

able to describe, for in fact no one who saw it could ever remember any of these particulars. What they did see, and could never forget, was the face of a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, cast off by those whom he loved, despised, poor, and rejected, yet with a wondrous glad lightsomeness in every line, as of one who had come to do the perfect will of God. The lips were parted in a half smile ; the eyes were full of light, too pure to behold iniquity, searching to the very ground of the heart with infinite tenderness.

Camillo could not stand before those eyes ; he cast himself on his face upon the floor, weeping bitterly, and thus he lay when the devil came to claim him. But the painter knew not even that the fated hour had struck ; he heard nothing of the clamor raised by the fiend who saw that his prey had escaped him.

When, at last, too blind with weeping even to read the hour upon his horologe, the artist rose to his feet ; there on the floor lay the hellish contract, signed with his own blood, and he knew himself delivered.

For an hour, he was in an ecstasy ; then he bethought him of his custom, upon the completion of each picture, of giving a supper to his artist friends, reading their envy in their faces, and receiving their congratulations. On this occasion, there could be no wild orgies such as had been known to occur at other times, but a sober and decorous banquet ? Camillo could see no reason against it. The picture was surely the best he had ever painted.

The guests were curious and amused at their host's altered mood, but followed his lead with well bred readiness until the cloth had been removed and wine set on the table. Then Camillo arose and took away the veil from the Face of Christ. There was, for a moment, a wondrous silence.

Then, with a great cry, a woman, painted and decked with jewels, the gifts of many lovers, a woman, who had sat beside the host and been sorely vexed--or professed to be--by the decorum of the feast, this woman sprang to her feet, and, with blanched face and wild white arms beating the air, fought her way blindly towards the door.

" Let me go," she cried, " ere it slay me ! let me go away before his eyes burn me to ashes !"