

diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, as the vari-coloured light—now white, now green, now purple, now crimson—played on the snowy cascade with a wondrous beauty that words cannot describe. The effect was magical. The hotel people did not forget to put an item in the bill for the illumination, but it was well worth it.

Here began my Alpine tramp; and this, let me say, is the only way to see Switzerland properly—on foot. Behold me, then, starting out with knapsack on my back and long alpenstock in hand, just like the pictures of Bunyan's pilgrim faring forth on his eventful journey. For awhile all went well. But soon the knapsack grew intolerably heavy, and the sun very hot, and I was glad to engage a guide to carry my pack over the mountains to Grindelwald. (This is a method I would strongly recommend. It leaves one free to enjoy the scenery, instead of toiling like a pack-horse.) A faithful, obliging, intelligent fellow my guide proved. Our conversation was rather limited, for he could not speak a word of English, and I very little German. But I made the most of that little, and it is surprising how far a very little will go when one has no other medium of intercourse.

The path winds through flowery upland meadows and beneath balm-breathing pines, enlivened by chalets and herds. In the bright sunlight the whole region seems transfigured and glorified. All day the lofty peaks of the Oberland form the sublime background of the view—the Engelhorn, Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, the Silberhorn, and grandest of all, the Jungfrau. These mountain names are often very suggestive, as the Angel's Peak; peaks of Tempest, of Darkness, and of Terror; the Silver Peak, the Monk and the Virgin.

The snow peaks pierce wedge-like the deep blue sky, cloud pennons streaming from their summit. Up, up, the vision climbs, along sheer precipices of thousands of feet, so steep that not even the snow can find a resting-place. At many of the grandest points of view the traveller is way-laid by sturdy mountaineers blowing their Alpine horns, at whose challenge the mountain echoes shout back their loud defiance. The Alp horn is a huge affair, from six to eight feet long, of either wood or metal. Upon it quite a musical air can be produced by a skilful player. The echoes are often exquisitely sweet, growing fainter and farther and dying away in the lone mountain solitudes. They made me think of Tennyson's Bugle Song:

"O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfin faintly blowing!
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying,
dying."

I gave a fellow half a franc to fire off his rusty cannon, and presently the mountain walls returned the cannonade, the echoes rolling and crashing in deep reverberations through the valley, like heaven's loud artillery. The traveller is beset by sturdy beggars, who pester him for alms. One rough-looking fellow dropped his alms as I came up and held out his hat with a whine. I demanded if he owned the mountain, and held out my hat asking alms for a foot-worn pilgrim, when the

fellow rather sheepishly went back to his work.

The descent into the Grindelwald is very abrupt and fatiguing. I diverged from the path to visit the celebrated glacier. An artificial grotto has been hewn a hundred feet into the heart of the glacier. The ice roof rises a hundred feet thick above our head, of an exquisite crystalline texture, through which a faint light of a weird unearthly azure hue penetrates into the grotto. I paced my ear to the solid wall of ice and listened to the musical tinkling sound of the water trickling through its veins. The somewhat hilarious mirth of a gay tourist party caused a deep gurgling sound of laughter to run through the mass. One of the party fired off a pistol in the grotto, producing an extraordinary crashing noise.

Fair English girls were sketching by the roadside as I entered the village in the warm glow of sunset. Long after the twilight filled the valley, the snowpeaks burned with golden light, which deepened to a rosy glow, and then gleamed spectral white, like giant ghosts in the cold moonlight. My guide liked his service so well that he asked permission to accompany me the following day. To this I heartily agreed, and he went to sleep in a hay-loft, and I to the comfortable repose of the quaint old Hotel du Grand Eiger. The midday luncheon of sweet mountain milk and home-made bread had been delicious; but that did not lessen the appreciation of a substantial dinner after a hard day's work.

The next day, July 24th, was one of the greatest fatigue and greatest enjoyment of my life. I started early for a long hard climb to the summit of Mount Männlichen, 7,700 feet high. The mountains threw vast shadows over the valley, but out of these I soon climbed into the sunshine, which was very hot, although the shade was very cold. Soon I felt a difficulty in breathing the keen and rarified mountain air. The effort to loosen some stones to roll down the mountain side, where they went bounding from ledge to ledge, quickened painfully the action of the heart and lungs. I felt also an intense thirst, which I tried to allay by copious draughts at the frequent ice-cold springs, and by eating snow gathered from the snow-fields over which I passed.

But the sublimity of the view more than compensates for all the fatigue. There rises in mid-heaven the shining Silberhorn with its sharp-cut outline, like the wind-chiseled curves of a huge snow-drift. The Finster-Aarhorn towers 13,230 feet in air, bearing upon his mighty flanks the accumulated snow of myriads of years—suggesting thoughts of the great white throne of God in the heavens. But the sublime beauty of the Jungfrau—the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland—is a revelation to the soul. In her immortal loveliness and inviolable purity she is like the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven—adorned as a bride for her husband.

As I reached at length the crest of the Männlichen, there burst upon my sight a view unequalled elsewhere in Europe. There lay, half in deep shadow and half in bright sunlight, the narrow valley of the Lauterbrunnen, 5,000 feet deep, so near that it seemed as if I could leap down into it. On its opposite side could be

traced, like a silver thread, the snowy torrent of the Staubbach. The birds were flying, and light clouds drifting, far beneath my feet, and from that height of over 7,000 feet I looked up 6,000 more, to the snow-crowled Monk and silver-veiled Virgin, whose mighty sweep from base to summit was clearly seen across the narrow valley. Suddenly across the deep, wide stillness

There comes an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on.

It swells into a prolonged roll like thunder, and dies slowly away. It is the fearful avalanche. Its whole course can readily be traced. It looks like a vast cataract, pouring for thousands of feet down the mountain side, leaping from ledge to ledge, and then swallowed up in the abyss beneath. The heat of the afternoon sun loosened several snow masses, weighing, I suppose, many tons, which swept, like a solid Niagara, into the depths. This sublime phenomenon is well described by Byron in his "Manfred," whose scene is laid on this very spot.

The descent into the valley was very steep, and almost more fatiguing than the climb up. The grassy slopes of the Wengern Alp were covered by hundreds of cows and goats, each with a large bell attached, and each bell seemed to possess a different note. Instead of the discord that might have been expected, the strange musical tinkling, at a little distance, was far from displeasing. More cannon firing and Alp horns followed. On the latter are played the simple Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, or cattle call, which, when played in foreign lands, awakens such intense home longings in the exiles from these Alpine valleys.

From a balcony, hanging like an eagle's eyrie 2,000 feet above Lauterbrunnen, watched over evermore by the snowy Jungfrau—and lovelier "Happy Valley" even Rasselas never beheld—a delightful bird's-eye view is obtained. Many of the Swiss have a very peculiar way of speaking French,—with a strange, expostulatory, almost whining accent. The keeper of this eyrie inquired very solicitously about *madame*, my wife, and *les enfants*, my children, and hoped that I would bring them to see his beautiful country, which I assured him I should very much like to do. I exceedingly admire the kindly, home-like ways of the Swiss peasantry. I found them extremely obliging and polite. Their life is one of austere toil, carrying great burdens up and down those steep mountain sides.

The Staubbach, leaping down the mountain's side, 980 feet in a single bound, gleams, to use the extraordinary figure of Byron, like the tail of the Pale Horse of Death, described in the Apocalypse. On nearer approach, the appropriateness of its name, "The Dustfall" is seen, as dissipated in vapour, it drifts away upon the wind. Or, perhaps it looks more like a bridal veil, woven of the subtlest tissue, waving and shimmering in the air. There are in the valley some thirty similar "Justfalls." It well deserves the name of Lauterbrunnen—"nothing but fountains." Twelve hours on foot had earned a night's repose, but so wondrous was the spectral beauty of the Jungfrau, gleaming in the moonlight like a lovely ghost, that I could scarce shut out the sight.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

"ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide,"
A simple maiden sang with artless feeling.
"The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide,"
While in her voice the tender accents stealing,
Fell, softly as the dying day,
From those sweet lips, and died away.

"Abide with me" She could not know
the plea,
The utter consecration, in her dreaming;
Joy, like a bird, made life a melody,
And Spring, its sun, along her pathway
beaming,
Stirred her young heart with gentle
fires,
And quickened her with sweet desire.

"The darkness deepens," Slowly fell the
sound,
As if with plaintive grief the notes were
laden;
Yet not a sorrow had her bosom owned,
Or ever sadness touched the lovely
maiden.
How could she sing "Abide with
me,"
Or know its hidden mystery?

"The darkness deepens" and the years go
by,
The maiden 'neath the shadows out
has wandered,
Joy, like a bird, has left its nest to fly,
And bonds of love and happiness are
sundered.
Lo, all the friendliness of earth,
Has taken wings with joy and mirth.

Despair, the tearless offspring of all woe,
The lonely progeny of a world of
sorrow,
Has turned upon her like a sudden foe,
To snatch Hope's only legacy—to-mor-
row.
And, shuddering, in her dumb dis-
tress,
She drinks the cup of bitterness.

O Life! She knows the anguish of its
cross,
Love turned to hate, and blessings to
reverses;
She, too, has felt the fever of remorse,
With its deep dregs of agony and curse,
"When helpers fail and comforts flee,"
She dare not ask, "Abide with me."

Her voice it will not sing, the notes are
dead,
But in their stead, like some pale phan-
tom haunting,
Weird echoes, through her memory, mock-
ing dread,
Breathe the dead song her aching heart
is wanting,
"Abide with me," she cannot sing,
But mutely brings the offering.

"Fast falls the eventide," yet to her eyes
The golden light of morn is faintly
dawning,
"Earth's joys grow dim," but from the
eternal skies
Is born the answer to her spirit's long-
ing.
And now, as "falls the eventide,"
She whispers, "Lord, with me abide."

She knows it now, the faith that comes at
last—
Child of the pang and travail of her
spirit,
Born of the withering passions of the past,
Its heavenly voice she lingers long to
hear it;
Lo, through the valley of despair,
Her song has sung itself to prayer.

THE spending of five cents per day
for tobacco would amount in twenty-
five years to \$1,001.25. In fifty years
it would be \$5,298.50, with lawful
interest.