

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are
dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the
fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-
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
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
them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking
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.