

I can in truth say, before God, of all that period up to mid-January, "Even unto this hour, we both hunger and thirst, and are naked and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode. And we labor, working with our hands; we are reviled, and we bless; we are persecuted, and we suffer it; we are ill-spoken of and we entreat; we are made as the refuse of this world, the off-scouring of all even until now."—1 Cor. iv. 11.

When, in the middle of January, my owners returned from the chase, they, in a manner, dressed me in skins, until a Lorraine who lived among our Dutch neighbors, hearing that I suffered greatly from cold, sent me from his house, a dress, such as they usually sell to the Indians. This brought some slight alleviation to my pains, but I found still greater in the care of an old woman, whose only son had died not long before. She was of very noble rank in the nation, for barbarism, too, has its nobles; she took care of me, and the Lord gave me grace in her eyes, yet all this was but a slight solace in such woe.

When I saw that my life was at last in some sort spared, I applied myself to the study of the language, and, as our cabin was the council hall, not only of the village, but of almost all that country, I began to instruct the oldest on the articles of our faith. They, too, put me many questions, as to the sun, and moon, the face, which seemed to appear on his disk, of the circumference of the earth, of the size of the ocean, its tides, whether, as they had heard, the heavens and the earth anywhere met each other; adapting my philosophy to their reach, I satisfied them on all these; then, indeed, they began to wonder, and say, "Indeed, we