

No.

~~SERMON~~

Letters from Europe

Text,

By Rev. R. B. Howard
Summer of 1879

Subject,
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Perils by water.—Two Collisions.—Man Overboard.—A Narrow Escape from Shipwreck.—Safety of the Loomis Party.—Personals.

European voyages are so common that ADVANCE readers will care to read little but that which is peculiar to this one. We had hardly left our dock on the *Italy* when the *Canada*, our consort, bound for London, steamed across our bows in such a way as to make a collision of these two iron steamers of 4,000 tons inevitable. One of our boats was swept away. Our side-planks and deck floor were started, and a shock given our 120 passengers, from which we did not readily recover. Thrown from our course by this accident, we ran plump into the side of the German steamer *Barbarosa* as she lay at anchor in the stream, cutting a deep gash in her side from the deck to the water's edge. The *Canada* returned to her dock for repairs. The *Barbarosa* plied her pumps and stood away for the shore. One man was knocked off her deck and saved by a boat while sinking in plain sight of us all. Our engineer examined the *Italy* and pronounced her sea-worthy, and we steamed away sad and silent, that sunny morning in June (21st).

Of course the pilot was blamed, but I know too little of seamanship to criticise. I only know how thankful we all were to Almighty God to escape from impending destruction, and for the rescue of the struggling, drowning sailor.

We had a beautiful day to start. No wind. Not a ripple on the face of the sea as we left the Jersey shore out of sight.

On Wednesday morning we were off the banks of Newfoundland, where the usual fog shut us in. The face of the sun was shining brightly behind its veil, and our whistle sounded its shrill alarm every three minutes. It was just after breakfast—9:30—and I was conversing with friends on deck, when the quick, sharp rattle of the telegraph alarm-bell in the wheel-house arrested my attention. Then came the sharp whistle of the Captain from "the bridge." Then the second officer leaped from the "Conn"—an elevated position just above the "companion" way, and ran back to the wheel-house, overthrowing a lady passenger in his haste. I noticed that his face and the faces of the helmsmen by his side, who, with him, were straining every muscle to move the helm by turning the great double wheel, were pale as death. Just then there appeared the topsails of a ship, like the wings of a great bird, flying towards us, not five hundred yards away. In a moment her hull was in sight, towering above our deck. Remembering the collision in the harbor, I shouted to the passengers, but few of whom had come upon deck, to go over to the other side, and then stood a moment awestruck by the imminent peril. A collision and death in mid-ocean, seemed to me inevitable. With a hasty thought I committed my dear ones to God and resolved to help any body I could. Still there was a struggling prayer in my heart that the ship might sheer away without actual destruction. Just then, as if by a miracle, she seemed to turn upon her center, and wear around, her bow-sprit fairly over our heads and her hull almost in reach of my hand. At the same moment, owing to the super-human effort of the pale men at the wheel, the great iron steamer, four hundred feet in length, slowly obeyed her helm, and in plain sight of the shouting sailors on the ship, we passed each other like two lightning express

railroad trains. In a moment the object of our terror disappeared in the fog astern, and we were left to cry, "Thank God, thank God!" As she disappeared we read her name upon the stern, "*Santa Clara*, New York." Surely no ship was ever handled with greater skill. We felt like a hurrah of admiration. She was in ballast, sailing before a fresh breeze. It is said one cannot locate a sound at sea. I did not hear the ship's fog horn, but our watching sailor at the prow did. She must have heard the scream of our whistle, and yet, of the million possible paths of the sea, by a strange Providence, which might not occur again in a hundred years, she came tramping down upon us in the only one by which it was possible to collide! "Not in my nineteen years at sea," said an old sailor, "have I ever known such an event." You will imagine how Bible texts and verses of hymns thronged our memories and expressed our sense of God's deliverance.

He plants his footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Our passengers behaved admirably. One lady fainted when the danger was passed, as also did one sick gentleman. But all was quiet. No one unaccustomed to the sea could realize the peril as did Capt. Simpson and the officers of the steamer. They were cool, prompt and skillful. And next to God, we owe them gratitude.

We approach the coast of Ireland to-day and touch at Queens-town. You will hear by telegraph of the arrival of the *Italy* at Liverpool before this reaches you. Our "Loomis Party" of twenty-five have enjoyed the voyage so far very well. The unusual excitement has given it zest. Our "conductor" Dr. L. C. Loomis proves to be just the man for the place, considerate, careful, experienced, wise and obliging. Other parties and individuals make our number of cabin passengers ninety. There are thirty-six in the steerage and 105 men connected with the steamer. Our cargo is grain in the hold, fresh meat in the great refrigerator, four horses, 160 live cattle and two ready-made horse-cars boxed up on deck.

Our two Sabbaths have been reverently observed by worship in the Episcopal form in the saloon. We have four Episcopal clergymen, two Congregationalist and one Methodist. A lady read one of Beecher's sermons to us last evening and we discussed its thoughts and sang together many songs of Zion. I have not been sea-sick but most of the passengers have, as usual, suffered temporarily from this depressing cause. Our food is ample in quantity, but the cooking of everything except meats, —to an American palate, is wretched. When will we be able to have an American line of steamers from New York? The *Italy* is a good sea-going craft, not very swift, and not less of a "roller" than other steamers propelled by a screw.

Our passengers are from all parts of the world. A party of ladies is from Rockford, Ill., two gentlemen from Sardoris in the same State. Rev. M. L. Williston, formerly of Galesburg, Ill., goes to Germany, accompanied by his wife and three children, for two years' study. Dr. Butler, Professor of Church History in the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Philadelphia, goes to Normandy and Brittany to pursue his studies. Profs. Morris, Babcock, and Préntiss, of Cornell University, together with their wives, are also on their way for vacation study in Europe. Judge E. O. Perrin, Clerk of the New York Court of Appeals, is with us. Two tutors and a number of the class of '79 from the College of New York make the air occasionally ring

with college songs. There are no braver sailors than a party of eight ladies, of whom are Misses Johnson and Seitz, of Rye Seminary, Westchester County, New York, and Miss Parsons of Northampton, Mass., who goes out to Constantinople as a teacher with her sister at "The Home" at Scutari, sustained by the Woman's Board.

The call for "baggage for Queenstown" makes us look out through the drizzling rain for the shores of green Erin. It has not been a monotonous trip so far, but the sea makes us landsmen dull and lazy. Has there ever been a great intellect developed upon the sea? Resolutions complimentary to Capt. Simpson of the *Italy* were passed by the passengers. He certainly has been cool and dutiful in great emergencies.

Perhaps I ought to add that my roommate, who is now taking his ninth steamer trip across the Atlantic, suggests that if every-

thing were less new to me the dangers and deliverances recounted above might appear less remarkable. The thing that has impressed me more than the jeopardy is the skill of man and the kind Providence of God, by which sea perils are reduced to a minimum and such an excursion as this has become a pastime.

R. B. H.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

First Impressions in England.—Rural Landscapes.—How Old Things appear to New Eyes.—A Visit and a Funeral at Westminster.—A Week in London.—Belgium.—Waterloo and Napoleon IV.

The most vivid of all impressions made on my mind by objects that have become so familiar to thousands of American tourists, and other thousands who read their communications, is the exceeding beauty of English rural scenery. After all that I had read, seen in pictures, or conceived, it was a perpetual and pleasing surprise. It is the perfection of cultivated landscapes. The closing days of June were showery. The sun would break through the clouds unexpectedly as we journeyed from Chester toward London, lighting up now a wooded height from which great masses of vapor would float away casting their shadows along the wonderfully green meadows from which ancient elms and oaks were unbanished. The streams had the spring gurgle still in their rocky beds. The hedge-rows bordered their banks, or ran in curves along the country roads, that white and hard, gleamed out of their rich embroidery.

The unseasonable rains had delayed the hay harvest. The fat, sleek cows, as they munched the tall grasses, and the big sheep, a little pale and chill from the recent shearing, hardly looked up at the passing train. There are no pastures fed short, as with us, nor are there any great unfenced fields. I saw no swamps or sloughs. The little corners next the railway track are all cultivated, and the unsightly excavations and "fills" are sodded. The solid and picturesque bridges that mark the passage of a common road are monuments and assurances of safety as well as of beauty. The broad, ballasted track; the odd-looking, well-kept "stations," with no straggling village crowding them and no idlers in waiting; the easy riding cars incapable of jerks by reason of their four elastic "bumpers," rendering social conversation for our party of eight, sitting opposite each other, possible as it could not have been on an American railroad; these furnished the constituents of the pleasantest of journeys.

Around the collieries, even, you see no debris, and the tall

chimneys with their rising smoke do not, as with us, call attention to undisguised desolation.

The cottages are small, poor and old, but each has a character of its own. A climbing vine, a peculiar gable, a thatch, or a green lane, rescue them from monotony. Here and there a substantial farm-house, and, more rarely, some pretentious mansion, will be seen though the leafy branches of enbowing trees. Beeston Castle on an abrupt hill with dark and crumbling walls, set our imaginations running from Warwick to Kenilworth and from Kenilworth to Drachenfels.

The wheat and barley and other growing things, late in ripening, each adds its peculiar variety of green to the landscape. The hawthorne, either in hedges or detached shrubs on the hill-sides, is in full bloom and sets us humming Burns' never-to-be-forgotten lines:

How sweet the hawthorn blossom.

There are no such long lines of bright-looking houses in well-kept grounds as one sees near New York and Boston, but the whole landscape seems to combine park and garden in a way that one finds in no one hundred miles of American travel.

Nothing in this great London, to enrich and adorn which the entire world has contributed, can obliterate or diminish the vivid sense of beauty that the English country scenes in leafy June photographed upon my memory. Our readers have heard too much of the Tower, that suggestive monument to the most striking events in English history, and of the Cathedral of St. Paul's, the pride of modern English architecture, and of the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square—in the rear of the Nelson column guarded by those gigantic lions of Landseer, which it is the first impulse of the beholder to conciliate, where paintings second to no collection in the world are free for everybody to enjoy. They may have even grown tired of Westminster, which Dean Stanley newly introduced to Americans by his last winter's visit. One feels there that he must be alone, undisturbed by inquiring voices or clattering feet, while he indulges in reflection, reminiscence and aspiration. The impressions of that great mausoleum of England can not be realized second hand. One must go there, look, read, sit, think, weep and pray in some secluded way, if he would completely enjoy the mingled grandeur and pathos that its vivid contrasts of life and death are fitted to inspire. I but repeat what others have said so much better, that the Abbey chiefly impresses one with the vanity of earthly greatness. The costly memorials erected by rich and titled friends to names never known or forgotten; the attempts—poor failures at best—to put in artistic form something adequately expressive of the genius of the poets, orators, artists and other real teachers and benefactors of mankind; the feeling that the dead are crowding the living; so that soon there will be no room in parts of the Abbey to kneel and worship without touching a place of sepulture; the fresh flowers on the grave of Lady Stanley; the earth yesterday opened to receive the body of Lord Lawrence, late governor of India; these things partially expel the sense of artistic beauty and grandeur expressed in the ancient Abbey itself and many of its concomitants, and leave you busy only with such thoughts as are suggested in poems like Bryant's "Flood of Years," Longfellow's *Salutamus Morituri Esse*, Grey's *Elegy*, the twenty-third Psalm, and 1 Cor. xvi. It seemed to me that there was less of Christ and the resurrection and more of human glory than becomes a Christian burial place. But our thoughts pierce through the present and visible, and sit silently down with the souls of the departed

and beloved. It is a relief to give some of the sweetest and dearest of them the poor tribute of a tear. Hereafter, as to one privileged to visit the never-forgotten grave of a personal friend, there is a new avenue of approach to the gifted dead, a new association to bind them to the heart. Their monuments are henceforth like the titles of their books on our shelves. They hint to us what the authors said, the kind of men they were, the unseen associates, companions and instructors that they will be forever.

A day amid the unsurpassed collections of the British Museum afforded time for a glance only at its treasures. Another at South Kensington Museum, of the attractions of which Raphael's seven original cartoons and Dr. Schlieman's collections from the tomb of ancient Troy are specimens; an afternoon, which even the protracted twilight could not sufficiently lengthen, among the living birds, fishes and beasts of the Zoological gardens; the morning's ride, seven miles by railway, to Sydenham, whose Crystal Palace holds the finest models of objects of art and architecture in the world; one religious service with Spurgeon, who, take him all in all, especially since the history of the last ten years, is in my estimation the best of living preachers, addressing the most reverent and devout of the great Protestant congregations; on Sunday afternoon at the Abbey listening with the crowd that more than filled its immense spaces, to the eloquent tribute of Dean Stanley to Lord Lawrence; an evening at City Temple, impressed alike with the genius and the oddities of its minister, Dr. Joseph Parker, who preaches for Plymouth Church during Mr. Beecher's vacation; almost a whole night each given to the House of Lords, with Beaconsfield in front of me, and the House of Commons, during two "divisions"; an American 8 o'clock dinner, served in English style at Westminster Palace Hotel on Independence Day; each of these occasions was interesting enough to fill whole columns of the *ADVANCE*. Then there were rides on the top of omnibuses and in cabs along side of all noted places; walks at night amid the drunkenness and vice of the greatest city of modern, if not of any, times. There were strolls to the early morning markets, hours in the shops of Holborn, St. Paul's churchyard, Fleet Street, Cheap Side and the Strand, not so much to buy as to observe. There was a delightful "Tea" at the house of an American gentleman many years in England; there were calls and callers, none of the former more pleasant than that on Spurgeon. Indeed, so full were our days in London of pleasurable excitement that the night on the *Arwich* steamer, and the day at the old, quiet Flemish town of Antwerp, and another at the busier, merrier capital of Belgium, afforded needed rest.

We go to Germany to-morrow. The people about us in Belgium are strange in language, and unlike us in manner of life. The middle ages came to us in the sharp-roofed houses, the wooden shoes, the dog carts, the costumes of the peasants at early market, the narrow streets, the grand cathedrals and the superstitious religious relics. A few hours' drive this evening in Brussels was a revelation of gardens, parks and palaces. Waterloo seems like a dream. But I find Napoleon First alive in other and more lasting memorials throughout these countries than in that sweet, brave young Prince whom the poisoned arrow of a savage Zulu slew, and who is the dead idol of millions. His funeral to-day moistens the eyes of England and Europe.

R. B. H.

Belgium

W. H. P. Rhine

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AN EVENING IN VENICE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Could I convey to our readers a tithe of the pleasure which a few days' sojourn in this "City of the Sea" has given me, I would write with a free pen and a thankful heart. Others have so often described the principal objects of interest to a traveler that I make no attempt to follow them. Graceful and graphic pens are not wanting. Byron, Cooper, Mark Twain and Howells have made the painting, architecture, and the peculiar life one sees at Venice familiar to all readers. But each of us sees and enjoys for himself.

A forenoon in the Doge's palace and prison, a "nooning" at St. Mark's Cathedral, an afternoon among the 600 pictures of the Academy of fine Arts, with Ruskin for a guide and commentator upon the works of Titian, Tintoret, Veronese and Bellini, are worth a long voyage, a long waiting, or anything else that costs ease, time or money. But our evening was so peculiarly Venetian, so unlike anything in America, that I venture to ask all who read this to join in imagination our company of twenty-five. From eight to nine we strolled along Saint Mark's Place, around which are the grandest buildings, the most brilliant shops, and every pleasant evening, a crowd seeming to comprise nearly all, citizens or strangers, who are in the city. We sit down and chat in hearing of a fine band of music and enjoy the balmy air and ever-changing mass of promenaders. At 9:30 our evening entertainment commences. By the forecast of our good genius, Dr. L. C. Loomis, of Washington, D. C., a band of sixteen gondoliers who had been in his employ when here each season for a number of years, were quietly assembled and embarked. Their gondola is lighted by three harp-shaped Chinese lanterns. They had glided out into the bay a little way before our party were fairly embarked in three gondolas each with two gondoliers. As we shot out from the pier under the brilliant gas-lights that line its edge and had just raised our eyes to admire the moon, which, towards the close of its first quarter, shone with quiet and familiar radiance over the domes, towers and spires at our left, the band of gondoliers broke into their first song. It was quite unexpected to most of us, and as each gondola was illumined by successive Bengal lights, cover-

ing the bright, youthful faces and gay dresses that prevailed, with changeful light, all at once the Venice of poetry, romance and song burst upon us. It had been a July day, but the breeze of evening was cooled as it came across the Adriatic. Not a ripple stirred the waters of the Grand Canal save those caused by the sharp prows and dipping oars of gondolas. As the glittering light from the boats died away, the slowly declining moon renewed her mild sway which was not sufficiently brilliant to hide *Ursa Major*—that glorious constellation of the North—so familiar to us in our childhood's home. But oh, the unequalled harmony of those sweet and strong Italian voices so full of pathos and passion! Song after song with full choruses floated out on the air which seemed fairly alive with melody. The walls of the old palaces that line this ancient avenue of Venice were successively somber and brilliant in the changing light. Gondolas in great numbers flew by like dark birds that nearly touched us with their wings. Others hovered around the fairy-like music and kept time with beating oars to the voices of the unwearied singers.

In Lucerne we attended a concert given upon the celebrated organ of the Cathedral. There, as on a similar occasion not long since in the Cincinnati Music Hall, the close imitation of human voices in an imagined choir seemed to me the most sweet and touching passage. Both were poor approaches and imitations of that immeasurable depth and sweetness of sympathy of which nothing but the voice is capable. When single it surpasses every other instrument in that supreme quality by which not only the fancy and the imagination, but the heart, is moved. But when sweet voices are combined and unaccompanied, as in the Jubilee Singers who once sung over the grave of Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., in my presence, "Let my people go,"—or in these Italian boatmen giving utterance to a higher style of national music, the legacy of a thousand years of tuneful culture, the effect is, to me, simply indescribable. It was not art except as art is the expression of nature. The parts were well sustained in perhaps a dozen songs. There was not one break in the harmony that I could detect. There were no written words or notes before the singers. They sang, as Spurgeon preached to us in London, in that simple, tender, hearty way that never fails to secure response.

We sailed and sang, and sang and sailed—if gliding by means of silent oars can be called "sailing"—a mile and a half between the echoing walls of the old palaces till we came under the famous *Rialto*. Grouping our gondolas together near the foot of the noble arch on one side we noticed the singers hovering at the opposite edge of the broad canal and underneath the same grand old bridge which, for centuries, has witnessed processions sad or gay, and heard songs plaintive or triumphant. When again the voices of the band broke the silence, the effect was marvelous. The reverberation, with no returning echo to mar its simplicity, gave firmness and dignity as well as power to the musical and manly tones. The moon was rapidly disappearing and the stars were glowing with new brilliancy as we reluctantly turned our faces towards our hotel. We glided homeward with the swift incoming tide and after ascending the steps of the quay we stood upon the shore and listened to the parting song.

The singing was unlike and unequalled by that of any concert that I ever have heard. To be sure the "scenery," circumstances and associations all combined to increase the effect. No night could have been more perfect. To me the charm of novelty was added to that of recollection. The music that floated around us like a halo of sound seemed to harmonize so completely with the evening of a day spent amid palaces, dungeons, churches and galleries rich in historic lore and richer in the atmosphere which the genius of poetry and painting has thrown around them. The melting away of the glowing sunlight, so sternly unfriendly to the crumbling "Stones of Venice," into gentle moonlit night; the strange and beautiful metamorphosis by which the sturdy Latin has become the liquid Italian; the unquestioning tyranny of the old Doges succeeded by the mild reign of a constitutional king; the mighty prowess of ancient Venice in Eastern wars, changed to these "piping times" of peace; the whole day with its evening close was like an anthem in whose measures sublime or sweet, the years were singing their historic song.

My first thought was, "Oh, that I could take this picture out of its setting and transfer it to America for the delectation of my countrymen!" But I reflected, it will not bear it. These men could not so sing their songs in a strange land. Our rivers that wash cities are too swift. Our lakes too subject to rough winds; our people are too busy. Only in the indolent air of Italy and on the watery streets of Venice, with gliding gondolas and singing boatmen; only underneath the sky of Italy and among a restful, pleasure-loving people, can one enjoy such an evening. I may add that no contrast could well be more striking than the singers and their song. Coarse-featured, bronzed faces, rough hands and working dresses were revealed when the lights flashed too fully on the musical gondoliers. Nothing in Venice will bear too close and critical examination. It is a good place in which to stop thinking and enjoy.

R. B. H.

A WEEK IN ROME.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Three Days at the Vatican.—Its pictures and Statuary.—A Visit to the Pope.—United Italy.—Its Changes and Prospects.—Sunday at St. Peter's.—How Ritualism Saves.

The approach to Rome by railway from Florence is unimpressive. To be sure you see St. Peter's dome ten miles away, but the barren, scarred hills and parched plains, the absence of human dwellings, the rocky ruins and the whole landscape scorched by an August sun weary the eye. We passed within the walls of the older city towards evening. Their gray and massive outline, the noble aqueducts, 2,000 years old, still in daily use, the vast area with its lofty, ruined wall, called The Baths of Diocletian, into a little corner of which a large church had been built, and the general desolation around, made antiquity real and impressive. Ancient Rome forced its greatness upon me. The presence of the Nineteenth Century in the manifold tracks, the whistling engines, the hacks and omnibuses of the railway station, made the old only more striking, by contrast with the new. Fine modern buildings are going up, and new streets are laid out in that part of the former city which had become almost depopulated.

After the continuous ride of 200 miles from Florence, the most we could do was to do justice to a fine dinner at the *Hotel de Paris*, devour our home letters, and stroll about the streets by moonlight in an aimless way to see how the Romans do. Like other Italians, they are not early to bed, and unlike Americans they have learned the art of an alluring display in their shop windows, which are brilliantly illuminated by shaded gaslights burned outside. The principal wares for sale are, in Europe, displayed in the windows. This not only attracts customers, but, a great thing to a foreigner, saves conversation, as one can point at what he wants.

The nights have all been cool, and our beds clean and comfortable, so that sleep has not refused to refresh us after these busy days.

To-day, August 1, we drove to the Vatican and spent the morning in its vast halls, peopled with the sculptured forms, real and ideal, of all time and all lands. The approach to St. Peter's and the first sight of the dome, is disappointing. The Cathedral does not so manifestly surpass in magnitude all its surroundings, as does that at Cologne. Its vast and pillared portico hinders simplicity of effect, and, in the maze of great buildings, you do not appreciate the vast size of its unequalled

dome, nor see at once on just what it is placed. We drive around the noble pile, and enter the adjoining palace through a paved court. The Pope's home and court occupy a portion of the palace. Since Victor Immanuel took possession of the Quirinal, in 1870, this magnificent seat has been the Holy Father's "prison." The round Castle of St. Angelo, on this side of the Tiber, at the end of the bridge of the same name, is also in the hands of the King of Italy. The secret covered way leading to its fortresses from the palace, is no longer of use. The Pope cannot now appeal to the temporal and military power of that fortress which, for centuries, was

under Papal authority. A few Swiss soldiers are allowed his Holiness for a guard. We see them in showy yellow uniforms in the court and along the staircases. The custodians and guides are not uniformed, but the Pope's personal attendants are distinguished by their flaming apparel of cardinal red.

I will not even ask the reader to look with me at the gems of art. The Laocoon, the Mercury, the Apollo Belvidere, and other rich trophies of Greek Art rescued from Roman ruins, are surrounded by thousands of statues and busts less celebrated in essay and poem, but scarcely less beautiful. You move among the sculptured faces of Athens—statesmen, poets, philosophers; you look at all possible representations of mythological and historic scenes and characters. Our countrymen, Hilliard and Hawthorne, are delightful and instructive companions in Rome. We see with their more educated eyes, and are assisted in our pleasure and appreciation by their criticisms. But the truest, deepest enjoyment of the beautiful is, after all, simple and personal. It is a delightful experience to stumble upon some work of art of which you never read, so instinct with beauty as to send a thrill through your own heart. In Rome and Italy there are a thousand such happy surprises in store for the traveler. We did not go down into the Vatican garden, but glimpses of its blossoming and fragrant trees, with far-off outlines of the Alban hills and villas, brought it to us in a measure.

Our second day at the Vatican was enlivened by a visit to Pope Leo XIII. to our party of twenty Americans. We were all Protestants and chiefly ladies, but, conforming in dress and manner to the prescribed etiquette of the Papal Court, and selecting one of our number, younger than some but not less self-possessed, unaffected and beautiful, who was accomplished in the French language, to interpret for us, we each received some kind words and a paternal blessing from the "Holy Father." He does not speak English, but our American girl prattled away in French, replying to his questions as to our journey and our homes. She then accompanied him to us each. The Protestant minister who was introduced to the Pope as such, said that he felt no worse a man from having paid the Head of the Roman church a mark of respect, and having had the old man's gentle hand upon his forehead, and heard his kind voice in a benediction. Leo XIII. is already beyond the age at which Americans elect their Presidents, and has his history as a Pope yet to make. He was elected in February, 1868, after Pious IX. and Victor Immanuel had settled some difficult questions and died.

Young King Humbert looks pale, thin and grey—aged beyond his years. He has a hard kingdom to govern, and those who surround the Pope are wise and wily. If the King should trip, the Vatican would not fail to notice and profit by it. There is coolness still between the Vatican and the Quirinal. The millions of church property confiscated to pay the debts of the

Italian monarchy are not forgotten. The "temporal power" which a revolutionary people wrested from Pius IX. and handed over to the Tuscan king, has never been conceded. Besides this, the Italian debt, made up of the debts of the united kingdoms, is enormous. The income is from direct taxes (13 per cent. in Rome) almost exclusively. The currency is ten per cent. below par. A vast and unemployed army; a large, expensive and useless navy; bankrupt railroads with government guaranties; a multitude of idle priests with no parishes, notwithstanding the 20,000 remitted to civil life by confiscation of the monasteries; all these things impoverish a country. United Italy, with Rome as its capital, a common currency and common laws, a great nation at peace, trade improving, agriculture flourishing, art patronized, a land more visited by strangers, because richer in historic monuments than any other,—these are some of the present elements of Italian prosperity. If—and I am aware of the size of that "if"—if peace continues, if church and state can be harmonized, if the civil administration is wise and just, and the foreign policy such as to engage the approval of other nations, Italy has before her a grand future, grander than her best past. For old Rome was heathen; Medieval Rome was the prey of barbarians. Modern Italy has been under the harrow of superstition, bigotry, tyranny and distracting war, compelling disunion.

Our third day at the Vatican was spent in the picture galleries, porticos and chapels. Of the latter, the Sistine, with its ceiling and wall frescoes painted by Michael Angelo, is the most interesting, though time, the atmosphere, the incense and other causes, have compelled its beauty to fade. The *Loggia* of Raphael, surrounded by three tiers of beautiful porticos, erected by Raphael and ornamented by the frescoes of himself and his pupils, and one room in the gallery containing the celebrated painting of the Transfiguration, by the same artist, all I can now mention.

The pavements and portico of St. Peter's were blistering under an August sun, as we entered its lofty vestibule. It was as cool as autumn within. The grand interior never disappoints. You do not comprehend its vast proportions. They grow upon you. But you are filled with a sense of the littleness of everything in general and yourself in particular. Devotees kiss the worn toe of St. Peter. People kneel along the marble pavement in prayer. The ever-burning lamps illumine the altar. The intoned prayers of a multitude of priests are responded to by a choir in one of the chapels. The great arches resound to the sweet and strong melody. Curiosity fades away. A sense of grandeur fills your soul. The music rises and falls and you seem floating upon its palpitations. It seems like paradise, if it is not like heaven. The busy intellect unquestioningly rests. The unquiet conscience feels no compunctions. The robed priests seem to be nearer God than yourself. You worship as by proxy. You worship, you ask not, know not, why or what, except that it seems something so grand as to be worshipful. The touching, towering voices of the choir rise on billows of harmony, or break upon some far-off shore of melody, with grand resonance. Just then a sad, sweet cry of pain and penitence comes in minor plaintiveness to voice the deeper mystery of the heart—the atoning sacrifice—the

confessing, trusting guilt. The AMEN, prolonged, repeated, assuring and triumphant, completes the musical story of human experience. One feels that, good or bad, he is saved!

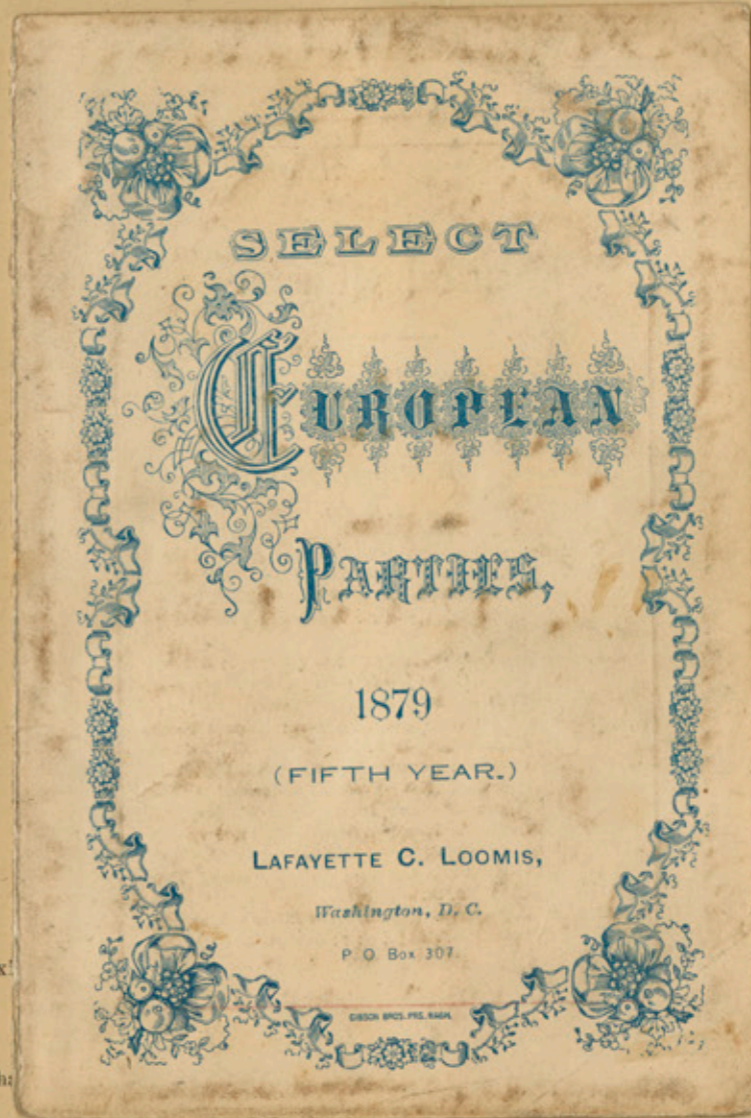
It seemed to me as I turned away, that I had caught a glimpse of one secret of ritualistic power. It floats a wicked man into a heaven of the senses, and provides a perfected and vicarious worship. His lazy soul delights to drift on waves so beautiful. Only when he gets alone with himself does he feel the need of other salvation. Rome provides for all that too. Confession, restitution, flagellation, absolution, purchased by himself, pronounced by adequate authority. Why stop in reformed Catholicism or in English or American Ritualism. The logical rest and home of a soul that wishes to escape individual responsibility for its own sin and salvation, is Rome.

R. B. H.

MON.

DIRECTIONS.

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(Exclusively for the use of the Party.)

General Itinerary.

From New York by the NATIONAL LINE of Steamships,
from Pier No. 39, North River, foot of Houston Street.

For London, Direct, Wednesday, June 18.

For Liverpool, Saturday, June 21.

JULY.

- 2, W. Arrive at Liverpool. To Birmingham 3-7. *G. W. Hotel.*
- 3, T. To Windsor. 7-11: Windsor Castle, 12-3; State Apartments, St. George's Chapel, Albert Chapel. To London, 3-4³⁰-4-4³⁰. *Inns of Court Hotel, High Holborn.*
- 4, F. London: For the Tower (at 9.30 promptly); Armory, Prison, Crown Jewels, 10-11.30. St. Paul's, 12-1. P. M. *at pleasure.*
- 5, S. " Parliament Houses, 9.30-11; Norman Porch, Queen's Robing Room, Royal Gall., Prince's Chamber; House of Lords, Peer's Lobby, Corridor, Cent. Hall, Corridor, Commons' Lobby, House of Commons, St. Stephen's Hall, St. Stephen's Porch, Westm. Hall, St. Stephen's Crypt. Westminster Abbey, 11.30-1.30; Poet's Corner, Ed. Confessor's Chap., Henry VII's Chap. P. M. *at pleasure.*
- 6, Sun. " *At pleasure.* (Service in the Abbey at 8, 10, 3, 7. In St. Paul's 10.30; 3; 7; fine music.)

SEPT.

- 1, M. The Trossachs, Loch Katrine. (Greatest Northing Lat. 56° 10'), Loch Lomond, to Glasgow, 9-8. *Hotel Royal.*
- 2, T. Glasgow. Morning Dr.v2. The Cathedral. To Liverpool, 2-10.
- 3, W. Take Steamer for New York. Arrive Sept. 14.

The foregoing Itinerary, intended as an exact outline of the Tour, will be followed as far as weather and the contingencies of travel will permit; the entire right is, however, fully reserved to modify or decline any part of the Tour, as in my judgment the safety or health of the Party may render advisable, or as delay, accident, or other cause may necessitate. Should any modification become necessary, the most advisable arrangement permissible under the circumstances will be substituted.

LETTERS should be fully prepaid, (5 cts. half oz.), and plainly directed in large, open hand, adding particularly

"Loomis Party," HOTEL TELEGRAMS should be directed as letters, except that the christian name, titles, and initials should be omitted, the sur name being sufficient; thus—

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The charge for Cables from New York to destination is 75 to 90 cents, each and every word or initial of message, direction, and signature.

Letters and Telegrams thus directed, will, in case the Party has left, be forwarded without delay.

Fourteen days should be allowed for transit of letters from New York to the Continent; twelve to England. Twelve hours for telegrams, to all points.

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The Advance, Aug. 1879

POMPEII AND NAPLES.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Readers must get tired of that excavated city which was buried just 1800 years ago the 23d of this month (August). But its reappearance is so much like a resurrection from the dead; its ancient forms of life rise so vividly and impressively upon you; classic history and poetry find here so many illustrations that neither Athens nor Rome afford, that travelers will write of Pompeii. It was past the middle of a hot day, relieved by a fresh breeze across the beautiful bay of Naples, that found us at the railway station with excursion tickets for the trip of fifteen miles. An extra car was kindly added to our train by an English-speaking official. We had several stops at wayside villages as we passed around the bay and beneath the shadow of Vesuvius to the side of the mountain opposite that sloping toward Naples. The houses of these towns are of stone and plaster and the flat roofs are employed for promenades, drying-floors for wheat, and possibly, as by the apostle Peter, for prayer. Heat finds its way but slowly through the seven-foot walls, and if there is any air stirring, it draws along the narrow streets as if through chimneys.

The hillsides and the acclivity up Vesuvius are green with olive orchards and vineyards. The almond tree also "flourishes," and the fig bears more than leaves. The great oleander trees, just now entirely covered with blossoms, overhang almost every wall. The roads are covered with dust as white and fine as flour. Men or a horse pull away at the slowly revolving machines that lift the water from the wells to irrigate the growing crops.

Campania is still the richest of agricultural districts. Two crops of grain and one of grass are not unusual in the season which knows no winter. Indian corn, chiefly for fodder, is as common as in New England, and increases every year in all Italy. Potatoes abound. The old world gave us wheat and is taking our corn and potatoes in payment.

"Pompeii!" So cries the railway guard. The word sounded strangely on account of its familiarity. Rome is *Roma*, Florence, *Frienze*, Naples, *Neapoli*. But Pompeii (*Pompaye*) has been familiar from childhood. The letter of the younger Pliny; giving a most graphic account of the earthquake by one on the spot, was spelled over and over again in our reading books at public school. Bulwer's "Rienzi" is seldom left out of the reading of young Americans, and every newspaper letter like this revives the old associations.

It is a quiet little depot just in front of the gate by which we enter the ancient exhumed city. A beggar with scarcely any legs or feet (his capital in business) solicits alms, from his seat in the dusty road. Services and articles offered for sale are declined, and we hasten up to the gate.

Pompeii is in charge of the Italian minister of Public Instruction who supervises a well-trained set of guides dressed in coarse cool linen suits, numbered upon the collar. You pay forty cents as an entrance fee, and no gratuity for a guide. Several accompanied us, partly to explain localities and point out things interesting and curious, and partly to keep us from stealing relics.

We first pass through the Museum which detains us the more briefly because the morning was delightfully spent at the fine Museum in Naples which contains specimens of everything

found at Pompeii. But the models of the bodies, showing the individual's position when overtaken by death, gave vivid impression of the suddenness of the shock. When a skeleton is found, great pains is taken to secure an exact impression of the hollow where the bones lie. In this way we have striking representations of men, women, children, dogs, cats, fowls and other domestic animals. We find here also specimens of bread in loaves, also wheat, barley, coffee, rice, and nearly all articles of food. There are also shown specimens of ladies' shawls, dresses and ornaments.

But we are impatient to be in the veritable streets, houses and temples of the city. A few steps brings us to the first house. It is like all the rest, like the model shown us at the Crystal Palace near London, and very like the uncovered houses near the Roman Forum. A court is in the center around which are sleeping apartments. A small shallow well for holding rain-water is near the center. There is a garden, a reception room, and a kitchen. In the garden are frescoes and statues. Everything is on a small scale. The rooms are low. There is no second story. All is of brick or stone, "fire-proof." The public buildings, temples of the gods, court-houses, theater, are more spacious. There are four fine white pillars excavated within three weeks, and some bright and well-preserved paintings.

Some eighty workmen are continually employed. Nearly two-thirds of the city has been uncovered. It is on high ground, and though buried from twenty to thirty feet in volcanic ashes, it is unexpectedly bright and sunny. It is thought that not more than 2,000 of the 20,000 inhabitants were destroyed, the rest having escaped. It is a whole afternoon's work to simply walk through the streets, note the pavements, the fountains, the shops and tombs, and to look through the Museum. Our ladies gathered pretty bouquets from the crumbling walls. A good crop of corn was growing over the portion not exhumed. Lizards give about the only signs of animal life. They are very frequently seen scampering to their hiding-places in the stone crevices. The mountain is six miles away, and looks as inoffensive as any other, except for the column of smoke that rises by day as quietly as from the chimney of a farm house, or the changing fire at night that shines intermittently like a revolving light on the sea-shore. Reflections press for utterance, but most readers have had a surfeit of them. Go and see Pompeii and think for yourself. The lights along the shore were streaming out across the bay, and the moon was well advanced on her nightly round when we reached our hotel.

You can sleep in ancient Pompeii far more easily than in modern Naples. The room is tiled and ceiled. The breeze from the bay is cool. The neat iron bedstead with its spring mattress and hard pillow, invite slumber, but its enemies are abroad. The buzzing mosquito buzzes ineffectually against the "bar" that keeps him from his repast, but the educated flea, silent, unseen and unwearied, with agility and voracity, stings you awake. But, most of all, your sleepless Italian, with never-ending cries and quarrels, makes the whole night hideous. If barking dogs won't bite, then Italians will never fight. They are the dirtiest, handsomest, laziest of laughing, crying mortals. They are guiltless of modesty, impervious to smells, unconscious of dirt and oblivious of any peculiarities of others, but their own. Donkey-driving, basket-weaving, fish-selling, but

even compound adjectives give out! See Pompeii and reflect. See Naples, and—well—the proverb says “die;” but I would say, live to wonder that the Creator ever made a place so lovely, and a people so various. It is safe to say no city, unless it may be Constantinople, presents contrasts so striking and instructive. If in any place one would willingly never sleep, it is among the indescribable people and scenes of Naples. I would rather have missed seeing any other city of Europe, London or Venice itself.

R. B. H.

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Up the Rhine

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The Lion of Lucerne By Lemuel J. L.

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