

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1870.

It rained again last night, quite a shower, consequently I could not go to mill as I had intended.

Charley has been ploughing again to day. I have been gathering cider apples, hunting com &c. There has been a very heavy wind to day.

How precious to know that our way, though it may seem dark, is appointed of God. These all things shall work together for our good.

But I find myself in constant need of great grace else I am not at all able to trust God or to take him at his word.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1870.

Charley has been ploughing to day as usual & I went out to mill after or rather with a visit of fifteen bushels for Mrs. Howell and some Chop for myself. Found the load pretty bad.

An unusual incident has just happened me. Last night I read the last of St. John, where it speaks of Thomas the doubting disciple. How afterwards ^{some} thing renewed in all me that I had been doubting and that the dark season which has just past. Came upon my own unbelief. I had help me to believe with all my heart.