

one that is lacking in its peculiar interest. Some of them such as St. Mark's in Venice, St. Peter's, St. John in Laterano and Milan Cathedral, derive their interest from their full-orbed magnificence. Of these the example par excellence is St. Peter's. Of St. Peter's Mendelssohn wrote, "It appears to me like some great work of nature,—a forest, a mass of rocks, or something similar; for I can never realize the idea that it is the work of man. You strive as little to distinguish the ceiling as the canopy of heaven. You lose your way in St. Peter's; You take a walk in it, and ramble until you are quite tired; when divine service is performed and chanted there, you are not aware of it until you come quite close. . . . You lose all idea of measurement with the eye, or proportion." St. Peter's, together with the Coliseum, the Baths of Caracalla, and the new Palazzo di Grazia e Giustizia, is a standing example of the megalomania of the Romans. It is so stupendous that the temperature of its incense-laden atmosphere remains the same the whole year long, cool and delightful in the heats of August and the snows of December. It is almost impossible to describe it. Perhaps, however, one of the least inadequate descriptions of it is to be read in Mr. Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis":

"But in the ancient basilica of Saint Peter there was peace; there the white-haired priests solemnly officiated in the morning and noon, and toward evening more than a hundred rich voices of men and boys sang the vesper psalms in the Georgian tunes; there slim youths in violet and white swung silver censers before the high altar, and the incense floated in rich clouds upon the sunbeams that fell slanting to the ancient floor; there, as in many a minster cloister of the world, the Church was still herself, as she was, and is, and always will be."

There are churches that derive their interest from other considerations. There is the interesting old Chiesa di San Stefano in Florence (the oldest church in Florence, I think) which saw the inception of the Guelf and Ghibelline struggles, when the Amidei laid their swords in a glittering star on its high altar and swore vengeance on the Buondelmonti. It is scarcely noticed in the guide-books, and is not easy to find. You approach it through dark tunnel-like passages (once the passages of the Lambertesci palace, but now streets), and finally emerge onto a tiny enclosed piazzetta, on which the church faces. A chattering old verger with a red skull-cap and a jangling bunch of keys opens a side gate of iron, and leads the way through a passage-way floored, walled and roofed with thirteenth century tombstones. He points out one inscribed in German, the grave-stone of a nameless German knight who had died far from the Fatherland. You enter the Church, and the old man indicates a cracked painting by the altar in which a yellow Christ agonizes on the cross. "The Crucifixion, by Salvatori," he says proudly. He lets up the blinds, and motions to you to take a snap-shot. It seems sacrilege, but you do it. You take a look around, at the sparse bare benches, at the flagstone floor, at the tapers of the prie-dieu up the wall flaring in the draught. As you go, you give the old verger a lira. "Grazie, signor," he chatters, as he locks the gate behind you.

Still another interesting church is the Coliseum at Rome. One does not usually class it as a church, but in the Middle Ages it was used constantly by the monks as a place to preach in—a kind of huge open-air revival tent—and even now the arena is regarded as holy ground by the Roman Catholic Church. It has been a Circus, a Church, and a Fortress. In the eleventh century the Frangipani held it against all comers for a whole year, and their barracks may still be seen in the underground passages. The whirligig of time has wrought strange havoc on the old Coliseum. Immense as it is, it is now only one third the size it once was. In the Middle Ages it was used as a stone-quarry; and half a dozen of the largest palaces in Rome are built with its stones. As the old verse,

"Quod non fecere barbari, fecere Barberini."

What the Barbarians did not do in the way of vandalism, the Roman barons did. Nevertheless, the Coliseum still stands, and one can still sit in the seat of the circus-goer and the sermon-taster, and still hear across the lapse of years the cry of the gladiator and the thunders of the monk.

W. S. W.



Co-Education

I am afraid it was not with unmingled feelings of interest and amusement that I read the article on Co-Education in the last issue of Varsity. One ray of hope is, however, that the signature of "Amen" carries with it the suggestion that the last word is being said on the subject, and I know there are many among the women students at least who will not be sorry to see by the pseudonym adopted, that this writer announces tacitly that for him this article is "the limit," which I think it might truly in vernacular phraseology be called.

Unlike "One of Them," "Amen" has not stated explicitly whether his views are to be taken as representative of the Varsity man in general, or merely as his personal impressions, and this ought perhaps to excite no surprise. But however accurately "Amen's" wide experience with college women may enable him to divine their general opinions, I feel that my own very limited intercourse with college men can scarcely justify me in deciding as to how far certain of "Amen's" conceptions, or rather misconceptions, are prevalent. Should later developments show that the numbers holding these ideas are scarcely sufficient to merit attention, and should this reply then be considered as rather aside from the question, no person could possibly be better satisfied than the present writer to learn that these sentiments, from the mere fact of the fewness of those who share them, may safely be neglected—to say nothing of quite obvious reasons for which this neglect seems the only really merited and worthy course.

I should like, however, to say a word on the much-discussed point of social life. No student could deny that it is of the most superficial character, and far be it from me to deny that it is tiresome and in no way helpful or elevating to women, any more than men.

But I do not quite see why "Amen" should assume that the women of University College are particularly interested in social functions. We all