

We commenced cutting oats this morning with the reaper but had to give it up and go at it with our cradles on account of its being beaten down in all directions. The crop will be pretty fair although must come with rust.

I find cradling to be pretty stiff work especially when the grain is down so bad. It makes me feel pretty tired to night.

"O Lord, ^{grant} the power of ^{grace} ^{unto} me my soul says, Cloze mine Ears of all. I thank God that I have strong confirmation of His power of Christ to save to the up & ferment. The Father, Son, & Holy Ghost witness that I am saved."

We cut oats again this forenoon. Henry helped us again to day. Charles Hall and I got me a couple loads of barley.

We had Uncle Peter Hykoff and Aunt Eliza to see us to night or rather this afternoon. Aunt Eliza is apparently as full of Christ as eash. O what a blessing when old age comes. So ^{is} ripe fruit ready for the meekers all. Such examples are few and far between. Lord help one if thou seed. It is precious and days to feature at perfect years do my Christ Jesus, Amen.