

while my master remained in this feud, the old squaw (his mother-in-law) left him; but my mistress and her daughter still remained with him in the wigwam.

As soon as I returned with my wood, the daughter came to me. I asked her if her father had killed my children? She answered me by a sign that he had not; and seemed to be pleased that he had forborn it. For instead of venting his fury on me and mine, the Lord, in whom I had put my trust, interposed in the needful time, and mercifully delivered us from the cruel purpose he had threatened to put in execution. Nor was he himself without some sense of the same, and that the hand of God was concerned therein, as he afterwards confessed to those who were about him. For a little time after he had got upon his feet he was struck with violent pains, and such a grievous sickness, that he uttered his complaints in a very doleful and hideous manner. Which when I understood (not having yet seen him) I went to another squaw, who was come to visit him, and could speak English, and asked her if my mistress (for so I used to call the Indian's wife) thought my master would die? She answered, it was very likely he would; for he grew worse and worse. I then told her he had struck my little boy a dreadful blow, without any provocation; and had threatened, in his fury,