

through the village "cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women."

"And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love and hope and forgiveness, and patience!"

Even in the trying moment in which she and Gabriel are to be separated, hope speaks to her heart, for beholding Gabriel in the silent and mournful procession, she runs to meet him and whispers :

"Gabriel, be of good cheer ! for if we love one another
Nothing in truth can harm us, whatever mishap befall us."

Here begins her long life of hope. Long, she wanders through the desert of life, ever hopeful to catch a glimpse of Gabriel. Sometimes she remained in towns, till, urged on by the fevered and restless longing that swelled her bosom, she would again begin her hopeless journey. The homes of the dead she trod and looked on the crosses and tombstones, and she lingered by the homeless grave, thinking that within its bosom Gabriel was already at rest. Hope again, but hope deferred.

"Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward."

And to add difficulty to difficulty, her own friends advised her to abandon her vanished object and to give her hand to other youths as tender and as true. But love and hope replied "I cannot."

"Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand and not elsewhere.

When the clouds darkened the waning light of hope, her faithful guide, Father Felician, brightened her spirit with timely words of comfort.

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted.
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

To this he adds the great lesson of patient and silent suffering which comes in proportion to the intensity of one's love.

"Patience ; accomplished by labor ; accomplish thy work of affection.
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike."