
The Manner of the Message

were these: "We shan't meet again. I'm getting weaker and weaker every day," and then looking at me earnestly, he said with emphasis, "*thank God for it, thank God for it!*" He was glad to go.

On a tall chest at a little distance from his bed, with bright flowers near it, was a silver cross decorated with brilliant rose and flame-coloured enamel, in which Christ, with outstretched arms above the world, is represented as revealing the glory of love to those on earth who have but to raise their heads to behold it. He explained to me its symbolism, and told me that he often looked at it.

THE END