

5000 enrolled students and 1400 more taking lectures, bringing the whole attendance up to 6404! Leipzig has fourteen theological professors and nearly 600 theological students; total number of professors 161 and of enrolled students (in 1881) 3276. In the twenty-one chief universities there are altogether 2011 professors and lecturers and about 25,000 students. They pride themselves in the cultivation of Moral Philosophy, Physical Science and Philology. With a few brilliant exceptions—such as Christlieb, and Lange the commentator, lately deceased, of Bonn—the teaching of systematic theology, as we understand it, is sadly travestied. In the art of explaining away the obvious meaning of the Bible, it is asserted by competent critics, that “they have never been excelled.” Tubingen, one of the smaller universities, but one of the oldest, and long accounted the fountain-head of scepticism, is now perhaps the least economical of orthodoxy of them all. But as a theological school, Leipzig is accounted on the whole the best, and has by far the largest number of regular students. At the same time many are attracted to Berlin, partly because it is so large a city, full of German life, and partly on account of the number of renowned “specialists” in the different faculties of the University. Few theological students would like to be in Germany without listening to Dillmann on the Old Testament and Weiss on the New.

The chief attraction and crowning glory of Heidelberg is the castle, situated on the richly wooded height overlooking the town. It is a magnificent ruin of vast extent. It was a rainy day that on which we walked up the steep and narrow Schlossberg Strasse—Castle Street—but it was a day of exquisite enjoyment, wholly spent in exploring the mazes of this wonderful combination of palace and fortress and romantic scenery. Crossing the draw-bridge, and passing through the gateway of the Giant's Tower, we stood in the great court-yard of the castle around which are ranged stately piles of buildings ornamented in the highest style of medieval architecture. Rows of knights in armour occupy niches in the walls. On every side were seen medallions and armorial bearings, heads of bullocks and lions holding rings in their mouths, garlands and wreathes of flowers, all carved in stone, the accumulated labour of six cen-

turies. Only one wing of the palace has escaped destruction. That is now used as a museum. All the other buildings are roofless, ivy-covered, and crumbling to decay. The exquisite stone carvings, are everywhere mutilated by the ruthless hand of war, while fire and tempest have completed the general wreck. The great round tower, sixty feet in diameter, the walls of which are fifteen feet in thickness, was blown up by gunpowder and one third of it overturned into the ravine below, where it still lies, one solid mass of masonry. Another large portion of the palace was shattered by lightning more than a hundred years ago and ever since it has been growing into the picturesque ruin that it now is. In one of the vaults is still to be seen a relic of its palmy days—the famous Heidelberg tun, which is said to have a capacity of eight hundred hogsheads of wine!

Leaving Heidelberg at 3.50 p.m., we pass through Darmstadt, the German home of the late Princess Alice. We had only two hours in Frankfort-on-Main, a very fine city, the birth-place of Goethe and the coronation city of the German Emperors. Kaiserstrasse, the principal street, is broad and clean, lined with beautiful buildings. We noticed two colossal bronze statues, one to Goethe and the other to Schiller, also a striking triple monument to Gutenberg, Fust and Schœffer, who were the first to introduce moveable type in printing, about the year 1450. The first printed book that issued from their press was a copy of the Bible—the Latin Vulgate—printed at Mentz. We now pass through Lutherland, but alas! under the cover of night. It was tantalizing to stop at Eisenach and Erfurth, and to be so near Eisleben and Wittenberg and yet not see these places so full of Reformation memories. We reached Leipzig at day-break. Here, but for the politeness of a prodigiously fat German, who had been serenading us all night-long with anything but melodious music, we might have remained longer than we bargained for. Once we understood, however, that we must not only change cars, but drive a mile to another station, we did the next thing by jumping into the only remaining cab and shouting “Dresden!” Passing through a fine country, we reached the beautiful capital of Saxony at 9 a.m.