

I peer into the tumult of the night about me, and say again: "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled," and so onward to the great words, "The Lord of Hosts is with us." We had thought—the more shame to us—that we were alone in the midst of the noise. "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

A few moments of silence follow the words, and then my elder says quickly, "That is not too bad"; and I know that no fear he has—and he was afterwards man enough to confess to fear—will keep him from playing the game out to the end. "Thank God!" I say in my heart, "I have got a man in the bow. No hysterics about him." And often that and the next day I renewed that thanksgiving.

Then we make our prayer, a single word—we cannot trust ourselves for many—for our dear ones waiting us, and then for ourselves guidance and courage and steadiness to do what can be done.

Immediately I am conscious of a distinct impression that we cannot remain where we are, and that something must be done before the waves get quite beyond us.

"I say, old man, we cannot stay here. This will not shelter us much longer."

"What do you think we ought to do?"

"There's only one thing—make for the storm. That will keep us from drifting out, and, besides, it is the direction of the land."

"All right, if you say so." My elder is becoming