

very persons. How often is worthiness and nobility, as it moves forward with timid step, unconscious of its capabilities, wounded by the haughty tread of some sappy-headed usurper.

The majority of those who have been leaders in the world of thought and action have been excessively modest—especially at the outset of their career. They differ from conceited boobies in having those high ideals of perfection, which are indications of genius, and which are incompatible with self-glorification.

Many have doubtless remained in obscurity, wronging themselves and wronging the world, by yielding to the tendency to underrate what nature has done for them, and what they have done for themselves. To bring modest merit from its lurking-place should be more the desire and practice of those in authority than it is. The age is too much one of favor which is not grounded on competency. A change in this respect would do much towards purifying important fields of human action. The influence of individuals which receives its direction from unworthy motives is too often exerted at the expense of rejecting excellence, and robbing society. May that insight and principle of honesty which looks "with an unwinking eye on the juggling glamour of the bold pretender," and which places sterling worth in the positions of honor and influence become a noted characteristic of the time in which we live.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 9.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

My last *Reminiscence* concluded with an account of a visit to the church of St. Ursula, in Cologne. Wonderful old church! Its rows of grinning skulls haunt my imagination still.

The recollection of this church with its multitude of bones was freshly revived in my mind when six or eight months after I visited that of the Capuchin Monks

in Rome. Beneath this church are four low vaulted chambers, decorated in a ghastly manner with the bones of 4000 of these monks. Each of these chambers contains a tomb with earth originally brought from Jerusalem, which constitutes the cemetery of the monks. Whenever a monk dies his body is buried in the oldest grave, from which the bones of the original occupants are removed, to be employed in the decorations just alluded to. The walls are covered with them, wrought into all manner of fantastic shapes. They hang from the ceiling in the form of chandeliers, while several skeletons are standing erect in the robes of the order.

But the greatest lot of human bones I ever saw in one collection was not in Rome, not in the Catacombs of Rome,—in these they have long since turned to dust—but in the

CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

These Catacombs are vast subterranean quarries, extending from under Montrogue to beyond the Luxembourg, and the Pantheon over an extent of area equal to one tenth of the whole of Paris. In 1788 the bones of suppressed cemeteries began to be deposited here, on which account these quarries received the name of catacombs.

Having obtained permission from the Prefect of the Seine to visit them, I went to the place of descent to which I had been directed. On arriving there I was not a little surprised to find about 700 persons present for the same purpose. Having furnished ourselves with a lighted candle, we were taken in charge by guides who conducted us two abreast, down a dark winding stairway, thence onward a considerable distance through narrow passages, until we arrived at the ossuary, in which were stored in galleries the remains of 3,000,000 of human beings. On each side is a pile of leg and arm bones 7 feet high, separated into three or four layers by rows of skulls. Each compartment bears the name of the cemetery from which the bones in it were brought; and here and there are inscribed sentences referring to the brevity of life and the van-