

needed the first glorious glimpse of tower and dome and campanile rising from the water as the long bridge is neared, or the transition from the hot and dusty train to the cool and clean gondola to banish them and to hypnotize the travel-stained occupants of the sable craft. The crooked waterways diverging from the Grand Canal again alluringly invited exploration; the marketers surrounding the Rialto were as noisy as of yore, and the pigeons were as worldly wise in flocking to the right corner of the Grand Square for their dinner the very instant old Pietro Lombardo's clock tower struck two of the afternoon.

St. Mark's Cathedral—Italy's illustrated Bible—again welcomed the stranger through its pillared portals to its undulating pavement, to its gloom of shadow, to its atmosphere of prayer and worship. The heart of man worships God as naturally under San Marco's golden domes as it does on the summit of Pilatus or in Norway's Naerodal.

Some of the curious ante-rooms connected with the cathedral were filled with workers in mosaics, who are replacing some inartistic and crude mosaics made a century ago. A new school of mosaics has been started in connection therewith and the new Stones of Venice are among the results. Ruskin was recently told of these restorations and improvements. "Improvements?" he replied. "No, no; I tell you it is all for the worse. They've spoiled my Venice!"

It is when the shades of evening are lowered from the brilliant afternoon sky that the spell of Venice completes its work; when the base and facade of St. Mark's are toned in shadow but when the domes and minarets are gilded by the gold of the sunset; when the lower stories of the campanile turn prison, and the top is alight like a torch; when the yellow-ochre sails of the quaint sea craft are as motionless as the mirroring waters; when the dome of Della Salute is a dome of gold, and the great ball of the Dogana is a ball of gold—then the spell works mightily. And as the day thus slips into the night, and the darkness covers all that is dilapidated or soiled, a metamorphosis takes place, and a strange, enchanted night-city replaces the day-city that is itself a wonder.

The enchantment begins as one emerges from the twisting and bewildering street that runs from the Rialto to the Square. What striking contrasts! What anomalies! What "bits" await the painter! Ear-ringed Venetians, of the baser sort, sound asleep on the marble ledges of campanile and cathedral; gendarmes wearing Napoleon hats and a dangling sword; smart officers of the new Italian army; insinuating flower-girls and sweetened-water vendors; coal-black Nubians and half-black Egyptians from the Khedive's man-of-war in the harbour; men of many lands and of many tongues making Venice cosmopolitan—all of the night-life of the night-city crowded into its Square and Piazzetta drinking in music—and wine. Then the search-lights from the ocean steamers in the canal play wonderful pranks, making the carved windows of the Doge's palace to blink with sudden life, and to be re-peopled with the romantic occupants of past centuries, or whitening the bewilderment of domes and spires on St. Mark's with a mysterious, beautiful gleam.

Venice has its day-awakening at five when it would seem to sleepy ears as if all the bells that were ever cast in in all the foundries of the world since bells were invented, had entered into a great clanging contest. Verily, Venice is a city of bells, and from this fact one can as readily realize that it is a city of churches. Thus quiet has but a short reign, for every night we heard snatches of grand opera floating to our windows from the Grand Canal till two in the morning. Then at five—three hours after—the bells and canal-cries.

But the light-hearted Venetian, whose sky and air seems ever to keep a song in his heart, has a midday siesta to prepare him for his midnight carnival. How utterly happy the lazy dogs seemed as they slept in their boats beneath the shade of a bridge arch when the sun was fiercest and the water a-shimmer with heat! And how happy were the lads who, too active in their youth for indolent sleep, turned the canals for a time into so many public swimming baths. You remember the winding waterway that leads to the Church of the Frari? Never before had we the strange experience of being navigated through a wriggling, spouting, bobbing mass of human beings who played porpoise in front of, behind, and under our craft to the intense indignation of our head navigator.

I have not sufficient space left to tell of how we went a-swimming too in the Adriatic, such is the power of example; of the exhilarating buoyancy of the blue water as the tide came in; of the happy family parties of Venetians who disported in the sea. Even the babies are taught to swim in this water city, and many a doorstep we passed where mother or nurse sat at the water's edge, holding one end of a rope that was safely attached to the waist of the little scion in the sea.

But the going-away comes in Venice, and quicker than in any other city. We set sail for the station by a circuitous route that took us to the white-capped open water between the city and Murano Island. Near the Church of the Jesuits we passed a Venetian funeral—the hearse-boat, the funeral gondolas, the dead being carried to the cemetery island. Thus Death levies its tolls even in beautiful Venice.

Near the Canareggio we caught a glimpse of the Ghetto—a glimpse of high-walled buildings lining narrow, dark and ill-smelling streets; a glimpse of forbidding and sinister-featured sons of Abraham emerging suddenly from low doorways and dark stairs to stare at us as we passed. It was a far cry from the music, the illuminations, the heterogeneous family party on the Grand Square, to the squalor, the unkemptness, of the modern Jew of Venice.

FRANK YEIGH.

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## In and About the Foundations of Faith.

WE were two who called at a professor's residence not many days ago and spent there a short time in cheery, profitable chat. The gentleman had never been in Canada, though his worthy wife had spent at least the time of a transient visit there. He, too, was not without connection with the Dominion; for, some few years ago, a gentleman engaged in the politics of Canada had written to him for evidence to be used in the Parliamentary debate on the Opposition side to the famous "Jesuits' Bill." The Professor remembered well selecting a number of books on the question, and indicating passages therein which were transcribed by his students under his direction. These excerpts were then sent on to the correspondent in Canada whose name, my informant thought, strongly resembled that of a very prominent Independent in Canadian politics.

Our host informed us that he was pleased to see that Canada was conservative on the subjects of religion and morals. But our feelings were somewhat resentful when we learned that our national character was conceived according to the picture of a German poem, now only a little more than a century old. This poem, which our entertainer recited, sees these colonists of the West as a simple, sincere folk, living far from the glamour and clamour known as European civilization. We ventured gently to revise the conception pointing our criticism with the remark of an Irish servant girl, who thought a prominent Canadian mercantile character "a very nice looking gentleman to have come from Canada."

Coming to the subject of our respective languages the tendency existing in certain circles in England and the United States to clip the ends off words was severely reprehended, and indistinctness in the conducting of religious exercises came in for a share of the censure. We spoke, incidentally, of graces before meals, but were astounded on being informed that the gentleman addressed had formerly observed this, and also the institution of family prayer; but now regarded such formalities as without meaning in a higher and better apprehension of religious duty. This gentleman, who is a Professor and Doctor of Theology—to say nothing of his Doctorate in Philosophy and of his British Doctorate in Letters—was at one time being entertained in an English home where family prayer was regularly held. On the particular morning when our friend was present a portion of the Pentateuch containing commands to the Israelites regarding false gods and uncleanness of apparel was read, and the guest of the occasion took opportunity to tell the master of the home, as he told us, that he regarded the selection of such a passage for the religious edification of those who were far removed from the sins therein condemned to be an insult to modern conviction and practice in the matter of religious obligation.

The talk drifted away from this to religious knowledge in general; and, by the way, we were led to mention an