

The wild flowers and ferns charmed us, and I mourned the absence of a blotting-pad. Our voices were scarcely audible in the thunderous roar of water. Gladly would I have lingered there, and I inwardly vowed that should an opportunity offer I would sleep one night at the scoter, and thus be able to devote hours to the admiration of this splendid Fos. As it was, time was on the wing, and we hurried back to the boats. Kate and the Rev. Muggins roved on one bench, the Rev. Blossom and I on the other, singing lustily while the rain heavily descended. Mountains decked with snow which touched the black mysterious lake rose precipitous and wild.

More tea, and some good coffee roasted by our thoughtful and attentive hostess, regaled us at the farm, and with renewed energy we tripped homeward, giving vent to our exuberant feelings in snatches of song, "Long live the merry heart that laughs by night and day," and such like appropriate ditties. "Peter" was quite a "danger signal," and rapidly advanced at every slippery intricacy to give the ladies a helping hand.

There were a few tumbles, but luckily no one was hurt. We resolved another time to have our skirts much shorter; of course, our cambrics were soaked, but Mrs. Long, Kate, and I were thankful our garments were not heavy, while poor Mrs. Cardiff constantly bemoaned the weight of her thick serge.

The gentlemen could not understand that the backs of our skirts catching on projecting stones should propel us, till it was proved by practical demonstration. The happy day seemed of short duration, and yet, to our great surprise, it was ten o'clock before the boat at Tyssedal was reached.

"And from the silver lake,  
Cradled in mountain-setting, echoing comes  
With rippling music on the air, the splash  
Of dipping oars; and voices deep and low,  
Mingled with women's trebles, tuneful break  
The evening silence!

Grand indeed it is  
To be amid these mountain solitudes;  
And yet there is a sense of rest and calm,  
Soothing the spirit—stealing o'er the heart  
Like the soft notes of an Æolian harp,  
Falling like balm upon the troubled soul,  
And making the most worldly man to feel  
That there is over earth a higher heaven!"

Expenses to the Fos           kr. ore.  
Two sharing with six others. 5 40.

Odde, Tuesday, July 15.

Arose at six to go on the pier and bid adieu to Colonel and Mrs. Long. The stalwart pedestrians and Paddy from Cork were also on board; and a tinge of melancholy came over me as I stood on the pier and watched the steamer fade in the dim distance. We had been so happy yesterday; should I ever see them again? Kate rested till about ten, we were both tired and stiff, and the rain was an excuse to be lazy; so we sat in the top balcony and wrote home. Vain efforts to describe yesterday, but I knew how dear young Eleanor would appreciate everything, and wished heartily she could be with us. Flo, too, would like the fun could she ensure a "hansom" up to the Fos. After two o'clock luncheon we consulted Svend Tollefsen, who supplied us with a Stolkjærre and Skydsgut.

The Stolkjærre is a roughly constructed wooden conveyance for two, and the Skydsgut (or guide) was a bright looking boy about twelve, who either stood up at the back or ran alongside. Our "hest" (what we should designate a pony) was small and cream-coloured, with a tail that dragged the ground going down hill, and a hog-mane. At first the

jolting was so terrific we thought of getting out, but it improved on acquaintance; although when we saw the condition of the road, and that to the Laathefos is only an easy walk of ten miles, we wished we had occupied a day in rambling. The road skirted the left bank of the Sandven Vand (sought by votaries of the gentle art), disclosing a fine view of the Folgefond Glacier, and the Hildalfos, a succession of falls about one thousand feet.

Amid gorgeous scenery are the beautiful Laathefos and Skarfos, and opposite them the Espelandfos. From some distance we beheld the spray wafting in the air, white and dazzling, then brilliant with various shades of lovely colour, a sweet relief to the sombre repose of the pine-clad hills. And in the valley, calm, clear lakes, with now and then a boiling, bubbling torrent, dashing and foaming, green and white.

We walked from the bridge, and arrived at the hotel in time for the seven o'clock dinner, at which there were forty people, principally English. One gentleman and two ladies had for two days waded knee-deep in snow. Another gentleman returned from the North Cape had taken photographs of "The Midnight Sun," just on the stroke of midnight, and expressed himself particularly gratified with the whole trip. The stewed reindeer was excellent, but the fish not fresh.

After dinner we repaired to the balcony, where the generous American, Mr. Forrest, ordered coffee for us all—his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Coalfield, Mr. White, and we two; and we sat there laughing till long after bedtime. Mr. Coalfield had some good jokes about "Paddy from Cork."

When "Paddy" reached Bergen, he was so pleased to find himself there, and almost fancied he must have dropped from the clouds. He had a heap of luggage, but neither map, guide book, nor the slightest notion of his whereabouts, so he simply joined the crowd, and came with us all to Odde. His one aim is to find a wife, as girls are so much nicer while travelling than they are at home. He admired a young lady on Sunday who left here yesterday, so he went away this morning to overtake her. Mr. Coalfield says "Paddy" will fall in love twenty times before he finds her. His luggage was very useful last night; four men had been drenched on their way from the Fos, and "Paddy" supplied each with a fresh suit of clothes, lamenting that not one of them had courage to wear his dress-suit. Mr. Coalfield explained the meeting I had with "Paddy" and the tin of sardines in this way. Four of them were getting into the boat preparatory to their visit to the Fos, and "Paddy" was seeing them off, when they asked him to join them, to which "Paddy" replied, "Shure, I should like to, but I've had no breakfast." They advised him to hurry and snatch something off the table, but they did not suggest to him to upset the oil over the boat and their trousers, which he ruthlessly did.

Drive to Laathefos..... 5 0  
" Skydsgut..... 50

(To be continued.)

"AS EASY AS A B C;"

OR,

THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

WHEN we desire to express the absence of all difficulty in a subject, the comparison which first comes into our minds as most convincing and unanswerable is that "it is as easy as A B C," yet it would be far more correct to

say of a subject beset with difficulties, "it is as difficult as A B C."

Our alphabet, or A B C, is one of the many blessings used and enjoyed by us without our thinking to ask how it came into our possession, or how it sprang into existence; probably we have never pictured to ourselves the dilemma in which we should be placed without it. Still less have we considered the wonderful labour and intelligence of our forefathers which brought it to such perfection that we use it almost as naturally as we breathe.

Our lives with the alphabet and without it are two different conditions scarcely to be compared. Without it, how alone we should feel even in the midst of crowds, how difficult it would be to obtain knowledge and how impossible to express all our thoughts and desires!

The term A B C was first introduced by the Romans, whose schoolmasters taught the A B C, and not the *alpha beta*.

The word "alphabet" comes to us either from the Greek language, in which *alpha beta* are the first two letters, or from the Hebrew *aleph beth*, but the term embodies a number of symbols which convey to our eyes the sounds spoken by the people among whom we live.

Have you ever thought how wonderful it is that a few letters or characters should be sufficient for us to express all our needs, and even to understand the thoughts and aspirations of past generations? If so, you will readily understand how earnestly learned men of all ages and countries have striven to account for their origin. They are so marvellous in their power\* that many consider them to be of Divine origin, and communicated by God Himself to Moses. Others, however, are of opinion that these symbols or characters were originally pictures or hieroglyphics, and in that form devised by Egyptians whose pictorial writing dates fully 3,000 years before Christ; and that the Phœnicians adopted these phonetic hieroglyphics, and improved upon them, though when and how this was done is difficult to determine; but we know, on good authority, that letters were used in Phœnicia 2,180 years B.C.

Again, it is an opinion firmly held, that the Greeks owe their alphabet to the Phœnicians, though there is no sign to indicate when they acquired this valuable gift.

It is interesting, in looking over the various hieroglyphical characters, to notice that the Egyptians wrote them in ink on papyrus with pen or pencil, while the Phœnicians traced them on thin tables of wood or bark of trees with a sharp pointed instrument.

A hieroglyphic is a pictorial representation of an object done in a rapid and easy manner; yet how difficult and complicated it would be for us to represent our ideas in this way! What time it would take, and how inadequate to represent the working of the mind!

Let us for a moment look into the method by which rude and uncivilised nations have striven to record their thoughts. It has been almost invariably by means of hieroglyphics or word-painting; but not until they have reached a certain point in civilisation have they even arrived at this. If they desired to represent a person weeping, they would give a rude outline of a human figure, an eye, and water. The sense of hearing would be described by a door and an ear; knowledge by a roll of papyrus; justice by an ostrich feather (the feathers of this bird being considered of equal length); force by an arm holding a stick. In dividing time, the moon represented a month; a palm leaf, a complete year, because the palm was thought to put forth invariably twelve leaves during the year. The soul was

\* A great mathematician tells us that the various combinations of the twenty-four letters, without repetition, will amount to 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000.

expressed by a heart, because that was considered the seat of life.

When Christianity was first introduced into Mexico the Lord's Prayer was reduced to hieroglyphics. The syllables forming the word "paternoster" were represented by a flag, a rock, and an Indian fig, the sounds for these coming nearest to the proper pronunciation of the word *paternoster*. The symbols, as you see, denoted sound, without regard to the original sense.

It is marvellous that hieroglyphics\* in all their various stages, from rude outlines to elaborate representations, have been found in every part of the globe, thus showing that when a nation has reached a certain point in civilisation, it always attempts to record facts in a pictorial form rather than trust to memory.

Of course word-painting did not become perfect all at once, but gradually developed, according to the genius and improved civilisation of the nations who used it, for you will readily believe that where the object, the virtue, or desire had no existence among a people, there would be no representation of it; just as now, among some of the tribes of Africa, there is neither sound nor picture to represent goodness or kindness.

At first each figure meant exactly what it represented, whether it were of the sun, a lion, or a dog; but as men acquired knowledge, they tried to describe qualities, and then they used the figure of the sun to denote glory and warmth; that of the lion to express courage; and that of the dog, fidelity.

Of course, as knowledge increased, the pictures or signs would be so many as to prove unmanageable. Men then abridged the signs, using only so much of the figure as would express its species; for instance, a serpent would be delineated by a crooked line, like the letter S; and as ideas occurred for which it was difficult to conceive representations, it was found necessary to affix arbitrary signs.

An old writer says, "Men in their rude state had neither leisure, inclination, nor inducement to cultivate the powers of the mind to a degree sufficient for the formation of an alphabet; but when a people arrived at such a state of civilisation as required them to represent the conceptions of the mind which had no corporeal forms, 'necessity, the mother of invention,' would urge such a people to find out a more expeditious method of transacting their business and recording their events than by picture-writing, and would seek out some other that would be more comprehensive. These exertions would take place whenever a nation began to improve in arts, manufactures, commerce, and science, and the necessity arose of corresponding with people at a distance."



Now, however, comes the question of interest to us. How did we obtain the letters of the alphabet? What have they to do with hieroglyphics? How could one have produced the other?

It is quite certain that alphabetic systems grew out of pictorial ones, and probably in this way. We will suppose a language originally hieroglyphic, having certain characters, with definite meanings and sounds. In the

\* The term hieroglyphic was first applied by the Greeks to the Egyptian mode of writing.

course of time these characters would probably undergo so great a change that scarcely a trace of their original form would remain; they would most likely have become signs for certain sounds, first as syllables, then as letters; or it might have happened that a sign was found to represent the picture, and then this sign or abbreviation would supersede the picture itself.

For instance, suppose an eagle (*akhöm*) were taken to represent a certain sound, and the first sound of *akhöm* were *a*, then *a* and the bird would stand one for the other. Letters are, therefore, nothing more than marks for sounds, and it is their sounds and not their forms which give them importance. Formerly, every letter stood for a word, and as men's necessities and capacities grew, these underwent a change or modification, to suit the enlarged requirements. When the Greeks wanted a sign by which to express *psi*, they looked around them, and observing that the swift flight of an arrow produced the sound *ps* at the moment it sprang from the bow, they took the form of a bow

and arrow for the sound  modified into 

The Greeks took a certain number of these abbreviations, expressing sounds, which were in use among their neighbours, and gave to them the term *Alpha Beta*.

This brings us to the fact that our letters are in reality the corrupted and abbreviated shapes of certain natural objects, however unlike they may seem to us.



It will not be necessary to give the whole alphabet, as a few examples will suffice to explain and give you an interest in our A B C, as well as prove to you that "Easy as A B C" is a phrase only.

A.




Egyptian hieroglyphic  Hebrew 

Hebrew *Aleph*, Phœnician and Greek *Alpha*. This letter is the first symbol of every European and Indian alphabet except one, and signifies an ox. It represents in its most ancient form the rude outline of the head of the ox, and was originally written with the top downwards, the cross being extended through the sides, and representing the ears, whilst the expanded part above the cross represented the horns. The ox with the ox-goad, that is, *Al*, signifies strength, beneficence, and fertility; and lastly, God, the object of worship.

B.

Egyptian hieroglyphic  Hebrew 



The signification of this letter in the most ancient languages is "house," and the form on the Phœnician monuments imitates rudely the figure of a "house." In the Æthiopic alphabet it resembles a tent that is propped up


by one pole . In Syriac it looks like a modern Bedouin Arab's tent ; and in the Samaritan alphabet it is not unlike a rude outline of a house .

"And he (Jacob) called the name of that place 'Beth-el,' that is the 'house' of God."

M

was originally formed rudely to represent the waves of the sea. It was apparently pronounced *Moo*, and in Phœnician this sound signified water. In ancient Greek *M* is thus

formed . In ancient Hebrew thus .

In Phœnician it represents a trident . Thence may be inferred the origin of Neptune's emblem in heathen mythology as a trident.

In whatever language we find this letter it is evidently a sign signifying water.

G

is the distorted head of a camel, and

D

is that of an ancient door or entrance into a tent, and in like manner every letter has its history.

It may interest you to see how the word *Klopatra* was originally written. Begin at the top and omit the *e*, as the Egyptians did not use that letter.

The triangle, or kne .. ..	.. ..	K
The lion, or labo .. ..	.. ..	L
The noose .. ..	.. ..	O
The mat, or pu .. ..	.. ..	P
Eagle, aköm .. ..	.. ..	A
Hand, tot .. ..	.. ..	T
Mouth, rho .. ..	.. ..	R
Eagle, aköm .. ..	.. ..	A

The egg and semicircle merely show it is a woman's name, and the enclosure denotes royalty.



Should you desire to pursue this study, you could not do better than consult Humphrey, Astle, and Fick.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I AM perfectly furious!" declared Adela; "I never was so insulted in all my life before!"

The time was the afternoon succeeding Oswald's disclosure to Helen; the place

was the morning room at Hill Crest, where Helen sat patiently arranging artificial chrysanthemums upon an evening dress belonging to Adela. That young lady had just entered, robed, out of compliment to the late Mr. Thorne, in

a suit of delicate half-mourning grey, with feather trimming. Aunt Maria had been accompanying her upon one or two visits, *vice* Helen, who was busy on the gown, and the good lady's face, alarmed and round-eyed, framed in a bonnet of