

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1870.

I started for home this morning about half past nine from Springfield. Had a prosperous journey home. Got here about eight.

Did something last night which I have not done for years before. Springfield were all in bed when I got there and rather than disturb them I took a buffalo and slept in the barn.

The road home was bad. I learned after I came that there had been rain every day this week here. While in Lovvick there has been none.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

Commenced my usual routine of duties today. This forenoon we chatted off the buffalo. I started this plough today for the first to do the fall ploughing. Mother and I went out to Dr. Lee's to night. She did not come home with me.

Reason of darkness still covers my path and, doubtless, will as long as I live. In spite of constant efforts to trust all things to my Maker and to receive every despatch of His goodness with a thankful heart, I often find myself murmuring.