CURIOUS CEMETERY.

A Visit to the Burial Place of the Capuchin Monks.

Some things are done in Rome in a way that would seem strange enough to the good people of other countries. Let me give you an instance. At the end of the Via Capnccini stands the little old church of the Capuchin monks, a church of plain exterior, but rich within with marbles and paintings. Here is the celebrated St. Michael by Guido, a figure known in every Christian land by the aid of engraving and photography. But it is not of St. Michael that I wish to tell you, it is of the good brethren of the Capuchin order, that now are with the saints, we trust. Under this church is their burial place, and their place of resurrection, for a temporary resurrection before the final one. To see that this is properly done is the duty of the living members, and merely their burying bed their mirror saves, to be clad in their monkish garb and placed in the cells to which they are entitled according to date and regularly established order.

When in the church go to the left-hand corner near the great altar and by a high railing that shuts you from the dimly-lighted side chapels, you will see a bell rope, pull it. Not one are a cell falling to die, but to establish an order will appear behind the railing a small awkward old gentleman, little less than a dwarf, bilious rapidly to the back of his head, but to manifest at the rear of his head, but to manifest at the rear of his head, but to manifest at the rear