

short, on the first of November, a beautiful day, dedicated to the memory of all the Saints, he brought back this Demon, I mean the Sorcerer. I was very much surprised when I saw him, for I was not expecting him, imagining that my host had gone hunting; would that he had, and that this miserable prey [230] had escaped from his hands.

As soon as he came, there was nothing but feasting in our cabins; we had only a little food left, but these Barbarians ate it with as much calmness and confidence as if the game they were to hunt was shut up in a stable.

One day, when my host had a feast in his turn, the guests made me a sign that I should make them a speech in their language, as they wanted to laugh; for I pronounce the Savage as a German pronounces French. Wishing to please them, I began to talk, and they burst out laughing, well pleased to make sport of me, while I was very glad to learn to talk. I said to them in conclusion that I was a child, and that children made their fathers laugh with their stammering; but in a few years I would become large, and then, when I knew their language, I would make them see that they themselves were children in many things, ignorant of the great truths of which I would speak to them. Suddenly I asked them if the Moon was [231] located as high as the Stars, if it was in the same Sky; where the Sun went when it left us; what was the form of the earth. (If I knew their language perfectly I would always propose some natural truth, before speaking to them of the points of our belief; for I have observed that these curious things make them more attentive.) Not to let me wander from my speech, one of them