

# DAILY JOURNAL

## OF ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

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TUESDAY.

THE mail to-day brought orders for about \$100 worth of silk, six barrels of apples, and letters of inquiry concerning traps and fruit. A hotel in Buffalo wishes to make arrangements with us to supply them with preserved fruit, if prices suit.

The article in the *Evening Post* of the 10th inst. attracted considerable interest and attention yesterday, and was read in the evening meeting.

A letter from Mr. Robinson states that Mrs. R. and Mrs. Wilcox wish to be present the 20th. Mr. R. writes in a tone of warm-hearted interest in the Community. He says:—"I find my heart full of love for you as God's little ones, and especially in your glorious mission, to cooperate with God in the establishment of his kingdom in this world, and to hasten the blessed time when His will shall be done in earth, as it is done in heaven.

"I have lately read with delight Mr. Noyes's discourse on Christian Faith, the same which charmed me 20 years ago as I found it in the *New Haven Perfectionist*, and opened to me at that time, the only way to God. It is still charming. Thanks be to God, for his love, in

inspiring our true friend Mr. Noyes, to declare that soul-stirring portion of truth.

“The approaching anniversary must warm our hearts to increased appreciation of our inheritance; of our union with Christ and the Redeemed Church—the holy angels also, and all God’s family in earth and hades

“With much love to all, I am happy to say,  
“Your Brother in Christ, G. W. Robinson.”

There is a girl with bright eyes,  
Who all through the winter kills flies:  
She expects in the spring, there’ll be less flies on the  
wing;  
That curious girl with bright eyes.

There’s another woman, named Julia  
(She never lived in Apulia);  
She makes bread and cakes, which an Old man bakes;  
That distinguished woman named Julia.

Our rhetorical schollars are progressing rapidly. We hear that one of them lately, on being asked by his teacher to give an illustration of sophistical reasoning, replied that he considered it a “sophistical argument, to maintain that a man did not need a lamp to go to bed by because he had eaten a *light* supper.”

The editor of THE CIRCULAR seems to think that the atmosphere at Oneida is unfavorable to writing, arguing from the small amount of material furnished by this

Community for his columns. We were not aware that getting up early in the morning had anything to do with the matter however. It is usually supposed that that occurrence has a tendency to make people wide awake.—Perhaps the Wallingford folks have discovered a different philosophy. We might question whether the fact of their living on a mountain had not something to do with their *superior* elevation of thought and clearness in the atmosphere of expression. A great deal of inspired utterance in past ages has come down from the mountains. Thoreau used to keep a mountain off east of him for literary and contemplative purposes. Perhaps we had better follow his example. David seems to have recognized the necessity of something of the kind also, for he says, “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.” However, if we do live in a valley, with a blanket of cloud over our heads, and don't write much for THE CIRCULAR, we are *trapping* and *bagging* an experience of life and feeling and interior blessedness, which will sometime bind the world with its *silken* cords of romance and beauty.

We take the liberty to be uneventful in our JOURNAL to-day. Dispatches from an army do not always tell of fields fought or battles won. Sometimes there are dynamic days which are comparatively unreportable, but which tell in their influence on the long campaign.

ARRIVALS.—Mr. Bradley, this morning.—Mrs. D. W. Knowles, yesterday.

DAILY JOURNAL.  
TO MRS. P. NOYES.  
ON HER 86TH BIRTHDAY.

What is a long life like your own,  
To the forth-coming years that remain?  
How swiftly the moments have flown,  
Strange mixture of pleasure and pain!  
An age is as naught in His sight,  
Who sees from beginning to end,  
Who a thousand years counts as a day,  
And holds the vast seas, in his hand.  
Yet his heart is all tender and true  
To the trustful and lowly in heart,  
He has promised their youth to renew,  
And bid e'en grim death to depart.  
Thus the future is radiant and bright,  
For the dark reign of error is o'er,  
And Truth with her scepter of light,  
Will sway the wide world evermore.

E. Y. J.