

live in song and story. To the left is the old Abbey of St. Gingolph, a forgotten saint, from whom comes the slang English phrase "by jingo." To the right are the historic island and castle of Chillon, which, immediately after lunch at a pleasant inn in a large garden, we visit. This gloomy tower, which rises in sullen majesty from the waves, has been used as a prison for over a thousand years.

"A thousand feet in depth below,
Their massy waters meet and flow."

What bitter memories of wrong and sorrow could its rude walls



CASTLE OF CHILLON.

tell! Over the gate are the mocking words, "*Gott der Herr segne den Ein- und Ausgang*"—"God bless all who go in and come out." An intelligent and pretty girl conducted us through its vaulted dungeons, the torture chamber, with its pulleys and rack, and wooden frame burned black by red-hot branding-irons, and the ancient Hall of Justice, with its quaint carvings. She showed us the pillar to which Bonnivard, for six years, three centuries ago, was chained; the marks worn by his footsteps in the floor, and the inscriptions of Byron and Victor Hugo on the walls. As the afternoon light streamed through the narrow loop-holes on the arches and columns, and on the fair face of the girl, it made a picture in which Rembrandt would have revelled.