

# DAILY JOURNAL

## OF ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

---

---

A. D. 1866. APR. 30. NO. 90.

---

---

MONDAY.

### BUSINESS MEETING ITEMS.

We are still in want of a blacksmith who will do horse-shoeing, and machine-forging. It was thought best to advertise for one, and G. W. Hamilton was authorized to advertise in the local papers, and also to prepare a proper notice to be inserted in *THE CIRCULAR*.

The committee on trap prices, and the trap committee, are to take immediate steps to ascertain the cost of the two new sizes of traps, and perfect their price list in time to issue a revised list by the 1st of June. The trap committee meets this morning at Willow Place to consider the matter.

It was suggested that measures be taken to remove the compost heap at the west end of the wood-shed, and that a more suitable place for garbage be provided.

It was also thought that there was a lack of vigilance on the part of the sanitary committee. In view of its being a cholera season we should be vigilant to keep every thing clean. S. W. Nash, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Ackley, Harriet Mathews and Sophronia Higgins, were appointed as a thorough-going, executive sanitary committee.

---

Yesterday may be remembered as the Day of Winds. For nearly twenty-four hours, from Saturday evening to sunset of yesterday, a northwest gale blew with an almost continuous blast. We remember nothing like it during the last twelve years, for duration and extreme

violence. On the exposed hills, it was difficult for a person to keep his position in face of it. One could lean back against it at quite an angle and be supported. Not a bird could trust itself before it. On our grounds the robins might be seen in a silent half-terrified mood seeking shelter on the ground under the hedges and low evergreens. A great cloud of dust kept continually rising from the sand hills west of us, and sweeping across the valley, far up on to the East Hill beyond Olmsted's woods. Back of Petrie's there is a deep ravine running down from Johnson's hill. This ravine and the land on each side of it, had been plowed and sown with oats. Here the wind and the sand held revelry. The wind would gather in the sand from either side, and forming a cloud at the bottom, would send it whirling furiously out at the mouth of the ravine. Much of the time the cloud would be so dense that for rods nothing could be seen through it. We heard of no accidents or injuries. Several square feet of the cement-roofing on the Tontine were blown off.

Mr. Hall returned Saturday afternoon from a peddling excursion of four days, having made the following sales: Bags, \$27,00; hats, \$37,50; silk, \$266,13; total, \$330,63.

The Saturday evening conversation turned on the care of the sick. It was thought there should be chastity and reserve in regard to turning our attention toward those that are sick. They should have good care, and all necessary nursing and sympathy, but the Community should go about its business and not suffer its attention to be distracted from its work and purpose, and turned to the wounded and sick. This is the best way to help the sick. They need to give their attention to Christ and the Church, and not to their own bodily ailments and symptoms. The Community is an army in a

warfare and on a march, and it will not do to stop the march or turn from the fight for the sake of the wounded. They must be cared for by the proper ones, but the fight must go on until the victory is won. The devil would like to divert our attention, and have us all thinking about, and taking care of the wounded, giving him a chance to prey upon us where he likes. Even if those who are sick or wounded die, the most that can be said of them is, that they are taken prisoners, and will have to be delivered up before the war closes.

In Saturday's JOURNAL an omission of a line in Mrs. Seymour's note occurred. On the 343d page, 2d line from the bottom, after the word "may," the sentence should read as follows: "be destroyed, so that my whole being may be made the most of for the service of the church."

---



---

### METEOROLOGICAL.

*Thermometer, April 28.*

6 A. M. 40 deg. Clear. Wind S. S. E. 12 M. 68.—  
Slightly hazy. 6 P. M. 71.

*April 29.*

6 A. M. 41. 12 M. 50. 6 P. M. 49. Clear. Wind N. W., blowing a heavy gale all day.

---



---

### WHAT FEAR YE?

All day the sky had been of azure hue  
But in the evening, the celestial blue  
Had changed to gold;  
And when the sun set in the glowing west,  
A flood of glory on the lake's calm breast  
Benignly rolled.

It was Gennesaret's lake; the light streamed o'er  
The placid stretch of sea from shore to shore.

The dazzling mass  
Scarce stirred; and in its stillness seemed to be  
Not living brine, but some enchanted sea  
Of **carven glass.**

Cleaving the slumb'rous water with strong oar,  
 There glided from the Galilean shore  
     An antique ship ;  
 But as the middle of the lake was gained,  
 Each sun-browned rower toiled, with sinews strained  
     And compressed lip.

For, as the night went on, had risen at length,  
 First, faint and low, but growing in its strength,  
     So fierce a blast,  
 That each, though strong of heart and firm of hand,  
 In anxious hope to reach the distant land,  
     Looked round aghast.

No longer now in beauty shone the sea,  
 But shook its foamy mane as if in glee,  
     And rose, and fell ;  
 The pale moon looked from out the troubled sky  
 Upon the haughty wave-crests tossing high  
     Above the swell.

As thus, through drifts of cloud, those slanting beams  
 Fell on the surf in fitful, broken gleams,  
     Strange fear and awe  
 Come o'er the toilers ; and one cried " O, look !"  
 Then blanched was every lip, each strong limb shook  
     At what they saw.

For, with firm footstep, gliding through the storm,  
 The straggling shafts of light revealed a form  
     That still drew nigh ;  
 Borne, as a spirit, o'er the reeling deep,  
 With steady grace its course it seemed to keep ;  
     Then rose a cry

Of terror from the rowers—a wild shriek—  
 When, lo ! they, wondering, heard the phantom speak  
     In accents clear ;  
 And, calming their tumultuous thoughts, it said :  
 " 'Tis I, your Master ; Why are ye afraid ?  
     Be of good cheer."

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

And even thus, when fiery trials roll  
 Across the path of life, and wring the soul,  
     Is heard Christ's voice—  
 Christ's kindly words like light through darkness breaking,  
 Giving the troubled mind sweet peace, and making  
     The heart rejoice.

W. H. H.