

this part of Spain. This famous tower rises to a height of three hundred and fifty feet from the angle of the Patio de los Naranjos, or court of orange trees, and is surmounted by a vane or weather-cock (*girandola*), from which it takes its name. The weather-cock itself is an object of interest. It is the figure of a woman, and so finely balanced is it that, though weighing nearly three tons, it turns at the slightest breeze. Concerning it a recent writer—an ungallant Englishman, and possibly an old bachelor—observes: “Oddly enough it represents faith, and innumerable are the jokes current in Spain at the expense of the Sevillanos, who have chosen a woman and a weather-cock—the emblems of fickleness and inconstancy—to represent the virtue which ought to be, before all things, steadfast.”

One who has seen the Giralda from all points of view and studied it with the eye of an artist, finds himself at a loss to say under what aspect it appears to most advantage, or looks most lovely.

“Whether rising into the deep, radiant blue of an Andalusian noontide, flooded by a light so intense that every detail of fretwork and arabesque and fresco comes out with the utmost vividness; or on the night of some high festival, when the belfry lights seem so unconnected with earth, and so far up in the sky, that they look like strange lurid stars, or perhaps more beautiful than all, in the brilliant light of a full moon, when everything is bathed in a fine white radiance, brilliant enough to bring out the marvellous beauty of the tower, and yet kindly veiling the marks of decay which deface it.”

Originally this magnificent tower, which formed a part of the great mosque of Seville, terminated in an immense iron globe, plated with burnished gold; and immediately beneath this gilded ball was the gallery from which the muezzin called the people to prayer. Every morning from this lofty perch, three hundred feet above the sleeping city, as the sun began to illuminate the horizon, sounded out the solemn cry so familiar throughout the Moslem world: “Great is Allah! There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet! Come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep!”

We rejoice in the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent; we prefer even an imperfect form of Christianity to Moslemism; and we earnestly pray for the coming of the day when the pure