

fair model, with simple surprise; "Why should I have minded? There was a good fire in the room all the time."

Mr. Story's studio is a gallery of Scriptural and American history.

ington, Lincoln, Edward Everett, General Geo. B. McClellan and others; also some capital portrait busts of Byron, Shelley, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, etc. One little statuette especially caught my fancy. It was Mr. Story

himself in his working garb, (Norfolk jacket and little round cap)—looking just as he looked twenty years ago—(and he doesn't look a bit older to-day.) One thing, however, it lacks,—his inevitable, perpetual cigarette, and without that, the likeness, to my thinking, is not perfect.

A FUNCTION AT ST. PETER'S.

Last Sunday we went, with some tens of thousands of others (chiefly Spanish) pilgrims, to see the first step in the creation of a new Saint, viz., his beatification by the Holy Father, in the church of "San Pietro in Vaticano," the largest grandest Cathedral in the world.

You can fancy, perhaps you can recall, the scene. Mrs. Elliott describes it very well in the eighth chapter of her "Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy," but no words of hers or mine can do it justice. The immense choir of the great Basilica was hung, from its lofty roof to its marble floor, with curtains



MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

He still has the original models (in plaster) of his well-known statues,—Adam, Eve, Saul, David, Esther, etc., also those of his father, Chief Justice Story, Chief Justice Marshall, Wash-

of crimson damask, and lighted by thousands upon thousands of chandeliers, blazing with innumerable lights. Above the "Chair of St. Peter" was suspended an immense picture of