

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1870.

Mom and I did not come home last night on account of the bad roads &c. Found things all right this morning. We are getting pretty well along with our ploughing. In a couple of days we hope to finish. The weather seems to be turning colder and looks now as though it might freeze up soon.

The written promise which we received last night sets aside all doubt with reference to the Pass will. We now feel quite relieved. It may after all go as we intended.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

On account of the cold weather at present we thought best to put away our apples and potatoes today for the winter. Charley has been helping me. He went up to Brown's to ~~the~~ night. It still looks like winter and feels a good deal like it too.

I have felt an unusual degree of fervency of love in offering up my petitions to my Heavenly Father. Especially with reference to the blessing for which I have asked so long. God grant that I may receive it with no other than a holy joy.