

TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1870.

We have been
being to day as
usual at Henry's
Job's, and expect
to start the plough
to morrow.

The weather still
continues delightful
and dry.

Speaking of the power
of a word, one says—
"Many a spirit as calm as
the summer lake, has been
agitated like a sea up-
set by the tempest; never a-
fraid to enjoy repose, by the
power of our words. Many
a gentle word has fallen soft-
ly upon an aching ear, and
ascending the stairway of the
soul, it has nestled in some
lonely recess of the heart,
and will live forever
there."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1870.

Charley has been
ploughing to day for
the first. The ground
is in nice order where
he is working.

I have been busy
at sundry jobs, &
as has Ethel.
It has looked like
rain this afternoon
but now it has pass-
ed off and there is
every appearance
of a drought.

Dr Clarke says—
When a man works,
in whatever lawful
occupation he may
have, with an eye
single to the glory of
God, it is every act
and every word
an act of worship.
What a privilege