

Things all tell a tale, what of? - that old winter hath laid his hoary hand upon the southern Hemisphere, they all! more or less show, that, ~~thou~~ he reigneth, he reigns with a strong & powerful hand, to which all nature, even man himself must succumb, & yet it is a blessed season, that season when, mother earth rests from her labours & sleeps on, & gathers strength from rest; till the warm rays of a Spring Sun, ~~to~~ awakens her, & forthwith with redoubled vigour, she does her duty, a tale! no secret, for it is told by nature; by the lovely shades of green, which delights the eye; & makes all the animal world to rejoice on a Spring morning.

We stabled the horses, at Forster's accommodation House, & walked on to meet Mr & Mrs Parson as they came out of Ch, we met about half way, & walked on back together, we received a warm reception how pleasant, to have such friends, where, one; after the weary toil of business can go & spend a few pleasant

hours, time passed pleasantly & quickly on. we found them both well; three o'clock came, time to be starting, they accompanied us part of the way to Forster's, when we parted, bid them adieu, & were soon in the saddle, on our homeward journey. The road over, although rough, & soft & boggy is now wide enough for dray traffic, Mr Brown's dray, I believe is the first that has ever been up it, (to meet Mr Hodgson's at the top.) We reached Ch. Ch. about five, & after leaving our horses at their several stations; we met at the old residence my old domestic, where after replenishing the dinner man, we went to Ch. I heard a very good extemporary sermon preached by a Rev - from one of the Northern provinces. Walked ~~home~~ to the "Oxford" with Mr Cole, & then returned home & was not long ere I to my bed, did go.

May, 22. Monday, fine, by h. c., by h. w. d. m. Shower in the evening, Trade fair, walked up to Whitings, up the Lincoln road, to get in an ape owing to us, successful, called at Mr Daylor's on my return, found Mr Daylor