



STREET IN VARENNA—ON LAKE
COMO.

just seen in the great square. I sat in his chair; I saw his eagle-visaged portrait, his robes, his rosary, his crucifix, his Bible—richly annotated in his own fine, clear hand—and his MS. sermons which so shook the Papacy; and I seemed brought nearer to that heroic soul who kindled, four hundred years ago, a light in Italy that has not yet gone out.

Here, too, are the cell and many of the pictures of the saintly painter, Fra Angelico. The pure and holy faces of his angels, from which he derives his name, give an in-

sight into his inner nature; for only in a saintly soul could such sacred fancies dwell. A Last Judgment, by this artist, greatly impressed me with its realistic power. Christ is throned aloft in a glory of angels. An archangel blows the trump of doom. The graves open, and the sheeted dead come forth. To the right, a rapturous throng of the saved sweep through asphodel meadows to the gates of Paradise, welcomed by shining seraph forms. To the left, devils drive the lost to

caves of horror and despair, where "their tongues for very anguish