

seemed to lead to a great square. Here very many gondolas were drawn up, and just beyond, two lofty pillars arose; one of which was surmounted by a statue of a man, and the other by a statue representing a Winged Lion. Beyond this they saw that same lofty tower which had met their gaze far up the Grand Canal, and in the distance a row of magnificent edifices. Bordering on the canal, a little farther on, there was a stately palace, and behind this, fronting on the inner square, was a cathedral with many domes.

"This," said Vernon, "is the Piazza of St. Mark; and just here, near the pillars, is the Piazzetta, or little square. That is the Ducal Palace; that church with the domes is the Cathedral of St. Mark, and the tower belongs to it, although it stands apart from it, as is often the case in Italy."

"What is that Winged Lion?" asked Clive.

"That," said Vernon, "is the Lion of St. Mark. It is the symbol of Venice — like the British Lion, the symbol of British power — or like the American Eagle, our own majestic fowl. The Winged Lion was once a powerful beast, and was respected all over the Mediterranean, when the British Lion was but a small animal, and long before the American Eagle was hatched."

"I'm afraid," said Gracie, shyly, "that you are just a little bit flippant. It seems like irreverence to call these glorious symbols fowls and beasts."

"Then I'll never call them so again as long as I