

The Cathedral is fitted up in modern style as one of the National Protestant churches and holds a large congregation. In its best estate, it could never have ranked higher than a second-class basilica. The other old churches are exceedingly gloomy places of worship; as for the modern ones, none of them are above mediocrity. The finest auditorium in the city is the Reformation Hall, seated for about 2500, frequently used for religious meetings. Attached to it there are a missionary library and museum. The style of preaching in Geneva, and in Switzerland generally, is extempore, ornate, and highly oratorical. The ministers are said to be hard workers and very poorly paid. The house in which Calvin lived is still to be seen in the street now bearing his name. On the front of it is this inscription,—*Dominus est propugnaculum meum*—‘The Lord is my defence.’ A small square stone, with the initials J. C. cut on it, is all that marks the place where he is supposed to have been buried in the old cemetery, near the confluence of the Arve with the Rhone. The Town Hall is chiefly remarkable in that its topmost story is reached by a curiously constructed inclined plane which enabled ‘city fathers’ of the olden time to ride up to their chambers on horseback.

The new town of Geneva may be said to date from the commencement of the railway era. It was in 1849 that the walls were thrown down, and where wet ditches and drawbridges barred the entrance, spacious boulevards, pleasant gardens, and palatial dwellings have risen up as if by magic. The university and the theatre are the finest buildings in the new town. The latter cost \$700,000. The University is a plain, chaste structure, erected by the government in 1867–71 in testimony, as it bears on the face of it, that “the promotion of higher education is esteemed by the Canton the best guarantee for national peace and prosperity.” The central building contains the class-rooms, and the convocation hall in which popular lectures are given by professors and others every night in winter. One of the wings is occupied by the library of 100,000 volumes and its adjuncts. In these is a reading-room, where the poorest man in Geneva may sit comfortably from morning till night and call for any book in the catalogue. Another hall contains a

large collection of manuscripts, including Calvin’s works and portraits of eminent divines and statesmen, among whom are such familiar names as these,—Wicliffe, Luther, and Knox; Jean Cauvin, *alias* Calvin, represented as a small, spare man of sallow complexion, with a full forehead, a piercing eye, thin lips and a very long nose; Theodore Beza, his friend and coadjutor; Zwingli, looking every inch a man of war; Melancthon, thoughtful and emaciated; Erasmus, sharp as a needle; Peter Viret, the pious and eloquent reformer, looks very homely on canvas; Farel has a prodigious mouth. There, too, are the Turretini’s, the Tronchins, the Diodatis, and many others, famous in their day. The finest portrait in the room is that of Dr. Merle D’Aubigne. The library is said to have been founded by Bonnivard—the prisoner of Chillon—and is splendidly fitted up. The other wing contains the Natural History Museum, admirably arranged and specially rich in its collections of birds, shells, and fossils. In front is the Botanical Garden. The University has five faculties,—Science, Literature, Law, Theology and Medicine. There are, in all, sixty professors and twenty-seven tutors; in the Theological Faculty, five professors and one tutor.

The centre of attraction to summer-visitors is the *Jardin Anglais*—a beautiful garden and promenade fronting on the lake, laid out in graceful English fashion upon ground reclaimed from the water. At the entrance is the national monument—two colossal female figures in bronze—representing Helvetia and Geneva re-united in 1814. In the garden, there are fine specimens of *Wellingtonia gigantea*, the *Magnolia grandiflora*, the *Cedar of Lebanon*, and different varieties of larch and spruce. Other attractions of Geneva are, its handsome quays, tempting shops, charming walks and drives, and magnificent views of Mont Blanc. A favourite excursion is to Fernez, a few miles out of town, at the foot of the Juras. Here is Voltaire’s chateau, a fine old mansion with beautiful garden and grounds—his study and bed-room, much as when he last occupied them more than a hundred years ago, and the chapel—“Erected to God by Voltaire, 1761.” May we go in and see the “altar to that unknown God?” “O no.” Why not? The truth is, that the