

THE DOSE.

" If we sink, O trembling sailor,
There's a better home on high,
There will Christians meet together,
And their joys will never die."

Hark ! a voice is wildly shrieking,
" We are sinking—save, O save !"
Fast the noble ship is leaking,
Wave is rolling over wave.

And the youth that in the morning
Talked of home and friends, so gay,
Now is speaking to the captain,
Listen what he has to say :

" Captain, listen for a moment,
For a few words I would speak ;
If you reach the shore in safety,
Tell my parents not to weep.

" Tell them that—the thought should cheer them—
Though on earth we meet no more,
That their son will yet be near them,
On a brighter, happier shore.

" And my Mary—oh, so gently
The sad tidings to her break,—
Give to her this little present,
Bid her keep it for my sake ;