

cinity of the gondola station. As the "Rampino" helped us out of the boat, one hand extended for the usual tip, the little steamer for Lido was just coming in to the wharf, and at once we decided to take a trip to this favorite summer resort on the long sand-bank that protects Venice from the seas of the Adriatic. The pretty little island with its modern houses, its

sight was aglow with soft amber and coral shades from the sun's last rays. The lagune was dotted with many little sail boats, their purple or golden brown sails hanging motionless in the quiet evening air; a large gondola filled with marines passed close to us on its way to one of the warships in the harbor; the Autumn tints on the trees in the Public Gardens were



The Molo seen from San Maria della Salute.

grass, its flower-gardens and avenues of trees stretching down to the beach, refreshing as it was, lacked the enchantment of the city, and we were glad when the steamer whistled for the return trip.

As the little boat headed westwards, the sun was just touching the horizon. There was not a cloud anywhere in the pale blue sky, and the whole horizon, the city, the islands, everything in

delicately lighted up; and over the city hung a faint golden mist. Nothing was dazzling or brilliant, the coloring was of the softest, most delicate tints, there was not a ripple on the lagune, and the only sound to break the evening calm was the regular beat of the engine, and the gentle plash of the water against the little boat as she leisurely made her way back to the Molo.