

Mary got ready to go down and hear Mr. Hill the great English or Scotch evangelist which Mr. Robinson has here. Flossie told her this afternoon that if they went they would call for her but they didn't call, so we supposed they worked late and Flossie must have been tired as he was at the Roy Bernmonds' garden party till one o'clock last night and down there again this morning to help clean up before Mrs. Roy was out of bed and she had been picking raspberries over on the Wiggins' place all afternoon.

Saturday August 8th

It rained in the night a little and has been drizzly & damp all day, so that the hay didn't dry out at all. I walked over this morning and Dad, David & I drove down town as we each had to get some bread. Dad & I cooked up the rest of the hay this afternoon but decided it was too wet to rake. Frank & Jim cut the rest of the oats across the gully and Frank shocked some of them up. Dad, Jim and I went for a swim just below Jack's place. I was going to bring the team home to-night, but Charles Spauld came along in the car just as I was ready to leave and so I rode home with him. Very hot and sultry and looks very much like a brewing storm.

Sunday August 9th

There was a regular deluge during the night and this morning the creek which has been merely a chain of pools all summer was a turbid raging river. Fortunately the cows were on this side of it so I didn't have to swim it and to-night the water had gone down so that I could jump across. The calf was on the opposite shore this morning and made a comical crossing when she followed the cows up. She plunged straight into the flood apparently too inexperienced to know what the consequences would be as she made no hesitation what ever but went in over her head and presently emerged and clambered out a wetter and a wiser calf. We haven't done anything much to-day but read and fool with the kids. I wrote to Mr. Parks this evening. It has been very hot and oppressive especially out doors. Mary has felt rather tough all day.

Monday August 10th

I didn't think there was any possibility of doing anything with the hay to-day so I didn't go over but Dad told me to-night that he raked and cocked some of it and would have done more if it hadn't looked so rainy and Frank shocked the oats. They wondered why I didn't