

Vernon laughed again. "Bartholomew!" said he. "Why Bartholomew more than Nathaniel? The names belonged to the same man. Bartholomew means the son of Tolmæus, or Tholemew, and that party was Nathaniel's father."

"Well," said Gracie, "I think it's a shame. I've been going to Sunday school all my life, and nobody ever told me all that. But how do you happen to know so much about church history? Why, you ought to write one for the use of Sunday schools. But never mind. Go on and tell how the Venetians happened to choose St. Mark."

"St. Mark, you know," began Vernon, "according to legend, which is very likely to be true, died at Alexandria, and was buried there. His tomb was much revered by the Christians, who believed that miracles were wrought there. After the Mohammedans captured the place, the Christians still kept up their reverence, and at length the Mohammedans also caught the superstition, and used to bring their sick friends there to be healed. At last, one of the Mohammedan rulers, who did not believe in St. Mark, being in want of marble for a new palace, determined to destroy his church, and appropriate the stones for his own purposes. The priests were in a great way. They were afraid that the remains of the apostle would be desecrated, and the lower orders generally were equally afraid of losing the relics which wrought such miracles. So the governor promised to transfer the remains to some other place.