

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1870.

Hill. and I  
have been digging  
potatoes to day  
while Charley keeps  
on ploughing.  
He comes out to day  
in the field in front  
of the permanent house.  
Something in-  
markable has occurred  
this season which  
I do not remember  
ever seeing before.  
We have had no  
frost since last spring  
to Kill, even down to  
vines, until last  
night. And I have  
not ceased to  
have rain continually  
since spring while  
East of us 50 or 100  
miles they have had  
almost a continual drought.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1870.

We were visited last  
night by another  
heavy rain. Charley  
has not been stopped  
from ploughing however.  
I have been out  
to Dovee with a  
load of wheat this  
afternoon. Sold  
it for a dollar  
per bushell.

The way of ten  
seems dark and  
drear in spite of  
constant efforts  
to "trust in the  
Lord with all my  
heart." I stand in  
constant need of  
Great Graces such  
God alone can supply.  
I am not able  
to stand for a moment  
before my enemies.