

The women wear short skirts of home-woven stuff, which makes them look like girls, and the girls often have old-fashioned long dresses, in which they look like little women. The men wear jackets or short bob-tailed coats of coarse frieze, which, but for the inevitable pipe, make them look like big boys.

At Sachseln is a large church, containing the bones of St. Nikolaus, a Swiss Hermit who died five hundred years ago. He subsisted, says the legend, for twenty years on the elements of the sacrament, which he received every month. Scarce a house in the Forest Cantons is without a portrait of good Brother Klaus. The simple piety of the people is shown by the greeting so often heard: "May Jesus Christ be praised!" with the response, "To all eternity!"

As we pass through a tunnel, near Lungern, there bursts upon the sight a lovely valley, studded with hundreds of cottages looking, from our lofty position, for all the world like the toy Swiss villages of our childhood. At Alpnach we reach the waters of the Vierwaldstätter See, the memory-haunted lake of the Four Forest Cantons, and, passing under the shadow of the grim old Pilatus, we soon glide into the station of the delightful old city of Lucerne.

According to tradition, Pontius Pilate, when banished from Galilee, fled to this desolate mountain, and in the bitterness of his remorse committed suicide in a gloomy lake. The ascent of the mountain was long forbidden by the government of Lucerne, lest the intrusion on the dark domain of the gloomy suicide, from whose soul not all the waters of the mighty deep could wash the damning guilt of his judicial murder of the Innocent One, should rouse the wrath of Heaven in storms upon the city at its feet. But the audacity of Napoleon invaded this mountain solitude, to procure a supply of timber for his ship-yards. A trough eight miles long was made out of 30,000 trees, extending to the water's edge. Down this, logs and trunks of trees were shot, traversing, with a roar like thunder, the eight miles in six minutes. If one escaped from the trough it cut down the standing trees like a cannon ball.

For sweet friends and kind affections,
Gentle hearts, and home's dear love;
For bright health and holy pleasures,
For the faith that soars above;
Grateful hearts to thee we bring—
Lord, accept our offering.