

Unterseen, which consists chiefly of wooden houses, darkened with age, with great overhanging roofs and balconies, and frequently inscribed with hospitable or pious inscriptions like the following, which are pithily translated by my friend Dr. Workman—

“Wer Gott vertraut hat wohl gebaut.”

“He who trusts in God has builded well.”

“Dem der sein Haus hat wohl bestellt
Lacht doppelt schön die ganze Welt.”

“To him who orders his house aright,
The whole world laughs with double delight.”

“Wenn du im Herzen Frieden hast,
Wird dir die Hütte zum Palast.”

“If thou in very heart hast peace,
The hut will be to thee a palace.”

Some of us visit the rude old church and try to decipher the half-effaced inscriptions on the mossy stones beneath the ever-murmuring pines in the lone yet crowded God's Acre. Then we climb the outer stairway to a peasant's home—a stable below, a squalid cabin above. The ceiling is grimy and shiny with smoke from a stone hearth, at which a bedraggled woman is cooking a wretched meal for some unkempt children and a sodden-looking man. What good to them is all their glorious environment? For at sunset the clouds sweep away, and there in mid-heavens rise the mighty mountains of God. There gleams the shining Silberhorn with its sharp-cut outline, like the wind-chiseled curves of a huge snow-drift. The Finster-Aarhorn 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 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.

On Monday morning we take the train to Bönigen, and the steamer over the beautiful Brienz, a little land-locked lake, begirt with mighty mountains, like a gem of sapphire in an emerald setting. Our cut illustrates the halcyon calm of this exquisite lake, as the sun goes down and the shadows creep across the waves.

At Brienz we take the train again for the ride over the Brunig Pass. The first few miles to Meiringen are level as a floor. The