

persons enter the public ways. The same bell is still rung, but only to make more striking the contrast between its once surging throng and its now quiet and, in part, grass-grown streets. The old historic city has an air of fallen splendour, and of mouldering decay, that is almost pathetic. So great was its ancient prosperity that Charles V., playing upon the meaning of the name—from which we have the word gauntlet—said to Francis I.: “Je mettrai votre Paris dans mon Gant,”—“I will put Paris into my glove.”

The venerable Church of St. Bavon, unattractive and plain without, is exceedingly magnificent with the armorial bearings of the Knights of the Golden Fleece within. At the summit of its lofty spire is a golden dragon, captured in 1204 from St. Sophia at Constantinople. The chimes of the bells are wonderfully sweet, and ever and anon booms the great bell which bears the legend, “My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, when I ring there is victory in the land.”* The day on which I visited it was the fête of the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Church was crowded with worshippers. A procession of priests in crimson, purple and gold, accompanied by vergers with crosses, halberds, and maces, and peasants in blue blouses and wooden shoes, passed through the aisles, while the deep-toned organ shook the solid walls. The Hôtel de Ville has an excellent flamboyant façade with a huge and massive tower fronting a square surrounded by Spanish houses, in which, in a conflict of stormy guilds, 500 men were slain 500 years ago. I visited the famous Beguinage, a little suburb surrounded by its own moat and walls, with eighteen convents, containing 1,000 Beguines, an order of nuns of extreme antiquity. In the *salon* is a fine Raphael, and specimens of the exquisite lacework of the nuns, some of which I purchased as souvenirs for dear ones far away.

I stopped at Bruges, chiefly on account of Longfellow's fine poem on its ancient belfry. In the fourteenth century Bruges was the greatest commercial centre of Europe. The ministers of twenty foreign powers dwelt within its walls, and vessels from Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople bore the wealth of the Orient to its wharves. In the Church of Our Lady—*Onze Vrouw*—is the splendid tomb of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy, and many art treasures. The chapel of the “Holy Blood” and a colossal image of “God the Father” attest the sacrilegious super-

* “*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*”