

## ROMAN MEMORIES

## LENTEN DAYS.

E. MCAULIFFE.



ARCH, which is a name of terror to the denizens of Northern climes, is the loveliest of months in the South.

The short winter is over and past, the trees are putting forth their young leaves, and the flowers are painting all the ways with beauty.

But it is not among the flowers, nor under the shade of spreading trees, that we may now linger; rather let us seek the shrines of the holy ones, so many of whom are commemorated this month; and beneath the marble arches of lofty Basilicas hasten to offer our homage with the Universal Church!

We pause on the threshold, arrested by the sounds of joy which break on the solemn stillness of the holy season, calling us to celebrate the anniversary of the coronation of the Supreme Pontiff. We attend his Mass in the Sistine Chapel, and kneel with the crowd in the *Sala Regia*, to receive his blessing!

On the 7th, the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, we have a grand celebration at the Dominican church of *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva*, where the bands of young novices coming in from the many monasteries of their order, always remind me of the chosen souls in *Fra Angelico's Last Judgment*, or of those angels of whom Dante speaks:

"Faces they had of flame,"

the flame of divine love, kindled by their fervor and devotion.

On the 9th, St. Frances of Rome is honored: her life, written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, is doubtless famil-