

Here and there you find chambers of considerable size, in which the persecuted Christians took refuge and worshipped secretly. Also smaller rooms used as family vaults, the walls of which are plastered with cement and frescoed. In one you see a quaint picture of Jonah's adventure. In another, a primitive illustration of the Last Supper. In a third a grotesque cartoon of the Paralytic carrying his bed. Elsewhere a picture of Abraham offering Isaac; Daniel in the lions' den; the Woman at the well of Samaria; Moses striking the rock, &c. But the most interesting of these paintings is the representation of "The Good Shepherd," frequently met with. The peacock is often introduced as an emblem of immortality, and the dove and the olive branch, of peace. You find no signs of mourning for the departed in the Catacombs. The early Christians laid their loved ones to rest here in the blessed hope of a resurrection to life immortal, in marked contrast to the pagan idea of annihilation, symbolized by the "urn" of the Columbarium.

The Appian Way. This celebrated road was made by Appius Claudius, B.C., 312, as far as Capua near Naples, and was afterwards extended to Brundisium, its entire length being 380 miles. It is formed of blocks of basaltic rock, as hard as iron, closely jointed and laid on a bed of concrete three feet thick. For twenty miles from the golden mile-stone in the Forum—to which all roads converged—it traverses the Campagna in a straight line. The *Via Appia* was accounted "incomparably the finest road in the world." For sixteen miles out of Rome it was a magnificent street of tombs, lined on either side with monuments to Kings, Emperors, Consuls, Prætors and Nobles. All that now remains of these once splendid specimens of architecture, are shapeless heaps of brick and cement. The desolation is complete, and melancholy to behold. It is difficult to realize that this treeless waste was once a vast garden studded with fine villas and palaces; that these heaps of rubbish were once resplendent with polished marble and gold, and that over this road have passed the grandest processions the world has ever seen. The Appian Way is full of historic interest from beginning to end. But it is not until you have walked out on it some five or six miles and turned

your face again towards the Eternal City, that you fully appreciate the surroundings: you may look into the little church of *Domine quo vadis*, and hear the story of St. Peter fleeing from persecution, meeting the Saviour on this spot, and asking him, 'Lord whither goest thou,' and receiving the suggestive answer, 'I go to Rome to be crucified a second time;' you may look at the prints of Christ's feet on a marble slab on the floor. You may enter the Chapel erected over the spot where St. John was said to be thrown into the cauldron of boiling oil! You may listen to legends innumerable and discard them all as 'pious frauds'; but you cannot divest yourself of the certainty that as you enter Rome by the Appian Way, and pass under the singularly picturesque arch of Drusus, and come again to the Via Sacra and the arch of Titus, you are treading in the footsteps of St. Paul, and of his fellow-prisoners who came with him from Puteoli, and of the brethren who went out to meet him as far as Appii Forum, "whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage."

Missionary Cabinet.

FATHER DAMIEN.

By Lady Constance H. Campbell.*

For the Presbyterian Record:

THE discovery of the Sandwich Islands by Captain Cook, 120 years ago, was soon followed by the visits of merchantmen and whalers whose moral influence over the natives was anything but a blessing. Drink and other vices were taught, and too easily learned, and of the four hundred thousand natives then on these islands, only forty thousand now remain. Of these, Leprosy has claimed two thousand. The island of Molokai, selected by the Hawaiian government for the settlement of those suffering from this terrible scourge, is described as being very beautiful, rising on the north coast to the height of 1,500 feet. Between the precipices and the sea, lie the leper villages of Kalawao and Kaloupapa—in the cup of the crater of an immense extinct volcano.

* For much of the information contained in this sketch the writer acknowledges her indebtedness to Mr. Edward Clifford, whose recent visit to Father Damien among his leper flock at Molokai has been described so interestingly in the "Nineteenth Century" and elsewhere.