

Authorized Publications of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00	Per year, postage free.
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 75	
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 05	
6 copies and upwards.....	0 30	
Sunday School Guardian, 8 pp., 8vo., semi-monthly, when less than 20 copies.....	0 27	
20 to 40 copies.....	0 25	
40 copies and upwards.....	5 50	
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	0 15	
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—for little folks, when less than 25 copies.....	0 12	
25 copies and upwards.....		

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
90 King Street East, Toronto.

The Sunday School Guardian

Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—With the close of the present volume of the **SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN** it will be published in an enlarged form, of a greatly improved character. It will be specially adapted to the maturer tastes of older scholars. For the younger scholars an entirely new paper will be prepared, suited to their age and tastes. It will be called **THE SUNBEAM**, and it is hoped will be as bright and cheerful as its name implies. We trust our friends will wait till they see our specimen numbers before ordering their papers for next year. We appeal to their Connexional loyalty and Canadian patriotism to support the effort of their own Church to prepare a paper that shall be every way worthy of their patronage. Specimens will be prepared and submitted for approval as soon as possible.

OVER THE ALPS.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

At the summit of the St. Gothard pass is a hospice, or free lodging-house for poor travellers, kept by some monks. I examined the rooms, which were rather bare and comfortless. Out of doors it was very bleak and cold. I was very glad to start again on the road down the mountain to Switzerland. My! how we did rattle down the long smooth road and swing around the corners! the guard and driver screwing the brakes on the wheels as tight as they could! I was afraid sometimes the coach would go over the low wall at the road side into the deep valley below. But by the care of a kind Providence, we were preserved from harm and arrived safely at the queer little Swiss 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. Yet here amid these sublimities of nature was fought a terrible battle between the Austrians and French 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. It is only when we stand upon the scene of some great battle and try to imagine its realities that all the horrors of war are brought home to our minds.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

I returned about nine o'clock to the quaint old Swiss hotel, the "Drei Konige"—that is the "Three Kings" or Magi who came to visit the infant Christ, a very common sign in Europe,—and got a good dinner after a hard day's work. I was shown up the winding stair to my room, in which was an old-fashioned high bedstead with a feather bed on top by way of comforter. And very glad I was to crawl under it for the air was very cold.

The morning broke bright and clear. From the quaint little windows of the hotel, while my breakfast was preparing, I looked out upon a rapid stream rushing swiftly below, and down the village street. The houses had all broad overhanging roofs, with carved gables and timbers, and had altogether a very comfortable and hospitable look. The fragrant coffee, home-made bread, Swiss honey and mountain mutton were delicious to an appetite sharpened by travel and the mountain air.

The ride from Andermatt to Fluelen, on Lake Lucerne, was, I think, the finest I ever had in my life. The snow-clad mountains, the dark green forests, the deep vallies, the foaming torrents and waterfalls, the bright sunshine, made up a picture of sublimity and beauty, which I thank God for permitting me to behold. On our way we passed through the little village of Altdorf where William Tell is said to have shot the apple of his son's head. Critics try to make us believe that this never happened, because a similar story is told in the Hindoo mythology. But I am not going to give up my faith in Tell. I was shown the house in which he was born, his statue, with his crossbow in his hand, erected on the very spot where he is said to have fired the arrow. A hundred and fifty paces distant is a fountain on the place where his son is said to have stood with the apple on his head. After all this, how could I help believing the grand old story?