

places piercing the solid mountain, and lighted by great arches broken out of its side. The steamer sails close beneath this awe-inspiring cliff, where can be traced for miles this unique road. "Suddenly a low rumbling sound is heard proceeding from the interior of the rocks, a shrill whistle pierces our ears, and a cloud of white smoke rises skyward; a railway train shoots out of the rocks, to disappear again instantly in the mountain-side. It is the St. Gothard train making its way to Italy through the hearts of the mountains."

As we sailed over the waters of this storied lake, our little vessel was dwarfed to insignificance by the majesty of the surrounding mountains. The twilight deepened, and the lengthening shadows threw their mysterious veil over wave and strand, from the rustic chapels on hillside and shore rang out the sweet solemn Angelus, the far



FLUELEN.

summit of the Mythen glowed like an evening altar fire, the snow peaks of the Brisenstock, and his Titan brotherhood gleamed rosy red, then paled to faintest pink, and pearly white and ashen gray, and the angel of shadow and silence drew the curtains of darkness over the scene.

"I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls;
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls."

The Canadian tourist party had no experience during their whole journey which left more haunting memories than the adventures of this red-letter day.

beauty and sublimity of the views. With quickened pulse of expectation, I descended the cliff to the site of the far-famed Tell's Chapel, so familiar in pictures. But what was my disappointment to find not one stone left upon another! That great modern destroyer of the romantic, a railway was being constructed along the lake margin, and the time-honoured chapel, said to be five hundred years old, had been removed. A workman showed me the plans of a brand new one which was to be erected near the spot; which I felt to be almost sacrilege.