

on the banks of the Tiber, built to the memory of St. Paul. It contains a colossal white marble statue of St. Paul and St. Peter, eighty granite Corinthian columns, from the Simplon Alp, gorgeous painted windows, and marble floors, six Oriental alabaster columns, and medallions in mosaic, each five feet in diameter, of all the popes, fictitious or real, beginning with St. Peter and ending with the present Leo XIII. Of course, the portraits are mostly imaginary. The present Basilica is modern, the former having been destroyed by fire.

In the burning heat of a summer's day, St. Paul walked this weary road to his death. Midway stands on the left a tiny chapel, marking the spot where tradition says St. Paul and St. Peter took leave of each other on their way to martyrdom. It seemed to my excited imagination I could hear Paul's voice, exclaiming: "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses." What a triumphal march was that! The site of the martyrdom is about a mile beyond the Basilica, in a marshy hollow. Three chapels have been built on the spot, which is called the Tre Fontane—three fountains—from a legend that a fountain sprang up wherever the head struck the ground after decapitation. There was once a rich convent here, now nearly deserted, the monks having been driven away by the malaria. It now belongs to the French Trappists.

The first church in the enclosure is supposed to stand in the cemetery of San Zeno, in which the 12,000 Christians who built the Baths of Diocletian, were buried. The church at the end of the enclosure contains the pillars to which St. Paul is said to have been bound, the block of marble on which he is supposed to have been beheaded, and the three fountains which mark where his head three times bounded on the ground, after being severed from the body. Three modern altars, above the fountains, are each adorned with a head of the apostle in *bas relief*. A solemn monk—a Trappist—in brown serge, whose mother-tongue was German, conducted us about, and loaded me with flowers from the garden. How solemn and still it was! Not a movement in the air, and the sun shone brightly. It seemed a consecrated spot. A hallowed something, I cannot describe, seemed to hover over the place and make it holy. After Golgotha, earth has not a more precious, sacred spot.

A few days after, we made a visit to the Catacomb of St.