

THE FISHERMEN.

On the shore of Galilee's sea,
Made classic by divinity,
Walk'd Christ the incarnate Son of God,
Lonely, yet grand, the path He trod ;
Creator of all worlds and spheres,
Heaven's Lord, as man, 'mong men ap-
pears,

Revealer of God's boundless grace ;
Great teacher of our fallen race.
His voice creation called from naught,
So vast His power, with wisdom fraught,
And numerous worlds at His command
Came into being—sea and land.

This wondrous voice on Galilee's shore,
In words sublime, ne'er heard before,
He spake in accents soft and sweet,
Gentle and lofty tones to greet
Some toiling fishermen on the sea,
Whose harvest field was Galilee.

To these rough men He gently spake :
"Follow Me, and boats and nets forsake,
"And fishers of men I will you make."
With one glad impulse void of fear,
They leave their ships and kindred dear;
His words of life their hearts inspire,
Their lives renewed with holy fire,
They follow Him where'er He goes,
'Midst kindred, friends or bitter foes.
They saw what kings desired to see,
And prophets long foretold should be,
Who spake in history's dawning light,
But passed away without the sight.
They saw Christ's wonder-working
power.

They heard His words each day and
hour,
With grateful reverence they sat,
Honored disciples at His feet.

'Midst days of darkness, doubt and
gloom,
Hope shattered in an earthly tomb.
"We thought," said they, "that this
was He.

"By whom we all redeemed should be."
The cross to them was death's sad dawn,
End of their faith, their hope forlorn.

"I go a-fishing," Peter said,
"Now that our fondest hopes are dead."
"We also go along with thee,
"To fish again in Galilee."

And so they went with boat and net,
And toiled, and toiled the fish to get,
And all night long they toiled in vain,
The harvest of the sea to gain.
And when the glorious morn was come,
And in the east the rising sun,
The risen Lord on shore appeared,
With words of joy their hearts He
cheered :

"My children, have ye any meat ?"
The Master's words with which to greet
The dull disciples as they toiled,
Their skill defied, their efforts foiled,
In plaintive words came answer, "No !"
"We've toiled all night ; yes, even so,
"And though experienced men are we,
"Our nets are empty in the sea."
With words, divine from off the shore,
From Him whom all Heaven's hosts
adore,
His words who heaven and earth com-
mand,

Spake to the toilers from the land :
"Cast in the net, right side of ship,
"And ye shall find." Their nets they
dip,

And lower into the sea's deep trough,
A multitude ! more than enough
Of fish to fill their nets, they take ;
So great the catch their nets they brake.
With such result from spoken word,
Disciples said : "It is the Lord ;"
And Peter, as by impulse led,
His fisher's coat, so it is said,
Girt round his loins, in sea did cast
Himself, and to the shore as fast
As his great strength could speed,
Swam to his Lord, in time of need.
An act of penitence and love,
Outweighs his faults, as it did prove ;
For men are weak when sorely tried,
And Peter had his Lord denied.