

the sublimest objects I ever beheld.

Leaving the beaten track, I strolled up the glacier, which

sapphire. I hurled my alpenstock into one, and after an interval it was hurled back as if by the invisible hand of some indignant ice

MOUNTAIN TARN FED BY GLACIER.
The cross indicates the grave of some Alpine traveller.



rolled in huge ridges and hollows for miles up the valley. Many of the crevasses were filled with water—clear as crystal, blue as

gnome from the fairy grottoes of his under-world. Others were empty, but we could not see the bottom. The large stones we