

ing, and the red curtain a bit more faded and old than the generality of them.

One bright, sunny morning—and the mornings here seem so bright, the water and sky so blue, and a lovely light is reflected on all objects—we climbed up to the church of "St. Maria in Carignano," the highest point in Genoa. The way is very steep and winding, and we mounted countless steps, traversed narrow lanes and sloping streets, passing many a clump of olive and palm trees, always mounting higher and at every turning catching glimpses of the blue gulf below. At last, breathless and tired out, we were at the church gates, and there, seeming to be but a few feet away, lay the broad Mediterranean, the deepest and bluest of all seas, the white sails dotted here and there glistening in the sun. The little church, "St. Maria in Carignano," is like a very small St. Peter's at Rome, and the view from the tower is very fine. Below lies the city, sloping down in towers and gardens, and to the south is the expanse of shining water—the Mediterranean. Up here it was so quiet and pleasant that we were loth to retrace our steps back to the crowded thoroughfare. Going down we met a few donkey-boys leading their heavily-laden animals up the steep steps, or perhaps lazily resting in a convenient corner and idly chattering to some passing Italian girl, bearing on her head baskets of luscious grapes, figs or oranges. Down in the crowded cafés on the Via Balbi and Via Roma were the fashionable Genoese, leisurely sipping their café and smoking long cigarettes. We sat down at one of the small tables in the café garden, where the orchestra was playing the sweet music of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and a brisk little French waiter brought us some fresh figs and "Chianti" wine. All around us was laughter and chatter in so

many different languages. An old English doctor talked so loud and fast at an adjoining table, retailing the most wonderful adventures and escapes to a meek-looking little foreigner, that we could not help but hear his conversation, much to our amusement. We had reason to remember this remarkable looking old gentleman, for afterwards at the station he accosted us, and we found it difficult to shake off this "old man of the sea." We always glanced anxiously around in fear that he would again appear, and on another occasion in our travels in Italy he came peering in the windows of the different railway compartments, in search, I daresay, of congenial companionship, and we shrank into the seclusion of our carriage until he was past and the train in motion.

One of the sights of Genoa is the cemetery, or "Campo Santo," distant about a mile and a-half from the city, on the slope of a hill in the valley of the Bisagno. It is a beautiful, quadrangular court, surrounded by high arcades of white marble, and over the marble slabs under which sleep the nobility of Genoa are raised monuments of the most exquisite design and workmanship by the best sculptors of Genoa. In the centre is a circular chapel, supported by Corsican marble columns—a rich little building in which a small service was being held by two solitary priests, but no other person whatever.

We spent many a pleasant hour in this interesting old city of the Riviera, climbing up and down its hundreds of steps, exploring dark and deserted little streets, peering into old, neglected, over-grown palaces, and happening into musty libraries and museums where the sleepy-looking librarian shows with pride antiquated books from 1200 and 1300, and relics of Quintus Curtius. We had many an interesting walk along the docks by the busy