

He always proved himself the white man's friend,
Friend of the *monias*, the ignorant man,
We could not throw a spear nor bend a bow,
The bearded pale-face from *Wabanakim*,
A region thenceforth known as *Moniang*,—
The land where men come from who do not know.
Peeguis had pity on the *Monias*,
And soon discovered they knew many things
Which all *Anishinabeg* well might know :
They found in books, *masinaiganan*,
So many things about the earth, *akki*,
And *ispeming*, the mighty vault above,
That Peeguis begged them to remain with him,
And teach his people all they did not know.

He gave the first who came Saint Boniface,
The place they chose on the Red River's banks,
Where from the west the dark Assiniboine,—
Assini-bwan, the stony-stubborn tide,—
Blends with the larger flood its troubled stream.
Thus would the peoples blend in amity,
One people as one river, till at length,
Depositing the sediment of life,
They wander different ways into the sea
Down by the deltas *Mitewauke*.

Here, in the place called Peeguis after him,
An eager student from the distant east
Where Selkirk, Peeguis' bosom friend, had lived
Before he came to Manito-aba,
From where the Micmac and the Maliseet
Dwell in the highlands of *Megamagee*,
Has journeyed far, that he may study here
The people and the language Peeguis loved;
To know the grandsons of the warrior-chief,
And be a brother to them in their home.