

THE O. C. DAILY.

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The meeting hour was entirely taken up, last night, with newspaper reading, letters and reports, and yet we had no outside correspondence, except two letters from Mr. Bloom to Miss Nun, to the first of which, Miss N. wrote a reply, which was also read. Mr. B. wishes to come and see his boys, as he calls them, but as Miss N. told him they did not wish to see him, and there was no use in his coming, he submitted, with a better grace than we should have expected of him.

A LONG YARN.

Quite a number of our family, including Messrs. Noyes and Woolworth became personally interested in a long yarn last evening—not a Sailor's yarn but Aunt Sally's yarn, the ball of which was carelessly amusing itself on the floor during the family meeting hour. But straying too far from its base, it was suddenly caught among numerous walking beams, as they were carrying their respective owners out of the Hall, involving Aunt Sally's knitting work in other business than building up a stocking.

Indeed, a sudden *emeute* broke out, each combatant doing his best to extricate himself from the woolly antagonist. G. W. H. joined Aunt Sally's forces, and

did manly service in rescuing the unfortunate ball from its perilous condition, and just in time to save its abduction to the enemy's camp. But the scene was highly amusing to lookers on, when the battle of disentanglement was at its high, reminding one of the saying, that, "It is much easier to get into difficulty, than to get out of it." Any fool can do the former, but it takes a wise man to get out of it, unharmed.

c.

TO THE COMMUNITY.

I have felt severely judged by the late criticism of the gossiping spirit, and wish in the most effectual way to separate myself from it. Nothing too bad can be said of it. I confess Christ a savior from it. My heart is thankful for the late disclosures, though it has caused me great suffering. I have no recollection of ever hearing of some things that were charged to me, but I have said enough, and plead guilty to the charge of gossip, and trust that that spirit has now received its death blow.

JANE F. KINSLEY.

Yesterday, while talking with the little ones, about God being every where, in the thunder, rain, &c., little Harold says, "Does God make it thunder?" and "where does it come from?" After satisfying his mind about it, he says, "Where does the rain come from?" Ans. "From the clouds," "And how does it get up there?" Little Harley replies, "it comes from the Ocean

and Sea;" then with a look of wonder and amazement, he exclaims, "well, how does it get up there?" M.

We noticed, a few days since, a man at work in different rooms, putting on plastering where it had fallen off. Taking all our buildings, with the constant jarrings to which they are subjected, by so many persons coming and going, this kind of repair, has to be often repeated.

Why is a person thus employed like a woman mending pants?

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

The authorship of the following beautiful hymn of trust is unknown. It was found treasured up in an humble cottage in England:

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When chased by airy dreams the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast—
Some vague impression of the day foregone—
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care,
 Or anything beside, how joyfully
 Passes that almost solitary hour,
 My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
 More peaceful than the silence of the hour,
 More blest than anything, my bosom lies
 Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
 Of all that it can give or take from me?
 Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
 O God, but Thee?

As a part of the new goods have arrived, there is a rush of the women to the store this morning, for dresses; calico, muslin, and thin worsted, for summer wear.

Messrs. Delatre and Ellis took a handcart yesterday, and cleared the highway, from the large barn to the mill, of all the unsightly rubbish that had accumulated the past winter.

Our people have been straightening the fence north of the new burying-ground, which improves the looks very much, we are told.

We have charming weather again to-day, the air clear and the sun shining brightly.

Yesterday's temperature—

7 A. M., 39. 12 M., 50. 6 P. M., 52. Mean 47.