

dangerous place, where the slightest misunderstanding between you and the mule results in a tumble, which might or might not be serious; so there you must sit mounted on the back of this thing waiting patiently until he feels inclined to go on.

In about two hours we reached the Diavolezza Lake, with small and picturesque floating icebergs. On again, on foot this time, having discharged our tiresome friend, till we reach, after pulls and tugs and gasps, the snow-field; in another half-hour or so we arrive, after a long and tedious up-hill drag, pulled along by our guides. I began to wish that I had never started, but when we reached the "saddle" we were speechless with wonder; there we looked down upon a sight which I shall never forget. A gigantic basin filled with enormous masses of weirdly-shaped ice, and fringed with snow-peaks that seemed to almost touch the deep blue sky. Here, with this vast ice-sea below us, we halt to eat our lunch, and our enjoyment of it, with "the appetite of a wolf," must be imagined. After a good rest, we prepare to descend towards the sea of ice, and it is terribly fatiguing and trying. But it was a wonderful experience, and one which any woman who has powers of endurance can attempt. The walking parts took seven hours, and the excursion lasted nine. This experience is quite enough to give a woman a graphic notion of the ice-world; although it is of course as nothing compared with the climbs which big mountaineers take, and which I maintain ought never to be attempted by any but a very strong woman. High expeditions require not only a strong body but a strong head.

There is an abundance of lovely walking to be had, and good ascents which a woman can make with perfect safety and enjoyment. After the heaviest rains the roads dry in an hour or two. At the beginning of September sometimes bad weather sets in, and people make a great rush to get away, and the place becomes deserted; then the sun bursts out again, and there is a long spell of most exquisite weather. June and July bring forth the most perfect flowers. Wild pinks grow here in abundance, and the perfume from them is delightful. The gentian is a lovely deep blue, and the Marguerite daisies larger here than I have ever seen them elsewhere; but flowers are everywhere, and the grasses are extraordinary in their variety. Then there is the pale and modest edelweiss, the last flower that grows on the mountain-tops. It seems strange that anything should bloom so high, near and amongst the snow where the cold is so intense; but kindly Nature has provided them with a coat of