

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1870.

My Mother and I went up to the Woodhouse Quarterly Meeting this morning. Our dear minister was on hand as usual with a word in season for the hungry soul. The service was conducted on what is to me a new plan, by preaching first & love feast afterwards. There was a gracious influence throughout the service such as we have but seldom seen of or felt. We came to home to church in the evening and here to the work was precious and my soul was that I will bleed to death.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1870.

Shirley has been ploughing so day as usual. According to previous arrangement B. H. J. and I went up to Lincoln to see if there was anything in a hat ^{meeting} ~~Channingham~~ ^{house}. The lawyer, J. H. Ashley said that the will could not be broken, if the wife's missis had been properly sworn. As this was done before the Probate Court he officiated, we do not anticipate any further trouble. ~~But~~ ^{And} then we cannot tell what will happen.