

mountain solitudes and solemnities of Switzerland—sweeping up, up from the fertile plain, through belts of dusky pines and verdant pasture to regions of eternal snow. Of Geneva, with its memories of Calvin and Farel and Knox, of the glorious ride to the Chamouny, of the still grander ride over the wild Tête Noire Pass, of the wondrous vision of Mont Blanc—a revelation of the might and majesty of God—like the great white throne set in the heavens—such a awe and solemnizes the soul—of the virgin beauty of the Jung Frau, throned in inaccessible loveliness, of the glorious outlook over a horizon of three hundred miles of snow-capped, forest-mantled mountains from the Rigi, of the blended beauty and sublimity of Lake Thun, Lake Brienz, Lake Lucerne—of these we may not now speak.

The grandeur culminates in the ride over the St. Gothard Pass, from Alpine snows to the burning plains of Italy. Up, up the railway winds, now plunging into a mountain's tunnel, now leaping over a yawning ravine, sometimes even boring in a spiral curve in the very heart of the mountain. The Italian lakes Lugano and Como surpass the Swiss lakes in beauty, if they are inferior in sublimity. Nothing more fully met the expectation of the Canadian tourists than the exquisite beauty of Milan Cathedral, its two thousand statued pinnacles glistening in the sun; its interior, a vast and solemn vaulted space, resplendent with rainbow-coloured windows and with the sheen of gold and gems.

Less impressive at first view, but growing upon one with a spell of power, is the glorious Cathedral of St. Mark at Venice. The Palace of the Doges, with its blended memories of power and pomp and splendour, and of oppression and crime; the Bridge of Sighs, the crowded Rialto—the many canals, the gliding gondolas, seem like a dream of romance.

By a route traversed by few Canadian tourists—that over the Brenner Pass through the Austrian Tyrol—we reach the mountain-girdled city of Innsbruck, the quaint capital of the

Tyrol. Nowhere have I seen a more striking combination of fantastic mediæval and sumptuous modern architecture, or more magnificent environment. Here, too, is one of the most impressive monuments in existence, that of the Emperor Maximilian I. The effigy of the emperor kneels in prayer upon his tomb, surrounded by bronze figures of twenty-eight of his ancestors and kinsfolk—grave, austere, homely, realistic statues, standing like chief mourners around the emperor's bier. The exquisite marble reliefs illustrate the principal events in his life. The conception and execution of the monument is supremely fine.

A ride in an "observation car" over the Arlberg Railway through magnificent mountain scenery, amid a region seamed and scarred by the stern ploughshare of war, where almost every hill has its frowning fortress or castle; and a sail on lovely Lake Constance, bring us to the city, chiefly memorable for the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome and for the great council by which they were condemned. The hall of their trial, the scene of their imprisonment, the place whence they were burned at the stake are invested with imperishable interest.

Another ride, over the famous Black Forest Railway, one of the finest engineering achievements in Europe, traversing a country of unsurpassed picturesqueness, brings us to Strasburg, whose noble cathedral is one of the grandest relics bequeathed by the Middle Ages to the present time. Yet though strikingly picturesque, these old houses with five stories in the roof must be very uncomfortable and unsanitary dwellings. The contrast between the splendour of the Kaiser's new palace and the squalor in which so many of his subjects, crushed by military burdens, eke out an existence, is very painful. I saw in this stately city an old woman pushing a hand-cart before her and dragging four others behind her; they were empty of course, but still it was most unwomanly work, but only an example of much which constantly meet the eye.