

municated an army of locusts which devoured every green thing. The Hotel Gibbon, at which we stopped, was formerly the property of the great historian of the Roman Empire. On the garden terrace is the chestnut tree beneath which he wrote the closing chapters of his history, and an ancient ivy furnishes mementoes of the spot. In the great dining-room, with its gilt-panelled ceiling and parquetry floor, he gave his state banquets and receptions.



MARKET WOMAN OF LAUSANNE.

But another memory of Lausanne is more lovingly cherished by millions of Methodists than that of the sceptical historian—the memory of the saintly Fletcher. After dinner, therefore, I visited the Fletcher Memorial College. This is a noble institution for the theological training of French-speaking candidates for the Wesleyan ministry. There were, at the time of my first visit, eleven students in residence; one of them showed me the handsome chapel, Sunday-school, students' rooms, refectory, and parlours. It is, architecturally, one of the handsomest buildings in the town; and is a worthy monument, not only of the great man