

And none but her twin-sister of the torch<sup>1</sup>  
 Hath eye as bright as her's—Oh glorious sight,  
 Her right hand pointeth to the glooming North,  
 And sweetly, softly, fall the dewy<sup>2</sup> tones,  
 The tones of dewy music, 'They are safe,  
 Trust in the mercy of the God of Love!'  
 Then might I mark once more the shattered ice  
 Clashing its horrid cymbals, and the fiends  
 Who rained on those fair ships their furious blows.  
 But starry-diadem'd and fiery-carr'd  
 Floated a fair-haired band of seraph youths  
 Amid the hurricane—and every blow  
 They warded with a pure and shining hand,  
 Or on a diamond buckler's rainbow rim  
 Shielded its lightning fall. Then full of joy  
 I bowed my head, I murmured, 'They are safe,  
 Safe thro' the mercy of the God of Love.'

But she in a dark chamber far away  
 Stood clad in light; a weeping<sup>3</sup> lady there  
 Before the throne of God on bended knee

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<sup>1</sup> "Faith, Hope, and Charity, from the visible world  
 Choose for your emblems whatsoe'er ye find  
 Of safest guidance, or of firmest trust,  
*The torch, the star, the anchor.*"—Wordsworth's *Exc.* Bk. v.

<sup>2</sup> "Hark what a dewy dewy close was there!"—Cowper.

<sup>3</sup> I perhaps ought to remark on this passage, that I have had no individual sufferer in view, but have meant rather to express the mental agony of bereavement, and gladdening alternations of hope, which must be equally felt by all who are connected with the gallant officers and seamen on board the illfated vessels.

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