

stung with the humiliation. "To *me* and to Saint Peter," replied the haughty Pontiff, pressing once more his foot upon his vassal's neck. The proud monarch was then obliged to hold the stirrup of the priest as he mounted his ass, not "meek and lowly," like his Master, but more haughty than earth's mightiest kings.

In that same porch the Doge Dandolo, "near his hundredth year, and blind—his eyes put out—stood with his armour on," ere with five hundred gallant ships he sailed away, in his hand the gonfalon of Venice, which was soon to float in victory over the mosques and minarets of proud Byzantium. Here

"In an after time, beside the doge,
Sat one yet greater, one whose verse shall live
When the wave rolls o'er Venice—
The tuneful Petrarch crowned with laurel."

Let us enter the church. A vast and shadowy vault opens before us. The mosaic pavement heaves and falls in marble waves upon the floor. "The roof sheeted with gold, and the polished wall covered with alabaster," reflect the light of the altar lamps, "and the glories around the heads of the saints flash upon us as we pass them and sink into the gloom." The austere mosaics, some dating back to the tenth century, made the old church during long ages a great illuminated Bible—its burden the abiding truth, "Christ is risen! Christ shall come!" "Not in wantonness of wealth," writes Ruskin, "were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven—He shall return to do judgment and justice." The old church was to the unlettered people a visible "image of the Bride, all glorious within, her raiment of wrought gold."

We lingered for hours, spell-bound, studying the antique frescoes of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, martyrs, angels and dragons, forms beautiful and terrible, the whole story of the Old and New Testament, the life and miracles of Christ, and the final glories and terrors of the Apocalypse; and listening the while to the chanting of the priests and the solemn cadence of the organ and choir. On the high altar are reliefs of the eleventh century, containing nearly three hundred figures; and alabaster columns, according to tradition, from the temple of Solomon, through which the light of a taper shines; and underneath are the so-called tomb and relics of St. Mark. We stood in the ancient pulpit, descended into the dim, weird crypts, and climbed to the corridor