

Since dire disease had laid him low :
 Nor huntsman's skill,
 Nor workman's will,
 Could nerve his powerless arm, or bend his useless bow.
 But God was there,
 And fervent prayer
 To Heaven ascended,
 And sweetly blended
 With angel's song
 From Seraph's tongue.
 And joy was there, and hope, and faith,
 Triumphant over pain and death.
 The light of truth around him shone,
 Auspicious of the brighter dawn :
 He trusted in the living God :
 No dread of death, nor priestly power,
 Could shake him in that fearful hour,
 Nor tyrant's rod.
 The fluttering breath from his palsied lung,
 No utterance gave to his quivering tongue,
 But still his ear
 Was bent to hear
 The words of Truth and Love ;
 His flashing eye
 Glanced toward the sky,
 And he whispered, "Rest above."

 He slept ! the dying Indian slept !
 A balmy peace had o'er him crept,
 And, for the moment, kept
 His senses steeped
 In calm and sweet repose—
 Such as the dying Christian only knows.
 Consumption's work was done,
 His flesh was gone ;
 Nought save the breathing skeleton
 Remained to him ;—No sound,
 Save the light rustling of the leaves around,
 Scattered upon the ground,
 Was in the wigwam heard ;
 The voice of man, and beast, and bird,
 Were hushed—save the deep-drawn sigh,
 And the feeble wail of the infant's cry,
 Soothed by the mother's sobbing "lullaby,"
 And bursts of grief from children seated nigh,