

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1870.

Charley has been  
ploughing again today.  
I went out to mill  
with a quart of chop,  
the last, I hope, for  
this season.

I received a letter  
from my friend  
Melvin Boston who  
is now at the Ham-  
ilton College.

The weather contin-  
ues beautiful and  
warm and to night  
it rains.

Little disappoint-  
ment and trials  
fill Cross my path  
but not without  
leading me more than  
ever to feel my whole  
trust in Him whose  
arm alone can save  
me.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1870.

The boy and I  
have been taking  
out the potatoes to-  
day. I found them  
not saved as well  
as usual, there be-  
ing a good many  
rotten ones. Took  
out about thirty two  
bushels. Charley has  
been ploughing so long.

"The Lord is my Shep-  
herd, I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie  
down in green pastures,  
He leadeth me beside the  
still waters. He resteth  
my soul; he leadeth me  
in the paths of righteous-  
ness for his own sake.  
Yea, though I walk through  
the valley of the shadow  
of death, I will fear no  
evil; for thou art with me