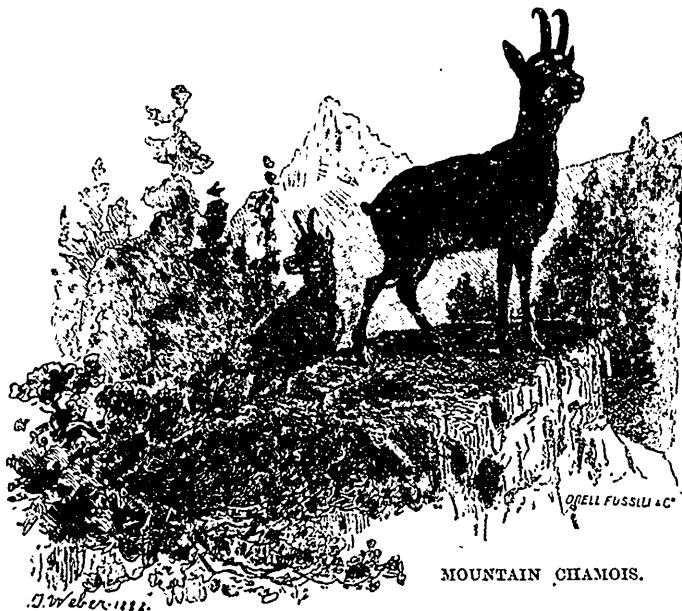


There it gleamed against the deep blue sky, like—so it seems to mortal thought—the great white throne of God in the heavens. The winding path, the deep ravine, the balm-breathing pines, the brilliant sun-lighted foliage, the fragrant mountain flowers—violets, harebells, anemones, and les clochettes, or fairy-bells, and little blue forget-me-nots—that swing their sweet censers in the perfumed air—it was like the Delectable Mountains in Bunyan's vision;

"O Sovran Blanc,
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Riseest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently.

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's
brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty
Voice,
And stopped at once, amid the maddest
plunge.

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of
heaven?
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?



MOUNTAIN CHAMOIS.

and the broad grassy valley of Chamounix gleamed in the distance like the asphodel meadows of the land which the pilgrims saw afar off. I descended the mountain, entered a huge ice-cave, and got well sprinkled with the falling water. From a vast arch of ice in the glacier leaps forth the river Arveiron in a strong and turbid stream, soon to join the rapid Arve. As we sat gazing on the sight, Coleridge's sublime hymn to Mont Blanc came irresistibly to the mind:

Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-
piercing peaks,
All night long visited by troops of stars,
Or while they climb the sky or when they
sink;
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to
heaven—
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

The sublimest aspect of Mont Blanc, I think, is when illumined with the golden glow of sunset. It seems converted into a transparent chrysophrase, burning