

beautiful—more and more full of light—and through veils of golden vapour, great branching lilies seemed to grow and blossom out, filling the air with perfume; and in their flowering beauty perfected the airy semblance of this wondrous Place of Prayer built by spiritual hands—and like a far-off echo of sweetness falling from unseen heights there came a musical whisper of the chorus sung by the poor—

“All God’s angels will say, ‘Well done!
Whenever thy mortal race is run.
White and forgiven,
Thou’lt enter heaven,
And pass, unchallenged, the Golden Gate,
Where welcoming spirits watch and wait
To hail thy coming with sweet accord
To the Holy City of God the Lord!”

A convulsive trembling seized the Cardinal’s mortal frame,—but the soul within him was strong and invincible. With hands outstretched he turned to Manuel,—and lo!—the boy was moving away from him—moving slowly, but resolutely up towards the Cross! Breathless, speechless, the aged Felix watched him with straining uplifted eyes,—and as he watched, saw his garments grow white and glistening, and a great light began to shine about him—till reaching the foot of the Cross He turned,—and then—He was no more a child! All the glory of the “Vision Beautiful” shone full upon the dying body and escaping soul of Christ’s faithful servant!—the Divine Head crowned with thorns—the Divine arms stretched out against the beams of the great Cross—the Divine look of love and welcome!—and with a loud cry of ecstasy Felix Bonpré extended his trembling hands.

“Master! Master!” he murmured. “Did not my heart burn within me when Thou didst talk with me by the way!”

Yearning towards that Mystic Glory he clasped his hands, and in the splendour of the dream, and through the pulsations of the solemn music he heard a Voice—the Voice of his child