

That which some hunter's wisdom had entrapped.  
Neither to tread with sacriligious feet  
The empty camp of absent brave to filch,  
Trifle or treasure he might leave behind.

He taught the Indian wife watching to wait  
Her hungry husband's home-returning feet ;  
To run to meet him with a cheerful smile ;  
His moccasins, now wet, and travel-stained,  
To loose with loving hands from off his feet,  
To place a mat near by the cheerful fire,  
On which he might recline his wearied limbs—  
To cook of food a plentiful supply,  
That he his appetite might satiate  
E'er she him questioned of his hunt's success.

Thus might they their integrity maintain  
Through all the trying, tortuous, trail of life ;  
And such alone, at length should reach the goal  
Chee-by ah-kee—the sunny Spirit land.

Employed in labors love inspired on earth,  
Our hero lived comparative content ;  
Yet ever and anon his heart reverts  
Unto the sore bereavement of the past,  
And longs to see the lost Chee-by-yah-booz.

The Spirit Great in mercy condescends  
To have compassion on his lonely heart.  
For solace in his sorrow, sends straitway  
Me-ge-ze, which the rolling clouds can pierce.  
Of plumage grand, of pinion powerful  
To bear him to and fro upon the earth,  
Quite cheered with which he quells his surging soul,  
And humbly bows beneath the chastening rod.

\*Me-ge-ze—The eagle.

