

dome carved from a massive *lapis lazuli*; the deep blue of the sea beneath, with its myriad little waves, like a floor covered with the fragments of that upper glory. Then the sky will change to crystal, and the sea to emerald. Sometimes the heavens will glow like burnished gold; then the sea will seem like molten brass. Frequently the atmosphere is a prism, and the entire spectrum of colors appears against the sky, like a horizontal rainbow, or massive edifice whereof the layers are distinct quarryings of precious stones. One cannot gaze upon so gorgeous a scene without thinking of the "New Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God; the wall of it was jasper, and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass, and the foundations were garnished with all manner of precious stones, jasper, sapphire, emerald," etc. (Rev. xxi: 18.) The grandest cloud effects are when the sun itself is concealed behind the mass which it glorifies; just as "the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it." (Rev. xxi: 23.)

The rocky islands of the sporades (some of them monoliths), when seen from a distance, lose all color and stand like masses of petrified foam or opaque light; and one thinks of the twelve gates through the lower part of the wall of the New Jerusalem, whereof "every several gate was one pearl." (Rev. xxi: 21.)

How could one stand on Patmos and look over the unrippled sea at sunset, without thinking of "a sea of glass mingled with fire"? (Rev. xv: 2), or listen to the light murmur of the tiny breakers which in calmest weather encircle the island with a belt of foam; or, with the rising wind, hear the sea roll its deep, melodious sub-bass until it breaks into a choral roar under the baton of the storm, and not think of the words, "I heard a voice, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder"? (Rev. xiv: 2.)

May not John have seen the sun in eclipse, "as black as sackcloth of hair" (Rev. vi: 12); the deep red orb of the moon rising from the water when "it became as blood"; meteoric showers enlivening the solitude of the night—"the stars of heaven falling unto the earth even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind" (Rev. vi: 13); the storm-clouds gather and break again into a thousand writhing convolutions, as if the "heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together" (Rev. vi: 14); the peaks on the distant shore of Asia Minor, and the craggy islands lost in thickening fogs, as if "every mountain and island were moved out of their place"? (Rev. vi: 14).

When the sun went down that night we glided along by the ill-fated island of Chios. The beach was illumined with bonfires, about which gathered the terror-stricken inhabitants, who had fled from their tottering homes, for the earthquake had, the day before, slain hundreds of human beings, and the remnant were waiting at any moment