

round and round his garden humming to himself in a cheerful mood. He had no apparent object in view, but was enjoying the mere motion and sound as children so often do, and which simple joys they so often lose as the years pass over them. "What plant is this, and what does it mean?" I asked. "That," said my guide, "is the herb called rue, and stands for sorrow." This answer left me still more amazed, and I was utterly unable to see any connection between the cheerful child and a plant with such a meaning and so fell to wondering what the Master thought of it. Listening most attentively I heard the angel say, "Master, why sorrow for my child?" The Master said, "Why not—sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning, and they that now go forth weeping shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing their sheaves with them." "Master, may I ask what my child will become?" "Only this may'st thou know—he shall bear in his bosom the reproach of many people, and shall sorrow for the sorrow of God." As I was about to speak to my guide I observed with great interest the face of the angel to whom this was said—it seemed to tell of those mysteries in life that we mortals find so difficult, for it told of tears that end in laughter, and sorrows that become the springs of thankfulness. "Do you understand all this," I said to my guide. "No, but it may possibly be that this is one who is dedicated to the priesthood, and the more so that you may have noticed how the Master laid both His scarred hands upon the child's head after the manner of one upon whom is conferred the grace of ordination." Thereafter we approached the last garden that I am now to describe. It was the strangest that I had yet seen, and it seemed to attract the attention of many others, for as the Master stopped in front of it, one realized a sort of quiver of expectation in the angelic forms that were grouped in the immediate neighbourhood, and then, too, I noticed with awe that there suddenly appeared a multitude of shining ones that thronged about the Master, and also hovering in great numbers rank upon rank high up over the little plot of ground. I cannot convey to you the strange feelings that almost overpowered me at this time. In the very centre of the garden was planted a vine and it had been trained to rest upon supports until it not only filled the garden, but was stretching over into several nearby plots that had evidently been neglected and left to the mercy of the weeds, which weeds it was slowly driving back by the force of its own vitality. Nowhere did it touch the ground and the supports were made of twigs stuck in the ground, each twig having a little piece of twig tied crossways near the top of the upright twig. I noticed that they were all copies of our Lord's cross and that there must have been nearly a hundred of them altogether. Indeed the child was just then