

a profound interest and deserve a visit. It is worth while also to take a ramble or drive over the wide, half-desert plain of the Campagna, clothed with rank grasses and weeds, and showing here and there a half-fallen tomb, or the broken line of arches of an aqueduct wh. has long since ceased to bear water to the thirsty city.

In spite of the miasms that make the Campagna a deadly place for strangers in the heat of summer, there are forms scattered here and there, and one meets at intervals herds of cattle, or dirty, wallowing buffaloes of villainous aspect, with a brigand-looking herdsman not far off.

In the distance rise the Alban Hills, a range of extinct volcanoes of noble outlines. On the summit of one of them stood Alba Longa, the mother-city of Rome. Surely never had puny mother so giant an offspring!

One wishes to believe the quaint legends of Rome's founding, of the lusty, wolf suckled boys, of the nascent city wall that was so easily leaped over, and all the rest. It is a day of image-breaking, and the legendary beginnings of great cities must, I suppose, suffer like all other poetic things from the fact-hunting spirit of the age.

No iconoclasm, however, can strip Rome of her potent charms. She is still, and will long remain, the metropolis of a mighty spiritual kingdom, whose persistent armies threaten even far-off countries like Canada. Even if her spiritual reign were over, she would still stand august in the memories of her mighty past—the mother of empires, the giver of laws, and the owner of a literature and language that can never cease to have students among the best minds of the world.

MASTER, to do great work for Thee, my hand
 Is far too weak ! Thou givest what may suit,
 Some little chips to cut with care minute,
 Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
 Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
 And make a life-work of the grand design
 Which Thou hast traced ; or, many skilled, combine
 To build vast temples, gloriously planned ;
 Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought
 Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,
 Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.
 Let each stone by Thy master-hand of grace
 Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
 And in Thy temple-pavement give it place.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*