

BY Him who rose and bade
His friends be not afraid,
When peril rocked their fishing-boat at sea,—
Who bade the sick not fear,
The sad be of good cheer,
And in the hour they were made whole and free.

THE sceptic sees but part
Of Nature's mighty heart.
A wide berth would I give that dangerous shoal,—
Steer for the open sea,
No sight of land, but free.
Trusting my senses, shall I doubt my soul?