

est clock in Belgium, some say in the world. The church was damaged by the Germans in September, but it is to be hoped that a monument of such beauty and historical interest will not be lost to the world, and that the celebrated pictures in Malines by Rubens and Van Dyck have been preserved.

We were glad to leave the too sacred precincts of the town of Malines and set out for the busy metropolis of Antwerp, where we arrived in the rain, and, leaving our luggage this time at a high-class pension, started out to see the town on foot. We had got thoroughly chilled in the train, and the gowns that had attracted so much attention at Malines, looked quite bedraggled. The heat from a baker's shop attracted us, and we paused over the grating to warm our feet. Oh, but it felt good! Suddenly the etcher screamed and bounded away. I, too, felt a prick on my ankle; we looked down and saw a fat cook prodding at us with a long fork! Our dignity was wounded; our pride was hurt, so with one lordly gesture I turned and called a cab. When we got out of the baker's sight we were careful to impress the driver with the fact that we had engaged him for one hour only, knowing their wily ways of charging double fare if you kept them a minute over time. There was such a lot to see, but first—always first in Belgium, we went to the town hall. The etcher was disappointed, for here was a building in the style of the Italian Renaissance; but for pure Flemish character it made up within what it lacked without, and its mural decorations by Leys are remarkable productions of Belgian pictorial art.

The etcher was not enthusiastic about Rubens as an architect, judging by his house and the Jesuit church he designed, but the whole town of Antwerp is stamped with this great master's personality. There was a statue in his honour, a street named after him, or a painting by his hand which—*ever way* we turned; lesser artists

shone in his reflected glory, and people gained distinction through having been his friends.

The beautiful Gothic architecture of the Cathedral of Notre Dame left nothing to be desired, unless it were that the other tower which now rises to only one-third of its projected height, be completed. In the tower are very fine chimes, more careful of their voices than their cousins at Bruges, for they ring only once a week, on Friday at noon.

Much has been written of the wonderful pictures by Rubens in this cathedral, which were graciously unveiled for us to see. These pictures are now sheltered in England, absent from their places for the second time, for they were taken as loot by the French *sans culottes* during the Revolution, but restored to Antwerp by Louis XVIII. at the request of the Duke of Wellington.

The etcher picked out the view of the cathedral she thought best for an etching. It is unfortunate that so many of these wonderful buildings are so tightly pressed on all sides by mean shops and dwellings. That of Notre Dame is particularly crowded, but the tower can always be seen, exquisite, against the sky.

"Now to the Musée Plantin," we told the driver. It lacked ten minutes of the hour, and the museum, our guide-book told us, was not far away, but he turned in a contrary direction and, after following a circuitous route, brought us to another church. We assured him we had no wish to visit it, but he begged, entreated, even commanded us to enter. Meanwhile I studied my map.

"Musée Plantin, *vite!*" I cried. "No, not that way," for he again tried to take a roundabout road. We arrived at the museum three minutes after our time was up, paid for one hour, with a generous tip, and ran hastily into the museum. He yelled and stormed with rage, called us cheats, collected as much of the populace as he could, and followed us to