

# THE O. C. DAILY.

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*Rockville Center, Queens Co. L. Island, N. Y., July 26.*

JOHN H. NOYES AND COMMUNITY:—*My Dear Friends*:—You may recollect a letter which I wrote conjointly with Mr. Hare, to you more than a year since. This is possibly all you know of me. That letter we have ever thought of as a testimony, or record of the time when we became willing to give up all to Christ, and become thereby subordinate to God. Since then, I have received and read your paper weekly. My appreciation is necessarily the measure of myself. A knowledge of you and what you have accomplished, is to me important or otherwise, in proportion to my conception of the object in view. So I can at best, give you but my own dimensions; a matter of itself unimportant. But I would like, however, if I could, to express to you the satisfaction I derive from a communion with the spirit of your life. Although I neither see you or correspond with any of you, yet you are “my mother my sisters and my brethren.” While it is the will of God that I should remain in isolation and at a distance from those who more than all others “do the will of my Father in Heaven,” I can only say may “His will be done,” for “He doeth all things well.” If I truly

believe this, and my trust is equal to my belief, there is no place left for anxieties or undue solicitude. Do I covet the benefits of criticism, or in short, of a full Communistic life? I have prayed to be saved from the sin of idolatry; and the attainment of desirable conditions with all the good things pertaining to your Community, could not compensate for the sacrifice, if I were to substitute personalities and organization for that of which they are but the representative. So I leave it all with Him "who seeth not as man seeth," and perform from day to day my duties joyfully.

The CIRCULAR connects with *life*, and if I did not read a word of it, I should feel it, and become conscious of its character, through the subtle spirit with which it is more or less impregnated. Our little Psyche, two and a half years old, has several times asked to lay the palm of her hand upon its pages, and when interrogated as to why she wished to do so, replied, "Because it makes me feel good." I have a family interest in you as a body and as individuals. I accept all that you recognize as essential to success. Hope based upon any thing less than that to which you have attained, will inevitably fall short of the glory of the resurrection. In the certainty of consecration to God through Jesus Christ, I remain your sister,

GRATIE HOWARD HARE.

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The raspberry-bee this morning was a very enjoya-

ble affair so far as certain individuals were concerned. After waking the sleepers at five o'clock F. Marks and I proceeded to the field. The air was still, the sky cloudless, and the bright rays of the smiling sun fell on the dewdrops, and converted them into bright gems, so far as appearances went. The sultriness of a few days past was replaced by a cool, bracing atmosphere, which with the cheerful sun tended to buoyancy of spirit.—Arriving at the berry-patch we failed to discover any signs of pickers; so we entered into profitable conversation until twenty-five minutes before six, when we concluded to return. We had but just started when the laughing countenance of Mr. D. appeared in the distance, and a little behind him C. L. They thought they must be the last ones, and so indeed they were, first and last.

It was proposed that as it was such a beautiful morning we should continue our walk to the next eminence and "View the landscape o'er." So off we started as merry as little children. The road lay along by the grapes, whose rich foliage, and abundant clusters of smooth round fruit, glistening in the rays of the sun was a sight of beauty sufficient in itself to repay all it cost. On reaching the top of the hill and feasting our eyes with the view presented, we concluded to pay a visit to "Spring-grove," miscalled the "Park," it being but a nook of the park-proper.—The suggestion met with applause, and was carried

out to the edification of all concerned. After sufficiently gratifying our senses with the beauties of nature, we wended our way homeward, thankful for the *institution of bees*.

D. E. S.

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A Mr. Baker, formerly deacon of the Baptist church in Pulaski and an acquaintance of Mr. Abbott, came here yesterday, spent the night and left this morning. He was a come-out-er from the church in that place in the days of Myrick, and his radicalism drew after him a good share of the church members. Mr. Abbott says his views now harmonize more with Gerrit Smith's than with any other system of beliefs, and he is a frequent visitor at Mr. S.'s house.

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Mrs Hawley's friends leave to-day, all apparently quite gratified with their visit—Mrs. Canfield particularly so. Mrs. C. expressed her delight at seeing the children so orderly and obedient, and wondered what means we used to produce a state of things with them so much superior to any thing she had ever witnessed elsewhere.

