

has the best view. There is the famous glacier, with the "Little Nun," and the broad face of the "Capuchin Monk." You see the dark beard and large mouth, the broad nose and receding forehead, the sunken eyes, which sleep only in the winter, and the head covered by a cowl of everlasting snow. It all seems so close, and yet it is seven miles away from us.

In the morning's cool we take our walks, but as the sun asserts himself later on, we saunter into the woods and sit about, and in the still, soft air read or think, and feel more or less at peace with the world. Those who have gone on some big expedition started at a very early hour, and, if all goes well, will return some time in the evening, healthily tired, and delighted with their wonderful experiences—experiences of which I know but little, for my snow and ice climbs have been few. I can only listen to the accounts of these expeditions, and wish that I were a man and able to go too. I content myself with a limited number of climbs, sometimes very long and tiring ones, but within any woman's capabilities.

There are some tempting little stalls in the village, laden with coral, Swiss embroideries, mosaic ornaments, wood carvings, Swiss hats, etc., and various odd-and-ends which one delights to purchase to carry home as souvenirs to one's friends. There are lovely drives and charming walks, during which one wanders on and on, and then, choosing some sweet secluded spot, sits down and meditates on the beauty of everything around; with the bright hot sunshine dancing amongst the rushing waters, its warm breath bringing forth the loveliest of wild flowers, and making the earth one vast nature-tinted carpet. The cascades of laughing waters dance through the rocks and trees, accompanied by the tinkling of cow-bells, while the ever-welcome sun peeps into nooks and corners playing at "hide and seek." There you sit quite lost in poetic admiration of Nature's boundless wealth of beauty, until a gentle touch of appetite for the next meal acquaints you with the fact that you yourself are after all but mortal. So with a sigh of regret one leaves the sweet spot, where so many romantic thoughts have filled the mind, to enter once more upon the dull materialism of life. As you walk below, the watchful marmos, that sleep from autumn until spring, announce to you, by their well-known signal, that they are awake and on the mountain-side, and scream warnings to their companions.

In the evening after dinner one strolls in the garden, gazing