

Our Lord is here described as crossing the lake of Galilee with the Apostles in a small fishing-vessel. A strong current always flows through the lake, and it is open to sudden violent tempests, like that which caught our own *Eurydice*, rushing down from the gorges which divide the hills on either side. Caught in one of these storms, unusually violent, the little vessel is covered with the short broken seas. The disciples, though fishermen, are alarmed; and to their amazement they behold their Master in the stern asleep on a pillow. Possibly one was the spokesman for the rest, and we can hardly doubt that it was St. Peter, always more forward to chide, and more impulsive; and the earliest traditions record that this lifelike story was written under his dictation. With loud, earnest, passionate cries they ask, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" As if He who had so long and so tenderly loved them, could now forget them in their extremest danger! As if He who cared for all could cease caring for that little flock whom He had chosen, or even for those little ships which surrounded Him, full of souls as precious to Him as the Apostles themselves!

The gentle rebuke follows, "Why are ye so fearful?" How is it that ye have no faith in My care and love? Then comes the all-powerful word which struck them with great fear, "He rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Be still," be bridled, "and there was a great calm."

One's whole nature instinctively recoils from the notion, that we must limit this narrative to the literal place of its occurrence. The whole mind of the Church has seen in it a wonderful mirror of the dangers to which the individual Christian and the whole body of the Church are ever exposed. As we ride on the waves of this troublesome world, our