

those of Raffaele. The landscape on the left is worth studying, being extremely peculiar and crude in treatment. The catalogue gives the date of this artist's death as 1498. Did it not occur in 1494? Ministers of Education should at least be accurate in dates. Of the works of Baccio della Porta, better known as Fra Bartolommeo, three good copies are hung. The portrait of Savonarola, his spiritual master, is striking and strongly handled. The peculiarly dull green ground gives a gloomy character to the portrait of the great monk, in whose heavy jaws and full lips love and determination are firmly blended. Il Fratre's colouring is peculiar. He loved gloomy greens and light sickly reds, as shown in both the St. Catharine and Mary. The drapery is very finely managed; but this was an especial object of his patient study. Both these figures belong to the same period, and the faces are not altogether pleasing. The left hand of the Virgin at first seems strange; but is due to the folds of the overlapping drapery.

The Medusa's Head, attributed to Leonardo Da Vinci, and copied from the alleged original in the Uffizi Palace at Florence, is so unlike anything of this artist's work as to be considered by most critics spurious, and the work of a later hand. A note of this should have been made in the catalogue. The statement, too, that Verrocchio relinquished painting on account of his pupil's (Leonardo) superiority is also known to be incorrect. The story affixed to "The Medusa's Head" seems to refer to another lost picture, in which a dragonic beast was compounded of horrible shapes. Whether the Medusa be genuine or not, it is a remarkably horrid painting. The livid blue and red tints and the ghastly stare of the half closed eyes are certainly of powerful and weird effect, and the intense gloom over it all, unbroken except for the little light glittering on the almost metallic coils of the hair-snakes, adds to its horrible fascination. It is a relief to turn and admire the tones in the copy of "Vertumnus and Pomona," which are wonderful. The flesh is especially fine in modesty, and the hands are most beautifully drawn. The great variety of colouring in this picture is so perfectly harmonious that one looks around in vain for anything approaching its delicate handling. It is not brilliant; neither is it subdued; but the harmony is most perfect and the effect most pleasing. This is one of the best copies in the room, and worthy of all possible study. The drapery is beautifully finished and well reproduced. Undoubtedly this is one of the gems of the collection, and recalls the great power of that many-sided genius who has been aptly termed the Faust of Italian Renaissance, and whose influence was felt long after he ceased to produce such masterpieces of colour as the one reproduced here.

SAREPTA.

THE book about Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, by his chaplain, Dr. Koch, which was announced some time ago, will be published shortly in London. It will contain the Prince's own explanation of the submissive telegram he sent to the Czar after his return to Sofia, showing that he thus personally humbled himself in order, if possible, to save Bulgaria from the further consequences of the Czar's anger.

Poetry.

HOW THE BABY CAME.

THE Lady Moon came down last night—
She did, you needn't doubt it—
A lovely lady dressed in white:
I'll tell you all about it.
They hurried Len and me to bed,
And Aunt said, "Now, maybe
That pretty moon up overhead
Will bring us down a baby."

"You lie as quiet as can be:
Perhaps you'll catch her peeping
Between the window-bars, to see
If all the folks are sleeping.
And then, if both of you are still,
And all the room is shady,
She'll float across the window-sill,
A pretty white moon-lady."

"Across the sill, along the floor,
You'll see her shining brightly,
Until she comes to mother's door,
And then she'll vanish lightly.
But in the morning you will find,
If nothing happens, maybe,
She's left us something nice behind—
A beautiful star-baby."

We didn't just believe her then,
For Aunt's always chaffing;
The tales she tells to me and Len
Would make you die a-laughing;
And when she went out pretty soon,
Len said: "That's Auntie's humming;
There ain't a bit of Lady Moon,
Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib,
And yet I wasn't certain;
So I kept quiet in the crib,
And peeped behind the curtain.
I didn't mean to sleep a wink,
But all without a warning,
I dropt right off—and, don't you think,
I never waked till morning!

Then there was Aunt by my bed,
And when I climbed and kissed her,
She laughed and said, "You sleepy head,
You've got a little sister!
What made you shut your eyes so soon?
I've half a mind to scold you—
For down she came, that Lady Moon,
Exactly as I told you!"

And truly it was not a joke,
In spite of Len's denying;
For just the very time she spoke
We heard the baby crying.
The way we jumped, and made a rush
For mother's room that minute!
But Aunt stopped us, crying, "Hush!
Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tiptoe in,
And keep as awful quiet
As if it was a mighty sin
To make a bit of riot.
But there was baby, anyhow—
The funniest little midget!
I just wish you could peep in now,
And see her squirm and fidget.

Len says he don't believe its true,
(He isn't such a gaby),
The moon had anything to do
With bringing us that baby.
But seems to me it's very clear,
As clear as running water—
Last night there was no baby here,
So something must have brought her.

THE latest acquisition to a dime museum is a man who has a spiral neck, shaped something like a corkscrew. It is supposed that he sat in a theatre behind a high hat, and twisted his neck out of shape in trying to get a glimpse of the stage.