

well kept. The new arcade, or *Galleria Vittorio Emanuele*, filled with splendid *cafés* and shops and roofed with glass, is the chief place of rendezvous. It cost a million of dollars. The hotels are good.

It was by the light of the full moon that I renewed my acquaintance with the exterior of that wonderful building with which the name of Milan is most frequently associated—the far-famed Duomo, or cathedral, of which the foundations were laid just five hundred years ago. Built entirely of white marble, it is 486 feet in length, and 288 feet in breadth, across the transepts. From floor to ceiling it is 153 feet high, and to the top of the spire, 355 feet. This may seem a hackneyed way of describing a structure of such unparalleled beauty, but it is necessary to convey an intelligible idea of its size. The general style of the edifice is Gothic, and although it is said to be far from correct, architecturally, in some of its details, the effect, upon the whole, to an ordinary observer, is simply magical. When you come to examine it closely, you are bewildered with the richness and elaborateness of its adornments. Fancy five thousand figures of life size, each a work of art from the hands of an eminent sculptor, enconced in niches—no less artistic—or perched on slender pinnacles, white as the driven snow! But it is only when you ascend to the roof that you realize the immensity of labour that has been expended on these pinnacles, and “saints,” and flying buttresses covered with delicately wrought foliage. To reach the feet of “Our Lady,” to whom this temple is dedicated, you must ascend a series of winding stairs numbering in all upwards of five hundred marble steps. The gilt statue of the Madonna, though from the street it looks like a doll, is thirteen feet in height. The view from the summit is truly magnificent, over vast plains “basking in eternal spring,” terminating on one side with the distant blue Apennines, and on the other with the snowy peaks of Mont Blanc. In the interior of the cathedral every thing is on a grand scale. The vaulted roof is supported by fifty-two colossal marble pillars, seventy feet in height, covered with statuary and tracery of exquisite workmanship. The floor is also of marble in different colours in a variety of beautiful combination. The paintings on the walls are not very numerous, but they

are all master-pieces. There is very little gilding—the overwhelming effect being due chiefly to the skill of the architect, the vast size, and the admirable proportions of the several parts. The three great painted windows in the east end of the church are particularly noticeable. There are one hundred and five panes in each, filled with Bible subjects from Genesis to Revelation, and every one a gem.

I confess that, with great respect for the memory of the “sainted” Cardinal and Archbishop, Carlo Borromeo, the eminent reformer and philanthropist, I grudged paying five francs for permission to look at his skeleton, the more ghastly from the gorgeous shrine in which it lies, arrayed in rich pontifical robes sparkling with diamonds, in a subterranean chapel directly under the dome. Borromeo was, I believe, the father of the modern Sunday-school, the first who is known to have introduced a systematic service of catechetical instruction for children on the Lord’s Day, and the method begun by him in the parishes of his diocese in the sixteenth century is continued to the present day in this cathedral. Other relics of a more questionable kind are kept on exhibition for the purpose of “raising the wind,”—such as, ‘a nail from the cross,’ ‘pieces of the manger of Bethlehem,’ ‘part of the towel with which Christ wiped his disciple’s feet,’ ‘four thorns of his crown,’ ‘a piece of Moses’ rod,’ ‘two of Elisha’s teeth,’ &c. What ever may be thought of the *relics*, no one can challenge the inscription over the high altar, —*Attendite ad Petram undi excis- estes* —“Look unto the Rock whence ye were hewn.” Nor does it seem possible for any unprejudiced person to survey attentively this glorious structure without inwardly feeling that the cathedral of Milan worthily expresses the enthusiasm of those who designed it to represent the value they attached to religion and art combined. It was in this cathedral that Napoleon I. had the iron crown of Charlemagne placed on his head by Pope Pius VII. in 1805, when he was proclaimed King of Italy.

The church of S. Ambrogio—*St. Ambrose*—is much older than the cathedral. It was founded in the ninth century, in honour of Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in the year 374—a man of great ability and stainless character, who is said to be the author of the