

State Institution. It has theological departments for both Catholics and Protestants. The usual number of students is from 1,300 to 1,400. There are a number of fine churches in Bonn, which are well attended at the morning services, but here, as all over Germany, Sunday ends at noon, the remainder of the day being regarded as a time of recreation and amusement. It is the day of days on the Rhine steamers which carry tens of thousands of Sunday excursionists. It is the great day for visiting picture galleries, museums, restaurants, drink-gardens, and theatres. The amount of wine, beer, and spirits annually consumed is almost past belief. We attended the English service in the University Chapel in the forenoon. In the afternoon I drove to the "Scotch Church" where a Dr. Henderson was advertized to preach; but the door was shut. In the evening called for Dr. Christlieb, the well-known professor of divinity, and one of the most distinguished ministers of the Evangelical Church in Germany. I found the great man in his library, deeply immersed in study, putting, I supposed, the finishing touches on the magnificent paper he was soon to read at Copenhagen, on,— "Religious Indifference, and How to Meet it." He received me very cordially, and on my rising to go, said he would walk with me for an hour "to rest his weary brain." "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good!" Christlieb is a fine looking man, still in the prime of life, and a herculean worker. Besides his college work, he preaches very frequently, and has always a number of literary irons in the fire. He and Dean Vahl of Copenhagen are probably the best authorities on Christian missions of any two men living. The learned professor was seven years minister of a congregation in London, which accounts for his faultless English. He is a very fluent speaker. The conversation turned upon the State of Religion in Germany. He gave his opinion very frankly that in no Christian country were things so bad as in Germany. Owing to the cheapness of labour, many of the poorer class were tempted to work seven days in the week: and a large number of the educated and cultured are avowed sceptics. Not all, however, thank God. There is a stratum of sound evangelical thought—many more than the "seven thousand" who have not bowed the knee to rationalism.

Nowhere are matters worse than in the large cities. In Berlin, with upwards of a million of inhabitants, there are only some fifty churches, all told, and scarcely two per cent of the population attend religious services. In Hamburg, a city of 300,000, the state of affairs is even worse. The Protestants are divided into Lutherans and the Reformed Church, but the line of division is not very distinctly drawn. Between them they have seven or eight Missionary Societies, the most important of which is the Berlin Society, founded in 1824, of which Dr. Wangeman is the chief secretary. That Society has from fifty to sixty European missionaries in South Africa. But the contributions of all the German Societies put together do not equal those of any one of the five great English Societies. Dr. Christlieb is clearly of opinion that State connection is not conducive to the growth of the missionary spirit, at the same time he thinks there are indications of increasing interest in regard to both Home and Foreign Missions among the Protestants of Germany.

Early on Monday morning we entered upon that wonderful stretch of the Rhine between Bonn and Mayence, a distance of one hundred miles, the like of which I suppose is not to be seen in any other part of the world. The "scenery" commences with the Drachenfels, seven miles from Bonn, where you see the ruins of a large castle on the top of a rocky eminence 1,000 feet above the water. Lower down, some one has built a magnificent new chateau. The entire hill-side is a terraced vineyard. A village nestles at its foot. This is just a sample of the whole. The Rhine is a panorama of surpassing interest and beauty. There are towns and villages every few miles. A railway runs close to the water's edge on both sides, and the river itself is covered with steamers and barges. The passenger steamers are very pretty, painted bright colours and as clean as a new pin. Many of them are large, with saloon cabins the whole length of the vessel, over which is the promenade deck covered with awnings. They run very fast and are admirably managed. The captain sits in state in his easy chair on the bridge, smoking his cigar. But by far the most important officer on board the *Friede*, on which we sailed, was the chief steward, a tall, handsome man, who