



THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

They had toiled all the night, and had taken naught;
He commanded the stormy sea;
They let down their nets, and of fishes caught
An hundred and fifty-three.

And good success to our boat He will send,
If we trust in His mercy aright;
For He pitieth those who at home depend
On what they shall take to-night.

ANON.