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Something has been said in favor of building a large number of tenant houses in order to accommodate small private families, which would, in the course of time, raise up scores of children to be made available at an early age in our businesses. This view of the case looks quite feasible and would, no doubt, work as well here as it does in the large Factory Villages of New England. But are we called to follow the old beaten paths of the world? I think not, but called rather to strike out into new paths demanded of us by the inspiration of heaven and seconded by a progressive civilization. Faith in science, and in Christ the soul of all science, will surely lead us to anticipate great changes in the social, as well as in the political economy of life; changes that will in a great degree, harmonize with the fundamental principles of Communism. Indeed, if we interrogate the spirit of the day of Pentecost, which has reappeared in Communism, we are enlightened at once as to the nature of the changes now impending. In all civilized nations, so called, the *watch-words* are *co-operation—combination and unity of interests*. Kings and Emperors would be glad to combine in order to protect their tottering thrones, but they are

too selfish to do that. Their subjects, the common people, being less selfish can combine: hence their growing power.

In all our plans, the *future* must be regarded as *present*. Our greatest present want is more faith in the spirit of Communism. Let *her* be our adviser. As one who is forever patching up an old house will get no time to build a new one, so one who from the habit of unbelief bugs his old life, will never put on the new life of Christ. We believe in scientific propagation. Let us work for that. But if we build twenty tenant houses, we work for haphazard propagation for marriage and for selfish society. Let us not do evil that good may come. Our ideas on extension and growth must be organized so as to harmonize with our ideal. [To be continued.]

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Carthage, Jeff. Co., N. Y., Aug. 8., 1867.

DEAR MRS. THAYER:—I desire to express to you my love and unity with you, and with Christ. I am struggling along, keeping my eye on "The mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The inspiration of God is given me in proportion to my faith. Sometimes it seems as if the sun does not shine, but faith reveals bright rays and I revive in hope of more light, which comes to me in due time. I do not count my trials as great, only such as are common to those who seek full salvation from sin, I apprehend. I am striving to live Godly in Christ Jesus, and am perse.

cuted in spirit by former attendants, who are artful and watch for opportunities to turn my attention and mind in old channels, and often bring doubts and questionings relative to the fellowship of Christ and his people. * * * * *

You are my teachers in Christ. But for your people I do not know that I should have ever believed in Christ. I believe Mr. Noyes has brought the Kingdom of God to this earth. The hatred and opposition of evil—unbelieving spirits to Mr. Noyes—the Community and your doctrines, which are the doctrines of Jesus Christ and of Paul, are to me a test of their truth. They teach that progression will set us all right; nay, we are all right now—the corn in the blade—the ripe, perfect seed will in due time appear.

Faith in Christ is the only means by which light has dawned upon my soul. The doctrines of spiritualism ensnared and deluded me, and I was deceived by their charming promises. But my soul never found rest in their falsehoods. When I was left quiet, and uninfluenced long enough to come into communion with my own spirit, I found myself crying for salvation from sin, I saw that I needed a Savior. The seducing charmers would say—come on—come on—there is rest, perfect rest ahead. I found that the farther I went the farther I was astray. I became conscious that I was lost. But when I sought Christ I found him a Saviour from sin; a Redeemer. The Bible is a new book to me since I have received faith in Christ. What was before figurative, dark and uncertain in meaning, is now simple, easy and plain. Spir-

itualists do not know that they are followers of Satan. They do not believe in God, the devil or the Bible. I thought I believed in them, but I now know I did not, I was hades-haunted. YOURS, CLARA WALK.

WILLOW-PLACE.—We do not have much incident to narrate. Our time is taken up with our daily employment, our noon meetings and evening meetings, all of which we greatly enjoy. The spirit of organization is waxing stronger and stronger in every department of the shop and in the family.

The come's and go's are many, but their stay is short. Sometimes they come before supper and remain to O. C. before meeting; sometimes they make us an hour's visit after meeting; and not unfrequently do they come and go before breakfast.—The young men have fitted up the boat with keel, mast and sail, and with a stiff breeze and an oar for a rudder, it plows through the water at a marvelous rate.

Mr. Bradley has been out on a fruit-searching trip, and succeeded in getting thirty bushels of whortleberries paying \$4.50 per bushel. He bought them about twenty miles west of Rouse's Point. Eleven bushels were sent up from New-York and reached us about 5 o'clock last night, and soon after a bee was called for to pick them over, as they needed immediate care. Seventeen bushels of those Mr. B. bought came in the night and the remainder we expect to-day.