

(named *William*) had then his leg broke; which the Indians perceiving, they knocked him on head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless heathens, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My elder sister being yet in the house, and seeing those woful sights, the infidels hauling mothers one way, and children another, and some wallowing in their blood: And her eldest son telling her that her son *William* was dead, and myself was wounded, she said, and Lord let me die with them: Which was no sooner said, but she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good labors, being faithful to the service of God in her place. In her younger years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual accounts, till it pleas'd God to make that precious scripture take hold of her heart, 2 *Cor.* 12, 9. *And he said unto me, my grace is sufficient for thee.* More than twenty years after I have heard her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was to her. But to return; The Indians laid hold of us, pulling me one way, and the children another, and said, come go along with us. I told them they would kill me; they answered, if I were willing to go along with them they would not hurt me.

Oh! the doleful sight that now was to behold at this house! come, behold the works