

For the fall of a tear is as loud as the roar
Of the storm waves that burst on the echoing shore
To the ear of our God ; and the dark and the light
Are equally clear to His infinite sight.

Still the frown of the Lord : and high o'er the rest
Of the surges lifting its awful crest,
And with many a toss of its angry head,
Sweeps a wandering wave on its mission dread.

Still the frown of the Lord ; and the towering crown
Of the wave on the riven deck foams down.
A tumult of waters, a crash, a spasm—
And the ship disappears in a closing chasm !

Still the frown ; but not on the mother pale
Whose eyes by faith have pierced the veil,
And who, clasping her babe as they both go down,
Sees the face of a Father beneath the frown.

She had heard not His voice in the whirlwind's roar,
She had heard not His voice in the elements' war,
She had heard not His voice in the thunder's boom ;
But His voice is a whisper that welcomes her home.

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A smile of the Lord ; and the sea is at rest,
And a babe floats asleep on a woman's breast,
And a rainbow is lighting their pathway above,
For the Father he loveth a mother's love.