

gave his fair face the aspect of a rapt Angel of wisdom and beauty. "Here will we ask the Father which is in Heaven—the Father of all worlds—whether we shall part now, one from the other, or still remain—together!"

As he spoke, a rush of music filled the air,—and the Cardinal sank feebly on his knees, overcome by a great wave of awe and terror which engulfed his soul—for it was the same divine, far-reaching, penetrative music which had once before enthralled his ears in the Cathedral at Rouen! Kneeling he clasped his worn hands, and in all the dizziness and confusion of his brain, raised his eyes for help to the great Cross, bare of all beauty, save for the flowers of Sylvie's strange bridal that lay at its foot. And as he looked he saw a marvellous Vision!—a Dream of Angels, standing on either side of that symbol of salvation!—of Angels tall and white and beautiful, whose towering pinions glowed with the radiant light of a thousand mornings! Amazed and awe-stricken at this great sight, he uttered a faint cry and turned to his child companion.

"Manuel!"

"I am here," answered the clear young voice. "Be not afraid!"

And now the music of the unseen choir of sound seemed to grow deeper and fuller and grander,—and Felix Bonpré, caught up, as it were, out of all earthly surroundings, and only made conscious of the growing ascendancy of Spirit over Matter, saw the bare building around him beginning to wondrously change its aspect! Slowly,—as though a wind should bend straight trees into an arching round, the plain walls took on themselves the form of perfect architectural beauty,—like swaying stems of flowers or intertwined branches, the lines formed symmetrically, and through the shadowy sculptured semblance came the gleam of "a light that never was on sea or land,"—the dazzling light of thousands of shining wings!—of thousands of lustrous watchful eyes!—of thousands of dazzling faces, that shone like stars or were fair as flowers! The Vision grew more and more