

Hush! You find yourself upon the Appian Way, where Saul of Tarsus walked, and maybe Peter, too; past the Church of "Quo Vadis;" past the baths of Caracalla; past the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus; past the Temple of Bacchus; past the Tomb of Cecelia Matella, that beautiful woman who died before the Herald Angels sang, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." And yet, this old tomb stands in the form of a great round tower, "And with 2,000 years of ivy grown." No Twelfth Century story this, but right back to the beginning of things Christian, into Pagan Times, before "Nero perished by the justest doom."

"And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage." Acts xxviii., 15.

And so Paul walked into Rome, just here, and on past where the Triumphal Arch of Titus now stands, commemorating the destruction of Jerusalem. The Jews still believe that they will some day enter Rome and recover their golden candlesticks. Perhaps by way of New York. And here, beside the *House of Caesar*, associated with the notion of imperial splendor in every European language, Julius hands over the prisoner Paul to Burrus, the Chief of the Police, in due time to be brought before the Emperor.

And so Rome seems greater than Italy—older, grander, holier, sacred ground, Mother of all the Race.

Strange to say, once inside the city one has the feeling that he has been there before. Many persons have so expressed themselves. It must be that we have become so used to seeing pictures of St. Peter's, and the Colise-

um, and the Temple of Vesta, and the Pantheon, and the Castle Angelo, and the Statue of Garibaldi, that when we behold the things themselves, they seem, indeed, to have a familiar look.

It is not my intention to describe even the common sights of Rome. One must see them oneself, with the decay and crumbling and falling apart, with the cracks and leanings and fallen glory, with the masonry and cobblestones and odors; one cannot take them second hand.

"When in Rome do as the Americans do," seems to be the corrected version of the old adage. You do not find the citizens climbing to the top of St. Peter's, or travelling out to St. Paul's, or ferreting each bypath in the catacombs. These diversions are left to the English-speaking tourists, all of whom are more or less dubbed, "American."

And so we find ourselves in Rome—alive to new impressions and yet keenly on the lookout for signs of old Rome, as we learned of it in history, and in Shakespeare. I could recall a description I had often read in a public school reader, as a little lad in a country school:

"To his rude manners, his superstitious mind, and his haughty demeanor, the Romans added a sternness of spirit which at times deserves no better name than cruelty. Their history abounds in anecdotes of magistrates who sentence their sons to death, of generals who devote themselves to death to save their armies, of noble youths who throw away their lives to propitiate the offended gods, or who hold their right hands in the flames to prove to an alien king that torture has no terrors for a Roman. "Callousness to human suffering was a Roman virtue," and