

Trummelbach falls, here an immense volume of water gushes out of the solid rock with tremendous force and noise, it is most impressive. From Lauterbrunnen we ascended by cable railway to about 5600 feet, and then along the level by electric railway to Mürren, the highest Alpine village, from it you look down into the deep Lauterbrunnen Valley and across to the giant mass of the Jungfrau — a sight I shall never forget.

We stayed a week at Grindelwald and found it none too long. Our route now lay to Lucerne by way of the Lake of Wriezen and the lovely Kuning Pass. Lucerne is a small town at the north end of the lake, and is surrounded by walls and watch towers erected in the fourteenth century. The Reuss river on whose banks Lucerne lies, is crossed by two very old wooden bridges, roofed over. The inner surface of the roof is adorned with quaint old paintings,

the subject of which is "The Dance of Death", they were done, I think, in the 15th century. After a day at Lucerne we journeyed by the St Gotthard Railway through the great tunnel $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and stopped at Airolo on the other, (Italian) side of it. From Airolo we made an excursion down to Lake Maggiore and steamed about its waters for eight hours. The towns and villages along its banks with their campanili (bell towers) are most picturesque, figs, pomegranates, vines, sweet chestnuts etc flourish in luxuriance, but the hills are not so fine as the Swiss mountains, rather reminding one of a Scotch loch. The lake is thirty seven miles long, we had only time to go as far as Limos — half way down. At Locarno, at head of the lake, we had cafe complet, i.e. coffee with bread and butter and honey, on returning, and once more made our way up the beautiful Val Brembata to Airolo. At Bellinzona the train halted half an hour,