ had power;  
'Twas an anchor in that hour,  
Holding fast.

There was one\* whose face was seen,  
Like a shining and serene  
Crystal sea:  
Sublimed, as if the soul  
Had already passed the goal,  
And was free.

There was one† of manly brow,  
"We are nearer *Jesus now*,"  
Was his cry:

Then the rushing surge swept o'er,  
And the loosened seraph bore  
To the sky.

One calmly said‡ "Of old  
My Saviour's voice controlled  
All my woe:  
And if through the raging sea,  
Now he says, 'Follow me;'  
I will go."

No thought amid the strife,  
Of his own death or life,  
Had the chief; §  
The burden on his breast,  
Was the lives of all the rest,  
And their grief.

They dropped into the wave:—  
Some found in it a grave,  
Some an ark:  
Down, down into the deep,  
As they fall, as they leap,  
Hark! oh hark!

Now the loud and silvery bell  
Like an anthem seemed to swell,  
Shrill and sweet;  
And a group of angels came,  
With their bosoms all in flame,  
Friends to meet.

They caught the jewels bright,  
As they burst forth in light,  
From the clay;  
And the souls and seraphim  
In a sweet thanksgiving hymn  
Passed away.

Yet still upon the deck,  
'Mid the breakers and the wreck  
Swings the bell;  
Now an anthem floats around,  
Now a low and dirge-like sound,  
And a knell.

Above the thundering breeze,  
And the heavy booming seas,  
Peals its woe,  
Like a requiem in the air  
Wildly mournful: It is there  
Swinging slow

SURGICAL OPERATIONS WITHOUT PAIN.

A variety of instances have lately been recorded in the public journals, in which severe surgical operations have been performed, without the patient having the consciousness of pain. Dr. Morton, of Boston, an obscure dentist in the "Athens of America," as Kean styled the "city of Notions," will have his

\* Dr. Armstrong. The serene and heavenly expression of his countenance, during the whole of that trying Thursday, has been mentioned by several of the survivors.

† This gentleman, (whose name was not known to the passenger who related the circumstance,) was heard several times expressing his confidence in God, and encouraging others to trust in Him. He was in the saloon, and was heard to utter the words quoted above, just as the sea broke over, and dashed the saloon from the deck, crushing or drowning all who were in it.

‡ A gentleman from Ohio; name not known.

§ The noble self-forgetfulness of Captain Dunstan cannot be too highly praised, since it seemed to spring from a high sense of the responsibility of his post, and his duty as a man and a Christian. Calm, gentle, self-possessed, assisting and counselling others, or toiling for their safety, without rest or refreshment during their protracted peril, he was probably too much exhausted and benumbed, to struggle with the waves and secure his own safety.