

time home of the popes, made us enthusiastic admirers of French scenery ; while a second week, which included Marseilles and Toulon, and then the whole length of the famous Riviera, with its cities of Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone and San Remo, left rich memories of beauty and pictures full of charm—pictures still fresh and clear, but which unfortunately can be recalled by these words in the minds of those only who have seen the originals. Imagine riding day after day on the verge of the Mediterranean, with its blue waters stretching away to the right, while on the left rose the vine-clad hills which skirt the shore, the road winding past olive, orange and lemon orchards, the weather perfect, and everywhere flowers most abundant to be seen, including the finest roses. Each fashionable watering-place seemed, if possible, more attractive than the last, till the climax was reached in Monte Carlo, a perfect garden of beauty.

Such scenes, with all the attendant favorable circumstances for enjoying them, do not often come in one's path, and nothing but the thoughts of Rome lying still ahead could have tempted us to hurry along with but a look at Genoa over the mountains to Spezia, as we made our way towards Pisa, home of the Leaning Tower, and of the cathedral, memorable to the writer as containing the identical chandelier, whose swinging to and fro led to Galileo's discovery of the pendulum. From Pisa to Rome by train, and back by way of Florence, gave us three days in the Eternal City, and one to visit the art galleries and some of the other interesting spots in the city of Fra Savonarola. The time was short in Rome, but who that has been there, or who that has longed to visit this most interesting of all cities, cannot understand the genuine satisfaction of seeing St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Appian Way, the Catacombs, the Pantheon and the Capitol, or cannot realize the thrilling effect upon the observer of the view over the Roman Forum and the Coliseum, where every stone is full of interest, and where the world's history was wrought out for centuries? That day marks an epoch in a man's life where, with a proper appreciation of his surroundings, he walks over the stones trodden by Roman senators, stands on the side of the old "rostra" and sees around him the ruins of palaces, arches and temples, telling him the story of Rome in her greatness more impressively than all the histories that could be written.

But our bicycles were waiting at Pisa, and time demanded that we make a hurried trip north ; away across Northern Italy we sped, through Pistoia and Bologna, over the "wandering Po," on to Verona and further, until we reached Austria and the Tyrolese Alps.