

paintings, The Transfiguration, was unfinished when he was prostrated by fever and died on the thirty-seventh anniversary of his birth. This painting, with the colors still wet, was carried in the funeral procession, and it is now one of the most valued possessions of the Vatican. All Europe mourned his death, for he was known not only as the Prince of Painters, but his amiable and unselfish nature had made him every man's friend. His works, says Kugler, were regarded with veneration, as if God had revealed himself through Raphael as of old through the prophets. Like Leonardo and Michael Angelo he wrote many short poems, which unhappily are lost. You may perhaps recall Browning's lines :

Raphael made a century of sonnets,  
 Made and wrote them in a certain volume  
 Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil  
 Else he only used to draw Madonnas. . . .  
 You and I will never read that volume.  
 Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple,  
 Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.  
 Guido Reni dying, all Bologna  
 Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours the treasure" !  
 Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

I have left all too little time for a visit to Room VII., where are five paintings by Titian,