

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

I WAS at Rome with a friend. We visited together the Sistine chapel, and together we remained in admiration before the grand fresco of the last judgment by Michael Angelo. We were astonished at the power with which the painter had been able to represent the dead rising and taking their places before the tribunal of Christ, and from that, as a result of the judgment passed upon them, entering into glory or descending into hell.

Presently in the midst of this immense painting one person impressed us particularly. It was that of a man, seated, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and his fingers seemed to sink into his head. One of his eyes was concealed by his hand, and from the other he regarded us with a look, fixed, gloomy, glassy and desperate. We appeared to see this man descending! slowly sinking into the abyss; he seemed to be saying to himself: IT IS ALL OVER FOREVER! And to be saying to us: DO NOT AS I HAVE DONE! Long time we continued looking at this without saying a word. My companion at length broke the silence by saying:

"We too shall have to pass through that, and it is not a very pleasant reflection." "I do not believe," he continued, "that it is possible to be sure of being saved while in the world."

I remained silent. Although I had not thought

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