

VIII.

*"Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on
the water."*

"**B**ID me come upon the water,
I will go to Thee
Through the dreariest gloom of midnight,
O'er the stormiest sea."

Thus my heart with love o'erflowing,
While my eyes were dim,
Thinking only of my Saviour,
Of my love to Him.

Hark, that summons! how the accents
Made my heart rejoice;
"Come!" across the night it uttered,
Surely 'twas His voice!

Out I ventured, nothing recking
Of the tempest's might,
Under foot the treacherous billow,
O'er, the leaden night.

Ah, the darkness! it appalled me:—
Doubting stood I then,
Gazing for His form, and listening
For His voice again.