

I was favored by a stranger, who took me in his wagon, as far as the residence of my brother-in-law, within 80 miles of my home. I had been from home about a month. I got a conveyance as soon as I could, for I was filled with concern and anxiety about the safety of my family. On our way, at a place where we stopped for the night, there was a woman, a stranger, whom I never shall forget. She was a boarder in the family, and had the appearance of being a woman of wealth. Her kind and gentle manners towards me, and words of sympathy, are what I never shall forget, and shall ever love to remember. On leaving the next morning, she offered me money, which I refused to take, saying "that I had enough for present use." She so urged it upon me that I finally accented \$1.50 to manifest my appreciation of her warm and generous feelings. This trip in search of relief cost me \$50, and I reached home as I had left it, a blind man, but not disconsolate, for amid the vanity, trials and afflictions of this life, the soul at peace with its God, rejoiceth, and will rejoice from everlasting to everlasting.

Reader! I was now at home again, and the idea of home carries with it a something that is comforting and soothing to the breast of every one. ^(James M.) One of my sons who had joined in the war, was now at home on a ^(fall of 1863) sick furlough. The Indians had again renewed their ravages and work of destruction, and helpless citizens were now in a state of dreadful consternation. No one had a home of safety for even a single hour. Little groups of aged men and helpless women and children, were to be seen in every direction collected together by feelings of instant concern.