

Neither memory of past delight nor anticipation of future heavenly meeting brought any change to the fixed and passionless countenance of the White Rose of Rutland. Her chief solace she found in repeating to herself, in dull monotony, over and over, some fugitive lines that had met her wandering and idle gaze in her father's weekly religious paper :

"Serene I fold my hands, and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or wave, or sea,  
My barque shall ride the sea of fate,  
Assured my love shall come to me."

One day a doubting Thomas asked Miss Abigail where the complete answer to her famous prayer was, and when poor young Mrs. Winthrop was ever going to do great works for God with all her riches, — riches which, to the stricken child, truly seemed but dross.

"God's ways are not our ways," Miss Abigail answered, stoutly, "and our times are in His hand. When He is ready to work His own work, no man will be able to hinder."

Emily used to go daily alone to the cemetery at the Five Corners, and sit long and silently beside the new-made grave in the Winthrops' ancient burial place. The tall New England elms sheltered the little maid-widow beneath their lithe and swaying branches ; and, as the poet writes of the sorely-tried Cowper, so with her worn and aching soul it became true that "quiet shadows from the trees refreshed her like a slumber."

The dates on the headstones were the oldest still recognizable in all New England. Plymouth had none older, nor had Cambridge. Often her eyes rested on one moss-grown, bent, low stone, with this singular inscription : "The Word is Answered." Many had questioned its meaning, but in vain. To her, with that haunting, persistent, fixed echo, "Mine forever," ever ringing in her ears, it seemed perfectly comprehensible. Somebody in that far-off Puritan past had suffered like her ; like her had been haunted by a vague, beautiful, dim memory ; had heard, even as she had heard, an ecstatic voice speak out of a great darkness, and, at last, had remembered, and had replied. But time, as yet, brought back to her