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IN RHINELAND.

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II.



VIEW ON THE RHINE.

WE now bind our pack on our shoulders and start for a march through the Black Forest. We leave Baden about six in the morning. The road is smooth, and constantly rises. Baden soon lies at our feet, and ever and anon we must stand and look back to enjoy the picture. The town itself is a picture, with its neat houses and numerous gardens, set in a frame of hills; clad in the dark foliage of ever-

green woods. The Black Forest may once have been black enough, with its dense primeval pines and spruce, where the wild boar was hunted and the bandit had his home. But the woodman's axe has brought light into its blackness, and the peaceful clockmaker now works where the wild boar had his lair