

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

Hill's and I finished up, or nearly so, the pocket field this morning. Just in time for a heavy rain.

Charley died, I went out to D over to night. This week has gone by so quickly that it have lost all back of the time. This morning I thought that it was Friday or Thursday instead of that it was Saturday. My time has been so very constantly occupied absenting for it. The Sunday papers our time prove it seems that our life is just as "shadows that pass away" & a "handbreadth".

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1870.

Moe and I staid at home today. It being the day for our own services, and Moe was about sick with a cold almost unable to go out.

Bro German preached to us this afternoon. He had an unusually small congregation, but I trust that those who were present were not the less abundantly blessed. It fell again to my lot to take charge of the class, but I never before felt more my unworthiness as well as other helplessness to the work well without the blessing of God.