

THE TRACK AND THE TRAIN.

left is the point of view called Bollavista, which well deserves its name.

"The rugged rocks fall off almost perpendicularly towards Milan; at their feet lies the deep-blue lake. The trees now disappear. The zone of forests lies below us and we have reached the region of Alpine pastures, with their luxuriant herbs and brightly - coloured flowers. The engine makes a last strenuous effort as it climbs the steep slope leading to the terminus just below the summit.

"From the station we can reach the summit of the mountain in about ten minutes, and

here a grand prospect opens. At the foot of the fearful precipices bounding Monte Generoso lies the beautiful lake of Lugano, its different arms embedded between the projecting ridges and pro-Then the Alps with their snowy summits and peaks montories. rising in unsurpassed grandeur above the lower grassy heights; and lastly, our gaze is attracte ' by the wide expanse stretching away to the south, the plain of Lombardy-the garden of Europe.

"The large whitish patch, standing out plainly from the grayish-green of the plain, is the city of Milan, and still farther to the right is Pavia; on the left Lodi, Cremona, and Piacenza. Beyond the broad valley of the Po, which is studded by hundreds of towns and villages, the long chain of the Apennines is seen on the southern horizon. Towards the south-east the prosp. It is open and uninterrupted, the plain stretching as far as the Adriatic. Northwards this magnificent landscape is bounded by the splendid ramparts of the distant Alps. Of overpowering grandeur, domi-