

its elaborate gardens and groves of solemn cypress, we walked on some two miles to HADRIAN'S VILLA.

This had been the luxurious summer residence of the Emperor whose name it bears, planned and embellished regardless of expense. The ruins are very extensive—giving the idea of a good-sized city rather than that of a palace. Although nearly all that was rare and valuable has long ago been taken away, enough yet remains to fill the mind with amazement at the extent to which this magnate had indulged his passion for building, in the massive walls of what had been gorgeous temples and theatres, magnificent baths, huge barracks, arched galleries and colonnades, and, towering above all, the remains of his "Golden Palace." Here Hadrian seems to have collected everything that a man of extensive travel, refined taste and boundless wealth could covet. Some of the finest objects of art in the museums of the Vatican and the Capitol, and also many of the most admired columns in the churches and palaces of Rome were found in Hadrian's Villa. The ruins, which are now under strict government surveillance, are kept in perfect order, constituting one of the most attractive and interesting sights in this part of the country.

Missionary Cabinet.

ROWLAND HILL.*

It was a natural result of the great religious movement begun by the Wesleys and Whitefield that a class of preachers should arise partaking of their enthusiasm, who would nevertheless be unwilling to place themselves under their leadership. Such a man was Rowland Hill, marked by many eccentricities, yet a great and good man.

The sixth son of a baronet of the same name, he was born in Shropshire in 1745. Rowland was a precocious boy, though like other members of the family, he gave early evidence of piety. On one occasion he was brought into a room where the aged baronet and his lady were entertaining a party of

friends; one of these playfully asked him, "Well, Rowly, what would you like to be?" Looking towards his father, who was seated in his arm-chair, he replied, "I should like to be a baronet and sit in an arm-chair." But his future life was to be very different from what that implied. While pursuing his studies at Eton and Cambridge he was constantly receiving good advice from his pious brother and sisters, which kept him above the prevalent godlessness of his surroundings. He graduated at the University with great distinction, while he had to encounter ridicule because of his pronounced religious views. He was encouraged by Whitefield who strongly urged him to steadfastness in the path of duty which he had entered. After gaining his B.A., he resolved to enter the Church; but in spite of his scholarship, his social standing and family interest, such were the objections to his evangelistic views and practices, he was doomed to disappointment. He never rose higher than a deacon. Six applications were made in his behalf to as many bishops for his preferment to full orders, but all were distinctly refused. Being alike independent in character and in the possession of ample means, he created a parish for himself, at Watton, Gloucestershire. There he erected a tasteful dwelling and a "tabernacle" in a romantic part of the country, where an attached people waited on his ministrations. He soon began to indulge his taste for open-air preaching, and attracted crowds of the rural population to services held every day in the week. His fame as a preacher reached the Metropolis, and influential friends, desirous of providing the means of grace for a destitute portion of the city, invited him thither. With money raised in part by subscriptions and largely given by himself, the famous Surrey Chapel was built, with accommodation for a congregation of 3,000. This building became historical in the religious annals of London as a centre of philanthropic and missionary activity. It was soon filled by the largest congregation in the city, and continued to be Rowland Hill's headquarters till the day of his death. He did not, however, confine his labours to this district. Like Whitefield, he had become a Dissenter, not from choice, but of necessity. The Church had cast him off—not he the Church. Without

*MEMOIRS OF ROWLAND HILL, by Rev. W. Jones. London, 1841.