

nating all the other snowy heights, the Monte Rosa group is seen rising before us. The splendour of its snowy mantle dazzles our eyes, and seems to impart its own radiance to all the lower peaks that surround it."

Returning to Lake Maggiore, a charming sail, with magnificent views of the snow-clad Alps, brought us in the evening to Isola Bella—"the beautiful island." In the seventeenth century, a famous Count Borromeo converted this barren crag into a garden of delight. It rises in ten terraces a hundred feet above the lake; and is stocked with luxuriant orange and lemon trees, cypresses, laurels, magnolias, magnificent oleanders, and fragrant camphor trees. Fountains, grottoes, and statuary adorn this lovely spot. We found the château and gardens closed; but by dint of perseverance we effected an entrance, and, by a judicious fee, obtained permission to explore the beauties of the scene. Near by is the many-turreted château of Baveno, where Queen Victoria was an honoured guest when she visited Italy.

In the after-glow of a golden sunset, we were rowed by a pirate-looking boatman to Stresa. On a lofty hill near the lake, overlooking the country which he loved so well, is a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, one hundred and twelve feet high, his hands stretched out in perpetual benediction upon its hamlets and villages.

Traversing the entire length of Lake Maggiore, between towering mountains on either side, we took the train for Biasca, then the terminus of the railway. The scenery was a blending of Alpine grandeur, with soft Italian beauty. From the dining-table of the hotel at Biasca, I looked up and up to a cliff towering hundreds of feet above my head, making at night a deeper blackness in the air, from which leaped with a single bound a snowy water-



ABOVE SAN NICOLAO.