

question regarding the smoking of the hives, while a fourth has come to request the pastor to transform his new-born son from a pagan into a Christian infant.

The virtuous Frau Mutter has likewise her full share of the day's work—an old hen to be made into broth for a sick grandchild, a piece of cloth to be cut out in the shape of a jacket, or a handkerchief to be hemmed on the big sewing machine—all pass successively into her busy hands; and if she goes for a day's shopping to the nearest market-town she is positively besieged by commissions of all sorts.

Letter-writing is also an important branch of the duties of both pastor and wife. It may be an epistle to some daughter who is in service, or to a soldier son away with his regiment; a threatening letter to an unconscientious debtor, or a business transaction with the farmer of another village. Altogether the day of a Saxon pastor is a busy and well-filled one, for his doors from sunrise to sunset must be open to his parishioners, so that after having "risen with the lark," he is well content further to carry out the proverb by "going to bed with the lamb."

We have said little about the scenery of this romantic country—much of it is grandly magnificent. The Königstein, 7352 feet, Professor Winkelmann has rightly called the finest mountain of Transylvania. One can hear a famous echo that repeats fifteen syllables, and have an opportunity of admiring the stupendous rocky gorge separating the Great from the Little Königstein.

The castle of Pelish, the summer home of the King of Roumania, now completed, and since 1884 inhabited every summer by the royal family, is built in the old German style, and has, I hear, been fitted up and furnished in most exquisite fashion—each article having been carefully selected by the Queen herself, whose artistic taste is well known. Deeper in the forest, at a little distance from the castle, is a tiny hunting-lodge, where, in the hot weather, the Queen is wont to spend a great part of the day. It is here that she loves to sit composing those graceful poems, in which she endeavours to reflect the spirit and heart of her people; and visitors admitted to this royal sanctuary are sometimes fortunate enough to see the latest rough-cast of a poem, bearing the signature of Carmen Sylva, lying open on the writing table.

We had a good view of the accomplished Queen on the occasion of our visit. We were sauntering in the grounds, when presently a low basket-carriage, drawn by two handsome cream ponies with distressingly long tails and ill-cut manes, came round to the convent door, close to where we were standing, and was entered by a slender lady attired in the national costume, bare-