

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and  
 places  
 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
 maiden; — 1240  
 Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
 Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,  
 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.  
 Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.  
 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long  
 journey; 1245  
 Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
 Each succeeding year stole something away from her  
 beauty,  
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the  
 shadow.  
 Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er  
 her forehead,  
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly hori-  
 zon, 1250  
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## v.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Dela-  
 ware's waters,  
 Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he  
 founded.  
 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of  
 beauty, 1255  
 And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the  
 forest,  
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts  
 they molested.  
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an  
 exile,  
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.  
 There old René Leblanc had died; and when he de-  
 parted, 1260  
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.  
 Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the  
 city,