

Boys and Girls.

In Rotterdam.

(Mary Gay Robinson, in 'The Standard.')

Holland is an interesting country to the traveller, for the Hollander maintains a quaint individuality; fashions may come and go, but he defies them and clings to his past, and modern improvements are the last things that he considers.

Rotterdam is a great centre of trade. Everybody has something to sell, and on



A TYPICAL DUTCH WOMAN.

certain days of each week the merchant comes out in search of his customer. The contents of shops for dry goods, hardware, crockery, books and pictures, are packed on small hand-carts and brought to some wide street where the crowd passes, are there arranged with benches and awnings, and the whole family presides, at these temporary booths. The Dutch, as well as the Belgians, make beasts of burden of themselves and their dogs; not a dog goes to waste; he must earn his living and help earn that of his master, and men, women, children and dogs draw heavy loads. The harness is a stout rope around the body, which bends forward almost 'on all fours' as the man toils up the grade to the arched bridges over the canals, and about as hard on the other side for the down grade, to keep the wheels from rushing too fast. Some of the canals are fresh, running water, but others are dead pools, topped with green scum, whose only activity must be to exhale poison and breed pestilence.

There are handsome streets and fine bridges over the River Maas and its tributaries, and canals everywhere. The bridges are drawbridges; liable to swing open just as you reach them; you see the people run-

ning to get across and the boats waiting to pass through, or their rigging and sails flattened, where the bridge is high and they can pass under it. Life on the canal-boat is interesting. We see a new boat, spic and span with fresh paint, and a smart young man and the young wife, keeping house happily.

When a lover comes wooing, if the maiden puts on her Sunday best, all her gold and silver ornaments, he knows he is a welcome suitor; if not, he knows he had better go elsewhere. In Holland there is both a civil and a religious marriage, with expense and ceremonies according to the circumstances of the parties. A beautiful young lady confides to me her matrimonial prospects and says: 'I go to marriage in February, my fiancé is five years older than I am; we shall be married first-class, and it will cost 125 guilders (about \$53), for the two ceremonies before the mayor at the city hall and the clergyman at the church.'

Holland has 9,000 wind mills; wherever we look we see their long arms beating the air. Some of them are built like circular stone towers, with small windows, and rooms used for various household purposes. The windmill is as necessary to this city of waterways as a chimney to a house, for by means of them they pump the water out of the dykes.

In many streets of Rotterdam the houses are built in solidly from street to street, with no court-yard, but an entrance on each street; in the mornings servants are out on the sidewalks, beating rugs and carpets to the annoyance of the well-dressed people who are passing. The largest church of the city is the church of St. Lawrence, built in 1542 and containing a few monuments to the Dutch Admiral De Witt and others. The pavement is covered with inscriptions, for the dead lie below. The stone tablets have curious devices. If a man had no coat of arms, the symbol that represented his trade answered the purpose. On the outside of the church cluster small houses and shops which quite mar the dignity of its appearance. The immense cathedral is a poor inheritance for Protestantism; the side alcoves and chapels, which the Roman Catholic fills with paintings and statues, are left bare and empty, or fenced off by board partitions. In the centre a plank floor covers the stone pavement; pews and chairs are here, and gates that look like a church within a church. Outside this enclosure are immense pillars that support the arched roof, and plenty of unoccupied space, which only serves in winter to condense the cold air, and make the place seem like a tomb. There

is no provision for heating this vast space, except the little foot-stoves in which smokeless turf is burned. The men sit by themselves in the high pews, and most of them keep their hats on, while the women sit together in the centre of the house.

The preacher occupies a high pulpit under the sounding board; an assistant sits at a reading-desk below and reads scripture, hymns and notices. The sermon is divided



THE MAIDEN PUTS ON HER SUNDAY BEST.

into two or three chapters, with singing between, in which every one seems to join, and the service lasts two hours.

The worshippers take up three collections at each service, passing long poles with bags at the end to each person, and all respond mechanically. Following the collectors come men with leather bags, into which they empty the small bags as they get heavy; the amount given is so small they take this way to increase the collection. It requires quite a retinue of men and women to serve the congregation with chairs and footstoves, for which they charge one or two cents. A stranger does not understand this, and he wonders when he sees some people go in and take the chairs and have the footstoves brought to them, while others stand outside and look wistfully on; they seem to be already divided into the goats and the sheep, and no one pays any attention to the goats, except to lock the gates against them, and leave them the poor privilege of lookers-on, and the chance to hear what they can. At a certain time at the evening service the seats are free, and then the outsiders seat themselves.

The foundations of Rotterdam seem to be slipping back into the sea; many buildings are off the perpendicular, and look as if an earthquake had started to swallow them; but the hard-working people are so honest you conclude these structures may be built like the leaning tower of Pisa to outlast the centuries; and are not as dangerous as they appear.

Right Makes Might.

'Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.' This was one of the principles of Abraham Lincoln. Is it any wonder that such a man stimulated to right action all with whom he came in contact. A visit to Lincoln, people used to say, had such an effect on a man's public probity that it was ever after visible in the pose of his backbone.



A DOG WAGGON.