



The Belfry of Bruges.

Longfellow's poem on "The Belfry of Bruges" comes to the fore again in connection with events now transpiring in that historic Belgian town. Quick-firing guns are now said to occupy the tower of the market-place, in the upper portion of which is the famous old Thirteenth Century belfry referred to in the poem.

In the market place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt,  
Still it watches o'er the town.  
As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,  
And the world threw off her darkness,  
Like the weeds of widowhood. . . .  
Visions of the days departed, shadowy  
fantoms filled my brain ;  
They who live in history only seemed to  
walk the earth again ;  
All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty  
Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip,  
Guy de Dampierre.  
I beheld the pageants splendid that  
adorned those days of old ;  
Stately dames, like queens attended,  
knights who bore the Fleece of Gold ;  
Lombard and Venetian merchants with  
deep-laden argosies ;  
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than  
royal pomp and ease.  
I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling  
humbly on the ground ;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with  
her hawk and hound ;  
And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a  
duke slept with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and  
the sword unsheathed between.  
I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur  
and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody bat-  
tle of the Spurs of Gold,  
Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the  
White Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the  
Golden Dragon's nest.  
And again the whiskered Spaniard all the  
land with terror snote ;  
And again the wild alarm sounded from  
the tocsin's throat ;  
Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er  
lagoon and dike of sand,  
"I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is  
victory in the land !"  
Then the sound of drums aroused me.  
The awakened city's roar  
Chased the fantoms I had summoned  
back into their graves once more.

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Bern, Switzerland, Oct. 15, '14.

Knitting—knitting—everywhere you go in Bern the women are knitting. The whole town seems to be a sort of outdoor knitting factory. On warm days the parks are filled with knitters, old and young, everything feminine, from seven to seventy—and even older. Some of the women look, at least, a hundred and seventy. They sit in groups in the sunny places and knit, knit, knit—their tongues going as fast as their needles.

The war is responsible for this knitting epidemic. The Red Cross sent out an urgent call for socks for the Swiss soldiers. Immediately all feminine Switzerland began to make socks. In a few weeks over 13,000 pairs of hand-made socks were sent in, and the needles are still flying. At first only socks were needed, but now the men in the mountains are suffering from the cold, and so now belts, caps and wristlets (pulsometers the Germans call them) are being made. Everywhere you go you see the sparkle of needles in motion. The market women sitting at their booths knit between sales; the waitresses in the

cafes put down their knitting to take your order, and pick it up again when you have been served; every open window seems to frame a woman knitting; they knit as they walk along the street; they stand on the corners gossiping and knit; the old woman who blacks boots under the tree by the station knits between shines; and the fat dame at the carrot stall by the bear pits knits when she isn't handing out carrots to customers; and little tots of girls sit in solemn little groups playing their needles as seriously as their elders. Even boys knit. Even in the hotels the sock-making fever is raging; some of the most elegantly-gowned ladies bring their work to the dining-room and knit between courses. I really believe the only place in Bern they do not knit is in church.

And speaking about churches reminds me of the Minster here, whose high, open-stone-work spire dominates the city. The building of this huge cathedral took a long time—from 1421 to 1896. It is said that the spire alone took fifty years

and besprinkled freely with gilt; on the one side are the condemned, all huddled together and looking horribly unhappy and scared, as, indeed, why should they not, when bright-red flames are shooting up all around them, and awful-looking bright-green monsters with big heads, long tails, and huge gilt, mouths are prodding them with red-hot pitchforks? On the other side are the saved, arranged in their most gorgeous robes and looking very self-satisfied as they crowd through an inadequately small but glittering door, which is, presumably, the Gate of Heaven.

But it is the interior of the Cathedral that interests me the most, and the reason is the remarkable wood-carving. The whole church is filled with it. And such elaborate work, and such curious subjects. Each pew is worth studying. And such extraordinary pews! Each one with a high, wooden partition around it, and a door with a lock. And then the wonderful carving! The Swiss are famous wood-carvers, and in this church

used to waddle around Wiesbaden last winter.

Uncle Ned is quite daffy over the wood-carving in this church; in fact, he is so crazy over it that he says he thinks he will have to give up going to church, as the sight of that carving is so distracting to his mind—it fills him with felonious intentions—he wants to steal a church-pew and keep it for a pet.

I saw a little object fastened to the pulpit in this church which I think might be introduced into some of the Canadian churches where the discourses are apt to be too long. It was just a little reminder of the flight of time. It was a sand-glass—and it timed the sermon, which was exactly half an hour. I think that is quite long enough.

During the Sunday services in this church the men all sit on the right side, the women in the center, and the visitors on the left. And during the singing the men stand up and the women remain seated.

On one side of the Minster is a beautiful terrace shaded by venerable chestnut trees planted in 1781. Looking over the terrace wall is like peering over a high precipice. Away down below are the red-tiled roofs of the lower town circled by the River Aare. In this stone wall is a memorial tablet which states that on the 25th of November, 1694, a preacher named Thobald Weinzapfe and his horse went suddenly and unexpectedly over the wall and landed in the village below—uninjured!!

There was another man who also went over the wall, but he did it intentionally. He was a love-sick swain who couldn't get the girl he wanted, so he decided to end his career. He repaired to the terrace, cast a farewell look on the Aare and the hills beyond, and leaped over the wall. He went crashing through the roof of one of the houses below, landing in the dining-room in a gory and speechless condition just while the family were at dinner. His injuries were fatal. But the City Fathers did not honor him with a tablet. They considered him a lunatic. But lots of famous lunatics have had tablets.

They have a queer old clock in Bern which is quite a horological curiosity. Every time it strikes the hour a little "show" takes place which people come miles to see. I can always tell when there are a new lot of soldiers in town, because they are always massed in front of the clock at noon to see the performance. First a cock flaps its wings and crows; then a merry clown tinkles a chime of bells, and a procession of the hours whirls around. Some of the hours are bears. Exactly on the minute Old Father Time turns the hour-glass which he holds in his hand, and simultaneously a large-sized automatic man up in the belfry lifts his hammer and strikes out the hour.

The Swiss seem to have a special passion for the color red. In the thickly populated part of Bern, where the houses are in solid rows, all the windows have little projecting balconies just big enough for a window seat. Every one of these balconies is cushioned in bright red or banked up with scarlet geraniums. It gives the street a very gay appearance. I asked a native why the cushions were always red. She looked at me in a perplexed sort of way, and said she really didn't know why they were red, but they always were red.

"And why do they always have red geraniums every place?" I asked.

She said she didn't know that either, but they always had red geraniums.

The National flower of Switzerland—the Helvetia—is a brilliant red streaked with white. And red is the color of the Swiss flag.

I have often wondered why the Swiss



The Clock Tower, Bern.

of work. The Minster of St. Vincent began life as a Roman Catholic church, but during the Reformation the Protestants came into power in Bern and the Minster became a Lutheran church, and has remained so ever since. The statue of St. Vincent, which formerly occupied the most conspicuous place at the main doorway, was pulled down and a fearful-looking female called "Justice" stuck up there instead.

The ornamentation of the main portal is very bizarre. Above the door is the sculptured a weird representation of the Day of Judgment, very highly colored

they seem to have excelled themselves. On each pew is the coat-of-arms of the family and the date. Most of the dates are sixteen-hundred-and-something. As I sat there on Sunday with that hall of elaborate wood-work around me—coming as high up as my shoulder—I felt as if I were in a well. I looked around on an audience of heads, and it struck me as being rather curious. Some of the short people disappeared from sight altogether. And the size of those seats! They seem to have been made for a race of giants; they would just be a comfortable fit for some of those obese Germans that