

THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.—JOHN XXI.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

Low, low in the darken'd sky the crescent moon is drooping,
 And all the solemn, mystic heaven about our boat is stooping ;
 Only a little light comes down, though myriad stars are gleaming,
 The sunset wind has fallen asleep ; the silent sea is dreaming.

Deep, deep in our riven hearts we ponder all the story
 Of Him who sailed this sea with us, and changed its gloom to glory ;
 And born of love-taught faith in Him, a solemn gladness fills us,
 And interwoven with the joy, a tender sadness thrills us.

Slow, slow in march majestic the stately hours are treading,
 The while we work, and watch, and wait, our empty meshes spreading ;
 No silver glistens in our net, though day will soon be dawning.
 What hope we for ? The land and sea and sky await the morning.

The stars are dim, they fade away,
 The night recedes, and in its stead,
 A growing glory overhead
 Proclaims the coming of the day.

The splendour falls on land and lake,
 And gilds the sea-bird's flashing wing :
 And scent and song the breezes bring
 From flowers that bloom and birds that wake.

And to our ears a voice is borne,
 And on the shining wave-washed strand
 We see a lonely watcher stand—
 Why comes He here at break of morn ?

He speaks, and mighty is His word !
 Lo, there is all we need, and more ;
 Our nets are full, our hearts brim o'er,
 We know Him for our risen Lord.

And on the shore a feast is spread ;
 His loving care is still the same,
 Who met the people when they came,
 Told them of God, and gave them bread.

Behold Him King below, above !
 His words are kind, His smile is sweet ;
 He stoops our lowest need to meet,
 And satisfies our souls with love.

VICTORIA, B. C.