

Across his shoulders, lightly flung,  
The cape and cowl backward hung,  
Around his waist a rope was twined,  
A girdle and a scourge combined;  
While from it, hanging loose and free,  
Suspended hung the rosary.  
He was the first of stranger race  
They e'er had met with, face to face,  
Though they knew that such-frocked men  
Had visited their brethren.  
When they saw him, brave and squaw  
Viewed him with a reverend awe.

A wanderer, all alone he came,  
He bore no weapons, gave no name.  
He said his errand was to teach  
The glories of the Life to be,  
When, after death, men's spirits reach  
The confines of Eternity,  
And, as he spake in Indian speech,  
They listened most attentively.  
For he had dwelt for many a day  
Mid Indian tribes, far, far away,  
And thus had learnt the Indian tongue  
From those whom he had dwelt among.  
So, sullenly, they let him share

Their fire's warmth and frugal fare,  
And then they suffered him to tell  
His mission in the way he chose,  
Though little cared they what befell  
Their souls, so they but feasted well,  
And were victorious o'er their foes.

Later on, as they were sitting  
In the fire's cheerful light,  
Shadows round them weirdly flitting,  
As the moon rose into sight,  
The stranger asked, in tones of wonder,  
Whence that sound of endless thunder,  
That dull, reverberating sound  
That seemed to shake the very ground?

For answer, came the Chief's command,  
"Be patient, you shall understand."  
And, knowing Indian nature well,  
He waited till they chose to tell.

Later yet, when chill and hoary  
Lay the frost upon the ground,  
And the moon in all her glory  
Bathed in light the scene around,  
The Chieftain rose, around him drew