

Professor J. Walter Fewkes, who has taken down on the wax cylinders of the phonograph many of their songs and stories.

The following original poem by one of the tribe was written for a sale that was held on August, 1883, for the benefit of a new rectory on the Island, in which Miss Lucy Derby was interested, and through whose efforts the rectory was built, the Company giving the land.

AMWES-WINTO-WAGEN.

Amwézik 'klithwon ya skedabe zogel;
 Skedap tatchuwi melan kekousé kiziolgweh.
 Ulzee-ik 'lee madjhé goltook kizosook;
 Tatchuwi tewebn'm nenwel kthlee-tahazoo wagenen woolsum'kik.
 Piyemee absegékook beskwaswesuk tchicook
 Pèmee woolip p'setawkqu'm'see you wen.
 P'skédab tatchuwè oolazoo weeahl m'pseeoo-wenil.
 Amwess ooktee-in aboozek;
 Uppes kootee-in hedlègit;
 Beskwas'wess lookquem hahze;
 Nojeemeeko gèmit chooiwigeou:
 Weejokègem wee you'h.
 Piel John Gabriel kweezee-toon yoot lin to wagun.
 Kee zee skee jin wih tun;
 Whu-titli keezeetoon Ebawg'hwit,
 Wè jee kissi tahzik wenoeh chigwam.
 N'paowlin kweezee Iglesmani tun.

THE SONG OF THE BEES.

The bees make honey for man;
 Man should give something to God.
 The trees lift their tops to the sun;
 We should lift up our hearts to our father.
 The smallest flower in the forest
 Gives out a perfume for all.
 Man should do good unto all men.
 The bee has a tree (for a home);
 The tree has a place to grow;