

he was crowning his Divine Comedy with his prayer to the Mother of God, the most perfect lyric that ever came from a human heart, the great architects of the middle Ages had lifted to their stupendous heights the Gothic towers of Notre Dame of Paris, of Amiens and Reims. They had carved on the portals of Charles the Christian epic as prefigured in the Old, and accom plished in the New Law. When he wrote his "De Monarchia Mundi," the conflict between the Papacy and the Empire was eu

in this world.

morse.

do for you.

tering its acutest stages. At one time a Guelph, at heart Dante was a Ghibelline, a bitter op- of his country. And if the paintponent of the temporal claims of the Papacy, although it may have Cimabue. Arpolfo and Pisano anbeen the abnormal extension more tedated the "Divine Commedia." than the actual existence of that the masterpieces of their foltemporal power which he so lowers were deeply influenced by bitterly condemned. But even that incomparable teacher. The in those Popes whom he hotly sonnets of Petrarch slumber in denounced, he ever recognized Dante's " Canzoni." The Ma-Peter. He placed Boniface VIII donnas of Raphael are but pale among the simoniacal in the copies of that Maiden Mother lowest depths of hell (Inf. XIX), thus undoubtly doing a grave brated in his loveliest lyric, one injustice to a great and grossly that swells from that mystic maligned Pope. None the less, he fount of poesy hidden in some bitterly arraigned in some of his vale of Paradise and known only finest verses (Purg. XX) the out- to the Sons of God. The beauty rages perpetrated at Agnani by not of earth, that glows on the the tools of Philip the Fair of faces of the martyrs and virgins France, Nogaret and Sciarra Col- of Fra Angelico is but a refleconna, against the same Pontiff. If tion of the glory with which he was a fiery Ghibelline, he was Dante saw them in his Paradise. still more a fervent Catholic.

In those wonderful years of the thirteenth century, springtime and summer, dawn and high noon of a noble civilization, the between the Empire and the Papacy, Italian to the core and be her dower, a citizen of restless Florence, caught in the grinding mechanism of political fac

during its most turbulent times, exiled from the soil he loved and plotting his return at the head of an armed band, he never knew how to play the neutral or the coward. His hands never shirked the task that summoned him. Yet he could dream of heaven

and its glories as he watched Arnolfo building that Cathedra " of the Flower," which in a later age Brunelleschi was to dome with majesty. He was lost in wonder as his friend Giotte limned the ecstatic face of holy Francis, who bore the marks of the Passion

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