

“ And he bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they be quiet ; so he bringeth them unto their
desired haven.”

As Wilson closed his Bible amid an eloquent silence most of us were occupied with serious thoughts, and there was little more conversation that night. Soon we broke up, to retire to our balsam-scented beds, there to listen to the measured breaking of the waves on the shore, and to recognize, as never before, the majesty and the imminence of God.

