

THE FACE OF CHRIST.

An Old Legend Retold for Christmas.

BY KATHARINE FERRON WOODS.

All of us have heard the story of the artist who sold his soul to the devil for the power of painting to the life what ever subject he chose; but not all of us know the whole story of the bargain, how it was broken and what happened thereafter, as it is told here.

His name was Camillo, and there were scenes in his life which he did not care to remember, and which, consequently, he painted over with others even less comforting. At the age of fifty his memory was channel-his eyes of dead recollections; his wife had left, his children quarrelled with him; most of his friends he had wronged or been wronged by; and he had made a large fortune and a great name for himself. It was strange, therefore, that at this very period he should be notified by the devil of the termination of their contract, and the consequent immediate foreclosure of the mortgage upon his soul.

The mere thought of such a thing brought out the sweat upon Camillo's forehead; but, having a month allowed him to settle his worldly affairs, he spent one night in tossing sleeplessly between his silken sheets, or restless, pacing the floor of his luxurious chamber, and another in still wider wanderings over the hills around his villa; the third morning he sent for Padre Antonio, the cure of his native village. The father had now grown to face an old, old man; but he came at once at the summons of Camillo. The counsel which he gave is a part of the old well-known legend; that the artist should use the skill his contract still insured to him, in painting the Face of Christ.

It was perhaps in virtue of his trained esthetic sense, perhaps of his ambition, that Camillo decided to paint, not the dying or sorrowful Saviour, which no many artists have attempted and failed, but something still more difficult—the Christ of everyday life. By his contract with the devil he was able to reproduce his subject to the very life. It was a wonderful picture, which formed the features were, or the color of the hair and beard, I am not 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 sorrow and acquainted with grief; cast off by those whom he loved; despised, poor, and rejected; yet with a wondrous glad lightness in every line, as if one who had come to do the will of God. The lips were parted in a half smile; the eyes were wonderful—full of light, too pure to behold iniquity, searching to the very ground of the heart, tender 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 fasted 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 bell-shaped contract, signed with his own blood, and he knew himself delivered.

For an hour he was in an ecstasy; then he thought him of his custom, upon the completion of each picture, of giving a supper to his artist friends, regarding 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 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 eyes burn me! Let me away before his eyes burn me to ashes!"

Another guest, a young man with the wine-cup at his very lips, flung aside the ruby poison, fainted on his knees, and sobbed; others fainted, one drew ever his sword upon the artist, calling him a devil who could so torment them; one by one all departed from the banquet hall, and Camillo was left alone.

He was very pale, and his hand trembled as he again let fall the veil over the Face of Christ.

With the earliest dawn of the next day, Camillo was on horseback and away to visit Padre Antonio, for he did not on this occasion send for the father to come to him.

Arrived at the priest's house, he made a general confession of all his sins that he could remember.

"You cannot deny," said the father, "that you have committed a mortal sin; is there any compulsion upon me to make this confession?"

"None," said Padre Antonio, "none, unless it be the Face of Christ."

"Aye!" returned Camillo, "I am a free agent, and as such, in gratitude to the God who has broken my bargain with Satan, I vow henceforth to forsake my ill ways and evil companions, and live righteously from this day forward."

When I was a ragged little artist's model; look at me now! And I have never—though under a compact with Satan—committed aught that men call crime. I have lived a life of pleasure, but have I harmed any man?"

"Thou shouldst know," said the priest, "I do know," returned Camillo. "Well, give me my penance, absolution, and thy blessing, father, and let me return home with a clean heart and a quiet conscience."

"There is a veil upon the face of thy picture?" asked the father. The artist assented, with a troubled glance.

"Then be thy penance this," said Padre Antonio, "to place the picture in the room of thine house thou dost most frequent, and to remove the veil."

And when those eyes have read so deeply in thine heart that thou seest thyself as they see thee, then come hither—if thou wilt to absolution and the blessing of peace. Now God be with thee; farewell!"

Camillo went his way homeward with a heavy heart.

"And but now I was so happy and so blest," quoth he to himself. Was it well done of the father to disturb my peace?" he asked. Yet did he not neglect to perform his penance only a week later he sought the priest once more.

"My father," said he, "I am a far worse man than I dreamed. How dared I ask for absolution? For when I had hung in my studio the picture you wot of, lo! I looked around the walls, and—ask me not, I cannot tell thee. Alas that I should have wrought evil to so many souls! Think you that I can ever atone?"

"Thou shouldst know," said the priest, "Return, and look once more on the face of Christ."

So Camillo returned.

And the next day he rose early and went his way to the house of the woman who had risen up and fled from the face of his picture.

"Thou and I," said the artist, "have done much evil together; shall we now do much good?"

And the woman agreed. So she sold her jewels and her fine raiment and what precious things she had; and Camillo did the like; and they found other women known to them both, and gathered them into one house, and persuaded them to live godly and virtuous lives. Then Camillo went away to his own house, expecting to look with an eye upon the Face of Christ. For, indeed, there was nothing frightful there, but looks of tender love and eyes so shining brightly.

But the next morning he went to the chief picture-dealer in the city, and ordered him to go here and there and buy up again every inch of canvas which bore the image of Camillo's woman. Now Camillo was, as has been said, a great painter, and the surface of his pictures might have been covered with gold coins without reaching their price; so when this had been done there was left of his fortune only a tiny cottage, into which he moved with his one soul treasure, the only relic of his great fame—the Face of Christ. For all these evil and lewd pictures had been burnt with fire.

"Now do I feel repentant; now may I be absolved," quoth Camillo; and with a happy and peaceful heart he went his way to the home of Padre Antonio.

"God give you peace, my son; you have done well," said the priest. "Thou hast a poor home but a healthy heart; where is she who should be partner of both?"

"My wife!" cried Camillo, springing to his feet. "Why Padre, thou knowest she was false to me."

"And thou?" said Padre Antonio. Camillo went his way back to the city. "It was ill done of the padre to disturb my peace," he said. "Alas! I was just now so happy!"

But he did not forget his penance, and the next day he sought the father again.

"Father Antonio," he said, "thou hast been faithful to my poor soul. Help me to find my wife."

So the priest aided him gladly, and they found the wife of Camillo, sunk in such misery and degradation that for many days she escaped their search.

"But should I not forgive her, who have been myself forgiven?" said the artist, tenderly; and he took her home, and pleaded with her to live a better life, and dealt kindly with her.

And the Face of Christ hung on the wall unveiled.

Then, after a day or two, came Camillo again to the priest, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Father Antonio," he said, "I have been a bad son to old Marietta, my grandmother, a bad husband to my wife, a bad father to my children. My sins caused their error; the poison of my life corrupted them. Help me to atone."

sought to reunite; and if the friend had been wronged, I have besought forgiveness."

"Hath it been always granted?" asked the priest.

"Aye!" said Camillo, "for to some the wrong hath been that my poison hath so tainted their souls that they have wronged me; and that wrong is hard to pardon. But the others have forgiven."

"Is it well," said Padre Antonio. "Yet you tell me there is more," said the artist.

"I tell thee? nay," said the priest. "Thou shouldst know. What does the Face of Christ tell thee? by son, when thou hast won his absolution that will not ask mine."

Then Camillo went home very sorrowful, and yet happy, for he felt that he could now look calmly and fearlessly into the eyes of the Christ; yet also he would have liked well the priest's absolution.

So when night had fallen and he was left alone with his masterpiece, he knelt down, and cast his arms about, folding his hands like the hands of little child at prayer, he looked upward into the pictured eyes.

And the Face of Christ shone down upon his soul. The eyes were very searching, yet so soft and kind; the parted lips seemed to smile like the lips of a mother over her naughty-child as she says, "But, darling, you grieve mamma."

Then Camillo fell upon his face with a great cry.

And in the morning he went back to Padre Antonio.

"Ah, my father! how dared I ask for absolution? I, who knew not the smallest fraction of my sin! What are all offences against my fellow-man to my sin against Him?"

"Ah! what indeed?" said Padre Antonio.

"I allied myself with his foes, I rejected his love, I cast his words of my heart, I caused those to sin for whom he died."

"And I also," said Padre Antonio. "And yet he forgives; he has always forgiven; that crushes me," said Camillo. "There is no effort in it with him—he forgives freely. There is no little by little in it; I have come back to him step by step, but he has carried me always in his heart."

Padre Antonio, what shall I do to his soul. And a great sorrow came upon him, and also a great joy; a great anguish and a great peace; because the love without him was greater than the love within, and for the first moment in the last century of years he felt all his weight.

Therefore between the joy and the anguish, his heart broke, and his soul was drawn up into the ocean of love, eternal and limitless.

And there he lay, until he found him lying dead beneath the eyes of Christ, with the peace of heaven upon his pallid features.

"The Lord Christ hath absolved him," said Padre Antonio.—Christian Union.

JUDGE NOT.

I was teaching a private school in a flourishing town in one of our Western States when an incident occurred that showed me how wrongfully we sometimes judge those whom we consider beneath us, socially.

My school, were one exception, was composed of children from the best families in the place—well-behaved little girls and boys, who never gave me any trouble with their lessons or their play. The exception I spoke of was a little, half-starved, orphan boy, about ten years old, that a friend of mine had persuaded me to take into my school. I had expected some of my patrons to object, but they did not, and things moved on slowly for a month or more.

One day, however, a rich man, who lived in the suburbs, and as it was quite a walk to the school house, they usually brought their dinners. One day at noon two little girls came to me and said some one had taken most of their dinner.

"It is that little starved Moore boy; I know it is," said one of them, spitefully.

"Burdock Blood Bitters cures Constipation." "Burdock Blood Bitters cures Biliousness." "Burdock Blood Bitters cures Headache." "Burdock Blood Bitters unloosens all the bowels."

"The man or woman who lives to get his good can be obtained for self out of the surroundings, and does not sacrifice self for others, has not yet learned to enjoy living."

Rev. George J. Love, The Rectory, Almonte, Ont., writes: "I must ask you to send me another bottle of your invaluable medicine, K.D.C. I think your last bottle has cured me entirely, but some members of my family, whose cases are worse than mine, insist on my getting some more. Indeed we all think it an indispensable article in the household."

me, he added, "but I'm glad you found out that 'twasn't." Then I'll more softly, "I'm sorry for that little girl—she is such a pretty little thing."

"I am sorry for her, too," said I, "suppose you never tell."

"All right," said he, "I'll never tell," and he never did.

That evening I told the scholars that Jack Moore was innocent; that I had found the thief, but would give no name, and that in future their baskets would be safe. When I asked Daisy about it, she burst out crying.

"Oh, Miss Morris," she said, "I was so fearfully hungry. The doctor says I must not eat anything but oatmeal, graham bread and milk, and I can't eat that. But I will try, if you promise never to tell mamma that I am a thief. Oh!" she sobbed, "I'll never tell again, if I please."

And she never did, but tried to follow the doctor's directions as best she could; and it was not long until she was able to eat anything she wanted without his hurting her. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."—The Myrtle.

Salt rheum with its intense itching, dry, hot skin is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it purifies the blood.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence. Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer.

No man can hate another without hurting himself. There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice, At Montreal a Bridge of Sins; But Fuller's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health.

Which all sick men should prize. Time's road is straight; no cross road opens up with him. K.D.C. cleans the stomach and sweetens the breath. Try it. Testimonials and guarantee sent to any address. K.D.C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

The surest way not to fall is to determine to succeed. A genuine ghost-story has yet to be attested; but not so a genuine blood-purifier. Over and over again it has been proved that Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands alone among medicines as the most reliable tonic alternative in pharmacy. It stood alone at the World's Fair.

It is only the soul in need of God who know precious are the promises of God. How to Cure Dyspepsia. Dyspepsia arises from wrong action of the stomach, liver, and bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Dyspepsia and all diseases arising from it, 99 times in 100.

Give because you love to give—as the flower pours forth its perfume. A Room in Manhattan. Neuralgia, Swelled Neck, Enlarged Glands, Lame Back and all Muscular Pain, Lameness and Soreness are speedily and effectually cured by Hayward's Relief. It removes all pain in a few applications.

No man will ever be converted right until he is willing to be converted in God's way. Scruped With a Rasp. SIRS—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me. Miss A. A. Downey, Manotik, Ont.

Perfection is the measure of heaven, and the wish to be perfect the measure of man. Pleasant as Syrup. Mr. Douglas Ford, Toronto, Ont., states that Millbrook's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry Bark is free from objectionable taste, being almost as pleasant as syrup, while for coughs and colds it gives complete satisfaction, acting promptly even in obstinate cases.

Love to our enemies conquers not only our own spirits, but the disposition of those we love. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Dyspepsia. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Constipation. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Biliousness. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Headache. Burdock Blood Bitters unloosens all the bowels.

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Weak Women and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

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AN ALLIGATOR'S NEST.

Alligator's nests resemble haycocks more than anything else to which they can be compared. They are raised about four feet in height and about five feet in diameter, and are constructed of grasses and herbage. First the mother gator deposits one layer of eggs on a mortar-like floor, and then, having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage about an inch thick, lays another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one hundred to two hundred eggs in a nest.

With their tails the parents then beat down the tall grass and weeds to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence.

Dr. Lutzburg, of New Orleans, once packed one of these nests for shipment to St. Petersburg, but the young hatched out before they were started on the long voyage, and he returned about the doctor's premises, running all over the house, up and down stairs, whining like young puppies.—Harrison's Monthly.

Do not complain about the weather, For easier 'tis, you'll find, To make your mind to weather Than weather to your mind. Do not complain about the sermon, And show your lack of wit, For, like a boat, a sermon hurries The closer it doth fit.

Do not complain about your neighbor, For in your neighbor's view His neighbor is not faultless— That neighbor being you.

People who are exposed to the sudden changes of our northern climate have little chance of escaping colds, coughs, sore throat and lung troubles. The best safeguard is to keep Hayward's Federal Balsam at hand. It is a quick relief and reliable cure for such complaints.

I was cured of painful Gout by MINARD'S LIMENTINE. Chatham, Ont. BYARD McMULLIN. I was cured of inflammation by MINARD'S LIMENTINE. Walsh, Ont. Mrs W. W. JOHNSON. I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LIMENTINE. Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

Intercolonial Railway. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax 7.00 Express for Halifax 7.30 Express for Quebec and Montreal 10.30 Express for Sussex 10.40

A Parcel Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Montreal at 10.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) 10.30 Express from Montreal 10.30 Express from Halifax 10.50 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton 10.50

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and are furnished with electric lights. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

Until December 31st, 1894, WRAPPERS OF WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER will be received and TWO DOLLARS each will be paid to those who send the name of the person sending the number representing greatest value.

W. M. D. PHARMAN, Halifax, N.S.

Always in the house. It will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, and all other pains in the back, neck, or limbs, pains about the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of the Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL Cold, Cough, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joint, Lumbago, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fractures, Chills, Headache, Toothache, Sickness, and all other ailments.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any sufferer WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest and Limbs. It was the first and best in the only Pain Remedy.

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, alleviates inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other organs by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful to half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Heartburn, Nausea, Sickness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Spasms, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colic, Anæmia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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Mr. J. W. Dyleman, St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip No Strength, No Ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant of St. George, N. B.: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. 'Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other ailments caused by poison and poor blood. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need it. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them. J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick, N. S.

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The matter was carefully selected for us, guarantee that, or however, the cost worth several times the paper.

WOR The easy enough When life flows But the smile will smile When everything For the test of it And it always And the smile

It is easy enough When nothing is When without a Is luring you But it's only a Until it is tried And the life that search Is the one that

By the cynic, the world's his no day; They make up But the virtue of It is there that a of earth For we find the

THE FUTILITY OF HARDLY anything subject of punce sound title, in spite of all that the "wise man" present time, it is still the root evil in any of omission. Mean