

section of the transepts, 180 feet high. It was brilliantly illuminated and adorned with statues and frescoes, and lined with shops of jewellers, silk mercers, art collectors, and cafès, and is the evening haunt of the fashionable Milanese. In an adjoining square is a noble monument of the great Leonardo da Vinci, at whose base a splendid military band discoursed fine music. All fair Milan was abroad, and I never saw such lovely children as some that were promenading with their parents through this brilliant gallery.

Next morning we visited again the cathedral. As we entered the vast and shadowy interior, the transition from the hot glare of the stone-paved piazza without to the cool and "dim religious light" cast by the "storied windows richly dight" was most refreshing. At first one can but dimly see the sweeping lines of the arches meeting one hundred and fifty feet above his head, and the cave-like vault of the chancel, with its sapphire-and-ruby-coloured traceried windows. High above the altar hung in air a life-sized image of our Lord upon a golden cross. Full upon the face of Christ fell a beam of light from the great rose window, bringing it into



CORSO VITTORIO
EMANUELE, MILAN.

brilliant contrast with the dark background. Rembrandt never executed anything so beautiful—nay, so sublime—as that glorified face of the Divine Sufferer, irradiating the darkness and scattering the gloom. It was a symbol and a prophecy, I thought, of the time when the glorious manifestation of our Lord, undimmed by the clouds of human ignorance and superstition, should scatter the darkness and shine forth in all His true Divinity. It was the most impressive interior we saw in Europe; and when the chanting of the choir and music of the organ