

TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1870.

Charles and Will went to Kelly Lisdale's today, in his harvest. I have been binding and setting in stacks most of the day myself.

I am the true vine and my Father is the Husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." What a precious relation is this, to exist between us and the Son of God. The branch is always the same nature as the vine and the fruit also must be the same.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1870.

We went to work this morning in the field in front of the house. The wheat there is pretty ripe too, but not suffering. It rained again most of the forenoon, so that we could not do much. But this afternoon we finished cutting the wheat and got it mostly up in shocks.

Mr. Deane was here today from Dover to buy my wheat which I took in lately. I told him that he might have it and at \$1.00 per bushel and I have been sorry ever since that I did it.