

THE O. C. DAILY.

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We have received recently, several Nos. of the "Optimist" a paper published at Berlin Hights, Thomas Cook Editor, from which we copy the following:

HOPING FOR THE KINGDOM.

THOMAS COOK, MY FRIEND:—Enclosed please find fifty cents; for which you will send to me the *Optimist and Kingdom of Heaven* one year.

I am glad to find even "Tom Cook" in the "Kingdom of Heaven," and working for its enlargement.—As that Kingdom is yet very small on earth, there is ample room for it to grow larger.

But there are so many institutions in this world, each claiming to be "the Kingdom," that I prefer, as yet to be satisfied with the Heaven in my own individual heart. At the same time rather rejoicing that Thomas Cook, and the Oneida Perfectionists, with many others are prospecting for that "Kingdom" on a larger scale; fully believing that out of all of these revelations will come a glorious hereafter.

JOHN CORWIN.

Five Corners, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

We believe with Solomon, "Train up a child in the

way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Christ endorsed the wisdom of Solomon by saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven." There is our labor and our study to know how to impress on the minds of little children this saying of Christ. We remember strong religious impressions before we were six years old. We are sure that children are impressible very much younger here and really capable of receiving Christ; but as a fountain can raise water no higher than its source, so we can raise them no higher or nearer Christ than we stand ourselves.

X.

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"BE STRONG."

[From the Cooper Union Journal.]

Ye knights of toil whose sweat decides
 The meed ye drain from stores of life,
 Whose iron arm and will provides
 The food for little ones and wife,

Be strong.

Ye slaves of grief, whom fortune shuns,
 Ye sons of sires now cold and still;
 Ye tracks o'er which in orbit runs
 The force of Fate's remorseless will,

Be strong.

Ye men who lead the thoughts of time,
 Ye toilers o'er the cliffs, that bar

From vulgar gaze the hopes sublime,
 That cluster round advancement's star,
Be strong.

O God! but 'tis a fearsome sight
 To view the great and good go down
 Unknown, uncared—amid the light
 That gilds the worthless with renown!
 Oh, break, ye surfs of venal waves!
 Oh, roar, ye gales of human scorn;
 A ray of hope my bosom craves;
 A whisper to my soul is born—

Be strong.

D. T. GARDNER.

“O. C.:—Would you please send a copy of your
 ‘Male Continece,’ and oblige a poor young man, with
 a rather large small family. Find enclosed ten cents.

Address

A. Armour,

Tamarack, Ill.”

The chicken-pox has broken out among the little children, eight or nine of them being down with it, though none of them what we should call *very* sick, but still requiring considerable attention. At first we could not conceive how they could have taken it or in what way been exposed, but on reflection we remembered that Mr. Aldred and his wife who were here the last of Jan. and staid over Sunday, had a little girl that was sick, though we did not know what ailed

the child, and as Willie and Theodora were the first that had it, and as they are over to the New House more than the other children, we came to the conclusion that the disease must have been communicated to them, through this child. Mr. Bolles will remember the peculiar, and unpleasant odor Mr. A. and family brought into the house, but we did not then suspect that it proceeded from the disease that was upon the child.

We cannot help feeling a little anxious sometimes, at night and after meeting, about matter for the coming DAILY, when nothing has transpired worthy of record, nothing reportable in the evening meeting, and no letters. Such was the case last night. We lingered in the Hall a while, talked with this and that one, but could get nothing except one short item. We obtained one or two promises however, which encouraged us some. Then we canvassed the upper Sitting-room, with some of the adjoining bed-rooms, and all we got was a promise from one of our leading business men, of an item to-morrow. So we went to our room, not disheartened, but, as we said before, a little anxious for the fate of to-morrow's DAILY, yet trusting in God, who has hitherto given us our "daily bread," sometimes in almost a miraculous way.

Yesterday's temperature—

7½ A. M., 31. 12 M., 31. 9 P. M., 29. Mean 31½.