Afterwards with Dr. Thomas 10 miles on the way to New Milford - lodged at a tavern indifferently. 2d day, this week - 12 miles to Wm Leach's to breakfast in Connecticut - New Milford Mo. meeting. Good satisfactory meeting in the town in the evening - dined at ~~the~~ Louis Hartlandt's. 3d day. Long drive across the rough country but 8 in parts dotted with beauty of 30 miles to Oswego - taking a meeting at Branch (Deb: Hartlandt's) by the way. Oswego - in the Hubbsites House - an exercising time which passed off well. Lodged at Stephen Moore's. 4th day Beekman Mo. meeting - a highly favoured time the morning flowed sweetly. Br. Dickinson drove me 15 miles thro a pleasant country to Dennis D's near Poughkeepsie where we & the Kimbers lodged - Came hither by steamboat to day -

On the retrospect of this period I have much cause to acknowledge with humble gratitude - that every day, has brought a supply of strength corresponding with its duties - & that the Lord has been graciously pleased to increase my stock of bodily health. I have been much tried with the conflicting battery

of the enemy in some trying moments, which have detected the native iniquity of my heart, but have known the power of the kingdom to flow forth for my help & healing, again & again. May I be sufficiently thankful to the God of all grace & consolation!

On evening's rest at West Point

The pulse of life stands still - a pause is come -
Sharp and mute, its meaning cannot be denied -
"Cease from thy ~~walk~~ ~~talk~~ & commune with thy God,
The Maker, The Saviour, of the world":
In solemn silence, for ~~beneath~~ low my feet,
~~Flows~~ Rolls on the wandrous river, & the rocks
(On either side impending, clad in green -
The brightest & the loveliest flush of spring)
Fling their dark pointed shadows - types of them
Whose strength immutable, & fostering care,
Invite me to repose -; behind them rise
In mutual near approach, & loftier far,
Yet not so lofty as to mock the eye,
The mountain peaks & domes & pyramids,
Waving with forest - in the distant north
The Katskill towering high above them all,
Draws her pale outline on the azure sky -
The mingled foliage of the sloping woods
~~That~~ mantle many the deep glen, & skip the wave,
What ~~pen~~ brush can paint? The maple filled with juice,
~~The~~ ~~And~~ Oaks of various leaf, cleft'd & pleated,
And the light willow weeping gracefully,

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