

SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1870.

Mother and I
went out to town this
morning to meeting but
ma did not feel able
to go after all. She
has taken a very bad
cold. But I went.

Another one of God's
own days has passed
fast alas! I cannot
render a good account
of its precious mo-
ments. I have not spent
it altogether with an
eye single to His glory.
I have squandered whole
own time, and purpose
and the remembrance of
my sin is precious unto
me. I feel that I have
permitted my right to
His blessing which God, in
His infinite mercy & goodness
has poured out on me.

MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1870.

The boys are still
hauling. but manure.
I have been taking
a load of wheat
to Douch. I turned
it into Mr. Halls store
house and intend to
take an open receipt
for it until I see
fit to sell it.

This has been a
day of the severest
conflict, and even
yet the storm is not
over. I have endeav-
oured to flee to the
Rock of my salvation
but my efforts have
apparently been in
vain. I have not yet
the witness of my ac-
ceptance, and I am
almost in despair with
reference to that blessing which
has been so long the desire of my heart.