









The Profits, if any, to be given to the Fund for Relief  
of the Sufferers.



## Our City's Sorrow.

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**F**AIR was the morning of the fatal day,  
And fair the day that did so fatal prove,  
And beautiful exceedingly the night,  
With calm clear heaven divinely blue,  
And stars that seemed a galaxy of gods.

Fair was the fatal day that wooed them forth,  
From dingy streets, and pestilential lanes  
To breathe the renovating airs of Spring,  
To linger 'midst old ocean's fluted rocks,  
Or on the Grampians' shaggy skirts disport.

To gather health, and joy, and peace—  
The blessed peace that lies  
On sunny sea, and songful shore,  
And in the silent skies.

Dark was the silver Dee, soiled by the flight  
Of broken Winter to the sounding main,  
Swelled by the mountain torrents to a flood,  
That poured with long resounding pace to meet  
The booming billows of the awful sea.

Bright were the faces, light the hearts of those—  
 Matrons and maidens, men, and youths, and boys,  
 Who, mirth-inspired, did heedless tempt the flood,  
 That swept between them and the smiling shore,  
 That wooed them to partake its ocean airs.

So pleasure woos—and man pursues,  
 Nor dreads nor dreams of ill,  
 So pleasure smiles, and man beguiles—  
 Smiles and beguiles to kill.

Frail was the fatal boat, and weakly mann'd,  
 Frail was the boat, and great the load it bore,  
 Strong was the current, frail the fated barge,  
 O, rash essay—How could such conflict last?  
 Th' eternal laws of nature had their way.

Wild was the cry that rent the calm of heav'n,  
 When poured the flood into the doomèd boat,  
 Soon overborne, and with its hapless freight,  
 Sent whirling down the life-destroying stream.

Wild was the cry for help, and rapidly  
 From either shore, in answer to the cry,  
 Shot forth full many a boat, well mann'd, and strong,—  
 Skill at the helm, Salvation at the prow,—  
 And all men could, to save dear life, was done,  
 Nor done in vain—adorèd be our God.

For many from the jaws of death were snatched,  
 And landed safely on the shouting shore,

The saved were many—most,  
 Yet many were the lost.

Weep, weep for those the ruthless flood bore down,  
 The lovely maidens, and the sprightly youths,  
 The sunshine of our city and our hearts,  
 Weep for the lover from his loved one torn,  
 The glow, and glory of her virgin kiss  
 Still streaming through his hope-uplifted heart,  
 And weep for those who leave a wife behind,  
 A weeping wife, and children fatherless,  
 O, weep for those the ruthless flood bore down,  
 Weep for the loved and lost, as Jesus wept.

Days pass away,  
 And still the lost,  
 The corpses of the loved and lost,  
 Perchance by surly surges tossed—  
 Are still the ocean's prey.

The sullen sea hath yielded up its dead,  
 And fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, sad,  
 Grief-worn wives, and children terror-dumb,  
 Relations, lovers, friends,—a mournful throng,  
 Now claim the cold remains of what was once.



Or husband, father, son, or daughter dear,  
 Sister, or brother, much beloved, sweet friend  
 More dear than self, or lover dearer still,  
 In life belov'd, and worshippèd in death.

Graves for the dead prepare,  
 And lay them decent down,  
 Well may the people wail,  
*The dead are all their own.*  
 Graves for the dead prepare—  
 Beneath the fresh green sod,  
 In solemn silence lay them down,  
 And leave the rest to God.

Tears for the dead, and for the living, love,  
 The heaven-nerved love that endeth not in words,  
 But while it points the sorrowing soul to God—  
 Sole source of comfort, Ever-living Love.  
 "God of the widow and the fatherless,"  
 Runs on swift feet to meet the present need,  
 Gives without counting, glories still to give,  
 Gives all it has, yet deems it nothing gives.

# DROWNED.

(An After-thought.)

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She wanders by the sea,  
All lone and lorn and wild,  
She wanders by the surly sea,  
That holds her drownèd child.

Her darling that went down,  
On that fair bût fatal day,  
When the two-and-thirty fell  
To the angry flood a prey.

Oh, cold, grey weary sea,  
Oh, sullen self-will'd sea,  
Why should'st thou hold the dead?  
What are the dead to thee?

Give up, give up, O sea,  
The corse that thou dost keep,  
That she may lay it in the grave,  
Where her heart's lord lies asleep.

Small comfort this, yet still  
Sole comfort that she hath;  
Deny her not, O sea,  
But mercy mix with wrath.

She wanders by the sea,  
With wan face worn and wild,  
She lingers by the lonely sea,  
That holds her drownèd child.









