

THE SHEPHERD PSALM.

He knew his hour had come, yet he was calm—
The *Titan's* captain did not fear to die :
" Draw near, shipmates," he said, and sing the psalm—
' He leadeth me the quiet waters by ! ' "

Then from the lips of bronzed and bearded tars—
Rough and tempestuous as the seas they rode,
The trustful words rose by the shrouds and spars
Up to the ever listening ear of God.

And while they sang, the old commander smiled
As at some presence, though his eyes were dim ;
Perchance he dropped to slumber like a child
Thinking his Highland mother sang to him.

And past the summits of the purple hills
Where he was cradled, with a newborn sight,
He caught the glory that God's palace fills,
And looked upon His face who is its light !

For when the psalm was sung, and nearer drew
The men to gaze upon their leader's face—
And saw the rapture scaled thereon, they knew
The proudest of the fleet was masterless !

O blessed psalm ! beloved of old and young,
What mighty stays thy " rod and staff " have been
To hoary saints ! how childhood's lisping tongue
Has sweetly babbled of thy " pastures green ! "

" The Lord's my Shepherd ! " He with gracious hand—
Though tossed my bark upon the billows high,—
Though tempests smite my tent upon the land,—
Doth lead my soul " the quiet waters by ! "

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