

ceaseless and most tantalizing tunnels. We begin to learn now what the Black Forest really is; although to say the truth, the gloom which suggested the name is unfelt on such a day as that of our excursion. The hill-tops are bathed in sunlight, every clearing between the woods is brightly green; swiftly as we speed along we catch the glint of innumerable flowers among the trees; and the shadows which lie across every deep ravine only bring out more vividly the splendour of the slopes. There are times, no doubt, when among these hills the mists lie low, and hoarse storms mutter among leafless branches, and the sturdy pines bend



FARM BUILDING IN  
THE BLACK FOREST.

beneath their weight of snow. Then around the stove, wild, weird legends are rehearsed, such as have given the Schwarzwald a foremost place in imaginative literature and art. But it is impossible to believe in spirits, goblins, or witches to-day. Perhaps the railway has scared their very memories away from these recesses; or the sunshine brings out qualities yet more enchanting. The number of people who, in one way or another, make a comfortable living out of these grand woods, from charcoal-burning to the most elaborate and beautiful carving, must be very large. We saw none who seemed wretchedly poor, and I do not remember in all our walks being once asked for alms. Nor, on the