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ON THE RHINE.*

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FEUDAL TOWER AT
ANDERNACH.

A TOUR in Germany naturally begins with the Rhine. Other rivers of Europe may be more picturesque; one, at least, is considerably longer, but none can compare for varied interests and true importance with the "beautiful Rhine"—the frontier of empire, once a barrier in the way of all-conquering Rome, and in modern times the prize of contending nations.

To understand the scenery of the Rhine it is necessary to linger here and there upon its banks, climbing one and another vine-clad height, scarcely deserving the name of mountain; or, better still, ascending some of those narrow valleys which curve upwards from the margin of its waters to fair nooks among the sheltering hills. Enough, perhaps, has been said of the ruined castles which grimly crown the beetling crags. Are not their names in *Murray*, with the stories, more or less authentic, associated

with their robber lords? And has not Byron, in a few imperishable lines, described in a manner which leaves nothing more to be said?—those

“chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.”

*Abridged in part from Dr. Green's volume on the "German Fatherland." Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.—Ed.

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