

He was buried in the 'Achi' cemetery, went to Mr. Cuddons to tea & spent the evening with the afflicted, "weep with them that weep & rejoice with them that do rejoice," Mr. Williams poor & employer sent Mr. B. a nice comforting letter, spoke very highly of him

Sept. 25th Thursday, by first R. W. by str. fine, loaded up five cut of stoves from Gould & Miles's & a ton of Potatoes & at Warden's half way house on my way up to Gizzo's. An unjust held today, a poor lad kicked & killed ^{by a horse.}

Sept 26th Friday, fine R. W. by str. at times, dew, up to the Prairie's unloaded. (for Chapman Boy) & returned to Gizzo's.

Sept 27th Saturday, fine, stiff R. W. commenced to rain lightly & I'm returned to Akhi's cleaning up the place & put the water tray under cover, I have been thinking deeply this three days.

A copy of a letter from William Packard. To night:

Dear Joe

I am very sorry I could not attend poor Charlie's funeral, it was a matter of impossibility - Mr. Tippitts was in town, so that I could not get away. I hope you will not think it was for want of feeling, far from it I can assure you. If he had been my own brother I could not have regarded him more, and I am sure you take it in the same light - But we must all hope his welfare in the other world, will be superior, than any thing to be found in this mortal life - I may be up on Sunday with them, Believe me.

Your Affectionate Friend
William Packard.

Went to Mr. Boggis's & Mr. Cuddons in the evening, grief is doing its work, but time I hope will soften even this great trial.

Four deaths from accidents this week.

Taken from Bogatsky's "Golden Treasury": Sept. 21st the portion for the day on which this sad accident happened.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God. Psa. xlii. 11.

Dear Lord, whatever load thou art pleased to lay upon me, enable me to steadfastly wait, in faith & prayer, till the joyful hour of deliverance comes.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,

Or sinks them in the grave;

He gives, & (blessed be his name!)

He takes but what he gave.

Peace all our angry passions then;

Let each rebellious sigh

Be silent at his sov'reign will,

And every murm'ring die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives.

Its praises shall be spread;

And we'll adore the justice too,

That strikes our comforts dead.