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## AN AFTERNOON IN VENICE.

THE dark and gloomy churches of the Frari and Saints John and Paul with their wealth of monuments and paintings, had proved intensely interesting and attractive during the forenoon, but now the sun was shining brightly, the sky was blue and cloudless, and we felt that the perfect Autumn afternoon must be spent out of doors. What more enticing than to spend it leisurely gliding over the bright green waters!

As we came out upon the great square of St. Mark's on our way from the hotel to the gondola station at the Molo, the sun was gleaming on the huge cathedral, and almost involuntarily we stopped to marvel at the splendor and magnificence of the effect. Each gilded dome was glistening like a ball of fire, and the sun-beams were dancing in and out among the little Gothic spires and pinnacles. The mosaics in the façade were dazzling in their brilliancy of color, and the four bronze horses over the main entrance seemed almost ablaze. Even the square itself and the row of buildings on each side were gleaming.

Immediately in front of the Cathedral, near the large flag masts hundreds of doves were circling about, eagerly pecking the grains of corn which a crowd of tourists were holding in their hands or on their heads and shoulders for them, while hun-

dreds more were flying in and out of the little niches in the front of the sacred edifice where lie the bones of St. Mark.

Restraining a desire for a look at the oriental magnificence of the interior of the church, we turned the corner where formerly stood the Campanile, which had watched over the city for eight centuries only to fall in ruins a few years ago, and crossed the Piazzetta, between the celebrated Palace of the Doges and the Library, down to the lagune. Here on the Molo arise the two famous granite pillars brought from the Orient in the twelfth century. On the top of one is a statute of St. Theodore, the former patron of Venice, on a crocodile; on the other is the winged lion of St. Mark.

The water was so placid and so inviting, we hastened to make our choice among the many gondolas, were soon reclining easily on the cushioned seat, and as if by magic began to glide lightly over the water. Almost immediately we turned from the broad lagune under the Ponte della Paglia into one of the smaller canals. On both sides were the prisons and connecting them, just above us, the narrow little Bridge of Sighs. We shuddered at the sight and were glad to leave it soon behind us. The swish of the paddle in the quiet chan-