

His kettle¹⁸ lies turned upside down near the base of old Blomidon ;
His dogs are transformed into rocks,¹⁹ where they stood looking west-
ward

When Glooscap sailed out on the ebb-tide,²⁰ an exile through falsehood,
To return when his people learn Truth, amidst wildest rejoicings,²¹

Oh, helpless and hopeless indeed were the gods of tradition,—
The power of God must come down to uplift what has fallen,
Or Glooscap can never return to his people who love him.

Confucius and Buddha were mighty,— but give us our Glooscap.²²

¹⁸ An island at the base of Blomidon is known as Glooscap's kettle.

¹⁹ Two sharp rocks facing westward are known as Glooscap's dogs, as they stand awaiting his command to spring into activity again when he comes.

²⁰ The powerful ebb out past Cape Split into the Bay of Fundy carries objects far to the westward beyond the horizon.

²¹ Tradition points unmistakably to a millennium.

²² The reader is referred to the writer's chapter on Micmac mythology; or better, to the stories themselves as preserved for us in Rand's Legends. It is well also to read thoughtfully these words of John Ruskin:—"The first plain fact about myth-making is one which has been most strangely lost sight of,—that you cannot make a myth unless you have something to make it of. You cannot tell a secret which you don't know *** The real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the nation among which it is current *** as the intelligence and passion of the race develop, they cling to and nourish their sacred legend; leaf by leaf it expands under the touch of more pure affections, and more delicate imagination, until at last the perfect fable burgeons out into symmetry of milky stem and honied bell."

