

Or dost thou come to rest thee from thy toils?—  
 Not so!—He seeks kind woman's ministry,  
 To labour 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, Marg'ret, 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?  
 "Too much we fear, the hour now hath come  
 "When thou must bid adieu to Fatherland."

'Twas even so; and but a short time passed,  
 When voice of Priest and Pastor bade her speed  
 E'en to the city where we now are met,  
 But e'er she starts, dark Satan's plots are laid,  
 And fear is cast into that virgin heart:  
 Fear, oh not for life, but for that honour,  
 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 mem'ry brings not often back to him,  
 The hawthorn hedge! the primrose wild and sweet?  
 Does he not hear the little robin's chirp  
 And seek to find, the four-leafed-shamrock rare?  
 How often doth the perfume of a flower,  
 Bring a wild rush of scenes and faces gone,  
 He hears again, a father's earnest voice;  
 A mother's hand, is resting on his brow;  
 And hark! that peal of merry laughter loud,  
 That comes, from childhood's pure and guileless heart.  
 Where are the friends of boyhood staunch and true.  
 The sister, brother, of his early youth?  
 Oh, mem'ry bitter, are the silent tears,  
 Thou forcest, e'en from eyes that seldom weep.