ST. PETER'S.

HOW THE WORLD APPEARS FROM THE GREAT DOME.

Odd Sensations at 'his Point of Vantage -A Kaleidoscopic View of Rome's Grandeur and Poverty.

It becomes necessary to scale the dome of St. Peter's. One has not seen Rome until he leans from that airy ninnacle. and finds the world spread out below him swathed in the warm mists of the deepening spring. I suppose everybody has been through this ordeal; but it is the privilege of each to tell his own story, and so I tell mine.

You enter the door at the left, passing at once from the serene, delighful atmos phere of the church into a kind of winding alley, that worms its way up to the roof of the building. It is wide, and floored with Italian bricks; and so easy and regular is the grade that one might ride a donkey on to the broad roof without difficulty. Here a multitude of domes, small and great, cluster about the vast dome, that seems still as far from us and as inaccessible as when we looked at it from the great piazza below. The statues along the facade are so clumsy and so monstrous that they appear almost shapeless when we stand like pygmies under their shadows. Throngs of people are wandering about the vast inclosure, that is not unlike some new quarter of the city; for the walls that shut us in are just high enough to hide the view and we can scarcely realize that we are not on terra

The next move ushers us into the dome itself. From the heavy cornice that purrounds it on the inner side we look over into the awful depths below

THE THOUSAND LAMPS THAT BURN FOR-EVER

before the confessionals seem like sparks of fire. Little black figures creen to and fro across the marble plains, looking so small and insignificant it seems impossible that they are of our kind. The splendid mossics are here seen to great advantage; and though monstrous, they are still beautiful.

Again we ascend some hundred steps. We enter a narrow passage that slopes with the curve of the dom-, and it is as though we were thrown upon our beam ends. The passage grows so close and narrow that the thought of being wedged in here by some panic stricken party is not pleasant. When we have again come into a little chamber that lies under the great glibe that crowns the cupuls, we all breathe more fieely a d try to appear excessively july. We looked int the dome from the second gallery, but looked only.

It is n toxnilarating to feel one's self Cining to a so on h ceiling like a fly. and with only four feelers at one's dis possi. From the window directly over the centre of the dome we n ered down u, on the top of the baldacchino, and had a hideous sensation in the r gion of the waistcoat. I wonder how birds manage to get used to this sort of hing? Bords. and sail re-but sailors have no stom ache. Who ever hear of a sea-sick

From the balcony above this dreadful hollow we looked out upon the lonely landscape. How near the hills seemed, by the porter or portress sitting at the On one hand

THE WONDERFUL VATICAN

with its immense gardens spread like a map. The Tiber flowed down between the glaring wall of the old city, looking positively splendid in the sunshine—though, Heaven knows it is a hideous stream. There were many people with us in the dome. Iron gates, in charge of you may moisten yourself occasionally, keepers, are kept closed at several stations in the way to the summit, and only a few-perhaps twenty-people are permitted to enter at once; thus all the passages are kept free, and the way is

plain, though fatiguing.

A dozen good people, with hardly one good lung full of breath between them, awaited their turn to enter the hollow ball that tops the dome-beyond which no man desires to go in the fle-h. A plump gentleman preceded me; three ladies of assorted sizes followed. The steps were now so narrow that it was splendent in juid lace, and with the slim

the globe; having wedged our way to the corkscrew steps, we came to a perpendicular ladder that led to the goal of our ambition. The worthy leader valiantly sprang onto the first round of the ladder. He managed to work his way into the narrow tube that communicated with the globe, and there he stuck fast and firm. I helped him to return in a very stewy condition, and full of indignation at the absurdly small entrance to that most desirable

Somehow, we—he and I—managed to passs each other, miraculously perhaps; and I started to enter the ball alone. The ladies, terrified by the ill-fortune of our corpulent friend, relinquished the chase. I squeezed through the aperture at the top of the ladder, and found myself alone in the ball on the top of St.

THE COPPER GLOBE IS CAPABLE OF CON-TAINING SIXTEEN PEOPLE

at one sitting; but deliver me from meeting any friends in such uncomfortable quarters. The sun had been shining upon the thin copper walls for five hours. The place was as hot as a caldron. I crouched in one corner of it, and wondered how it would seem to be suddenly set a rolling down the great mountain side of the dome, and how much of me would be left to tell the tale when I came to a standard at last. It was singularly silent up there; it was a kind of silence with a hole in it—if you can conceive of such a thing. I seemed to have the strangest music that ever charmed these ears; sounds that were born of the air solid sunbeams, or moonbeams, perhaps, for they were not as sharp as a sunbeam; a kind of tinkling and droning, as if I heard the hum of the planets and the far-away clash of stars when they cross one another's orbits. I don't know where that sound came from; I don't want to know. Shades of Wagner! It was as unlike anything earthly as anything heavenly can be. I merely listened and wondered, and was lost in a kind of reverie that was not so light and airy as the atmosphere that surrounded me; in fact, I fell to dreaming over modern Rome.

The roof of St. Peter's is so far above the city that

ONE MIGHT EASILY FORGET THE EXISTENCE OF A CITY.

The noise is lost, at all events; for the dome towers three hundred feet above the roofs. I think of Rome now as whole - as a city of tangled, dirty and very ugly streets; of the people as a mass of cheerful souls, who work hard for a living-it is hard work loafing in this climate—and who have no home life according to our notion. The Raman h iuses are great barns as ngly and as in convenient as possible. The palaceseupsed by a dignitary is a palace for evermore—the polaces are a little la ger a little less ngly, a little less incovenient than the rest of the buildings, and this is the only difference.

You occupy a room or a suite of rooms in a firt, and it is by no means necessary to be on speaking terms with the rest of the nouse. You have your servants, which provide for your table in the house, or you go out to a cafe, as you please. The rooms are usually furnished with cheap and gaudy trimmings, a quantity of very bad paintings, and a large proportion of useless, ugly and antiquated furniture. Here you receive your guests, who are hall-door, which is nearly always suggestive of a stable.

You go of an evening or by day, walk in the middle of the street, or drive if you prefer it; haunt the three or four villas that are thrown open to the public. There is no seclusion, no rest for the spirit, no comfort for the body.

and the fever is almost as serious as

death itself. The hotels are like all hotels—a kind of conventional life without any of the gracious benefits of a convent. There are innumerable petty cliques in this poor old city—modern innovations. The young Protestants, who here spring up like mushrooms and flourish like them; the Catholic party, having a grand contempt for the outsiders; the Court party, chiefly represented by young officers re-We are at least entering the throat of disappear n ysteriously at night, but re-



Why not try WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?

Doctors highly recommend it to those

Who are run down:

Who have lost appetite;

Who have difficulty after eating; Who suffer from nervous exhaustion:

And to Nursing Mothers.

as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER SOTTLE,

appear in the morning as gorgeous and slender as ever. I know some one who has trapped several of these dashing young men, and found them in exceedingly close quarters; but, rest their souls, they have no salary to speak of, and most of it goes to their tailor.

The artists are by themselves—a house of many mansions, of course, but one that excludes the inartistic. Then come the resident foreigners, who have almost forgotten where they originated—a very common form of insanity in Europe-but each one will give his or her reception, drumming up some floating celebrity for an attraction; and so they manage to rival one another, making and losing friends with astonishing facility. Yet, let me never forget certain dear friends I have made and must leave here.

Poor old Rome! I wonder if the Romans of old were any smaller than these moderns? It seems almost impossible that any one could have been; yet how they blew hot and cold in the cause of Rienzi! And all those

MODERN CHAMPIONS ARE LATER RIENZIS. who pretend to be doing wonders for the old city that is past redemption.

It is common with a certain class of Americans, after having been abroad for a limited period, to ignore their race. This is perhaps nowhere more noticeable than in Rome. They affect foreign manners and foreign friends; even find it hard to express themselves in good English-if they ever possessed that rare accomplishment—and take pains to avoid their countrymen, sometimes speaking scornfully of the land of their birth. Well, it is all right, I warrant you. Whenever you find an A erican who ignores his kind, you may b pretty sure be has private reasons for being ashamed of his immediate ancestors. Blood will tell, especially if it is a little 'ained.

As for poor Italy, she sits in the streets these warm days; she mends shows at every a rest do r; she sleeps in he sun begand foristeri sella matches at in excavagane figure, poses on the Spenish steps, torments you with infinwill never take No for an answer. She marather pretty, a very healthy, and a · mewhat dishonest bore.

ALL THAT IS HONESTLY SOCIAL IN BOME

an be shut up in one room. You and your friend are the best specimens. Without is envy, jealousy, malice, desumation, lies, sorrow-skin-deep-suffering, so well advertised that it becomes a positive luxury to be born a cripple; and, on the whole, Rome is a great, splendid, memorable disappointment. But when I get away from it, I know I shall fall to worshipping its memory, and dreaming of it as a kind of shadow of a city grand, eternal, holy—the cradle of art, poetry and religion.

All this while the good souls down below are waiting to get into the ball. I am, of course, in a fever heat. I am apt to fret myself over the state of things in the "City of the Soul" (it is the city of the sold in these times). Down I go in the little winding passage that pierces the great shell of the dome. Now I know how a gopher feels when he gets into the catacomb, and there can't be much fun in it. Hundreds of people seem to be struggling up towards that hollow globe. I meet fat men who can never hope to enter there, and women, who have lost their chance of overdressing; and I find a moral in all this. Down in the serene atmosphere of the cathedral I forget all else, and begin to think that Rome, with her many disappointments and her vastly over ted shows, has still in St. Peter's a shrine that is worthy of a pilgrimage from the uttermost parts of the earth.—Charles Warren Stoddard in Ave Maria.

CONTEMPORARY

Science Series.

Electricity and Modern Life, by G. W. de Tarezehaum. Physiognomy and Expression. Science of Fairy Tales. Man of Genius. ManualTraining. Education and Heredity.	\$1.25 1 25 1 25 1.25 1.25 1.25
Marvels of Heat, Light and Sound,	
Marvels of Electricity and Magnet	\$.50
18111, 111115	.50
Marvels of The Elements, illus	.50
Geography, Illus,	.50
Magueliam and Kieciricity by Poige	.90
Physics by Wright, illus	.90
Geology by Bird	.90
Agriculture, by Webb, illus	.90
Earth	2.00
POBUL Med	2 50
Minerals of Ontario and Quebec Electrical Instruments making for	3.50
AIDRIADIE	1.00
Electricity in Home and Work Shope	1.75
Electric Bells and all about them	1.00
Electric Motors	1.00
First Book Electricity Electricity and Magnetism, by Jen-	-90
kins	1.25

All or any of the above mailed free of Postage on receipt of Price

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,

Catholic Publishers, Church Orgaments and Religious Articles.

1669 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL,

TORONTO.

FLOURI Best Hiawatha Flour, \$3.95 a Barrel.

Best Creamery Butter.....23c per 1b. Choice Dairy Butter......20c per lb.

OPEN EVENINGS.

J. L. GREVIER 809 St. James Street



MONTREAL **Business College** Established 1864.

-CORNER-

Victoria Square and Craig St.

Is one of the Largest. Best Equipped & Patronized Commercial Educational Institutions in America. All Commercial Subjects taught by Specialists.
Shorthaud & Typewriting by practical and experienced teachers, Separate apartments for Ladies, Day and Evenali or Telephone (2890)

for Prospectus.

Address: DAVIS & BUIE,

80-16 Business College, Montreal.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY.

CLINTON H. MENEELY, Genl. Manager Troy, N.Y., and New York City,

SUPERIOR - CHURCH - BELLS.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LOUGHBOROUGH, Eng., the Fremier

BELL FOUNDERS

of the day, have made all the important Feals in England for many years. Catalogues and all information from JAS, T. SCANLAN, Board of Trade Building, Montreal. 85.G

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that the Fabrique of the Parish of St. Louis of Montreal will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session of the same, to obtain a Bill granting civil erection of said Parish and the power to impose an assessment to complete the construction of the Church.

Montreal, 3rd November, 1894.

P. G. MARTINEAU,

16—6 Attorney for the Petitioner-