

Passionist novices in the private gardens of the Villa Mithei. At their head was an aged priest of their Order, carrying an American flag. "Don't be scandalized," was how he replied to my look of astonishment, "we are celebrating the glorious 4th. I have just been explaining to the novices the profound ascetical significance of this flag. Through stripes to the stars is the lesson it teaches. But I have other reasons for honoring it. Look over there, —and the old man pointed to the beautiful monastery that crowns the highest Alban Hill—that building cost us years of ceaseless toil, and many a sleepless night. When I left for the United States more than thirty years ago, it was the home of a happy community. I returned two years ago to find my brothers in religion scattered, and our house, an observatory filled with blatant atheists. Similar sights met my eyes at every turn. You will understand now why I respect and salute a flag that I believe has never countenanced injustice or oppression." The speaker was Rev. Father Thomas, Consultor-General of the Passionists, and for almost thirty years a missionary in Canada and the United States.

This, of course, is not a tithe of the confiscations, but a further enumeration is unnecessary. The same harshness was shown towards the convents of women. Their houses were generally sold at public auction, and in some cases bought in by the owners, but no sooner was the purchase money paid than a second ejection took place, the State judging the buyers incapable of owning property.

There is still another and a darker category of official crimes—darker in that they surpass in brutal cruelty the worst deeds of the wildest savages, and resemble rather the unreasoning fury of beasts than the deliberate acts of men; darker, also, because their real aim is the destruction, not of Catholicity alone, but of Christianity and the belief in God.

The Coliseum is certainly Rome's greatest monument; its stupendous size, perfect symmetry and exceeding beauty are still visible in what is but the wreck of its former self. But more precious far for the Christian soul are the memories of its almost million martyrs. Within its walls was fought and won the battle of the

Cross in the West, and every believer in Christ owes a debt of love and gratitude to those hosts of heroes who sealed their faith with their lives, and in dying, left us a priceless inheritance. Who is not stirred by deep emotion and profound reverence as he gazes for the first time upon the scene of their triumph? In other days, by the pious forethought of the Popes, a large cross, erected in the centre of the arena, told the world the history of this glorious spot; the Stations of the Cross were the becoming ornaments of the walls which so often resounded with the yells of fury, provoked by the very mention of Christ's name; several small chapels served the devotion of priests and people. But these things were hateful to the eyes of the invaders, and pagan Rome was to be outdone. In the very presence, and with the approbation of the Queen, who nevertheless claims to be a Catholic, the Cross was overturned and thrown away; the stations torn down, and the chapels demolished or closed up. Nor was this enough. To protect from needless desecration the soil of the arena so often bedewed with martyrs' blood, Pius IX had it covered with a thick layer of ash. Incredible as it may seem, this earth was removed, on the pretence that the place needed draining, and the Christian sentiment of Rome was insulted without the shadow of a reason, or the semblance of provocation.

Another example. The little army that Pius IX gathered around him on the departure of the French garrison, more as a protest against violence than as a means of repelling aggression, was recruited from all the nations of the world. These heroes left home and country, with little hope of ultimate success, and none of earthly reward, to fight for the cause of truth and justice. The history of the Papal Zouaves is the purest military glory of our century—a very oasis of generosity in a desert of selfishness.—and recalls the enthusiastic ardor of the Crusaders, and the brightest deeds of chivalry. In memory of those who gave their lives for the Church, Pius IX ordered a splendid monument to be erected in the cemetery of St. Lawrence. On a pedestal of purest marble, St. Peter is represented as giving the sword and standard to a kneeling soldier, with the