

the organ and choir. On the high altar are reliefs of the eleventh century, containing nearly three hundred figures; and alabaster columns, according to tradition, from the temple of Solomon, through which the light of a taper shines; and underneath are the so-called tomb and relics of St. Mark. I stood in the ancient pulpit, descended into the dim, weird crypts, and climbed to the corridor that goes around the building within and without, and felt to the full the spell of this old historic church.

In the piazza rises, to the height of over three hundred feet, the isolated square campanile of St. Mark, from which I enjoyed a magnificent sunset view of the city, the lagunes, the curving shore of the Adriatic, and the distant Tyrolean and Julian Alps.

For six centuries and more the grey old tower, which Galileo used to climb, has looked down upon the square, the scene of so many stately pageants. It has witnessed the doges borne in their chairs of state, and borne upon their biers; triumphal fêtes and funeral processions; the madness of the masquerade and carnival; and the tragedy of the scaffold and the headman's axe.

Near the church is the far-famed Palace of the Doges, with its stately banquet chambers and council halls. Ascending the grand stairway on which the doges were crowned, where the venerable Faliero in his eightieth year was executed, and down which rolled his gory head, and the Scala d'Oro, which only the nobles inscribed in the Golden Book were permitted to tread, we enter the great galleries filled with paintings of the triumphs of Venice, her splendour, pomp, and pride, and portraits of seventy-six doges. Here is the largest painting in the world, the "Paradise" of Tintoretto, crowded with hundreds of figures. The halls of the Senate, the Council of Ten, and of the Inquisitors of the Republic, with their historic frescoes, their antique furniture and fine caryatides supporting the marble mantels, and their memories of glory and of tyranny, all exert a strange fascination over the mind. In the splendid library I saw a copy of the first printed edition of Homer, and rare old specimens of the famous Aldine classics.

Crossing the gloomy Bridge of Sighs, I entered the still more gloomy prison of the doges, haunted with the spectres of their murdered victims. There are two tiers of dungeons—one below the level of the canal, whose sullen waves could be heard by the prisoner lapping against the walls of his cell. The guide showed me the instruments of torture, the hideous apparatus of murder, the channels made for the flowing blood, the secret opening by which the bodies of the victims were conveyed to the canal, and the cell in which the Doge Marino Faliero was confined. In the latter, he told me, although I doubt the story, that Byron once spent 48 hours, that he might gain inspiration for his gloomy tragedy upon the sub-

ject. The guide took away his taper for a time, that I might realize the condition of the unhappy prisoner. The darkness was intense, and could almost be felt. A very few minutes was long enough for me.

The ancient arsenal is an interesting relic of the golden prime of Venice. It once employed 16,000 men, and Dante compares the Stygian smoke of the Inferno to that from its seething cauldrons of tar. In its magazine are the remains of the *Bucentaur*, the golden galley with three hundred rowers, from which the doge, arrayed in more than oriental pomp, used annually to wed the Adriatic by throwing into it a ring, with the words, "*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuæ dominii.*"—"We wed thee, O Sea, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord; And, annual marriage now no more renewed, The *Bucentaur* lies rotting unrestored, Neglected garment of her widowhood."

The swords of the Foscari, the armour of the doges, the iron helmet of Attila, the "oriflammes that fluttered in the hot breath of battle in the days of the crusades," and other relics of the past, are also shown. At the gate is seen an antique lion from the plain of Marathon.

Many of the other churches of Venice, as well as St. Mark's, are of great interest, especially those containing the sumptuous tombs of the doges, and the monuments of Titian and Canova. In one epitaph I read the significant words, "The terror of the Greeks lies here." I visited also the great hospital of St. Mark, with six hundred patients well cared for in the magnificent apartments of a mediæval palace.

The people whom I saw in the churches seemed very devout and very superstitious. I saw one woman rub and kiss the calico dress of an image of the Virgin with seven swords in her heart, as if in hope of deriving spiritual efficacy therefrom. I saw another exposing her sick child to the influence of a relic held in the hands of a priest, just as she would hold it to a fire to warm it. On the Rialto, once the commercial exchange, "where merchants most do congregate," now lined on either side with small huxter shops, I bought, as a souvenir, a black-faced Byzantine image of the Virgin. I had previously bought at Naples, for the modest sum of a penny, a couple of scapulars—a much-prized charm against sickness and danger. I visited two of the private palaces on the Grand Canal, whose owners were summering in Switzerland or at some German spa. Everything was as the family left it, even to the carved chessmen set out upon the board. The antique furniture, rich tapestry, and stamped leather arras, the paintings and statuary, seemed relics of the golden time when the merchant kings of Venice were lords of all the seas.

Two of the most interesting indus-

tries of Venice are the mosaic factory on the Grand Canal, and the glass-works on the Island of Murano. The mosaic is made of glass cubes, of which, I was told, 10,000 different shades were employed to imitate the colours of the paintings to be copied. The result, however, was less beautiful than at the stone mosaic factory which I visited at Florence. The Venetian glass-work is of wonderful delicacy and beauty; and the flowers, portraits, and other designs, which are spun by the yard, and which appear on the surface of the cross-section, are of almost incomprehensible ingenuity and skill.

As I was rowed out to Murano, I passed on a lonely island the cemetery of Venice. How dreary must their funerals be—the sable bark, like that which bore Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," gliding with muffled oars across the sullen waves!

The gondola, in its best estate, is a sombre funereal-looking bark, draped in solemn black, its steel-peaked prow curving like a swan's neck from the wave. Its points are thus epitomized by Byron:—

"'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called a gondolier;
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

There are, of course, no wells in Venice, except an Artesian boring; but in each parish is a stone cistern, which is filled every night by a water boat from the mainland. The iron cover over this is unlocked every morning by the priest of the neighbouring church; and one of the most picturesque sights of the city is to see the girls and women tripping to the wells, with two brass vessels supported by a yoke upon their shoulders, for the daily supply of water.

Gliding along a lateral canal in my gondola one day, I saw on a wall the words "*Capilla Methodistæ*—Methodist Chapel." I soon afterwards found it out. It was a private house in a very narrow street. I introduced myself, and was very warmly greeted by the worthy pastor, the Rev. Henry Borolly, and his wife. They were both Italian, but spoke French fluently. They represent the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. They showed me the chapel, a very comfortable room which would hold two hundred persons; but they spoke of the great discouragements and difficulties under which they laboured, and asked for the prayers of the Methodists of America on their behalf. After a very agreeable interview, Mr. Borolly courteously accompanied me back to my hotel, and gave me at parting a hearty God-speed and "*bon voyage.*"

On the last evening before I left Venice, I sailed, in a glowing sunset, to the Lido shore. In the golden

radiance, the marble city seemed transfigured to chrysolite and alabaster, reflected in the glassy wave. The purple curtains of the night closed round the scene, and only the long line of twinkling lights revealed where the Sea Queen lay. It was with a keen regret that I tore myself away for no spot in Italy, I think, exercises such a potent fascination over mind and heart. "There can be no farewell to scenes like these."

"All Right."

BY W. BARNETT.

I'm only an engine driver,
That works on the line of rail;
Without o'en a mother or sister,
Or wife, my lot to bewail.
It's not very lively to think of,
But I have a sensitive mind;
At least, that is for a driver,
A thing you may not oft find.

It's not very pleasant to fancy
Each day you may drive to death,
And yet that's the case with us drivers,
Safe neither in limb nor breath.
I've had friends on many an engine,
Who died in red blood on the line;
Crushed like a dog—and I'm thinking,
One day the same end will be mine.

Did I ever have a fond mother?
Well, stranger, I just think I had;
But 'twas years ago in the far off,
When I was a roving young lad.
Don't laugh!—I loved my good mother—
No, no, it wasn't a tear
I dropped from my smoky eyelids:
Do you want to hear me swear?

I used to, and that in earnest,
But that's some time ago:
I've got to be somewhat religious,
A respectable driver now.
It's praying, I s'pose, for our parson
Says that it's right to pray:
There's room for us drivers in heaven,
Last night I heard him say.

'Taint often I go to church,
For us chaps aint got no time:
From morning to night we're driving,
Along this old smoky line.
But I went, and felt very funny.
A dreadful sinner I guess:
And I've prayed that I might be religious
Tho' I wear but a driver's dress.

Well, there, I must turn on steam;
A driver's no time to lose:
The whistle's the word to us chaps,
And 'taint for ourselves to choose.
So push on, my hearty—I love
To hear her shriek in her flight;
It's only the signal that stops us,
And now the signal's "All Right."

The Rev. George C. Haddock's Work.

THE murder of the Rev. George C. Haddock by the liquor men of Sioux City, Iowa, has been followed by the closing up of two-thirds of the saloons then running in the town, the severe enforcement of liquor laws which were a dead letter there, the indictment of ten men for murder in the first degree, the disgrace of the mayor and the district attorney, and the complete revolution of public sentiment on the liquor question. It would have taken Haddock years to do in life what his death has accomplished in a few months; and the end is not yet.