

To labor for the little indian child,  
He seeks for woman's heart, and woman's hand;  
To carry out the work, by man begun  
Now is thy time, Troyes' daughter! Come, behold.  
One from a city, bearing Mary's name.  
Ha! dost thou know him? why that stifled scream  
It is! it is! I've seen him in my dream,  
And wilt thou Margaret, leave all those so loved;  
Whom thou hast saved from dangers, worse than death.  
Have home, and country, lost all ties for thee.  
That thou wilt leave them for that icy clime?  
To much we fear, the hour now hath come,  
When thou must bid adieu to fatherland.  
T'was even so—and but a short time passed,  
When voice of Priest and Pastor, made her speed.  
E'en to the city, where we now are met.  
But e'er she starts, Satan's dark plots are laid.  
And fear is cast, into that Virgin heart:  
Fear, oh not for life, but for that honor,  
Which woman values far, far more than life.  
Have courage maiden—He whom Mary sends,  
Is e'en as spotless in his life as thou!  
Dost thou forget, a beauteous angel stands,  
By night and day, forever at thy side  
Thou canst not see,—but in his hand he bears,  
A golden lily—type of thy pure soul.  
Fear not! He watches, and he'll guard thee well.  
And now, in silent night, she humbly prays,  
When lo! an answer to her prayer quick comes.  
She, who had won her by a smile, now stands,  
Before her chosen one,—and with a voice,  
Like Heaven's sweetest music, softly spoke.  
“Go, for I will never abandon thee!”  
Where now, the terrors of the trembling girl?  
They've passed away—her own loved home is left.  
And soon she stands, upon Canadian shores.

“Oh! think not, that her sacrifice was small  
“Can there be aught, that clings to us like home?  
“The exile, from the sunny shores of France,  
“Or Erin's fields, of bright and matchless green,  
“Think you, he never yearns to see again  
“The home, wherein his boyhood's days were spent?  
“That memory brings not often, back to him,  
“The haw thorn hedge, the primrose soft and sweet?  
“Does he not hear, the little robin chirp,  
“And seek to find, the four leaved shamrock rare?  
“How often, doth the perfume of a flower,  
“Bring a wild rush of scenes and faces gone,