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THE DIGNITY OF A CALLING IS ITS UTILITY.

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Rome.

BY PRESIDENT CREELMAN.

ITALY is a wonderful country. Rome is more wonderful than Italy. How's that, you say. Well, let us see.

"See Naples and die," you hear, and you "sail away to Naples Bay," and you take a look for yourself. It is a wonderful city, surely. Its glorious blue bay, its red tiled roofs, its green country round, and its crimson sunsets, certainly lend color to the story, that "Seeing Naples one has seen it all." But you soon see all that is to be seen and you move on.

Florence is dignified and clean. The waters of the Arno sweep past and are gone. Michael Angelo looks down from his marble height on the hillside and sighs for the good old days. The Medici family, dictators here for centuries, now rest forevermore. Dante's pen is stopped and Savonarola's voice is stilled. Merchants go about their trade and the schools and colleges flourish and teach of mighty deeds of centuries ago.

Venice is proud of her Canova and boasts of Byron's sojourn here; Pisa's tower leaneth ever, and the plains of

Lombardy still flow with milk and honey dew.

And all these cities, and many more, tell of their heroes and painters and poets, some of the fifteenth, some of the fourteenth, and some as far remote as the twelfth century itself.

Now you approach the Eternal City.

"Then from the very soil of silent Rome

You shall grow wise, and walking, live again

The lives of buried peoples, and be come

A child by right of that Eternal Home, Cradle and grave of Empires, on whose walls

The Sun himself, subdued to reverence, falls."

You have been enjoying yourself in the country and the minor cities. Guitars and mandolins and fancy dress were everywhere. "Let joy be unconfin'd"; on, on to Rome.

And then there falls on you a great calm, and "All the air a solemn stillness holds." No Twentieth Century this, nor yet of one thousand years ago.