

water, and to wash the table vegetables. One of these, the Fountain of the Ogre, has a hideous monster, with his capacious pockets full of children. He is at the same time devouring another, while below is the inevitable group of bears. Beneath the arcade are seats for wayfarers; that opposite the clock tower is like an old-fashioned square pew. Here, every hour of the day, a tourist group watches the procession of bears defiling before a seated figure, who turns an hour-glass and opens his mouth at every stroke which a harlequin gives a bell. In the shops are grotesque wood-carvings of bears masquerading in every sort of costume, and other fantastic subjects. Many of these wood-carvings are of remarkable artistic excellence—chamois hunting scenes, Alpine guides, and the like. One group of a chamois goat protecting her kid from the swoop of an eagle, was really pathetic in its expression. The Swiss *chalets*, cuckoo-clocks, and the like, were of wonderful delicacy of construction and carving.

The fine old cathedral dates from 1421. The sculptures of the west portal represent, in a singularly *naïve* manner, the Last Judgment and The Wise and Foolish Virgins. The only service on Sunday was a short sermon, and prayers at ten o'clock. During the rest of the day, the noble terrace of the church, one hundred feet above the river, was crowded with promenaders in their picturesque holiday garb, while at intervals a fine band played operatic selections. And this in the chief Protestant town in Switzerland!

The glory of Berne is its unrivalled view of the whole range of the Bernese Alps—the Monch, Eiger, Jungfrau, and all the rest of the glorious company—considered by Humboldt the finest view in Europe. At sunset their serrated and pinnacked crests gleam and glow with unearthly beauty—golden and snowy and amethystine, like the crystal walls and pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. “Earth hath not aught to show more fair.” Long after the evening shadows fill the valleys, the light lingers lovingly upon the rosy summits, as the parting day gives them her good-night kiss. Their strange spiritual loveliness speaks to the soul, like the voice of the angel to the seer of Patmos, saying, “Worship God.”

From Berne to Basle is a magnificent ride of eighty miles, through a wild and picturesque region. A chattering Swiss