

“Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard !—may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

We cross a yard and enter a gloomy-looking tower. Looking down a well-like aperture in the floor, we gain a dim glimpse of the “oubliettes,” or grim dungeon, where contumacious prisoners found their tragical fate. Looking through the window we saw



DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

the little Isle of Peace, only thirty paces long and twenty wide, with its three elm trees, of which the poet sings—

“And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view.”

Here, to the everlasting disgrace of the Republic of Switzerland, in the year of grace 1889, an act of tyranny was enacted, as outrageous in its way as the imprisonment of Bonnivard. A young English girl, a member of the Salvation Army, for daring to preach Jesus and the Resurrection, was arrested, condemned to prison for one hundred days, and thrust into a cell. She was permitted to go out on parole, went to England and was urged to