

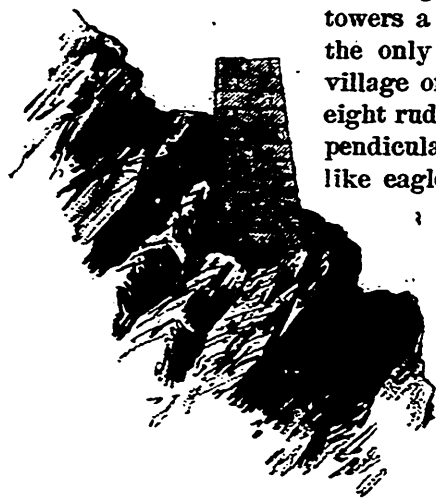
and fury of the waters, the sublimity of the impression is greatly heightened by the obscurity; and then looking upward along the forest of dark verdure that clothes the overhanging mountain, how still, how beautiful in the moonlight are those rising terraces of trees! They seem as if they, too, had an intelligent spirit, and were watching the night and enjoying its beauty."

The eight miles' walk down the wild valley of the Dala to the Rhone, which we took in broad daylight, was one of the grandest of our life. At the bottom of a gorge, 900 feet deep, raves the

brawling torrent. Above the pathway towers a cliff one thousand feet high, the only way to climb which to the village of Albignon is by a series of eight rude ladders attached to the perpendicular rock. The villages looked like eagles' nests hanging on the steep

slopes. The mountaineers never hesitate to make use of these ladders, even in the dark and when carrying heavy burdens — bringing provisions to the Baths; but novices will do well to exercise considerable caution. The ever-varying views were so entrancing that we scarce could tear ourselves away. As a consequence we

had to hurry down a rough short cut, like the dry bed of a torrent, to catch the railway train at Leuk. Never, we think, was the transition from foot-sore, weary pedestrianism, to the rapid travel of an express train, more grateful than to the demoralized individual who, that lovely summer evening, was whirled down the Rhone Valley to Martigny. In the valley are several picturesque old castles of the robber knights and fighting bishops of the middle ages; and some, indeed, date from Roman times.



AVALANCHE WALL ON THE
TORRENTHORN.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :

'The moon is hid ; the night is still ;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist.

—Tennyson.