

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1870.

We have all been to work at cutting wood to day, back on the new-ground.

The weather has taken quite a turn since yesterday from being very cold to quite warm. It looks now like rain.

Life is indeed a conflict. The foes of humanity seem lurking in at every turn to subvert and destroy the hopes of the Christian.

My prayer is still for that blessing which the Lord has promised me. Although I believe His word yet it seems that I cannot help being harassed with doubts and evil fears concerning the matter.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

We all cut wood this forenoon. But this afternoon Henry and I went out to Dover.

I called on Mrs. German and had quite a chat with her. The weather has become quite cold again.

My whole soul is absorbed continually going out in prayer to God, for the accomplishment of that event which my heart hath desired. "Oh Lord, except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it." I find but little sympathy except it be with Him who is touched with the feeling of my infirmities. He takes my burdens