

Broad the feasting board was covered,  
The high starry group to bind;  
When the star chief rose to utter  
His congratulations kind.

"List, my guests—the Spirit wills it,  
Earth to earth, and sky to sky;  
Choose ye each a claw or pinion,  
Such as ye may wish to try."

Wondrous change! by arts' transference,  
At the typic heavenly feast;  
Each who chose a wing a bird was,  
Each who chose a claw, a beast.

Off they ran on plains of silver,  
Squirrel, rabbit, elk, or deer;  
White Hawk chose a wing, descending  
Down again to forests here,

Where the Waupes are still noted  
For their high essays of wing;  
And their noble deeds of bravery,  
In the forest, mount, and ring.

## SONG OF THE WOLF-BROTHER.

Nēsia, my elder brother,  
Bones have been my forest meal,  
Shared with wolves the long, long winter,  
And their nature now I feel.

Nēsia, my elder brother,  
Now my fate is near its close;  
Soon my state shall cease to press me,  
Soon shall cease my day of woes.