

who was favoured with a fine view of this revelation of glory, says: "It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges and lighted up each of their pyramidal peaks in succession, like a row of gigantic cressets, burning with rosy fires. A devout soul might also have felt, seeing these fires kindled on the altars of God, as if it heard the voice of the Seraphim crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory.'"

Taking the steamer again at Vitznau we pass through a narrow strait, and cast a parting glance at the Bürgenstock, which, seen from here, descends almost perpendicularly to the water, and presents a wild and rugged appearance. Gersau, where we next stop, enjoys the singular reputation of having maintained its independence for five hundred years—up to the close of the last century—as the smallest Republic in the world.

Making another turn, just where impassable mountains seem to block the way, we enter on the sublimest section of the lake, the "Sea of Uri."



SCHILLER'S MONUMENT.

That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
 Its depth of water flanked as with a wall,
 Built by the giant race before the flood,
 Each cliff and headland and green promontory
 Graven with the records of the past ;
 Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
 Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
 From godlike men.

The whole region is a sanctuary of liberty. Memories of Sempach and Morgarten and Rütli; of Winkelried and Fürst and Tell; of purest patriotism and heroic valour, forever hallow this lovely land.

On either side the cliffs, shagged with ancient woods and crowned with never melting snow, rise abruptly from the deep dark waves, and sweep upwards from eight to ten thousand feet.