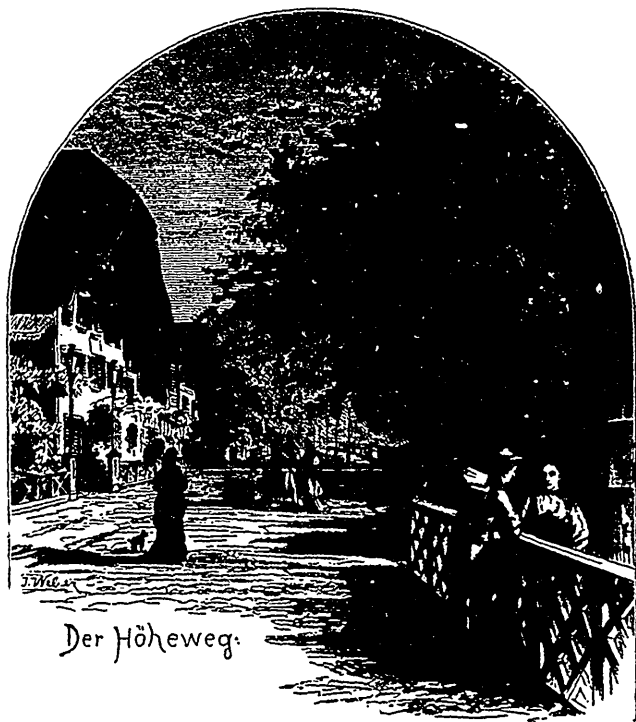


you will scarcely see in Paris or Vienna—with their wealth of jewellery, fancy articles, exquisite Swiss carvings, music-boxes, and the like. It was very piquant to hear the Swiss girls lisp their pretty broken English. On Sunday morning it was still raining, but the hotel people furnished omnibuses for all who wished to go to church. And a very queer church it is, an ancient monastery, founded in 1130. It is a rambling old affair, with a series of courtyards, gardens, and various buildings. Some



of these are used for public offices, the nunnery is a prison, and the monastery church is divided into three parts, in which the Church of England, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic communions worship at the same hour. The broken tracery and defaced carvings have quite a pathetic look. It is a fascinating task to try to re-people these old cloisters and gardens with their ghostly inhabitants who still seem to haunt the picturesque old pile.

In the afternoon the rain ceased, and we could ramble along the Hüheweg, an avenue bordered with stately walnuts, and across the bridges over the rapid Aar to the still older town of