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SAVONAROLA.

THERE is a very interesting medallion in the Art Department. It is only a plaster cast, no bigger than the palm of your hand, very ordinary looking, and you may see it almost any time in the Free-hand drawing room. Hundreds have passed by it giving it not even the slightest notice. Had they done so they would have observed that it is the portrait of a monk.

The face is ugly and yet the great Michael Angelo has said of the original that art could go no further. The head and shoulders are enveloped by a thick hood. It is drawn close, suggesting by its curves a long and somewhat flat skull extremely full at the base and sides. The eye that once flashed fire is scarcely seen, so deeply sunken is the socket.

The nose is strong, prominent, and aquiline, with wide nostrils capable of terrible dilation under the stress of vehement emotion. The mouth, large, as though made for a flood of eloquence, has full, projecting lips, tightly compressed and is supplied with muscles, massive, as if to move with energy and calculated force of utterance. The jaw is heavy, the cheek bone in high relief; between the two the flesh is hollow as though wasted by mighty wrestlings with the spirit. It is the face of a visionary winnowed