

31st.—“The old year, 1880, has just been tolled out and the new year tolled in. May the sweet, yet sad echo of the bells be :

‘Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.’

The old year has gone with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its trials and its triumphs. On reflecting over it I cannot but have a deep feeling of gratitude for mercies given, but there is also a sad feeling when I view opportunities now past and gone forever and unimproved.”

1881.

Jan. 1.—“Again we enter on another year. Last year I wrote ‘Where shall I be ten years hence?’ and now only nine remain. We are all at home together once more. I can only hope with the old year we may leave old faults, and in the new one press forward to gain the ‘prize of the high calling.’”

5th.—“I must remember ‘enthusiasm lightens labor,’ and ‘He that warreth entangleth not himself.’”

8th.—“Feel better again. How thankful I shall be when this attack of indigestion passes away !”

9th.—“If we could have one hour without a wandering thought we might have a foretaste of heaven.”

11th.—“All through the day I have found comfort in to-day’s text, ‘He giveth strength to the faint.’”

12th.—“My indigestion has gone and my room is warm and it makes a wonderful change ‘come o’er the spirit of my dream.’”

14th.—“I do not know that this has been a sinfully spent evening, and yet I have come to the conclusion that ‘quilting-bees’ are not particularly edifying.”

15th.—“Another week with its cares passed away, another Sabbath is about to dawn, and to the manner of its spending we may look for the issues of the coming week.”

19th.—“Must I write here another day lost? Tried to do better at school, but have been chiding myself most strongly for my levity. Nothing very wrong, but am dissatisfied with self.”

22nd.—“Another week with its cares has come to an end. I had again forgotten that ‘He that warreth entangleth not himself.’”