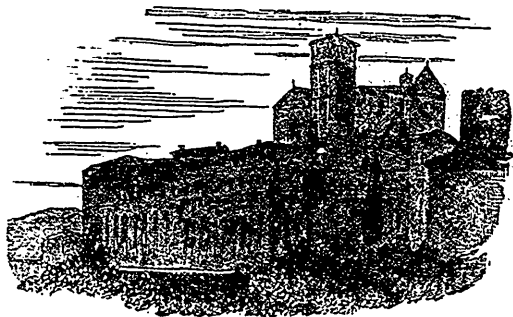


ments of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Gibson, and other masters, however, almost rival in my humble judgment the finest works of antiquity. With painting it is otherwise. I cannot feel the enthusiasm that many express concerning the great Italian masters. Even the celebrated "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, failed to impress me as other than a grand *tour de force*, whose chief object seemed to be the display of the master's skill in the foreshortened representation of the human figure in every possible attitude of contortion. These dimly-lighted pictures, blackened with the smoke of centuries, are, however, an unfavourable exhibition of his power. I liked much better the works of Raphaël in the Stanze and Loggie, which bear his name; although my untutored taste cannot subscribe to the dictum which pronounces them "unquestionably the noblest works of modern art in existence." I have seen many pictures that impressed me more.



CONVENT AND CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI.

The Vatican itself, in which these much-prized art treasures are housed, in the most extensive and magnificent palace in the world. It is said to contain eleven thousand halls, chapels, saloons, and private apartments, besides extensive courts and gardens. Here the papal power is supreme. The successor of the humble fisherman of Galilee is attended by a guard of armed soldiers, accoutred in a singularly bizarre-looking uniform of yellow and red, like one of earth's proudest monarchs. Yet we read of "the prisoner of the Vatican," and Peter's pence are collected from the poor throughout Catholic Christendom for the maintenance of this unapostolic state.

Conditions of time and space forbid further account of the