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L'ASPECT PITTORESQUE ET LE CHARME DE L'ENGADINE, FOYER DE LA CULTURE ROMANCHE.

A plus de 2,000 m. d'altitude, au pied du Lungninn et de la masse rocheuse de Gravasalvas, baignant un névé et des éboulis, dort un petit lac gris... et le torrent qui s'en échappe deviendra l'Inn qui traversera les lacs de la Haute-Engadine et descendra la vallée de la Basse-Engadine avant de s'enfuir en Autriche et de mêler ses eaux froides au bleu Danube.

Cette longue vallée qui attire chaque année des milliers de touristes suisses et étrangers a un charme bien particulier, et ceux qui l'ont une fois aimée ne pourront plus l'oublier. De Sent à Maloja, sous les mélèzes et les aroles, on monte graduellement, passant tantôt dans des villages alourdis de grands hôtels, tantôt dans des hameaux tranquilles. La vallée, plus étroite dans sa partie inférieure, s'élargit vers la région des lacs, la plus captivante peut-être de toutes: Saint-Moritz, Camper, Silvaplana, Sils, Maloja... et de là c'est la descente brusque sur la vallée de Berguel, chaude, méridionale déjà, et protégée par des montagnes hallucinantes aux profils fantastiques, Piz Badile, Piz Disgrazia, etc.

Imposant panorama.

Pour se rendre compte du caractère de la Haute-Engadine il faut la voir à vol d'oiseau, d'un sommet. Les quatre lacs, bleus ou verts, sont séparés par de petites terres basses où se sont élevés les villages blancs rassemblés autour de l'église qui est comme un grand tas de neige, puis les forêts d'aroles et de mélèzes s'élèvent rapidement sur les versants arrondis des montagnes, qui, à bout de souffle, dirait-on, s'arrêtent pour laisser la place aux pentes herbeuses, d'un vert tendre et aux éboulis gris dominés par les glaciers et les arêtes des sommets.

Et, au sud, comme au nord, se creusent de nouvelles vallées latérales et des cols, au nord le Flüela, l'Albul, le Julier, au sud l'Offenpass, la Bernina, le val de Fex... Partout les paysages, sont charmants, dans les villages, au bord des lacs ou dans les forêts toutes en clairs-obscur, tapissées de roses des alpes et de myrtilles. L'altitude de la Haute-Engadine étant déjà de près de 2,000 mètres, la zone des arbres et des cultures est mince et le domaine de l'Alpe est atteint en quelques heures.

Des maisons typiques.

Les plus belles maisons, et les plus beaux villages, sont dans la Basse-Engadine tandis que les paysages les plus attachants se trouvent dans la haute. Hélas, de nombreux incendies ont détruit déjà les villages qui étaient les plus typiques, Sent et Sûs entre autres qui ont été reconstruits avec goût, mais sans pouvoir atteindre naturellement leur beauté primitive. Les maisons sont à peu près du même type, la façade blanche à la chaux, est percée de petites fenêtres enfoncées dans le mur et souvent protégées par de belles grilles forgées. Près de la porte, et sur la rue se trouve "l'ercker" faisant saillie sur la façade et d'où l'on peut voir tout ce qui se passe sur la route pavée... Des oeillets roses pendent de ces fenêtres et éclatent sur le fond blanc comme la neige. Ces "ercker" portent souvent des moulures ou des armoiries d'une grande beauté et des "scraffitti" ornent la façade, l'embrasure des portes et des fenêtres tandis qu'un fronton, variant de forme de village en village, orne la façade de la maison. La grange, exposée au midi, aérée par deux grands panneaux, est contiguë à la maison d'habitation qui possède une entrée unique. Cette entrée permet aussi bien aux voitures, aux chars de foire et aux habitants de pénétrer. Sur ce vestibule s'ouvrent les portes des chambres et de la grange. Les pièces sont peu éclairées, elles sont boisées d'arole brun qui dégage une odeur particulière. De vieux bahuts sculptés, de grands poêles et des lits monumentaux les ornent.

L'amour du sol natal.

La population de l'Engadine est fortement attachée à son sol. Mais, comme la vallée est relativement pauvre, le sol est ingrat, l'hiver long et l'industrie à peu près nulle, des centaines de jeunes gens doivent s'expatrier chaque année. Beaucoup d'entre eux ont occupé ou occupent encore des situations en vue dans le commerce, l'hôtellerie et l'industrie du monde entier, et en Italie particulièrement. Mais pour tout cela ils n'oublient pas leurs montagnes et, dès qu'ils le peuvent, ils viennent passer leurs vacances au pays, dans les vieilles demeures familiales fermées une grande partie de l'année. Leur amour du sol natal se trahit, entre autres, par leur attachement au romanche, cette langue mélodieuse faisant penser à la fois au latin et au vieux français. Le romanche, heureusement, n'est pas en voie de disparaître. Il est vrai qu'en Haute-Engadine particulièrement il subit des attaques et que l'allemand s'implante de plus en plus, ce qui est regrettable. Le romanche, parlé par 40,000 personnes, n'est pas uniforme dans toutes les régions; il y a cinq dialectes présentant certaines différences. Toutefois, grâce aux efforts qui ont été faits, grâce surtout à l'enseignement scolaire, le romanche garde toute sa valeur.

Parmi les défenseurs de cette belle langue — qui n'est pas un patois — il faut citer le grand poète M. Peider Lansel, de Sent, industriel et consul de Suisse à Livourne, qui a de nombreux et amis à Genève, et qui, infatigablement, défend tout ce qui fait le charme de l'Engadine. Auteur de plusieurs livres en romanche, M. Lansel est connu et estimé dans toute la vallée où il aime à revenir avec sa famille chaque année.

Les sommets de l'Engadine sont fort intéressants. Le groupe de la Bernina, avec les pics Palù, Morteratsch, Roseg, etc., les pics Basile et Disgrazia, dans le val Berguel et que l'on fait depuis la cabane de Forno, attirent de nombreux alpinistes. D'autres sommets les pics Julier, Golvatsch, Polachin, la Margna sont plus faciles à gravir mais sont des points de vue qui valent la Bernina. Et si les grands hôtels de l'Engadine attirent une clientèle disparate, brillante ou bruyante, et si les orchestres jouent une partie de la nuit dans de fastueux salons, on peut trouver sur les montagnes une joie infiniment plus grande. *Tribune de Genève.* J.-E. Chable.

TWO ALPINE SEASONS.

Memories of mountains hover round the armchair before many a fireside. It is from these reminiscences as much as from the actual moments of action and ease on the hills that the mountaineer derives his philosophy; not merely an ordered system of climbing procedure, nor only a satisfaction in deeds well accomplished, but "a feeling and a love" which is the very essence of mountain happiness. This ardent pleasure is present, of course, in difficult ascents, but not less present, though in a different form, in lesser achievements.

Towards the end of August 1929 I arrived in Zermatt to climb with Hans Brantschen of St. Niklaus, one of the finest of Alpine guides. Our programme which was to be compressed into ten days was somewhat ambitious, as programmes often are before the weather censors them. On the evening after our arrival we tramped up for an hour and a half to the Trift Hotel in heavy mist, and descended next morning in flickering snow. It was a sad start to our mountain quests and two of our valuable days were lost. One more day was spent in going to the Fluh Alp Inn, a crazy building in a green pasture, again without much hope. Hans, however, had ambitious plans and declared that we would ascend the Rimpfischhorn and descend by the North Ridge. Next morning we started at 3.30 under a heavy cloud, and ascended the rough and ready path to a little col. Here the pillar of cloud changed to a pillar of fire and hearts rose as the dawn informed the billowing vapours with its incomparable colour. A fierce wind drove across our path and sent the new snow scurrying down the slopes, and only during a brief breakfast in the shelter of the rocks did we fully realise the promise of the day. In a few minutes we had left the drifted snow and passed the summit, and stood on the tapering arête. Details of the climb are lost in the gusts of wind and the excitement and freedom of airy positions. But at 9 o'clock we reached an unexpected broad ledge with a ten-foot wall between us and the wind, there to idle away one of the unforgettable alpine half-hours. To our left the grand ridge of the Täschhorn and Dom mounted into the sky; far away in a little valley, as it seemed, there were the dull, green waters of the Lago Maggiore; opposite and above, the snow peaks of Monte Rosa rose into towers. There was magic in those moments and in the cleanness and grandeur of all around us. Here were Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory. We passed on at length, and ended the ridge with a Cumberland chimney preceded by an awkward traverse; and then riotously glissaded down snow slopes for an unbroken twelve minutes to the Allalin Pass. The difficulties, were over, and the heart of man was refreshed for further exploits. At 2.45 we arrived down the long valley at the inn on Täsch Alp; a family of marmots at play was our only distraction on the way.

Next morning we set out under a cloudless sky at 1.45 a.m. At an early stage it was obvious that Hans was suffering from sickness, and it was with some anxiety that I contemplated our project for the day, the ascent of the Mischabel-grat of the Täschhorn and the traverse to the Dom. But not for an instant during a very long and arduous climb did he falter, beyond one or two extra halts. No greater tribute can be paid to his immense reserve and complete reliability under trying circumstances. My first memory is that of a plunging icefall which Hans led through by seemingly hopeless approaches without a false step. Great indeed is the gap between the technique of a good guide and all but the very best of amateurs. At 5.30 we breakfasted on a charming little col between the two arms of the glacier, and after a steepening climb over snow and rock we arrived on the main ridge. From here up to the final pyramid the going was heavy, over rocks laced together by narrowed snow ribbons, and a steep plunge through a white froth of snow. At the base we gazed for a few moments

at the terrific South face, only once ascended, and then by a miracle of skill and courage on the part of Franz Lochmatter. It is a head which seems eternally nodding or frowning over the white tresses of glacier below. There is something sinister and forbidding in the bare yellow wall of rock, scarred by two slender couloirs. We crept like silent flies up the final pyramid, by snow steps where snow rested, and by sun-warmed rocks. Below the summit we breakfasted a second time. It was now 9 o'clock; we had been already seven hours on our way, and the traverse yet remained. What had before been heavy work now became difficult as well. The narrow arête was covered by a shaky crust of snow, nearly all of which had to be swept away before holds were visible. The glare became more puzzling, and there was little time to seek relief from the green valleys of Saas and Zermatt far down below. The next step, and then the next, was our only care. At length we reached the Domjoch, after what seemed many hours, but was actually an hour and a half; and here Hans paused for the last time to recover his strength.

The ridge to the Dom from the Domjoch has a kindly appearance, which actual contact sadly belies. From a little distance it appears to be a straightforward rib of mountain sloping at an easy angle, broad and comfortable, in contrast to the narrow crest which runs down from the Täschhorn. But in reality it is a succession of tottering rock towers, crazy beyond belief, joined by diaphanous ribbons of snow which seem anxious to disappear at a touch. The climb began over and under, round and through these groaning ruins. A child's idly-built tower could not be more hideously insecure than these rock pinnacles seemed; only the thought that they had withstood forces far more shattering than the cling of our feet and hands kept me trusting in the ultimate safe arrival on the summit. After four hours of threading out a precarious way we clambered up the final easy yards and at 2.30 looked at last on a new world. For thirteen hours we had been on our way, nine of which had been spent on a difficult ridge with our faces and thoughts fixed to the next few yards and no more. Now we were in a world which stretched out to the fine haze of a far distant horizon; only an easy flight down snow was before us. The contest had been severe, the success hardly yet realised. Yet something of the magnificence of this mountaineering came upon me; certainly the doubts of the uninitiated would have vanished could they have seen and experienced. Little else of impression remains, save floating on a sun-beam down the snows to the Dom-hut, and a green dive through the woods to Randa, and an aching ride by train to Zermatt—a bath, and a bottle of Château Yquem!

Our last climb was before us and on a sweltering day we toiled to the Weisshorn hut, once again from Randa. Twilight at the height of 10,000 feet clothes the mountains in a garment of terror, and formidable is their cold aspect. In four and a half hours next morning we reached the tip of the Weisshorn. On our way the sun had shed its garments from deep rose to orange and gleaming white. Slowly a pyramid of cloud formed from the valley and mounted some thousands of feet above us, to dissipate in the manlier rays of a climbing sun. We sped, crampons on our feet, down the North ridge. So firm was the snow that we passed the Great Gendarm in twenty-five minutes, and stood on the Weisshornjoch in two and a half hours, interrupted only by a pause for Hans to yodel to his brother at the Tracuit Hut through three miles of ice-clear air. In another hour and a half we had alighted on the Biesjoch. The spell of mountain adventure was ended: only memory and exultation at having achieved six summits in seven days accompanied the descent to St. Niklaus. From there we hurried even faster to Visp and the English train. "Schön grat" was Hans' remark as he glanced back at the shining North ridge. It was the only possible comment on all our journeyings.

Just as the details of 1929 are lost in the main stream of achievement and excitement, so the details of 1930 stand out as stones in a shallower stream. The inexpressible zero hour when work ceased and holiday began, the journey out, cream cheeses and red wine in the *wagon restaurant*, the swaying, noisy hours of darkness, all these are remembered. Sunset darkened behind a bank of mountainous cloud, and sunrise at Belfort came up steadily, soon to evaporate in gloomy mists. Half-past four in the morning is perhaps the best time to drink French coffee, delicious from thicklipped cups. A few hours more and I arrived at Goeschenen to a bath, lunch, and the friend I was to meet, whom I will designate as P. Owing to a recent illness, P. was unable to do long expeditions, and we were therefore committed to short and easy climbs; we had no guide with us.

Goeschenalp lies in a green pasture beside the waters of comfort. An off-day was spent in brilliant sunshine in a valley

"Vocal with the angelic rilling of rocky streams," a deep and necessary quiet after the toil of long

(Continued in next page, column 3).

OSCAR GAMBAZZI.

Mr. Oscar Gambazzi, who until the beginning of the year has been Secretary of the "Unione Ticinese" for 31 years has given me a most interesting narrative of his experience during his tenure of office which I quote in his own words...

"Having had a varied experience in life, such as an apprentice in a jewellery factory in Newark...New York; in Lugano, where I served an apprenticeship in a business house I landed on English Shores in the early days of 1894, and following the natural course of most Ticinesi entered the catering trade. Towards the end of the year 1896 I was engaged by Carlo Gatti at the "Grand Café," Villiers Street: Shortly after landing in England I visited the club house of the "Unione Ticinese" in Gerrard Street; that was my first introduction to the Society; little did I dream what the future had in store for me in connection with it. At that time the "Unione Ticinese" numbered nearly 400 members but owing to internal dissensions there entered a serious crisis which almost destined its fate. My practical contribution to the affairs of the Society started even before I became a member. At the beginning of 1898 at a general meeting held at the Adelphi Theatre, Strand, W.C., it was decided to re-construct and give new life to its activities. That meeting was the commencement of a new era but nobody could foresee then what an important part it would play in the Swiss Colony in London during the following years. For three years, from 1895 to 1898 its activities were dormant and was only a society in name. The object was purely of Mutual Help and only interested in internal problems. Some years before, when political strifes in the Ticino had its repercussion in the Society, members forgot its object of neutrality and philanthropy; political hatred entered and there was a great danger to its existence. Luckily there were a few level minded members who took the helm of the ship and guided by wise counsels managed to navigate this ship off the rocks and prevent its being wrecked. The Society was saved but its progress and development sustained a severe setback. Such was the state of the "Unione Ticinese," when the general meeting at the Adelphi Theatre was called. During the first few months after its reorganisation my dear old friend, Carlo Allio, acted as secretary, the secretary elect, owing to private business affairs, being unable to devote his time to the Society's work. We were together at "Gatti's under the Arches;" his great zeal awakened in me a profound interest in a scope that took my fancy from the beginning. Thanks to my friend I learned the intricacies of society work and without being a member, and after as an active member I acted as Secretary ex officio.

When in 1899 I was elected Secretary my apprenticeship, so to speak, was completed, I entered into my duties with enthusiasm and zest, with a firm determination to devote myself entirely to the Society, my sole aim being to promote prosperity and to bring it to such a flourishing position so as to be an example to other Swiss Societies in organisation and patriotism. The first years were arduous as it meant breaking down a great number of opinions and prejudices in order to re-affirm our prestige as a Society. Well do I remember an instance which instilled in me more than ever my persistency to vindicate the Society's and Ticinesi's good name. At the beginning of my term of office, I was representing the "Unione Ticinese" at a banquet of a very prominent Swiss Society and was seated next to a very influential member of the Colony; for some time his conversation was nothing but abuse of the Ticinesi in general: I protested energetically at the same time showing him that the Ticinesi were good patriots. My first President, the late Joseph Cattaneo, understood my mood, shared and encouraged my enthusiasm; his great foresight and experience helped me. I mention only one name, but every subsequent President (I served under 11 Presidents, alas some have departed) co-operated to the subsequent development. Gradually but with persistent constancy the "Unione Ticinese" crept ahead and now finds itself in the envious position she holds among the Swiss Societies in London. It was the late Mr. J. Cattaneo who conceived the idea to organise a fête for the benefit of the Swiss Benevolent Society in London and this fête has now for 29 years been a recurring event. There is another incident and perhaps there are a few who still remember it. An excursion of the *whole* of the Swiss Colony had been organised but the "Unione Ticinese" were not asked to participate. I resented this and protested; a phrase is still vivid in my memory...Nous nous croyons toujours assez Suisse pour ne pas nous refuser a nous joindre a une initiative patriotique.

When we had attained the position we so ardently desired and which procured for us praise not only from the other Swiss Societies but also from our great friend the late Minister Dr. G. Carlin, the present Minister Monsieur C. R. Paravicini and also the great Ticinesi Signor Giuseppe Motta, our further aim was directed towards financial development. I frankly pro-

claim that the great consolidation of our financial position is mainly due to the present President, Willie Notari, who, for twelve years, has directed the destiny of the Society; for him I shall always profess deep affection and dear remembrance and gratitude for the moral support he has always given me. I take this opportunity to mention other colleagues of mine who have faithfully served the interests of the "Unione Ticinese" and also deserve well of the Society. Our veteran, Mr. A. Bolla, a member for over half a century, has on several occasions, occupied the office of President and still sits on the committee: Mr. E. Biucchi who for longer years than I have been Secretary continues to hold the office of Treasurer and without ostentation watches over the finance of the Society. Others should be mentioned for their services but I hope I shall be forgiven for not doing so.

During the long years as Secretary I have had my share of disappointments but numerous and gratifying incidents greatly outnumber them. I possess many much treasured letters and hope I shall not be accused of boasting if I give extracts from some. At the commencement of the Great War I had reason to communicate an important suggestion to the Legation, it was accepted and Dr. Carlin wrote...31...10...14: "Cher Monsieur Gambazzi, Voici le résultat de votre démarche. J'envoie des exemplaires aux comités de toutes nos sociétés Suisse de Londres aussi qu'à notre consulat à Liverpool."

Another letter from Dr. Carlin.....January 22nd, 1915, shows the interest the "Unione Ticinese" took in Swiss affairs, I only give part of it... "Je tiens à ajouter mes très vifs remerciements personnels pour le dévouement et le zèle avec lequel vous vous êtes occupé de réunir des dons en faveur du Fonds d'Assistance aux familles des mobilisés. J'y ajoute mes félicitations pour les brillants résultats obtenus et je vous remercie également d'avoir bien voulu entreprendre, au bénéfice de notre oeuvre de secours, la vente de souvenirs de la mobilisation suisse." Another letter I had from Dr. Carlin in the same year, 1915, the part I publish will give the clue to its object:—"Depuis le début de la guerre vous avez bien voulu renseigner la Légation sur la nationalité et l'identité de vos compatriotes tessinois qui, se trouvant en Grand-Bretagne sans papiers, n'étant pas en mesure de fournir les preuves nécessaires pour obtenir les pièces dont ils avaient besoin. Vous avez ainsi rendu à la colonie tessinoise et à la Légation de signalés services dont je tiens à vous remercier."

A great honour was bestowed on the Society when I was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Swiss Benevolent Society an office I still hold. But while we endeavoured to assert ourselves we did not neglect the scope of the Society... Viz.—Mutual Help. If statistics were produced showing the assistance given to Ticinesi for sickness and need...members and non-members, it would testify that our National Motto... Uno...per... Tutti...Tutti...per...Uno, was faithfully carried out. Not only does the "Unione Ticinese" subscribe to the Fond de Secours, French, Italian, and Middlesex Hospitals, but it organizes fêtes for philanthropic institutions in the Ticino, such as, Ospedale Beniese, Sanatorio Cantonale; Culla bambini gracili, etc.

I am proud to have been able to contribute to three important events in the History of the Society:—

1. The Centenary Commemoration of the Independence of the Canton Ticino, held at the Monico on May 20th, 1903.

This fête was really the celebration of the Act of Mediation, besides the Canton Ticino, the Cantons of St. Gall, Grison, Argovie, Turgovie, and Vaud joined the Swiss Confederation. In order to give this celebration a national character the "Unione Ticinese" had invited those Swiss belonging to these Cantons and residing in Great Britain to join in this festivity. The response was meagre and rather disappointing, due no doubt, to the fact that the "Unione Ticinese" had not succeeded in breaking down the indifference towards her, by which she was still surrounded. Our present Minister, Monsieur Paravicini, was then Attaché at the Legation, and I had the honour of being seated next to him. I still cherish the recollection of his approval of certain passages in my official speech: "The Independence of the Canton Ticino."

One incident of the Commemoration was that the President of the Society, almost at the last minute resigned and it fell to my late brother to preside on such a memorable event. My brother held the office on two more occasions.

2. The Jubilee Celebration of the Society in 1924 which coincided with my 25th anniversary as Secretary, on which occasion I was presented with a very nice Canteen of Cutlery.

3. To have sponsored in the Extraordinary General Meeting of the Society in 1930, the proposal, which was unanimously accepted to give conditionally £1000 (one thousand pounds) towards the Fond Dimier.

Before closing I must state that at the last General Meeting of the "Unione Ticinese," I was elected Socio Benemerito, at the same time as

Mr. A. Meschini, our Honorary Vice-President, who disinterestedly contributing in many ways towards the welfare and development of the Society is so well-known, appreciated and esteemed by everybody.

The title greatly repays me for my share in the work and of which I am justly proud. A title I shall always keep clean and unblemished.

NEWS FROM THE COLONY.

MISS SOPHIE WYSS.

"Miss Sophie Wyss has made it a point of honour to sing as much Swiss music as possible since she has been here. But in her broadcast on the Regional programme from London tomorrow there are no Swiss songs. She says that she has come across no suitable new ones lately, and appeals to the Swiss Colony at large to tell her of any recent additions to Swiss song which are really "worth while." Tomorrow afternoon she sings Jphégènes air from Gluck's opera in which the despairing Greek implores the Goddess Diana to end her days.

Contrasted with this exquisite melancholy is a pretty and colourful air from an early opera of Rameau. The B.B.C. orchestra will be under the direction of Dr. Adrian Boult.

Miss Sophie Wyss sang for Dr. Boult last year with his Birmingham City Orchestra, but this is the first time that she has sang for him since he became Director of the B.B.C.

TWO ALPINE SEASONS (Continued).

weeks in England. The writing of letters and the reading of detective stories, examinations of the map and plans for further expeditions, are the staple of our intellectual fare. And so refreshed, we set out at 2.45 next morning for the Sustenhorn. Yet I was humourless. Breakfast off an omelette which at that hour refused to be anything but a pancake was not encouraging. P., who led along the path, kept flashing the lantern in my eyes; the sack (a heavy one!) leaned on my left shoulder only and not on my right. We seemed to be on no path, but walking in a river bed. Early on I plunged a foot knee-deep in a water hole! Experience decides that the only cure for such monstrous irritations is patience; that when the first flush of dawn lights the snows above, when the dull odours of morning change with a breeze to the scent of flowers; when at last the sun reaches us, and with a delicious shiver man is man again, all the "Satanic rout" vanishes. The Sustenhorn is just a snow walk, hardly needing a rope, with fine views at the top. Highest of all the peaks is the Finsteraarhorn, with its red-seamed precipices, and with it the range of the Ewigschneeorn, Lauteraarhorn, and Schreckhorn. Far away we caught sight of Monte Rosa and the Weisshorn, the North ridge gleaming in an early sun. We made buttered eggs at leisure in a windless place, sat over them for an hour and a half, and strolled down again to Goescheneralp as the mists were closing round us, arriving half an hour before they burst in heavy rain.

Our last expedition from Goescheneralp was over the Alpplenglücke. We started this time at 4.30, as it was getting light, and mounted a steep path over a green alp. There in the freshness of that early dawn we trailed fingers through the long, wet grass, and plucked the blue campanula in passing. Moss, pranked with tiny pink heads, covered many of the rocks; little stalks holding a dozen golden bells of flowers grew unheeding across our path. All the time the sky behind us changed from dull rose to orange, from orange to palest lemon until the sun came over the rim of the brown hills. Truly my sack was heavy, but my heart was light in that sweep of turf and boulder and many a stream which "made sweet music with the enamelled stones." As the sun became bolder, so did we take to a bolder landscape. Snow slopes uncrevassed, led us upwards between piles of old stones and débris, until at 8 o'clock we reached the summit of the Lücke, and sat in the sun for half an hour. Once again we saw the incomparable pyramid of the Weisshorn, the Dom and Täschhorn, the Dent Blanche; only the Rimpfischhorn of all the conquests of the year before was hidden.

The contrast between the two years, this one here and that one across the valley, was severe, the pleasure equal. I had wondered whether this year there might be a falling off of sensation, a feeling that the successes of a year ago had driven from me the desire to accomplish lesser summits. No! There is in being among the hills "a feeling and a love" which no mere vulgar acquisition of peaks by difficult routes can spoil. They that have ears to hear and eyes to see can find, besides a new wealth of detail unnoticed before, the same deep and inexpressible satisfaction in merely setting foot on glaciers, in feeling the nail bite on good rock, in turning to see deep-blue shadows standing down the snows, in living and being and breathing among the eternal mountains. For there is in these creations of nature something which appeals with God-like certainty to man at his best.

TO BE CONTINUED.