

"My husband and child are still upon earth," she answered. "When the Master called me hither, I seemed to have much to leave; and yet I know not how it was, but when I heard HIS voice my soul rose up hastily, like Blessed Mary and went out gladly to meet HIM. And now," she continued "I find it was to add the love and joy of Paradise to the love and gladness of earth. We are still one though parted; and the time is short."

"And hast thou seen them since that sad hour of parting?" I asked.

"Aye," she replied; "twice hath the PRINCE sent me to earth. Once it was to save my little one from a horrible death. I found her playing on the brink of a hidden well, and I took her back to those who, in sorrow and fear, were vainly seeking her."

"Did they see thee?" I asked.

"The child saw me, and when she spoke of it they went forth to seek me, and knew not that I stood beside them. So I returned again to wait them here; and once again I visited earth. When in his loneliness my husband's prayer came up, saying, that since the LORD had set the cross of suffering on his path, henceforth life should be to him one continued service, and offering himself as one who would carry the Name of CHRIST into perilous and heathen lands. Then, on the night on which he sailed, as he lay asleep in the ship, the Master sent me to bid him be of good cheer. I know not if in his dreams he saw me, but when I spoke he smiled, and I heard him murmur 'Gabrielle,' and then 'CHRIST.'"

"And is this long ago?" I asked.

"Nay, I cannot tell," she said, smiling; "for the time is ever short in Paradise."

And now a very wondrous though distant burst of melody filled the air, unlike any sound that I had heard; but so joyous, so pervading, so perfect was the harmony, that I earnestly asked from whence it came. "It is, indeed, a blessed sound," said Gabrielle; "It is borne on heavenly gales from the Celestial Country; in a moment it will be taken up and echoed back by every dweller in Paradise, for to us, also, it is a sound of joy. It is the song of the angels in the presence of GOD over some sinner that repenteth."

"Ah!" I thought, "if it might but be the son for whom that mother prayed, whose prayer breathed in the lily!"

Divining my wish, Gabrielle turned and we retraced our steps to the margin of the stream, and there where the fair lily had been, lay a glorious opal, casting back from its polished