

they do gnaw," as described with such dreadful vividness by the burning pen of Dante.

Not among the "giants" of the time, but one of its tenderest and most loving spirits, is the "Angelic Brother," whose lovely frescoes of saints and angels and Madonnas still adorn these cells and corridors. He could not preach, but he could paint such beatific visions as fill our eyes with tears to-day. He "never touched his brush till he had steeped his inmost soul in prayer." Overcome with emotion, the tears often streamed down his face as he painted the seven sorrows of Mary, or the raptures of the saved. He would take no money for his work: it was its own exceeding great reward. When offered the archbishopric of Florence, he humbly declined, and recommended for that dignity a brother monk. He died at Rome while sitting at his easel—caught away to behold with open face the beatific vision on which his inner sight so long had dwelt. The holy faces of his angels still haunt our memory with a spell of power.

Here, also, are the cells in which Cosmo I., a-weary of the world, retired to die, and that in which Pope Eugene slept four centuries ago. In the laboratory of the monastery are still prepared the drugs and medicines for which it was famous when all chemical knowledge was confined to the monkish brotherhood.

In the Church of San Lorenzo are the tombs of the Medician princes, on which have been lavished £1,000,000. Here are the masterpieces of Angelo, his Night and Day, which age after age keep their solemn watch in the chamber of the dead.

With the fortress-like Palazzo del Podesta, erected A.D. 1250, many tragic memories are linked. I stood in the chamber, originally a chapel, but for centuries a gloomy prison, in which the victims of tyranny languished and died; and saw the spot in the courtyard below where one of the greatest of the doges of Florence fell beneath the headsman's axe. It is now converted into a national museum, filled with treasures of art and historic relics. I was greatly impressed with a bronze figure of Mercury, "new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill!" Its ærial grace and lightness was exquisite. Very different was the effect of a wonderfully realistic representation of the appalling scenes of the plague, as described in Boccaccio's "Decameron." In looking at it, one could almost smell the foulness of the charnel house. Here also are the very telescopes and instruments of Galileo, and the crutches that supported the tottering steps of Michael Angelo, in his eighty-ninth year.