

even in babyhood the warlike German spirit; the odd-shaped waggons and toys, and above all, the tree, with its tapers, and trinkets, and love-gifts for every one, and the Angel of the Annunciation at the top. Is it not a pretty family group? Thank God for Christmas which brings us joyful tidings of peace on earth, and goodwill to men, to both lofty and lowly, and especially its love-gifts to children everywhere.

The Black Forest, a wild mountain region—the famous Schwarzwald of German song and story—is a portion of the old Hercynian Forest, which once covered a great part of

Central Europe, and later was known as the Swabian Land. Its finest passes are now traversed by the new Black Forest Railway, one of the best engineering works in Europe. Near Singen, rises on an isolated and lofty basaltic rock, the old



BLACK FOREST FARM HOUSE.

Castle of Hohentweil, which held bravely out during a terrible siege of the Thirty Years' War. The spiked helmets and black eagles of Germany are everywhere seen, and German gutturals are everywhere

heard. The country looks bleak and bare. The villages are crowded collections of rude stone houses, with crow-stepped gables or timbered walls, and the churches have queer bulbous spires. I asked the name of a pretty stream, and was told it was the Donau—the "beautiful blue Danube," which strings like pearls upon its silver thread the ancient cities of Ulm, Vienna, Presburg, Buda-Pesth, and Belgrade, and after a course of 1,780 miles, pours its waters into the Black Sea.

Now higher and higher winds our train. An open observation car is attached, affording an unobstructed view of the