

our meals "a la carte," which is not always the best way; but here our waiter always brought us two plates, for whatever dish we might order; consequently the expense was always divided, and we were so liberally served that there was always enough for two.

We certainly did not exhaust all the "sights" of Brussels during our stay, but what we did see we saw thoroughly, which is more than a good many tourists can say; moreover, it is always wise to leave something unseen for another visit. For my part, I have no patience with those people who think of nothing but getting through their Baedekers; those people who say to you in tones of horror: "What! you have been in Brussels, and you have not seen that!—you were a fortnight in Paris, and you did not go there!" Churches and picture galleries, much as I love them, are not all, and one may see every building and every work of art in a city, and yet know far less of its life, and its people, and its characteristics, than the lazy loungeur in the streets. So we loafed a good deal; we sat a long time over our meals, and we wandered up and down the streets without any definite plan, when we should have been hard at work sight-seeing, but it was very pleasant.

The day after our arrival, a service was held in the Cathedral in honour of the King's birthday, at which the Royalties and great people of Brussels were present. We could not get into the church, but, acting on the advice of an agent de ville, took up our positions opposite the door through which the King would pass. A very stout and disagreeable Belgian lady with a meek husband came behind us, and in quite a short space of time, by judicious "push" and sheer weight, she had forced herself in front of us, the husband following in her train apologetically. However, as she was breadth without length, it didn't matter much. At last soldiers began to parade the street,

and carriage after carriage drew up at the door. We had a good view of many officers in gorgeous uniforms, civic dignitaries in picturesque robes of state, ambassadors, etc., but before the arrival of the King a squad of Cavalry drew up in front of us, and neither we nor our stout Belgian saw anything of Royalty. Later on, we managed to squeeze into the church, and heard the last notes of wonderfully lovely music.

This Cathedral of St. Michael and Ste. Gudule is interesting, and its stained windows are a revelation and the perfection of colouring, rich and clear, yet never garish. One of the sights of Ste. Gudule is a carved wooden pulpit representing the Expulsion from Paradise. Adam and Eve are there, many birds roost in the branches of the Tree of Life, and the Serpent, its head under the woman's feet, winds in sinuous curves over the top of the sounding-board. It is a wonderful specimen of mechanical art, more curious, perhaps, than beautiful. But the crown and glory of Brussels is the Hotel de Ville, in the Grand Place where nearly every building has its beauty and its history. In the lovely Bread-house, Egmont and Howe slept their last sleep on earth, and from its windows next morning, Alva looked out upon their execution. It is said also that on the eve of Waterloo, the Duchess of Richmond held her ball in the Hotel de Ville, and though this is often and positively contradicted, I liked myself to think that it was so—that here in this most exquisite of buildings, Belgium's capital had gathered her beauty and her chivalry on that historic night.

We set out to hunt for the Hotel de Ville one sunshiny morning, and suddenly at the corner of a street, we caught a glimpse of a tower, a fairy-like Gothic tower glittering against the sky. We could not imagine what it was, but we felt that we must find it out. So we followed the guiding of the tower, losing it often, finding it again, until it led us by many a winding