

stones heated in the fire; and, throwing himself into the middle of this furnace, he commanded that he be kept shut up in it until his Demon had given him an answer. He sang, or rather he yelled, therein like a damned soul; while the whole Huron army danced around him, and reëchoed his voice so that it might be heard in the lowest pit of Hell. Finally, the magician changed his tone, and called out in most joyful accents, "Victory! victory! I see the enemies coming toward us from the south. I see them take to flight. I see all of you, my comrades, making prisoners of them." At these words, each one made ready, and sought [6] more eagerly for ropes to bind the enemy than for weapons wherewith to fight them. Never had that magician spoken more confidently; never had his Demon been more willingly accorded the homage that he desired; and never did the infidels triumph with more insolence than on that day, when their ungodliness overcame the faith of some good Christians, who had reproved them for having recourse to Demons who were powerless to assist them. They started at the same time, and hastened toward the south, in accordance with the magician's advice.

The Christians stood by themselves for a long time, without speaking, being unable to make up their minds to obey so impious a guide. Finally, one of the most fervent among them addressed himself to God amid those shouts of victory. "My Lord," he said, "your honor is at stake. You alone are the master of our lives, and dispose of victories. If the promises of the Demon are fulfilled, he alone will derive glory therefrom, and your name will be blasphemed for it. I offer you my life, that I may be