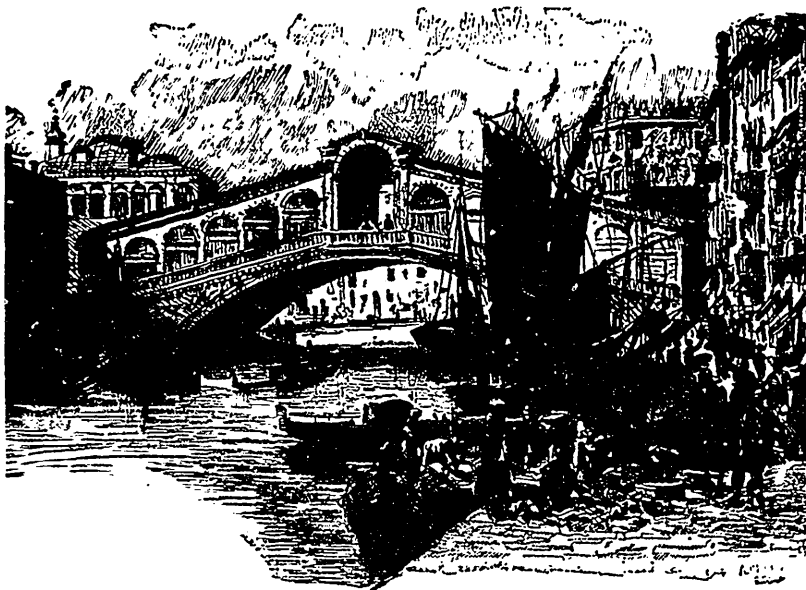


that goes around the building within and without, and felt to the full the spell of this old historic church. We never heard more impassioned preaching than from a very homely and very red-headed friar in its ancient pulpit.

At twilight, in St. Mark's, the scene was very impressive. The sweet-voiced organ filled the shadowy vaults with music. The tapers gleamed on the high altar, reflected by the porphyry and marble columns. A throng of worshippers knelt upon the floor and softly chanted the responses to the choir. And at that sunset hour the fishermen on the lagunes, the sailor on the sea,



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the peasant on the shore, the maiden at her book, the mother by her babe, pause as they list to the vesper-bell and whisper the angel's salutation to the blessed among women.

In the piazza rises, to the height of over three hundred feet, the isolated square campanile of St. Mark, from which we enjoyed a magnificent sunset view of the city, the lagunes, the curving shore of the Adriatic, and the distant Tyrolese and Julian Alps. A tourist, with an artist's eye and poet's pen, thus describes the beauty of the scene :

"The burning sunset turns all the sky to opal, all the churches to pearl, all the sea to crimson and gold. The distant mountains glow like lines of lapis lazuli washed with gold ; the islands are bowers of greenery, springing