

THE SILENT CRY OF THE  
INDIAN ORPHAN.

Great Spirit help ! My love is lost ;  
He does not wish me near him.  
Of folly I must pay the cost ;  
There's fairer ones to cheer him.  
That pale face, now like adamant,  
Smiled sweeter than the daisy,  
And must that smile forever haunt  
My dreams, to drive me crazy ?  
Dear parents ! if by sign or sound  
You dare commune with matter,  
O leave the happy hunting ground,  
And visit now your daughter.  
I bear an aching, breaking heart,  
By doubt and anguish riven.  
A word from you would hope impart,  
And lift me nearer heaven.  
I weep no more ; but at the school  
Of self-reproach I suffer.  
If Christ be God I've loved a fool,  
And been, like him, a scoffer.  
Does God chastise, or vengeance take ?  
Was He with anguish torn ?  
And is it true that, for my sake,  
He bore with taunts and scorn ?  
Will he accept confession made ?  
Forgive the one forgiving ?