

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

Charles is still away with the bees helping Liddel through. I am busying myself at fixing up around the barn &c.

The fine weather still continues.

"Ministers do not always know when general fears are shed; Saints do not always visit the lowly garret and point the poor prodigal to Jesus; but angels are there. Every sob and every groan is carefully noted, and if not known on earth, they are all known in heaven."

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1870.

A change has taken place in the weather. Now we are having a cold East wind storm.

We remained at home today. Bro. Lu. was preached to us this afternoon. His text was 2nd Chap. Lamentations 13th ver. "Be silent O all flesh, before the Lord: for he is raised up out of his holy habitation." He went on to show how the Almighty raised himself up in behalf of His afflicted ones to deliver them: Also to answer the prayer of those who call upon him. For He is a God of truth and His promises cannot go unfulfilled.