# Brother Paul's Intention....

(Mrs. W. S. Burton, in Temple Bar.)

CHAPTER I.

"Pray," said Brother Paul, earnestly, "pray for my intention!"

Day after day this request was ever on his lips. The moment he came in sight people knew what he would say; if he came to a priest in the city he would. if possible, ask him to pray for his intention; and when he thanked the good shopkeepers or house folk for contributing to his sack, he added:—"Do me a greater kindness—pray for my intention!"

What that intention was was known to God and his confessor.

Poor Brother Paul! He was a well-known figure in the city and neighbourhood of Florence. He looked fragile, but he considered himself strong enough to do hard work and trudge many miles four times a week to collect food—not so much for the community as for the poor.

He was a Tuscan of the slender type—regular features, brilliant eyes, grey hair, and bushy, gray eyebrows. He looked sixty, but he was scarcely fifty. He had an active brain, and a heart that forced his body to consider any fatigue or labour welcome and light, if only it added to the bank of charity. His convent was about six miles from Florence, at the edge of a very poor little village up in the mountains. It had the reputation of being a casket of art treasures. Tourists and collectors drove up to it, and so brought a little money for the poor folk who stood round like children, staring at the grand New World men and women, who, thinking them picturesque in their patched clothes, threw them money.

A few years back this was true. It was a home of beauty as well as austerity. Now the austerity was emphasized by poverty; the art treasures were gone—by order of the King and Government. The new order of things had begun—the greatest good to the greatest number, which, translated, meant, Take from the Church, where few go to pray, the fine works of art which can be seen by the many in galleries, and teach "she many" mysteries of line and colour, instead of inspiring the souls to prayer and sweet devotion. Besides, the sale of their works brought money to the State coffers and to the men who transacted the business.

When the change came there were forty monks in that house. Now there were five priests and three lay brothers; the rest were dispersed—like the Apostles, in groups of two or three—passing to strange countries as missionaries.

One day an American, Mr. Joshua B. Montgomery, arrived with his Murray in his hand, demanding a sight of Cascelieste's grand picture of the Crucifixion.

"It is no longer here, signore," said Brother Paul.

"But it is mentioned in Murray!" said Mr. Montgomery, assertively.

"It was here, signore. But so long ago is it since it was carried away that—though my eyes ache for a sight of it—they have almost forgotten how to weep."

"It is a masterpiece—the best specimen extant of Cascelieste's work," Mr. Montgomery read from his Murray.

"The signore cannot find words too laudatory for our lost treasure," said Brother Paul. "It was a wonderful picture! Caro signore, you may well believe me, it had a power in it—so tender, so terrible, so anguish-giving, so consoling! It could touch the hardest hearts. If you your own self were now standing before it, the tears would reach your eyes, your heart would throb throb, and you might fall on your knees to say one little word of contrition and gratitude to the Divine Lord who suffered for you and me, dear signore, and to the Holy Mother, who stood beside the cross."

"Was it a very large work?" asked Mr. Montgomery, wishing to avoid noticing the emotion which had brought the "forgotten" tears into Brother Paul's eyes.

"Come and see. The place is desolate."

Brother Paul led the way into the chapel, which, in its architectural proportion was so beautiful that although now the walls were blank, over many of the altars, an involuntary exclamation burst from the visitor's lips.

"Thieves and robbers!" he began, with voluble indignation. "I guess—in my country—somebody would know the reason why—the wretches!"

"Hush!" said Brother Paul, gently. "If the signore has something to say, let it be outside the church. The dear Lord is very patient. It is true the best of everything has been carried away, but He whose first shelter was a stable is patient. He knows we do our little best, and give Him our all. If the signore will step into the porch, I will show him what I mean."

Left alone for a moment, Mr. Montgomery's eyes wandered freely around the church, and he noted strange incongruities—laces of the flimsiest, commonest kind, on altars of exquisite beauty, carved by fingers that loved the work; a series of small, brass lamps of modern make in place of the seven silver lamps which Murray told him were of rare Eastern workmanship; a painting of the Assumption, very blue and white and pink, and a perfect caricature of the work it intended to reproduce, made all the more hideous from the depth of tone in the frame which was part of the church, old black wood carving, plaster from the ground, and spreading into a cornice surmounted by a crown of starred lilies.

"Come, caro signore," whispered Brother Paul, looking in at the door; "I cannot bring it. Will you kindly walk this way?"

It was to a sort of workshop that they went. Brother Paul produced a large frame, in the centre of which was a small photograph of the Crucifixion. "A visitor had most kindly sent it," he explained, "from Vienna. One of the lay brothers had carved the frame; before it arrived there had been a misunderstanding as to the measurement—but it would not look bad, the space over the altar was so large. It was rather good for the frame to break the space."

"And you mean to put that up in the space where the picture used to be? A sort of specimen acorn from the oak that has been felled? I shouldn't do that." Mr. Montgomery frowned and shook his head. "It will disfigure the place, according to my notions. Have you got a visitors' book?" he asked, suddenly.

Brother Paul could not say.

"Why I ask is this. Some people, wherever they go, write the names. I don't say as I don't do it myself. I'll do it now if you have the book; but it shall mean something. I'm not a man whose words are a tinkling harp or a sounding cymbal; I do as well as talk or write. I don't agree with your government—I don't hold with robbery and desecration—it won't bring any blessing with it. I don't generally talk of blessings or cursings, but I mean it's a disgrace to civilization to let buildings which are of no doubtful elegance speak of the past generations and bring shame to the present nineteenth century. I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a picture, a Crucifixion that shall match with the building; no copy of the past—a picture of the day! I know where to put my hand on it. I have not seen it, mind, but I've read about it. Realistic? Why, they say you feel as if you could stretch out your arms and lift the body off the cross; and as for size—I guess it will reach from the altar to the roof! You can't have it for three months, because it's in an exhibition; but when that's up it shall come straight down here, carriage paid. You can tell your abbot, or priest, or bishop, or whoever he is as accepts such things that Josh. B. Montgomery promised it, and down Wall street—any one will tell him—his word's as good as gospel. If you get me a pen and ink I'll write down for you to show. It will cost $6,000—but I don't mind that, if I make up my mind."

It was not for Brother Paul to refuse nor to accept; in fact, the American's Italian was rather difficult to understand. However, Mr. Montgomery knew what he had written, and with praiseworthy generosity fulfilled his promise to the letter.

And thus it was that one of the wonders of the modern world of art was bestowed on this out-of-the-way barren convent in the hills above the city of flowers—Florence the dear, Florence the beautiful.

CHAPTER II.

It seemed like a fable. Brother Paul took Mr. Montgomery's written promise to the prior, and told him all he understood of the American's sentiments. Then the paper was put away and no more was thought about it except by the old lay brother. He hesitated as to putting up the photograph of the fine original which had been taken from them forever—perhaps, after all, the picture might be given them, and until then the wall would better remain bare.

But the autumn had only begun when a letter from the American Consul informed the prior that a large case had arrived in the city, addressed to Brother Paul at the convent. A few days later a pair of white oxen toiled slowly up the hill, taking the unwieldly burden to the despoiled church.

It was a new sensation for the good fathers and brothers to receive a gift. They had seen statues, pictures, vestments, even votive offerings of gold and silver, and choice vessels and old lace carried away from them; but to receive as a free gift from a stranger a gift which had cost a fortune, and was even the talk of the world—that, indeed, was new to them.

"I have one suggestion to make," said the Consul, who had come over to present the gift in person to the fathers. "Shall it not be a loan to the church, thus safe from the covetous eyes of those who might seize it?"

"The church cannot accept it as a loan," said the prior.

"As a loan never to be asked for, yet to enable Mr. Montgomery to claim it as his, in defiance of any attempt of others who might seize it?"

"Nay," said the prior; "it may not be. The sin be upon the head of those who would again take from us the little that we have!"

It was anxious work unpacking it. The village carpenter and blacksmith and barber were all there, with screwdrivers and hammers to get out the screws and nails. It was hard to be patient. Brother Paul flitted about, his bright eyes sparkling with excitement.

"It is a stupendous work!" he said to the crowd of simple folk who had followed the cart to the convent gates and now waited with a patience and sympathy that can rarely be found, except in such a childlike village as this St. Andrea, to see the great case opened.

"Six thousand dollars—a good thirty thousand lire!" said one man to another, meditatively.

"And the Government will be red with shame when they hear of the prodigious generosity of this strange American, who is also a heretic and yet had a heart of pity for the empty house of our Lord."

"St. Andrea will be spoken of all through the world and half the city will come here to look."

"It is a great thing that consolation should be given at last to the fathers."

"The Blessed Madonna herself will smile from among the angels when she sees!"

"It never can take the place of the Cascelieste—the great Crucifixion, but thirty thousand lire—!"

In awestruck voices the simple folk chatted, forgetting the grape gathering, the bread making and the washing in the tremendous excitement of the great gift. It took an hour to unpack, but it was done at last. The lid was removed, but a white sheet hid the picture from view.

The excitement was so intense one could hear the choking, sob-like catching of the breath as the whole mass of villagers crowded together, their hearts throbbing with emotion—partly religious, partly mere wonder and curiosity.

The Consul waited the permission of the prior to uncover it. It was given, and one of the great gems of modern art was exposed to view.

Brother Paul scarcely dared trust himself to look up.

Yes, it was immense. It had a plain, broad, wooden frame, and the painted cross on the canvas was hardly less real. The figure was life size, painted with spirit and knowledge. So real was it that the tearing flesh and spurting blood made one shudder; muscle and nerve and true contortion were all there; the agony had been well imagined, skilfully depicted.

Why was it, then, that all these simple, devout folk were not upon their knees?

There was a profound silence.

It was too large to be seen at one glance.

A second cross was dimly indicated to the left. A strange, wild face peered out of the darkness—the penitent thief. All the details of this figure were so obscure that they could not be easily traced, but—the Christ? Yes; the head was thrown back upon the shoulder, bent over in the languor of death, and the lips were swollen, cracked and black; the glassy eyes, rough beard and glittering teeth clenched together in despair—yes, it was all there, very real, and what the American had said was quite true—one felt that it would be possible to lift up that solid, round and fleshy body, lift it and ease the wounds—if—if—it was a terrible if—if one could have touched so revolting an example of human nature!

With anxious eyes the people looked into the faces of the fathers and brothers.

No one seemed able to speak.

At last the Consul said:—"It is indeed a stupendous work! Truth, reality, dexterity of brush—and drawing that defies criticism."

"Maybe," said Brother Paul, trembling with agitation, "it may be the greatest painting in the world . . . but, caro signore, the artist has forgotten; it is Barabbas he has crucified—not our divine, our loving Saviour Jesus Christ."

"It is true! It is a true idea—it is truth itself! Brother Paul has seen the truth!" said some one in the crowd.

Many voices murmured, but no difference of opinion was expressed.

"Barabbas—yes, it is Barabbas! What a caprice—what a mistake!"

"The fathers will never place it in their church. It would offend the good God to place over the altar such an insult to our Lord!"

They were a rustic people, but at least they could see and feel that no mere realistic humanity could take the place of the majestic devotion, which, representing the sentiment of sorrow and suffering, appealed to the hearts of the beholders, constraining them to raise their souls to the contemplation of that which no canvas can represent, but ought to suggest—the truth that the Divine King suffered the death of the cross. "Jesus, our Lord, was crucified."

It was a terrible shock to the whole community. The generosity of the giver still excited admiration and gratitude, though "the gem of modern art" was relegated to the deserted chapter-room, and the photograph of Cascelieste's picture finally placed in the midst of the great stark wall, a melancholy remembrance of what had been.

Then it was that Brother Paul made his great intention; which was to pray to God for the gift of grace to those on whom the genius or talent for painting had been bestowed, that again the churches might be filled with holy representations of Christian truths.

Days, weeks, months passed on, and no event broke the quiet routine of the convent life. A few extra visitors drove to see the chef d'oeuvre which had been presented to the church, but no effect either from their visits or Brother Paul's prayers could be seen. Still he prayed on and asked for prayers. "I may never see any result," he said to himself, "nevertheless, so long as I live I shall pray for the same intention. It is a debt we religious owe to our brothers, the painters of the past centuries."

CHAPTER III.

For more than a year Claude Holden, who held the Royal Academy travelling studentship, had been studying in Rome. There he made friends with Mario Bandinelli, who induced his father to allow him to stay at his delightful villa at St. Andrea for the vintage.

The villa nearly filled one side of the village street. The gateway, with a lovely bold Robbia group, made a corner at the very beginning of the hamlet; the high stone wall hid the lemon and oleander garden, and gave the street a dreary look, and sent back terrible heat from the white stones, scorching the inhabitants of the poor little houses that were irregularly ranged along the other side of the way. Presently the street widened, and the house itself rose high, intercepting the view of the valley, the air and the sunshine.

"Mind, he understands that he pays no lodging money," said Signor Bandinelli to his son, "only feeds himself and (if he pleases) gives a trifle for services. That I do not ask, but neither will I inquire about."

He is English," replied Mario, with a sudden movement of his fingers, and open hand, that to his father expressed without words the common opinion of the English—proud, generous, honest.

Thus is was that Claude Holden came to St. Andrea. Mariotta (the bailiff's wife) took him over the great wandering house, and he chose the rooms he would occupy—a bedroom overlooking the valley, and commanding a great expanse of sky to satisfy his love of light and color, and a small room that opened on the street to give him shade and the chance of seeing the manners of the people quite unobserved. It happened to be a grand year for the vintage. The village was gay. All day long the ox carts were busily journeying from the fields to the cellars, where the wine presses awaited the precious burden of grapes.

Claude Holden was in a paradise. He could hardly breathe or decide what to do first. From early morning to the last glimmer of light he was always beginning something new. Rapid sketches of light and shade in character as well as atmosphere, for the busy life around him and the extraordinary enthusiasm of the laughing, singing, laboring people forced him to get a good twenty-four hours' ordinary work done in every twelve.

"Ah," said Brother Paul, with a sigh, as he looked at a sketch of two little children hiding in a bower of vine leaves; "he can paint, he has a heart for nature—but he is English."

However, before long he had shown Claude over the church, and the disappointing picture had been displayed and with it the sorrows of his heart.

"It is a grand subject," said Claude, "and a very superb work—wasted!"

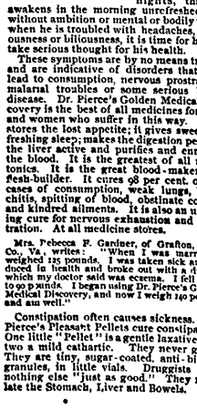
"You have it, dear signore—you have it!" said Brother Paul, rubbing his hands together in joy at this appreciative sympathy.

"Yes, it is wasted—but that is not altogether the fault of the painter; it is the world, society, the times, the way of thinking."

"I am an ignorant man!" murmured the lay brother, deprecating his inability to follow the young man's line of thought.

"What I say is this," returned Claude, with all a young man's dogmatism: "either take it from its own standpoint, and paint it with your most exquisite imagination—or leave it alone; absolute realism is impossible because what men call realism is, in fact, materialism. Name, then, if you dare, in one breath—materialism and the divine Lord. I don't feel it as you do, but I agree that this picture is not for a church. Why not sell it, and commission some great man to paint you a new one? Or what would be a million times better, buy back the old one—Cascelieste's fine one—you could do better!"

"That is impossible. It is only this Government that sells its treasures. And now, who is there that paints divine Christs—holy Madonnas?" said Brother Paul, with a sigh.

The village blacksmith is usually considered the type of good health. Even he sickens and dies frequently in early youth. No man, not even the most robust, can afford to neglect his health, which is his most precious endowment. The man who does so will sooner or later pay the penalty in some serious or fatal malady. When a man finds that he is losing his appetite, that he passes restless nights, that he awakens in the morning unrefreshed and without ambition or mental or bodily vigor, when he is troubled with headaches, nervousness or biliousness, it is time for him to take serious thought for his health.

These symptoms are by no means trivial, and are indicative of disorders that may lead to consumption, nervous prostration, malarial troubles or some serious blood disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for men and women who suffer in this way. It restores the lost appetite; it gives sweet, refreshing sleep; makes the digestion perfect, the liver active and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the greatest of all nerve tonics. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, bronchitis, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. It is also an unfailing cure for nervous exhaustion and prostration. At all medicine stores.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was married I weighed 125 pounds. I was taken sick and reduced in health and flesh with a disease which my doctor said was eczema. I fell away to 99 pounds. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and now I weigh 140 pounds and am well."

Constipation often causes sickness. Dr Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, in little vials. Druggists have nothing else "just as good." They regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.



# Women's Worst Enemy

**Some hesitate before giving an answer, but those who know best will immediately say HEADACHE.**

Thousands of women live in misery day after day, and week after week, suffering untold agony from these dreadful headaches. Husbands are disheartened, children neglected, and happy homes ruined. Most women strive to bear in patience the suffering which they consider part of life without looking into the cause or searching for relief. Food cannot digest without the bile which the liver supplies and hence the necessity of keeping the liver in good working order. To cure the headaches you must cure the liver and thus remove the cause of disease.

Dr. Chase spent years of his life in perfecting a medicine which acts directly on the kidneys and liver. Thousands of grateful women have testified during the past ten years to the effectiveness of this remedy for sick headaches. Many a home has been restored to happiness as a result.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the greatest discovery of this great scientist, are put up to sell 25 doses for 25c. All dealers.


"I have not thought about it," conceded Claude, honestly, "as I said, it is the tone of thought and the mode of life that bars the way, and the great difficulty of the models; where, I ask you (and you can answer me with more reason than most), where can you find any face divine enough to inspire a worthy representation of such a theme?"

"And the signore has always been a heretic!" said Brother Paul, under his breath.

"Heaven forgive you," replied Claude; "but when I was a little child I was a Christian."

"And now?" asked Brother Paul, a faint hope dawning in his heart.

"Now, unworthy, unworthy! But," said Claude, excitement in his voice and manner, "I have an idea—just a glimmering of an idea. I have seen a face—not here—no, no, miles and miles away—in Germany. I believe I have a sketch of it, too—at the Passion Play. You know of it, no doubt—"

"No, no." Brother Paul shook his head sadly.

"Well, at the Passion Play—the Christ has a head that might serve indifferently well, if you had a great painter, a man of bright imagination and warm heart."

"The signore knows much of the world," said Brother Paul, unable to follow Claude in his enthusiastic realization of what might be possible, if only the right painter could be found and the right model.

"It is something beyond knowing the world," thought Claude, more than usually grave, as he watched Brother Paul draw the curtain over the costly desecration of the divine subject; "one must needs get a glimpse of heaven itself and span the universe with charity before one can venture on or even dream of such a subject!"

"Pazienza!" said Brother Paul, the keys jingling so softly in his nervous hands that they sounded like the distant murmur of sanctuary bells. "Pazienza!" with a sigh, as he closed the door, and they again stood in sunlight.

"By the Lord, I am sorry for you!" returned Claude, heartily, "and wish I had the skill, the genius to be able to help you. I tell you what I might do some day—make you a copy of the old Cascelieste's work—miles away—I mean, not to be compared—any more than the wretched Judas Iscariot can be thought of as a disciple. The stamp of the apostleship and the noble beginning (that will show in the design), but treachery after all (that will be in the technical execution). I have no genius, and how can I hope for a divine inspiration?"

"The signore painter has a lovely touch, and a pulse that beats at one with the heart of nature, and he is possessed with sympathy and charity. Not a bad beginning, if the good Lord wills——"

"Hist, hist!" Claude made the sound he had picked up from the students with whom he had been studying. "I pray you, I pray you. These are the qualities of the painters of long ago—the race that has died out—not such as I, a sinner."

"Ah, dear young man," said Brother Paul, almost affectionately, "we are all one family, those of the past and the future, between whom we are the link. The same God gives the same grace, the same genius. The holy saints in heaven were sinners on earth, the great masters (of whom our dear Cascelieste was one) were students when they were young."

"My word, you are a philosopher, Brother Paul. If I were as good a painter as you are a teacher, the thing would be done. Even now I feel ashamed of what I have said to you, for though at times one feels as if one could paint anything, from the tiniest wild flow. to the great mountains, the sky, the sunlight itself—yet when the paint brush is in my hand I am baffled by a trail of vine leaves and a child's sweet face—poor me!"

"Pazienza!" murmured Brother Paul; "pazienza!"

CHAPTER IV.

Those vintage days were glorious; the peasants were such a handsome, good-tempered, hard-working set of folks. One man, beyond the rest, interested Claude. He was a tall, thin, wiry man, fair for a Tuscan, with what his friends called white eyes, which, in truth, were a full deep gray.

He had served his time in the army and had his medals for good service. He was the head of a family—that is, he had the two children and widow of his brother (who had been shot when serving in Africa) to support, as well as his old mother. The women spun flax in the winter and worked in the fields in the summer when they could. But corn could not earn much, for Antonia had been weak and ill ever since the birth of her last child, a few months after her husband's death, and the old mother was almost past work.

Their home was almost exactly opposite Claude's rooms. Looking across he could see into the tough, dark place from which the villa had taken the view not only of the great valley, but of the sky and the sunshine.

He was the useful active man of the village. "Getting old," he said; in truth, about five and thirty, possessed with energy and a quick brain that wrapped his hard life in such very wonderful surroundings that the stern realities were lost to him in the beauty of the thoughts in which he lived. He was not a great talker, but a very persistent doer of any duty, pleasant or disagreeable, that came to hand.

His was a poverty that amazed Claude. He rarely possessed two shillings, although he worked so hard. He had two sets of clothes, blue linen trousers, and striped red and blue shirts, and one old coat and a hat that had seen much service, but which to Claude was delicious in tone and form, pulled down on his high, narrow brow, pinched off at the side, showing the beautiful ear, and bringing into relief the line of the head and the neat chin. It was a great, soft hat, that shielded him from the sun, but in spite of it, except quite high on the forehead, he was tanned a lovely bronze olive, with scarcely a vestige of red in the whole ascetic face, except in the lips. He never wore boots except on Sundays or feast days, yet he walked many miles every day to fetch and carry for the neighbours and earn a few pence or to sell garden produce. He was a capital salesman. Everyone in Florence knew Maso. His voice was enough to distinguish him, though his song was only to extol his beautiful cherries, or apricots, mulberries, field salad, or roughly-made slippers. During the vintage he rarely came to the city, he had the luxury of steady work for the five or six weeks of the wine making. Claude had sketched him a dozen times, he was so picturesque.

But no matter what Claude did he was taunted by the voice and earnest face of Brother Paul. A great fight was going on in his soul as to whether it would be right for him to steal time from his studies and academy picture to make an attempt at a reproduction of Casaceleste's great work.

"I don't see why I should—but, again, I don't see why I should not; everything is practice. I'll have a shot at it if I can get a good photograph of it."

So early one morning he went into town not only to buy the photograph, but to have what he called "a scamper" through the fine art and Uffizzi galleries and revive the sweet impression of his favourite works. Almost all of them were religious—the wonderful gaunt, stiff yet heavenly Botticellis and Fra Angelicos, the Lippis and that face for which he had such tender reverence, Leonardo's angel—the angel of the discovery of his genius.

Coming home a bunch in the stone wall gave him a view of the distant mountains and a grand effect of light upon the bare rock which fired his imagination. He rested a moment to make notes of the wild beauty of the cedars, cypresses and flex dotted against the bright, clear sky. The rest of the way his thoughts dwelt not only on the work of others—work accomplished—but that other delicious thing, that which was yet to come, his own and other men's—men he admired and hoped much from.

"By George!" he said to himself, trudging along in the dust, "what a time I am having—a perfect intoxication of loveliness and opportunity! Inspiration in the very air itself, and pictures, ready-made, springing out of the common life!"

He could hardly eat or drink, though he was tired and exhausted. He had a great screen in his work-room, and on it he stretched his paper, anxious to put into form the ideas that had made his day so full and exalting.

All day he worked. The design was there, the soft charcoal lent itself to his will, and the long, studious studies at the academy stood him in good stead. He was obliged to model as he went and account for each undulation in the perfect human form. Ah! what a wild and wild meditation it was that accompanied the work—skimming the necessities of art and plunging to the depths of the soul—as far as may be permitted to a mere mortal painter to enter on such mysterious, holy ground. The various emotions which made up "the bundle of bitter herbs" affected him and opened before him a spiritual experience to which he had hitherto been a stranger and which now forced him to an intensity of realism that exhausted him, body, soul and heart, till he was nearly fainting with the effort to grasp, master and express the chaotic infinite that defied his power of definition.

His subject was the passion. Behind the easel of a big canvas loomed with a sketch of a crucifixion—begun for poor Brother Paul—in remembrance of Casaceleste's picture.

He was in a condition of spiritual excitement that made him blind and deaf to common thoughts, yet actively alive to every sound or sight that could intensify emotion. A great flask of common wine stood on a small table in the corner; he poured some out and held it to the light. It was a glowing ruby red.

The life blood of the earth! drawn from her breast, hidden in beauty of form, colour, fragrance then crushed,