

I went into the river; the water was cold, but soon after I felt fresh and well.

The eleventh day of the sixth month, the bushes being wet, we tarried in our tent till about eight o'clock; when going on, crossed a high mountain supposed to be upward of four miles over; the steepness on the north side exceeding all the others: we also crossed two swamps; and it raining near night, we pitched our tent and lodged.

About noon, on our way, we were overtaken by one of the moravian brethren, going to Wehaloosing, and an Indian man with him who could talk English; and we being together while our horses eat grass, had some friendly conversation; but they travelling faster than we, soon left us. This moravian, I understood, had spent some time this spring at Wehaloosing; and was, by some of the Indians, invited to come again.

The twelfth day of the sixth month, and first of the week, it being a rainy day, we continued in our tent; and here I was led to think on the nature of the exercise which hath attended me: Love was the first motion, and thence a concern arose to spend some time with the Indians, that I might feel and understand their life, and the spirit they live in, if haply I might receive some instruction from them, or they be in any degree helped forward by my following the leadings of truth amongst them: and as it pleased the Lord to make way for my going at a time
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