

When, therefore, we landed from the canoes, they fell upon us from both sides with their clubs, with such fury, that I, who was the last, and therefore most exposed to their blows, sank, overcome by their number and severity, before I had accomplished half the rocky way that led to the hill on which a stage had been erected for us. I thought I should soon die there; and so, partly because I could not, partly because I cared not, I did not arise. How long they spent their fury on me, he knows for whose love and sake I suffered all, and for whom it is delightful and glorious to suffer.— Moved at length by a cruel mercy, and wishing to carry me into their country alive, they refrained from beating me. And, thus half dead, and drenched in blood, they bore me to the stage. I had scarce begun to breathe, when they ordered me to come down, to load me with scoffs and insults, and countless blows on my head and shoulders, and indeed on my whole body. I should be tedious were I to attempt to tell all that the French prisoners suffered. They burnt one of my fingers, and crunched another with their teeth; others already thus mangled, they so wrenched by the tattered nerve, that, even now, though healed, they are frightfully deformed. Nor indeed was the lot of my fellow-sufferers much better.

But one thing showed that God watched over us, and was trying us rather than casting us off. One of these savages, breathing nought but blood and cruelty, came up to me, scarce able to stand on my feet, and, seizing my nose with one hand, prepared to cut it off with a large knife which he held in the other. What could I do? Believing that I was soon to be burnt at the