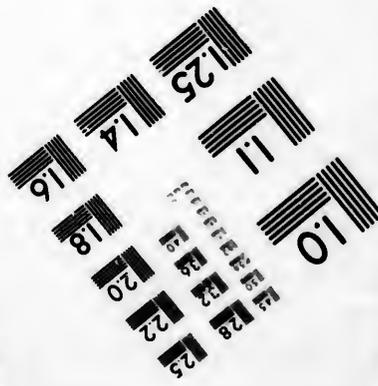
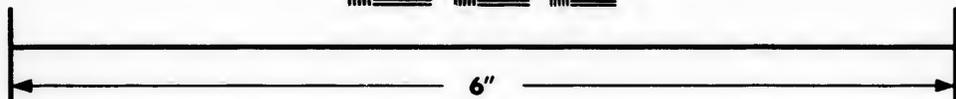
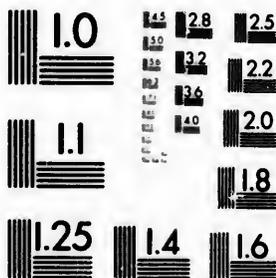


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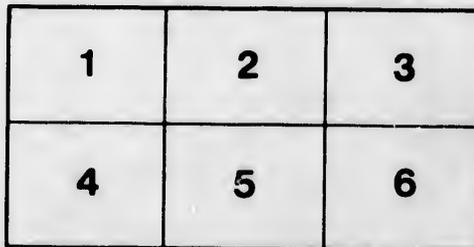
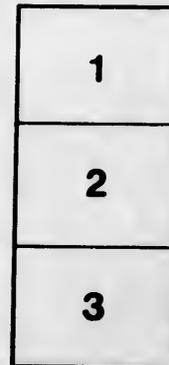
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à



NOT MYTH BUT  
MIRACLE

BY

WILLIAM RIDLEY, D.D.

BISHOP OF CALEDONIA

LONDON

SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED

38 GREAT RUSSELL STREET

1900

W  
821  
R546

**Dedicated**

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF J. H. R.

1896

Whence the fire that melts my heart?  
Some sweet insinuation  
That steals a welcome, nestling close,  
To bring in love's contagion.

Less ready are the summer dews  
To sparkle in the morning,  
Than thy prolific thoughts of God  
That wake me with the dawning.

## PREFACE

THIS is only a metrical description of one of the most remarkable scenes of modern missions. The events are widely known.

The subject is here cast into a form that I hope may prove useful at Missionary gatherings where the parts can be recited by those who are able to assume the characters named.

I have closely followed the actual phraseology of the Indians who addressed the assembly.

Should any poetry be found, to them it is due; if missing, the fault is mine.

The events took place on an island

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near the mouth of the Skeena River  
in British Columbia.

Originally these pages were included  
among a larger number, and the whole  
were to be entitled 'From Myth to  
Miracle.' The Myths are only in  
manuscript, so another title was  
necessary.

**METLAKATLA.**

# Not Myth but Miracle

SHAZAN

*(Two young nobles appeal to the chief to suppress the lately-planted Christian faith.)*

MY tongue be cursed, O chief renowned,  
If thine be silent, when around  
Us gather forces like the sea  
That swells with pride to breach the lea,  
Sweeping the sand-bar, bursting the dyke,  
Challenging chief and slave alike.

CHIEF

My son, what fury fills thy soul?  
Prick the bubble and so control  
Thy rattling tongue. What is the matter?

SHAZAN

O chief, account it no fool's clatter.  
Beyond our island shores there live

Poor chiefs who to their Jesus give  
 Up freedom. One by one they fall  
 Mean victims as these preachers maul  
 With *noknok* \* blows and constant strife.  
 Our ancient rites. War to the knife!  
 Strike quickly : rise at once, O chief!

CHIEF

What ails thee, son : hast found relief?  
 They dare not settle on our shore :  
 Our rights are safe for evermore.  
 Have I not vowed to e'en augment  
 Our claims? Already once I boldly sent  
 Away an old sea captain † bold  
 Too weak to fight, of Jesus told  
 A story men of strength refuse ;  
 Though willow ‡ grouse it may amuse.  
 But we are men whose fathers left  
 Truth time hath strengthened not bereft  
 Of one small imp that memory holds.  
 Be calm. True braves need not be scolds.

\* *Noknok* includes *witchcraft, sorcery, and all the arts of the Shaman or medicine man.*

† *The late Admiral Prevost.*

‡ *Accounted stupid.*

Welcome, Weenat ! Art scared or dumb ?

WEENAT

O chie!, the day for glory's come,  
 Else suns will set to never rise.  
 Canoes that fill before our eyes  
 No sails can drive, or paddles save  
 To force resistance o'er the wave.

CHIEF

None ever took thee for a dunce,  
 So stop the leak, Weenat, at once.  
 Or if at sea then undergird,  
 And make her buoyant as a bird.

WEENAT

O chief, within thy mouth's the coil  
 Of wisdom's twist and ours the toil  
 To undergird the split canoe  
 And save the crew that sails with you.  
 We some already reckon lost,  
 And more are sorely tempest tost.  
 Dost know that Lat \* a wedge hath driven

\* Lat is a native teacher of noble birth employed by the Church.

By noknok's skill? Canoes are riven  
 Amid-ships where the cedar's thin,  
 Grave doubts are leaking fast within.

CHIEF

Bring hither Lat, the Council call :  
 My lips his heart will soon appal.  
 Shazan, remain with me. Weenat,  
 Convene our men, inveigle Lat  
 To sup with me this eventide.  
 For reasons he must here abide.  
 Shazan, how many are the men  
 Who hear him?

SHAZAN

Chief, they're one less ten.

CHIEF

Who are they?

SHAZAN

Neeashmaush, Gumboo,  
 Haleemlakah, Shbeenah, Halthboo,  
 Weenak, Keepaik, Kushmauluksh, Haik.  
 Enough to hurt, and bold to strike.

## CHIEF

Here comes Weenat. My son, what news?

## WEENAT

Thy liege found Lat, who will amuse  
The Council with his lively tongue.  
I waited till the hymn was sung,  
Then gave thine order. Here he comes;  
Like flies and bees he stings and hums.

## CHIEF

Welcome, dear Lat! Thy father's son  
His honour shares. What have I done  
To lose the sunshine of thine eyes  
That burn like his? Who here denies  
Thy noble birth? Come hither, friend,  
And prove my love. I gladly lend  
Whate'er is mine to cheer thy heart.  
Take me for father. Love impart.

## LAT

Thy word, O chief, is law to-day.  
To-morrow God will show the way.

## CHIEF

My son, here share my simple meal.  
 My greater age then will appeal  
 With words entreating wisdom's ear  
 To listen till the sky is clear.

## LAT

*(Says grace.)*

God bless thy gifts,  
 And lead us all where Jesus lifts  
 His followers.

## CHIEF

Thy words have fallen with princely grace.  
 To breast the waves the crew must face  
 One way. Canoes are not like crabs  
 That sidle. Hunters setting traps  
 Avoid each other's range. So peace  
 Flows on and fierce disputings cease.  
 We never force ancestral words  
 On strangers. Free as forest birds,  
 All choose their partners, live their days  
 To please themselves in freedom's ways.  
 None choose their parents. Freedom's hand  
 Hath bounds. The sea roars at the strand,

But ere ashamed retirement craves  
To teach us wisdom by its waves.

## LAT

May I, O chief, though ignorant  
And all unworthy, bear the brunt  
Of wisdom's war on folly?

It ill becomes one such as I  
To answer eloquence so high,  
Or face its sweeping volley.

I bow my head before thy worth,  
And so do honour to my birth,  
My sire, who chose my mother.

From them I learnt ancestral lore,  
And thought 'twould stand for evermore  
Until I loved some other.

Freedom, O chief, is precious,  
Unity delicious.  
Both are sweet, both are meet :  
Self-pleasing is pernicious.

Let me entreat these men discreet  
To calmly listen while I show

Self-pleasing bids the winds to blow  
 Our way :—without considerate change.  
 This must our dearest friends estrange.

Freedom to please breeds unity :  
 Freedom to pray, prosperity.  
 Fools please themselves ; so birds and fish :  
 They never ask what others wish :  
 But men are gifted with a soul,  
 Are members of a family whole.

God is our Father, loving all,  
 Who sent our Saviour down to call  
 Us, by His love forgiving Sin  
 To give us peace and joy within.

I am thy slave, bid me to preach  
 God's love that comes within thy reach.  
 This Jesus brought and He will seize  
 Love's liberty to other's please.

Uprose Neeshoish, whose mind on fire,  
 Gained from the chief his full desire  
 To make the flames leap higher.

## NEESHOISH

Lat's words, O chief, have claws and beak,  
 Snatching the spirit from the weak,  
 Who cannot vengeance wreak.

Let us alone. This poisoning potion  
 The weakling fills with swollen emotion,  
 Mere bladder on the ocean.

Desist! respect ancestral choice!  
 Suspect this smooth apostate's voice:  
 Let not our foes rejoice.

This pestilence hath stricken down  
 Surrounding tribes. O chief, thy frown  
 Alone can save thy crown.

Hast thou no word? We will obey.  
 Thine arm is strong: let it display  
 Thy rage and win the day.

## CHIEF

Bring us no Bibles: rifles better.  
 Spell powder-flask without a letter.  
 A whisky school requires no bell:  
 We drink and mock your wordy hell.

## LAT

Strong words are launched. Why yield  
My masters to the storm? The shield  
Of wisdom is the truth that stands  
Without the aid of human hands.  
I am not worth this anxious thought  
Of chiefs who for their freedom fought.  
What have I done? Who suffers wrong?  
I pray to God to whom belong  
All souls of every race on earth.  
I ne'er presume on princely birth.  
Call me a slave, for such I am,  
Nor will complain if ye condemn  
Me slave to nurse the sick; or feed  
The poor; or lead the blind. My greed  
Is service to the Chief of Heaven;  
Reward—His bread—His breath for leaven.  
What would'st thou say, O chief, if I,  
Possessing wealth, should food deny:  
See hunger dig the starveling's grave  
Yet never try the wretch to save?  
My wealth is gold but not of earth;  
The land I love hath never dearth

I've tasted life that never dies,  
 And heard the tongue that never lies.  
 Its words are sweeter far than praise  
 That pride sucks up. Whoever prays  
 Discovery makes of truth divine  
 That lives long after words of mine.

Then rose a tumult brimming o'er  
 With hatred loud. They would no more  
 Permit Lat's sojourn with their clan.  
 Ere long the cruel order ran,

CHIEF

We banish all who lately dared  
 To spread the noknok whites\* prepared.

LAT

*(Sotto voce.)*

The kernel's safe, consume the shell!  
 A Moses here hath struck a well  
 Of life that bubbles o'er in streams  
 To quench the glare of Satan's dreams—  
 Which lurid terrify by night,  
 But float as gossamer in light.

\* The English.

## SAMUEL

The parting lingers week by week,  
The wintry tempests seem to speak  
As advocates of Jesus Christ,  
Whose life for all was sacrificed.  
But now 'tis come: this parting scene  
Displays the power of love serene.  
Ye valiant men who form the crew  
Press forward swiftly Lat's canoe!

O Wee-Lakah, thy steadfast eye  
Reveals a faith which some deny:  
Lead us in prayer, and then a hymn  
Shall join us to the cherubim,  
To crown our Saviour's head with joy  
And give the angels sweet employ.

*They sing this hymn.*

Jesus light us on our way  
Through the darkness into day.  
Where the shadows darkest fall  
We would trust Thee most of all.

We will trust Thee, Light of Light,  
Not to leave us through the night.

Foes may stumble at Thy Cross ;  
None who bear it suffer loss.

Though unworthy, Lord, we feel,  
This our troubled hearts appeal.  
Yet we long for eagle flight  
Nearer Thee, O Light of Light.

Make our love a rising flame  
Burning round Thy holy Name.  
Father, Son and Spirit trine,  
Change life's storms to peace divine.

## LAT

The tempest raves, the cedar grows.  
Fear not the furnace fire of foes.  
God's Son is there and smooths the cheek  
To rouse the faint and cheer the meek.  
Watch with your prayers this swift canoe  
When past the island lo:t to view.  
Keep on your knees to follow God,  
Whose bleeding feet your path hath trod.

## BISHOP

Love's roots can none eradicate.  
God's patience yet will educate  
B

The persecutors till they see  
 That Christ is Lord of destiny.  
 Bold in the faith the Christians built  
 A church which heightened pagan guilt,  
 For prayer the faithful daily met,  
 And there we often humbly set  
 Before this little flock the love  
 Which breathed best blessings from  
 above.

*The destruction of the church.*

November's night forget who can?  
 The chosen leader prayer began,  
 When frenzied foes in battle paint  
 Were vanquished by a simple saint.

NEESHOISH

*(Leading the crowd.)*

Cease your praying. Bibles hide.  
 Away with Jesus. He's defied

SAMUEL

We cannot cease, for God hath said,  
 By words of truth our souls are fed.

## NEESHOISH

The Bibles we will rend in twain  
Unless from prayer ye will refrain.

*(To the crowd.)*

Now swing your axes with your might,  
These dastards here will never fight.  
Bring down this pest house in a heap,  
Or soon the flames will fiercely leap.

*Someone in the crowd cries out, and soon the  
church is in flames.*

Why labour thus—away—fire! fire!

## SAMUEL

O vain delight. Blind hell's desire  
Will find its grave this awful night.  
These flames will spread the Saviour's light.

## LUQUA

Let's fight for God's own house of prayer.  
Who'll join with me to do and dare?

## SAMUEL

Not so, but hear me. 'Sheath thy sword,'  
Commanded Jesus when the Lord

Was in the garden. Jesus died  
 And never once His foes defied.  
 Stand fast and steep this night with prayer  
 And cast on Him this heavy care.

### BISHOP

A livid revelation dawned  
 On pagan hearts that cowered and  
     owned  
 A spirit full of eyes was seen  
 In silent men of mournful mien.  
 'O woe that we should war provoke  
 To crush such Christians at a stroke.'  
 Their quivering lips and fearless gaze  
 Their superstitious foes amaze.  
 Three winters' snow the mountains  
     wore,  
 Three summers' joy had seen the door  
 Of autumn's garner—many a voice—  
 With mournful words, contrition's choice,  
 Self-flagellating, stinging whips,  
 Such as cut hearts by hopeless lips—  
 Breathed in mine ear these woeful tales.

## NAYK

'Twas I, this Nayk, who blew the gales  
 Of hateful rage that drove the crowd  
 To burn the church. I raved aloud.  
 This shameful hand flung in the fire ;  
 This heart hath suffered torments dire.  
 I hunted seal ; I climbed the height  
 Where clouds beneath would veil from sight  
 The earth below ; but visions clung  
 To faces calm, when silence stung  
 My naked heart. 'Twas terrible,  
 At last became unbearable.  
 I prayed, O spirit of the storm,  
 Now fling me where the noknoks form  
 The charms where I my memory's curse  
 May in forgetfulness immerse.

## KAKHS

I felt since I have been baptized  
 That nothing else had exorcised  
 The spirit of awful dread ingrained.  
 I ever wondered what restrained  
 The Christians from reprisals when  
 Their silence proved them dauntless men.

The church in flames, their faces shone  
 As if a glory fell upon  
 Unearthly countenances free  
 From signs of fear or enmity.

## DATZI

'I fear their God,' I often moaned.  
 The crowd have also likewise owned  
 That any unaccustomed sound  
 Would make them shake and peer around  
 In dread of God. Out on the deep,  
 Or on the mountains where the sheep  
 Are stalked, they owned they felt afraid.  
 We scarcely dared to lay our head  
 To sleep, because of faces bright  
 And calm beside the lurid light.

## BISHOP

Old Wuddinash, who fired the church,  
 Met Lat among the silver birch,  
 And there unburdened all his fears.

## WUDDINASH

Does God's heart melt at burning tears,

Or cease to hate this guilty trash,  
This festering dog, foul Wuddinash?

LAT

If God he can.

WUDDINASH

How can you know?

LAT

Such tearful eyes see mercies flow.

WUDDINASH

How can you know?

LAT

'Tis written within  
The Book. Blood cleanseth from all sin.  
The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son,  
Washes away all sin. 'Tis done!

BISHOP

So Wuddinash, his hand in mine,  
Recounted all this work divine.

## WUDDINASH

That day you know I lost my fears ;  
Sought solitude to hide my tears.  
They lost their bitterness and heat,  
Falling in showers at my feet.  
The dread is gone, forgiveness found,  
Which makes the birch wood holy ground.

## A SONG OF WELCOME HOME

Let joy bells ring sonorous  
Another victory won.  
Recruits march in for Jesus,  
New life in Him begun.

Our Captain of salvation  
His saints to victory led,  
And as He takes possession  
His Church lifts up her head.

New bulwarks rise around us,  
New hope prevails within ;  
Sweet singers join the chorus  
Triumphant over sin.

His life and death, the story  
 Is heard to raise the dead.  
 New honour, praise and glory  
 Be woven round His head.

## AKLEK

*(A youth, to his aged, relatives who are pagans.)*

It may be whispered, still 'tis said  
 That Jesus paints their children red  
 With rosy health. Their boys are bright,  
 Their maidens never birds of night.  
 Approach their homes, no squabbles rouse  
 Fierce passions. Ceased the drink carouse.  
  
 If new, 'tis good; if tame, 'tis kind;  
 The secret of a quiet mind  
 Is theirs. Do ancients shake their heads?  
 Tell me your thoughts around your beds.  
 Ye stretch, but neither rest nor sleep!  
 Ye know ye feel these doctrines creep  
 Across your brains. May not the truth  
 Ye fear be clearer to our youth?  
 Our eyes are sharper, less besmirched  
 By smoke outpouring from a church.

## STEPHEN

*(To a group of fellow Christians.)*

Divided counsels in the camp  
 Advantage gives to pass the lamp  
 With steady hand from heart to heart.  
 The springtide through the hunt progressed,  
 The fur seal slept its endless rest,  
 That otter from its wave-swept rock  
 No hunter's art ag in will mock.

## SHUNATS

The chief has claimed it. Who knows why?  
 We could not learn from lip or eye.  
 'Tis worth three hundred dollars bright,  
 And fills the chief with great delight.

## DOIKSH-ANON

His wife hath said she'll see it hang  
 Across the rail where angels sang.

## SAMUEL

The Christmas anthem, peace on earth?  
 She's ready for the second birth!

## ZAMPTI

*(The poet of the tribe.)*

The winter's provender is stored.  
From hunting grounds with one accord  
The toes of weary feet point home  
Before harsh tempests snowflakes comb  
From frozen clouds. The winter's fuel  
Is stacked to war with winter cruel.

The time is near for pagan dance—  
Before belated summer's glance  
Withdraws its sunny joy—to start  
The orgies dear to pagan heart.  
Tired winter's night must yawn in vain ;  
Or sleep defy the throbbing strain  
That Goom strikes from the weary drum  
Until he can no longer strum.

'Tis said a summons from the chief  
Is going round. Abrupt and brief  
The terms. 'Come every man to-night.'  
Why no one knows—perhaps a fight  
Is planned. Weekeenos dared  
Invasion, thinking we are scared

Because divided. Much surprise  
Will burst across their foolish eyes.

## SAMUEL

Come let us to the house of prayer  
And cast on God this latest care.  
No longer need we dread assault ;  
Remember change is held a fault.

*The great Assembly, November 1887.*

## BISHOP

Soon each the chieftain's portal passed,  
And sat together holding fast  
Their confidence. With studied care  
They strove to scent what in the air  
Such mystery dropped. But quite in vain,  
All were alike, so all complain.  
There sat the chief with burning brows,  
The shield and borderland of vows  
Which seethe like tempests in his mind  
And surge to full expression find.  
The blazing hearth amid the crowd  
Sends flames aloft of freedom proud ;

And shadows stretch in varying mood,  
 Now dancing wildly, now they brood,  
 No face is hidden, passion's play,  
 Vagaries of the mind display.  
 Festooned above the cobwebs thick  
 With ancient dust to rafters stick,  
 Strangers to daylight. Now the glare  
 Shows how the spiders set their snare.

Are we the flies, asked many a brave,  
 Are these obsequies at the grave  
 Of day or night ; of us, or those  
 Who white \* religion firmly choose ?  
 To-morrow ! What befalls to-morrow !  
 Delight be ours, or greater sorrow ?

Uprose the chief. The earth and sky  
 Stood listening with the passers-by.  
 What world so large in Indian thought  
 As that within this Council fraught  
 With consequences towering higher  
 Than burning church or sorcerers' fire.

\* The religion of the English.

Of giant build, he wielded power,  
 Employing Nature's liberal dower  
 To work his will. He is a prince  
 Whose words, when rough, made hearers  
     wince ;  
 If smooch, shed sunshine all around ;  
 If furious, shook the very ground.

See brawny arms stretched at full length  
 And legs exposed of sinewy strength,  
 An Atlas firm beneath his globe,  
 An Indian Cæsar in his robe.  
 All watch the near impending stroke,  
 And scarcely breathed as silence broke.

#### CHIEF

Who lives that ever saw me flinch ?  
 Was war defeat if I could clinch  
 The foe within my choking grip ?  
 What is the answer ? Whose the lip  
 That lisps denial ? Ye saw my back :  
 The foe, if brave, my face. The crack  
 Of battle-thunder lightning struck  
 To thunder back, and if in luck

My club drove men as river dust  
Flits from the bar before the gust.

List to the waves, rough, bold and free!  
On tide in flood, who can decree,  
Silence or check? Dismiss the gale.  
Shuffle the seasons. Tell a tale  
To tickle winter grim to smile,  
Or storm clouds blue to reconcile!  
Then taunt this heart with cowardice,  
And force attempt for emphasis.

Can love resist love's amorous glance;  
Fierce looks affright the avalanche?  
But stronger, swifter, Truth's appeal  
When conscience forces love to steel  
Its heart, with tears to veil its glance,  
When spirits from the sun advance.  
I heard them, yet their meaning missed  
Until the frowning noknoks hissed.

How could I welcome words that doomed  
The arrowy thoughts so deftly plumed  
By fancies from ancestral wings  
That eagles lend when evening flings

A setting glory o'er the past?  
Alas! alas! 'tis overcast  
With unreality and night,  
Without a drop of starry light.

We all agreed 'twas right to dare  
The Queen's proud officers to share  
With me our ancient rights around  
Our coasts. My words you never found  
Two edged. Cropped wing duplicity  
Can never buy felicity  
Which all desire.

The Bishop's books

I burnt; disbarbed his fishing hooks  
He cast to land us to his side.  
In vain—though smooth his words—a tide  
Flowed high and smiled, till we alone  
Stood up above it. Fear outgrown,  
We won the day I fondly thought  
When counting up the battles fought.

It may be dulness, but I fail  
To see good reason to assail

Our right divine to all this land.  
The ancients hunted from the sand,  
That curbs the sea, to mountain's top  
And river's heart. I'll not estop  
Our rights. They reckon from the flood.  
Have not we guarded them with blood?  
No price is fixed, no question asked;  
They know we should be overtaken  
To match their warships with canoes,  
And therefore steal from us our dues.

Tell me, ye braves, where I was wrong  
If ye were right and therefore strong!  
Review to-night the risks ye took  
Along the battlefield with eyes  
That drink the light. We all despise  
The coward. Have we courage true?

Go count the waves when witches brew  
The storms. No fewer ages rolled  
Since dance and drum through winter's cold  
The ghosts enraptured; maddening song  
Inspired our sires the whole night long.  
Why change, I asked; what is the good?  
C

I find I never understood  
The wave's true message.

Far at sea  
Snow mountain tops to you and me  
Gleam like a reef of marble rocks  
That from the ocean interlocks  
All passage homeward. Fancies lend  
A glamour where the waters blend  
With sky and shut out half the truth.  
So now the aged, like the youth,  
Must face such barriers, dare the reef  
To reach the shore of true belief.

Out on the ocean I defied  
The whispering spirit that contrived  
To wake the fears I hoped were dead,  
Yet, truth to tell, were wider spread.  
Far up the mountain side I stalked  
Most cunning beasts that often baulked  
My purpose. Patient, yet I failed.  
Resolved again, but nought availed.

There, too, the shadowy spirit held  
Its court within ; when I, impelled

By demons, gave the lie to truth,  
 Guarding traditions old forsooth.  
 I fought it o'er and o'er again;  
 But flowing tides nought can restrain.  
 My love of mastery met defeat,  
 Sharp rocks of truth leave wounded feet.

As I surveyed the fancied reef,  
 Truth's passage found and heart's relief.  
 The waves roll onward to the strand  
 Where love and kindred gem the land.  
 My braves attend! The fancied strength  
 Of faith ancestral lies at length  
 A dead and helpless thing.

## THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

### THE CHIEF

*(Continues after a short silence.)*

THE past is dead, I stand alone  
 Between the Christians and the groan  
 Of dying noknok.

This child, much spoilt by ignorance,  
 Shrinks from the dread remembrance  
 Of dying hope.

You see this scarlet sallowing,  
 But not the anguish harrowing  
 A dying soul.

Thou must away, ancestral robe,  
 Vain fringe against the eyes that probe  
 A dying heart.

I stand here naked ; man can clothe  
 The flesh. To see would be to loathe  
 Its quivering spirit.

None penetrate my inmost fear ;  
 None see me as I now appear  
 To Jesus Christ.

Farewell, old robe and feathery crown !  
 I see in some a gathering frown  
 That clouds my hope.

Choose, God, for me, befitting dress,  
 For if again that crown should press  
 My throbbing head,

Call me a coward ; tread me down ;  
 Bury me deep beneath the frown  
 Of all brave men.

See there my uncle's \* startled ghost,  
 Uncertain how to treat the boast  
 He made of me !

My mother's hand, that stroked my cheek,  
 Would tremble now—a thing unique—  
 If she could see before his clan  
 Her son a trembling, naked man.  
 Where are ye, uncles, mother dear,  
 Have ye no dawn or twilight near ?

Among the dead do thoughts survive.  
 Can any spirit love revive ?  
 If so, she lives, and so will I  
 To make it reasonable to die.  
 Among my predecessors if  
 A thought of theirs can bring relief  
 To guide me through this stormy night,  
 Let it take shape and bring me light.

\* A chief's heir is not his wife's, but his sister's son.

If it require a ruddy lip,  
 Before it can in language trip,  
 Then lend it yours who followed me  
 As shadows cling to rock and tree.  
 Doth silence reign among you ail?  
 Christians, on you I therefore call.  
 Have ye no word, ye men of prayer?  
 Tell me to do and I will dare.

Then from the deathlike silence rose  
 A solemn voice to interpose  
 Calm words, 'mid sobs and thankful tears

SAMUEL

O God our help, to shame our fears,  
 Save Thou our chieftain's tortured soul;  
 So every sin and woe shall roll  
 On Jesus Christ thine only Son,  
 Who here a miracle has done.  
 'The strongest hearts obey Thy nod.  
 Glory to God: glory to God.

ZAMPTI

*(Sings one of his hymns.)*

Glory to God, Jesus hath trod  
 Steps for a pathway to heaven.

Where His feet bled help us to tread,  
 Guided by light from the seven.\*

Glory to God, Bethlehem's rod  
 Grows in the Calvary wood ;  
 Fruits free and sweet everywhere meet,  
 Souls seeking life-giving food.

Glory to God, even the clod  
 Breaks as the flowerets rise.  
 Rooted in love, blind to rebuff,  
 Faith springs from earth to the skies.

Glory to God ; truth will record  
 Nought of the treasure bequeathed  
 Fails us to-night. Jesus with light  
 Woven by love shall be wreathed.

STEPHEN GAIMTIGWAW

Help us to break love's morsels small.  
 Or gather crumbs that silent fall  
 From off thy table laden here  
 With bread of life and vineyard's tear.

\* The Holy Ghost.

If we confess our every sin,  
And welcome thee our priest within,  
Forgiveness full thou wilt declare  
And broken hearts with blood repair.

## HALTHBOO

*(Addressing the chief.)*

Trust in the Lord,  
Great His reward.  
Pardon to-day  
Jesus for aye.

Love thou the Lord,  
True riches hoard,  
He is thy wealth,  
Fountain of health.

Serve thou the Lord,  
Gird on His sword.  
Under Him fight  
Strong in His might.

Rest in the Lord,  
True is His word,

Ever the same,  
Love is his name.

Praise thou the Lord,  
Sit at His board,  
Taking with wine  
Manna divine.

*All sing.*

We lift a song till earth shall ring,  
And share with angels as they sing  
Loud Hallelujahs.

Out of the depths of deepest night  
The stars are blazing with their light,  
Sweet Hallelujahs.

We praise Thee Victor, who from strife,  
With death dost shower eternal life  
With Hallelujahs.

O spirit of searching, guiding might  
Lead us until we in the height  
Sing Hallelujahs.

## SEA-BORNE HERALDS

## ZAMPTI

*(At this stage lends his canoe to convey news  
of the great event to the Bishop.)*

Prayer blends with praise and joy with song  
Shortening the watches all night long.  
A duty waits, take my canoe,  
Man quietly and force her through  
Both fair and foul to him whose prayer  
Hath in this saving work a share.

*(Prays within himself.)*

O silvery fount of tidal life  
Surviving tempests' angry strife,  
Combine thy sweetness with thy might,  
To tame the elements that fight  
Against the glowing ecstasies  
Of heralds blazoning victories!

Away! Oh, when did waves so aid  
Glad hearts? Great joy is on them laid.  
These messengers of peace resolve  
To trust the Voice that can dissolve

Resistance planned by wave or wind,  
And zephyrs for November find.

The ripples lengthen merrily,  
Till all agree that verily  
God's angels are the spirits that blow  
Soft airs until the watches grow  
Far into daylight. Speed, O speed  
With music reaching larger reed  
To welcome day. O thrilling joy!  
Wear harness winds in God's employ!  
He treads the waves. Hail eye of dawn  
With promise clear of breezy morn!

Tempt Kaymshin,\* Kauk,† to lightly measure  
The winds he guards as mountain treasure.  
Hold, son of Gamuksh, gates ajar,  
Lest gales escape all bent on war.  
Go to! The leash in stronger hands  
Than demons dark, hath love in strands  
That bind both worlds to safely keep  
Love's heralds sailing on the deep.

\* A sort of western Vishnu, the giant child of Gamuksh,  
*i.e.*, the Sun.

† The raven of mythical importance.

## BISHOP

*(Receives the messenger's report.)*

The smile of incredulity  
To-day an opportunity  
Hath found to change its sickly hue  
For one more summer-like, when dew—  
Distilled in peace to greet the dawn—  
Reflects the ruddy eye of morn.  
With moving eloquence their eyes  
A story tell to glad surprise.

Before their lips can utterance find  
To ease their overflowing mind,  
I saw their meaning ere their tongue  
Could loosen mine in thankful song.  
Converted! Angels guard this chief!  
O Spirit, fan his heart's belief  
In Jesus Christ! This victory  
To Hope is valedictory.

O heavens descend, or richly drop  
Angelic notes! What mountain top  
Will stoop to lift me nearer home,  
More glad than when I left the womb

Of second birth. Now let me burn  
Sweet incense till my Lord return !

*(A second canoe was despatched when it was  
found that the whole tribe had confessed Christ.)*

### HE MAKETH HIS ANGELS SPIRITS

*(A solo.)*

A sail, a sail, far out in the west  
With the setting sun behind her !  
She's bathed in glory gilding the crest  
Of the waves, the gale's reminder.

A golden path the feet of the sun,  
With the bright intent to charm her,  
Have footsteps pressed where messengers run  
With encompassing love for armour.

Your distance keep, ye spirits of spite,  
With your full intent to harm her :  
Distend the clouds : they will laugh outright  
And will glow with angels' ardour.

The setting sun in lingering love  
Sends along a ray to warn her  
That night is near, and to look above  
Where the angels stretch toward her.

The last faint blush when the day's farewell  
 Calmed the sea and breeze behind her ;  
 The rippling waves as a vesper bell  
 To the care of God consigned her.

*(A messenger announces the landing of the  
 second embassy.)*

This second embassy of grace,  
 Impatient of the laggard pace  
 Of drowsy airs at eventide,  
 With dashing zeal their paddles plied.  
 Warm welcomes now our brethren greet  
 And many hands their courser fleet  
 Snatch from the waves and drag beyond  
 Their restless arms and bosom fond.

BISHOP

When have pure lips such treasures poured ;  
 Or what can higher joy afford  
 Our listening ear ? Peal after peal  
 The bells of gratitude reveal  
 Sweet-scented airs. Most wondrous things  
 Descend on everlasting wings,  
 Enriching earth with grace abounding,  
 While heaven is stirred by praise resounding

## KLAH

*(Rises to present his report.)*

When Zampti launched the first canoe  
 We thought, O chief, God's work was through  
 The task of love. The victory won,  
 What more remained when that was done?  
 Our wildest hopes no further ran,  
 But that was where the Lord began.  
 Suns never halt from east to west,  
 God built this heaven without a rest.

The rising tide of prayer flowed o'er  
 The bounds we never reached before  
 And swept all barriers down. So bold  
 Were some—unlike themselves of old—  
 That, like a torrent gathering strength  
 In leaping down the mountain's length,  
 They asked impossibilities;  
 Regarding men as forest trees  
 That bend before the stormy blast,  
 Or, if resisting, break at last.

God wrought impossibilities  
 And levelled hearts as forest trees,

Till none remain erect and stern  
 Refusing to the Lord to turn.  
 The pillars of the state gave way,  
 O medicine men, with wrath inveigh  
 Against defection. Will ye not?  
 We shall regard it as a blot  
 On brave resolves and stern demands  
 To lay our souls 'neath your commands.  
 So ran my thoughts, I own with shame,  
 Too ready all but self to blame.  
 When Wautliahm uprose I shrank  
 Away—awed by his black art rank—  
 As from a walrus tusk lip bared.  
 No tongue like his for words which paired  
 With arts that bred a lurking brood,  
 Twin-hearted, rarely understood.  
 I watched his fiery eye, like mink's  
 So small that everything he thinks  
 Is pointed with a spark that burns  
 A fiery passage where he turns.

WAUTLIAHM

The hungry past gorged hazy words.  
 My head ye know hath from the birds

We reckon kings oft borrowed down  
 To fill the hollow of my crown.  
 Amid the dance the feathery flakes  
 Lighter than snow that freely takes  
 Its ruin fall on young and old,  
 On wives and maidens, warriors bold,  
 To show to all the common right  
 To share the spirit from the height.

Did not our fathers teach us this ?  
 The meaning true we shall not miss  
 Again. A spirit from the height  
 Hath blown away the wintry light  
 That prayed with icy tears the dawn  
 To roughly take the day from pawn ;  
 Or bribe the night to cheat a watch ;  
 Or cut the darkness down a notch.

Lost in the gloom, pale winter's light  
 Is changed to sunny summer bright.  
 The eagle's down that found release  
 To fleck our heads predicted peace.  
 The prophet died, the meaning lives,  
 To-night the true Great Spirit gives  
 The peace of God who earth hath trod.

My hope was crushed beneath the sod,  
 And strange misgivings racked my soul.  
 No longer had I such control  
 Of demons as our fathers had,  
 Which left me miserably sad.  
 The Jesus name I thought to blame,  
 Yet maddened by the witching flame  
 Spoke devilry. To-night I learnt  
 That fears by flames of love are burnt;  
 That Jesus pities haggard hearts.  
 His blood, you say, His peace imparts.  
 I bow to Him. I die for Him.  
 My heart is bleeding to the brim.

KLAH

*(Continues his story.)*

His fiery eyes in tears were drowned  
 And hardly seemed to look around.  
 At last he drew behind the chief  
 To hide his shame and seek relief.  
 Let Weedildal of princely line  
 The silence break. All ears incline  
 To hold his every word, and weigh  
 A wisdom clear in every ray.

## WEEDILDAL

When fury rages from the sea,  
 Wise hunters on the mountains flee  
 To friendly coverts. Thunder rolls,  
 Yet peace is singing in their souls.  
 But those then tossing on the sea,  
 And swept along by Fate's decree,  
 Will pray the furious demons' aid  
 To save them from the sunken dead.

Our quaking souls upon this sea  
 Are helpless now. Where can we flee?  
 No cavern's covert saves a soul;  
 No courage calms the fears that roll  
 When battering thoughts their terrors hurl  
 To force frail Hope her canvas furl  
 Or sink. Have not I seen Despair  
 When first she shook her tangled hair?  
 But bloodshot eyes will double dread  
 And lash a mask on every head.

I look again. That lone canoe  
 Is scudding o'er the waters blue—

Sails wing and wing. The captain's eye  
 Expresses joy, for port is nigh.  
 'Tis Hope incarnate in the heart  
 That gives to eyes—when cured the smart—  
 New powers of sight, new views of life,  
 New paths to trim with duty's knife.

The wind of God to-night hath blown  
 Away dismay. His undertone  
 Revives my soul and charms mine ear ;  
 Brings heaven near to banish fear.  
 My lot is cast. The past enough.  
 No more shall Jesus meet rebuff.

#### BISHOP

Who can disclose the secret source  
 Of joy on earth like this ?  
 What art can match this living force  
 Or breathe such present bliss ?

It all is new, mysterious, bright,  
 A springing well of glory,  
 Lifting its flood above the height  
 Of older pagan story.

## LUQUA

*(The youngest delegate next takes up the thread  
of the story dropped by Klah.)*

Unworthy of my comrades' choice,  
My heart is startled by my voice,  
Well may the dumb rejoice.

I sue for mercy at your hand,  
A castaway who feels the strand  
A quick and treacherous sand.

Your kindness rises like a rock  
Beneath my feet, to break the shock  
Of fears that grimly mock.

Succeeding Weedildal arose  
Our brother James—you know Wanoz,  
Father of Weeaman. His speech  
Counselled Hope's frolic on the beach  
Till ripples laughed where tempests tost.

## WANOZ

O brothers, born anew, the cost  
Of travail Jesus fainting bore.  
The children in the womb, before  
The throes of birth, are never heard ;

But breathing, they outscreeam the bird  
Stirred from its nest. Your cries are signs  
Of life, ye breathe God's air as pines  
The gales, which teach us how to sing  
Loud praises worthy of the King.

New to the light of day, your eyes  
Discern no path, and meet surprise  
At every step. Ye cross rough streams :  
Wash from your eyes prenatal dreams.  
Distortion makes confusion past  
More dreamy since God's light hath cast  
Dark shadows, deepening as the day  
Grows hours too bright for doubts to stay.

Who would be blind, a slave to fear,  
Or deaf when festal chants are clear ?  
Who camps with fury in a cave  
Where rising tides will fill his grave ?  
Fools choose a calm to hunt the deer :  
Good food is scarce when skies are clear.  
When hunters stoop the women smile,  
When lightly trip their temper's vile.

Are cripples leaders in the fight,  
 Or slaves give feasts and chiefs invite?  
 Both are denied large honour's share,  
 Inglorious peace pays coward's fare.

Press onward, brothers; victory theirs  
 Who shrink from nothing truth prepares.  
 Our Captain's voice is heard to cheer  
 True warrior's heart, and banish fear.

LUQUA

A solemn silence stayed our mind,  
 But waiting on the Lord inclined  
 The Holy Spirit then to stir  
 A heart tenacious as a burr.

BAIK

I think from all we saw and heard  
 To-night, that now 'twould be absurd  
 To feel we can be what we were.  
 We once were children free from care,  
 But now are hardy, rugged, taught  
 By painful lessons dearly bought.

When winter's dead, can snow restore it,  
 Though, bending low, black clouds implore it?

Then let the opening buds rejoice,  
 The lordly sun hath made his choice.  
 Our winter's past, who would restore it?  
 Who but a fool will now deplore it?  
 Our hearts are slow to snap the link  
 That held the past, now let it sink.  
 But if to do as ancients did,  
 And all because old habits bid,  
 Be wisdom's choice; then dogs are wise  
 With fish and fowl which men despise.  
 True wisdom waits behind the eye  
 To drop the door when dust is nigh:  
 So let us guard the gate of thought  
 And shut it when we know we ought  
 Against sin's storm of blinding dust  
 Much trodden, swept by folly's gust.  
 I'm dull to learn as well ye know;  
 There's not another man so slow  
 To leave behind the fools who call  
 Dead darkness light and bear the pall.  
 When flames swarmed up the burning tower,  
 I \* rang the bell with all my power

\* Baik when baptized took the name of Peter Bell because of this.

To let the Chief of heaven know  
What hell was doing down below.

On reaching home, my daughter heard  
What I had done, but scarcely stirred.  
I sat beside her on the ground,  
Pure centre of the gloom around.  
Her tears I kissed from both her eyes,  
And tried to hush her sobbing cries.  
'When Jesus saw it, Jesus wept,'  
She whispered as she closely crept  
Within my arms, and nestled there  
With me her love of Christ to share.

He knew, she said, without the bell  
For He descended into hell  
To tell the devils of His love  
And make them fit for heaven above.  
But that I later found she thought  
Herself beyond what Lat had taught.  
And so went wrong and led me too.  
'Tis clear to me what I must do.

My heart has gone before my feet  
Which now shall tread the trail ye beat

Through forests new to see the Lord  
 And find the sight the soul's reward.  
 It will be new and yet be true  
 The many then will join the few.  
 Press on, my masters, press along,  
 Where truth is leading none go wrong.  
 Wait not for me, but nimbler run,  
 I too at last shall see the Sun.

## LUQUA

Then Zampti, poet of our clan,  
 Composed a song which every man  
 Sang with his heart, and later learnt  
 To show how hot endeavours burnt  
 Thought into thought, till all on fire  
 They mingled with the angel choir.

*This is but a paraphrase of an untranslatable  
 song.*

## ZAMPTI

*(Song.)*

God of the forest, God of the sea,  
 Builder of nations, lovest thou me?

God of the ocean, Giver of light,  
 Bridle our tempests, banish our night.

Far above star-worlds Jesus is chief,  
 Pouring down springtide, opening our leaf.

Spirit of Jesus, stronger than tide,  
 Swifter than lightning, with us abide.

Silence the ages, seal up the past,  
 Into the boundless all of it cast.

Breathe on us summer, O rising sun,  
 Shorten our shadows till there be none.

Circling for ever, evening forget,  
 Love for Thy centre never to set.

LAT

*(He was present to hear the embassy.)*

We now have heard the wondrous news,  
 I trace it all to spiritual dews  
 Throughout the night which bent the grain  
 Now garnered in. I can explain  
 This glorious change—'tis miracle.  
 The past, not this, is mythical.

This is the perfect work of God ;  
 For men may argue, men may plod,  
 But God alone with skill divine  
 Can foil the devil's dread design.

I see that foe felled to the strand,  
 Between his teeth the granite sand.  
 He foams with rage ; his burning eyes  
 Show how he fumes to lose his prize.  
 God's tools cut through a knotty will,  
 And turn by turn He drove His drill  
 Until His light flashed clearly through,  
 And so the soul saw all things new.

#### BISHOP

*(Investing the chief's wife with the official badge  
 of an officer in the Church Army.)*

Here in the church—our hearts on fire  
 Are lifted heavenward as the choir  
 This temple fills with harmony,  
 More sweet than music on the sea.  
 On earth was ever joy like this ;  
 Or lovelier sight? Communion bliss !

Kitkatlas, Haidas Englishman  
 Here side by side with Kitikshan  
 And brave Zimshians. Such a sight  
 Must fill the angels with delight,  
 With love so great that earth must seem  
 A curve of heaven, or else a dream  
 Celestial. Where hate was rife  
 Love feasts upon the tree of life.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord,  
 Wearing His army's crimson cord !  
 ' Bear this for love as Jesus' yoke  
 And labour for thy sister folk  
 Till all shall know His precious Name ;  
 For if thou failest they will blame  
 Thee in the last great judgment day.  
 Consider well. What wilt thou say ?'

#### CHIEF'S WIFE

' I will.'

#### BISHOP

O heavenly gale supply the force  
 To waft us nearer to the source

Of grace abounding ! Why so cold  
 My soul? Why not more gently bold ?  
 Stir up by prayer thy furnace fires,  
 Heat inclinations to desires.  
 The service o'er, God's peace declared,  
 The kneeling crowd to rise prepared  
 When quivering lips the silence broke.

THE CHIEF

Jesus, Jesus, hold her fast,  
 Every storm will soon be past.  
 Help me, Jesus, I desire  
 Strength to lift Thy standard higher.

Guard her till all danger's past,  
 Anchor us with thee at last.  
 Let her convoy souls to thee,  
 Blow winds gently o'er the sea.

Wave on wave a courier be  
 Carrying tidings joyfully.  
 Spread, O Spirit, idle sails,  
 Filling all with steady gales.

But if some brother, holding back,  
 Should blindly choose a dangerous track

Grasp Thou his helm, O pilot, strong,  
Turn back his heart from drifting wrong.

As each canoe grounds on the strand,  
O Jesus, near my children stand  
To smooth their faces till the dread  
Shall fade before Thy banquet spread.

#### BISHOP

O loving Master, life is dear  
That sees Thy glory through a tear  
Of joy—a bright translucent mist,  
Where angels' ministries persist.

Soon tearful mists will fade from sight  
And calmer joy reach softer light,  
Where larger thoughts will clearer grow  
To mingle with Thy overflow.

THE END

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