

He ceased to speak and breathed with fainter breath,
 Like one forspent, and losing hold of life ;
 His hand grasped tightly hers, as if it were
 His last sheet-anchor in the sands, that failed
 To hold his bark amid the storm of death.

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 PART III.

The hunger fever left him ; and he lay
 Awake, resigned and calm, to meet the end
 He knew was nigh, but feared not, save for her
 Whose yearning eyes bent over him with love
 And pity infinite. His noble face
 Had brightened with a gleam of holy light,
 That sometimes shines in death, to cheer the gloom
 Of that dark valley of the shadow, when
 Our hour is come ; when from the couch of pain
 We must descend and go, each one alone, —
 Alone—to travel on a darksome road
 We know not ; but, when found, a king's highway !
 Broad and well beaten ! None may err therein !
 Made for all men to travel ; and not hard
 For those unburthened and who humbly take
 The staff God offers all, to ease the way
 And lead us wondering to the vast beyond.

The " Help of God " is Death's strong angel called,
 Who brings deliverance from this world of care ;
 Azrael, who casts his sombre mantle off
 Upon the threshold, and in robes of white,
 With loving smiles, will lead us on and on,
 Out of the darksome valley to the hills,
 Where shines eternal day for evermore !

He lay and looked at her, remembering
 The things had happened until all was clear.
 " O, Minnie mine ! " he murmured, " I have been
 Unconscious of thy presence and return !
 The fever overmastered me, and grief,
 When our old servant died, with none to aid ;
 And I fell on my couch and knew no more.
 But some one said to-day, or did I dream ?
 The woods are all ablaze and roofed with fire
 Up Chenonda, and down the deep ravine,
 The marshes, dried like tinder, catch the flames ;
 The very earth is burning at the roots,
 While savage beasts tumultuous, rush and roar