

CHARLES.

See even now she comes, and, oh! her brow
Is not so clouded as an hour ago;
God has been merciful.

FRIEND.

Yes, dearest children, yes, bow down to earth,
Thanking the Lord for hopes so kindly sent;
His hand is everywhere, and he has stayed
Somewhat the progress of the dread disease,
And through his mercy yet, dear children, you
May bless the Hand that has raised up from death
Your gentle parent. Though all hope was past,
Though the grave yawned for her, he held her back;
And he is powerful, and may grant her yet
Return of health. Pray then, my children, pray.