

Then in one burst of agony  
He swayed him o'er the dead,  
Moaned, "Mother's gone and father sleeps  
Low in the ocean's bed."

Another sorrow-stricken girl,  
Eyes full of tears unshed,  
Who seemed to understand her loss,  
Sat looking at her dead.

The youngest of the helpless band  
Sitting on sister's knee,  
With arms around that mourner's neck,  
Spoke to the sorrowing three.

"Don't cry," in lisping tones, she said,  
"Our mamma can't be dead ;  
She's only sleeping till God sends  
An angel with some bread."

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### PAT'S STORY.

I MET with friend Pat, wife and children nine  
On the deck of a vessel of a far-famed line.  
Kind and simple was he and proud of his care ;  
If scant knowledge is bliss, he had a full share.

I would paint you his picture, but fear to try that,  
I believe I should fail if I tried with his hat,  
Though I think it was something in shape like a top,  
When the broad part is down and the narrow part up.