

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed,
 for her presence
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls
 of a prison.
 And, as she looked around, she saw how Death the
 consoler,
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it
 forever.
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night
 time;
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested, by fear or a feeling of
 wonder,
 Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a
 shudder
 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets
 dropped from her fingers,
 And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom
 of the morning.
 Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terri-
 ble anguish,
 That the dying heard it, and started up from their
 pillows.
 On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an
 old man.
 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded
 his temples;
 But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
 moment
 Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier
 manhood;

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