

the houses and oriel windows, and long covered arcades, and the swift mountain streams rushing through sluice-ways at the road side. Early next morning, with one of the most enthusiastic sight-seers, I went to the large and handsome parish church and found it filled with a devout congregation, whose singing was strikingly impressive. At the west portal are two grotesquely-carved lions in red marble in the Lombard style. High in the air rises a fine open stone spire, erected nearly four hundred years ago. We wandered through the cemetery or "court of peace," with the impressive motto over the portal "*Resurrecturis*," and with its affecting memorials of love and sorrow—old as humanity, yet ever new. The Teutonic love of nature was seen in the beautiful park and public garden, which are common features to all Austrian and German towns.

THE WILLING WORKER.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

RICHLY the grapes in Thy vineyard, O Lord,
 Hang in their clusters of purple delight!
 I have attended the call of Thy Word,
 Working for Thee since the dawning of light:
 Sweetly the sunset gleams over the lea,
 Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord!
 Fair are the flowers Thou lovest to twine;
 Master! no labour—no pains have I spared;
 Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine!
 Soft gleam the stars that in heaven I see,
 Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Deep wave Thine acres with harvests untold,
 Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day;
 Now the moon rises in fulness of gold,—
 Slowly the reapers are moving away:
 Wide is the plain, and not many are we,
 Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Dimmed is the eye with the fast-fading light,
 Falters the heart from the toilsome constraint;
 Scant, on my forehead my locks have grown white—
 Lord, 'tis the body grows weary and faint!
 Finished the task Thou hast given to me,
 Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.