

Then Camillo fell upon his face with a great cry. In the morning, he went back to Father Antonio.

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

" Ah, what indeed ! " said Padre Antonio.—" I allied myself with His foes, I rejected His love, I cast Him out 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 be saved ? " — " Kneel down " said the Priest. Camillo knelt, and the words which open the flood gates of the Blood of Christ were pronounced upon his soul.

" Now go back, " said the Father, " and look once more on the Face of Christ."

So Camillo went back, and knelt all night long before his masterpiece, and the eyes of Christ shone down into 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 his half-century of years he felt all its weight.

Therefore, between the joy and the anguish, his heart broke, and his soul was drawn up into the ocean of love, eternal and illimitable. And, in the morning, they found him lying dead beneath the eyes of Christ, with the peace of heaven upon his pallid features.

" The expiation is complete " said Padre Antonio.

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