

ty about Fontainebleau, sandy soil with heather and pines.

A little before 5 a. m. we reached Marseilles. A most perfect blue-grey sky, with a beautiful moon shining calmly and the dawn just beginning to creep over the sky.

All the country had completely changed its character now, and we came to the region of picturesque solidly-built houses with red tiled roofs, and with cypresses, palms, olives and mimosa all about them. We changed at Toulon, and reached Hyères a little before 8 a. m.

Costebelle, where we stayed, is a mile or two out of Hyères. Such a lovely drive it was, glimpses of the town, and of fortified castles on hills, and palms and all sorts of new and wonderful plants.

You would so very much have enjoyed the fields of violets. They grow them here for the English market. I never saw such enormous violets, or smelt anything like the scent from them. Women were picking them for market as we passed.

The pension where we stayed was so very prettily situated, on the side of a hill, overlooking the Mediterranean but some little distance from it, and surrounded by palms, eucalyptus, orange trees and mimosa, the latter in full flower.

We stayed there a week making expeditions from there, and then came on to Le Lavandon, a quaint and primitive little fishing village on the coast. It is the most charming place. The Hotel is almost on the beach, and the views from it are lovely. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful as it looked the night we arrived. The sea was an intense deep blue, the hills a very soft heliotrope, and the sky softly shading from blue to a

clear bright pink; while tall waving reeds and the sandy beach were in the foreground.

One day I went to investigate a grassy bit of land which had a curious creamy tint all over it, and found it was covered with wild polyanthus and narcissus, acres and acres of them! The blossom is almost exactly like our "China lilies," but the stalks are shorter.

Cowes, April 13th. :—We came on here for the Easter Services, and arrived on Easter Eve. We travelled by the little "Sud de France" Railway, which is like a toy railway, such very small rails, such tiny cars, and such an infantile engine! But it went through the most exquisite country as it follows the coast line till it is very near Cowes.

We came through many cork forests. The trees had such a curious look, as they are only allowed to take a third of the bark off each year, or they would kill the tree. The stems are a bright crimson, when the bark is first taken off, but it turns brown afterwards.

Cannes is the most fascinating place; the old town is so quaint, built on a hill, with strong fortifications and crowned by a very old church, with a picturesque church tower. They do not ring the bells here on Good Friday or Easter Eve, but have curious old wooden rattles and clappers to summon people to church. At Le Lavandon the little choir boys went around the village before each service, making such a noise with their clappers.

We need not have been afraid of not waking in time on Easter morning, for we are near a great many bells, and they began at 4:30 a. m., and kept on almost incessantly until it nearly was time