

I judge men's faith in but one way,
'Tis what they do, not what they say.
If you believe that you'll survive,
I'll take you there tonight,
And, if you tread its shore alive,
Will own that you are right;
Then, I'll believe in what you preach,
And worship Him of whom you teach."

The Priest responded, "Now 'tis clear,
Why I have been directed here.
Your sacred Island is to be
My means of proving conclusively
To Indian Tribes forevermore
The power of Him whom I adore.
An early proof is all I crave,
For never yet did Indian brave,
Who'd traveled far to deal the blow
Of death to his relentless foe
With greater joy await the hour
That placed his victim in his power
Than I impatiently await
The moment yonder Isle I reach,
And thereby clearly demonstrate
The holy precepts that I teach.
So come, tho' here I fain would stay

My beads to tell and prayers to say,
I'll worship God on the Island's shore
After the test you name is o'er."

A look of wonder and surprise
Shone in the Indian Chieftain's eyes,
His sole reply, "So let it be,
Your death shall pay the penalty."

In perfect silence back they went,
Each on the coming voyage intent.
When the village they had reached,
To where his bark canoe lay beached
The Chieftain turned aside,
(The bison skin, he flung therein),
Quickly he launched it, in he leapt,
And, waiting till the Priest had stept
Into his place, he bade him kneel,
So the bark might ride on even keel,
Then pushed it out on the tide.
Swiftly it darted from the land,
Propelled by strong and fearless hand,
Over the dangerous current flies,
As the Chief the paddle rapidly plies,
Until, the wildest portion crossed,
The frail canoe is no longer tossed