

The organ performance I liked much better than that which I heard on the great instrument of Freiburg, or, indeed, than any other I heard in Europe. A master-hand was at the keys, and played with exquisite feeling and expression. First, clear flute-like notes came stealing on the ear, like the chanting of a far-off choir. Then came a burst of sound that shook the solid walls, dying away in the distance in deep tones of human tenderness, then swelling into an exultant paean of triumph. Then came a pause of silence and another tempest of music, out of which warbled, like a human voice, a sweet air. It was like a dove gliding out of a thunder-storm. Then soft echoes answered, faint and far. Slow and solemn movements followed—stately marches, and infinite *cavalcades* of sound. A lighter air was taken up and expanded, unfolded and glorified, the organ rolling in thunder, but the sweet air singing on like a bird through it all. The closing performance was a famous storm-piece. The sighing of the wind and the moaning of the pines grew louder and louder, then in a lull was heard the prayer of the peasants, which was soon drowned in the burst of rain and hail, and the crash of the loud-rolling thunder shaking the very ground. Then the storm died away, and a sweet hymn of thanksgiving, like the singing of a choir of angels, stole upon the ear. The twilight deepened into gloom, the vaulted arches receded into darkness, the tapers twinkled upon the altar, the figure of the dead Christ on the cross gleamed spectral through the shadows, and a group of tourists from many lands sat entranced and touched to deep emotion by the spell of that wondrous music.

The walk through the cloisters surrounding the Freidhof, or Court of Peace, with its touching monuments, and storied tombs, and the glorious glimpses of the sunset light on the snow-capped mountains was impressive in the highest degree.

We had a glorious day for the sail on the Lake of Lucerne and the ascent of the Rigi. The lake is most irregular in shape—great mountains jutting out and deep bays receding into deeper ravines. In these bays are many charming villages, embowered amid orchards, each with its red-roofed church and elegant hotels and villas. Three quarters of a million of tourists visit these romantic waters every year. It is amusing to study, on the deck of the little steamer, the natural history of this ubiquitous class—the *blasé*, the cynical, the sentimental, the gushing—the latter chiefly very young ladies—and the other varieties of the tribe of whom one of our cuts presents a usual assortment. It is a rare delight to glide over these storied waters, and along those picturesque shores. On leaving Lucerne we get a magnificent view of