

that, drenched in blood, he fell stunned. They dragged him to the top of the hill.

Along with the other prisoners, French and Huron, Jogues was led to a platform where again they beat and stabbed him, mangled his fingers, and thrust burning fagots against his arms and thighs. A brave advanced toward him, brandishing a long knife. He seized the priest's nose and was about to cut it off. Jogues looked into the narrow slits of the Mohawk's eyes without shrinking. "Lord, take not only my nose," he prayed, "but also my head." The Indian hesitated and then lowered his knife.

Jogues knew that if his nose was amputated, he would be killed; it was the custom to put to death those badly mutilated. The same brave approached a second time, seized the priest's nose, and again raised his knife. Again he hesitated as he looked into the calm face of Jogues. He lowered the blade and walked away. Perhaps, thought Jogues, God still had work for him to do.

The Iroquois outdid themselves when they came to Eustace Ahatsistari, heaping worse cruelties upon him than even upon the other Hurons. Finally the journey was resumed. Bleeding and famished, subsisting chiefly on wild berries, loaded with heavy packs, the captives dragged themselves along. It was thirteen days after the ambush, on the eve of the Assumption, 1642, that they reached the goal of their agonized pilgrimage, Ossernenon, a palisaded town on a hill by the north bank of the Mohawk River.