

How appropriate, here, are the beautiful verses by Dean Alford :

“My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this ;
And then with him go hand in hand.
Far into bliss.

