

Carefully then were covered the embers that
glowed on the hearth-stone.

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.

360 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the
darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of
the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the
door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of
white, and its clothes-press

365 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were
carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline
woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to
her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her
skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow
and radiant moonlight

370 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the
room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of
her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of
the orchard,