

battlements of the everlasting hills. The darkness and the battle continue, perhaps, half an hour, and then the ranks of cloudy warriors break, the brightness returns from above, and the valley laughs in fresher beauty.

“ God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

To us, in the very home of the storm, the scene is indescribably grand, but to the poor villagers below, 'tis a time of sadness. They hear the fearful battle above and know that an enemy is near them, but know not where he will strike. They are out in the streets, crying and wringing their hands, for they know not how soon their all may be destroyed. Above the torrents fall, the gurgling streams gather as they descend the steep mountain side, sweeping down walls and vineyards in their course, filling up the streets and the lower stories of the houses, and frequently leaving corpses in their track.

We are sheltered, however, in the strong cabin of a mountaineer, which is specially arranged to provide against such tempests. The roofs are a foot thick or more, on these are then laid great beams of wood, and on these again pieces of rock, so as to enable them to hold their own against the storms.

The cabins are built wholly of wood, and are as dry as cinders, and in case of a fire would burn like tinder, so that a nightly patrol is necessary to give alarm at the first appearance of fire. This, however, is the case in all mountain villages, whether Alpine, or Appennine, or Carpathian. Just imagine yourself in a neat little village, in the Hartz mountains, North Germany. After a weary tramp, you have just settled down in the invariable feathers for a comfortable sleep, when under the window you hear the heavy tread of the watchman on his nightly round, then the ding-dong of his bell, after which his stentorian voice rings out into the clear air of night :—

Horet Ihr Herrn und laffet euch sagen,
Das die Glocke hat zehn geschlagen ;
Bewahret Feuer und auch das Licht,
Das da durch Alin Schaden geschieht.
Obet alle Gott den Herrn !