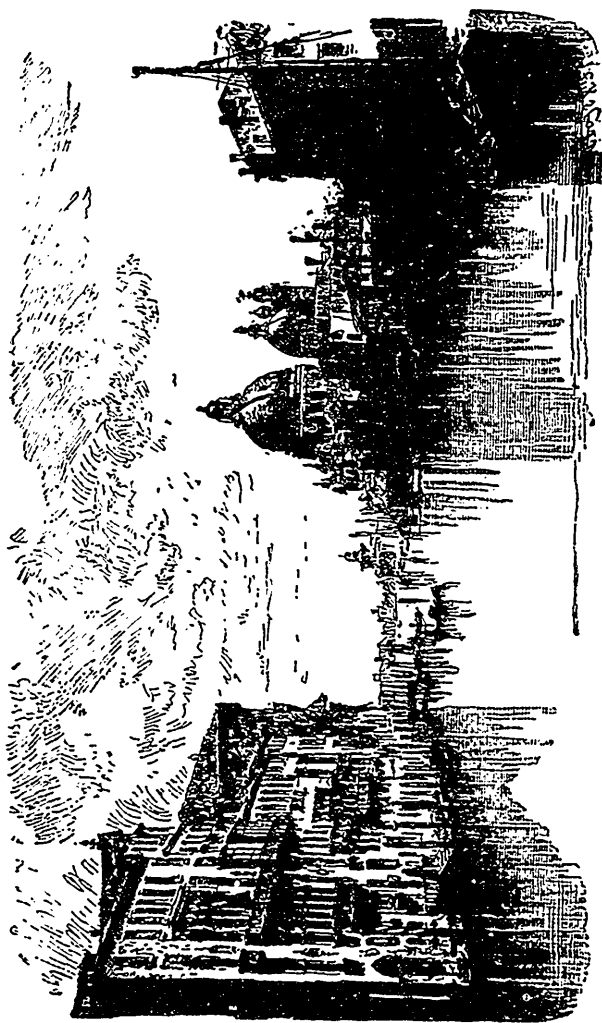


An evening sail on the Grand Canal was peculiarly impressive. The light faded from the sky; the towers and campaniles gleamed rosy red, then paled to spectral white; and the shadows crept over sea and land. The gondolier lit the lamp at the little vessel's



THE GRAND CANAL AND CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE.

prow. The twinkling lights from the lattices quivered on the waves, and the boatman devoutly crossed himself where the lamp burned before the rude shrine of the Madonna.

The crescent moon hung low in the deep blue sky and silvered the dome of Santa Maria de la Salute and paved a gleaming path