

A peasant driving him.

A small boy.

A cat.

A little dog chasing.

Another dog assisting.

All these passed, and David began to think that the immortal Bean-stalk of fairy lore was nothing when compared to the ascending incline of St. Peter's. What had Jack seen, in his never-to-be-forgotten wanderings, that could compare with this?

For there, full before him, arose a spectacle which cannot be equalled anywhere else on earth.

He had come to the middle of this village in the air,—to what may be called the grand square. Here there arose three mighty edifices. One was close by him, on his left. It was surmounted by a dome, and looked like a temple, or some sanctuary for worship. Some distance away arose another, the third of these three great edifices, which was the counterpart of the first. Both of these were, individually, of noble and stately appearance; yet they were dwarfed, eclipsed, and thrown altogether out of the sphere of examination by a giant structure that stood between them, and, towering far on high, dominated over all surrounding things.

Its proportions were vast. David stood and looked at it. He had seen many large buildings, and he tried to compare this with some among them, but found none that could fairly be put in