

THE LITTLE SHIPS

The wind were loosed on Galilee,
The foam-crest waves rolled mountains high,
Dark clouds hung lowly o'er the sea,
The swift-winged birds to shelter fly.

Within a barque tossed on the deep—
No dread of danger, thought of fear—
The Saviour lay in pillowed sleep,
And other little ships were near.

On ship, on sail, the strong winds bear,
His chosen band in peril cry,
“Master! for us dost thou not care?
Wilt thou not wake when death is nigh?”

He rose and bade the winds to cease,
Unto the sea said, “Peace, be still,”
The winds sobbed low, then hushed to peace,
The moaning waves obeyed His will.