

little village church in Canada could have given me a service more impressive. There was a marked want of reverence on the part of the singers as they responded in the solemn service of mass, and the few hundreds of people present seemed to be lost in the immensity of the place. I went to the church intending to see nothing but devotion in the most ancient form of religion, and I came away convinced that the form only was observed, and then only as a matter of routine, that had to be got through for the benefit of the few spectators present.

The Vatican adjoins St. Peter's, and as you go down the great square, a door to the left gives you entrance by a noble marble stairway, to that home of the Popes. I shall not attempt to describe what is really a little town in itself. The Sistine chapel is under this roof, and in this chapel the cardinals are walled up when engaged in the election of a new Pope. Here, also, covering the whole end of the chapel, is Michael Angelo's picture of the last judgment. (See engraving in May number.)

I must carry you without further ceremony right across the city to the church of St. John Lateran, if it be only to see the stair never ascended but on bended knee—the stair up which Luther was toiling in prayer when that strange voice whispered in his ear, "The just shall live by faith," and which whisper or inspiration became the key-stone of the Protestant religion. The stair is a flight of twenty-eight marble steps, taken from Pilate's palace at Jerusalem and brought to Rome, says tradition, by the Empress Helena. The steps are completely covered by oaken boards, worn smooth by the knees of the faithful. There are openings at intervals, to allow the marble to be kissed. Devotees ascending these stairs on bended knee, can descend on foot an adjoining stair on either hand. In front of this church there stands an obelisk of red granite weighing some six hundred tons. It was brought from Egypt sixteen hundred years ago, and is supposed to have been some thousands of years old then. So the traveller in passing can touch a column under whose shadow it may be Abraham rested when journeying into Egypt. Turning south from this church, and leaving the city by the San Sebastian gate, we enter the famous Appian Way, made by Appius Claudius three hundred years before Christ, and after a short time we tread upon the very stones that were trodden by