

kneel. On the wall, near the door, are suspended scores of expressions of thanks for prayers answered and favours received. Such as, "To God and His mother, the holy Mary, we give thanks for the restoration of a sick cow;" and many others of a similar character. In front of the building is a fountain, with seven spouts, out of one of which it is said the Saviour drank, but which one it is, no one knows, as each pilgrim drinks from all, to be sure of drinking from the one the Saviour used. The great business of the place consists in the sale of rosaries and other religious paraphernalia.

We now post back to Zurich, and take the train for Coire. We pass along the picturesque lake, then through the valley connecting it with the smaller but grander lake of Wailenstadt. Through the picturesque valley of Ragatz we reach Chur, or Coire. Here we find the Rhine again. A little further up it divides into two branches—one may be traced to the glaciers of St. Gothard's Pass, and the other to the Splugen. The latter one we will follow.

But my companions and I ran off into the country first, and came to Thusis, on the river, some distance further up. At the mouth of this valley is the little hamlet of Zillis, with its quaint old mill and broad-eaved houses, shown in our frontispiece. We chose the round-about way, because more romantic and less frequented. The road led up the mountain side, and we enjoyed a constantly-varying view of city and valley. We scorn a guide, and attempt to find the way ourselves. The route was of surpassing grandeur; unseen rivers rolled far below our feet; mountains towered aloft on the other side of the valley, their snowy peaks now turned to carnation in the evening sun.

But evening came on apace, and we were not where we expected to be. The way becomes almost pathless; we have lost ourselves. Well it was for us then that the friendly moon shone through the flitting clouds, for often the way was but a foot or two wide, with rocky, jagged precipices running down on the one hand to unknown depths, and on the other hand stood the limestone wall, towering far above our heads. At last, late in the night, weary and footsore, we found the place of our destination, thankful to a good Providence that our day's adventure had ended so well.

Thusis lies on the Rhine, at the mouth of one of its tributaries,