

"O, we're too far off yet," said Clive.

At length they came to an open place, and there, full before them, rose the Cathedral of St. Peter's. They all stopped, and regarded it in silence. Before them spread a magnificent piazza. From the great cathedral two galleries advanced, and from the ends of these sprang two glorious colonnades, which, taking a wide sweep, encircled the whole piazza, and finally approached to within five hundred feet of one another. In the midst of the piazza rose a lofty obelisk of red granite, on each side of which was a fountain, the waters of which went shooting far upward, and then descended in showers of glittering spray. Beyond all this, which was merely the outer court and place of approach, rose the gigantic temple itself, with its sublime dome.

Yet the first impression produced upon the mind of the boys was a feeling of disappointment. The colonnade was magnificent; the piazza, noble beyond expression; but the cathedral itself did not seem as it should have seemed — the crown and glory of all. It seemed, in fact, less magnificent than its gateway and vestibule. It looked small, and its giant dome seemed to have shrunk down.

The boys said nothing, but traversed the piazza, and at length entered. Removing the heavy curtain of the doorway, they passed inside. There was a general blaze of splendor which dazzled their eyes — many-colored marbles in the pave-