

again turns with a sudden and secret "though inexplicable emotion" to the good priest of the Jesuit mission. Yes, hope again, but hope delayed. "Far to the west he has gone," said the priest, "but in autumn

"When the chase is done, will return again to the mission."

A ray of hope—and Evangeline will await the mission his return in autumn. But,

"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 the world and in the wood, yet Gabriel came not—
Yet the same voice of Hope, for
On the breath of summer winds a rumor was wafted.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River."

And so,

"With returning guides that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the mission."

But alas,

"When over weary ways, by perilous marches
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin.

Thus successive hope and disappointment guided her on,

"As the magic Fata Morgana
"Showed (her) her lakes of light that retreated and vanished before her.
Even the episodal tales of the Indian woman came to
decrease her hope and to increase her despair, until "a secret

"Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror
And she felt for the moment

That like the Indian maid, she too was pursuing a phantom."

And though hope revived at the thought of the mission, yet soon it died again when the priest with solemnity answered :

"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side,
Told me the same sad tale ; then arose and continued his journey."

And as "hope oft deferred maketh the soul sick," then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive :

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."