

By curling waves, but floats, awhile,  
On the quiet stream above the Isle,  
Towards whose beach it slowly glides  
For weal or woe, as its voyage betides.

The Priest stood up, above his head  
The holy Cross he raised,  
And the words of the "Misereri" said  
As heavenwards he gazed.

The bark meanwhile,  
    Has renched the Isle,  
A moment more,  
    And the test is o'er.

The Priest stepped boldly on the sod,  
To prove the power of his God,  
And, kneeling on the shore,  
Poured forth a psalm of praise to Him  
Whom Cherubim and Seraphim  
Continually adore.

Then, rising, he addressed the Chief  
Who, sitting in the bark canoe,  
Felt more of wonder than of grief  
At seeing that his old belief  
Was wholly false, for now he knew  
That all the Priest had said was true.

"I tread this Isle alive, and show  
Your Spirit's boasted power  
To be but falsehood; will you now  
Fulfill your solemn Chieftain's vow,  
And own that God, by whom I'm sent  
To teach you, is omnipotent,  
In this auspicious hour?"

As by the issue stupefied,  
The Chieftain doubtingly replied,  
"I little thought you now would be  
Alive to claim my fealty;  
But further proof you yet must give  
Before I can fully agree,  
Although you tread the Isle, and live,  
You have proved conclusively  
That the Spirit I've adored so long  
Is powerless, and my worship wrong.  
Perhaps that Spirit, seeing you eared  
So little for death, your life has spared  
Thus far, but if you long remain  
On the Isle, you surely shall be slain.  
So, if you heed my advice, return."  
Haughtily spake the Priest, "I spurn  
Your advice, so artfully given.  
Daring your Spirit, I have shown