

of conversation at the hotel tables, and many are the conversions consequent on visits to the monasteries, and reading and discussing the virtues of the holy Founders.

On Ascension Day we went to *Frascati*, a small town in the Alban Hills, and as the Roman populace love to take their holidays in the country, we joined the crowd. It is always delightful to mix among the people on days of *festa*, and see how different they are to the votaries of fashion; the poorest throw off their cares, and enjoy the day because it is a *festa*. The gate by which we left the city is near the great Basilica of *Santa Maria Maggiore*; we stopped there on our way, to hear Mass, and found the immense church crowded at that early hour (8 a. m.) with ardent pleasure seekers.

While waiting at the railway station for our train a little incident occurred characteristic of the people: the waiting-room was packed with excursionists, and one party consisting of three or four grown persons and a child of about five years, came to an anchor near where we were standing. As soon as they set down their hand baggage and settled to wait, the little boy went down on his knees, folded his hands, and, having made the sign of the cross, commenced to say his prayers in a low and reverential voice; evidently thinking, on account of the crowd, that he was in church. A laugh ran around the circle of bystanders, in the midst of which his mother caught him up and kissed him.

As the train approaches *Frascati*, it presents a most attractive appearance, the slope of the hill being all cut in terraces, where Summer reigned in flowers of every hue, and beautiful shade trees overhung the paths. Italian gardens are a blaze of color, in early June the *Acacia* is still in blossom, the pink of the chestnut, the yellow laborinums, and, on every corner of vantage the purple clusters of the wisteria vine, make altogether a dazzling *coup d'œil*.

When we reached *Frascati* we were just in time for High Mass at the cathedral, and following the pious crowd, entered. After Mass we admired the work of art with which the church is embellished, and said a prayer at the tomb of Prince Charles Edward ("bonnie Prince