

deepening twilight. At nine o'clock the

Benediction rang from the village campaniles—one after another taking up the strain—now near, now far, the liquid notes floating over the waves like the music of the spheres. As we listened in silence, with suspended oar, to the solemn voices calling to us through the darkness,

We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight
The manifold soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the night
Like some old poet's rhymes.

We made a boat excursion to the famous Villa Carlotta, at Cadenabbia. Landing at stately marble steps, we were led through lofty suites of rooms filled with costly art treasures. For Thorwaldsen's *bas reliefs* of the triumphs of Alexander alone, was paid the sum of nearly 375,000 francs. Then we wandered through the terraced garden, studded with fragrant magnolias and other rare trees and plants, and commanding exquisite views over the lake. Yet all this splendour cannot give happiness, for its owner, a bereaved widower, seldom enjoys it, its associations being chiefly of sadness and sorrow.



STREET IN VARENN—
ON LAKE COMO.