

address, I'm afraid my promise was vain. He was as queer a character in his impudent, self-satisfied, respectful, knowing absurdity as ever I met in my life, and I only hope he will pilot many a compatriot as cleverly and as zealously as he did Miss Jessie and me! I wonder if the very comical law which he said existed in Paris, to the effect that a person run over in the streets, and making complaint, is promptly fined for getting in the horses way, was a creation of his own coachman's brain or a fact? Certainly the cabbies drive as if it were the latter, and the way they belabour their horses is a feature of their driving certain to strike a foreigner. Coming home from the Hippodrome that evening I spoke of, I was really quite miserable to hear the savage way our cocher lashed his tired horses, and when I mentioned it to Jessie, in "William's" observant hearing, he said with indignation, "miserable lot o' h'asses the cochers 'ere!" and chirruped to his brisk nag, and flourished his long stiff whip in the air, in a startling manner, passing with scornfully elevated chin half a dozen portly cochers, with blue shaven chins and white glazed hats, lustily beating their horses, and turning up on him faces that made one quite understand the progress of the Commune.

"God knows," as my clever little French friend in Munich said, "how long they will leave their city alone," and the day I left, I heard prophecies that the coming elections would paint Paris red, with the awful paint that flows so freely and cannot be washed out! But nothing terrible happened after all. It never does when Paris says it will!

And I pondered over all these things, as I rode up to Antwerp, with one of the pleasantest of women, a Swiss pasteur's wife, who naively told me of her good husband in Neuchatel, her kind son, the watchmaker in Brussels, whom she was going to visit, and her prodigal over whom she prayed night and day, a musician in a military band, in a town away out in the Western States! She has written to me several times, that sweet mother, and her letters, in their dainty french are the very echoes of her pure and womanly nature, and I know she hopes that her Canadian friend who has travelled so far, may yet travel westward, with her loving message to the prodigal, how I should enjoy doing it, too!

At Brussels she left me, with blessings and prayers for my safe keeping on the stormy ocean, and I came back soberly, over my first trip of all, between Brussels and Antwerp, mightily amused to find "my nephew" a travelling companion,