

of colour into the dark places, making the deep shadows take a denser gloom. Slowly, reluctantly, we descended the steep road, smooth and perfect throughout, like the roads of a private park, rounding out on the edge of the sharp promontories, looking back for miles along the bold coast line to Capri and the



STEPS AT ANACAPRI.

Faraglioni rocks behind, while Amalfi and Salerno lay before us in the clear distance, with the snows of the Apennines in the background. Plunging far into the chill depths, where seemed no outlet for the road, then a sudden turn out again on the other side, with the remains of ancient castles embedded in the

wall of the gorge, we passed tiny isolated fishing villages packed into the confined space below.

Suddenly the sun went out. Faster we pedalled, flying through dark tunnels and beneath fearsome cliffs, every fleeting shadow a gnome, every jutting rock a bandit—it was creepy-crawly work.

The twinkling lights of Amalfi at last, and then we collapsed with real nervous fatigue, which had been completely forgotten in the excitement and anxiety of our belated situation.

A morning spent in that most fair amongst the fairest of God's world places, and then we started once more on the road to Vietri and Salerno, with the same lovely scenes, each one seemingly more beautiful than the last, and a ride of two hours and a half brought us to the end of our journey over one of the four celebrated roads in the world.

Longfellow thus refers to his pilgrim recollections of these storied scenes :

Sweet the memory is to me
Of the land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet,
Where, amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer sea.

'Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight,
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above, the convent stands.
On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof;

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west?