

MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1870.

Charley has been
being around the barn
today tearing down the
straw-stalk threshing
peas and so on.

I went out to mill
this afternoon with an
other grist of wheat.
Brought back a grist
of Chop in its place.

I am doing on en-
ough of this work
now to last a while.
The sleep goes fairly
well now, and this
makes it a very good
opportunity.

I called at Bro.
Bernard's a little while
and had a profitable
interview with him
about certain matters.
It does me as much
good to converse with him.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1870.

I have had Charley
drawing up wood to-day
while I have been work-
ing in the shop. Fin-
ished up the buggy-wheel
which is my first ef-
fort at wagon-making.

Mother and I went over
to Harrows to spend the
evening. It passed very
pleasantly.

Happal is the man,
beautiful as an object of
contemplation, who feels
himself, and who is, fortified
as in an impregnable cas-
tle by habits of strictest
virtue, and of the firmest
faith in God; trials
come to him, sometimes
betraying him into un-
expected peril, but he
can say: None of these
things move me.