

the steps, but as it was not a free day the door was closed in his face.

Thus do I, after the manner of my countrymen, tell tales of foreign travel. I once asked a young girl who had just returned from a continental tour, if she had visited Antwerp?

"I'm not sure, but I think so," she said, and then, after a pause, "Oh, yes; that was the place where mother lost her bracelet."

It is hard to think that anyone who has visited the Plantin Museum could forget it, it represents so faithfully the home and printing establishment of a Flemish patrician; and when you have entered into the pleasant quietude of the place, you feel as if the history of the world, which commenced about 1575, had come to a full stop in 1650. The bread in the ovens of the Pompeian bakers has not remained more completely undisturbed than this dead printing-office. The forms are left in the presses, the type in their cases, and the proofs on the tables. But this is an illusion, the work of loving care, for the press was in use during the eighteenth century, but what was cheap and modern has been discarded and only the best remains. You look from the leaded windows of the proof-reader's room, framed in Virginia creeper, to the lovely courtyard with its wonderful old vine, and cannot help contrasting this peaceful place with the noise and hurry and dirt of our modern printing-offices.

It was hard to drag me away from this wonderful place, but the etcher clamoured for lunch, and so, first peeping out to see that our enemy the

cabbie was not in sight, we stepped back into the present century.

Not only in old masters is Antwerp rich; for, besides Rubens and Van Dyck, she lays claim to Quentin, Metsys, Van Eyck, Jordaens, and the two Teniers. She has given birth also to several modern artists of note, including Leys, Alma Tadema, and Aery Schaeffer, while the galleries are rich in the work of the greatest of all modern Belgian artists, Alfred Stevens. During the few days we spent in Antwerp, many hours were devoted to the art galleries, and so we missed several of the sights that are starred in Baedeker.

The etcher has never recovered from her disappointment in not having time to make at least one etching of the picturesque Musée Steen, on the banks of the Scheldt. This wonderful old castle was the scene of the Spanish Inquisition, and has all kinds of blood-curdling dungeons in its depths. It is now a museum of antiquities, including a fine collection of old weapons and instruments of torture.

All good things must end, even our little trip through the Flemish part of Belgium. There, amongst a forest of masts and funnels, our ship was waiting to take us across the Atlantic, and we sailed regretfully down the Scheldt, past the green lowlands of Holland and out to the open sea, leaving behind us a train of memories and chords of sympathy that are now throbbing for the people of whom Caesar wrote:

"Amongst the barbarians, the Belge are the bravest."

