

posed that St. Paul was tried and condemned in presence of Nero. There is the semi-circular tribunal for the judges, with the Emperor's marble chair in the centre, the solicitors' stand, the "dock" for the prisoner, the marble railing which fenced off the spectators, and the altar of Apollo. Imagination tries to conjure up the scene—the solemn conclave, the gaping crowd, the aged prisoner at the bar with none to defend him; alone, yet not alone, as he himself has testified,—“Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me.” Was he not “the noblest Roman of them all?”

Portions of the wall of Romulus have also recently come to light, large blocks of stone laid without mortar, and kept in place with wooden dowels, so closely jointed you could not pass the blade of a knife between them. What remains of the buildings is all brickwork of the most solid description, welded together with cement. All had originally been covered with white marble, which was peeled off to ornament the ecclesiastical edifices that afterwards sprang up like mushrooms. And this is the palace of the Cæsars!—of the men who conquered the world and yet were afraid of their own shadow—the men who, with rare exceptions, were notorious for satanic wickedness, in an age that has been fitly described as one of “heartless cruelty and unfathomable corruption.” Twelve out of the first twenty Emperors of Rome died violent deaths. They were either poisoned, strangled, or stabbed to death by assassins, or they committed suicide. Truly says Farrar, “the Palace of the Cæsars must be haunted by many a restless ghost.” It is difficult to ascertain when it reached its greatest splendour. It appears to have been habitable as late as the beginning of the eighth century, after which it gradually fell into decay. Standing amid this wreck of centuries, surrounded by these palpable evidences of paganism allied to the boasted civilization of ancient history, what a commentary is presented on the instability of mere human greatness and grandeur, and the worse than worthlessness of any system of religion that is not founded on the fear of the living and true God.

Missionary Cabinet.

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.—II.

After spending some time in London, Gavazzi, set out on a lecturing tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland. Everywhere the largest halls were filled by people of all ranks eager to see and to hear the eloquent Italian, attired in his monk's dress. In 1852, he first visited the United States when he delivered a course of lectures in New York on Romanism. In 1853 he arrived in Quebec and was announced to lecture in Chalmers' Presbyterian Church. No sooner had the audience assembled, than the church was besieged by a furious mob who broke up the pews with the intention of taking his life. Gavazzi escaped with difficulty, and on the 9th of June reached Montreal, where a still more serious riot took place. On the evening of that day he was to lecture in Zion Church (the late Dr. Wilkes'). Forewarned by the *fracas* in Quebec, Mayor Wilson was fore-armed. A detachment of the 26th Regiment of the line, then newly arrived, was stationed in front of the church, and also a strong body of police. At the appointed hour the church was densely crowded and, (without the consent of the authorities) a band of armed men were present, prepared to defend the right of free speech. Before the lecture was concluded, an excited crowd outside began to raise a disturbance, and were about to force an entrance into the church, when this body-guard rushed out and drove them back. Shots were exchanged and one of the mob was killed. The meeting broke up hastily. Then followed the deplorable occurrence which made Gavazzi's visit to Montreal one of the saddest episodes in its history, and in his. While the people were peaceably retiring, the riot act was read by the Mayor and an order given to the troops, by some person unknown, to “fire!” Several volleys were poured into the crowd with deadly effect. The number of killed and wounded was close upon forty, of whom twenty-six were either killed on the spot or died afterwards in consequence of their injuries. Far from regarding this as justifiable, Gavazzi's humane and tender instincts were deeply affected. In after life he never willingly referred to it, and when questioned about, it always expressed his unfeigned