

German Travel Notes

at the tender turquoise sky, flecked with luminous clouds; at the fine horizontal distance, with its sense of breadth and breathing-space; at the low hills covered with vines; at the cornfields, and orchards, and river—and we wonder what the old Romans thought of it all, and reflect on the strangeness of life that a people so remote from our times should have lived and loved and died, as we live and love and die to-day. Whether Trèves lie on the right or left bank of the Moselle is immaterial except to the tiresomely precise or to those who pin their faith to guide-books and such shallow teachers. There is a more valuable lesson to be learnt of the place than that of its exact situation; and no Baedeker or Murray can help you to appreciate Trèves as quiet communings with your own intelligence will. If it so happens that you have none to commune with, then God help you—and yours!

In Trèves you have not far to go in search of the Romans. Their *magnum opus* confronts you boldly at the very threshold of the town. Solid and massive and symmetrical, it stands a pregnant lesson to the jerry-builders of to-day. There is little affinity indeed between the building methods of the ancient Romans and those of their trade whose sorry,