

The other disciples slowly came,
For they were not so much to blame,
Though they had been deserters, too,
Had not denied their Lord is true.

And now re-union great and strong,
Disciples with their Lord among,
Lasting as time, firm as God's word,
Their faith confirmed by risen Lord.
The great command to them was given,—
The great command to earth, from
heaven,—

"Go ye, as fishermen and take,
"The Gospel net, which cannot break,
"And fish for men on every shore,
"Till all mankind shall Christ adore."

This great commission still remains,
Fishers of men seek heavenly gains ;
The sea of life is open wide,
And ebbs and flows—eternal tide,

And fish innumerable are there,
Then, why are Gospel nets so bare ?

Are we like Christ's disciples dear
Fishing without Christ's presence near ?
No wonder that we fail to win,
Men from the fishing-sea of sin.
Christ ever speaks from heaven's shore,
Clear, gentle, loving, evermore :
"Let down your net, right side of ship,
"And ye shall find." Our net we dip,
And lower into the sea's deep trough
A pentecost ! Yet not enough
Of fish ! Our net is firm and strong,
Wide as the world, and deep and long.
And while within the tide of time,
Our boats and nets in every clime,
We'll drop our net at His command,
And land our fish on every strand.

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Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-flake in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

—Burns.