

At Home Aug 8 1905-

Dear Mama

Yours of last Sunday I got this noon, as I went down this morning and plowed the corn ground Glenn and I did not weed, and then harrowed on the summer fallow. This afternoon has been too hot for much work.

You may be thankful, as I certainly am that you are by the sea, though not exactly a low island.

It's been over 90 for several days
Yesterday & today 94.

I never remember such continually warm weather, though we have had ^{very long} dry weather in some years, but it was smoky so that it didn't get so warm.

I am going into town tonight to
meet with the City Council.

Expect Tom Froman & Morgan to
be there. We will give them another
stirring up about hitching posts
Tomorrow I expect to go over to Mr
Shows with his team to haul
away grain from the machine.
Froman visits me to see I help
both.

Were it not for going there I would
wait until morning before writing
and go after manure and mail it
there.

I suppose Glenn got there O.K.
I know you were gladly surprised.
Had I known you could get beans
over there I would have sent all
apples. I thought perhaps beans were
not far enough along to eat. Raised
over there. I was in hopes you would
get the PKG & letter Saturday evening.

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Ellen was over a few moments
last evening she and Lillian
came for apples.

I told her as long as I was alone it was
not worth while baking me any bread.
I want you to stay over there until
cooler weather comes.

We may not have rain now until
toward last of this month.

I wish I could spend this hot
weather with you over there, but
don't think I can afford to go.

I'll weather it through somehow.

I'm feeling quite well, and much
more hopeful and buoyant, for somehow
I feel our darkest days are over in
many ways.

Rev Nelson's sermon Sunday was in
harmony with my thoughts so I greatly
enjoyed it.

All trials have a purpose in them.
I find so much in the Bible to
warrant the belief that when God
has tried us or suffered us to be tried
sufficiently, so that our pride is
humbled, our desire increased to
glorify him, rather than get glory
for ourselves, he will send brighter
days.

Just how the brightness is to illumine
our path way I cannot tell. I only
feel that it is dawning.

While hauling manure last week
these scriptures was impressed upon
my mind.

He raiseth ^{up} the poor out of the dust and
lifteth the needy out of the dunghill;
that he may set him with princes even
princes of the people Psalm 113-7, 8.

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust and lifteth up
the beggar from the dunghill to set them among
princes &c. 1 Sam. 8. Good in crease our faith.
Love to you all
Papa