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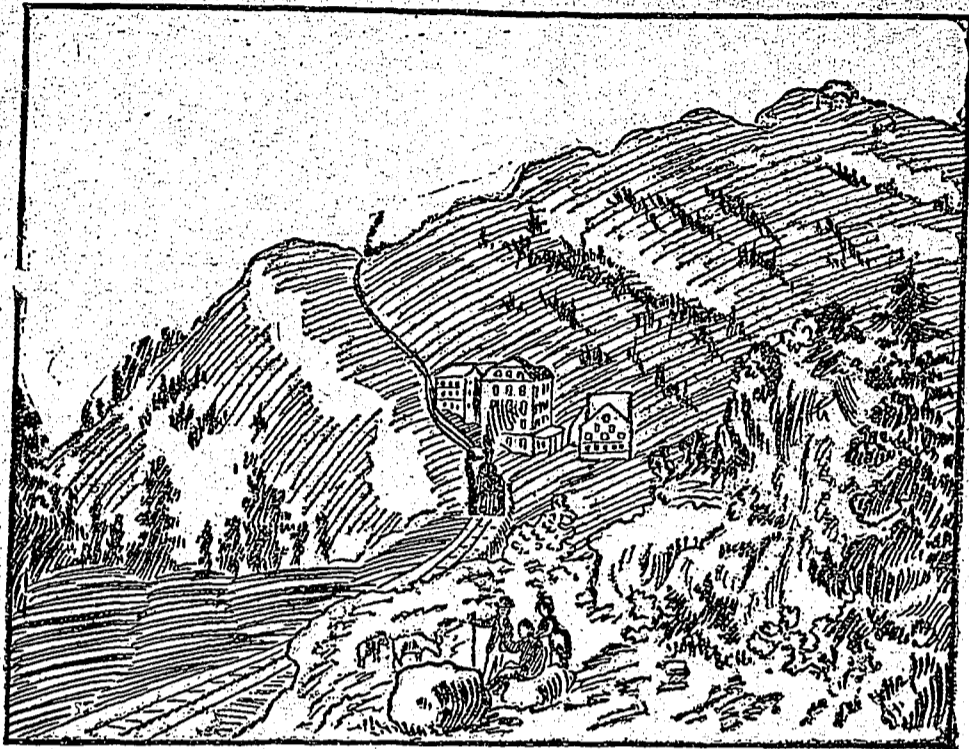
Sun rise Upon the Righi, Switzerland.

(By Rev. J. N. Hallock, in 'Christian Work.')

Two ascensions of this noted elevation have been enjoyed by me in the course of the last few years. Of course everyone knows that the Righi, of Switzerland, is a mountain some six thousand feet high, and which is now ascended by a railway somewhat similar to the one in this country upon Mount Washington. My first ascension was on foot and mule-back, just as my first ascension on Mount Washington was made in the same way, before the construction of the railway. I still think that this method of ascending a mountain is much the more impressive and picturesque.

The second ascension was made by railway, for where there is a railway, one is pretty sure to take it. Since the completion of the Righi railway hundreds of passengers every day have availed themselves of this method of getting to the top of the mountain, where there is a hotel called the Kulm, and of which our cut gives a good idea. Before you reach the Kulm, and perhaps a mile or so beneath, there is another hotel called Hotel Staffel, and many tourists are contented with reaching this elevation. A night spent at the Kulm, however, will abundantly repay one, if he has the time and is making an excursion for recreation and pleasure. The invalid who can stay for a time, several days, or even weeks in these airy heights, finds his appetite increase in an astonishing degree. To one, however, who has only one night to spend upon these sublime heights, the curiosity of seeing the magnificent sunrise and the alpine scenery upon all sides, extending more than three hundred miles in circumference, will be sufficient to rouse him up early in the morning, and, as he will be likely to sleep, as some one remarked, 'on the tiptoe of expectation,' his sleep may not be as sound as it might otherwise be.

Early in the morning the Alpine horn sounds its reveille for those who wish to hasten and see the rising sun, and it is won-



THE KULM AND THE HOTEL STAFFEL.

derful how early the sun manages to get up there. If, however, it rose at midnight, the result, so far as the sleepers are concerned, would be much the same. Those who have remained many days upon the top may continue on in their slumbers, but those who have but one morning to see the sights are up and on hand. At the signal all of these transient visitors rush out, some clad in their right mind and other belongings, and others not so much so.

The first effort upon our part to see the sun under these circumstances, was anything but a success excepting so far as the effect of the Alpine horn was concerned. This resounded upon the mountain top in the cold, clear morning air with an effect superior to anything we had heard before. According to all the promises that had been made, Old Phoebus should have followed it; but instead a thick mist seemed to be spread over all the land, and just where we expect-

ed to see the glorious orb of day appear, the cloud of mist seemed thicker than elsewhere, so we never were quite sure from ocular demonstration that the sun actually rose at all that day. We saw it once afterward, however, that is, we saw the sun rise upon our second visit, and so can testify from actual experience that the sun does rise in that far away and elevated locality.

Upon this occasion, as upon our previous visit, a crowd of transient visitors appeared in response to the Alpine horn, and this crowd comprised representatives from almost every nation under the sun, each one being arrayed in a costume sui generis, and the entire assemblage were arrayed in costumes as various almost as the individuals of which it was composed. First above the mountain we caught a glimpse of the golden streaks that heralded the approach of the King of Day. This narrow belt of light gradually widened, and the snow-crowned peaks of the higher Alps commenced to change color, passing in quick succession from white to yellow, and from yellow to a faint crimson, as the earliest beams of light touched their icy foreheads. Suddenly the distant mountain tops began to appear like so many islands out of the sea. First, distant Mont Blanc, with its round bald head of eternal snow, then the sharp pointed top of the Matterhorn, and after them in quick succession scores of mountain tops. Thus, before we were fully aware of it, the great King of Day had greeted us, and his golden disc appeared above the horizon. Exclamations of wonder and delight were heard on every side, and all felt well repaid for the trouble and inconvenience caused by the novel experience.



THE RAILWAY UP THE RIGHI.

An Indian Boy Seeking and Confessing Christ.

In Dera Ismael-Khan, a city on the Indus River, there lived a boy, who thus tells his own story: 'At the time this story begins I was about thirteen years old. I was sent to one of the mission schools, where I was