rail over it, supposing it to be a specimen of Swiss scenery. I raved over it too, mildly, for I confess it hardly came up to my picture of it.
But we are now on the shores of a lake really worth raving about, Lake Zurich. It is a perfect little gem. Imagine a sheet of water as clear as crystal, completely surrounded by mountains whose slopes are dotted with pretty little villages, and behind these mountains others, much higher with snow-capped summits, and you may be able to form for yourself a picture of this beautiful spot. Even now as I look through the windows of the reading room, I can see the clear moon shining on the waters of the lake, and lighting up the mountains behind. I really must close now as I may go out to see it.
Good bye, Your Aff Son
George