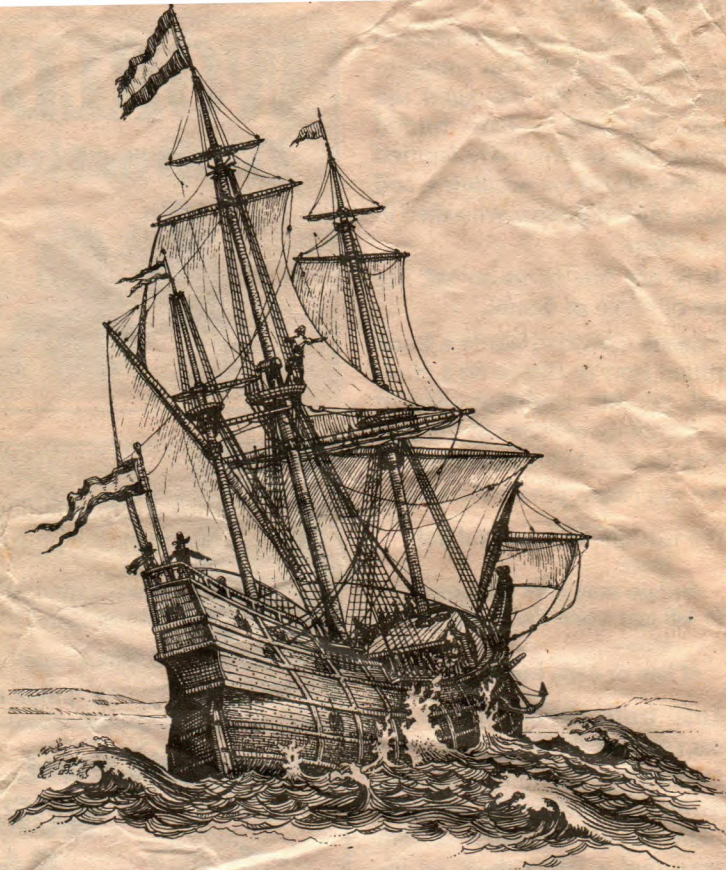


18

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

December 3, 2005



We were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And the storm was in the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers threatened death.

And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

James T. Fields from a McGuffey Fourth Reader