

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold  
 there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splen-  
 dour, 1315  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and  
 apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
 Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted  
 and silent, 1320  
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the alms-  
 house.  
 Sweet on the summer air was the odour 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 fragrance  
 and beauty.  
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by  
 the east-wind, 1325  
 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;" 1330  
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of  
 sickness.  
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
 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. 1335  
 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,