

As if life, like the Hebrew,<sup>1</sup> 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

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<sup>1</sup> *Like the Hebrew.* See *Exodus* xii. 22, 23.