

without any of the terrible difficulties that others had faced crossing over. Then there was something that they had no idea of. If they had gone four ~~years~~ years earlier, they would have found that whole area filled with militant Indians, and no matter they tried to get along with them, they probably would have been completely wiped out, ~~as~~ as the Virginia colony nearly was on two or three occasions on which hundreds of people were killed. As it was, when they had a big Indian ~~up~~ uprising after a few ~~years~~ years, they had tremendous difficulties as it was. But four years earlier, it would have been impossible for them to land there and carry on. In the providence of God, there was a tremendous pestilence that they knew nothing ~~about~~ about until later which went through that land, and thousands of Indians died, so that a very very few ~~were~~ were in this region when they landed, and that accounts of course for their seeing hardly any during that winter, and those only at a distance. It was a problem, however, even with these few, how they were going to get along, and not ~~to~~ be wiped out. It was a problem to know how to raise food, how to live in the area, what to do. But in the spring, when they had some little houses built - they had a very primitive sort of arrangement set out so that they could in it and get along - one day an Indian came walking up to the place, and he stepped up to them and said, "

" - "Me want beer." He knew a little English, not particularly much, but enough to explain to them that he came from ~~the~~, where he was the chief of the tribe. He had been down in that area for some weeks. He had had some contact with English fishers up in Maine, and he stayed with them overnight. He was quite pleasant, and he promised to come back and bring some of his ~~his~~ friends in a few days, and when he came back there was one of the most wonderful incidents of God's providence that you can possibly imagine. When he came back he brought