

partly Roman Catholic, and the different cantons are as clearly marked off as to their religion as if the conscience were a thing to be regulated by treaty. Protestantism has dwindled down to a mere form, the women and children go to church, while the men spend their time in wine shops. One minister near me once preached a sermon, somewhat evangelical in its tone, and then said to his audience, 'That's the way the evangelicals preach; you may believe it if you like, for I don't.' Most are rationalists, and very few would impress you with the idea that they were the followers of Calvin and Zwingle. 'Yet feeble as real religion is, the absence of Popery is marked. You step over the bounds of a Protestant canton into a Roman Catholic one, and you can notice the change at once. One of the most palpable differences is in the number of beggars.

"As to their morality, notwithstanding all that has been said about the sobriety of wine-growing countries, drunkenness is a very prevalent vice. You are awakened in towns by the midnight orgies of students, and in villages men squander away their time and money over their bottles, while their wives slave at home to keep their little ones from starvation.

"We embarked on a steamer at Zurich. The water is as clear as crystal; you can count the pebbles at the bottom. But what a motley crowd we have on board! Women, young and old, dressed in the different costumes of half a dozen cantons, and sheepish-looking men following them; monks in plenty, with kirtle and cowl and breviary. What does it mean? Why, they are on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin—to holy Einsiedeln, in the Canton Schwytz. Let us turn pilgrims, too, and visit the same place. We land at Rapperschwyle, and start on a three hours' tramp over the hills. The way is ever-varying, and presents at every turn new pictures of grandeur. We become enraptured at the scene, and at the conversation of a young lady pilgrim, when a little ragged urchin rushes up, gets down on his knees in the dust in a twinkling, and commences to gabble his 'Vaterunser' (Our Father) as fast as a steam-engine. On the way we stop to refresh ourselves at a sacred fountain, called Mainard's Well, after the saint who founded the monastery to which we are going. On a sudden appear two strapping boys, with outstretched hands, begging a few centimes. A short lecture on the evils of laziness sent them skulking away. Near the end of our journey, a well-dressed, able-bodied mechanic stops our company, pulls off his hat, and says, '*armer Reisender*,' that is 'poor traveller,' and he