

We leave the valley, and by a steep, bushy ascent soon reach the *lower region*. Here, we do not see many trees; but beautiful vineyards and quaint little cottages, called by the Swiss *châlets*, are scattered along the gently-undulating declivity which, in some places, is crossed by roads connecting two valleys.

Trudging up, up, up, we find the slope begins to grow steep, and that we are not very directly approaching the *wooded region*, for these extensive Alpine forests do not wholly engirdle a mountain. So we must make a *detour* which will lead us to the back of the mountain, where we shall enter a big forest which climbs half way up the slope. Traversing the length of the wooded region, which is about one-third of the width of the mountain, we emerge into the open air, where a magnificent prospect awaits us. We are now pretty far up, and we can see somewhat of the beauty and grandeur of the Alps. We look upon huge towering rocks half-covered with lichens and mosses; we see vast torrents pouring with great noise down the glaciers; here are lovely cascades and waterfalls; there are frightful ravines, strewn with the fragments of fallen rocks; and everywhere and all around is an upheaving sea of giant mountains, whose dazzling crests glitter with a strange brightness in the sunshine. At the same time, looking down into the valleys, we behold rich vineyards, green fields, apple orchards gay with pink-white blossoms, cosy villages with gardens, and picturesque *châlets*.

Now we are in the *pasture region*. This is the "garden spot" of an Alpine mountain. Upon these fine pastures browse flocks and herds of sheep, cattle, and goats; and if we hunt for them, we shall find no end of beautiful flowers. Lovely rhododendrons, or Alpine roses, grow in profusion; saxifrages, purple and white, spring from the clefts of the rocks; gay euphrasias and rich blue gentians peep out at us from the vivid green.

As we turn a sudden angle in the path, we come upon a homely hut, before which is clustered a group of bareheaded and barefooted children. Many a herdsman, with his family, resides in the pasture region during the summer months, in order that his sheep or goats, pigs or cows, may have the grand chance to grow fat upon the mountain grass, which is very nourishing, and although it is quite short, is most deliciously sweet. These mountain herdsmen are rather given to perching their huts on the edge of a precipice, and seem to choose, when they can, a rocky