



Etching by Dorothy Stevens

THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, GHENT

and copper carefully dinted to persuade the innocent tourist that it was really old. The people conversed in flat Flemish, but changed to a mongrel French and sometimes to broken English when we approached. But we weren't going to waste the lovely morning bargaining with them, and the etcher was keen to set up for work.

"Why don't you climb the tower while I lay the ground for my etching," she suggested. "You might write a poem about it," she added maliciously, "Longfellow did."

I started up the dark stairs, which wound higher and higher, till my brain began to reel. What was the poem? Ah, yes, "Excelsior." More turns—would I, too, be found, half buried by a faithful hound, or would I fall to the bottom?

Unpleasant sounds of fat French breathing suddenly warned me that someone was behind. He was gaining on me. Soon he would clutch me, if I did not make my presence known. What could I say? All my French had left me. I could not even remember a sensible word of English, but