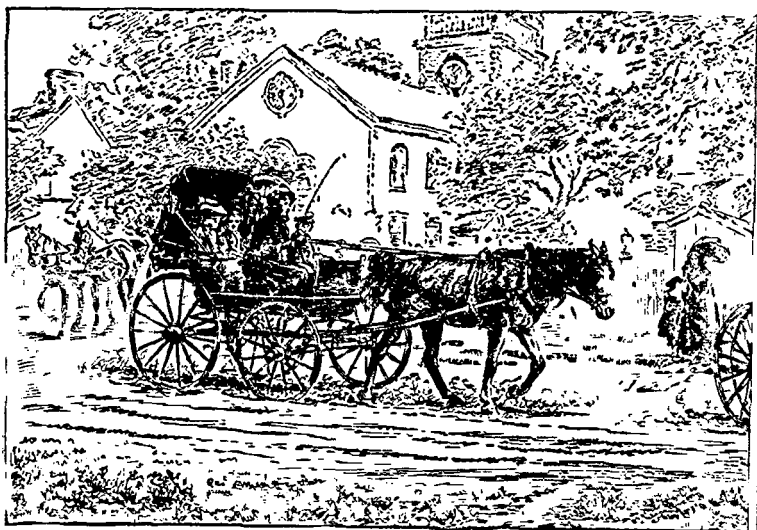


cially of our Saviour on the cross, which, for haggard deathliness, I never saw equalled.

The finest permanent art exhibition in New York is that at the Metropolitan Museum in the Central Park. The Cesnola Cypriote antiquities, pottery, glass, gems, jewelry, etc., are equalled only by the Schliemann Collection at South Kensington, London. In statuary, Story's Medea, Semiramis, Polyxena, and Cleopatra, form a noble group. There are also fine specimens of Powers, Canova, Westmacott, Benzon, and some fine antiques. In the galleries of the old masters are some fine Raphaels,



"MEETIN'S OUT." (New England.)

Titians, Durers, and good examples of early Italian and Flemish art.

We preferred, however, the loan collection of modern paintings—many of them of great value. Le Page's "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices," is a strange, weird, mono-toned picture, its lack of beauty redeemed from ugliness only by its spiritual elevation.

The deep pathos of "A Breton Evening," with tired women returning from the field, was very impressive, as was also the religious feeling of another, showing two peasants pausing with bowed head at the ringing of the Angelus. Abject superstition was never more admirably represented than in a picture of Louis XI. praying to a crucifix fastened in his hat-band. In Musson's