but we are much favoured with quietness & some enjoyment this fine morning. Our vessel is heavy laden, but fast & outsails every thing - but the wind is light & very much aft. Patience & hope must have their perfect work, until this journey over the waters is accomplished.

Third day night 8 mo/11. In the aftn of First day we had another comforting meeting with the steerage passengers - & I in the evg sat a third, by invitation, in the Ladies' Cabin - the example of Christ. It was indeed quite a happy & favored day. Since then, we have spent two prosperous days - the wind favorable & driving us on 10 knots in the hour - the scene delightful - the weather pleasant, but growing colder - sweet hope of meeting my beloved ones in England, increasing as I draw nearer my native shores. My comfortable state-room, continues to be a place of waiting & prayer to us. A. L. a very kind & effective helper every way - & I hope I retire to rest this evening under feelings of much thankfulness.

Fifth day night. We are still sailing on prosperously & the day has been brighter & pleasanter than yesterday - about 100 miles W. of Cape Clear. I have enjoyed some delightful tranquillity of mind. It was anxiously doubtful in the morng whether the Captain could obtain an observation, knowing its

importance as we approach the land, I had prayed that it might be done - & great was the fear I felt when, against all appearances the object was effected. We have had a heavy sea & a squally day.

The wild waste of waters is swelling amain,
And the mountains are rising where all was a plain;
The billows majestic are slowly advancing
While their crests with the breezes seem merrily dancing:
They are awful & lovely at once to the eye
Now grey & now green, now purple, now blue;
And the foam that is dashed from our bark, in its track,
Spreads its white veins of marble on every side.
Sharp ~~darting half cross~~ a dart vert is cleaving the heavens above,
Those bright spots of azure are tokens of love,
Old Phoebus escapes, now then, from his shroud
Illumines the ocean & fringes the cloud.
O give me thus gallantly onward to sail,
And my children at home shall soon list to my tale.

The Lord in his most tender mercy grant that it may indeed be so!

Seventh day. 15th of 8 mo. 1840

We have had a fine sail since I last wrote continued prosperity in this remarkably favored voyage has been an portion in the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father; though yesterday & last night were attended by some anxiety as we failed to make Cape Clear finding ourselves by an observation at noon much to the Southward of it. Thus we had to run up the channel

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