

stand out almost free—scenes from Scripture history, and are marvels of artistic skill. The vast and shadowy dome is covered with mosaics, in the austere and solemn style of the thirteenth century. On a gold ground are seen the majestic figures of the sacred choir of angels and archangels, principalities and powers, apostles and martyrs. Beneath are the awful scenes of the Last Judgment, the raptures of the saved, and the torments of the lost.



LOOKING SOUTH
FROM BELLAGIO.

I sat and pondered long upon those solemn designs, which for centuries have uttered their solemn warning and exhortation to the successive generations of worshippers who knelt below.

Not far from the Duomo is the Church of Santa Croce, the Pantheon or Westminster Abbey of Italy. It is a building of simple dignity, five hundred feet in length, begun in 1294. Its chief attractions are the frescoes of Giotto and the tombs of Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, the Medici, Alfieri, and many another famous son of Italy.

“In Santa Croce’s holy precincts lie
Ashes which make them holier, dust which is