

increased appreciation of many American modes and things, which before he thought nothing about, or took only as a matter of course. Even our despised and much-abused Grand Trunk might justly claim in an English railway school the position of pupil-teacher.

Where in all possible travels could one find so great a change in so short a distance as in crossing from England to France? For London I have deep, sober respect—yes, a genuine love, but one too buried to easily manifest itself; over Paris I could clap my hands like a child over a pretty toy—beautiful, bright, sunny Paris: it may excite and excite quickly admiration, yet can hardly command respect, and so falls short of awakening honest love. Their cold, distant Northern neighbours might well imitate in some respects the Parisians. A Scotch hotel and a Parisian boarding-house are as much alike as January and May. How comes it that Christian people with hearts sound at the core can appear so utterly regardless of the welfare of strangers within their gates, and a trifling, worldly people treat every man as though they were their “brother’s keeper.” These things ought not so to be.

A Sunday in Paris may be as noisy or as quiet as one pleases to make it; in the American Chapel we found morning and afternoon services like those of home—having, however, an unhappy combination of Anglo-Saxon formality and French dressiness.

Italy was a constant surprise to us; in our conceptions of it, masterpieces of art in sculpture and painting were set in a sad framework of ruined hovels, untilled fields, and groups of idle beggars. But so we did not find it. The Cities of Turin and Naples at least have large and handsome modern buildings; the former has broad, clean streets, and is very attractive, resembling Paris in appearance. The northern part of Italy is a garden under the highest cultivation—everything from Turin to Milan looked thrifty and in the best order. The railway stations, most particularly that at old Rome, are large fairy-like structure of glass, stone and iron: the finest I have seen in Europe. The railways are well-equipped and well-managed. Beggars we scarcely saw at all. I doubt not that

matters have greatly mended these few years past, and that to Victor Emmanuel no little credit is due. Let me say one thing in special praise of Italy. Its greatest treasures of art—the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Murillo, &c., are as free to the peasant as to the king. Those wonderful store-houses of wealth—the Uffizi and Pitti palaces in Florence are open to all without fee. So is it with the Vatican in Rome; the servants of the Pope seemed to enjoy my surprise when on offering them the customary gratuity for their services, they with a bow and most complacent smile refused, it exclaiming—“gratis,” “gratis.” A Sunday in Rome was a green spot in the desert to which our souls longingly turned. How refreshed they were, too, as they were led by the still waters! Could the good people of America who provide such spiritual homes for travellers in strange lands know the boon they confer, they would feel amply repaid; our hearty thanks are theirs.

From Italy to Smyrna, we skirted the rocky coasts of the ancient Peloponnesus, calling at one and then another of the picturesque Greek Islands. There are no wharves in Eastern harbours; vessels drop anchor out in deep water and wait for lighters to come to them with and for freight, and for large strong boats—carques—conveying passengers to and fro. “Much noise and little work”—would be one’s natural comment on the scene before him. As one journeys onward, Eastern tongues and costumes drop in one by one, replacing the Western so gradually as scarcely to seem strange. In all one’s route across Europe, the Occidental is constantly receding from view—the Oriental constantly approaching. Here there is no sudden break, but only link after link in one and the same chain.

Smyrna, our port, looks very fine as it lies on the sloping hills with lofty ranges of softest purple and brown mountains, stretching down both sides of its long Bay. By a railway built, owned and managed by an English company—all honour to them—we were most comfortably conveyed to our own City Manissa—a distance of about 40 miles as we came. Of this new home, let me tell