

THE O. C. DAILY.

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We had a free meeting last night and the revival spirit seemed to be in our midst—a mellowness of heart which we all sensibly felt. Mr. Woolworth said:

“I have had some thoughts in relation to the soft heart. I do not know but we make too hard work of getting a soft heart. My feeling is that it is in us, and all we want is to be able to believe and confess it.—We have not got to ascend up into heaven to get it, nor descend into the deep. ‘Whatsoever things ye desire believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.’ I hope we shall not make too hard work of getting the soft heart, but believe like little children that we have it, and confess it in simple faith.

“I realize every day that God has come near to us, and that his spirit is pressing down upon us. He is ready and anxious to give us, every one of us, repentance, faith and the soft heart. I desire very much myself, to be a good medium of the spirit that brings softness of heart.—I have felt very sensibly to-day that Mr. Noyes was with us; and I felt that it was due to him, that we should give him credit for the work that is going on here. This is the result of his spirit and his words. He is a medium of God’s grace and the revival spirit.”

We think that our last snow-storm was not "The tenderest storm of all the year," for it was so filled up our Willow-Place road, that a load of nineteen individuals, en route for W. P. Factory yesterday morning, was tipped over into the snow; men, women, buffalo-skins, cushions and dinner-basket all in one oblong heap. As we were picking ourselves up, J. Freeman manifested signs in his quiet, earnest way, that he would be glad of some assistance; and sure enough, his leg was caught under the seat, and he stretched out on the snow; he was helped to his feet however, without sustaining any injury. It was thought that there was a good spirit manifested by those who fell at the bottom of the pile, inasmuch as they waited so patiently to be released of their burden. The affair created a hearty laugh; there was however, a little regret expressed by some of the ladies, that G. W. H., our worthy foreman, (who, by the way, gloated o'er a tip over) had not been in the place of one unlucky fellow who found himself on the lower side of two individuals more burly than himself, besides sundry buffalo robes, cushions &c. J. P. H.

Mr. Kellogg in speaking of the above affair, said the thing was handsomely done; that a pie was taken up from the snow neatly frosted, the basket of lunch unopened, the horses stopped in a twinkling, and nobody hurt.

We received through H. R. Perry, an order from

John Unruh of Philadelphia for $3\frac{1}{2}$ doz. bags. Value \$225.94. We have also received through Mr. P. two orders from Harrisburgh, Penn., and one from Wheeling, Virginia. This last order is dated March 13. He says "I go to Zansville, Ohio, to-night." We will take this occasion to thank our Agents for the clear and definite way in which their orders are made out. It saves a great deal of vexatious conjecture as to what is really wanted.

N.

Mr. Kelly writes from Rochester, March 17th.

"I am having pretty good success in getting orders, especially Bag-orders. I expect to take the 10 A. M. train for Bath, to-morrow, and shall get to Ithica about Tuesday night or Wednesday morning, and to New-York Thursday night. I have a good room with a stove in it, so I am by myself all day. It is a little lonesome, but I have a good time to reflect and pray.

"P. S. A new motive for our honesty. I heard some men talking about the O. C. the other day, not knowing that I belonged there. They said we were good people to deal with, were honest; but the motive of our honesty was to disarm opposition, so that we could live out our social principles."

One who reads the daily papers pretty closely, recently remarked to an admiring audience: "I see the papers these days, contain a good many of Artemus Ward's witty sayings since his death." It is gratify-

ing to learn that the great humorist hasn't lost his cheerfulness since going to hades, and that he still keeps up communication with the press. D. B.

The machine used for making strawberry boxes, is removed from the mill to the cellar of the New-House, and work on the boxes will be done there, for the present, by Mr. Whitney.

WATCHING.

I sat on a low cushioned chair,
 My arm did a pillow sustain,
 On which lay a cherubic form,
 All restless and moaning with pain.

I lulled it with soft soothing tones,
 And moistened its feverish brow,
 But I was not with it alone,
 Angels seemed hovering round.

In my spirit I seemed to hear
 Their loving and musical tones,
 "We are watching beside you here,
 For the little one is our own."

Our Saviour once said, we are told,
 That a blessing to such is given,
 "Their angels do always behold
 The face of our father in heaven."

VERITE.

Yesterday's temperature—

7 A. M., 24. 12 M., 32. 6 P. M., 31. Mean 29.