

THE O. C. DAILY.

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EVENING MEETING.

Mr. Woolworth:—We see that Mr. Noyes does not forget the old fields, notwithstanding he is looking to new scenes of enterprise and expansion. He doesn't forget where the seed has been sown in years past.—The Putney field looks rather dreary and desolate now but there must be a good deal of seed buried there, that will spring up and bear fruit, sometime.

Mr. Pitt:—I like the large view Mr. Noyes takes, including hades as well as this world.

Mr. Inslee:—I feel deeply interested in this talk. It brings clearly to my mind some remarks Mr. Noyes made two years ago, when I was at Wallingford. He spoke of the fact that the people in that vicinity were very much interested in his preaching during the revival season, while he preached on the new-measure principle but after he turned Perfectionist they felt that he had gone astray, into a wild-fire they could not approve of follow him into. He said he was ambitious to still prove to them that he did not go astray, but had gone steadily on from that time to this, in the course of things they had so much admired at first. He had been doing what would save both himself and them still, if they would but give him a fair hearing.

"Winter has come in all his hoary majesty, and locked the earth in a cold embrace. The cold, white blanket that he has spread over nature, is thicker than usual; the highways are already blocked up; but still he continues to sift his feathery flakes over the earth, as though he would smother from nature the last remains of her vitality.—The north wind sweeps across the glistening plains, and howls in the ears of shivering hedges and shrubs, its dismal tales of polar bergs.

"The pines on the lawn are huddled together as though they had discovered that unity is warmth as well as strength; and are bitterly complaining that Boreas is making them his sport; they are singing the same mournful cadence as they sang of old, when the wind first descended to earth and sought among them, a voice. Those Norway spruces too; I will warrant, they have at last found a clime parallel, at least, with that of their ancestors; as they stand half buried in snow, writhing in the northern blast. The aspen shakes as it never did before; while a few remaining winter-seared leaves, are fluttering and clinging, as it were, for life, to the young maples by the road-side; lest by some mishap they should lose their hold and be at the mercy of the storm. Nothing seems to escape the fury of this storm, but the fishes in the pond. I wonder if they feel it, as they lie nestled among the rocks under the cold ice. While I write I hear the wind whistling through the registers and flues; screaming around the corners of the building;

frolicing with the window-sashes and the clinging vines about them; and all this mingled with the mellow tones of the distant organ, as they swell and die on my ear amid the stormy din. My soul is thus inspired with a reverential awe for the God of the elements." *

We take the following extract from one of the girl's compositions.—“If persons possess the earnestness and humility of Christ, they find it easy to overcome bad habits, thus enabling them to become graceful and refined. I have lately observed some of the habits and the appearance of a class of the young women. A careless or love-of-ease spirit will often prompt them to very unlady-like postures—such as sitting on one foot with the other twisted around the chair, or seated with the feet elevated considerably, while leaning back, &c.—then in standing to converse with a person, it does not seem necessary to be writhing and twisting—leaning first on one foot, then on the other; these attitudes are said by some to be very easy—but it is well known that a true lady does not require such habits to be at ease. When I describe the habits and appearance of others, I find it necessary to judge myself. I will here mention that it has been observed that the custom of retiring at a late hour is not in good taste; one will in time, find it detrimental to the health, and the company that is found near the hour of midnight, is not always improving to associate with. Slang words and phrases should also be avoided and we should learn to thoroughly bridle our tongues.”

E. H. M.

We received a letter yesterday, from Mrs. Sherrard of Winchester Virginia, the lady to whom we loaned money to enable her to return to her home in Virginia, last summer, and the mother of the eccentric young man who was for a time employed in the Bag-shop.

She says:—"The object of this communication is to assure you that I have not forgotten the obligation I am under to your Community, and though I have been *once more* duped by the man who had so often deceived me before, I do not despair of being able *some time*, to cancel the amount I am owing you.

My husband detained the proffered "Box of Tobacco," for which he offered various pretexts, until he found I had finally concluded not to return to bondage—not to resume again the yoke made so grievous by his obliquities, and then he refused to send it except upon the condition that I should meet him at a place designated by him, and accompany him home. This of course was not to be thought of, after my mind had been made up as to the course I should pursue.

He writes to my brother-in-law of this place, 'She is *mine* and ought to be made to know it, by all reflecting men and women.'

Mr. Bliss of the firm of Buck and Bliss, Toledo, Ohio, called last Saturday, and left an order for bags, amounting to \$215. They are old customers and buy only our best work. Mr. B. inquired for Mr. Olds, and commended him as a genial business man and Agent.

Yesterday's temperature—

7½ A. M., 12. 12 M., 22. 6 P. M., 15. Mean 16½.