

Poetry.

For the Christian Observer.

POCAHONTAS.

The following beautiful lines bear the impress of the poetic inspiration and of the benevolent feelings of the writer. May they awaken genuine sympathy in other hearts in behalf of our red-faced brethren and they will not be in vain.—[EDS.]

From the forest's leafy bowers
And its breezy stirring sound,
From the wild-woods lowly flowers,
And the fawn with fearful bound;
From the wigwam and the maple tree
That sheltered her young hours,
Came the forest-born, the fair, the free,
To make her home with ours.

Her step olate,—her fearless eye
Shone with a tender light;—
Her nut-brown forehead rising high,
Her round cheek darkly bright;
Her raven tresses floating free
O'er shoulders fairly turned,
She came, the noble maid! and we
Her wint'ry fate have mourned.

A princess of a warlike race,
A cherished one, and true:
Ah! Where is now their name or place
Beneath the heaven's blue
The bead embroidered moccasin,
The quiver and the bow,
The pipe and feathered coronet
Laid with their wearers low!

And she of all the wild and free,
Came with a tender grace,
Jesus! To bow the knee to thee—
First christian of her race:
A noble heart was all her own—
The god-like and the true
When neath the forest shadows lone
A lovely child she grew.

The flower that bent its tender head
O'er her foot-path in the wood
The deer that from her arrow sped
Less innocently good
Than she, who with an eagle's heart,
Preferred the dove's soft tone,
And came, from her dark tribe to part,
And make our faith her own

J. C. W.