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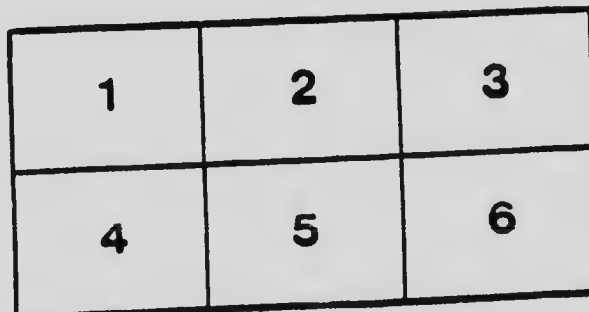
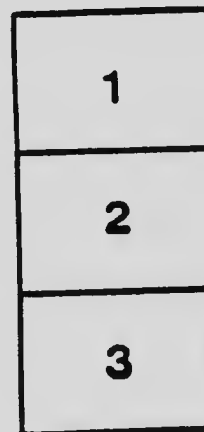
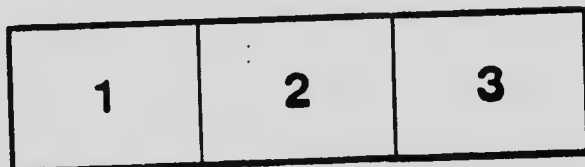
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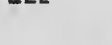
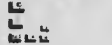
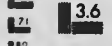
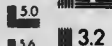
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# Legends of the North Land

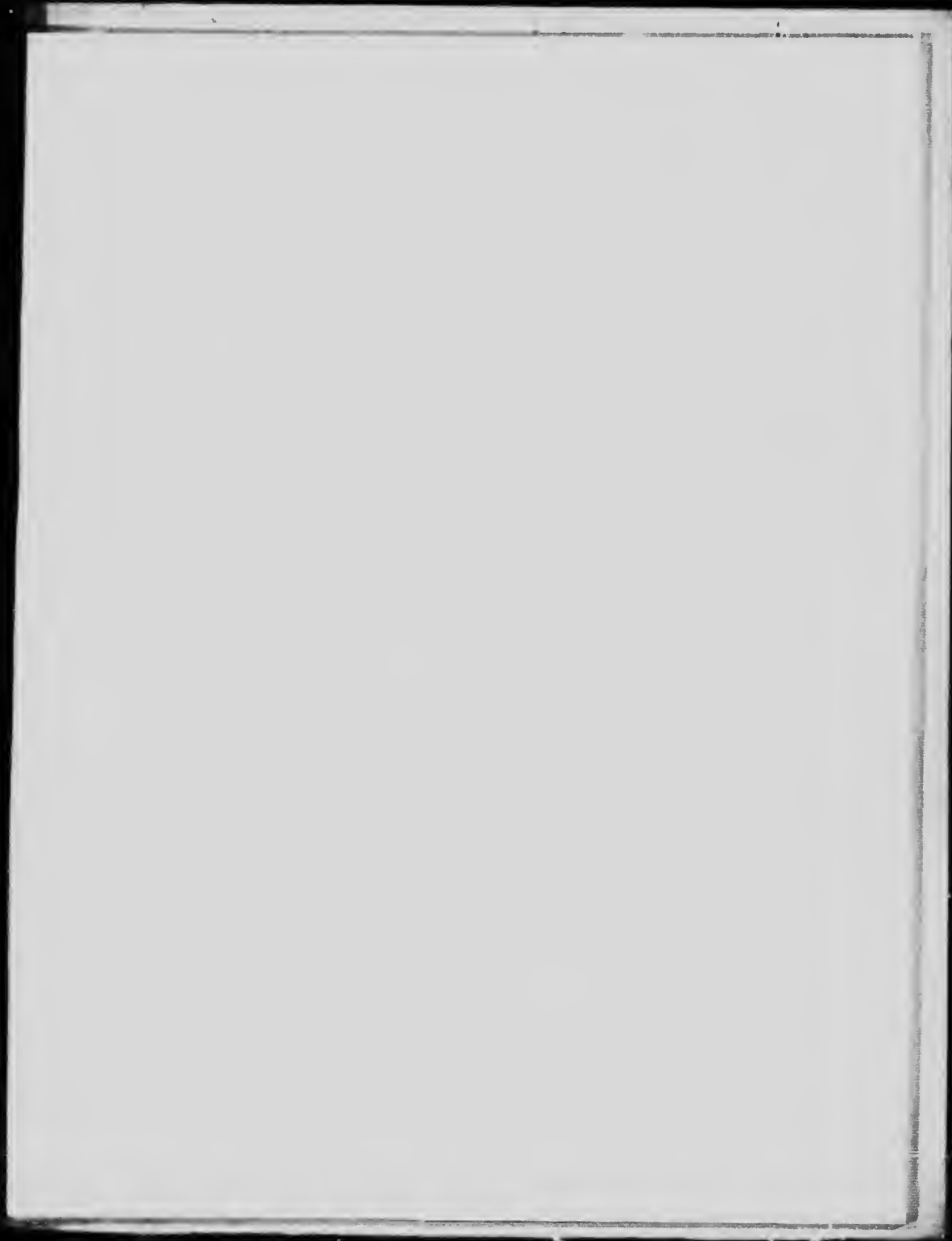


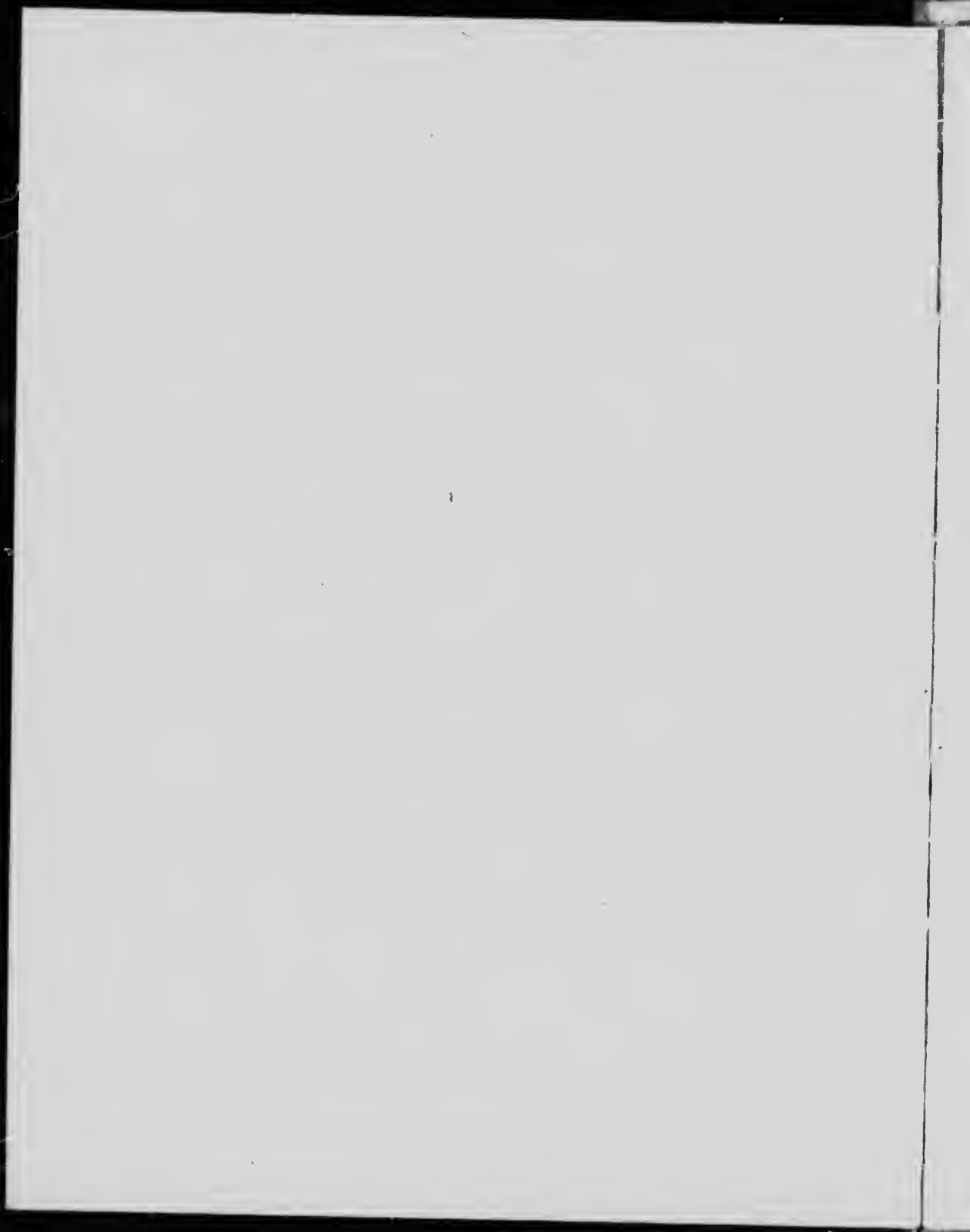
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**By Martha Craig**





# LEGENDS

*of the*

# NORTH

# LAND



*.. By ..*

Martha Craig



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*The following views were taken  
in the Temagami Park (Northern  
Ontario) which has been reserved  
by the Ontario Government on ac-  
count of its great natural beauty.*

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MARTHA CRAIG  
(PRINCESS YE-WA-GA-NO-NEE)



## Across the Border-Line.

**Y**OUR heart has longed for pathless wilds,  
Where moose and red deer roam ;  
Your soul has sighed for solitudes,  
Where rushing rapids foam.

I know you long again to hear  
The weird call of the loon,  
And from a bluff on some lone shore  
To watch the rising moon.

To sit beside a red deer run  
And wait its cautious tread,  
Until the sun sinks in the west  
In clouds of flaming red.

Come to our land of birch and pine,  
Grey rock and sylvan glade,  
Where wind and sun, and lightning flash  
Have not yet learnt a trade.

Come to our verdant forests vast  
And claim a hunter's spoil ;  
Where water-falls and limpid lakes  
Have not yet learnt to toil.

Leave crowded cities far behind,  
Take rod and gun in time ;  
Canoe and tent are waiting you  
Across the border-line.



## Temagami.

**Y**OU bade me leave the city's din  
And crowded haunts of care,  
And go where spruce and fragrant pine  
Perfume the sunlit air.  
Then sink to rest on Nature's breast,  
From worldly troubles free,  
Where fourteen hundred islands fair  
Bedeck with Nature's jewels rare  
Peerless Temagami.

You bade me take a bark canoe,  
And from the lonely shore  
Of a wild lake, with stately isles,  
List to the rapids' roar.  
Then catch the spell you know so well,  
'Midst beauties I would see,  
Where poplars breathe a mystic tune,  
When shines the silver crescent moon  
O'er lone Temagami.

You bade me seek the solitude  
Of the lone forest street,  
Where high above the verdant sward  
The tangled branches meet ;  
And then to look through Nature's book  
And in her records see  
Where mastodon, in days of yore,  
Through virgin forests fiercely tore  
Near wild Temagami.



Then I took up my bark canoe,  
And from the lonely shore  
Of a wild lake, with stately isles,  
I heard the rapids roar ;  
And in my dreams, by crystal streams.  
That dashed along with glee,  
I found the trace of moose and bear,  
And sought the grey wolf in his lair,  
Near lone Temagami.

You led me close to Nature's heart,  
Deep in the forest glade,  
The treasures found by memory there  
Shall never pass nor fade ;  
And when at last, my wanderings past,  
O'er land and stormy sea,  
I'll close my eyes, and in my dreams  
Through rapids dash and crystal streams,  
Near blest Temagami.

The mark of change and death is stamped  
On all things here below ;  
The flowers bloom, then fade away,  
The seasons come and go ;  
But memory still, through good and ill,  
My treasure-house shall be ;  
E'en in that glowing land afar  
I'll think of thee, earth's brightest star,  
Peerless Temagami.





## 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!"

His skill was known to every tribe,  
From east to glowing west ;  
From the Atlantic's surges to  
The Rockies' rugged crest.  
The joy of power lives but an hour,  
Great Arlca's wanderings prove ;  
He sought the Manitou again,  
And said, " The gift you gave is vain ;  
Great Spirit, give me love."

The Spirit said, " This night a maid  
Shall near thy tepee wait ;  
To meet the great Magician  
She crossed the 'Behring Strait.  
If thou wilt wed this lovely maid,  
Thy power and might are dead."  
" I care no more for power or fame,"  
Cried Arlca, " or a sounding name ;  
I will have love instead."

That night he met a maiden fair  
Beside his tepee door ;  
He loved her with a love his heart  
Had never known before.  
But from that hour all might and power  
Had from proud Arlca flown.  
His love and learning at her feet  
He gladly laid with joy complete ;  
He thought of her alone.

The maiden said, " To find a chief  
I crossed the Behring Strait ;  
But now thou art no longer great,  
I leave thee to thy fate ;  
For Arlca's name, and Arlca's fame  
Were known from shore to shore.  
Thy fame has passed, thy hopes are dead,  
I mourn that Arlca I have wed ;  
I cannot love thee more."

O'erwhelmed by unrequited love,  
He saw his wife depart ;  
Then sought the Manitou again,  
With anguish in his heart.  
And cried, " I mourn by anguish torn,  
When shall my sorrow cease ?  
Pity my sufferings, my despair,  
Greater than mortal man can bear ;—  
Great Spirit, give me peace !"

" Arlca," the Spirit sternly said,  
" Thou hast thyself to blame ;  
For those who ever think of self,  
The end must be the same.  
If thou wouldst shine by light divine  
Let selfish efforts cease,—  
Go back and follow duty's way ;  
Thou'lt find therein, from day to day,  
Power, and Love, and Peace."



## The Red Rose Maiden.

**B**Y the Metabichouan Falls there sat  
An Indian Princess fair ;  
Red were her lips, dark were her eyes,  
Glossy her long black hair.  
A warrior passed the foaming Falls  
Of the Algonquin tribe.  
He said : " Sweet maiden fair as me  
And bright as dewdrops on the corn  
Come, be a warrior's bride."

" Come with me to my forest home,  
Cried the Algonquin bold ;  
" Of ermine, gold and wampum beads  
I'll give thee wealth untold."  
" Great Chief," she said, " that cannot be.  
I love a warrior true :  
He went to chase the moose and deer,  
And I must wait to meet him here ;  
I cannot go with you."

" Thou wilt not come," the chieftain said  
" Oh, lovely star of morn ?  
Then thou must be a wild red rose  
And grow amongst the corn."  
The warrior true came from the chase  
To meet the maiden fair  
Beside the Metabichouan Falls.  
He heard the wind and loon's wild call ;  
The maiden was not there.



Sadly he sat by council fires  
    Whilst others danced with glee ;  
A voice kept calling night and morn,  
    " Oh, come and set me free ;  
In lonely wilds, bound by a spell,  
    I wait and watch for you.  
Then haste through dell and over hill,  
A wild red rose is waiting still  
    Her warrior brave and true."

He searched through dell, by lake and stream,  
    O'er plain and mountain high ;  
He found her when his form was bent,  
    And dimmed his eagle eye.  
" How can I free thee, love," he cried,  
    " And give thy soul sweet rest ? "  
" Just pluck one leaf and break the spell."  
He plucked the leaf, the maiden fell  
    Upon the warrior's breast.

Her hair was white as driven snow,  
    And sparkled with the dew ;  
She waited there so many moons  
    Her warrior good and true.  
They met beside the sea of Death,  
    When life's short race was run ;  
Then through the portals of the west  
They went to join the good and blest  
    Beyond the setting sun.





## The North-Land.

**G**REAT northern land, man's work in sculptured stone  
Into oblivion fades,  
When we have stood beneath thy verdant domes,  
Or viewed thy colonnades.

When the sun sets behind a graceful screen  
Of autumn-tinted trees,  
There's no cathedral window could compare  
With colours such as these.

I've seen more graceful forms in smoke and flame  
Than man has thought or dreamed  
When the camp-fires' inspiring, cheering light  
Into the darkness gleamed.

Oft, when the Night Chief o'er the darkening earth  
Cast evening's mystic shades,  
I've listened to the music of the spheres  
That floated o'er thy glades.

Temagami, gem of this wild North-Land,  
Pearl on a sparkling chain  
Of limpid lakes, fain would my wand'ring steps  
Revisit thee again.

Temagami, the nymphs of music dwell  
Where thy pure water laves ;  
Their instruments, the streams and swaying trees,  
The rapids and the waves.



I saw thy stately Isles arise to view  
When morning's vapours fade,  
And knew that I had found a blest retreat  
Where care could not invade.

And though my steps may wander far away,  
My eyes be turned from thee,  
Temagami, my heart is wholly thine,  
And thine shall ever be.



