

Rome was, of course, utterly unknown to them; but they did not for a moment think of taking a guide. It was early when they set forth, and all they had in the shape of a guide was Murray's immortal red hand-book.

So, strolling about, they soon found themselves in a long street, of noble appearance, bordered with stately churches and houses of superior pretensions. Along this they walked for some time, until they suddenly found themselves in front of a tall column, whose venerable air showed it to be a relic of the past. Around its sides were sculptured figures, representing scenes of battle and of triumph. A statue was on the top.

"I wonder what this is," said Clive.

"It looks like Trajan's Column," said David, regarding it with a profound air.

"But Trajan's Column is put down on the map in another direction altogether," said Clive.

"At any rate, that isn't Trajan on the top," said Frank.

"It looks like the statue of some Pope," said Bob.

"I have it," said David. "It's St. Peter. This is the Column of Antonine. See here! Here's all about it;" and he pointed to a full and circumstantial description in "Murray."

Strolling on a little farther, they came to a majestic edifice, with marks of antiquity visible on every stone. It was a vast circular building, with