

THE ROSE.

" There no sorrows e'er can enter,
Happiness will never end ;
May we meet again in glory,—
Now farewell, my dearest friend."

O, t'was in this trying hour,
When all earthly hopes were gone,
That they felt religion's power,
Then it proved to them a balm.

Though the waves are wildly rolling,
Still they do their comrades tell,
" Though we sink beneath the ocean,
We are happy, all is well."

Wilder grows the angry tempest,
Wildly now the ship is tossed,
Mortals are in terror screaming,
" We are sinking, we are lost ! "

Yes, the ship indeed is sinking,
Not a ray of hope is left,
Soon will parents, friends, and brothers
Of their lov'd ones be bereft.

Out upon the boisterous ocean,
Struggling now their lives to save,
But the mighty waves o'erwhelm them,
They have found a watery grave.