

Along the sea. Such radiance, erewhile,
Across the Galilean waters lay,
Glittering 'mid darkness, like a shaft of gold,
To glorify our Saviour's path, and mark
Unto the wondering eyes of fishermen
Where the waves met and kissed those sacred feet.

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Hark ! 'tis the dash of billows that we hear,
And the hoarse roaring of the maddened waves,
As they run up on the sandy beach and fling
Their foam against the rocks. Doth not the sea
Wax white with rage ? Doth not his bosom burst
With pent-up violence of wrath ? And lo,
On distant cliffs how leaps his throbbing pulse !
Perchance, ye seek the ship amid the storm,
Or ask what fate befel the voyagers.—
Go, ask the sea-mews as they wheel and wheel
Around the plunging ship, with harshest shrieks
Rivalling the cries of agony beneath !
Go, question ye the snow-enveloped peaks,
That lay their brows against the cold blue sky
And with their feet thrust off the rolling waves,