

of prayer. Turning to Gabrielle I asked if it were so, or if my fancy misled me.

"You are not mistaken," she said, "these are the as yet unanswered prayers of some who are still on earth. Stoop, and thou shalt hear." Then I bent over a fair lily, and in its pure chalice heard, as it were, a distant echo of these words: "LORD, he hath lost the faith and love of his childhood—he hath wandered from THEE and from me; bring him home at last!" "Alas!" I said, "Surely, this is the prayer of a mother for her son!"

Again I listened, and from the crimson bell of another flower I heard—"LORD, that I might receive my sight," and I said "Amen!" for at that moment it seemed as though I could not bear that blinds man's cross.

Once more I leant over those strange blossoms, and my ear caught these sounds uttered with a clearer, intenser cry than either of the other petitions—"O, GOD, if indeed THOU art anywhere in space, teach me where to find THEE; teach me how to believe on THEE!"

But even as I listened, the words died away, the flower closed, its petals drooped, and then passed from my sight, leaving in its stead a radiant jewel, on which was graven some words I could not read.

Then Gabrielle's countenance shone with a new glory. "Praised be our GOD," she said, "Who hath at length heard the voice that cried unto HIM out of the darkness." She then told me that this jewel would be treasured up for the crown of the suppliant at the Day of Resurrection; and at that moment an angel passed by, who gathered it with other gems from amongst the flowers, and bore it away in his golden basket.

Then I asked of my guide if, sooner or later, all these prayers would receive an answer.

"Not so," she replied; "The prayer of faith is not always a prayer of knowledge—though, being the token of faith and love, it is most dear to the KING. Yet, be thou not discouraged. The continual intercession of the saints on earth ever receiveth acceptance and answer, though it may be after long waiting. Pray, therefore, night and day for those thou lovest; thou wilt not pray in vain." Then she took me aside where other flowers grew, whose blossoms were of such marvellous and dazzling whiteness, that I could scarcely look upon them; but it seemed to me that they were marked with blood.

"Touch them not," she said, "but kneel and listen if perchance thou mayest hear the voice of these."

And I knelt upon the ground and heard—"O, My Father,