

## A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

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OVER THE ALPS AFOOT.



AIGUILLES.

I LEFT Lucerne in a pouring rain for my trip through the Bernese Oberland, most of which I made afoot. The clouds hung low on Pilatus, and threatened a very dismal day. The lovely landscape loomed dim and blurred through a thick veil of rain. I went by boat and *diligence* to Meiringen. I could hardly find a dry spot for myself or knapsack on the little steamer. At Alpnach the boat load of dripping tourists pattered about in the rain

and mud, till assigned their places in the *diligences*. The local guides stood around, under the overhanging eaves of the houses, in a very disconsolate manner, each pulling away at a big pipe, like an overgrown baby at a sucking-bottle.

A rain-soaked and mud-bedraggled Frenchman who had that morning made the ascent of Pilatus, a Glasgow man, a Philadelphian, and a Canadian were the inside passengers. A pleasant-faced Swiss fraulein climbed on the step of the *diligence* as we rode along, and offered sweet wild strawberries, goat's milk