

and to receive the news that some of my friends were already at the Hotel awaiting me. The long, black bus was at the station, the gaunt portér, the rattling drive, the Place Verte, the statue of Peter Paul Rubens, and last, not least, Baby, who met me with the exciting information that we were "going home on the big boat to-morrow." And surely to-morrow it was a farewell to the dear, quaint Belgian city, and a hurrying to the "good ship Noordland," and a merry greeting



FAREWELL.

from the great captain, and a little triangular smile and warm handshake from the Doctor, and the fading of the busy wharf and the blue-bloused peasants, and the red tiled houses and the green dykes, into the beautiful lands of memory. And once wrenched away from it all, and knowing that only twelve days of holiday time remained, what fun we had, that voyage home!

That much-maligned Lady who once was nominated for the office of chief magistrate in the neighboring republic was one of our passengers, and perhaps the one I most admired. So quaint, so kind-hearted to the sick women, and so patient with the vilest squalling babies, who ever kept unhappy passengers awake in the wee small hours, when sleep is so sweet; so strong minded, when minds and bodies were alike limp and demoralized; so strong, in other ways, we will say, when weaker sisters dare not risk the effects of seeing other's misery, and basely left them to suffer alone, only for that kindly woman's care. Calm and serene, she used to sit, with her pretty little curls on her forehead, and her glasses on her nose (while round her on the sofas ghastly wretches wished only for death to end their internal miseries), and write cut some lectures she was pledged to deliver as soon as she landed. Fancy thinking and writing in that stuffy cabin, after a disturbed night, when two hours' squalling only brought

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