

Earth, sky, home, and the mighty void above,
Night, evening, fire, lamp, and eye to see.
We build lame phrases and weak sentences, —
Bo-shoo, neche; anin 'nekamegak? —
Good day, my friend; pray tell me what's the news?
Ketche sanagad Otchipwemoian, —
Most difficult is the Otchipwe tongue;
And then the curtain of the evening falls
Beside the *Miskwagamiwi-sibi*.

The old men say this river's name was changed
From Winnipeg to *Miskwagamiwi*,
Because its ample stream was red with blood
When, after fearful slaughter, victory
Perched on the banners of the warrior-chief
In that great battle where the sun went down,
And the wolves gathering gorged themselves with gore,
Thy murmuring waters speak of mystery;
Dark is thy bosom as thy child the Cree;
As Nubians to the Nile are they to thee,
Deep-flowing *Miskwagamiwi-sibi*.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

EGUIS, MANITOBA,
TREATY TIME, 1901.