

God has no power. There is no proof that he is even of the race of gods."

Yet he yielded to her wishes and let the child be baptized. Soon afterwards the infant died, and Clovis reproached her bitterly.

"Had he been dedicated to my gods he would still be alive," he said. "He was baptized in the name of your God, and you see the end; he could not live."

A second son was born, and was also baptized. He, too, fell sick.

"It will be with him as with his brother," said Clovis. "You have had your will in baptizing him, and he is going to die. Is this the power of your Christ?"

But the child lived, and Clovis grew less incredulous of the God of his wife. In the year 496 war broke out between him and a German tribe. The Germans were successful, the Franks wavering. Clovis was anxious. Before hurrying to the front he had promised his wife—so says *Frédégair*e—to become a Christian if the victory were his. Others say that he made this promise at the suggestion of *Aurelian*, at a moment when the battle seemed lost. However that be, the tide of battle turned, the victory remained with the Franks, the Germans were defeated and their king slain.

Clotilde, fearing that he would forget his promise, sent secretly to St. Remy, bishop of Rheims, to come and use his influence with the king. He did so, and fervently besought Clovis to accept the Christian faith.