

The Cervin, the highest in Europe, at one point is more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea—a dizzy height.\*

The Swiss peasant is fondly attached to the giant mountains of his native country. He delights in rambling through their wild solitudes, and his sturdy heart swells with patriotic pride when he rests his alpenstock on the summit of one of their mighty glaciers.

Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, sings of him :

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes,

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At night, returning, every labour sped,  
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed.

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Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storm,  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more.

## COMFORT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet  
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so  
Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet—  
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go  
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,  
To lose the sense of losing ! As a child  
Whose song-bird seeks the woods for evermore,  
Is sung to instead by mother's mouth ;  
Till sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

\* The first three engravings of this article are taken from that prince of young people's Magazines *Wide Awake*, whose announcement is made in our advertising pages.