

artist humbled himself, and they fell upon his neck with tears, and forgave and were forgiven. Only Marietta, who had forgotten by this time the sins of his boyhood, and remembered only his glory and great name, maintained that she had nothing to forgive.

So Camillo took her home, and his children dwelt near by in houses of their own, and all were happy and at peace among themselves. And the Face of Christ shone down upon them from the wall. But they had few friends in the city who cared not to enter their humble dwelling; for it was a fearful thing carelessly to meet those pictured eyes.

Now, when they had so dwelt for many days, Camillo came again to Father Antonio, and said : " Father, may I yet be absolved ? " But Padre Antonio did not answer. -- " What ! " cried the painter, " is there yet more to do ? " -- " Thou shouldst know, " said Father Antonio. " I know not, " said Camillo, sorrowfully. " I have done all that can be done ; even the slight tie of friendship that hath bound my soul in former days have I sought to reunite ; and if the friend had been wronged, I have besought forgiveness. " -- " Hath it been always granted ? " asked the priest. " Nay, " 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. "

" It is 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 ? "

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 ;

So when night had fallen and he was left alone with his masterpiece, he knelt down before his canvas, and, folding his hands like the hands of a little child at prayer, he looked upward into the pictured eye. And the Face of Christ shone down upon his soul. The eyes were very searching, yet, oh, so loving and tender ; the parted lips seemed to smile like the lips of a mother over her naughty child as she says, " But, darling, you grieve mamma. "