

To this monument Longfellow refers in his poem on the death of Bayard Taylor:

"Dead he lay among his books !  
The peace of God was in his looks.  
As the statues in the gloom  
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,  
So those volumes from their shelves  
Watched him, silent as themselves."

Very simple, but scarcely less impressive is the marble effigy of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot and hero, who was captured by the French, tried and acquitted by his judges, yet ordered to be shot by Napoleon himself. Above his monument is the glorious watchword, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

In the dusk I wandered alone across the Inn and through the quaint suburbs, and back through the deserted streets—they go to bed very early in Tyrol—and again in the morning took a last mental photograph, as well as laid and bought some souvenirs of the old-world town which I shall never see again.

This souvenir business is, as Cowper says of poetry, "a pleasing toil," especially when, as was the case with most of our party, we had a very limited acquaintance with the language in which we make our purchases. But it is wonderful how far a very little German will go. With "Haben sie?" "Wo ist?" "Gedanke" and a few more words, one can do quite a business on a very small capital.

---

## LIFE.

BY PAMELA VINING YULE.

DAWN, peaceful, fair, with Morn's first tints alight ;  
Flutter of bird-wings ; voices, feet astir ;  
Toil, girt for effort—Labour's ceaseless whirr—  
Sleep, dreamless 'neath the curtain-folds of Night.

A tiny rill, from caverned darkness sprung ;  
A stream, aggressive, deepening, wid'ning still—  
A river singing to each listening hill—  
At home at last, the ocean tides among.

A skiff, afloat upon the treacherous deep,  
Breeze-kissed, wave-rocked, now floating, now at rest,  
Now storm-tossed, struggling bravely toward the West,  
Harbour at last, and winds and waves asleep.  
Such that strange something with all myst'ries rife,  
Uncomprehended, unexplained, called Life.

BRANTFORD, 1890.