

At Hildesheim is the oldest rose-tree in existence, that shown in cut, clambering over the walls of the cathedral. It is known to be eight hundred years old, and its trunk is as thick as the body of a man.

Wittenberg, a little town, is not to be passed by, seeing that beyond all other German cities it is associated with the work of Luther. The town was reached after ten minutes' walk along a pleasant road, in which is to be seen an oak, planted on the spot where Luther burned the Pope's bull. The town we found to consist chiefly of one long street, opening about half-way up into a wide market-place, which on the day of our visit was crowded by country people offering the produce of their farms and gardens. It was amusing to note their various costumes, and to listen to their lively provincial talk: but our attention was soon fastened on two fine bronze statues near each other in the open space, each under its Gothic canopy, with admirable fidelity and spirit portraying Luther and Melanchthon. On the pedestal of each is a characteristic motto, that on Luther's being a couplet of his own:

"Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehn,
Ist's Menschenwerk, wird's untergehn."

"If it is God's work, it will endure; if it is man's work, it will perish;" while that on Melanchthon's is the text of Scripture, "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." At the end of the town we reached the Schlosskirche, a large building with a tower, plain and unpretending enough, but forever famous as the church on whose door Luther nailed, on the 31st of October, 1517, his ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences and similar corruptions of the truth. That challenge from the brave young Wittenberg professor was the critical point in the Reformation. It would have been something to see the veritable doors to which the document was fastened, but these were destroyed in 1813 by the French; and in place of them a pair of bronze gates have been set up, very finely executed, with the theses in the original Latin text engraved upon them. In the church were buried both Luther and Melanchthon, but we could not see their tombs, as the building was closed, a notice at the door stating that the keys might be had on applying at Luther's house, at the other end of the town, which we had passed in entering from the station. The apartments of Luther in the old university are kept much as when he occupied them, and, we thought, had a delightful air of quiet and "learned leisure," look-