

Napoleon, to be put in a glass case—as seen from the square without, with its

“Beautiful wild chimes,
Low at times and loud at times,
And blending like a poet's rhymes.”

At six in the evening we went on board the steamer for Harwich, and dropped down the winding Scheldt. The exquisite spire of the cathedral sank slowly beneath the horizon, and on either side were spread the broad green “polders,” or fertile meadows, reclaimed from the hostile sea, bordered by green dykes, and studded with windmills pumping the water. The grim ramparts, through which peered the menacing cannon, like one-eyed cyclops, suggested the storied memories of the famous siege of Antwerp. All this made a memorable picture, in the fading twilight of our last night in Europe.

Next morning by daylight we were at Harwich, and here our party may be said to have broken up. Some returned direct to London, others proceeded, with their conductor, to York, Durham, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Some prolonged their visit in Scotland and Ireland, and the main party returned with their guide, philosopher and friend to Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal. It was cause for devout thanksgiving that in journeys so extended and varied as ours had been, by land and sea, for many thousand miles, not an hour's serious illness nor a mishap of any kind occurred to mar the pleasure or disturb the happy memories of the “Canadian Tourist Party in Europe.”



ON THE SCHELDT.

I COUNT myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends.

—*Richard II.*, ii. 3.