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AN ANCIENT WATERING-PLACE.

THE BATHS OF LEUK.

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To reach these famous baths, which have been memorable for their cures from the time of the Romans, one crosses the Gemmi Pass—one of the most romantic in Europe. Proceeding from Spiez, on Lake Thun, the route leads through a rich pastoral valley, studded with picturesque villages, and thriving farmsteads, and quaint chalets. But for the dress of the peasantry, and the peculiar style of architecture everywhere adopted, many parts of the valley of Frutigen might lead the traveller to forget that he was in Switzerland and to fancy himself in one of the most fertile and best farmed counties of England.

As Kandersteg is approached the ascent becomes more rapid, and the scenery assumes an Alpine character. The little hamlet lies amid a magnificent mountain panorama. We took a lonely evening walk up a gorge of wildest desolation. The overhanging crags, swept by the trailing fringes of the clouds, seemed as if they would inevitably topple down and crush the rash mortal who had dared to invade their solitary domain. A more intense sense of isolation and of brooding solitude we never felt. It seemed like some lone valley of the primeval world, before the creation of man.

In the hotel parlour on Sunday we had a thoroughly High Church service. Two clergymen in full canonicals—gown, surplice, and hood—officiated. A table draped in white, at the east end of the room, served as an altar. On it were two candles—not lighted, however. The service was intoned throughout—Creed, Lord's Prayer, and all. The congregation consisted of four ladies and one gentleman beside the writer. Nevertheless the simple beauty of the prayers, which have voiced the aspirations of suc-