I was enabled quickly to yield to the decision & soon believed it to be quite for the best, Alex.r S. Taylor having been engaged as my attendant, fully to my satisfaction. A large circle at W.m Mott's in the eve — When I & we were favoured with a very precious outpouring of the Spirit — "The calm retreat, the silent shade" remarkably experienced afterwards, & spoken from at large — afterwards prayer — 4th day large meeting — I had Word breathed powerfully as I thought, yet not without some peculiar bearing — but truly refreshed Christ in the type — & I simply said, Amen. E Cliffe Hall afterwards was most solemnly engaged in supplication on our account especially.— I felt great peace in my little HS — & I W accompanied tender offerings.— Dreadfully ill. I spent the day in finishing off my numerous letters. 5th day morning — a large circle of friends at the Shop — but after a time we were remanded to the afternoon — & dined pleasantly at H Hendale's (whose precious has been his love & faithfulness.) In the afternoon again disappointed — reproved in two consecutive [illegible]

to Dillwyn what apely! — & my faithless rebellious heart does indeed need controlling — I was tried in the evg about some matters — but brushed it off, & read my Aldbrickite letter to Lord Parsons & others at S. L. Bowes'. & through a few prickly nettles, felt the Rock to be beneath. This morning all was bright, & after a reviving time of prayer with the Motts & Dillwyn & Rachel — several gns went down to the vessel together — under a bright sun, with a favorable breeze — & with peace & ease of mind, we sailed about Noon — & have since quite enjoyed the day. The scenery of the Bay in passing thro the Narrows, beautiful — then the hill lands of Jersey — & now, the sun having just set in splendor, we are fairly at sea, out of all sight of land. It is impossible for me, without divine grace inspiring, to be thankful enough to my gracious Father in heaven for dealing thus tenderly & kindly with the most unworthy of his servants. And heartily do I crave that every rebellious thought, every foolish fear, every idle feeling of vanity, may be hushed into silence — may be anéanti. E P's last letters "are invaluable," &c