

of the pea tribe, &c., one would soon gather a large and showy nosegay. But we were, ere long, at Schulpforte, a celebrated gymnasium or High School. It was established in 1543 in an old Cistercian monastery. It is remarkable how many old monasteries have been converted into these gymnasia, and are now doing a grand service. This is a very noted one, for here studied Klopstock, the German Milton, in his boyhood. His "Messias" is hard to read, but, at times, very fine. Klopstock's well is shown in the vicinity of the school, where he used to meditate and exercise his muse already in his early years, instead of rambling about with others. Fichte, too, the philosopher, who has been called the reflection of the great Kant, was a scholar in Schulpforte. I would like to be a boy at that school, for it lies beautifully among woods on the edge of the valley, and is itself a fine old pile of buildings. It has a grand playground, a sort of arena, sheltered by the buildings and the woods, with a capital gymnastic apparatus. Some of our company had been pupils of the present Director, and we enjoyed a meeting with him; and now, our road lay along the meadows, close by the river, till the bank grows quite steep, and we must climb it. On the top we found first a pillar, surmounted by a black eagle, erected by the members of certain University Societies to the memory of their fellow members who fell in the war of '70-'71. It has a most commanding position close by the old castle Rudelsburg. This was probably once a strong guard over the valley below, and a hindrance to the passage of enemies. Now there remain the rectangular walls and a high tower, hard to climb, but giving a splendid view of the country below. The valley of the Saale is much like that of the St. Francis, is well cultivated, has plenty of red tiled villages, but lacks our splendid Canadian forests. Below in the castle such of the ruins as can be used for dwelling purposes form a sort of tavern to supply the wants of the tourists. So there come odd changes in earthly glory. The railroad that sweeps through the valley below shows that "Industry" is becoming men's motto instead of "Warlike Glory."

After a visit to a little bathing town in the valley where salt water baths are to be found, we took the rail back to Naumburg.

The Cherry Festival was progressing merrily. We had missed the sermon and were sorry for that; for it would be interesting to hear how the minister would build up an address on what is pretty certainly a mystical story. The story perhaps many among us have read with delight; how the Hussite general, Prokop, marched with his army through the land, compelling the people to adopt his creed. He came before Naumburg and meant to besiege it, but after many vain entreaties for mercy, was persuaded to relent by a poor schoolmaster, who marched out to the camp with a host of little children arrayed in white. The soldiers cut down cherry branches with their swords, and sent the little hosts back to their mothers and fathers with the white garments reddened, not with blood, but with cherry juice. Since then the deliverance is said to have been celebrated by the Cherry Feast, lasting a week in the end of July. The wee lads have games and songs the first half, and the wee lassies in white and crowned with flowers the second half of the week. We found a great ring of the little ones, circling slowly and singing to the leading of a swallow-tailed teacher in the midst. All seemed perfectly at home and merry, and so the crowd of elderly folks who looked on. A band discoursed music every now and then, and the singing, games, and rounds of the children lasted till dusk. But this was not all. All round the large square where the games were, stood neat family tents, where the folks, evidently the best families in the town, were having family gatherings, drinking their coffee in the afternoon as we arrived, and in the evening supping in gala style. It seemed to be a time of universal open-air feasting and inviting friends in to the enjoyment. Even a number of young lawyers not yet possessing the luxury of families had, as I heard, established a tent for themselves. As evening drew on illuminations began, with gas devices, the "Iron Cross" conspicuous among them, and paper lanterns. The youths seemed to en-