

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?