

[Perhaps no catastrophe can be conceived more terrible than the going down of a noble ship, with all its living freight; and we do not recollect any verses on so painfully thrilling a subject, since those of Cowper on the loss of the Royal George, so touchingly beautiful, so true and striking, as the subjoined lines.—ED. REC.]

(For the "Monthly Record.")

THE HUNGARIAN.

Down through the sullen waters,
Below the angry waves;
Amid the muffled thunder
Of ocean's haunted caves;
Beneath the hollow breakers,
In rust and seaweed dressed,
The noble ship is lying,
Like a broken heart, at rest.

Alone in liquid darkness,
The waters like a pall,
Shrouding her deck and bulwarks,
Her masts and halyards tall.
Alone, as is the coffin
Beneath the churchyard mould,
And silent as the sleeper
That lies within its hold.

And yet within that prison,
Erect, in life-like guise,
Stand forms of fleshly semblance,
With dumb and stony eyes.
Strangely those pallid faces
Gleam on the wave-worn deck—
A ghastly band of watchers
To guard that lonely wreck.

No voice or sound among them,
And yet those lips have smiled
In many a happy household
Where song and speech beguiled:
A strange and stony silence
Lies like a funeral pall,
For death, the mighty shadow,
Had touched the hearts of all.

Fair women, gay and graceful,
Glad children, home's dear crown,
With eager manhood's vigor,
Sank in that wrecked ship down;
All full of hope and promise
With life's fee simple blessed,
Low in those troubled waters
Have hushed their dreams to rest.

Even he who brought the message
Of life for evermore
From pious Scotland's lowlands
To this new western shore,
The Master's chosen witness
To bid his people come
And drink the living waters,
Even those touched lips are dumb.*

*Rev. James Stewart, of Glasgow, passenger on board the Hungarian to Canada.

All down amid the sea-rift,
In cabin or in hold,
Rocked by the restless current,
Dead, desolate, and cold.
Theirs is no churchyard slumber,
Where mourning friends may weep
Or plant memorial monument
Above their quiet sleep.

Only the lonely diver
Has met them face to face,
And, through that wall of darkness,
Beheld their resting place.
He saw those ghastly phantoms
With glance of awe-struck dread.
Alone in that strange prison,
The living with the dead.

Up from that waste of waters,
By strength which skill applies,
With all her motley cargo,
That gallant ship may rise;
But never from their slumber
Within that liquid plain,
Those silent forms shall waken
To stand on earth again.

Yet, when the dread Evangel
Shall sound from shore,
And, with the shrivelled elements,
The sea shall be no more,
Then, at the wakening summons,
Within the judgment land,
Amid the countless multitude
Each in his place shall stand.
Halifax, 1860. M. J. I.

COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

BY A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

PLEASURE.

This is a term, my young friends, which you often hear, and which almost as a matter of course you associate with relaxation, freedom from duty or labor, with personal enjoyment, with individual happiness without cloud. To the school boy, pleasure is a holiday—the banishment of books and tasks; pleasure is the play-ground—with bat and ball, or a stroll in the woods, or a drive in the country, or a sail in a pleasure boat, or a fishing party by the lake or river side. It may be, that the pleasure consists in playing each other with snow-balls, or in gliding nimbly on skates along the smooth ice, or sitting behind the jingling sleigh-bells, when you are carried along by a fleet horse on the snowy plain. Or again, pleasure may be associated with some grassy knoll, embosomed amid green trees, and covered with a troop of joyous youths of both sexes, whose laughter re-echoes from the hills, and who feel supremely blest while they discuss the good things laid out upon the sward, or