

## Power, Love, and Peace.

*An Indian Legend of Arlca, the Great Magician.*

THE evening shadows gently fell  
Across the valley wide,  
Where the St. Charles rushes down  
To join St. Lawrence tide.  
On every hand, across the land,  
The glorious, setting sun  
Gilt rugged bluff and forest tree,  
And lofty plain that yet would see  
An Empire lost and won.

As Arlca gazed upon the scene  
His soul was filled with fire.  
He cried, "Oh, could some spirit come  
And grant my heart's desire!"  
"A spirit's here, no longer fear,  
Let all thy longings cease ;  
Thou shalt have fame and great renown ;—  
Choose now, before the sun goes down,  
Power, or Love, or Peace."

"Oh, Spirit, give me power," he cried,  
"To wield a magic wand,  
And let my gift of prophecy  
Be known throughout the land ;  
Let Arlca's name and Arlca's fame  
Act like a magic spell!"  
"Thou'lt be physician, prophet, priest,"  
The Spirit cried : "from west to east.  
All power is thine ; farewell!"