

German Travel Notes

Franks in the sandstone and limestone and brick of its walls. Here is treasured the famous Heilige Rock, or holy coat worn by our Saviour when a boy. At rare intervals this garment is exhibited to the faithful, who come from all countries to gaze reverently upon it. Who that has seen can forget the last exposition in 1891? Never before or since has there been anything more pathetic than the sight of the long rows of tired, haggard, perspiring, praying pilgrims, who stood patiently for hours in the broiling August sun, moving only when permitted, and then at a snail's pace, towards their Mecca. Plebeian though the majority of faces were, their devotional, solemn, rapt expressions for the time being ennobled and beautified them.

Trèves during that time, however, was by no means the reposeful, dignified city it is to-day. Its buildings were defaced with flags and banners, its streets blocked with pilgrims, and the road leading from the station to the town was lined with booths, whose owners disposed quickly of such delicacies as Napfkuchen, Streusel-Kuchen, and Apfelwein. Piety and profit went everywhere hand-in-hand, and a roaring trade was done in rosaries and bénitiers, the last made of the blue pottery of the country, and