

been warned that his end would soon come, and he would probable have been slain had not some Dutch traders from Fort Orange (now Albany) intervened when they heard of his captivity and sufferings.

The sympathetic fur-traders succeeded in saving the missionary's life but they did not secure his release from captivity. Already he had been formally adopted as a slave by one of the Mohawk clans and he had to undertake the most degrading menial labors, carrying burdens on his back over rough trails from village to village, following and serving his masters on the hunt and during their fishing expeditions, meanwhile bending under their blows when his efforts did not win their approval. While

**A slave among
the Mohawks**

at home in Ossernenon he was allowed to wander freely through the village, but the eyes of his masters were continually watching him. He had been warned that his life was in danger if he passed beyond the limits of the village, and yet he escaped frequently to the neighboring forest to kneel before a cross he had carved in a large birch tree and there pour out his soul in prayer to God, "Whom he alone in those vast wilds adored." Perhaps the greatest torture the heroic sufferer had to endure was the desolation of spirit and mental anguish with which he was frequently overwhelmed, These trials he bore with unconquerable patience, but God oftentimes rewarded him by flooding his soul with sweetness and light. In these moments of ecstasy his physical suffering lost its poignancy, and he offered