

fact, the dead are never abandoned, never forgotten. One feels that they are constantly visited; and as night falls the little lamps which shine out on every side give one an impression of restless, wandering, floating souls, over which one must keep watch.

I once passed half a night with an orphan at the grave of her father, who had just been buried, among the strange scents peculiar to a cemetery after the great heat of the day, in the silence eloquent with the presence of the countless sleepers beneath the soil. The town shone as if illuminated, and

evening. The bells are all clashing together; the people are crowding to offer fresh flowers to the images of the saints. On Good Friday processions carrying torches walk round all the churches, and then take tapers from them to the cemetery, with which to deck the graves, even the most neglected receiving each a little light placed on it by charitable hands.

At Easter Eve the King kisses the manuscript gospel whilst it is being read aloud. Then he takes the crucifix and the taper, and every one comes to kiss the cross, and to light his taper



ROUMANIAN COTTAGE  
AND PEASANTS.

its sounds came muffled by the distance like waves breaking behind the dunes.

One's tears are stanch'd in the solemnity of the immutable peace—at least this is generally the case; but I remember once seeing an official of high rank, generally cold and impassible enough, fling himself upon the grave of his children, and tear up the ground with his fingers, calling his lost dear ones by name.

One poetic time in Bucharest is Easter week, when nearly two hundred churches are illuminated every

at that of the King. When it strikes midnight all leave the church, to celebrate the resurrection in the open air.

Many were the heart-rending and touching scenes I witnessed during the war, which were to me a revelation of the strange nature of the Roumanian people, with their superstitions, their child-like piety, their combined melancholy and fun. I have seen a devoted wife, after seeking her husband all along the shores of the Danube and in all the hospitals, finding him at last, broken down and disfigured, to greet him with a mere nod