

buildings and were not disappointed. But modern Ghent is a flourishing place as well. It is a flower-garden where industry flourishes between the azalias and orchids, for the Belgium flower trade amounts to millions and millions of francs, and for flax and lace it is equally renowned.

It is also a university town, and like all Belgium cities, has a splendid town-hall, but the etcher decided that the early Gothic church of St. Nicholas, the oldest in Ghent, was most worthy of her skill, and with part of a bridge in the foreground and some workmen drawing a barge along the canal, it made a most successful plate.

The Chateau des Contes, with its great moats, is one of the most picturesque places in Ghent, and it was here that I again met Mr. Co—, I mean Mr. Vivian Guy. He was personally conducting a party of Free-kirkers around the mansion, calling upon them to admire certain views and talking volubly, especially when he noticed a tendency in one of the party to ask a question.

"Imagine the ladies of the Flemish court, as they sat with their embroidery."

"What date?" I interrupted, but he frowned at me, and when he had a chance he whispered:

"If you want to know anything try Baedeker. I make this up as I go along."

As soon as the etching was finished, we left Ghent and our draped bed and our bewhiskered hostess and the cheerful conversation of Mr. Vivian Guy, who amused us greatly when he wasn't busy with the Freekirkers. From there we went to Malines, where the town by the railway station was dull-coloured and frankly ugly, but the Malines of history, not far away, stood intact in all its dignified respectability, quiet to the point of stagnation. There is an old Flemish market-place framed in old Flemish buildings; an old Flemish moat reflects the old Flemish gable of a hospital, and

the streets are pervaded with a tomb-like silence.

The people were nearly all dressed in black and had a religious air. They eyed us askance and made us feel that our gowns were too bright, too stylish, and that we were altogether too cheerful for the place. The town was spotless, the buildings very white, and the roofs almost cerise, while the very cobble-stones looked as if they were polished daily. And visitors seemed so scarce, we were sure the hotels would welcome us with open arms. But this was not the case. Evidently the people of Malines thought we looked wealthy, for they asked very high prices. In despair we were about to seek lodgings in a convent, and asked a butcher—quite the most cheerful person we had seen—where we might find one. He called his wife, a still more cheerful person, and their little girl trotted after her, the smilingest one of the lot. Madame seemed to know at once that we were neither rich or proud, and said they would be delighted to have us stay with them. We followed her through the shop and up the stairs into a charming room, beautifully clean, and with a fine view of the square. So there we stayed. The etcher adopted the habit of shutting her eyes when she passed through the shop; until one day she bumped into a carcass of beef, after which she dashed through with slightly lowered lids, and probably, had we remained longer, she would have quite become used to the sight, possibly have painted it, as Rembrandt did.

Malines is the seat of the Primate of Belgium, and the palace of the Archbishop stands near the Cathedral of St. Rombaut. The tower is three hundred feet high and would have been still higher had not the sale of indulgences come to a slump while the building was in progress.

The etcher chose the view of St. Rombaut's from across the square, showing the tower with its dial of wrought iron belonging to the larg-