

Antwerp Cathedral.



HE big black bus that is horribly suggestive of "thirty days," and very regular habits during that time, rattled us through narrow, queer looking streets, and across paved squares, past groups of porters and workmen, standing in the corners, making up their minds to another day of toil, until it entered a sort of little open park, known as the "green place," or Place Verte, in the vernacular. There is a band stand and a great many unhappy looking linden trees, whose



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.



JESUIT CHURCH.

dusty foliage is the only green thing to account for the name of the "place," and there is a statue of Antwerp's pride and darling, Peter Paul Rubens, and presently there comes a jar and a pause, and

we are at our hotel, a few yards from the door of the Cathedral. Our boat party has divided into several groups, each of which have their favorite abiding place, or perhaps are in haste to reach some point inland, and have decided to leave Antwerp and its interesting sights until their return.