

and furred with long grey hanging moss. At last they cease, and heather alone is found growing on the inhospitable rock. On and upwards still, night is coming on, and if we stop a moment to rest we find ourselves surrounded by winter's cold. Another



FALLS OF THE REICHENBACH.

effort, and we reach the solitary inn at the top of the Scheideck or ridge of the pass. After nine hours of such tramping, by which we attain a height of 6,000 feet, no one would object to a Swiss supper of good bread and butter, and honey, and then to a snug German bed with a foot thick of feathers underneath, and a foot and a half over one, though it is the second day of September. At five o'clock in the morning we are out again. 'Tis cold as any morning of Canadian mid-winter. But what a combination of glories meets the eye. No shrub or tree is to be seen on the barren rock and frozen

soil, but all around us tower the giant peaks, cut in crispest outline into the background of heaven's blue, whose silver mantles glitter with millions of spangles and pearls, and whose crests are crowned with a prodigal wealth of flashing jewels