

Zermatt Breithorn, which (as the reader may remind himself by looking back to Chapter III) I had climbed on September 9, 1872. Then I was a schoolboy. Now I was accompanied by my daughter. It was to be her first mountain-climb, as it had been mine. She was, within the compass of a Lent, the same age that I had been. We slept at the Théodule Hut, and the weather was propitious, but I found the final slope a much more toilsome affair than twenty-nine years before. The view embraced all my hoary-headed friends. Scarcely a peak of any importance was in sight on whose summit I had not stood. I saluted them for the last time, but not regretfully. They had given me health, joy, beauty, friends, and rich memories. Those I was not going to leave behind. They are still mine and infinitely precious.