

hears all over Europe, the sight of this little room and the hope it inspires are like visions of paradise."

The arsenal hard by contains the ladders by which, in 1602, the Spaniards tried to scale the walls, their flags, and the armour of hundreds who fell into the fosse; weapons from Sempach; the lance of Winkelried, the martyr-patriot; captured Austrian trophies, and many other objects of intense interest. A garrulous old pensioner took infinite pains to explain everything. He asked me to try on one helmet, and I attempted to do so, but could hardly lift it from the floor.

A reminiscence of Voltaire is the Rue des Philosophes. Near by, at Ferney, is his villa and the chapel which, with cynical ostentation—"sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer"—he built, bearing still the inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" The splendid monument of the Duke of Brunswick, who left his immense fortune to the town, is one of the finest in Europe. The university, museums, art galleries, and a splendid school of art, are proof of the high culture of the little republic. In the latter institution, professors in blouses were instructing students in sculpture, modelling, repoussé work, bronze casting, wood-carving, designing; and were exceedingly courteous in their explanations of their methods. This great Dominion might learn a lesson in art culture from this little city.

In the evening twilight I walked down the Rhone to its junction with the Arve. The former flows clear as crystal from the pellucid lake; the latter rushes turbid with mud from the grinding glaciers. For a long distance the sharp contrast between the two may be traced—"like the tresses," says the poetic Cheever, "of a fair-haired girl beside the curls of an Ethiopian; the Rhone, the daughter of Day and Sunshine; the Arve, the child of Night and Frost."

I called, on my first visit, to see Dr. Abel Stevens, the well-known historian of Methodism. To my regret he was in London; but I met Dr. Butler, the founder of American Methodist Missions in India and Mexico. I had met him before in Canada, and we had a pleasant talk, looking out upon the lovely lake, whose beauty recalls the lines of Byron:

"Fair Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depths yield of their fair light and hue.
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood. . . Here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne."