

Death in life—life in death; all points to this.

At the Egyptian banquet a coffin, with a waxen effigy, was passed round amongst the guests—amid the mirth, a monitor of mortality; and Philip of Macedon wrote at his feasts the warning words: "Remember thou art mortal."

No need have we of these "aids to reflection." Nature's tear-choruses for ever ringing in our ears, and the mysterious previsions that echo in the inner chambers of our hearts, all remind us of the motto, "*Tempus, fegut*," and whisper of the rising tidalwave. To all they say—

"Perform thy work, and straight return to God."

One last word meets us upon the threshold; and like a song in the night, its welcome note sounds gladly in our ears—the *dead* and the *deathless* are one!—*Quiver*.

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A DAY IN GENOA.

BY THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHION, M. A.

Now that everybody talks about Italy, and is interested in its political fortunes, perhaps one of the more notable cities of its northern provinces may be seen with advantage in a fireside ramble—one of those inexpensive ones which books provide. Genoa lies terrace over terrace, open only to the sea, like a disdainful beauty, who cares not to reveal her charms. If you want to be impressed by one of those sights which become memories, you must not enter Genoa by the rail, but either by the gate of the Lanterna, or, better still, along "the silent highway" into the stately harbour. From either of these points the city is indeed, "Genoa la Superba."

I had travelled for three days over the beautiful Corniche road. My driver was a reckless, handsome fellow, given to trolling patriotic songs, with an indifferent opinion of the Pope and the Emperor, and an idolatry of Garibaldi, in whose service, as he told us with pride, one of the horses which conveyed me was destined to figure as a charger.

Commend me to this Riviera di Ponente for successions of exquisite beauty. The road is now carried on the sides of the cliff, high above the sea, and now sweeps through some picturesque village on the shore. Groves of orange, lemon, mulberry, acacia, vine, and olive, with here and there giant aloes and clusters of statelier palm trees, abound in exquisite variety. Rocks of many colours, quaint old Moorish towers, bridges and aqueducts, grey with wondrous age, and proud even in their ruin, as if they knew that Roman hands had piled them; strange, weird-like towns, beautiful for situation, but repulsive and miserable as you enter them, whose narrow streets seem meant for murders, and whose swarthy sons seem as if they could

soon be bribed to perpetrate them—with now and then, like a jewel with its crust of mud, glorious eyes, flashing through the dirt, which would have charmed a Correggio; and everywhere, chafed or calm as its mood is, the grand blue sea, fencing and watching the whole. It would be difficult to surpass this three days' wonderful ride.

Through a long suburb, rounding the gulf, you approach the city, but see nothing but fortifications, straggling villas, and solitary lines of streets, until you pass the gate; then at once you realize the panorama—palaces, terraces, hills, and harbour.

Genoa is a city of contrasts. In half an hour you may traverse streets of palaces, burrow into all kinds of infragant courts and alleys swarming with a population innocent of towels, and come out into all the bustle and enterprise of a flourishing seaport town. Begin at the railway station. Close by is the palace of the celebrated Andrea Doria, gardened to the water's edge. There are many hearts in Genoa still which are proud to recall his name. In the piazza is a fine statue of Columbus, for although the little town of Cogoleto claims to have been his birthplace, he is popularly called a Genoese. On through the Strada Balbi, the Strada Nuova, and the Strada Nuovissima. These three streets are almost entirely composed of palaces, and as you walk along them they are so narrow, and the vast piles are so lofty, that the sky seems like a band of blue ribbon far away. Each palace has a grand facade facing the street, many of them of white marble. By a grand archway in the centre you pass into the courtyard (no house in Italy is called a palace unless there is a courtyard, round which a carriage can drive), in which myrtles, oranges and oleanders bloom, and from which the marble staircase conducts you to the suite of apartments on the first floor. Marble columns, fine paintings, long mirrors, statuettes, alti and bassi relievi, vases of malachite, or of rare old Sevres china, gorgeous mantlepieces, tessellated pavements, panels exquisitely carved, the rooms furnished with wonderful taste, and hung with the finest draperies—all these combine to add to the splendour of the Genoese palaces, and to create in the unsophisticated beholder a bewildered confusion. If, when reflection succeeds excitement, you ask, "*Cui bono?*" there is but the echo to answer. These palaces of the former time only deepen by their contrast the squalor and misery which abuts upon them.

Just at the end of the Strada Balbi is the Church of the Annunziata, built by the Lomellini family. Over the entry is a fine painting of the "Last Supper;" but the chief feature of the Church is its excessive decoration. The pillars are marble, and the roof is exquisitely painted, but not an inch of the walls is without its adornment of gilding: you are in a blaze of gold—