

her loved her. The children of the village stood round her grave with garlands and bunches of Engadine flowers, gathered and formed by loving hands, and sang the hymns and chants which she herself had taught them.

There is a beautiful walk through the woods to St. Moritz, and a sweet shady path to the left, where there is a rustic bench bearing the words "Marie Bancroft's seat." It was placed there by the people of Pontresina in recognition of services I rendered. There is a pretty old bridge, of which you read in Rhoda Broughton's book, "Good-bye, Sweetheart," which affords much pleasure to sketchers. At the end of your walk through the pine-woods to St. Moritz you see the soft lake of emerald-green spreading out between the trees and sloping meadows. Turn where you will, the giant snow-tipped mountains tower above you, looking down upon us poor creatures with silent pity—for what pigmies we are in their presence! We must look up at them with respect, they are so dignified and independent. There is a lovely excursion for ladies to the Val del Fain (Valley of Hay). It has an abundance of the most exquisite flowers. Ladies take their lunch with them, and return home laden with lovely blossoms. I could fill reams of paper in telling of all the grandeur and beauty of this valley, but I must limit myself to a mere glance; and now as I write the day is fading away, and the groups of Italian hay-makers who are studded about, relieving the bright green grass by their picturesque costumes, are preparing to return to their homes; but the early morning will see them again at work, singing and laughing as if toil were pleasure. The inhabitants of the Engadine are a thrifty and industrious people; they are comfortably off, and there is not a beggar amongst them. You will now and again meet with one, but he comes from the Italian side, and you are requested not to encourage him and he will soon disappear.

The Diavolezza tour is an expedition which is long and hard, but many ladies accomplish it. I did it once, but I don't think I could go through it again. Before I went I could not form a notion of the wonders of the ice-world, and so I am glad that I have done it. We started at a quarter to six in the morning, and went by carriage to the foot of the mountain on the Bernina side, where some of us mounted mules, and others walked. I prefer walking, as a mule to me is an anxiety in many ways. He likes to stop now and then to nibble grass, and always on a