

gained all this by these victories, and the least they could do was to give some of it to him."

"It seems to me rather a funny thing for a saint and an evangelist to do," said Gracie, "to become a sort of Christian Mars."

"O, but St. Mark was just as useful in peace," said Vernon. "I'll tell you a story if you like. It's a well-known legend of Venice, and is called

### THE DEMON SHIP.

"In the year 1341 there was a great inundation. The waters of the Adriatic, rising at the furious impulse of a prolonged and terrible storm, raged about the city, overflowing the basements of the houses, and sweeping over the Piazza of St. Mark's till the billows of the sea broke against the Ducal Palace, and the Tower of St. Mark's, and the Cathedral. Panic seized upon the city. The terror was universal. The horrified people thronged to implore the aid of their patron saint, and the clergy with the people standing deep in the water, which was now all over the Cathedral floor, sent up petitions to invoke the interposition of Heaven.

"It was on a night when the storm and the greatest terror were at their height, that a poor fisherman, who was in his boat, at the bank of the Piazza, was accosted by a stranger, who had waded through the darkness towards him. This stranger wished to be taken to San Giorgio Maggiore. On the refusal of the fisherman, the other persisted,