

is the southern end of the St. Gotthard Tunnel, some nine miles long which pierces the mountain, and has this year been opened. From this point we climb to the summit of the pass by some thirty zigzags, dragged up by seven stout horses, which can advance no faster than a slow walk. Ever wider horizons open on every side. The vines and chestnuts, the mulberries and olives are left far below. The trees of my native land, the pines and spruces, assert their reign. They climb in serried ranks; and on lone inaccessible heights stand majestic and sublime, grappling firm foothold on the everlasting rocks, and bidding defiance to the winds of heaven. These in turn become dwarfed and disappear, and only the beautiful Alpine rose clothes the rocks, like humble virtue breathing its beauty amid a cold and unfriendly environment. Vast upland meadows and mountain pastures are covered with these beautiful flowers. At last even these give way to the icy desolation of eternal winter. We passed through snow-drifts over thirty feet deep, and from the top of the *diligence* I could gather snowballs; and once the road led through a tunnel in the snow. Only the chamois and the mountain eagle dwell amid these lone solitudes.

The change from the burning plains of Lombardy to these Alpine solitudes—from lands of sun to lands of snow—was very striking. I thank God for the revelation of His might and majesty in those everlasting mountains. They give a new sense of vastness, of power, of sublimity to the soul. After busy months spent in crowded cities—the work of men—it is a moral tonic to be brought face to face with the grandest works of God. Yet even to this sanctuary of nature the warring passions of man have found their way. In 1799, the Russian General, Suwarrow, led an army through these bleak defiles, and on a huge rock near the summit is engraven the legend, SUWARROW VICTOR. Several stone defences against avalanches, and refuges for storm-stayed travellers, also occur.

At the summit of the pass, 7,000 feet above the sea, is a large and gloomy Italian inn, and near it a *hospice*, erected by the Canton, containing fifteen beds for poor travellers, who are received gratuitously. I made my way up the dark stairway, in an exploring mood, and came to the conclusion that they must be very poor travellers who take refuge in these dismal cells. In a large room I found a telegraph office and signal station, and was told that in that bleak outpost the sentinels of civilization kept their lonely watch the long winter through. At this great height are several small lakes, fed from the snow-clad mountains which tower all around. Passing the summit, our huge vehicle rattles down a desolate valley in a very alarming manner, threatening, as it turns the sharp angles, to topple over the low wall into the abyss below. But strong arms are at the brakes, and after ten miles' descent we dash into the little Alpine village of Andermatt.

I wished to see before dark the celebrated "Devil's Bridge" across the Reuss, so I hurried on without waiting for dinner. The bridge is a single stone arch, which leaps across a brawling torrent at a giddy height above the water. The scenery is of the wildest and grandest character. On either side rise in tremendous cliffs the everlasting battlements of rock. Against these

walls of adamant the tortured river hurls itself, and plunges into an abyss a hundred feet deep. A scene of more appalling desolation it is scarce possible to conceive. Yet a sterner aspect has been given by the wrath of man. Here, amid these sublimities of nature, was fought a terrible battle between the French and Russians in 1799. The river ran red with blood, and hundreds of soldiers were hurled into the abyss and drowned, or dashed to pieces. As I stood and watched the raging torrent in the twilight, made the darker by the shadows of the steep mountain cliffs, I seemed to see the poor fellows struggling with their fate in the dreadful gorge.

The legend of the building of the *Teufelsbrücke* is thus recorded in Longfellow's "Golden Legend":—

This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge. With a single arch from ridge to ridge It leaps across the terrible chasm Yawning beneath it black and deep, As if in some convulsive spasm The summits of the hills had cracked, And made a road for the cataract That raves and rages down the steep. Never any bridge but this Could stand across the wild abyss; All the rest of wood or stone, By the Devil's hand were overthrown. He toppled crags from the precipice; And whatsoever was built by day, In the night was swept away; None could stand but this alone. Abbot Giraldu, of Einsiedel, For pilgrims on their way to Rome, Built this at last, with a single arch, Under which, in its endless march, Runs the river white with foam, Like a thread through the eye of a needle And the Devil promised to let it stand, Under compact and condition That the first living thing which crossed Should be surrendered into his hand And be beyond redemption lost. At length the bridge being all completed, The Abbot, standing at its head, Threw across it a loaf of bread, Which a hungry dog sprang after; And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter To see the Devil thus defeated.

John B. Gough on Tobacco.

I SAID to a young man: "Why won't you sign the pledge?" He said: "I won't sign the pledge because I won't sign away my liberty." "What liberty?" "Liberty to do as I please." "Young man, is that liberty? Any man that does as he pleases, independent of physical, moral and divine law is a mean, miserable slave. There is not so pitiful a slave that crawls the face of this earth as a man that is a slave of evil habits and evil passions. Therefore, what is it to be free? To be capable of self government is to be free. To abandon every habit that you consider to be wrong is to be free. To fight against that which holds you in bondage is to be free. I tell you a man that overcomes an evil habit is a hero. I knew a man who said he would give up the use of tobacco. He choosed to chew. I don't suppose anybody chews here. He took his plug of tobacco out of his pocket and threw it away and said: "That is the end of my job." But it was the beginning. How he did want it! He chewed gentian and chewed chamomile flowers and chewed anything to keep his jaws going. Nothing satisfied him. He said the very tip of his tongue clamoured for the stimulant. He said: "I will go and get another. I will buy another plug and when I want it awfully, then I will take a little." And he did want it awfully, and took his knife and his piece of tobacco, and then he said he thought it was God's spirit striving

with him. He held it in his hand, and said: "I love you, and I want you. Are you my master, or am I yours? That is a question I am going to settle. You are a weed and I am a man. You are a fiend and I am a man. You black Devil, I will master you if I die for it. It never shall be said of me again: There is a man mastered by a thing. I want you, but I will just take care of you. I will fight you right through." He said it was over six months before he could get over the desire for that tobacco; but he fought it right through. That man is a hero. A hero has to battle against an enemy. Cocks can fight and dogs can fight; but a man to battle against himself, to conquer every evil desire and wicked passion in the sacred name of duty, that is to be noble and that is to be brave.

The Father's Pity.

BY MARGARET E. BANGSTER.

THROUGH woof of gloom and sorrow,
Through warp of pain and tears,
There flashes bright a silver thread
Amid the flying years.
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So, with compassion failing not,
God watches from above.

And sees our need and weakness,
And not in vengeful wrath
Sends down the dark calamity,
That blocks the tangled path.
But ever wise to guide us,
And always full of love,
A Father's tender pity seeks
To draw our thoughts above.

Sweet, when our hearts are heavy;
Clear, though our eyes are dim,—
The old, old word of blessed trust
Which lifts us up to Him.
O dear, when flesh is failing,
That breath of heavenly Dove,
Which whispers in the silent hour
Of God's paternal love.

Life hath its desert shadow,
Its interspace of tears;
And yet a sunburst often breaks,
And scatters swift our fears.
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So God, our Father, watcheth us
With pity from above.

Our feeble frame He knoweth,
Remembereth we are dust,
And evermore his face is kind,
His ways are ever just.
In evil and in blindness
Through darkened maze we rove,
But still our Father leads us home,
By strength of mighty love.

Advantages of a Book.

OF all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book,—supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have a book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him to a livelier and gayer and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if the book he has been reading be

anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical tedium of his every-day occupation,—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to. But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class, what a source of domestic joy is laid open! What a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it, all contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more,—it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect, that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

"Enter the sacred temple of his breast,
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest,—
Wander through all the glories of the mind,
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find."

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate source of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Herschel.*

A Plea for Girls.

AT an early age we present our pale girl with a needle. When we consider the position necessary to sewing, can we wonder that she grows paler? Let us base our social customs on the truth that for many years our children are mere animals. Do not saddle and bridle your colt too young, or you will ruin your horse. Then, too, our girls make their debut in society too early, often at the age of 16 entering upon a round of social gaieties. When we think what this young life must sustain, the delicacy of American women should cause no surprise. First, the girl must rally under a great physical change; second, she must stand well in school; third, she must assume some care of her own wardrobe; fourth, she must obey the behests of society. Compare this with the school-days of boys—study and play, nothing more. Even in the labouring classes, where some work devolves on boys, it is always of a healthful nature, chopping wood, making garden, or running of errands. So unequal are the requisitions made on the sexes outside of the school-room, that one or two conclusions is inevitable—either boys are shamefully lazy or girls are cruelly overworked. From 14 to 25 is the allotted age for study. You can swallow whole and digest a Greek verb at 15, but, even after the most complete mastication, it gives you a mental dyspepsia at 40. Hence the importance of concentrating into the years of impressible memory of all intellectual development that is compatible with the highest physical health. I plead for the heroic in study and play, and for the freedom of youth as long as possible. To the declaimers against ill-health our American girls would do well to say: We will take care of our higher education if you will let the needle and cook-stove take care of themselves.—*Elizabeth Cady Stanton.*