

ness and a watchtower on top of it. Several important towns lie out in that open country. Quedlinburg, close by, where once was a cloister of nuns with an abbess, who ranked as a princess of the empire. They became Protestants, I believe, at the Reformation. Aschersleben is not far away, nor is Halberstadt. Magdeburg is further east. Away northeast, north of the western end of the Harz mountains lies Brunswick, the capital of the duchy; south of it Wolfenbüttel, whose great library became more noted through the connection with it of the poet and art-critic, Lessing, in the end of the last century. Hanover, the city, lies still further N. E., on a line toward the free city, Bremen, with its well-known neighboring seaport. But to come back to our rocky perch. The sun went down grandly away over the west, over the tops of the hills. We have a very wide horizon here.

Mine host gave me a room with windows to the east, and I had the pleasure of seeing his solar majesty just after he got up. He awakened me. After an early breakfast I was off at 6.30, away down the witches' stairway, better than none down that long precipice of lumps of granite, but bad enough for witches. My knees were almost bewitched when I reached the bottom, but the views were magnificent. First, a few moments spent about the surroundings of the "Waldkater," i.e., "Wild Cat," the hotel just here in the valley. These surroundings were the rushing stream, a cave, the entrance to an old mine, mossy arbors, the favorite seats of noted personalities. Now off up the stream. The valley is a deep gorge, sunk almost straight down those 800 feet. It winds constantly, and one seems, at times, completely shut off from exit; a sharp bend round an enormous knife of rock leads us into another rocky ravine like the first. The sides are beautiful, for grass and trees grow wherever they can catch hold, and the damp air favors them. A first rate foot path makes one say "Yes, indeed!" when soon an iron tablet is reached, bearing "Thanks to Herrn Bulow, who opened for us a way to this Temple of Nature in 1818." But now we reach the "Schurre," where a zig-zag path, so gently ascending that one

really enjoys it, leads up a great slide of small granite stones, up to the top of the west side of the valley. A few steps and we are on the Rosstrappe, right opposite the Hexentanzplatz, and have a glorious view of the valley again, quite another view from any yet had. Indeed one gains a new view at almost every step, and in marching, a good rule anywhere is to wheel round every few steps. It takes time, but gives one almost the sights of a double journey, one each day. And we are now on top of the tremendous rock, on a little railed platform. Singular it was to meet there a gentleman who, though he could speak some German, at once owned his "Scotchship," and proved to be a member of a noted Edinburgh publishing house whose books I had often thumbed. He had visited our Canadian land. We examined the footprints of the mythical horse. The look was quite plausible, save that the holes for the three knobs seemed apocryphal. A hotel is close by this spot, so that visitors can lodge above on either side of the gorge or below by the stream. On the way down the "Schurre," as on the way up, gazing on that gorge with its wall-like and needled cliffs, as it were wildly tossed and torn and scanned, the stream dashing along below, and yet the sunlight shining in bright and warm; the air still and so pure; little plants and big trees standing or hanging confidently all about, in some spots quite clothing the rock; yes, even a pleasant path for men, laid so that they might see it and delight in it all, their hearts touched with thankfulness, the thought came up—what a sermon on Rest for the soul in oneness with God in all His ways? Even when there is terrible commotion about us He sees the result of his holy, perfectly harmonious plan. He can let us look on it as on the wild Nature till we are filled with admiration. He can make a pleasant path for us and make us thankful. Let us each come then to Jesus who had in Him that Rest of soul in oneness with the Father, and calls us to come to Him and let Him give us His peace.

The path of the valley, the Bodethal (*thal*, i.e., valley), grew less grand as it ascended, and the level of the brook came to be less deep below the top of the banks.