

on nothing but water; and that he believed it was a devil. The Frenchman said, No; but the child is ordered for longer life; and it hath pleased God to preserve it to admiration. My master answered, No; that was not the case; but it was a devil; and he believed it would not die, unless they took a hatchet, and knocked out its brains.

This ended their discourse; and I was redeemed as aforesaid, with my little babe, for 600 livres. My little boy was likewise redeemed for an additional sum. And by this means we exchanged our lodging and diet much for the better, the French being kind and civil to me beyond what I could expect or desire.

The day after I was redeemed, a Romish priest took my babe from me; and according to their custom they baptized it; urging that if it died before, it would be damned; and accordingly they gave it the name of Mary Ann Troffways; telling it, that if it died then, it would be saved, being baptized. And my landlord also, speaking to the priest who performed the ceremony, said, it would be well if Troffways were to die then, being in a state of salvation. But the priest replied, that the child having been miraculously preserved through so many hardships, it might be designed for some great work, and, by its life being continued, might glorify God much more than if it were to die then. A
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