

THE SECOND REMOVE.

But now (the next morning) I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I know now whither. It is not my tongue or pen can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure: But God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse; it went moaning all along, I shall die, I shall die. I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms, till my strength failed, and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse, with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horses back, as we were going down a steep hill, we both fell over the horses head, at which they like inhuman creatures laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, as overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along that I might see more of his Power, yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.