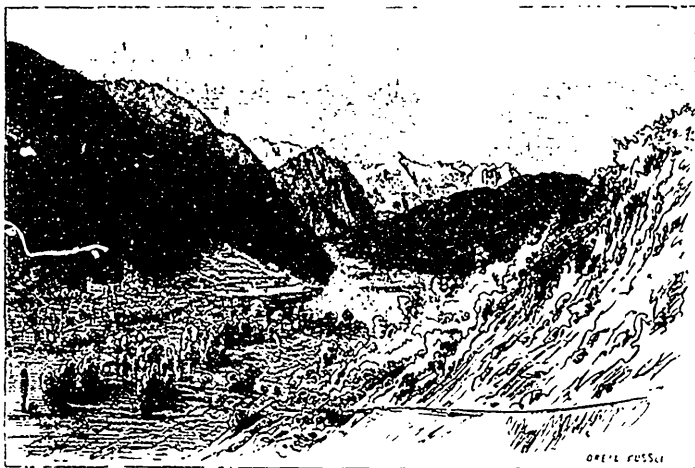




RIVA SAN VITALE AND THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

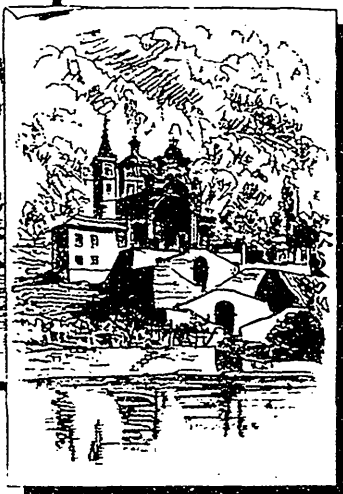
fall. A very old Romanesque church crowned a neighbouring height, with a giant St. Christopher frescoed on the wall; beside it was the quiet God's acre, in which for long centuries—

“The peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep.”

From this point we climb



CAMPIONE—ON LAKE LUGANO.



MADONNA DI CAMPIONE.

to the summit of the pass by zig-zags, drawn by seven horses which can advance no faster than a slow walk. Ever wider horizons open on every side. The vines and chestnuts, the mulberries and olives are left far below. The trees of my native land, the pines and spruces, assert their reign. They climb in serried ranks; and on lone, inaccessible