

Calixtus. The 22nd of November is St. Cecilia's day, and the Catacomb of St. Calixtus was illuminated, as also the chapel of St. Cecilia. With what emotions I descended into these remains of the ancient Christian world! We first entered the cubiculum of St. Cecilia, richly decorated with garlands and flowers, and well illuminated. There is a picture of the saint on the wall, represented in rich attire, with bracelets and necklace. There is also an ancient fresco of a head of our Saviour, of marvellous majesty and sweetness.

Adjoining this chapel is the so-called Chapel of the Popes. How many martyred early bishops have here mouldered to dust! We walked through long passages, with here and there a chapel for the administration of the Sacrament. I gazed at the representations of a Last Supper, of the dove, the phoenix, the fish, the Good Shepherd, and many more, and thought of the solemn and mournful scenes that had presence here. The effect of the illumination was wonderful—the long, narrow passages, stretching into the distance, crossed by numerous others, in seemingly endless succession. We drove afterward to St. Cecilia's Church, in the Trastevere, which was richly decorated with flowers, and illuminated. Here one sees the *sudatorium* of her own house, where she was shut in—the pipes to admit the vapour still are clearly to be seen. Her statue under the altar, in white marble, is one of the most remarkable in Rome, and seen amid these masses of flowers and lights, the effect was very beautiful. The statue is by the greatest artist of that time, Stefano Maderno, who was called in by Cardinal Spondrato, when he opened the tomb of the martyr in the sixteenth century, and, says the legend, found her embalmed body wrapped in rich gold tissue, with linen clothes, steeped in blood, at her feet. A gold circlet around the neck hides the wound made by the axe. The body is represented recumbent, lying on its side, wrapped in drapery. It is a wonderful work of art, aside from association of martyrdom. We stayed an hour to hear the music performed with an organ, in imitation of St. Cecilia's, but the music was very poor indeed. The church was crowded, the half of those present being foreigners. I heard English and American, French and German, Dutch and Italian, spoken. This gallery, quite around the church, is in lattice-work, behind which could be seen black and white-robed nuns.