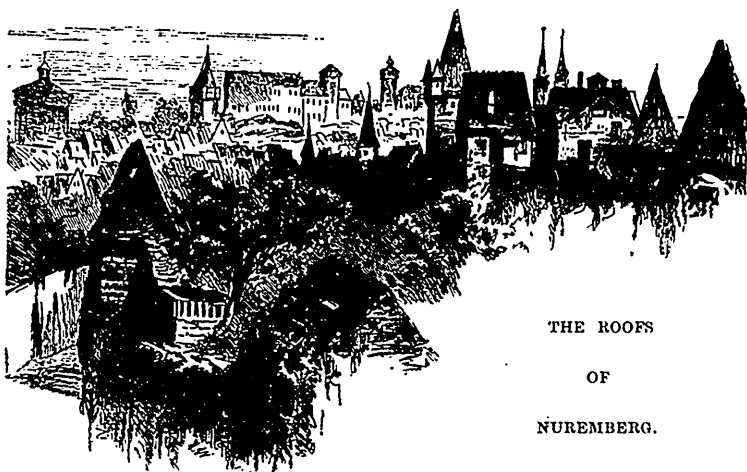


IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

NUREMBERG.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL D. GREEN, D.D.



THE ROOFS
OF
NUREMBERG.



ONE OF THE
ROOFS.

No town in Germany, so completely as Nuremberg, retains the characteristics of the past. The sense of strangeness, instead of disappearing or diminishing with familiarity, seems only to increase. Everything in the outward aspect of the place is mediæval. The tall houses, with every variety of high gable, dormer windows, and richly decorated projections, are not simply here and there to be seen, as in other places—quaint survivals of the past amid architecture of modern style—they are everywhere, and the modern seems the unnatural exception. The city walls and towers, with the great moat or ditch surrounding them, remain much as when they were needed for defence, though, indeed, the moat for the most part is dry, and occupied by vegetable gardens. The bridges over the little river that divides the town, some of them covered by buildings, partake of the antique character of the place—the very shops, devoted to modern industry and the wares of to-day, seem, in