

storm may cease; the boisterous waters become calm. The morning dawns, but black, angry clouds

Like gloomy banners unfurled to the sky,
Telling that death, the last victor is nigh,

add a terror to the scene, seeming to mock the helplessness of those who stand upon the trembling deck of that sinking vessel, which no earthly power can now save from her certain fate. But shall we write of this dread hour, this terrible watch hour for the coming of the last messenger? Our pen falters, and we will only add

Kind Heaven help them, their last hour has come,
Eyes wildly starting, and tongues that are dumb,
Hearts beating fast, and with quick coming breath,
One terrible moment they struggle with death,

and after the struggle is over, and we have not the least doubt that such is the case, that their last thoughts are of the ones whom they left but a few hours before

Then, with white faces upturned to the sky,
Breathing a prayer to the Master on high,
Thinking of loved ones, they sink in the deep.
Never on earth to rejoice or to weep.

But one life-boat has been successfully lowered from the wrecked vessel, and the occupants, after vainly endeavoring to rescue more of their drowning companions, pull for the distant shore. And to cheer each other in that terrible struggle with the raging waters, they sing of the "Sweet Bye and Bye," yes,

Alone upon the angry deep,
They sing of rest beyond the grave;
Silent and cold their comrades sleep,
The last, long sleep, beneath the wave.

In the midst of the shrieking tempest, which threatens each moment to destroy, they sing, as only brave men can; and when one by one, weary with the unequal conflict, they sink in death, it is with words of that beautiful melody upon their lips, telling, that even in the last hour, the hope of rest in the future had not forsaken them.

Of those who comprised the crew of the Asia, all were lost, and but two passengers, Mr. Tinkas, and Miss Morrison, after being exposed to hardships which only the strong and brave could have endured, reached the shore to tell of the calamity. The steamer went down with her engines still working, and with her sinking there went to an ocean grave a brave captain and an efficient crew.