

STORM.

Through days of stress and nights of start,
Her anxious vigil keeping,
The nursing mother waits apart—
A sentinel unsleeping—
Guarding the treasure of her heart
With watch too tense for weeping.

The crisis reached, at length, and passed,
We bowed on grateful knee
To Him who tamed the angry blast
On wind-blown Galilee.
The clouds on the horizon massed
Drifted far out to sea.