

ministry—Ottawa's beautiful Basilica, the destined burial-place of, say John Gaskin, Dr Wilde and Mr. Greenway; the University turned into a military barracks; the Oblate House of Studies a powder-mill to furnish the gallant Colonel the wherewithal to blow papists to pieces. Extend the list as far as you wish, in the end you will have but a feeble indication of the state of Rome. For under the most favorable circumstances, and with full power to work his whole will, Mr. McCarthy could not be more than a little Crispi—a sort of reflect-

ed ray of this Italian sun of iniquity—what the tin-type is to the oil-painting, or the squeaking sound of a second-hand phonograph to the harmonious voice that spoke into it. Yet it was this slight resemblance, and not any sinister designs on the geographical position of the Eternal City, that led me to head my letter,—Rome brought home to Canadians.

M. F. FALLON, O.M.I., '89.

Rome, Aug. 16th, 1893.



Home of our childhood ! how affection clings,
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings !
Dearer thy hills, though clad in Autumn brown,
Than fairer summits which the cedars crown !
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze,
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas !
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky.

O. W. HOLMES.

