

wash was subdued by the dim light that stole in through the



A SWISS RAILROAD SERVANT.

long slits of windows. There were but three men in the congregation that day, and all the rest were Suissesses, with the hard, pure, plain faces their sex wear mostly in that country. The choir sat in two rows of quaintly carved seats on each side of the pulpit, and the school-master of the village led the singing, tapping his foot to keep time. The pastor, delicate and wan of face, and now no longer living, I came afterwards to know better, and respect greatly for his goodness and good sense. His health had been broken by the hard work of a mountain parish, and he had vainly spent two winters in Nice. He wore the Genevan bands and gown, and

represented in that tabernacle of the ancient faith the triumph



DUNGEON OF CHILLON.