



A STIFF CLIMB.

men were found. But others have ascended since and descended in safety to tell of labour and disappointment.

Within easy reach of the snowy peak of Monte Rosa, which is the second highest in Europe. The dark valleys, rolling hills, and bright mountains extend on every side as far as eye can reach. On the south, we have a view of Italy's lovely, cloudless sky. No country, of Europe, at least, can boast such a dark, rich, azure canopy. We rest a moment in a hut on the pass, and when, after a few minutes, we return, the fog has fallen or risen, and Matterhorn, Rosa, Italy, and all are as though they had never been. So the commencement of our journey downwards into Italy is through fog and cloud. Down, down we go over the snow and ice; after a time