

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 Mannlichen, 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 Staubach. 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-cowled 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 unpleasing. 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 nest 2,000 feet above Lauterbrunnen, watched over evermore by the snowy Jungfrau, and lovelier "Happy Valley" even Rasselas never beheld, a delightful