

a strengthening time to me, and (I believe) to many more.

The thirteenth day of the month. Was this day at Richmond, a small meeting; but the town's people coming in, the house was crowded: it was a time of heavy labour; and (I believe) was a profitable meeting.

At this place I heard that my kinsman William Hunt from North-Carolina, who was on a religious visit to friends in England, departed this life on the ninth day of the ninth month, instant, of the small-pox, at Newcastle.—He appeared in the ministry when a youth; and his labours therein were of good favor. He travelled much in that work in America. I once heard him say in public testimony, that his concern was (in that visit) to be devoted to the service of Christ so fully, that he might not spend one minute in pleasing himself: which words, joined with his example, was a means of stirring up the pure mind in me.

Having of late travelled often in wet weather, thro' narrow streets in towns and villages, where dirtiness under foot, and the scent arising from that filth, which more or less infects the air of all thick settled towns; and I being but weakly, have felt distress both in body and mind with that which is impure.

In these journies I have been where much cloth hath been dyed; and fundry times
walked