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EVANGELINE.

A Legitimate Spectacular Drama in Five Acts,

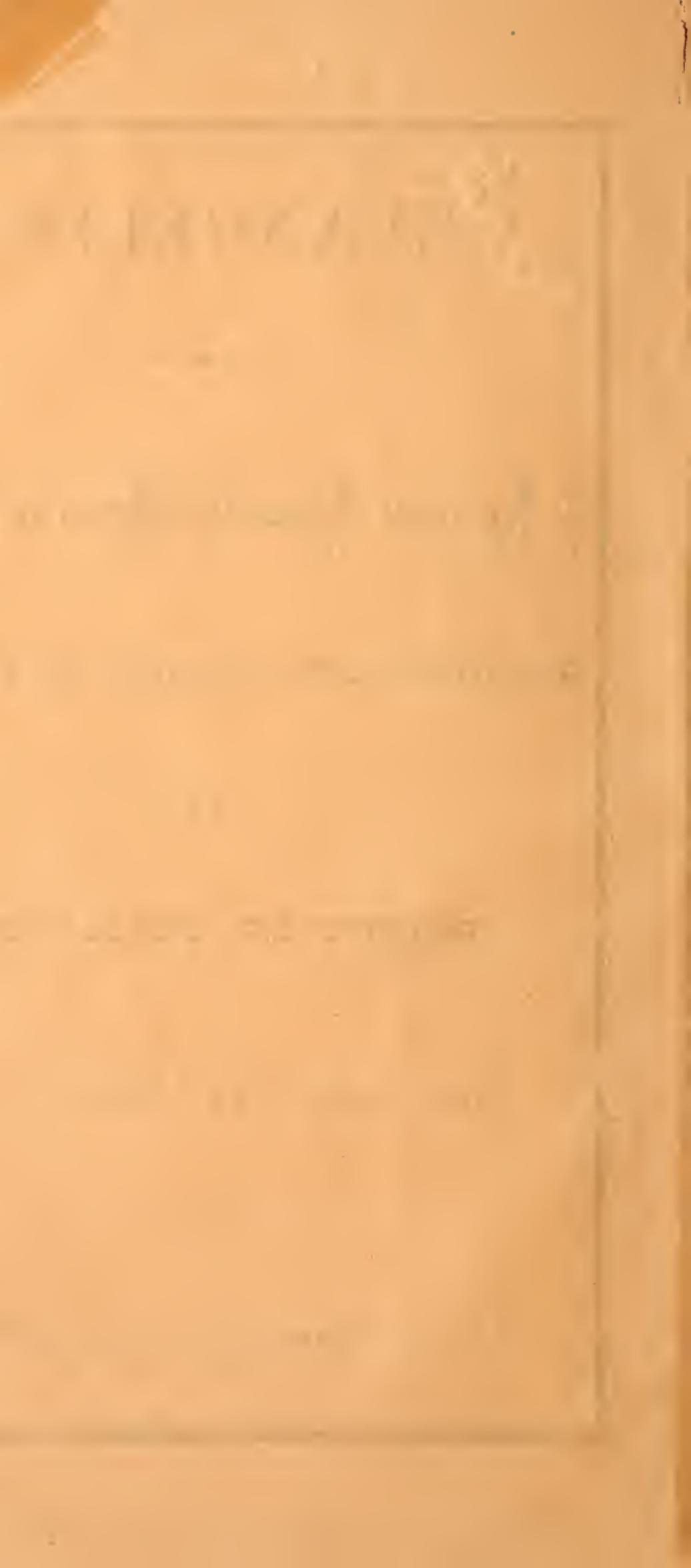
Arranged and adapted for the Stage

BY

ROB'T N. TRAVER,

From Longfellow's Beautiful Poem.

FREEMAN PRINT, ALBANY, MO.
AUGUST, 1878.



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d. M. P., March 5, 1928

INTRODUCTION.

This Drama was begun some three years ago and outlined to the end of the first act. At Joplin, Missouri, in the spring of 1876, Manager Selden Irwin desired its completion for representation at that place, and the last four acts were outlined in one afternoon; but the Joplin engagement was not remunerative to the Irwin's and the work progressed no further. In this condition the manuscript remained until this day, August 1st 1878, when it was brought out and placed before me on a printers case in the office of *The Freeman*, and revised, extended, and put in type out of a fount of Burgoise that has seen over thirty years hard service west of the Missouri. Therefore this adoption from Longfellow's pome, be its merits or demerits what they may, is in every essential particular the result of my own labor and no reflection on account of its short comings are to be thrown on 'the printer'

Throughout this drama the argument of the Poet is closely followed and care has been taken not to put into the mouths of the characters a word that conflicts with the original conception.

Old Michael is believed to be an original character. Herman and Christy, if not purely original conceptions, have passages of fun and pathos in which the laugh sometimes lies very close to the fountain of tears. The transfer of Gabriel's death from the hospital to the street, is the only one at variance with the poem, and that is made for stage effect.

Further than this the Drama is presented to speak for itself.

Respectfully, ROBT. N. TRAVER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

GABRIAL, betrothed to Evangeline.

LABLANCHE, Villiage Priest and Pedagogue.

BENEDICT, Farmer of Grand Pre.

BASIL, the Village Blacksmith.

MICHAEL, an Old Fiddler.

BAPTISTIE, in love with Evangeline.

HERMAN, a Friend to Posterity.

OFFICER of the Guard.

PRIEST of the Mission.

EVANGELINE, betrothed to Gabriel.

CHRISTY, a girl who coincides with Herman.

TAME FAWN, an Indian Maiden.

LILLINEAU, a Spirit.

BENEDICT. } Children of Herman and Christy,

ANNETTE. } and hopeful scions of posterity.

Villagers, Soldiers, Priests, Indians, Plantation
hands, Boatmen, &c. &c. &c.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means Right; *L.* Left; *R. D.* Right Door; *L. D.* Left Door
S. E. Second Entrance; *U. E.* Upper Entrance. *M. D.* Middle Door

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means Right; *L.* Left; *C.* Center; *R. C.* Right of Center;
L. C. Left of Center.

EVANGELINE.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1st.—*Old Fashioned Kitchen, with wide mouth fireplace. Spinning wheel, &c.*

Farmer and Evangeline discovered, Farmer smoking and Evangeline at wheel spinning, Music.

BENEDICT.—Cease thy spinning, girl, and sit thee here at my feet. (*Evangeline brings stool and sits at Farmer's feet.*) This day art thou seventeen. A dutiful and an obedient child hast thou been, but now thou art a child no longer. Thou art now a woman, with the heart and hopes of a woman. These gray hairs and this old and worn form will soon be laid at rest, and the joys and sorrows and cares of this life will rest with it. But the hope of my old age will live with thee, my child. This night art thou to be affianced to young Gabriel. Search well thy heart, and answer me truly: is it well with thee?

EVANGELINE.—Father, Gabriel and I have grown in love and years together. From earliest childhood we have walked our village paths hand in hand, and Father LeBlanc, Priest and pedagogue in the village, taught us both our letters out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and plain songs. Years have served but to consecrate our lives, one to the other, and now, father, even as Gabriel loves me with his whole heart, so do I also, love him.

BENEDICT.—My child, it is well. Thou hast been a cheerful light to thy fathers house, and will bring to thy husbands delight and abundance, filling it with love, and, mayhap, with the ruddy faces of children. (*A knock*) It is Basil, the black.

smith, and thy flushed face and beating heart tells thee who is with him. Raise, thee, the latch and admit them. *Evangeline opens the door.*

Enter BASIL AND GABRIAL.

BENEDICT.—Welcome both. Welcome Basil, my friend; come, take thy place on the settle, close by the chimney side which is ever empty without thee; take from the shelf over thy head thy pipe and tobacco. Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly, jovial, face gleams round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of marshes.

Gabriel and Evangeline walk apart.

BASIL.—Benedict Belfontaine thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad. Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou when others are filled with gloomy forbodings of ill, and see only ruin before them. Happy art thou as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-shoe. *Lights his pipe.*

GABRIAL.—(*At window with Evangeline.*) See, Evangeline, is it not beautiful. This is the season called by the pious Arcadian peasants, the Summer of All Saints. Filled is the air with a dreamy and a magical light, and the landscape lays as if new created in all the freshness of childhood. Peace seems to reign upon the earth, and the restless heart of the ocean is for a moment consol'd. All sounds are in harmony blended; all are as subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun looks with an eye of kindness through the golden vapors around him.

EVANGELINE.—Yes, Gabriel, this is the hour of rest, of affection and of stillness. Day with its burdens and heat has departed and twilight descending brings back the evening star to the sky and herds to the homestead. Now age has its hour of memory and of rest, and youth its dream of elyseum and bright hopes for the future. This is God's grand hour of prayer, and the last gleams of the golden sun are His glorious benediction of "Peace on earth and good will to man."

BENEDICT.—Here by the wide mouth fire place all day I've idly sat watching the flames and the smoke wreaths struggle together, like foes in a burning city, nodding and marching along the walls with gestures fantastic. But what is the tidings without?

BASIL.—Four days are past now since the English ships at anchor ride in the Gaspereaus mouth with their cannons pointed against us. What their design may be is unknown, but all are commanded on the morrow to meet on the common before the church, where will be proclaimed the kings

with a law in the land. Alas, in the meantime many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.

BENEDICT.—Perhaps some friendlier purpose brings these people to our shores. Perhaps the harvests of England by untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted and from our bursting barns they would fill their cattle and children.

BASIL.—Not so thinketh the people in the village. Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Sojoier, nor Port Royal. Many have already fled to the fort and lurk on its outskirts, waiting with anxious hearts the dubious issue of to-morrow. Arms have been taken from us; and warlike weapons of all kinds; Nothing is left us but the blacksmiths sledge and the scythe of the mower.

BENEDICT.—Safer are we unarmed in the midst of our flocks and cornfields, safer in these peaceful dykes besieged by the ocean, than our fathers in forts besieged by enemies' cannon. Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract. Father LeBlance will be here anon with his paper and ink-horn. Shall we not then be glad and rejoice in the joy of our children.

GABRIAL.—(*Still at window.*) See, Evangeline, where Father LeBlance, bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean, comes slowly down the street.

EVANGELINE.—Heaven bless him, Gabriel, for he has been our teacher and our guide.

GABRIAL.—Bent but not broken is the form of the good old man. Four long years in time of war he languished in an old French fort. He is the father of twenty children, and a score of grand children have sat upon his knee and listened to his great watch tick.

EVANGELINE.—See. Solemnly down the street he comes; and the children, like you and I in days gone by, pause in their play to kiss the hand he extends to bless them, and maids and matrons rise up to hail his approach with words of welcome. He is here.

Evangeline opens door—Enter LEBLANCE—All rise with action of great reverence.

ALL.—Welcome, Father, welcome.

LEBLANCE.—Peace be with you all.

Evangeline places chair for LeBlance opposite Farmer. Basil remains standing at R. Gabriel and Evangeline L. Others seated.

BASIL.—(*Knocking ashes from pipe*)—Father LeBlance thou hast heard the talk in the village, and, perchance, thou canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand.

LEBLANCE.—Gossip enough have I heard in sooth, yet am never the wiser. And what their errand may be I know no better than others. Yet I am not one of those who imagine some evil intention brings them here, for we are at peace and why then molest us.

BASIL.—(*Excitedly.*) God's name! Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore! Daily injustice is done, and (*doggedly*) might is the right of the stronger.

LEBLANCE.—(*Quietly.*) Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally justice triumphs.

BENEDICT.—(*Rising to his feet.*) Come, friends come. This is a night for gladness and for mirth. Cast care and sorrow unto the morrow. Father LeBlance hast thou brought the contract with thee?

LEBLANCE—I have.

BENEDICT.—The date, the names and the ages of the parties, along with the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and cattle; all, all is as I ordered it?

LEBLANCE.—(*Producing contract.*) All, as you ordered it, is fairly and clearly set forth.

BENEDICT—Then all is well. Let the signing of the contract begin.

Benedict goes to Evangeline, embraces and kisses her—action of intense feeling, then slowly passes her hand in Gabriel's, who stands up R. C. with Basil. Gabriel leads Evangeline to table where LeBlance has prepared papers. Both sign—Gabriel first. Music.

BENEDICT—Now, Basil, we will witness the bond and complete the compact between our son and our daughter.

They sign. All the characters then come to C. where Gabriel and Evangeline kneel, Benedict and Basil stand at R. & L. F. LeBlance at back with hands extended in blessing them. Music and slow change of scene.

Scene 2nd.—Front Wood.

Enter OLD MICHAEL, with fiddle.

MICHAEL.—Ah, ha! Gay times are these among the young folks and happy ones too; for this day is the feast and the dance in honor of the betrothal of young Gabriel and Evangeline. Ah well, ah well, let them enjoy themselves, says old Michael, for it isn't all who like him find gray hairs covering a cheerful heart.

Enter CHRISTY.

MICHAEL.—What Christana, going to the merrymaking alone! What have you done with young Herman?

CHRISTY.—Done with him! me? How do you suppose I know where the stupid fellow is.

MICHAEL.—Ho, ho! So you have quarreled, have you! That will never do Christana. Make it up child, make it up. Life has enough of sorrow and of pain that comes unbidden, and little wisdom have they who add to its burdens.

CHRISTY.—Old Michael, you don't know what you are talking about. One can't put up with everything a stupid fellow does.

MICHAEL.—Ah, Christy, you don't know the world. You can't tune men and women like fiddles in a concert, all to cord in harmony; and if you do once in a while get them up to the proper pitch, just as like as not a string breaks and then, lo! the discord. Now I (*tuning fiddle*) should just as soon think of quarreling with my fiddle for being out of tune as you with your lover for being out of sight. (*Plays a lively air.*) That's better than hard words or moody thoughts.

CHRISTY.—That is all very well for you, but you were never in love.

MICHAEL.—Oh yes, I was.

CHRISTY.—With whom?

MICHAEL.—My fiddle.

CHRISTY.—Pshaw! Your fiddle! A very interesting sweetheart, truly.

MICHAEL.—And we have quarreled, too.

CHRISTY.—Indeed, and how did you make it up.

MICHAEL.—By a little care and condescension on my part, and a proper consideration of the feelings of the fiddle; for it

has feelings, you see, (*Plays.*) and responds according to the touch of its master. Now men are like fiddles: not always in tune, and an overstrain may break them. But handle them right, and they will respond to your touch and play any note you may desire. You understand. (*Plays*) Now take the advice of old Michael, and you will soon bring Herman around to the right key again. And now, Christy, I must away to the merrymaking.

Exit MICHAEL darciny and playing quickstep.

CHRISTY.—That's all! old MICHAEL knows about love, but there may be some sense in what he said about tuning fiddles. I wonder, though, if I can bring Herman up again to the right pitch. But—pshaw, there are other young men in the village as good as he is. But—but, I don't (*hesitatingly*) believe I can like them quite as well. Ah, here the stupid fellow is now. I'll not look at him. *Down R. F. Turns her back L.*

Enter HERMAN L. Stops shame faced and abashed at seeing CHRISTY.

HERMAN.—Christy.

CHRISTY.—Herman.

HERMAN.—Well, Christy.

CHRISTY.—Well, Herman

HERMAN.—Did you send for me, Christy.

CHRISTY.—Did I send for you? What a question!

HERMAN.—But you *thought* you wanted to send for me, didn't you, Christy?

CHRISTY.—Indeed! and why should I send for you?

HERMAN.—But you love me, don't you, Christy?

CHRISTY.—No I don't. (*Sobs*) You are too cruel. *Sobs.*

HERMAN.—Me cruel to you, Christy. Why I love you.

CHRISTY.—No you don't, and, besides, (*crying*) I hate you!

HERMAN.—Hate me Christy, and wherefore?

CHRISTY.—Because, because—

Both have approached, backward to center of stage.

HERMAN.—(*Putting arm about Christy*) Because what? Christy. *She droops her head on Herman's shoulder* It's all right now.

CHRISTY.—(*Aside*) The fiddle's in tune.

HERMAN.—(*Softly*) My Christy!

CHRISTY.—(*Lovingly*) My Herman!

HERMAN.—All is forgotten—

CHRISTY.—All is forgiven—

Music and shouts without. They start joyfully and separate.

HERMAN.—Hark! That is old Michael's fiddle, and the mer-

merrymaking on the green has commenced. Let us away, and among the happiest there will be——

CHRISTY—My Herman!

HERMAN.—My Christy!

Exit running and laughing, or waltzing, Music,

ACT 1st. SCENE 3rd.

The Green in the village of Grand Pre. On R. a church with a large Crucifix. Preparations for merrymaking. Refreshments, tables, benches &c. Music.

Villagers singing and assembling as curtain raises.

BENEDICT, BASIL and VILLAGERS *Discovered.*

BENEDICT.—Come, sires and matrons, lads and lasses, come. Let this day be one of happiness and joy. Join in the song and the dance, for this is the betrothal feast of Gabriel and Evangeline.

BASIL.—(*Holding up flagon*) In a flagon of home brewed ale, let us pledge the health of Gabriel, the Iron Hearted, and Evangeline the Sunshine of Saint Eulalie.

Enter GABRIEL and EVANGELINE.

ALL.—(*All drinking*) Good health and long life to Gabriel and Evangeline.

GABRIEL.—Thanks my friends, thanks to you all.

BENEDICT.—Proclaim a general holiday. To-day let labor cease. Every house shall be an inn where all are welcomed and feasted, for here in the village of Grand Pre, all live like brothers together. All things shall this day be held in common, and what one has another shall have, also.

ALL.—Hurrah for Benedict, the good old farmer of Grand Pre!

GABRIEL.—Evangeline, from this day a new life opens before us. Heretofore we have grown together like children of one household, and like children of one household we were liable to be sundered and separated by the chance of fortune. Now we are united by the strongest, holiest tie known to man, and soon we shall consecrate our lives, each to the other, for all time to come. Are we not happy?

EVANGELINE.—We should be happy, Gabriel.

GABRIEL.—Should be. Evangeline what mean you?

EVANGELINE.—I know not, Gabriel, but over my heart all this morning an undefined vision of evil has brooded. As we watched the sun descend last night, did you not notice, Gabriel, as it dipped below the horizon a little cloud, scarcely larger than your hand at first, pass athwart its disc; and then as twilight advanced it spread out in a great black bank, the edges fringed with characters and grotesque shapes, confused and undefined, indeed, but all, to me, presaging ill.

GABRIEL.—Banish the thought. Let no evil forebodings mar this happy day, the harbinger of happier ones to come. Put your trust in God, and remember on this earth you now have my strong arm to shield you.

EVANGELINE.—Gabriel, dear Gabriel.

They go up HERMAN and CHRISTY come down.

HERMAN.—Now, Christy, give me my answer. Will you have me?

CHRISTY.—Have you, you stupid boy. No.

HERMAN.—Think of the future, Christy. I don't care so much for myself, but think of what posterity will say.

CHRISTY.—Posterity?

HERMAN.—Yes, if you won't have me *our* posterity will be dumb, and you wouldn't have a dumb posterity, would you.

CHRISTY.—*(shyly)* I never thought of that.

HERMAN.—Then think of it now. *(coaxingly)* Say yes. *(puts arm about her)* Think of me—of our posterity.

CHRISTY.—*(bravely)* Well, then, for the sake of our posterity yes. *Puts her arm about Herman.*

Enter OLD MICHAEL, with fiddle.

BENEDICT.—Welcome, good Michael, welcome.

ALL.—A dance! a dance!

MICHAEL.—Ah, it does my old heart good to see you young folks enjoy yourselves. A happy youth, a happy old age, say I. Its yore morose and crabbed child that develops the shrew and the miser. I would have this world as full of music as my fiddle, *(tunes fiddle)* for life is not all sadness, not all tears; there is many a bright thread winding through, *(lively tune)* tissues of a somber hue; there is many a dark one woven in *(sad notes)* the golden ones between, and both youth

and its golden tresses and old age and its silver hairs, look best in a glow of sunshine.

ALL.—A dance! good Michael, a dance!

Michael is placed on musicians stand. May pole dance at the end of which drums are heard without, along with the rattle of arms and tramp of troops, which continues along with Martial music until characters have gathered at L.

F. E. Enter rapidly OFFICER and GUARDS. Guards are halted at R. U. E., OFFICER at R.

OFFICER.—You are summoned this day by his majesty's orders.

BASIL—(L. F.) Summoned! and for what?

OFFICER.—Clement and kind has he been, but how have you answered his kindness? let your own hearts reply. To my natural make and my temper; painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. Yet must I bow and obey and deliver the will of my monarch. Namely: "That all your lands and dwellings; and cattle of all kinds, forfeited be to the crown; and that you, yourselves, from this province be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there ever as faithful subjects, a happy and a peaceable people. Prisoners I now declare you, for such is his majesty's pleasure.

Characters form groups of grief and astonishment. Guards extend line down right to front. BENEDICT totters to center

BENEDICT.—Soldier do thy work; perform thine office—then return to thy king and tell him that thou soundst here columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment, where dwelt together a colony of simple Arcadian farmers in love of God and man. Alike were they free from fear, that reigns with tyrants, and envy, the vice of Republics. Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows; but their dwellings were as open as the hearts of their owners; there the rich were poor and the poorest lived in abundance. (Pause) Then tell him how thou hast mared this scene and spread over all—desolation.

OFFICER.—Nor yet is this all. Families shall be separated; wife from husband, parents from children, and lover from maid beloved—all shall be scattered broadcast over the world,

a terrible example to ungrateful subjects of the wrath of kings.

Villagers form picture of despair. GABRIAL up center supporting BENEDICT and EVANGELINE.

BASIL.—(*advancing with sledge*) Down with these tyrants of England! We have never sworn the king allegiance. Death to these foreign soldiers who seize upon our homes and our harvests, separating us from our wives and children.

OFFICER (*on guard*) BASIL with elevated sledge—*Picture.* GABRIAL passes EVANGELINE to BENEDICT and takes place at side of BASIL. VILLAGERS in attitude of attack on soldiers.

OFFICER.—(*Deliberately*) Make ready! take aim! *Pause and Picture.* Soldiers have obeyed orders, and stand with muskets at 'aim'

Enter LABLANCE from left upper entrance and advances rapidly to Center. *Music. Picture.* BASIL and OFFICER recover position: *Villagers cower back.*

OFFICER.—(*after a Picture pause.*) Recover arms. *Guards obey.*

LEBLANCE.—What is this you do, my children! what madness has seized you! Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another! Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and privations? Have you so soon forgotten all my lessons of love and forgiveness? There (*pointing to church*) is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred? Lo, (*pointing to crucifix*) where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you! See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and compassion! Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer: "Oh, Father, forgive them!" Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us. Let us repeat it now and say: "Oh Father, forgive them."

VILLAGERS kneel in semi-circle in front of LABLANCE. *At same time* Soldiers divide and part cross at back of stage and form down left. *Music and Picture.*

ALL VILLAGERS.—"Oh Father forgive them!"

Picture. SOLDIERS at rest, VILLAGERS in attitude of Prayer.

Music. Pause. Music changes as Scene at back opens and discloses village of Grand Pre in flames. VILLAGERS spring to their feet and gaze wildly at scene.

Guards bring their arms to a 'ready' *Picture* BENEDICT falls dead at center. GABRIAL and EVANGELINE bow in sympathy over him. GUARDS seize and part them to right and left front. LEBLANCE kneels with hands extended over BENEDICT. *Picture.*

ALL.—We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand Pre!

LEBLANCE—(with uplifted eyes and hands) "Oh Father forgive them!"

EVANGELINE.—Gabriel be of good cheer, for if we truly love one another nothing in sooth can harm us whatever mischance may happen!

Tableau and Curtain.—End of Act 1st.

ACT 2nd. SCENE 1st.

Cabin Scene on bank of the Lakes. Home of HERMAN and CHRISTY.

HERMAN, CHRISTY, and BENEDICT and ANNETTE, their children,
Discovered.

HERMAN.—Has Evangeline been home to-day?

CHRISTY.—No. I suppose she is again wandering through the woods, or watching by the shore.

HERMAN.—Aye, ever that restless, ceaseless shadow haunts her. Ever is she looking, searching for a presence that comes not. What a pity a maiden so fair and comely should waste herself away brooding over a hopeless love. Foolish girl. Gabriel will never be found, or if he is, he'll be married.

CHRISTY.—I don't know about that. He loved Evangeline dearly. She believes him faithful, Herman, and we'll do nought to shake her faith. Ah, never shall I forget that terrible day at Grand Pre.

BENEDICT.—Mother, tell us more about Grand Pre.

CHRISTY.—It's a long story my child, and one we've often told.

ANNETTE.—But we never tire of hearing it, do we brother?

BENEDICT.—No, indeed, we do not. You will tell us, father dear, won't you?

HERMAN.—Not now, my children. Ah, Christy, the heart grows old, but memory and the love of the home of our childhood, never. Many a weary year has passed since the burning of Grand Pre, when on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed, bearing a nation with all its household gods into exile. Friendless, homeless, hopeless they wandered from city to city, from these cold lakes of the north, to the sultry southern savannas. From the bleak hills of the seas to the lands of the Father of Waters. Friends they sought and homes, and many, despairing, heartbroken, asked of the earth but a grave; and no longer a home nor a fireside. Written *their* history stands on tablets of stone in the church yard. Others have made new homes in this new world and are prosperous, but never, ah, never, will they forget Grand Pre.

CHRISTY.—And all these years Evangeline has waited and wandered, lowly and meek in spirit and patiently suffering all things; leading a life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished. Ah, she comes, and with her good old Father LaBlance.

Enter EVANGELINE *and* LaBLANCE. *All rise.*

HERMAN.—Welcome, Father, welcome.

LaBLANCE.—Peace be with you all.

HERMAN.—Where have you been to-day, Evangeline.

EVANGELINE.—Down by the shore, watching the waves and come, bearing upon their bosoms the wealth of nations and the loves of many homes, and hoping that, perhaps---

CHRISTY.—Gabrial might be on board one of the many ships passing across the horizon. Dear child, why dream and wait for him longer? Are there not other youths as fair as Gabrial; others who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal. Here is Baptistie, the notary's son, who has loved thee many a tedious year. Come, give him thy hand and be happy. Thou art still too fair to be left behind to braid St. Catherine's tresses.

EVANGELINE.—I cannot. Whither my heart has gone there follows my hand, and not elsewhere. For when the heart goes before and illumines the pathway, many things are made clear that else lie hidden in darkness.

LaBLANCE.—O, daughter, thy God speaketh within thee (*to Christy*) Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted. If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning back to the springs like the rains, shall fill them full of refreshment. That which the fountain sends forth shall return again to the fountain. Patience! Accomplish thy labor of love; accomplish thy work of affection! Silence and sorrow is strong, and patient endurance is Godlike. Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made Godlike, purified, strengthened, perfected and rendered more worthy of Heaven.

EVANGELINE.—Thank you, Father, for those words. They nerve my heart for yet another trial. Good friends all; this day have I learned tidings of Gabrial. He lives with his father, Basil, the blacksmith, far down the Mississippi in Louisiana. Thither will I once more go in search of him; hoping, praying, that not as in times past, may I find him already departed and gone hence. Good Father La Blance, will you accompany me?

LaBLANCE.—The journey, my child, is a long and toilsome one; Yet trusting in heaven to guide us right, I will accompany thee.

EVANGELINE.—Then, Father, at the rising of to-morrow's sun we will depart.

LaBLANCE.—Then will I hence and prepare all things for

our journey, and kind heaven grant it may not prove in vain

Exit LABLANCE,

EVANGELINE —(*Gazing after him*) Amen. (*Pause*) Come now my good friends let us all within, for with the rising of to-morrow's sun guided by faith, hope and love my search for Gabriel must be resumed:

BENEDICT.—Don't go away from us again Evangeline.

ANNETTE.—Don't leave us Evangeline.

EVANGELINE —It must be so my little darlings; and now a fond good night to you both.

EVANGELINE *kisses Children and they exit into the house, accompanied by* HERMAN and CHRISTY.

EVANGELINE.—(*after watching them off*) Ah, how sad and weary are the years that pass in speechless sorrow. The dull throbs of an aching heart, ever nursing a hope it cannot accomplish, wears away its life like the ceaseless drop upon the everlasting granite. This is the last day I shall pass here among my kind friends, a fragment saved from the wreck and ruin of Grand Pœ. Here we are all bound by a common creed and a common misfortune. That sun as it sinks to rest goes down to rise again upon a new day —to light another world now wrapped in sleep and darkness, and awaken it to life and activity. It will return to-morrow, and may its golden rays in the east lead me on to Gabriel, my life, my love.

Enter BAPTISTIE.

BAPTISTIE.—Still wasting thy life away in sorrow and in tears. Believe me, there is no hope.

EVANGELINE.—While there is life there *is* hope. Gabriel still lives, and faith in heaven nerves me on to labor and to wait.

BAPTISTIE.—Vain will prove all thy visions, and futile all thy efforts. Its not in the scope of things earthly that all the fragments of a nation scattered as wide as the ends of the earth should strive and be driven over seas and through boundless wildernesses to be at last reunited. It cannot be. Then why waste your life away against the inexorable decrees of providence. You know, Evangeline, that I have loved thee long, that in herds of sheep and cattle, roaming over my own broad acres, I am rich. Be my bride and comfort and happiness will yet be thine.

EVANGELINE.— Ah, Baptistie, speak not to me of happiness without my Gabriel. Me your wife; the sharer of your home. You know not what you ask. The shadow of despair would enter your house with me, and its light would go out before the ever present cloud of a lingering and betrayed love.

BAPTISTIE.— Then fare-thee-well, Evangeline. I have spoken my heart freely and fain would have thee for my wife. But you say it cannot be, and I will not pain thee by repeating the wish. To my home I will carry a nameless sorrow. Go on your mission of love, and as you journey afar rest assured you have for your success the prayers of poor Baptistie.

Exit BAPTISTIE.

EVANGELINE. (*gazing after him*) Fare-thee-well Baptistie. Fare-thee-well friends

Music. Picuture. Scene closes in.

ACT 2nd. SCENE 2nd.

From Wood.

Enter HERMAN followed by CHRISTY.

HERMAN.— (*Expostulating*) I tell you Baptistie did wrong. He shouldn't have let her off in that way. He ought to have shown his devotion by sticking to the point; and at least gotten her to promise if she did't find Gabriel in a month—or at most a year, she would be his bride. Now if I had let you off the first time you said no to me——

CHRISTY.— (*coquetishly*) You would have broken your heart, wouldn't you dear, and I would have married some rich man and rode in my coach and four and——

HERMAN.— That (*snapping his fingers*) for your coach and four. You wouldn't have done nothing of the kind, and besides rich men ain't picked up any thicker than gold dollars, and I've never heard of you finding one of them yet.

CHRISTY.— Any one can see that when they look at you.

HERMAN.— Come now Christy, this won't do. We are breaking one of the golden rules of our married life, and that rule was always to talk *to* and never *at* one another.

CHRISTY.— Yes, I was in the wrong, Herman. Old Michael

taught me many a good lesson, in his odd way, and I trust I have profited by them; and one was always to walk on the sunny side of life, I find, as he said I would, the shade comes to us soon enough.

HERMAN. —(*at c. taking both her hands*) It's ten years now since we were married. Before that happy event I believed you to be an angel, and ever since, do you know, Christy, I've trembled for fear you would turn into one and leave me.

CHRISTY. —And then we would never, *never!* meet again, would we? (*Pause*) I don't believe I would like that.

HERMAN. —No, I know you wouldn't, Christy. Why you would be as lonesome as Evangeline without me to cheer and comfort you. Now if Evangeline and Gabriel had married and settled down comfortably like you and me, and contributed something to posterity how much better they would be off; and it's not too late yet for the girl to make amends; if she would only marry Baptistie. But what does she do but refuse a good offer, and pack up and away this morning to—goodness knows where in search of some fellow she has heard looks like Gabriel. Pshaw? Its all bosh.

CHRISTY. —Well, bosh or no bosh, Herman; its the one comfort and solace of her life. We cannot fathom the mysteries of the human heart, nor weigh on all the balances of the world the wealth of one true womans love. And if ever there was a true woman it is Evangeline; if ever there was a true love it is hers for Gabriel. Her faith and her love may be far, very far, beyond our comprehension, but if we were separated (*nestles close to him*) let us ask our own hearts what would fill the void.

HERMAN. —(*caressing her*) There, there, Christy; your'e coming the angel again, and the old boy is melted in me, (*wipes his eyes*) and Evangeline shant marry Baptistie, no not even if she wants to; the hard hearted rascal to pester the girl against her will. I'll—

ANNETTE. —(*without*) Father!

BENEDICT. —Mother!

Enter CHILDREN, running.

CHRISTY. —What is it, darlings?

ANNETTE. —We've found a kitten's nest with five little kittens in it.

BENEDICT. —Black and white ones! and they aint got any eyes! and their— Oh! come and see them!

ANNETTE. —Come along father!

BENEDICT. —Come along mother!

Children pull them off, all laughing

ACT 2nd. SCENE 3rd.

Bank of Mississippi River. EVANGELINE seated on set rock as in well known picture. LABLANCE and others sleeping upon the ground. Lights down.

EVANGELINE.—Day succeeds day and night follows night, and still my lone watch I'm keeping. Will I never see my Gabriel more? 'Tis strange, but all this day something has whispered: 'thy Gabriel is near. Oh, heaven grant that this should be so, and that the throbbing of my heart should prove in time my expectation true.

Song, "Long, Long Weary Day"

EVANGELINE.—A sudden dreariness overpowers me, (*rests her cheek upon her hand,*) something in the night air wearys me. sleeps.

Scene changes at back and discovers GABRIEL and companions in boat on river. GABRIEL standing in bow, others rowing

CHORUS.—'Lost Evangeline.'

Scene closes in—quick change—Music.

EVANGELINE.—(*awakens and starts towards vision*) Gabriel, my Gabriel, come back!

LABLANCE *awakens and comes rapidly to center where they meet.*

LABLANCE.—My child, what would you?

EVANGELINE—Oh, it was but a dream! *Still gazing after vision.*

LABLANCE.—A dream! What, my daughter?

EVANGELINE.—Oh, Father LaBlance, something says in my heart that near me my Gabriel wanders. Is it a foolish dream—an idle vague superstition? or has an angel passed and revealed the truth to my spirit? Alas, for my credulous fancy; unto ears like thine such words have no meaning.

LABLANCE.—Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning. Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor is hidden. Therefore trust to thy heart and what the world calls illusions. Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward, on the banks

of the Teeche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.— There the long absent pastor regains his flock and his sheepfold. They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.

EVANGELINE.—At last. Oh, my God I thank thee.

Picture. BOATMAN awakes and prepares for journey. Stage has gradually changed to morning, sun is rising, birds singing.

BOATMAN.—All is ready.

LABLANCE.—Come, daughter, come.

Music. LABLANCE leads EVANGELINE towards boat. BOATMEN singing. Music and slow curtain.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT 3rd. SCENE 1st.

*Plantation Scene in Louisiana. Home of BASIL. Laborer's at work in the fields. View of the River:
Farm house with large veranda —Scene as before the war*

BASIL Discovered.

BASIL.—Ten years have elapsed since exiled and driven from home in the village of Grand Pre, Gabriel, my son, has wandered abroad seeking in all climes and all countries his bride, Evangeline. Ever seeking, ever returning weary hearted, to his home, older in years, but no wearier in spirit and hope to regain his lost love. (*Bugle sounds*) Ah, a boat approaches upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi,— (*A pause*) It has landed. (*pause*) Its living freight is here.

Enter LABLANCE, EVANGELINE, and party.

BASIL.—Welcome, strangers, welcome.

LABLANCE.—Peace and a fair day be with you, sir. Can you direct us to the home of one Basil, an exile of Grand Pre.

EVANGELINE.—(*at left gazing anxiously at BASIL*) Oh, can it be!

BASIL.—If you mean Basil, the blacksmith, the exile of Grand Pre, ended is your journey and your toils. Older he is in years, but no colder in heart. Basil stands before you.

EVANGELINE.—(*rushing to him*) My father!

BASIL.—(*embracing her*) Daughter! Evangeline!

EVANGELINE.—Yes, it is Evangeline; and this is our good Father LeBlance, whom neither age nor fatigue could debar from assisting in the search for Gabriel.

LABLANCE.—Just Heaven, we thank thee!

EVANGELINE.—(*gazing about*) But Gabriel—where, where is my Gabriel?

BASIL.—If ye came from the North how comes it that ye have nowhere encountered Gabriel's boat on the river or bayous.

EVANGELINE.—(*abstractly*) Gone! is Gabriel gone?

BASIL.—Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed. Foolish boy; he has left me alone with my herds and my horses. Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence. Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever; ever silent and speaking only of thee and his troubles, he at length had become so tedious even to me, that

at length I bethought me and sent him into the town of Adayes, to trade for mules with the Spaniards, thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains, hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.

EVANGELINE.—(*despondently*) Lost, forever lost!

LA BLANCE.—Be of good cheer, daughter; nothing is forever lost, when faith and hope lights the way. Thy Gabriel seeks thee, even as thou dost him.

BASIL.—Aye, be of good cheer. Heed well the words of thy Father. We will follow the fugitive lover. He is not far on his way, and the fates and the streams are against him. Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning, we will follow him fast and bring him back to his prison.

VOICES WITHOUT.—Long live Michael, our brave old Arcadian fiddler.

Enter laborers bearing in their arms OLD MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.—There, there, friends, sit me down easy. Lads and lasses, it seems that my bones have grown as light as my heart, and far more weary.

They seat MICHAEL *up stage.* EVANGELINE and LE BLANCE *approach and salute him.*

BASIL.—Welcome once more my friends who long have been friendless and homeless. Welcome once more to a home that is better, perhaps than the old one.

MICHAEL.—Oh, no! there can be no other homelike Grand Pre, the home of our childhood.

ALL.—Never, never!

BASIL.—Aye, better! but perhaps not so warm in memory and affection. Here no hungry wind congeals our blood like the rivers; here no stony ground provokes the blood of the farmers. Smoothly the plow-share runs through the soil as the keel through the water. All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows more in a single night than in a whole Canadian summer. Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed on the prairies; here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber with a few blows of the ax are hewn and framed into houses. After your houses are built and your fields are yellow with harvest no King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads, burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.

MICHAEL.—*tuning his fiddle*) Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever! for it is not like that of our cold Arcadian climate, cured by wearing a spider hung around ones neck in a nut shell.

Enter PLANTATION HANDS, BASIL and friends seated on verandah, old fashioned plantation jubilee. Songs, dances and walk-arounds. At conclusion,

BASIL.—Away now, each to repose, the day breaks early, and there is work for us all to-morrow.

MICHAEL.—*(To 'LEBLANCE and BASIL who assist him forward.)* There, there, old friends, I declare my old bones act like a fiddle long out of use and creak at every joint. But there is music at the old heart yet, and will be until the master calls the final note and the tune is ended.

BASIL.—But that may not be for a long time yet; at least we hope so, good Michael.

MICHAEL.—A long time! Ah, men measure time wrong all their lives. In their youth they fret against the bars that bind them from manhood and spurn with wanton feet the bright woofs that are woven about their paths, and thus they pass into manhood, scorning the things they do possess, and surcharging their hearts with envy of objects unattainable, until they slip into old age, and sit inly counting their dark hours and bitter disappointments, as all the wealth they have preserved, forgetting all the golden hours that lie between.

'LEBLANCE.—But there is One, good Michael, who counts the hours of all men by the bright rays which flash across the dial, and that record is as just to the beggar as to the king.

MICHAEL.—But kings and beggars alike forget that in contentment alone there is rest, and this they could have secured anywhere along life's journey. Now I've been rich with only my fiddle, and content with only its notes; and more than this; I've had enough and to spare to make others happy around me, and my heart and fiddle have always been full of music and richer as they have mellowed with age.—Listen. *(plays a bright, glad strain, and lets the notes slowly die away)* I sometimes feel that I hear beyond, and catch a ray of sunshine from the celestial world.

'LEBLANCE.—Life is also made for duty, to sanctify and purify the heart, and fit it for a holier, better sphere.

MICHAEL.—Ah, good Father, I believe life was made for beauty as well as duty; that all things which instruct and

purify the heart, are but so many paths for duty, and the more bright and cheerful life's rugged ways are made the more freely the tender feet of man will follow them. It's hard to make the timid of heart tread a path spread with thorns alone, no matter how bright the goal beyond is painted. I lift mine over the thorns thus, (*plays*) and to Old Michael, both death and the grave are shorn of their terrors, and he sees only happiness here and joy beyond *Plays*.

Exit ALL except EVANGELINE.

EVANGELINE.—Patience, my heart, until to-morrow. (*Comes forward*) O Gabriel! O my beloved! Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee? Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me? Ah! how often have thy feet trod this path to the prairie! Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me! Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor, thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers. When shall these eyes behold these arms enfold thee again. My heart, be still—to-morrow!

ECHO.—Still—to-morrow!

EVANGELINE *kneels at left in attitude of prayer. Scene changes at back and discovers GABRIEL in same attitude, cross in hand. Camp scene of Indian Mission.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT 4th. SCENE 1st.

Camp Scene in Indian Mission. Landscape, mountain defile, and distant cataract, &c. General view same as vision scene at end of last act. Government officers issuing supplies to Indians, a number of whom are gathered about in various attitudes, others enter and exit as they receive their supplies. Soldiers on guard.

Priest of Mission present in charge of his flock. Supplies are issued, and officers and soldiers march off. Indians disperse, and stage remains exactly as seen at close of the last act.
Music.

Enter LeBLANCE, EVANGELINE and Indian Guides.

EVANGELINE.—Day after day, with our Indian guides, have we followed Gabriel's flying steps and thought each day to overtake him. Sometimes we have seen, or thought we've seen, the smoke of his camp-fire rise in the morning air from the distant plain, but at nightfall, when we reached the place we've found only embers and ashes. And though our hearts have been sad at times and our bodies weary, hope has still guided us on.

PRIEST.—Not six suns have risen since Gabriel, seated on yonder mat; and by my side, told me this same sad tale, and then arose and continued his journey. Far to the north he has gone, but in autumn, when the chase is done, will return again to the mission.

EVANGELINE.—(*wearily*) Till autumn, then, let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.

PRIEST.—So seems it wise and well, (*bell rings*) but the chapel chimes call me away to holy service. Father LeBlance will you join me in our holy mission.

LeBLANCE.—Evangeline, patience; still have faith and thy prayer will be answered. Look at this vigorous plant that

lifts its head from the meadow; see how it's leaves are turned to the North as true as the magnate. This is the compass flower that the finger of God has planted here in the houseless wild to direct the traveler's journey over the sea-like pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

EVANGELINE.—Oh, my father, guide me.

LEBLANCE.—Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion, gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance. But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly. Only this plant can guide us here and hereafter. Crown us with asphadel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe—the tear drops of heaven.

Exit LEBLANCE and PRIEST.

EVANGELINE.—(*bows head and sobs*) Gabriel, Gabriel—will we ever meet again?

Enter INDIAN MAIDEN, *who softly and unobserved approaches*

EVANGELINE. *Music.*

MAIDEN.—My pale-faced sister is sad.

EVANGELINE.—Aye! sad, very sad; and heart-broken.

MAIDEN.—The Tame Fawn knows the story of her sister, and her heart is sad like hers. She, too, has loved and been beloved, but the brave Chief who was to have made her the light of his wigwam returns no more to brighten her eyes and make her heart glad.

EVANGELINE.—Poor child! poor child! I do indeed pity you.

MAIDEN.—The Tame Fawn has heard her sister's story. It is like that of the Mowas.

EVANGELINE.—The Mowas? and who was the Mowas?

MAIDEN.—The story is long and might weary my pale-faced sister.

EVANGELINE.—My heart is weary, with longing, waiting, and will gladly listen.

MAIDEN.—Mowas was the bridegroom of Snow, who won and wedded the maiden, Lillineau, but when the morning came he arose and passed from the wigwam, fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine.

EVANGELINE.—And did he never return?

MAIDEN.—Day after day Lillineau followed his flying steps and thought each day to overtake him. Slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other; days, weeks and months passed

the green spring, the bright summer and the mellow autumn passed and winter came again, but brought not Mowas.

EVANGELINE.—(*musingly*) Can this be my own story repeated to me?

MAIDEN.—Thus the long, sad years glided on, and Lillineau came and passed among the villages and wigwams like a phantom. Fair was she, and young, when in hope began the long journey. Faded was she, and old, before it ended. Each year stole something from her beauty, leaving behind it broader and deeper the gloom and the shadow. Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead, the dawn of another life that broke over her earthly horizon, as in the eastern sky, the first faint streaks of morning.

EVANGELINE.—(*sadly*) It is the vision of my own existence.

MAIDEN.—Then Lillineau thought she was a child again, and wooed by a phantom, that through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight, breathed like the evening wind and whispered love to the maiden till she followed his green and waving plume through the forests and nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.

EVANGELINE.—(*musingly*) A breath from the region of spirits seems to float in the air of night, and I feel as if I, too, like the Indian maiden, am pursuing a phantom. Slowly over the mountains the moon rises, lighting all things with a mysterious splendor.

Scene changes and discloses beautiful Landscape. Distant view of Indian village at foot of mountain. Cascades descending, with stream crossing in front. A 'dreamy and a mystical splendor' over all. A cloud descends and at the same time a flash of lighting passes across it and thunder is heard, and the
MOWAS *persued by an INDIAN MAIDEN*
is seen in mid heaven. Grand
transformation scene,
&c., &c., &c.

MAIDEN.—It is Lillineau in pursuit of the Mowas.

Evangeline and Maiden in attitudes of awe and astonishment.
Music and slow Curtain.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT 5th, SCENE 1st.

Street. On one side a large Convent or Church. On the other an Alms House. Full stage set. Citizens passing and re-passing. General appearance of gloom. Solemn Music from Church as Scene opens.

Enter BENEDICT and ANNETTE.

ANNETTE.—Now, Benny, you know father and mother are to meet us here and we have to look after them a little while they are in the city, and you shouldn't ask me to take a stroll with you through the park.

BENEDICT.—Oh, that's all right, Netty. I only thought you would like a little fresh air after being shut up between the close walls of a boarding school so long. I'm sure I'm glad my term at college is out, and that we are going back to the old place in the country. Won't we have fun, though, Netty? Parties on the lake, music, hunting, rowing and fishing! I declare, I can scarcely wait for the hour to arrive.

ANNETTE.—Nor I, either. I say, Benny, do you remember who was the best shot when we left home—ha! ha!

BENEDICT.—Yes, I do know. You caught me once when I was a little—

ANNETTE.—Out of practice, you said. But that won't do, Benny; no, no—that won't do.

BENEDICT.—Hush, Netty. Listen.

Music from organ in church, and singing by chorus of voices.

Enter HERMAN and CHRISTY. They meet and greet BENEDICT and ANNETTE, while music continues.

CHRISTY.—Herman, is it not beautiful? The low, solemn chords of music pealing forth praises to him who made the world and holds in his hands the destinies of all who are in it.

HERMAN.—Yes, Christy, indeed it is; youth and its sprightly joys are past with us, but praise be to Him who doeth all things well. Life to us has brought blessings instead of evils, joys instead of sorrows. Our home has been made bright by the little ones who have grown up around us, and we have been happy and contented almost all the days of our lives.

CHRISTY.—Ah! Herman, you forget there has been one shadow upon our hearth and over even our lives—poor **Evangeline!**

HERMAN.—Yes; Evaneline's life has indeed been a sad one, and a tinge of its blight has spread over even our paths, but at last she has sought a refuge from the burden of her sorrows and cares, and, let us trust, is happy.

CHRISTY.—Happy! Aye; as a sister of charity here in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, she goes from door to door, ministering to the wants of the dwellers in this plague-stricken city.

HERMAN.—Aye! a fearful curse has fallen upon this city, hundreds of its people being daily conveyed to the churchyard. But amid all this disease and sorrow Evaneline passes unstricken, an angel of peace and of mercy.

CHRISTY.—And finds her reward in the blessings of the poor and lowly whom she relieves. Indeed Father LeBlance was right—affection never was wasted. Her love for lost Gabriel has purified, sanctified her life, and brought happiness and life into many homes.

HERMAN.—See where she goes.

EVANGELINE enters from Church as Sister of Charity. Music.

Slowly crosses at back and Exits into Alms House.

HERMAN.—She enters the alms house, where the poor who have neither friends nor attendants creep away to die in the home of the homeless.

CHRISTY.—There, they say, the dying look up into her face as if to behold the gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor, while she softly repeats the words of the Lord, "Peace be with you."

Enter GABRIAL, very old and weak.

GABRIAL.—Life weary and tottering upon the brink of the grave, at last I've reached the place where they say Evaneline still lives and breathes. Oh, merciful God! Thou, who tempts the wind to the shorn lamb, uphold me now; let me not sink at the end of this weary pilgrimage, without once more clasping her in my arms—without once more gazing into her face—without one farewell kiss, to make life's exit less terrible.

CHRISTY.—Who can this poor old man be?

GABRIAL.—'Twas here they said she dwelt. Life is but pause in the great volume of time; a brief period on the vast page of eternity. A breath, a gasp, and then oblivion.

HERMAN.—Poor old man, he is plague stricken.

GABRIAL.—But to die so near and yet without one last look at my beloved. O heaven, it is too bitter. My brain is on fire! my senses reel! and death is tugging at my heart strings! Away—away! I say; I cannot—will not die! Oh, Evangeline.

GABRIAL *about to fall is supported by* HERMAN and BENEDICT.

HERMAN.—Poor old man, permit us to assist you.

CHRISTY,—(*startled*) Said he not Evangeline?

ANNETTE.—He did.

GABRIAL.—No, it is useless. Already I feel the hand of death laid heavily upon my heart; a few minutes more, and life's journey, with me will be at an end.

CHRISTY.—(*quickly*) Evangeline—did you say Evangeline?

GABRIAL.—I did. Oh, Evangeline, my beloved!

HERMAN.—Surely you do not mean Evangeline, the exile of Grand Pre?

GABRIAL.—I do. Do you know her?

CHRISTY.—It is Gabriel!

HERMAN.—Gabriel!

CHRISTY.—Evangeline is near thee. For long years she sought thee and sought in vain. until at length, here in this holy convent, she ceased from wandering and became one of God's messengers on earth, ministering to the afflicted.

GABRIAL.—At last.

GABRIAL *sinks down*. HERMAN and CHRISTY *kneel over him*. At some instant the door of the Alms House opens, and EVANGELINE and LEBLANCE *Enter*. *Music*. They cross to the Church *kneel upon the steps, bow their heads and kiss crucifix; arise and about to enter*.

BENEDICT.—(*who has approached them*) Good Father.

LEBLANCE.—What would you, my son?

BENEDICT.—Behold.

EVANGELINE and LEBLANCE *approach* GABRIAL *She kneels over him and takes his head in her arms; starts at recognition*. *Picture*.

EVANGELINE.—Oh, my God, can it be. Gabriel! Gabriel! Father I thank Thee.

GABRIAL.—Evangeline! beloved Evangeline. Bless thee! bless thee. *Dies*.

Picture of grief. LEBLANCE *up center, standing; all about Gabriel and Evangeline*.

LEBLANCE.—Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally justice triumphs.

Lights have gradually turned down. Church becomes illuminated and as curtain slowly descends, organ and CHORUS within, join in appropriate Latin Hymn.

END OF LAST ACT.







