

answering that he was going to Rome to be again crucified, brought Peter to a sense of his duty. He returned to Rome and to his labour until he was called to suffer martyrdom. The marble block in the church is the stone upon which the Saviour stood when He thus rebuked His faltering disciple; and it is no unusual thing to see devotees from all parts of the world kneeling before that stone and kissing the imprints with a religious fervour that does credit to their faith. I would be sorry to rebuke anyone I saw doing this, or to throw a doubt into their minds as to the reality of the story, for to them the thing is real, and the privilege of kissing that stone will be treasured up in the memory to give comfort, it may be, in a dying hour.

But I am not bound to accept the story myself, nor are you bound to believe the whole of it, though I tell you I saw the imprint with my own eyes. Half a mile beyond this is the entrance to the catacombs, a description of which is a hazardous experiment, it may be, before the author of the most learned work that has yet been written upon these underground sepulchres of the early Christians. Leaving the Appian way we cross a garden to a circular stair leading down to a dark chamber where lights are procured and other preparations are made for a still further descent into the cold passages underneath. The other preparation is a heavy cloak or shawl and a tumbler of wine as a fortification against the sudden change of temperature from the hot sun above to the chilly atmosphere beneath. The passages are narrow, crooked and intricate, crossing and recrossing each other in every possible direction, like the threads on a spider's cobweb. The graves are shelves cut into the walls of the passages, in which the bodies were placed and closed in by a marble slab. Here and there the passages open out on either side, making a vaulted chamber where it is supposed the persecuted Christians worshipped. These chambers are rudely decorated with frescoes that can scarcely be called works of art, and yet I had no difficulty in recognizing Daniel in the lions' den. And no one would mistake the character that was being cast up by a fish of some sort, though it certainly was not a whale, for this fish had a beautiful curl in its tail. Of course the curl might have been put there by way of ornamentation, but it is quite possible the artist, foreseeing the difficulties that are raised against the whale at the present day, made a fish to suit. You are not allowed to remain very long inspecting these curious memorials, for your guide makes his way pretty rapidly through; and you have no desire to be left behind to make your own way out.

The Appian way, which we take again, is a marvel of engineering skill, straight as a rule, and better now after two thousand years of traffic than are the streets of Toronto. It is lined on either side with ancient monuments, great structures of brick that had once been covered with marble. I don't know how far they extend, for I went only about five miles; but far as the eye could reach they dotted the landscape like ghostly giants of a former age.

I am sorry that I have to tax your patience, but there is one other church in Rome that I must ask you to visit with me. I would like to have said a word about the Pantheon, because I am satisfied that Paul, and Luke, and Timothy, like other sightseers of the present day, made it their business to visit that old pagan temple. But the Church of the Capuchins cannot be passed over. The Capuchins are an order of friars who, for many years, have been accustomed to gather the bones of their deceased brethren and arrange them in vaults under the church. Some are whole skeletons standing or sitting in niches made by the bones of their brethren, and clothed in the dress they wore while living. There are the skeletons of four thousand monks here. About a dozen of them are whole and clothed in the garb of the order. It is the arrangement of the bones that most attract attention. The skulls generally form columns or arches, but the other bones, big and little, are fastened in such a way as to make splendid designs over the ceilings, down the walls and over the ground. You could easily imagine that you were walking through a garden of flowers. Beds of all shapes are spread out before you with the usual walks between, while on the walls crowns and wreaths and other floral designs are beautifully displayed. And to add to the general effect or illusion, very fine rustic baskets filled with twining flowers are suspended over your head as you make your way through