

## *The Peace-pipe*

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The creator of the nations,  
Looked upon them with compassion,  
With paternal love and pity;  
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling  
But as quarrels among children,  
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,  
To subdue their stubborn natures,  
To allay their thirst and fever,  
By the shadow of his right hand;  
Spake to them with voice majestic,  
As the sound of far off waters  
Falling into deep abysses,  
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:

'O my children! my poor children!  
Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of Life who made you!  
I have given you lands to hunt in,  
I have given you streams to fish in,  
I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,

Filled the rivers full of fishes;  
Why then are you not contented?  
Why then will you hunt each other?

I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.'

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW  
(from *The Song of Hiawatha*)

... because I feel I am listening to a very deep voice like the great spirit  
(Gitche Manito). BILL NAYLOR