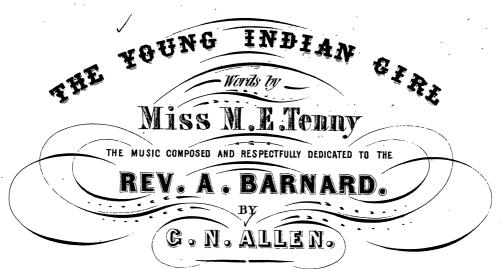
Deposited January 30. 1850 Recorded Vol. 25. Page 29.)



Suggested by the recent death of a young Opinya girl who by her tearful and earnest persuasions had induced her Missionary teachers (the Rev MrB. and wife) to take her with them on a visit to their friends in the States. Her father had threatened revenge in case of her fathere to return.

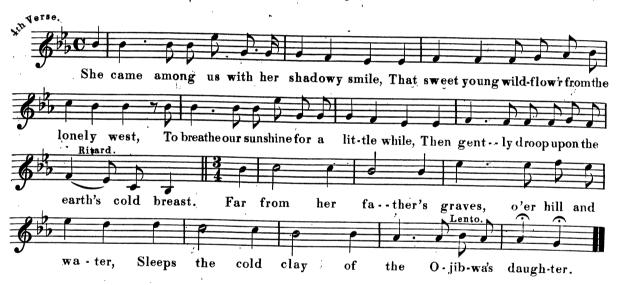
BOSTON Tuthshed by OLIVER DITSON, ILI Washington St.





3

She listened—and the bitter hatred, nurst Within her nation's pulse, was melted there; All tremblingly that Indian maiden first Knelt down, to offer up the white man's prayer; And from that hour, her spirit's trust was given, Unchangingly, to love, and hope, and heaven.



5

Her dying eye was faintly lifted up
To catch the glories of the opening heaven—
In her cold lips there lingered words of hope,
To cheer the hearts with bitterest anguish riven;
"He will not let you for mysake be stricken:
"Look up to Him, when doubts and darkness thicken."

6

Hushed were those lips forever—still a smile, Beautiful as the sunshine of the blest, Lingered on cheek and lip and forehead—while We softly laid her to her dreamless rest; And for the living, not the lost one weeping, We left her to the guardian angels keeping.