

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1870.

Charley finished  
threshing the peas.  
To day, I have been  
working at a harrow,  
which I have just com-  
menced making.

The past has been  
a very cold disagreeable  
day.

To night we have  
had Captain DeHoll  
and wife to visit us.

The question arises in  
my mind, for what  
am I living? And I  
endeavouring with full  
purpose of heart to  
live to God's glory? The  
question is posed comes  
than I can answer it  
in the affirmative. I  
do want to be a bless-  
ing to my fellows, a light  
which cannot be hid.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870.

The past has  
been a fearful storm  
every day, I still, it  
continues. Charley  
and I cleared up  
the pile of peas  
which Charley has  
been making all  
winter. This after-  
noon he has been  
threshing out some  
oats with the flour,  
while I have been  
working in the shop.

"What is our life at its best?  
What are the schemes upon  
which we most set our heart?"

We grow old while we yet  
feel young. Our bark that  
glided swiftly along the  
shores of life quickly gets  
out into the rapids beyond  
which are the roar and the  
foam of the great Niagara.