

He is a man whom rugged men admire,  
Well chosen Chief for what he was and is,  
Know him, and know that you have met a man.

See John approach, pride in each springing step,  
*Iandaweway*, echo that resounds,  
Grandson of Peeguis, cousin of the Chief,  
Stately and strong at eighty-one years old,  
And loyal to his Country and his King;  
We meet his brothers, *Neganwawetum*,  
Called Joseph now, but still the thunderstorm;  
And David, foot-ball, *Wembewabenun*,  
Who in the service of the H. B. C.  
Had traded years among the stubborn *Bwan*,  
Like them becoming a wild-hearted man;  
Who served his church as catechist, and taught,  
True to his name of *Wembewabenun*.  
We talk about the old mythology:  
Gods good and evil dwelling everywhere,  
While over all, and hopelessly removed,  
*Ketche Manito*, (mighty spirit he),  
Dwelt in the forests of *Milewaukee*.  
We talk of God who is *jawenjigay*:  
*Keshay Manito*, (gracious spirit he);  
We read *Ketche Masinaigan*, then,  
The Book of Books, the word of God to men;  
And then we talk of words in common use,  
Of *akki*, *gijik*, *tawin*, *ispeming*,  
*Tebihkut*, *oonagooshen*, *ishkooday*,  
*Wassakwenenjigun*, *neskijik*, too, —