

MONDAY, MAY 2, 1870.

The beautiful weather
still continues and
we are trying our
best to improve it.
Finished sowing the field
next to McKrides, and
got it nearly done.

I sowed a half bushel
of the Norway oak in
the same field.

Feel really ashamed
of some thoughts, words
and actions which
have proceeded from
me this day. What
a humiliating down-
fall! Although I
do desire in all things
to please my God - yet
there are within me
the remains of sin which
seem ~~me~~ ^{me} yet to
resist ~~me~~ ^{me} the Spirit
of my Redeemer.

TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1870.

I finished sowing
crack feed on the field
by McKrides and now
we have thirteen acres
all done but a little
rolling and furrowing out.
We started another field
to night.

"Without Christ." How
awful the present
and eternal import of
these words. And yet
how many there are
who seem satisfied
with the happiness ob-
tainable in this life.
They will feed on husks
although a feast of
good things is pre-
pared, without money
and without price.
Take away Christ
and you deprive the
Christian of his most precious