

Long the golden gloaming lingers, and each youth, his skill to prove,
Eagerly his *sg'an-haql* fingers, racing for the willow grove.
Here the *stimoun* in the shallow wriggle on their upward way;
And the naked urchins wallow with the fish in sportive play:

Spears fly fast, bone hooks are yerked in, and the silvery prey is caught;
Each boy has a hank to bring home, and their hearts with joy are fraught.
Now they catch a fish unscathed,—‘*Haou*, what shall we do with it?
‘Quickly cut its dorsal fin off, in its hump now make a slit!

‘Put a blazing *skinisht* stick in; let it go now, torch on end!
‘See, the shadows fall and thicken where the channel makes a bend,—
‘It will be such fun to see it tacking up there all alight,
‘Like a shooting star in heaven, flying through the murky night.’

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‘Ha! ye fry of spirit evil, what is this ye frame to do?
‘Know ye not the lying *Thremshim* fain would fool the hearts of you?
‘Now the Chief who sits high o’er all will be angry with us here,
‘If ye do not cease’ this folly, and walk meekly in his fear.

‘To the Lord of Fire ye kindle sacrifice of high despite,—
‘What an should his answer mingle fire with ire this very night?’
Thus the speaker (weird old figure, standing on the bank in gloom,—
Indian prophet, robed in *gweeq* skins) uttereth the voice of doom.