

two hours and a half at least. That mountain atmosphere is very deceptive as to distances.

Turning to the south, you have first a succession of deep valleys and rugged, though verdant heights; and, then, beyond, loftier and yet loftier peaks, more and more bare and rugged; until at last the eye rises and rests satisfied upon the stupendous snowy range which closes in the view, from Sentis, on the east, round by Glärnisch, and Tödi, Schneehorn, and Titlis, and Mönch, and Eiger, and the glittering Jungfrau, to grim and shattered Pilatus right across the lake of the Four Forest Cantons. Over all that majestic range, how rich and gorgeous the play of colour, the alternation of light and shade, the sweep of the clouds, now



LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS.

concealing the mountains and disappointing the expectant eye, and now revealing the full glory to the patient watcher.

Half-past four is an early hour in the morning! But when the blast of the great Swiss horn is heard, summoning the guests at the hotel to view the sunrise, out troop whole crowds of half-dressed people rushing to the best points of view. Poets may attempt the description of an Alpine sunrise, but not I. Those deep, dark shadows, the faint gleams of light in the east, the gradual flush upon one white summit after another, the sudden bursting of the sun upon the view! While innumerable peaks now glow in the brilliant light, away over the lake of Lucerne and up the side of Pilatus rests the purple, cone-shaped shadow of the Rigi. Down thousands of feet below, great rolling, fleecy