

But wept more bitterly, till to his heart
Fondly he held her, and then softly said :
“ Look up, sweet one, our Constance is not dead,
“ But in a fairer clime our flower lives,
“ And in a few brief years we meet again ;
“ Therefore, my Rosaline, be comforted.”
And she obeyed, lifting her weeping eyes
To where, like a pure lily gently culled,
The form of Constance in sweet sleep reclined.
But at that sight she stay'd her gasping sobs,
Clinging to Guy her wild tears ceased to flow.
For as she gazed upon that marble brow,
Full of still, deep repose, it seemed as tho'
The spirit passing by had smiled and left
Upon that brow unutterable peace.
The fight was over now, the toil, the strife
Were gone, and like a conqueror there she lay,
Her countenance with angel brightness clad,
And o'er her lips a shadowy smile there play'd,
Unearthly in its sweetness, thus she slept.
Ah ! now, no more her mourning spirit sighed.
All earthly sorrows from her fled for aye,
And her sad soul at last was *satisfied*,
For she had passed to a diviner land,
To where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the poor weary hearted ever *rest*.

THE END.