

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her  
lover. 1215

"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy  
prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the  
meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the  
magnet;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has  
planted

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's jour-  
ney 1220

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

Such in the soul of man: is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of  
fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is  
deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here-  
after 1225

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews  
of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter — yet  
Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin  
and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came  
not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was  
wafted 1230

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St.  
Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mis-  
sion. 1235

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan  
forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!