

stake, unmoved, I awaited the stroke, groaning to my God in heart; when stayed, as if by a supernatural power, he drew back his hand in the very act of cutting. About a quarter of an hour after, he returned, and as if condemning his cowardice and faint-heartedness, again prepared to do it; when again held back by some unseen hand, he departed. Had he carried out his design, my fate was sealed, for it is not their custom to grant life to captives thus mutilated. At length, late at night, and last of all, I was taken to my captors, without receiving a morsel of food, which I had scarcely touched for several days. The rest of the night I spent in great pain.

My sufferings, great in themselves, were heightened by the sight of what a like cruelty had wreaked on the Christian Hurons, fiercer than all in the case of Eustace: for they had cut off both his thumbs, and, through the stump of his left, with savage cruelty, they drove a sharp stake to his very elbow. This frightful pain he bore most nobly and piously.

The following day we fell in with some other war-canoes, who cut off some of our companions' fingers, amid our great dread.

At last, on the tenth day, about noon, we left our canoes, and performed on foot, the rest of the journey, which lasted four days. Besides the usual hardships of the march, now came that of carrying the baggage. [Although my share of this was done quite remissly, both because I was unable, and because I disdained to do it, for my spirit was haughty, even in fetters and death; so that only a small package was given me to bear.] We were now racked by hunger, from the ever-