

longed to be again with the Indians ; in vain they besought her to remain : the thralldom of their ways was irksome to the dweller of the forest, and after several fruitless efforts to detain her she escaped from them.

At early morn a mother stood,  
 Her hands were raised to heaven,  
 And she prais'd Almighty God  
 For the blessings he had given.  
 But far too deep were they  
 Encircled in her heart—  
 Too deep for human weal,  
 For earth and love must part.  
 She looked with hope too bright  
 On the forms that by her bent,  
 And loved by far too strongly  
 Those treasures God had sent.  
 They bound her to the earth  
 With love's own golden chain,  
 How were its bright links severed  
 By the spirit's wildest pain ;  
 She parted the rich tresses,  
 And kissed each sunny brow,  
 And where, oh happy mother,  
 Was one so blest as thou ?  
 The summer sun was shining  
 All cloudless o'er the lea,  
 And forth her children bounded,  
 In childhood's summer glee.  
 They strayed among the flowers  
 That grew in beauty there,  
 They twined them into garlands,  
 And wreathed them in their hair.  
 They danced along the woody banks,  
 All fringed with sunny green ;  
 Where like a silvery serpent  
 The river ran between.  
 Their glad young voices rose,  
 As they thought of flower or bird,  
 And they sang the joyous fancies  
 That in each spirit stirred.  
 " Oh ! sister, see that humming bird,  
 Saw ye ever aught so fair,  
 With wings of gold and ruby,  
 He sparkles through the air ?  
 Let us follow where he flies