

pretty heads ; the Guardia Civile in big, awe-inspiring cocked hats and long black cloaks reaching to the ankle, the trim soldiery in black and red tunics, knickerbockers and buskins, their officers ablaze with gold braid and lace ; the spick-and-span city police, each neat as a dandy in a melodrama, not a hair out of place, collars and cuffs of spotless white, ironed to perfection, well-fitting costumes, swords at their sides ; the priests and nuns ; the seafaring folk of many nationalities ; the shepherds of uncouth appearance from the neighbouring mountains—all these at first make us feel as if we were taking part in a masquerade.

It is especially on All Saints' days that the flower-market of the Rambla is seen to advantage ; enormous sums are spent upon wreaths and garlands for the cemetery, the poorest then contriving to pay his floral tribute to departed kith and kin.

In striking contrast with the wide, airy, ever brilliantly illuminated Rambla, electric light doing duty for sunshine at night, are the streets of the old town. The stranger may take any turning—either to right or left—he is sure to find himself in one of these dusky, narrow thoroughfares, so small oftentimes the space between window and opposite window that neighbours might often shake hands. With their open shops of gay woollen stuffs, they vividly recall Cairene bazaars. Narrow as is the accommodation without, it must be narrower still within, since when folks move from one house to another their goods and chattels are hoisted up and passed through the front windows. The sight of a chest of drawers or a sofa in cloudland is comical enough, although the system certainly has its advantages. Much manual labour is thereby spared,

and the furniture doubtless escapes injury from knocking about.

All churches in Spain, by the way, must be visited in the forenoon ; even then the light is so dim that little can be seen of their treasures—pictures, reliquaries, marble tombs. The Cathedral of Barcelona forms no exception to the rule. Only lighted by windows of richly stained old glass, we are literally compelled to grope our way along the crowded aisles.

Mass is going on from early morn till noon, and in the glimmering jewelled light, we can just discern the moving figures of priests and acolytes before the high altar, and the scattered worshippers kneeling on the floor. Equally vague are the glimpses we obtain of the chapels, veritable little museums of rare and beautiful things, unfortunately consigned to perpetual obscurity, veiled in never-fading twilight. What a change we find outside ! The elegant Gothic cloisters, rather to be described as a series of chapels, each differing from the others, each sumptuously adorned, enclose a sunny open space or patio, planted with palms, orange and lemon trees, the dazzling bright foliage and warm blue sky in striking contrast to the sombre grey of the building-stone. A little farther off, on the other side, we may see the figures of the bell-ringers high up in the open belfry tower, swinging the huge bells backwards and forwards with tremendous efforts, a sight never to be missed on Sundays and fete days.

The Cathedral of Burgos, shown in our frontispiece, is the most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture in the Spanish Peninsula, and is now one of the most renowned in Europe for its architecture and works of art. Its tower and spires are of exquisite delicacy of execution. The solid stone seems woven lace-work pat-