

whom it commemorates, but of the liberality and missionary zeal of English Methodism. My young *cicerone* returned with me to my hotel, and we sat long in the glorious moonlight, listening to the music in the public square, and conversing on the religious condition of the country. There was much rationalism in the Established Church, he said, which was the mere creature of the State. I witnessed a confirmation of the latter statement next day, as I saw a police office established in a church.

The old cathedral, built 1235-75, is in the massive early Gothic style. It is on a hill, reached from the market-place—where quaintly-dressed market-women sold us delicious fruit—by a queer covered stairway of one hundred and sixty steps. The picturesque old stone saints, with their arms and noses knocked off by the image-breaking Reformers, looked quite pathetic. One of them, St. Denis, carried his head in his hand, as if for safety, and the sculpture was stiff, archaic, and grotesque. It is quite common to see figures of angels playing on violins, and I saw one firing an arquebuse. The mail-clad knights, lying in their tombs, keep, age after age, their lonely vigils in their shadowy shrines. The old stalls are wonderfully carved. The Lady Chapel of the old Roman Catholic times was fitted up as a Sunday-school for the children, with low seats and a queer little pulpit and organ. The church now looks bare and cold; the high altar is removed, but deep grooves worn in the stone floor show where generations of worshippers piously knelt at this famous shrine.

The bishop's castle of the thirteenth century is more like a feudal baron's donjon than an episcopal residence. Those stern old bishops belonged to the Church militant, certainly. A low-browed arch guarded by a portcullis, admits to a thick-walled barbican or broad squat tower with corner turrets. Loop-holes for cross-bows and arquebuses give it a more military appearance. The old bishop evidently meant to hold his own against all comers. It is now used as a council hall, and is as quaint within as without. Yet, in this mediæval-looking old town, where almost everything and everybody seemed at least five hundred years old, I saw oxen dragging rude carts up the steep streets—just as one might see in the newest and rawest backwoods village in Canada.

From Lausanne to Freiburg is a delightful ride of forty miles, through a fertile, undulating country, with fine mountain views, and picturesque towns and villages, with ancient walls, watch-towers and castles.

As we leave the town the road railway climbs higher and higher along the flank of the mountain, till it commands a magnificent outlook, over almost the whole of the lake, lying far