

Jerusalem. "Earth hath not aught to show more fair." Long after the evening shadows fill the valleys, the light lingers lovingly upon the rosy summits, as the parting day gives them her good-night kiss. Their strange spiritual loveliness speaks to the soul, like the voice of the angel to the seer of Patmos, saying, "Worship God." It is seldom that this panorama is seen to perfection. I caught only one view of it years ago.



BERNESE COSTUME.

We left Berne, for Thun and Interlaken, in a dreary rain, but we made a merry party, and were like Mark Tapley, as jolly as possible under the circumstances. In an hour we went on board the steamer on the beautiful lake of Thun. Through the swirling mist wreaths we caught glimpses of the conical Stockhorn and the pyramidal Niessen, and of the glittering snowfields of the Blumlisalp, and had the pleasing consciousness that if the envious