

fields, but most of all in the number of beggars you meet on the highway. Everything preaches in silent eloquence against the blighting influence of Rome.

In the history of the Reformation, and in the spread of Protestantism, Switzerland has, however, played a very prominent part. Three cities claim special attention in this particular,—Constance, on the German frontier, Zurich, somewhat more inland, and Geneva, bordering on France.

The costume of the Swiss peasant is often very picturesque. The younger women wear a black boddice laced over a white undergarment, with snowy sleeves, and a dark skirt. The hair generally hangs in two long braids down the back. The cut, on page 297, shows a sort of village festival, or merry-making, and gives a very good idea of the style of dress common in some cantons.

Alpine scenery would furnish an infinite canvas with pictures of beauty and grandeur. Imagine yourself far away from this beautiful Canada, and whirling along southward from Germany to Switzerland. Grand sights we have already enjoyed amongst the legend-haunted hills and fruitful vineyards of Wurtemberg. But now mountains appear in the distance,—their snowy outlines but dimly distinguished from their cloudy shroud. They seem to approach us; and the wondrous play of sunset tints makes us forget our fatigue, as we gaze, enchanted with the scene. Gradually a tree-clad wall seems to rise on either hand; from summit to summit stretches a long web of fleecy cloud. Beyond this the setting-sun throws up the valley an unwonted glory, transforming the cultivated vale, the forest-robed hills, and the wavy clouds into a grand triumphal arch of purple, carnation, and gold, to welcome our entrance into the home of the chamois,—the storied land of Tell. The crystal water falls, that leap down the mountain sides, are a source of never-ending delight.

After spending a day in Zurich, we ascend the Uetliberg,—a hill just outside of the walls. The ancient city is mapped out before us, intersected by narrow, crooked streets. Several bridges span the river Limmah, on one of which is a fruit market, where with the aid of a glass you can see old women with their fruit and trinket-stands, while an ever-moving throng passes by. On the river are floating wash-houses, where women kneel washing silk in the stream, and a little below, mills are built from bank