

thick above our head, of an exquisite crystalline texture, through which a faint light of a weird unearthly azure hue penetrates into the grotto. I placed my ear to the solid wall of ice and listened to the musical tinkling sound of the water trickling through its veins. The somewhat hilarious mirth of a gay tourist party caused a deep gurgling sound of laughter to run through the mass. One of the party fired off a pistol in the grotto, producing an extraordinary crashing noise.

Fair English girls were sketching by the roadside as I entered the village in the warm glow of sunset. Long after the twilight filled the valley, the snowpeaks burned with golden light, which deepened to a rosy glow, and then gleamed spectral white, like giant ghosts in the cold moonlight. My guide liked his service so well that he asked permission to accompany me the following day. To this I heartily agreed, and he went to sleep in a hay-loft, and I to the comfortable repose of the quaint old Hotel du Grand Eiger. The midday luncheon of sweet mountain milk and home-made bread had been delicious; but that did not lessen the appreciation of a substantial dinner after a hard day's work.

The next day, July 24th, was one of the greatest fatigue and greatest enjoyment of my life. I started early for a long hard climb to the summit of Mount Mannlichen, 7,700 feet high. The mountains threw vast shadows over the valley, but out of these I soon climbed into the sunshine, which was very hot, although the shade was very cold. Soon I felt a difficulty in breathing the keen and rarified mountain air. The effort to loosen some stones to roll down the mountain side, where they went bounding from ledge to ledge, quickened painfully the action of the heart and lungs. I felt also an intense thirst, which I tried to allay by copious draughts at the frequent ice-cold springs, and by eating snow gathered from the snow-fields over which I passed.

But the sublimity of the view more than compensates for all the fatigue. There rises in mid-heaven the shining Silberhorn with its sharp-cut outline, like the wind-chiseled curves of a huge snow-drift. The Finsteraarhorn towers 13,230 feet in air, bearing upon his mighty flanks the accumulated snow of myriads of years—suggesting thoughts of the great white throne of God in the heavens. But the sublime beauty of the Jungfrau—the