



### Childhood of Ji-shiib

and if the bobolink could have understood Ji-shiib as he that day dimly learned to understand the bobolink, it might have heard the youth softly singing:

“O little bird,  
Songbird of the reeds,  
I hear thy song of love,  
Thy song of wooing.

“I heard thy sweet Squaw-mate  
When she piped her answer back;  
I heard her soft-toned voice,  
Telling she loved thee.

“O pretty reed-bird,  
Teach me thy wisdom,—  
For thou surely art wiser  
Than any Objiwa.”

That evening, that fourth and last evening of his fast, Ji-shiib fell asleep very early in the old oak tree's hollow wigwam. He was tired and exhausted. The beaver came to him in his restless dreams that night, and took him by the hand and led him far away. He led him into the forest to the old beaver dam on Chippeway river, and Ji-shiib knew that he was born there, and that there the beaver first found him.