

cut. In the surrounding larchwood cows are grazing. Yonder the mists are circling round the Schneeberg, or snow mountain. From the stag to the badger, all the animals of the chase now extant in Germany roam the mountain forests. Traces of ancient glaciers are not wanting. The tunnel which pierces the boundary wall between Austria and Styria is nearly one mile in length. It being perfectly straight, one end of it is visible from the opposite end. After issuing from the tunnel we find ourselves in Styria, in a peaceful but monotonous landscape.



VIADUCTS ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY.

"In the early days," says Becker, "the smelting furnace glowed and the smith's hammer resounded in the green valleys, the herdsmen's songs echoed on the heights, the too luxuriant forest that decked the hillsides was thinned out, and one human habitation after another rose out of the ground—green and flourishing saplings of civilization hedged about by the blessing that descends upon pious labour. Yes, pious labour! for still was felt the influence of that practical Christianity which in our mountains laid the axe to the forests and drew the furrow through the field; still were its messengers, wherever we find them, girded alike for work and for prayer."

In Styria the scenery is of exceeding interest. Green valleys running up among the snow hills, with their old, old churches and unpainted wooden or stone houses, old chateaux and ruined castles.

High on the left we may now see Maria-Tröst, and—visible from afar—the castle mount of Graz, the once barren cone of dolomite, converted into a garden of incomparable beauty.

Graz, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, is the largest town within the borders of that Alpine district in which the German tongue is spoken. It is also the stateliest and most beautiful.