

As if life, like the Hebrew,¹ with blood had be-
1355 sprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and
pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths
in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking
and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied
1360 reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush
that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into
silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of
his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among
1365 them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walk-
ing under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in
his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted
his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt
by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the
1370 accents unuttered

¹ *Like the Hebrew.* See *Exodus* xii. 22, 23.