

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as
they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline an-
swered, 1170

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await
us!"

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the
mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit
Mission. 1173

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix
fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-
vines,

Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling
beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate
arches 1180

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the
branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer ap-
proaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devo-
tions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had
fallen 1185

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the
hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and
bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benig-
nant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the
forest,

And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wig-
wam. 1190

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of
the maize-ear