

arch of purple and gold, to welcome our entrance into the home of the chamois—to the land of Tell.

It is night when we enter Zurich. Most travellers who have written about Switzerland have been so enraptured with its gigantic mountains, those natural battlements of freedom, that they have forgotten the people, or seeing them industrious, have set them down as one of the happiest and most enviable people of all Europe. A year's residence, however, in both French and German Switzerland, has given me quite another idea of the state of affairs. A person could live his lifetime there and not see the shady side, but as a missionary among the people themselves, I have had the amplest opportunity of seeing things as they are.

In the first place, politically, Switzerland is a republic, and has been vaunted to the skies. The name republic generally carries with it the idea of personal freedom, and universal interest in the affairs of the country. But in Switzerland there is more red-tapeism than in Prussia, and less political freedom. I had been over nearly one-half of the countries of Europe, and only in Switzerland was my passport demanded. A servant girl cannot go from one village to another without a pass and a permit; and I saw in no Protestant country whatever, such a sneaking terror of the law. The history of the nation has been one series of small dealings with more powerful neighbours—anything to maintain themselves in their fancied liberty. In the time of religious wars, they “stood with mercenary impartiality, ready for the cause which had the longest purse and the readiest pay.” Individual character too often partakes of the narrowness of their valleys. Occasionally you find a noble character like the mountain, but few rise above the littleness of narrow selfishness.

They are industrious. Yes, they have to work like slaves to eke out an existence. Men have immense silk manufactories, and make millions out of the bones and blood of thousands of young girls of an overstocked population. They work from five in the morning until late at night, and frequently scarcely earn enough to keep soul and body together. A sturdy mason or carpenter, or other mechanic, has to work his fourteen hours a day for from sixty to eighty cents. The men work, the wives have to be slaves, the children work as soon as they are out of