

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.