

From the dreamer's wandering thought.  
If e'er I've been among the dead,  
Save in the wandering thought,  
The memory has passed away—  
Ye long have been forgot.  
And were not these hard words,  
To that fond mother's heart,  
Who through such years of agony  
Had kept her loving part?  
Her wildest wish was granted;  
Her fondest hope was heard,  
Yet it but served to show her  
How deeply she had erred.  
The mysteries of God's high will  
May not be understood,  
And mortals may not vainly ask  
To them what seemeth good:  
With spirit wrung to earth,  
In grief she bowed her heed—  
Oh! better far than meet thus,  
To mourn thee with the dust."  
But think ye he who comforted  
The widowed one of Nain—  
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 it was the blessed symbol  
Of him who died for all.  
And the mother's heart rejoiced,  
For the promise seemed to say—  
She shall be thine in heaven,  
When the world has passed away.  
Though now we meet as strangers,  
Yet there ye shall be one,  
And live in love forever.  
When time and earth are gone.