

Who bade the lonely Hagar  
With hope revive again?  
Think ye that mother's trusting love  
Should bleed without a balm?  
No! o'er the troubled spirit  
There came a blessed calm.  
Amid the savage relics  
Around her daughter flung,  
Upon her naked bosom  
A crucifix there hung.  
And though the simple Indian  
False tenets might enthrall—  
Yet, 'twas the blessed symbol  
Of Him who died for all.  
And the mourner's heart rejoiced  
For the promise seemed to say—  
She shall be thine in Heaven,  
When the world has passed away.  
Tho' now ye meet as strangers,  
Yet there ye shall be one;  
And live in love for ever,  
When time and earth are gone.