

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-
serted and silent,¹⁸²⁰
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the
almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in
the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fra-
grance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,¹⁸²⁵
cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the
belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows
were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in
their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on
her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are
ended;"¹⁸³⁰
And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-
bers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attend-
ants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and
in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing
their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow
by the roadside.¹⁸³⁵
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,