

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1870.

Mother and I
drove up to Lincoln
This morning. It was
very cold. Had our
dinner at Humphreys
for the first time in
a long while. I went
to Hells this afternoon
and had a couple of
beets killed. I also
made a purchase of
another pair of boots
the first in two years.

We both had a very
narrow escape from
being badly hurt to
night. I have coming
home but ~~only~~ the mercy
of God he escaped
without any injury.
While I was passing
the gate in the lane

the fog was so thick
against the gate that I
did not see it until I
was almost upon it.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1870.

We went out
to Dover this mor-
ning as soon as we
could get things straight
packed up. Paid a
visit to our dear
minister and his
wife. Had a pleasant
season with them.

Received an letter
from my old friend
F. M. G. To day. My
years of his being
unwell were not
altogether groundless.

Got home "all
right" this time. Thanks

The question ar-
ises to night and I
growing in grace I
have the knowledge of
the truth Daily.
God help me for I
am helpless unless