

Have all the thorns that in *her* pathway lie,  
Then would I be content, I would not shrink,  
Knowing her happy I should be resign'd,  
Do with me, Father, even as Thou wilt,  
In my great weakness do Thou help Thy child."

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And a great calm o'er her sad spirit fell.  
Again sleep visited her weary eyes,  
For to her came a grand and holy peace.

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And now the sisters in the castle hall,  
Bade to their sire and De Lestrance God-speed.

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Then to the courtyard from the hall they went,  
And wildly sobbed fair Rosaline, whilst o'er  
Her brow fell as a veil of shining gold  
Her waving hair, 'neath which her lovely face  
Gleamed like a morning glory wet with dew,  
And marvelled that her Constance was so calm.  
She could not tell that in that noble heart,  
Sorrow there lay too deep for utterance,  
Nor knew not that beneath that still, sweet smile  
Was there a grief tears could not weep away.

The queenly Constance, with character  
thus purified by suffering and resignation,  
devotes the rest of her life both at home and  
in the Holy Land, to the service of others,  
and especially to working out the happi-  
ness of her sister. The description of her  
self-sacrifice durng the devastations of a  
deadly fever is speciall y fine:—

Still pleaded Rosaline, "Must I remain  
These perils leaving thee alone to brave?  
Is not thy life, love, dearer far than mine?  
And wherefore this?" Then with a saddened smile  
Spake Constance, "Ah! my dearest, is there not  
One who would far more miss and mourn, me  
thinks,

Thyself e'en than a thousand Constances!  
Therefore entreat no more, my Rosaline,"  
Then she went forth in sweet self-sacrifice;  
Watched o'er the sick, thought only of their wants  
And of the safety of her sister fair.

In utter self-forgetfulness she went,  
And many lying on their couch of pain  
E'en held their breath her light footfall to hear,  
And 'mid the darkest hour, when fever raged,  
Fancied the cooling touch of her small hand  
Was a pure dew drop, fall'n from the skies;  
And thought the soothing sound of her sweet voice  
The murmur of the wavelets of the lake.

And often the last gaze of dying eyes  
Rested on her; half deeming that they saw  
An angel in that slender, shadowy form,  
And yearning look of love unutterable.  
And strained their failing ears the last, last words  
Of holy triumph and steadfast faith to hear.  
For the grim messenger came day by day,  
Those taking who to this life still would cling,

Nor spared the young, but with his iron grip  
The fairest flower of 't pluck'd in passing by.  
Yet amongst those who fear'd death were some  
Who meekly yielded up to God their souls;  
Yea, such who with a Christian's lofty faith,  
Long'd only their dear Master Christ to meet.

At length her strength gave way, and she  
seemed

"Each day more shadowy and spirit-like."

One evening, gazing on the sunset, she  
softly said:—

"Come hither, Rosaline, Guy, also thou,  
For the last time do I that sunset see,  
And ere I go, fain would I speak with thee.  
Yet pray I not as in those other days,  
Oh! that thou mayest each to the other long  
Be granted: such has *ever* been my prayer.  
That naught but happiness may fall to thee,  
For sorrow purifieth, and methinks  
We may grow holy 'neath God's chastening rod;  
And often 'mongst the thorns are fairest flowers,  
And if we suffer here that other world  
The brighter seemeth to our longing souls.  
So mayest thou be, that then when death shall come  
Such it is not to thee, but rather life."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And I go hence, sweet sister, not in fear,  
For on my soul no shadow there hath fall'n,  
But full of calm, deep peace do I depart.  
The road hath been so rough and wearisome,  
But now at last my spirit rest hath found.  
Ye must not mourn and weep for me as one  
Having no hope, for I am satisfied."  
And a still, saintly smile came o'er her face,  
Robing her marble features as a veil  
Of shadowy light, whilst o'er her brow there strayed  
The auburn tresses, and 'neath the red light,  
Of sunset, shone like waves of burning gold.  
And o'er her eyes, so spiritually clear,  
The lids droop'd, as the water-lily folds  
Its snowy petals o'er its golden breast.  
Tranquil she lay, nor spake. All breathlessly  
they watched, but deeming that their Constance  
slept.

'Length when the shades of night had gathered o'er,  
Unto her sister there, came Rosaline,  
Saying, with tender words, "Shall we depart?"  
She answered not, and when again they spake,  
Stirred not, for in that silent hour had fled  
Her spirit pure, unto its longed-for home.

We have quoted enough to show that the  
poem, which is fifty pages in length, is  
well worthy of careful perusal. It is very  
handsomely printed and bound, and is in  
every way a credit to both author and pub-  
lisher.