

go in now. You will find it a handsome church, though; there is some beautiful carving behind the high altar."

This church is set in a tiny square facing the bridge, with houses close around it. We skirted the church and soon came out at the lower end of the Piazza, or St. Mark's Square. The four ladies all stopped with a faint exclamation of delight. Three sides of the square are occupied by beautiful shops, a wide, covered arcade forming a protection from sun and rain. On the fourth side of the square, opposite to us, the noble Cathedral of St. Mark, with the graceful Campanile in front, a little to the right, completes the picture. The entire ground of the vast square is covered with broad flags over which the far-famed pigeons roam at will.

"I am simply dumb with admiration," exclaimed Mrs. Benson. Even Daisy was silent.

"I cannot let you linger now," said Jim, "if you would be in time for Mass."

We all moved on, picking our way through the pigeons, which are absolutely without fear, and quite masters of the situation. After leaving the ladies in the church before an altar where Mass was about to begin, saying we would return in about half an hour, Jim and I walked down past the Doge's Palace to the Piazzetta, or Little Square, where we walked up and down by the Grand Canal. When we returned to the church our ladies were already walking about admiring the rich Mosaics with their golden background. We got the Sacristan, who took us into the sanctuary, to show the ladies the