

“Such it is not to thee, but rather life.”
Then ceased a little while, then spake again,
“Methought last night, in a fair dream, perchance,
“An angel form came softly unto me,
“And bending held my hand, low murmuring,
“‘Constance, thy work is o’er, come to thy home.’
“And in that face, while gazing, I beheld
“Our mother, as in life, divinely fair,
“Then with a flood of light, she onward passed,
“And I in silence lay, oft wondering.
“Yet spirit voices ever seem to say,
“‘Come hither, sister, we but wait for thee!’
“And in the watches of the night, I hear
“The footsteps of the Master drawing nigh.
“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