to other Canada — & I believe I was made willing notwithstanding all plans & obstructions to yield to such a service — but I trust it was under the sparing mercies of my God, that my dear friend H. H. decidedly objected to such a view when I mentioned it to him in the morning. And here I am on my way encore (I am jealous of these encores) up the Lake Champlain — with a view of holding meetings at Peru & afterwards proceeding towards Baltimore & N. M. It is a raining & stormy day; but I am favoured with a degree of tranquillity in committing myself & my concerns to the Lord; who knows that it is not my desire, weak & unworthy tho I be, not to run counter to the gracious intimations of his blessed will. O Lord cast me not away from thy presence & beseech thee take not thy Holy Spirit from me — Let me be clear of the blood of all men. "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness O Lord, thou God of my salvation & my tongue shall sing aloud of thy praise."

Again on Board the Burlington
10mo 17. Fourth day Eve.

On second day eve after the above entry we landed at Port Kent where we were met by our kind friend Wm Keese who conveyed us 6 miles to his home at Peru — Truly my condition of mind was a low one — we rested there on 3d day morg — & visited the falls of the Opalle & the remarkable perpendicular rocks on each side of the deep narrow stream below the falls — In the evening a considerable public meeting at Keesevelle — in the Wesleyan house & a good time in a private circle at Robt Keese's — not Friends. This morning after walking in many albums — & paying two interesting family visits, we attended the Peru week day meeting — to which the public including the Hicksites had been invited — It was large & a time of peculiar outpouring of that blessed anointing which alone qualifies for the work of the ministry — "Examine yourselves, prove your own selves &c." The preparative meeting afterwards & a joint conference with the women were also times of favour. We dined with a large company of Friends at Wm Keese's & parted from them in tender love — & now here we are again on our way to Whitehall — the So. point of the Lake.

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