

"Few churches are set within so impressive a picture as Santa Croce, approached on every side through these solitudes of vineyards and gardens, quiet roads, and long avenues of trees, that occupy such immense extent within the walls of Rome. The scene from the Lateran, looking toward the basilica, across the level common between lines of trees, with the distance of the Campagna and the mountains, the castellated walls, the arcades of the Claudian aqueduct, and gardens and groves, is more than beautiful, full of memory and association. . . . The majestic ruins of Minerva Medica, the so-called temple of Venus and Cupid, the fragments of the baths of St. Helena, the Castrens Amphitheatre, the arches of the aqueduct, half concealed in cypress and ivy, are objects which must increase the attractions of a walk to this sanctuary of the cross."

"The recollections of Rome," says Cardinal Wiseman, "will come back after many years in images of long delicious strolls in musing loneliness through the deserted ways of the ancient city; of climbing among its hills, over ruins, to reach some vantage-ground for mapping out the subjacent territory, and looking beyond on the glorious chains of greater and lesser mountains, clad in their imperial hues of gold and purple, and then perhaps of solemn entrance into the cool solitude of an open basilica, where your thought now rests, as your body then did, after evening prayer."

"For myself," says Mrs. Jameson, "I must say that I know nothing to compare with a pilgrimage among the antique churches scattered over the Esquiline, the Celian, and the Aventine Hills. They stand apart, each in its solitude, amid gardens and vineyards and heaps of nameless ruins—here a group of cypresses, there a lofty pine or solitary palm; the tutelary saint, perhaps some Saint Achillio or Santa Bebiana, whom we never heard of before; an altar rich in precious marbles; columns of porphyry, the old frescoes dropping from the walls, the everlasting colossal mosaics looking down so solemn, so dim, so spectral—these grow upon us, until each succeeding visit, they themselves and the associations by which they are surrounded, become a part of our daily life, and may be said to hallow that life when considered in the right spirit."

Among the most attractive features at Rome are the public and private gardens which occupy much of the vast space both