

which it is said the Saviour drank, but which one it is, no one knows, as each pilgrim drinks from all, to be sure of drinking from the one the Saviour used. The great business of the place consists in the sale of rosaries and other religious paraphernalia."

We conclude this rambling chapter with a brief sketch of the famous Salt Mines of Cracow, of which we give a couple of engravings. The mines are entered by numerous shafts, with galleries at seven different levels, leading to a labyrinth of passages and immense excavations, extending to a total length of five hundred miles. Some of the chambers are as much as one hundred and fifty feet high, but those now excavated are much lower. One of these is fitted up as a chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony, in which the altars, statues, columns, pulpit, etc., are all hewn out of the salt. In another is a lake six hundred and forty feet long and forty feet deep. These mines have been worked from the early part of the eleventh century. The kings of Poland drew from them considerable revenue, and depended upon them for the endowment of their queens.

AT THE GATE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BESIDE a mighty city's gate,
Where passed at morn the proud and great
To seek a sacred shrine that stood
Within the precincts of a wood,
A crippled beggar sat, and loud
Besought the ever-passing crowd.
His need was sore, but they denied;
"We seek to find out God!" they cried,
As by the altar, on the sod,
They knelt—"We seek to find out God!"

The day declined. The great and proud
Who sought that morn the shrine, and bowed
Their heads as though in reverence there,
Forgot the shrine, forgot the prayer.
But, lo! the man whom they denied
A pittance as they passed in pride,
Dead by the gateway, knew what they
So vainly sought, as day by day,
They toward the holy altar trod,
He—he alone—had found out God!