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IN RHINELAND.

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OUR starting-point is Harwich, England. We embark in a tub of a steamer for Rotterdam. No sooner do we move from the harbour than the surly old German Ocean begins to toss us unmercifully about, and after twelve stormy hours we congratulate ourselves on having once more solid ground for the soles of our feet. Here we are, then, in this quaint old city at the mouth of the Rhine, in the strange land which the Dutch have stolen from the ocean. The houses are tall, with strange peaked roofs, skylights, and gable windows. Almost every other street is a canal, in which float the heavy craft of lumbermen.

We might here take the boat at once and proceed along the river, but from Rotterdam to Cologne there is nothing of great interest, as the country is low and flat, so we choose another and more interesting route, that is, by rail to Brussels, and then across to Cologne. From Rotterdam we start first for Antwerp. The country through which we pass is very low and wet, the fields are divided by canals, the trees are trimmed with mathematical precision, while here and there, to break the monotony of the scene, the lazy arms of a stunted windmill swings complacently around in the morning sea-breeze. We get into the car and take a look at some specimens of the natives. The men are short, with broad-brimmed or high-crowned hats, some with knee-breeches and long-tailed coats, fastened by innumerable buttons. Some of the dames are rather stylish after their