

hand and wrist the strength and grip of an older person.

"What have you been taught to do?" he asked.

"My brother has taught me to carve wood, but I hope to make a statue—never like this beautiful one, but like those in the square that follow me through my dreams."

"So you shall," the sculptor replied, "for you shall stay here with me and work."

"I cannot," he cried out, although his whole heart beat with joy at the thought of staying there.

"I am starting on a journey, a long journey," he said.

"And where are you going, my child?" he asked.

"I don't know. I only know it is far, far away,—it is very cold there, and that my father was there long ago. We have been waiting for him to come home. Last week my brother started to find him on the same long journey."

"Yes, my brother started to find him," the sculptor repeated, "on the same long journey?"

The master then stepped forward to uncover the statue himself, and the ezar dropped into a chair placed in the shadow of the statue, which stood directly under the north light.

"I—what does—oh, tell me!" The nihilist was trying hard to speak.

Paul, impatient, his heart bounding within him, was looking at the gray hair and face of his brother, waiting for some word to approach him.

Then the ezar spoke, "Frederick Welonski, I pay you back for bringing up the child who became a sculptor and gave me back the outlines and likeness of my lost darling. I give you your freedom and your brother. Although I am the ezar, I am too poor to pay you for this work."

A PASTORAL VISIT IN THE NORTH-EAST PART OF SASKATCHEWAN

Two large Yorkboats had with the annual supply for the mission in the District of Cambridge, were bound for the westward.

As daybreak we quit this inhospitable place. A gentle wind was in our sails and we left our hearts to God.

In the meantime Father Charlebois had been working for a year with Rev. Father Rossignol to erect a new church.

"So you have come back from your long journey, Welonski, and you will take up your wood-carving again?"

"Yes, I hope so," he answered, with the meekness of one who has been companioned by his thoughts alone.

addressed a few touching words to the congregation gathered around the tomb of their departed brother.

In the evening a great surprise was in store for the good Indians. Father Rossignol, aided by Brother Lajoussne, had arranged a magnificent feast.

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