

deep in the squalor of the crowded tenements of the *Strada de Sette Dolore* in Naples—the street of the seven sorrows of the Virgin. It seemed to me to symbolize rather the sevenfold sorrows of poverty, ignorance, vice, and other miseries of the hapless people. Unlighted, unventilated, undrained, swarming like a hive of bees, small wonder that cholera and typhus here make their lair.

At Interlaken, last summer, within gunshot of one of the finest hotels in Europe, I climbed up a rickety outside stair to the living-room of a Swiss family. As is the fashion of the country, part of the house was used as a stable, the manure heap near the door announcing itself to more than one of the senses. The ceiling was grimy and shiny with smoke from a stone hearth, at which a bedraggled woman was cooking a wretched meal for some unkempt children and a sodden-looking man. What good to them that overhanging that lovely valley rose in midheavens the immortal beauty of the Jungfrau—the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland—a shrine which attracted pilgrims from the ends of the earth. Indeed, the conditions of existence are so austere that the tillers of the soil—where there is any soil to till—have little time, and apparently less taste, to enjoy their magnificent environment. The principal crop of the country is, of course, the tourist crop, which yields about seven million dollars a year. The next is grass and hay for their extensive dairies. I don't know how Canadian farmers would like to be swung down by ropes to otherwise inaccessible cliffs to cut a few armfuls of grass. I have seen scores of women carrying great loads of hay on their heads up mountain paths so steep that I found it difficult to make my way with the help of an alpenstock. Near Leukerbad is a small village on a precipitous slope, the only access to which from the valley is by a series of ladders fastened to the cliff. Up and down these ladders men and women toil with great loads upon their backs, where most of us would be too dizzy to climb at all.

Small wonder that lovely woman loses her loveliness through such rugged toil. The fair sex is too often represented only by blowzy, frowsy, sturdy women and girls, whose chief charm is their invariable good-nature and desire to please. Even little lads and lasses climb the steep mountain paths with burdens all too heavy for their tender years, but always with the cheerful salutation, "*Gut' morgen, Herr, Gut' abend, Herr,*" and with a keen expectation of small coins. On the chief routes of travel the whining little urchins running beside one's carriage are the burden of one's life. If one gives them a few *sous* he feels that