

flannel. They are only to be found in the most out-of-the-way places, hidden under rocks and in corners, guarding themselves from the keen winds. Many a dangerous expedition is made to find them. It is considered a great achievement to pluck them yourself, and serious accidents have happened in the attempt; I care not for the glory, so I buy them; they don't cost much, and it is safer! For a few centimes I can possess myself of a good bunch, and return home whole. I come here for health, and not to leave behind me a leg or an arm, or may be my whole body; I can do that at home!

There is an excellent Swiss doctor resident at Pontresina; he is not only clever but a favourite with everyone. You meet him in the morning going his rounds, always with a pleasant smile upon his face, and a joke ever ready. "Why, you look too well, you are not a friend to me; not even a broken leg to offer me!" The change from our own climate is so great that all visitors should be cautious in protecting their throats as evening draws in. Many have imprudently walked about the garden unprotected in this way, and the consequence has been a feverish sore throat. But this is soon put right, and after benefiting by the experience, it does not occur again. The hotels are most comfortable. We always stay at the Roseg, where it is like home, and everything is done to make our visit as agreeable as possible. The coffee and chocolate are delicious, and the *cream*—well, you must come and taste it! All the people in the place seem happy, and somehow or other it appears to me that there is an absence of illnature and unkindness. I wonder if it is because we are so much nearer the skies.

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#### THE ANVIL OF GOD'S WORD.

ONE day I paused beside a blacksmith's door,  
 And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;  
 Then looking in, I saw upon the floor  
 Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,  
 "To wear and batter all these hammers so?"  
 "Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,  
 "The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word  
 For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;  
 Yet, though the noise of infidels was heard,  
 The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone!