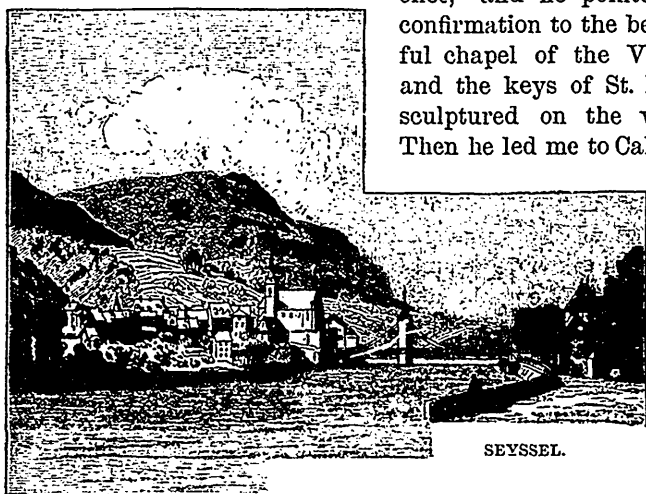


of the rapid Rhone, where it issues from the lake. The waters are of the deepest blue, and rush by with arrowy swiftness. It has many interesting historic buildings.

On the occasion of my first visit—I blend the impressions of different visits—as I was looking for the sexton of the cathedral, a Roman Catholic priest whom I accosted went for the key, and himself conducted me through the building and explained its features of historic interest. It seemed to me very strange to have that adherent of the ancient faith exhibit the memorials of him who was its greatest and most deadly foe. With something of the old feeling of proprietorship, he looked around the memory-haunted pile and said proudly, yet regretfully, "This was all ours

once," and he pointed in confirmation to the beautiful chapel of the Virgin and the keys of St. Peter sculptured on the walls. Then he led me to Calvin's



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pulpit, once the most potent intellectual throne in Europe, and to Calvin's chair—in which I sat, without feeling my Arminian orthodoxy affected thereby—and pointed out other memorials of the great Reformer.

Near by, I visited Calvin's house in a narrow street, but his grave is unknown, as he expressly forbade the erection of any memorial. I found, too, the house of the "self-torturing sophist," Rousseau. It bore his bust and the inscription, "Ici est né Jean Jacques Rousseau." On a shady island in the river is his monument—a fine bronze figure, sitting pen in hand.

In the old Gothic Hôtel de Ville is a singular inclined plane leading to the upper floor, up which the councillors used to ride. Here, in a small and unpretentious room, sat the international commission which conducted the Geneva arbitration between Great Britain and America.