in this place – I have received comfortable letters from England – especially that the mournful news has been received of the unexpected death of my long loved, & truly faithful & loving friend, Sarah Buxton – O how I feel for dear Anna Gurney! It is a true affliction to myself. Would that there were less of selfishness in my sorrows; but I am indeed, very very selfish, after all – Lord crucify my evil affections & lusts I beg of thee! Sweet tokens of grace in the letters from the children – We met a little circle of Friends & friendly people on 6th day Eve – a good time. To-day, the same favoured is appointed, as for last first day. The Lord be with us! There is a vein of spiritual religion here I believe, amidst much waddliness.

My hoarseness troubles me somewhat – & the weather is cold & deeclip – I have put my flannels on – & believe I may now quietly resign the prospect of LeRoy, & return to New York & Philad.a O that it may be (through unspeakable mercy) in humility, tenderness & peace – sweet, sweet, peace –. Disturbed by a letter from a friend who has ministered abundant consolation to me, but has seems to have lost it herself. May the Lord graciously lift up the light of his Countenance upon her, & give her peace. May He & His Will

reign over the natural will, in me & in all whom I love & value. Let every thing else, my dearest Saviour, be forever subordinate! And fasten more faith – O fasten more faith!

Canal Boat 9 mo 3d – On the way to Syracuse River Oswego. It is an inexpressible cause for thankfulness to be so graciously permitted to feel easy & happy in boarding this boat this morning. The close conflict of 7th day Eve & night (during which, severe as it was, I never lost the quiet feeling of Christ – the Foundation) was probably a preparation for the peculiar services of yesterday – A deed draft of Friend's principles in our little gathering at Chas. M'Cully's in the morning. A window lady present, unfolded afterwards a ~~[illegible]~~ to me in private an obviously corresponding state of mind. In the afn, the weather much stormy – rain pouring – so that the congregation at the Presbyterian house, became like Gideon's army ~~[illegible]~~ reduced & select, by the trial of water. There was however a nice company collected – & we were favoured with a very precious & solid meeting – "called to be Saints". The obligations – the guides – & the aids & helpers to a life of holiness. My burden was now rolled away – & we spent a quiet agreeable evening, followed by a night of rest every way. I think I feel willing just to take things ahead as they come – in quiet long-suffering & humility, trusting in the Lord – Only