

to stimulate thought, encourage hope, and rebuke false pride. Shall not the returns of next year be still more encouraging, and furnish ampler proof that the Lord is indeed amongst us guiding us aright and blessing all our efforts.

Editorial Gleanings.

FROM BERLIN TO HAMBURG.

THE new Central Hotel in Berlin, situated on the corner of Friederich and Georgenstrasse, is one of the largest on the continent and its appointments are in every respect first-class. It has five hundred rooms and makes up six hundred beds. It is lighted by electricity and has two elevators. The public rooms are spacious, elegantly frescoed and furnished. It has its summer-garden and winter-garden. The former is a hollow square in the centre of the building, surrounded by verandahs. In the centre of it a beautiful fountain sends forth cooling jets of water that fall gracefully on the shoulders of a crouching Venus. Every available part of the enclosure is filled with plants. The myrtle, palm, rhododendron, laurestina, the fig tree, the calla, and the sweet-smelling oleander fill the air with delicious perfume. The winter-garden is still larger. It is also roofed with glass and adorned with tropical plants. When not required for balls, concerts or festivals, it furnishes a charming promenade. This Hotel is only a short distance from the from the famous esplanade called the "Unter der Linden"—a magnificent street, 161 feet broad and upwards of a mile in length. Here are the Royal palaces, the national museums and picture galleries, the university and public library, the opera-house and theatres, and the cafés. In it are also some splendid monuments. The equestrian bronze statue of Frederick the Great, in front of the Imperial Palace, is accounted one of the most magnificent monuments in Europe. The marble statues of Alexander and William Humboldt, in front of the University, are also very fine. The former was a famous traveller and author of the *Cosmos*, the latter was scarcely less distinguished as a statesman and philologist. This grand street terminates at the Brandenburg Gate, which forms the entrance into *The Thiergarten*—the princi-

pal park of Berlin. This classic portal consists of five arches separated by massive doric columns and is surmounted with a chariot of victory and horses in bronze. The park is very large and elaborately laid out. At some points it looks like tracts of the backwoods of Canada transplanted into the heart of Berlin. In other parts it presents all the charms that landscape gardening can bestow. The level nature of the ground, however, is a defect which all the embellishments of art cannot compensate. The most remarkable monuments in the park are the lofty gilded pillar and image of victory, and the marble statues of Goethe and of good Queen Luisa, the King's mother, whose effigy seems almost to be idolized by the people.

In the midst of all this splendour, one cannot help noticing that the *Beer-gardens* of Berlin occupy a position of extraordinary prominence. They are conspicuous alike by their number, their capacity, and their *habitués*. Some of them are entered from the main streets. To reach others, you must pass through long allies, like the Edinburgh "closes"—only that they are brilliantly lighted by gas or electricity. These open into vast halls adorned with trees and plants; music too, lends its charms, and nothing, indeed, seems to be left undone to draw the crowd. Thousands upon thousands, all the day long and far into the night, throng these places and cheat themselves out of a large proportion of their lifetime in that idle conviviality which is sapping the foundations of society throughout the whole empire. This beer-garden business seems to be worse in some respects even than the London bar-room. In view of the continuous and wide-spread system of drinking—even if it were only lager beer and light wines that is consumed—but stronger stuff is coming into vogue—it is not surprising to be told that the social statistics of Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden and other large cities in Germany are deplorable in the extreme and yearly becoming more alarming. The statistics of London and of Paris are said to be stationary in comparison. In Berlin there are 11,169 saloons—twice the number there were in 1870. In 1882, 3,600,000 barrels of malt were brewed in the city and its immediate vicinity—not to speak of the large quantity that is imported. And it is stated, on official medical authority,