

fastened in such a way as to make splendid designs, over the ceiling, 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 the walks. I don't know that I ever saw more perfect designs anywhere; but wreath, flower, basket, column, arch, and border, everything is made of dead mens' bones. It is a curious fancy, and it must have been with a strange sensation that one of the order would walk through this fanciful garden, knowing that his bones, after a while, would help to form a wreath or mend a broken arch. I believe that no more gardening of this sort will be allowed; the Italian Government has ordered the strange custom to be discontinued. The last monk of the order who was raised from his grave has the skin upon his face, and his whiskers give him a look of life as he stands before you in his black robe holding his cross in his hands.

We will now, if you please, move rapidly past the capitol and down the hill towards the Forum. There I know of a spot where Macaulay's New Zealander could find employment for his ready pencil. I don't suppose there is another place in the world where the eye can rest on such an object-lesson as that which is here presented. Imagine the New Zealander seated on the broken arch of Septimius Severus. There, directly under his feet, is the Roman Forum which has echoed to the eloquence of Cicero, when, perhaps, Julius Cæsar and Pompey and Brutus were among his auditors. There, too, Mark Anthony thrilled the hearts of the Roman people; but right above the Forum stand the ruins of Cæsar's palace, from which the decree went forth, "That all the world should be taxed." It was a simple act the signing of that decree, but it called a new star into existence, and wise men from the east followed that star until it set over Bethlehem's plains. Then you are irresistibly reminded of that strange life in Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, and especially of that last journey to Jerusalem, when from the brow of Olivet the sad prediction was uttered that not one stone of the city should be left upon another; for there, right under