

in the waters, has been pushed out of them by a certain Tortoise of prodigious size, which sustains it and which serves it for support,—without which the weight of this earth would again engulf it in the waters, and would cause in this world below a general desolation of all the human race.²

This good Christian upon whom they had imposed silence, and who had waited expressly to manifest his zeal, having for some time given audience to the fable of that infidel Captain, also in his turn seizes the straws from his hand. “Be silent thyself,” he said to him; “I consented to listen to thee, and became silent without resistance,—believing that thou wouldst teach us something better, and as true as what I was saying. But seeing that thou tellest only fables, which have no foundation but lies, I have more right to speak than thou. Where are the writings which give us faith in what thou sayest? If each one is permitted to invent what he will, is it [70] strange that we know nothing true, since we must acknowledge that the Hurons have been liars from all time? But the French do not speak by heart; they preserve from all antiquity the Sacred books, wherein the word of God himself is written, without permission to any one to alter it the least in the world,—unless he would expose himself to the confusion of seeing himself belied by all the nations of the earth, who cherish this truth more than they have love for life.”

A Magician, among the most famous in this country, after having vomited a thousand blasphemies against God, was insolently boasting that it was in his power to procure the rains in time of drouth; to stop them when they should be too copious; to prevent the frosts which might injure their Indian corn.