

on the last syllable, it fell on our old ears like long-forgotten music. We felt as if our heart were in our mouth. That's all.

A few years ago, it would not have been regarded as in accordance with the fitness of things to dash into Rome with a railway train. But 'business' is a stronger force than sentiment, and Rome is again a candidate for a share of the world's business. The *Via Nazionale* of new Rome will stand comparison with the finest streets in Paris, while the new Government Buildings, such as the War office and the Finance department, rival Downing street, London. The railway terminus has a large and elegant station, and the arrangements for the transfer of travellers and their baggage are excellent. The street-railway and omnibus service are equal to the demands of traffic. Cabs are cheap. There are enough of good hotels where you can live comfortably at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 a day. Although apparently in a new quarter of the city, the railway station occupies an old site. Immediately on arrival you are confronted with the colossal pile of ruins known as "The Baths of Diocletian," built by the Emperor of that name in the beginning of the fourth century, and which originally covered an area of 440,000 square yards*—over ninety acres! It is said that 40,000 Christians were employed for years in the construction of these buildings, now desolate heaps of rubbish, save where, here and there, portions of them have been transformed into churches and convents which are adorned with fine paintings, and which count as their most sacred treasures the bones of many Christian martyrs.

Our hotel was in the heart of the city, near the far-famed fountain of Trevi. Not a day passed without our having "another look at it." What a marvellous conception it is! The central figure is a magnificent statue of Neptune. On either side are prancing steeds, fanciful sea-nymphs blowing their horns, dolphins spouting jets that descend in clouds of spray, and water falling from a hundred fissures into the great semi-circular basin in front—beautiful sparkling water brought from the distant hills by subterranean aqueducts.

Rome is almost round in shape. The circuit of its walls is twelve miles, and they are pierced with sixteen gates, guarded with *gen-d'armerie*. One of the best known approaches is by the *Porta del Popolo*, leading into the piazza or square of the same name—a place of great interest. In the centre of it is one of those venerable red granite Egyptian obelisks, covered with hieroglyphics as fresh almost as the day they were cut, and which carry your thoughts away back to the days of Moses and the Pharaohs. To the left, a fountain marks the place where Nero was buried (A.D. 68). At the further end of the square are two fine twin churches, where the three principal streets of this quarter begin—the *Corso*, in the centre, running in a direct line to the Capitol, the *Babuino*, on the left, leading to the Quirinal Palace, and the *Ripetta*, on the right, by which you approach the bridge of St. Angelo and St. Peter's. The *Pincian Hill*, which rises abruptly from the piazza del Popolo, is the 'Mountain Park' of Rome, tastefully laid out with garden, lawn and shrubbery, and is the fashionable drive and promenade. From the terrace on its brow is obtained one of the finest views of the city and surrounding country, even as far as to the Mediterranean, which shows like a silver streak at a distance of fourteen miles. The Pincian is not one of the seven historic hills, however. These are, (1) The Capitoline, (2) The Palatine, (3) The Quirinal, (4) The Cœlian, (5) The Aventine, (6) The Viminal, (7) The Esquiline.

C.

Missionary Cabinet.

MR. WILLIAM QUARRIER.

PASSING along the South Western Railway, about half-way between Glasgow and Greenock,—near Bridge-of-Weir—the traveller can scarcely fail to notice a group of handsome buildings nestled among the Renfrewshire hills. The central one is an imposing mansion bearing on its face in immense letters, the words,—“The Orphan Homes of Scotland.” These Orphan Homes are the realization of the youthful dream of a genuine Scottish Philanthropist, whose name stands at the head of this paper.

*Walks in Rome, by Augustus J. C. Hare; 7th American edition, pp 678, \$3.10. Probably the best English guide-book, and my chief authority in these notes.