

another time I could by no means have dispensed with it. And this led me to consider that none are able to say what hardships they can suffer till the trial comes upon them. For that which in time past I had thought not fit for food in my own family, I should now have esteemed a sweet morsel, and a dainty dish.

By this time I was reduced so low, through fatigue of spirits, hard labour, mean diet, and the frequent want of natural rest, that my milk was intirely dried up again, and my helpless babe very poor and weak, appearing to be little more than skin and bones; for I could perceive every joint of it, from one end of its back to the other; and how to procure any thing that might suit its weak appetite, I was at a very great loss. Whereupon one of the Indian squaws, perceiving my uneasiness, began some discourse with me, and withal advised me to take the kernels of walnuts, and after I had cleansed them, to beat them up with a little water; which accordingly I did, and the water looked like milk. Then she bid me add to this water a little of the finest Indian corn meal, and just boil it up together. I did so; and found it very palatable, and soon perceived that it nourished my babe, for it quickly began to thrive and look well; which gave me great comfort.—I afterwards understood, that with this kind of diet the Indian children were often fed.

But the comfort I received on my dear child's recovery from the brink of death, was soon mixed with bitterness and trouble. For my master, observing its thriving condition, used often to look upon it, and say, that when it was fat enough,
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