

Contributions.

MY TRIP TO EUROPE.

THE following extracts are taken from the log of a member of the class '99—published in *Toronto Cycling*—Oct. 13-27:

All of us cannot, it is true pursue the plan of actually travelling round the globe, but, thanks to modern invention, distances have been so shortened that Europe does not seem so far away on the one hand nor China on the other. With the electric cord that belts the earth, the palatial dining and Pullman cars and the floating palaces, we can go farther and see more in a few weeks now than we could have done in so many months in former times.

"We can go from the North Cape, which rises like a mighty sentinel to guard the coast of Northern Europe from the Arctic storms, from the land of the 'Midnight Sun,' from 'Greenland's icy mountains,' with a rapid stride south to where the ruined shrines of 'India's coral strand' raise their sublime and mutilated forms in silent protest at the ravages of time and man, fanned meanwhile by the perfumed breath of tropic vegetation, or shaded by the drooping fringes of the palm.

"We can see strange peculiarities of race and clime, from the unique and fascinating civilization of Japan to the barbaric splendour of Russian Kremlin, or the enchanting beauty of the Bosphorus."

QUEBEC.

On Sunday forenoon we reached Quebec, where we lay for an hour. This was our last calling place in Canada, and as the time for departure drew near the crowds began gathering on the wharf, companies of soldiers and military bands were drawn up on shore, and every available spot of ground, the windows and balconies, and the roofs of the houses were all covered with a mass of humanity. The steamer whistle blew for "all aboard" and "all ashore." The military bands struck up the National Anthem, flags were unfurled, and amid the booming of cannon, the waving of handkerchiefs and the hurrahs of the people, we steamed down on the broad bosom of the mighty St. Lawrence.

AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

On the morning of the fifth day we were called by an unusually long and loud blast of the bugle, and the running to and fro in the corridors told us that something unusual was going on. We hastily dressed and hurried out on deck. We were surrounded by icebergs. They seemed like mountains. One was so large that its big sides seemed at our very elbow, and the lofty cluster of minarets seemed to be almost over our heads. The summit reflected the parallel rays of the morning sun and refracted

them on the pinnacles, forming prisms and separating the rays of light into a thousand colors, while the crevices formed deep shadows as a background, making the scintillating jets of light more luminous. Its radiance was strong and clear, but at the same time singularly soft and spiritual—it seemed a part of some enchanted land. At noon a strange phenomenon occurred. A small cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, formed over the largest of the icebergs. It increased in size, and remained over the ice-mountain for several hours. A beautiful rainbow was formed, whose colors were reflected and refracted from the "glittering bergs of ice" with a splendour that was dazzling. When daylight passed away the moon rose up behind the pinnacles of sky-piercing fingers of crystal ice; a rich greenish radiance sprang into the sky from behind the ice-mountain, vast radiating bars, broad fan-shaped shadows. It was a spectacle to take one's breath away, for the wonder of it and the sublimity.



FLEET STREET, LONDON.

LIVERPOOL.

In making a comparison of American and English cities, one is struck forcibly by the absence of electric cars and the eternal clouds of smoke that hang over the cities. Nine-tenths of all the Canadians who land at Liverpool stay there as little time as possible. My memories of the place are chiefly those of a hurried struggle to get from the steamer to the railroad station. It is the principal sea-port of England and second city in population, 700,000. Its situation on the River Mersey is excellent, and when coming into port we saw some of its famous docks. The only building of importance which we