

*Sun. 26.*—I was well pleased to have some conversation with Mrs. A——t, lately come from Barbadoes. She gave me an account of her poor husband; (first a red-hot Predestinarian, talking of God's "blowing whole worlds to hell," then a Quaker, now a Deist;) as also of the narrow escape which Mr. H. lately had:—"Ten negroes broke into his house; one of whom was upon the point of cutting his throat, when E. R. knocked him down with a pewter pot; which put the rest into such confusion, that she had time to secure herself and her children, and Mr. H. to leap out of a balcony."

*Wed. 29.*—I rode to Wandsworth, and baptized two negroes belonging to Mr. Gilbert, a gentleman lately come from Antigua. One of these is deeply convinced of sin; the other rejoices in God her Saviour, and is the first African Christian I have known. But shall not our Lord, in due time, have these Heathens also "for his inheritance?"

*Mon. DECEMBER 4.*—I was desired to step into the little church behind the Mansion-House, commonly called St. Stephen's, Walbrook. It is nothing grand; but neat and elegant beyond expression. So that I do not wonder at the speech of the famous Italian architect, who met Lord Burlington in Italy: "My Lord, go back and see St. Stephen's in London. We have not so fine a piece of architecture in Rome."

*Fri. 8.*—Poor Mr. Goudicheau called upon me, formerly a Romish Priest, now ready to perish for want of bread, though of an unblemished character. Can any one wonder that we have not many converts from the Church of Rome?

*Mon. 11.*—Most of this week I spent in preparing materials for "A Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation;" or, a full, plain, and correct system of Natural Philosophy.

*Mon. 18.*—I rode to Everton. The church was well filled soon after six in the evening. God gave me great liberty of speech, and applied his word to the hearts of the hearers; many of whom were not able to contain themselves, but cried aloud for mercy.

*Tues. 19.*—I rode on to Lakenheath. How surprising a providence has been over this little village! Forty years ago a poor man lived here who walked with God, and was the means of awakening a few others. When these were nearly extinct, Charles Skelton came, awakened a few more, and forsook them. A year ago, one of Lakenheath, seeing me pass through Thet-