

A BICYCLE HOLIDAY.

GIVEN six weeks' vacation in springtime, a bicycle, good roads, and a start from the centre of Germany, what are the possibilities which lie before one for an enjoyable trip? On the 13th of March we set out, the Doctor, Massilon and myself; the sun was shining, the larks were singing, and dreams of the blue Mediterranean, of classic Rome, of Florence and Tyrol, lightened our hearts, gave zest to our movements and helped us to forget the inconvenience of the lingering mud. All necessities were packed in luggage-carriers in the bicycle frames; we were independent of railways, and stopped at the nearest Dorf when night came on, or when our weary wheels refused to climb another hill; nothing could be freer, nothing more inviting. What was the sequel? The first day ended the mud; the roads and weather throughout the weeks left nothing to be desired; the food and lodgings were always good, while the pleasure and satisfaction derived from the trip can be but faintly conceived from an outline of the route with its long list of picturesquely and historically interesting places.

Setting out from Göttingen, we passed through Munden, wherethe Fulda and the Werra join to form the Weser. Cassel, with its imperial residence and memories of imprisonment there of the unfortunate Napoleon III., on to Marburg, so beautifully pitched among the trees on the steep river banks, and through Giessen to Frankfort, where stands the old hall where emperors were elected in former times. Next came Heidelberg with its famous castle, and the long stretch up the Rhine valley between Karlsruhe and Baden-Baden, to Strassburg: here, of course, the cathedral with its clock must be visited, the clock where the apostles appear in procession every day at noon, and the cock crows thrice for Peter. The thick, ramparted walls, the frowning forts and yawning, open-mouthed cannon about this city served to remind us that we were nearing the border; and when two days later we rode past lines of forts into the French stronghold of Belfort, the actual relations of these two European nations were vividly impressed upon our minds. Our first impressions of France were those gathered with the wild flowers by the road-side one beautiful Sunday morning, and a week spent in riding along the castle-crowned banks of the Rhone, through Lyons, Chalons and Vienne to Avignon, most beautiful of the Rhone cities, and the some-