

The Cyclone.

Close grew the air, and closer yet,
Fraught strangely with a vague unrest;
But still, save for the muttered threat
Of thunder in the brooding west—
Which sudden nearer, nearer drew,
Which sudden filled a lowering sky.
Where now the earth? Where now the blue?
The cyclone! 'Tis the cyclone! Ehy!

Of all the winds together made,
Through trumps of all the tempests cried;
By nothing ruled, by nothing stayed,
It came at but a single stride!
The forest oaks like straws were flung,
And melted into space the town!
Where'er the on-rush dipped and swung
It left a world turned upside-down.

'Twas passed. Again a stillness, broke
First by the lashing drops of rain;
A monotone amidst which woke
A welling note of grief and pain.
And pray! 'Tis such an hour unites

A people in once-lapsed appeal;
For He who with the whirlwind smites
Is He who, soon or late, will heal.

John J. Heiserman.