

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer
a stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the
Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and
sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts
and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morn-
ing 1270

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far
below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the path-
way

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the
distance. 1275

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld
him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and
absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but
transfigured ; 1280

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not
absent ;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught
her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with
aroma. 1285

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; fre-
quenting

Louely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,