

BIBLE ; never disturbed me in reading the scriptures, or in praying to God. Many of my neighbors also, found that mercy in their journey, to have bibles, psalm books, catechisms, and good books, put into their hands, with liberty to use them ; and yet after their arrival at *Canada*, all possible endeavors were used to deprive them of them. Some of them say their bibles were demanded by the French priests, and never redelivered to them, to their great grief and sorrow.

My march on the French river was very sore ; for fearing a thaw, we travelled a very great pace ; my feet were so bruised, and my joints so distorted by my travelling in snowshoes, that I thought it impossible to hold out. One morning a little before break of day, my master came and awaked me out of my sleep, saying, Arise, pray to God, and eat your breakfast, for we must go a great way to day. After prayer, I arose from my knees, but my feet were so tender, swoln, bruised, and full of pain, that I could scarce stand upon them, without holding by the wigwam. And when the Indians said you must run today ; I answered, I could not run. My master pointing out his hatchet, said to me, Then I must dash out your brains, and take off your scalp. I said, I suppose then you will do so, for I am not able to travel with speed. He sent me away alone, on the ice. About sun half an hour