

## A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF ST. PAUL'S MARTYRDOM AND TO THE TOMB OF ST. CECILIA.

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AFTER a month in Rome, this city of graves and ruins, of martyrs and commemorative churches, its charm increases daily. There is here an indescribable fascination, both in its art, its scenery, its ruins, and its memories. We drove out the other day to visit the scene of St. Paul's martyrdom, the great Basilica of "St. Paul beyond the wall," and the three churches built in honour of this great Apostle. We drove through a scene that cannot be surpassed in the world's history. First the road is spanned by an arch, marking the site of the ancient Porta Trigemina, by which Marius fled before Sylla to Ostia. Passing this arch, the wooded escarpment of the Aventine, crowned by three churches, lies at our left. A short distance farther is the Gate of St. Paul, on the site of the ancient Porta Ostiensis. Close to this Porta is the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, who died B. C. 30. More than nineteen hundred years have passed away, and still it stands in good preservation. It is of brick, coated with white marble, is 125 feet high, and 100 feet wide at its square basement. We pass under the gate, and are in the vast, sad, and solitary Roman Campagna. At the base of the Pyramid lies the old Protestant Cemetery, where Keats rests from his sorrow; close by it the New Cemetery, and behind it, on the Campagna, Monte Testaccio, 160 feet high, formed entirely of broken pottery, though how, when, and why, is a problem no mortal can solve.

By the Porta San Paolo we pause long. Our heads are giddy with the whirl of thoughts born of the spot. Under this gate St. Paul passed—or rather under the ancient Ostian Gate, on the very spot. We dismount and walk, trusting our feet may tread in his footsteps. The Pyramid of Cestius is the only object of the time which remains. While it has stood, the race, the language, and the religion of the land have changed. How solemn, still, and grand it looks, with a background of the wonderful blue of an Italian sky. A straight road, one and a half miles long, stretches from the gate to the magnificent Basilica,