

on one corner, claps his wings and fills the whole edifice with his warning crow.

Here we leave the river again for a time, to cross over the Black Forest; our next view of it will be nearer its source. We take the train running northward to Baden-Baden, which lies in picturesque beauty at the base of the Black Forest hills. Baden is, perhaps, even more famed than Homburg for its mineral springs, but certainly more for its gambling hells. The buildings and surroundings seem even more gorgeous, while near at hand is what they call a bazaar, but what to my mind was a perfect counterpart to Bunyan's *Vanity Fair*.

The New Castle is of peculiar interest; though called new, it is centuries old. It is so called to distinguish it from a still more ancient ruin not far away. After visiting the different splendid rooms of the palace-castle, we descend to the dungeons, which are now only used to show how justice was administered in the "good old times" of long ago. You pass through long dark passages into apartments small and damp, where no ray of sunshine ever strayed. You see the iron ring, and the low door of once solid stone a foot thick, and nicely hung, poised on a pivot, and fastened with massive bars. A prisoner might yell with the voice of a hundred stentors without the least hope of being heard beyond his living tomb.

ONE LORD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

O LORD and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
And labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.