

ming with my mates, I would pray, that I might not be drowned; and almost every night I went to my bed, I was afraid I should die, because I could not die praying.

*Twelve*

In the year 1760, my parents (after a long consultation) concluded to move to Nova-Scotia; this filled me with hope and fear: I had great desires to live in the country; I thought there were many things in the country to amuse me, and make me happy, that there were not in a town; and I thought myself wearied with every thing that the town afforded me: but still I had two things that I greatly feared in going; the one was the danger of the sea, the other was the fear of the Indians in that country. However upon the whole I rather chose to go than stay, and though we had a long passage, we were carried safe into Nova-Scotia, my parents with seven children. I was now for a short time pleased with the country; I thought I should enjoy happy days, but alas my joys and hopes were soon eclipsed, when it was frequently reported, that the Indians were about rising to destroy us; and many came out among us with their faces painted, and declared that the English should not settle this country. And now I was more uneasy than ever. I did not think myself fit to die, and expected to be killed. I was so distressed, that I have laid awake many and many an hour, sometimes almost all night listening, and often thought, when I heard the dog bark, or the cattle walking round the house, that they were really coming or come; and what would be the consequence? why they would kill us all, and I was not fit to die: and O then the racking thoughts, perhaps in a few hours or minutes I should be in hell. O no tongue can tell what I endured. I still continued praying and watching over all my outward conduct, and guarding against every public vice, still hoping that I might yet obtain the favour of God, and be saved from everlasting misery. The days I spent (when I was not about some worldly employ) much in walking in the fields and in meditation, and the more I contemplated my own state and the certainty of death at some uncertain moment, the more distressed I was, and found that the scenes and pleasures of a country life would not satisfy me, and I began to wish myself back again with my mates and the amusements of the town.

Thus the poor awakened soul in his distress is seeking and roving here and there, and every scheme he can