

sented himself one morning at the carpenter's door with his ragged tunic, and bare head and feet ; if it had cost him anything to leave the forest and his freedom, he never told it.

"But now began a new life for him. He learned more quickly than the old carpenter could teach ; it seemed as if he knew the natures of the dead woods by instinct, as he had known the living trees in the forest.

"'But now you must put aside those carved toys that are always in your fingers,' grumbled the old carpenter ; 'you will never make a good workman if you waste your time over them.' But he was very kind to the poor nevertheless, and he learned to love him very dearly, for his own children were all dead. They went to church together, and the boy sat and looked up with his deep bright eyes at the beams of the roof, and at the pillars, and arches, and the pale pictures in the windows.

"The young squire was his fast friend, until he went away from the village ; but the priest did not go away, and it was he who taught him to read and write, and taught him the catechism and the Psalms, and indeed taught him many things ; but he did not need to teach him the knowledge that comes of the seeing eye, and the reverence that comes of a believing heart, for he had learnt those things in the school of the forest, and his teacher had been none other than God himself. . . .

"The old man saw another picture. The young squire had come home ; they said he was to be married. He came to see the boy, for he had never forgotten him ; and he walked with the priest through the meadows. It was evening, and the old carpenter sat at his door.

"'He had finished his work,' he said. 'He has gone up to the little room in the gable, for he is often there, but why, I cannot tell. Let us go up and find him.'

"They went upstairs to the little room ; they pushed open the door and went in. The boy was a boy no longer, but a tall young man ; he was standing up to stretch his arms, and the light shone full on his face, the same face as of old with marvellous deep eyes, and earnest lips which nevertheless smiled. His chisel was in his hand, and his work before him, a panel of English oak, traced over with a wonderful fret of leaves and flowers, a part carved in relief, and the rest still drawn in charcoal. His tools lay on a stool beside him, very few and simple, for the power was in his own hands, not in the tools they held ; the wall before him was covered with his designs,