

whatever valuables they could lay hands on. The approach to the *Borgo*, as the Leonine City is now called, is by the bridge of St. Angelo, the oldest of the five or six bridges that span the yellow Tiber, which is at this point about two hundred feet wide. Facing this bridge is the famous round castle of St. Angelo, built by the Emperor Hadrian as his family mausoleum. In the centre of a vaulted chamber of this stronghold the remains of Hadrian and of other emperors were laid in costly sarcophagi and urns of gold. Architecturally, this structure was accounted the finest in Rome, but nothing of its original splendour now remains. The Parian marbles with which it was covered are gone; the statues with which it was adorned were thrown down by vandal hands on the heads of its assailants, and the royal tomb has long since been rifled of its contents, but the Castle of St. Angelo is still one of the most imposing structures in Rome. It is now used as a state prison, and is connected with the Vatican by an underground passage, the key of which is kept by the Pope himself, thus securing for his Holiness a temporary sanctuary in case of sudden emergency. Over the highest pinnacle of the castle, floating as it almost seems in the air, is the figure in bronze of an angel with a sword in hand. This serves to perpetuate the legend, dating from A.D. 590, which tells of Gregory the Great, leading a penitential procession to St. Peter's in order to offer up prayers for the staying of a great plague,—“Then, as he was crossing the bridge, even while the people were falling dead around him, he looked up at the Mausoleum and saw Michael the arch-angel on its summit, sheathing a bloody sword, while a choir of celestial voices chanted the anthem ever since adopted by the church in her vesper service.” At that time the name of the Mausoleum was changed from *Moles Hadriani* to that by which is now known. Of its illustrious founder, it remains on record that “Hadrian died, worn out by bodily sufferings, A.D. 138, at the age of sixty-three; after a reign of twenty-one years, having unfortunately lived long enough to cloud with indelible stains the career of one of the wisest of Roman Emperors.” Traces of his enterprize are still to be met with in remains of ‘Hadrian’s wall,’ which reached from the Tyne to the Solway,

a distance of seventy-three miles and a-half. It was built of stone eight feet in width and twenty feet high, and at that time marked the northern boundary of England. But the most remarkable evidence of his proclivity for building is the magnificent ruins of his “Villa” near Tivoli.

### Missionary Cabinet.

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WHEN a full biography of this gentleman shall be written it will constitute a remarkable chapter in the Romance of Foreign Missions; in the meantime we must content ourselves with a very meagre outline of his personal history. We have not the exact date of his birth though we are led to believe that he was born in 1844, at Annaka, a town about 80 miles north-west of Tokyo, Japan. Brought up in accordance with the ancient customs of his people and instructed in their heathen beliefs, he seems at an early age to have been inwardly convinced that the pagan systems of his country could not give him the help or hope he needed. He had never seen a Christian person; he had never heard of the Gospel; but some undefined and shadowy conviction of His presence who is not far from any one of us, and who has not left Himself in any soul without a witness, had dawned upon him, and given him the sense that the idols he had worshipped, were vanity. While in this state of mind, a Japanese friend, having met a little book called “The Story of the Bible,” written by a missionary in China, brought the book to this young man, as a strange story which he wished him to read. He took it, and when he read therein that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, it became to him a new revelation. “This,” said he “is the God for whom I have been looking—this is the true God;” and, without knowing at the time what he was doing, this young Japanese began to worship his Divine Creator. About the same time, having read a little book on America by Dr. Bridgeman of the American Board, he was seized with a strange and strong desire

\* THE MISSIONARY HERALD for March, 1869, and other documents published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.