



A GENTLE WIND CAME FROM OVER THE SEA.

STORM AND CALM.

BY MRS. N. E. MORSE.

A GENTLE wind came from over the sea,
It kissed the blue waves lovingly;
And many a home-bound ship it drove
Gently to land, like a wandering dove
With the olive branch from distant lands,
To give to our waiting hearts and hands.

It brought to the shining, golden beach,
The light waves' playful silver speech;
And many a tired heart resting there,
Felt on their brows God's blessed air,
Like a touch of caressing from one who is dear —
And gave thanks unto God for the soothing and cheer.

Over the blossoming land it went,
And gently the glittering tree-tops bent;
And laden with all the flowers' perfume,
Came softly into the invalid's room;
And, hid in the depths of its cooling wings,
Were the songs that the brook and the wild bird sings.

But the hand that holds all the winds gathered fast,
Let them loose — and they rushed in a terrible blast!
Low down before them the frightened clouds fly,
Trailing their sable robes over the sky!
It laid its fierce hand on the breast of the deep —
And up in their fury the wrathful waves leap!
And in the mad war of the winds and the waves,

Hearts dread and despairing go down to their graves.
It rushed o'er the land, and its terrible breath,
Carried wide in its track desolation and death.



"PEACE, BE STILL."

I saw in a cottage, a hearth shining bright,
And basking before its clear flames in delight,
The dear ones of home gathered, warm and content ;
And into the farthest dim corners were sent
The threads of its crimson light, all through the room,
Till the radiance of heaven seemed to shine in that home.

I looked on a valley all withered and dry ;
It lay 'neath the glare of a midsummer sky.
But the slow moving clouds gathered fleecy above,
And spread o'er the land, like the wings of a dove ;
And from their cool depths, on the parched mead below,
Their rich garnered fulness dropped softly and slow.



SOULS WRESTLED WITH HORRIBLE DEATH, IN THE FIRE.

But lo, it escaped ! in the silence of night
The fire that had given such warmth and delight,
Turned a demon ! and fed on the home it had blest !
It wrapt in its hot arms the sweet couch of rest —
And, as the fierce flames mounted higher and higher,
Souls wrestled with horrible death, in the fire !

And the glad benediction of earth through the air —
A thousand sweet perfumes, went upward, like prayer.

But swiftly the clouds massed their blackness on high —
The mountains, enveloped, were hid from the eye,



I SAW IN A COTTAGE, A HEARTH SHINING BRIGHT.

The rivers above fed the rivers below,
Till they rushed through the vale, bringing terror and
woe!

Homes, happy and blessed, that lay in their path,
Were swept from the earth in their terrible wrath.

Like the elements God gave the beautiful earth,
Are the passions God gives to the soul at its birth.
When temperance sits like a queen in the soul,
And holds all its passions in perfect control,
How large is their mission, how right and how blest!
They bring, to the toil-worn, refreshment and rest.

But when the heart, restless, escapes her control,
How sure is the ruin it brings on the soul!
Not all the dread forces of nature combined,
Could leave such a wreck in their pathway behind,
As intemperance leaves on its desolate shore,
With the agonized wail of a *world* in its roar.

Love weeps there in vain her lost to recall —
Unheard or unheeded her tender words fall.
As well might the mariner hope by a prayer,
To lull into rest the wild demons of air,
Or whisper entreaty to black, yawning waves,
That shriek with delight as they open their graves.

As well might the voice of an innocent child,
Or trembling old age, or mother-love mild,
With the anguish of fear, call to billows of fire
To spare the loved father, or daughter, or sire,
As love hope to reach the inebriate's heart!
The strife in his soul is so fierce and so high,
It stifles the voice of a poor human cry.

O heart, there is one who hath loved thee of old!
He only, thy weak, tempted life can uphold;
He who spake to the wind, and the sea, and whose will
Brought the hush of a calm, by his soft "Peace, be
still,"

And who spake, as he walked o'er the sea, "Be of
cheer;
Be not afraid, tis thy Lord draweth near."



TILL THEY RUSHED THROUGH THE VALE, BRINGING TERROR AND WOE.

Who in all points was tempted, and yet without sin,
Cannot He still the tempest thy dark heart within?
And as after the storm fled from old Galilee,
And the stars came out softly, and smiled in the sea,
The heaven seemed to brood calm and still overhead,
And the sea in the presence of God hushed its tread —

So if thou shalt come — as disciples of old,
Crying, "Save, or I perish!" nor let go thy hold
Till the voice of thy God bid the tempest to cease,
And into thy worn, tempted heart breathe his peace —
New life shall be thine; strong, serene, undefiled,
With the strength of a man and the heart of a child.



AND THE SEA IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD HUSHED ITS TREAD.

DEAR PANSIES: — From Asbury Park I went to spend a few days at Ellsworth, in the State of Connecticut. Ellsworth is not a village exactly. It is a thickly settled farming district on the summit of Ellsworth Mountain, one of the Taconic range. It used to be spelled Taghkanic in my old geography, and I think you will find that spelling in some of the editions now in use, but it is the same word in a new dress. From Cornwall Bridge in the Housatonic Valley, you go up and up by a road which winds around among the hills for about four miles. For the most part the road is through the woods and is a very pleasant drive, though my first ride over this road was in the dark, and not very enjoyable, for I knew there were some steep places where the road was narrow and where it would be easy to drive off in the darkness. My next ride over the road was in the daytime, and the driver let his horses take their own gait, which I thought was a pretty fast one. I had always been used to holding my horses in check a little in going downhill. We people out here in this level country are a little careful about hill roads. But in all my rides up and down the mountains during that week among the Taconics, the horses trotted along as if on level ground. At first I was a little nervous, but then I reflected that these people had driven up and downhill all their lives and none of them had as yet broken their necks, and I concluded that I would throw nervousness and fear to the winds and enjoy it all. And so that bright summer day we sped down Ellsworth mountain, across Cornwall plain, and then up Great hill, and finally up Mohawk mountain to the tower. Mohawk is the highest point of land in the State, and from the tower on the summit one may get very extended views of the country. The tower is fifty feet high; we reached the top by easy stairs, and found the view quite as fine as represented. With a field glass New York harbor can be seen. At least they said so, but I confess I didn't see it. I satisfied myself

with taking in the nearer views without the aid of a glass. These nearer views are very beautiful. Looking away to the north, the familiar head of old Greylock peers above the lesser mountains of western Massachusetts. To the west we turn and only the Catskills and Adirondacks shut off the view fifty miles away. To

the south we get a glimpse of the Sound. Nearer are villages, a large number, and little lakes shimmering in the sunlight. We felt repaid for the long, hard climbing. Now those of you who know that the Mohawk river is in New York, and that it is named from a tribe of Indians who inhabited the region along the river, may wonder as I did, why this mountain over here in Connecticut is called Mohawk. This is the explanation given me. The Connecticut Indians used to light a signal fire on this mountain to warn their tribes that the Mohawks, who were their enemies, were coming, and so it came to be called Mohawk mountain. After looking north, south, east and west until our eyes were weary, we began the descent of the stairway; when half way down we stopped to register our names in the big book. I wrote my name, of course, but I reflected as I wrote it that probably it was not of the least interest to anybody in the wide world whether or not my name was written in that book. I did not in the least care about my name

being written. But there is a book about which I am not indifferent. It makes all the difference in this life and in the life to come whether or not my name is written there! And another thought: we need not take long, toilsome journeys to make sure of having our names put down in the book of life. Shall we see to it one and all that our names are there? Down the mountain, through the pines — how I wish I could tell you about the pines!

"Would you like to go home through the pines?" asked the courteous gentleman who was the escort of our party. I thought I would like to go through the pines, though I did not know what he meant by "the pines." I soon found out. For a long distance our way lay through pine woods, cool, shady, fragrant pines everywhere; growing between the rocks, and on the rocks. One of the largest trees of that forest seemed to grow right out of a huge rock; it towered above us, I mean the rock towered way above our heads, and the tree stood firm on its lofty pedestal. I was sorry when we left the pines behind us. Across the plain again, and up the other mountain, weary but quite satisfied with our day's pleasuring, we were glad to rest under the sloping roof of a farmhouse that boasts of being a hundred years old! Think of it! Sleeping under rafters that were hoisted into place a hundred years ago! The hands that built this house have been mouldering over there in the graveyard for many a year, but they did good work and it has lasted. Shall our work last?

Our week expired, and we sped away to the dear Home School at New Hartford. It seems but a little while since we all flitted away for our resting spell, and now one by one we are gathering here, getting ready for next year's work.

This letter is growing too long I fear. I meant to tell you about Trenton Falls and other interesting places in this vicinity, but must not this time.

Lovingly, FAYE HUNTINGTON.