La ged to the again and renew here strength, exaliation, vitality.

There was a subdued clamour on the street. A hurrying of feet bickerpon his thoughts, an assembly of all the villagers, with a retange suppression of votces.

Well," he said to himself, putting down his glass—the weariness of over-exertion asserting itself—" i must leave it. To-morrow I must make Miso has it for morrow. Fine head head or two, if no more. Fine head in has it if the Passion Play were given here he would be the Christ-the long, pale, ascetic face, Nazarene heard, only too short. Cropping the hair so very close spoils him. To-morrow he shall sit for me. I must get the head in before the design is stale."

There was a tramp of feet coming matter—quite an unusual sound. The

stale."
There was a tramp of feet coming
nearer—quite an unusual sound. The
-vening had losed in suddenly—it was
too dark to see far down the road but too dark to see far down the road but a lurid light touched the houses and was reflected from the glass windows of the room opposite, throwing round red spots of flame on to the white paper with the rough sketch. Claude moved to the window to look out. Some women below were crying: little children, clinging to their skirts, seemed affected by a strange fear. Torches in the distance swayed with the m's ment of marching along. What an effect!" said Claude to thimself, making a mental note of the sects.

"Here they come—Antonia I Tonina!

himself, makin, a mental note of the sect.e.

Here they come—Antonia I Tonina!

Ninesta!" shouted the women below.

"Your brother-in-law is at hand! See, the Misericordians are in the road—Nisso will be here before the bet is laid (pen or a pillow ready!"

There seemed to be no reply, but Claude could see by the faint light of an olive oil lamp of classic shape that the room opposite his own was being made ready; he did not squess for what. Fut the tramp came neare—sixteen near all marching in one swinging step made a sound that echood against those houses and sent dread into the heart. With curlosity very like anxiety Claude watched till they halled just beneath his window.

Too narrow—the staircase?" said the capital.

Try the window," proposed one of

said the captain; "the case far too small." Il not endure the agony of be-

ing touched."

The hood of the litter was lifted of and the crowd pressed as near as the band of Misericordians around it would permit them to come. Looking down, Claude could see over their shoulders who it was that lay suffering in the litter.

It was the very man he had in his thoughts and wished to compel to give him time and sympathy in his great work.

c. 150 the merry, contented, active strious; now—Maso the agonised

industrious; now—Maso the agonised, crushed—dying, Suddenly the cry of a child—terrified—burst above the hubbub of volces speaking fast and low. A woman held a little boy in her arms and little him so that he might look down or the

a little boy in her arms and litted hims to that he night look down on the prestrate man.

"Does thou see, thou wicked, disobadient one?" she shouted: "dost thou aee our Maso—hurt, dying—all through thee?—

At each point she gave the child a shake that hurt him, and his cry roused the wounded man, who just opened his eyes and gave a low moan.

"Hist!" said the doctor, "keep the child quet. Do not add to his sufferings by your reproaches."
"Besides, it is unjust," said a ta... Missericordian, who held a torch that showed the woman's anery face and the child's writhing figure; "probably he did not know what he was doling."

"Let him see now then, and never, never forget the cost of his disobedience."
"Out of the way there—back, back

with you!"

The crowd was forced to make a larger ring that the Misericordians might complete their mission and carry poor Maso to his bed.

At the sight of the pale, agonised face he women burst into loud lamentations, and Claude witnessed a sight that affected his whole He.

And he heard explamations he never forgot. "So good he was—so kind!"

"Ah, it was a sweet end to a good life—to die for a little child!"

CHAPTER V.

"How did it happen ?" asked Claude, thing into the 10ad to inquire and

said Angela.

"The child ran out to the side of the grieway in the stone wall of the Villa Blanca just as the ox cart was griethed him, but Maso was near. He maw it, and reached over and picked him up," said a man.

"And was caight himself?" asked Claude.

"That was it."
"It need not have been," said Angela, who had been weeping, and now was angry and excited, though she was only a neighbor. "It was that fool of a Toulno, who saw Maso, and lurched his ozen the wrong way—so, Just as Maso had picked up the boy, the wheel crushed himself against the well—his ribe, his hip, his body."
"Die Santo! It makes me tremble while I liten!" said a man.
"Poor fellow—he seems to be terribly burt!"

placed when they lifted him from where he felt. Ah' shad you seen him, care signore set only you had seen him. It was touching I it was very terrible—he could not endur; to be carried; so in the podere, on the vine branches the leaves were in heaps on the ground) they laid him his poor blood stabiling them—theil leaves so green oh, it was plifful, plifful!"

I wonder they did not take him to the hospital," said Claude; "there, at any rate, he would get surgical attention."

"He wanted to be left where he was but that could not be. So the Misericordians brought him home—he does not,know—he is unconscious, it is yay—and will never with again in this world.—"

Angela's tears broke up her sent-

forid ——" Angela's tears broke up her sent-

Angela's teans broke up her sentences.

The Misericordians were gone; the
tramp of their feet was almost lost in
the distance, though the light of their
torches appeared from time to time as
they reached corners of the descending, zigzag road.

Claude watched them for some time
from the wall of the garden under the
typerssex. Then he went back to his
room.

room.

The road was quiet now and dark. The room opposite seemed full of light. It was a poor place—so very bare. Claude could see the bed and the sufferer, a table with a white cloth on it, and some vine leaves and a crucifix and candles in brass candlesticks. Sounds of lamentation—in women's volces—came from the window from time to time.

Sounds of Immentation—in women's voices—came from the window from time to time.

Claude could not bear to listen nor to watch, but a terrible fascination held him. His soul seemed caught up into the mysterious kind where the experience of pain opens the way to thought and emotion hitherto unknown. He wanted to tear himself away, and get to bed, and presently he passed into the other room, and tried to sleep as usual, but it was of no use.

It was a wonderful night. He never quite understood or remembered what passed—whether sleeping and dreaming or waking and watching. he witnessed certain events.

The stiliness of the night was broken by the thinking of a little bell, and a few men and woracu, half dressed, hurried into the street; all knew the meaning of the sound—a priest on his way to slve the last sacraments to the dying.

Ing.

Maso, then, was not dead.

Not dead, but dying; not unconscious, but in agony.

The voice of the priest praying and the responses of the people kneeling below in the street sounded wild and strange. Claude heard them, and did not understand.

low in the street sourness was strange. Chaude heard them, and did not understand.

But what Claude could see in that bare room filted his heart with such a pity that if sincere desire—even though too incoherent for words—be prayer, he prayed—prayed as he had never had coession to pra. before—for relief from pain for that unselfish sufferent.

He could see the priest's hand moving to bless. He could see the sacred host held high before those dying eyes—and then he could see another face, so full of light and sweet compassion that he could not recognize it. What were features of individuality to him? It was a numen soul he saw, mastering the vell of common existence and shining with the passion of charity and devotion, as taough already it had gained the gate of Freaven, and the divine light rested on it.

Yet that disfigured countenance was only the homely face of the poor, hard-working. Isy brother—Brother Paul.

The minutes passed on. The commendatory prayer was over, the sufferer's face of agony and yet of faith, inspiration, hope, lost all expression Sensation seemed to be eibling. As far as human sye could tell, me_first unconsciousness had bridged the chasm of painful deeth.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

For many days Clause would see no
one. Marietta was concerned. "He will
not est," she said; "he will not sleep. It
is true that he is young, yet even the
young connot live without food and
sleep."

sleep."

He lived with his paint-brushes in his hand, tabouring away to realize his idea of the pictures he had sketched in on that eventful day of his journey to Florence.

on that eventful day of his journey to Florence.

Even when the light failed, his big lamp was called into requisition. A consuming fever was upon him. He worked se if in a trance which had smatched him away from common wants and made ordinary intercourse impossible for him.

At the end of a week or so (which had been passed atmost fasting, mero head and winc of the red, sour, thin sort, the only sustemence he had been inclined to take) he was perceptibly th...ner, his face all eyos. Mariette was seriously anxious about him, especially as he, who had niways been chearful and courteous, would not talk or listen, but was almost rough in his created and courteous, would not talk or listen, but was almost rough in his common to be let alone until one day, when Brother Paul was coming slowly down the street, starting for the city on his usual round, Claude saw him and called to him.

"Come up," he said. "I want to speak to you. I have something for your even."

The young man threw himself on the substance after near the window to have the window to the wi

his eyes bright with the anguish of joy ful tears.

his eyes beliefe with the angulate of forful tear.

Carrissino mio," he said, at high to ye when I soon have learned it—how? When I who shall say? Like Casaceleste, you have painted with your soul, with you have painted with your soul, with you heart, with the genus, inspiration of grace? I—I know nothing of the error of painting. I am a poor cetture, but I am feel. It is sublime: That iffe in death quointing to the Crucifixion), that fortunde year fear copoliting to the Chist of the passion), ah, me! ah, me! I feel my beart melting. The light of heaven with the passion of the control of the passion of the last four days relaxed, and he seemed to be very ill, though it really was only the exhaustion of the body, which had been so severely treated by his emotional soul Marletta was alarmed, and fetched Brother Paul into see him as he lay on his little bed in a darkened room H. did not know what to think of himself, he cits oill, and all the world seemed so distant, so unimportant. "Shall I die?" he asked Brother Paul, who came daily to see him.

Caro mio, but you have ded-died to see, ears to hear, and a heart to understand."

"You must come into the air and

'I am so tired !" said Claude, wear

"I am so tired i same class."
"You must come into the air and sunshine. Come into the garden. You have been too much alone. Come to the convent. Get back to your work and put to good use the genius with which it has pleased the good God to endow you."

it has prement the about 100 to you."
"Yes," said Claude, "I must go to verk again. If one could but put on the can as what one knows ought to be there, it would not be so hard."
"Pozlenza!" said Brother Paul, with a kindly smile that reached the young painter's tired soul it was so full of confidence, hope, and sympathy.

confidence, hepe, and sympathy.

CHAPTER VII.

Before many days had passed Claude had changed his quarters and was rainting in the at chapter-room. Sympathetic comps-ionship was thus given him, and like the painters of old, he lived in very great simplicity, and carned vis bread and lodging with his brush. Fach member of the little community had a special devotion or idea, and was thankful to the painter for any sketch he could give them, if only it embodied their aspiration.

In the early spring a bigter disap-

munity fout a syrvant account of the plainter for any sketch he could give them, if only it embodied their aspiration.

In the early spring a bitter disappointment and u great satisfaction came to him simultaneously. He sent his great picture of the Passion to London, together with the studies made in the vincy-rule and the streets.

"Ah, yen," said the great men (of the Getissemane picture), "a very promising picture, but there should have been more attention to details. This is not the Holy Land; far too verdant! Still it is promising. But the studies—the studies are, excellent!"

That was the disappointment, and the verdict came just when the painting of the Crucifixion (not a copy of Casacicate's, but his own rendering of the terrible subject) had been formally installed in the large carved oak frame where once the old master's great work had been vowerated.

In vain had clause protested.

"It is not worthy. Each day I see some new defect; it is bad. If I could paint it again, it would be better-different!"

"As if the picture were the work of a day and a magio wishing-wand!" said Brother Paul, "The church is not a picture gallery or art school-heaven forbid!"

"Ah, it is not the technical part," replied Claude. "The drawing is nil right, I am pretty sure, and as for the painting, one never does get quite what one wants; but that doem't trouble me much. It is the whole picture! It lacks dignity, spirituality, perfection of beauty; it lacks everything—and yet in one way it has it ments. But it is not what I hoped for, what I mean!"

"But who has seen, can see, your dream? Happy you to have an ideal

if only I had the pure.

mean !"
But who has seen, can see, your
dream? Happy you to have an ideal
so much greater than that with which
we are so content!"
All the villagers flocked to see it,
and from the country round and the
city itself men of all classes came to
look and admire.

"Well." said Brother Paul, who was
"Well." said Brother Paul, who was

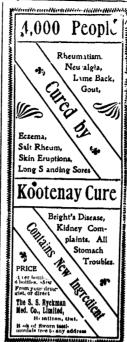
oty treef men of all classes came to look and admire.

"Well," said Brother Paul, who was with Claude in the sacristy one day when quite a crowd of visitors and flocked into the usually desolate church, "now see for yourself. Was it devotion you wished to inspire—love to God and our biessed Lord, or admiration for your own skill and genius? Ah, they will not forget the young painter, never fear! But see for yourself if your object is not gained. Every look of sorrow in those faces, every tear that falls slowly from those eyes, is a witness to your success. What more do you need?" Claude, though still dissatisfied, was consoled.

sae had picked up the boy, the wheel subsed himself against the wall-his subsed himself against the wall-his subsed himself against the self-his subsed himself against the self-his subset himself and the self-his bother same out to fetch him the hospital," explained Angels, which are to be worked out.

It assured ages before the brother agreed the smooth of the self-himself against the wall-his subset himself against the wall-his subset himself against the wall-his subset himself against the success. When service house, though still dissatisfied, was consoled.

"That is your vocation," said Broome ther Paul, repoint at all can paint a cup, a flash, a pricty wall as pricty was a pricty wall as a pr



young man! Dear friend of my hear; that dreasure has been given to you!"
Claude looked up and again saw the light of enthusiasm in the worn, unselfish face of the poor lay brother.
"It is from you I salared it."
"No, no," replied Brother Paul, "not me; it is from the good God Himself. There are many gifts, but in all the same spirit!"
When Claude returned to Rome to complete his studies his career was virtually determined. A strange contentment filled him. He went back to England, and met with a moderate success. But life in ordinary society hindered his work, so he established himself in a quiet suburb of Paris, and set to work on things that suich lim—Hottures for which, as Brother Paul had phrased it, he had a vocation,
And the great public responded to

and set to work on things that suiter, him—pictures for which, as Brother Paul had phrased it, he had a vocation,
And the great public responded to his touch, so that in a few years he was known as the best modern painter of religious subjects. Students flocked to him, and a little community sprang up round him. But Claude could not be a mere professor. He would give any help he could, but he must be free to devote his time and energy to his own work.

"I thought the time was past for this sort of thing," said an American, who had see the sights of the art world.

"Art for art's sake," is the doutrine of the day, not art for dogma, history or imagination. I see you lean to the traditions of the past, not the realism of the day,"

"Do I?" said Claude, amused at his visitor's arrogance. "I have always tried to do my best to represent with absolute fidelity whatever comes, to my brush."

"You do? Well, you're not singular. I once bought the most certly religious work that has been in the market for many a year, bought it and paid six housand dollars for it. That was realistic, if you please—a fine Cruoficion, with a body that you could swear you could litt from the cross. Xes, I bought that, and gave it to a church that had been robbed—yes, sir, robbed of its art treasures. You may lave heard of it; it's down by Flornee, and the story is given in Murray. Trat's my card. It was I who gave the picture, Joshua B. Montgomery. If ever you're down that way you night look at it and see what realism can do tor religion."

"I mm much interested to see you."

engion."

Am much interested to see you,

Claude

or religion."

"I am much interested to see you," said Claude.

"I like your heads," volunteered Mr. Montgomery, "and I like your brush; it's nest, but it a rather nigri ng. I like a broad effect. But, I say, what made you take to religious painting at this time of day?"

"Because it suits me."

"Because it suits me."

"Baccause it suits me."

"Rather reviving an old one."

"It's to be hoped you will have students who will do as well as yourself. You have something in your work, just a something, I can't exactly explain it, but I see it—ethereal, you know—lotty. I wonder how you got it? It's not so realistic as some painters are, but—but I like it—eys, I like it, but how you get it passes me:"

"I saw a face transfigured once," said Claude slowly, as though paying a debt of homour: If sew a soud shining so brightly with spiritual ferver, and the formal clarity, compassion, that it made me feel of how little importance is the compassion that it made me feel of how little importance is the compassion that it made me feel of how little importance is the compassion that it made me feel of how little importance is the compassion of the spirit—that is all."

"Something, I guess, in your eyes as well?"

"Maybe!" said Claude to his visit, hough he only bowed to his visit. Though he only bowed to his visit.

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