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FRIDAY.

TALKING WITH GOD.

What Mr. Noyes said the other evening about our talking with God, and always considering him present, let us be doing or saying what we may, seemed to bring heaven into my heart, and I felt very near to God and Mr. Noyes and the Community. I desire to get my tongue free in His service. I think it a very beautiful idea that the gift of speech is to be devoted chiefly to the worship of God. The idea of talking with our dear Father, kindles my heart with enthusiasm, and makes me long to get rid of all the rubbish that would hinder the free course of God's spirit in me. One might think that if we always realized the presence of God, we should be awe-struck, as it were, and should never be playful and jovial, nor act ourselves out in a free and easy manner. But I believe our God to be a cheerful, loving Father, full of charity for his children, and that he delights to see us joyous and happy in the sunshine of his love. And if we walk about, and stumble in his presence sometimes, he invites us to try again and again, and gives us courage to think that we shall overcome all our faults in time.

C. A. REID.

Two twin, half-blood Ayrshire calves, a bull and a heifer, made their appearance the other day.

Work on the new section of the road was begun yesterday, with hired help.

Two "fatted calves" have been killed, and partaken of by the family during the present week. Yesterday some nice home brewed beer was an accompaniment of our dinner.

Albert Ackley arrived here from Michigan. We do not know yet what his purpose is, but we understand he intends to remain east for several months. He is quite well.

There are some signs of rain again, which we hope will be fulfilled. Some of our people think that we are having the severest general drought they ever saw at this time of year.

Mrs. S. B. Nash is quite smart. Yesterday she rode over to Willow Place, and walked about the shop some.

A letter was received the other day from Mrs. Munson. She seems very desirous of joining the Community.

The mowing of the lawn has begun. The trial of the mowing-machine upon it did not result very satisfactorily. We greatly need a lawn-mower.

The conversation last evening related mostly to the subject of talking with God.

ICE-HOUSES FOR PRESERVING FRUIT.

Some of your readers may be interested to know about the Patent Ice-House for the preserving of fruits, which has come into existence within the last decade. There is one in Rochester, one in Cleveland, and others in other cities. The one in Cleveland is a house 80 feet long by 44 feet wide, nearly two stories high. Its sides consist of two sheet-iron walls three feet apart, the space between which is tightly compacted with shavings. On the first floor are the sales- ante- and fruit-rooms; on the second, is the ice-room. The fruit- and ice-rooms are separated by sheet-iron. The entrance is into the sales-room and thence to the ante- and fruit-rooms. The fruit-room is divided into two apartments; each apartment is bisected by an aisle, and on each side of the aisles the fruit is placed.

Apples are kept largely, also grapes, oranges and lemons. Apples keep good the year round. A bunch of grapes which I ate on the first of May were truly wonderful in goodness and flavor. These are sold at twenty-five cents a bunch. Such houses must be profitable in cities.

O. H. M.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Thermometer, May 24.

- 6 A. M. 43. Clear. A little frost was seen at the barns.
12. M. 63. Clear with westerly winds.
6 P. M. 58. Cloudy and calm.

TO THE BIRDS.

Come, Bobolink, prepare to sing ;

 We saw you flutter past us now :

Come, Blackbird with the glossy wing :

 Sit near, upon this maple bough.

And build within our hemlock hedge,

 Or in the shrubs about our lawn ;

Your young are safe to grow and fledge

 At evening dusk or early dawn.

These nests, embowered by tender leaves,

 Recall the song of Hebrew king :—

“On God’s own house, beneath the eaves

 The swallows forth their young ones bring.”

And though that cedarn house, of which

 The poet-king sang, is no more,

Build freely in each sheltered niche

 You find by lattice, porch or door.

This house is God’s, as much as that

 Which stood in fair Jerusalem :

If *there* the sparrows safely sat,

 The charm guards you that sheltered them.

Come, Oriole and Hermit Thrush—

 Come Purple Finch, your dear mate bring ;

By well-kept lawn or tangled brush

 We love to hear you warbling.