

The Charnel Ship.

God of the mariner protect
Her inmates as she moves along
Through perils which ere now had wrecked
But that thine arm is strong.
And she has struck the ground she stands
Still as if held by giant hands.

Quick man the boat away they sprang
The stranger ship to aid.
And loud their hailing voices rang
And rapid speed they made
But all in silence kept unbroken.
The vessel stood none answering, spare.

Dead fearful not a sound arose
No moving thing was there
To interrupt the dread repose
Which filled each heart with fear
On deck they silent stepped and sought
Till one a man their sad sight caught.

He was alone the damp skull mangle
Of years hung on his cheek
A pen in his hand had mumbled told
The tale no voice might speak
Seventy days the vessel stood
Had they been in the ice and wanted food

They took his book and turned away
But soon discovered where.
The wife in her death sleep gently lay
Near him in life most dear
Who water beside his young hearts pride
Long years before had calmly died

Wm. Florence

The Charnel Ship.

Oh woe! how true beauteous
How pure a thing thou art
Whose influence even in death can rule
And triumph over the heart
Can cheer life's roughest walk and cheer
A holy light around the sea

There was a solemn sacred feeling
Kindled in every breast
And soft they from the cabin stealing
They left them to their rest
The pair the young the constant pair
They left them with a blessing there

And to their boat returning each
With thoughtful brows and hearts
And overcharged hearts too full for speech
Left midst the frozen waste
That charnel ship which years before
Had sailed from distant alien shores.

They left her in the icebergs where
Few venture to intrude
A monument of death and fear
Of this oceans solitude
And grateful for their own release
Thank god and sought their homes in peace.