

contempt from the rude scratches and uncouth figures which decorate their tombs, yet he will see in them a loveliness far surpassing the breathing forms of the sculptor,—a moral beauty, which appeals not to the senses, but to the heart, and tells of the triumphs of faith, of the consolations of the Gospel, and of the assured expectation of eternal bliss. His wanderings will lead him often to visit the dark caverns where they lived, and suffered, and died, and in the contemplation of these scenes he will find his own faith strengthened, and his desires increased to be a follower of them, even as they also were followers of Christ.

It is to these scenes and records of the early Church that I would call attention, in the hope that we may find it neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to peruse a page of long-past history, and to ascertain whether there may not be lessons taught thereby which may apply even to our own times.

There is a square in Rome, called the Piazza di Spagna, just beneath the Pincian Hill, and where the English travellers most do congregate. As a consequence this is the principal cab-stand of the city. From this point I intend to take you in imagination on an excursion to the church of St. Sebastian, in which is the principal entrance now public to the Catacombs of Rome—there called the cemetery of San Calisto. It is at the distance of some few miles from our starting point, and we therefore take a vehicle and drive to it. On our way we pass down into the principal street,—the Corso,—turning at right angles we drive straight along the Corso, past its lines of palaces and the Antonine column until we approach the Capitol. Here we wheel to the left, and threading our way through streets both dirty and crooked, we come out upon the Forum near the Mamertine prison, where tradition says that St. Paul was incarcerated. Here is the sacred spot for the classical tourist, who surveys with delight the few remains of its ancient glories; but our driver, though a Roman, has little regard for them; to him the place is but the *Campo Vaccino*, or the cattle market, for which purpose it is still used, and he will pass on as composedly as if Cicero were a fiction, and the Republic a fable. On we journey down the Via Sacra, and