

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

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## VENICE FROM A GONDOLA.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a glorious City in the sea.  
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to the marble of the palaces.  
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,  
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,  
Invisible ; and from the land we went,  
As to a floating city—steering in,  
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently.

—Rogers.



DOGE'S PALACE AND PRISON.

IN the fourth century a band of fishermen, flying from the ravages of Atilla, the Scourge of God, built their homes like waterfowl amid the waves. Bold, skilful, adventurous, they extended their commerce and conquests over the entire Levant ; and soon, like an exhalation

from the deep, rose the fair City of the Sea. During the Crusades the city rose to opulence by the trade thereby developed. In 1204 she became mistress of Constantinople and "held the gorgeous East in fee." The names of her merchant princes became familiar as household words in the bazaars of Damascus and Ispahan. Her marble palaces were gorgeous with the wealth of Ormuz and of Inde. Her daughters were clothed with the silks of Iran and the shawls of Cashmere. Their boudoirs were fra-