

A LEGEND OF GOAT ISLAND

IT is told in Indian story,
Dim tradition of the race,
How, to God's eternal glory,
And through His all-saving grace,
Many a warrior's heart was stirred
To belief in His ever-living Word,
And the Faith that saves us all,
By a Priest, whose holy mission
Overcame their superstition
About the Island, which divides
Niagara's tumultuous tides,
At the brink of the mighty Fall.
Here is the story, as 'tis told
In one of the chronicles of old.

'TWAS many a year ago, when o'er
The land on Ni-a-gáh-ra's shore
The Neuter tribe held sway.
On its western bank, above, but near,

Where rapids begin, in wild career
Toward the Fall, and down as low
As a bark canoe could safely go,
One of their villages lay.
In that village by the river,
Late one eve, when bow and quiver
Had been laid aside,
And the warriors were sitting
In the silence, deemed befitting
To an Indian's pride,
A stranger in their midst appeared,
Whose hoary locks and silvery beard
Were to their vision strange and weird.
He was a man of giant size,
Which found him favor in their eyes,
As, at his priestly garb amazed,
In silent wonderment they gazed.

He wore his Sacred Order's gown,
A long loose robe of reddish brown,