

AMONG THE SWISS CLOUDS AND MOUNTAINS.

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HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

My first view of Switzerland was from the Rigi Kulm, coming by train from Bale to Lucerne, passing through many picturesque valleys, enjoying the view of many swelling hills, quaint chalets, little lakes, and the battle-field of Sempach, and catching glimpses of the more distant and more inspiring scenes of the Bernese Oberland. I halted in Lucerne only for a meal, and then proceeded by boat to the foot of the Rigi, and ascended by the mountain railroad to the summit of that peak, which, with its companion Pilatus, keeps grim ward over Lucerne and its charming lake. Up, up, steadily and comfortably the engine pushed the little cars; at each turn the view grows wider, wilder, and more magnificent; finally at the summit, with its hotels and pavilions, 5,905 feet above the sea, 4,472 feet above the lake, you find stretched beneath you an indescribable panorama of dark rocks, blue lakes, busy towns, which from their distance are hushed into absolute silence, and dwindled to the proportions of children's toys; pine forests, pretty chalets dotting the mountain-sides, and little villages, whose church spires emerge from the