

who stands waist-deep in a wheat-field, gathering at will either its poppies or its sheaves ; it flows forever away as from one who pauses waist-deep in a stream and hearkens rather to the rush of all things toward the eternal deeps. It was into the company of these quieter pilgrims that she had passed : she had missed happiness twice.

Her beauty had never faded. Nature had fought hard in her for all things, having prepared her for all things ; and to the last youth of her womanhood it burned like an autumn rose which some morning we may have found on the lawn under a dew that is turning to ice. But when youth was gone, in the following years her face began to reflect the freshness of Easter lilies. For prayer will in time make the human countenance its own divinest altar ; years upon years of true thoughts, like ceaseless music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence, and the harmony of visible form matches the unheard harmonies of the mind. It was about this time also that there fell upon her hair the earliest rays of that light which is the dawn of the Eternal Morning.