

## IN PACE.

Away from thine thou laid'st thee down to die.  
 But not 'mid strangers. Through the lonely night,  
 Fond friends sat watching, by the flickering light,  
 To catch with pious awe thy parting sigh.  
 Yes, and the Virgin Mother, in the calm  
 Of that hush Sabbath eve, stood at thy bed,  
 And Guardian Angels lingered near thy head.  
 To fan thy temples with their snowy palm.  
 Rest gently where they laid thee! On thy grave  
 The rose clouds their holy dew will send,  
 The silver grasses' whisp'ring lips will bend,  
 And violets blue their fragrant chalice wave;  
 While in my heart the memory of thee  
 Green as those Summer blossoms e'er shall be.

Montreal.

JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.

## Contributions.

## COUNT VON ENGELS' EXPERIENCE.

## A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BY ARTHUR WEIR, B.A. Sc.

Europe, with its historical memories stretching far back into the world's dawn; Europe, with its Thermopylæ, its Marathon, its yellow Tiber and mighty ruins; its universities, its stores of written knowledge, and its vast laboratories, had claimed Dick Benton for four years. He had gone thither to pursue his studies at the feet of its great masters in science, and had devoted himself to his studies with the ardor of youth, the perseverance of dulness, and the achievements of genius. But he had done far more than study science. He had scaled the high peaks of the Alps, had wandered through the Russian wheat fields, the green lanes of England, and the wine countries of southern France. He had dallied with the peoples of all lands; had met the seducing senora and Jeanette, and exchanged soft German words with Gretchen, as well as danced in palaces, and flirted with Madame la Marquise. Yet none had touched his heart, or swerved it a hair's-breadth from the idol of his early youth, or made him faithless to her in act or word. He had left his Canadian home in the rose month of June, while the sky was blue above him as Italian lakes, and the sun gleamed on hill and stream and plain like a golden shield; and wherever he had gone, in the four years of his absence, the thoughts of home had arisen at every sight, and the greater was the beauty he saw the greater was the beauty he recalled. There was no land and no season which he could not reproduce in Canadian memories. Wandering through France, the soft tongue and vivacious spirits of its peasantry had recalled thoughts of his native province, Quebec, with its merry, innocent *habitants* baking their bread in the hot ashes of a brick oven out doors near the bee-hive, and dancing at night in the village streets to the music of violins. He had well nigh been done to death one Russian winter, during a long drive to a distant town, through a blinding snow-storm, while the horses trembled as they ran at the cry of the wolves, but even in this his heart turned homeward, and the jingle of the bells and the frantic bounds of the steeds seemed part of his Canadian fancy. He had lived the students' life in the Quartier Latin, and had held his own at

Bierkeippe and duello in Germany; yet through all the panorama that had passed before him there had pierced a vision of a stately house in magnificent Montreal, with a brown-eyed child singing through it.

And now he was going home. With honors offered him, with palace doors opened to him, for his scholarship and rank had entitled him to this, he yet refused all, for his heart was filled with the hopes of manhood, and the glamor of first love.

When he left home she had been sixteen. Now she must have blossomed into full womanhood. They had corresponded a little, yet she had never known his love. Guess it she could, perhaps, have done, but she never knew it, for her age protected her. Dick's love was too true to have taken advantage of a young girl's fancy, and tie her to him, without liberty to choose elsewhere at will.

And now he was going home.

Was it home? His people had scattered since he left, and there would be no house to receive him for Christmas, as it had so often done of yore. He would arrive almost on Christmas Eve, and in his own city, would have to stay at an hotel.

But the hotels of Canada, unlike those of Europe, were homes to those who could afford to pay for their luxuries. There was no gloomy candle to light one to bed, as in Europe, for one thing.

Dick arrived in Montreal from New York on the day before Christmas, in the morning, and at once had his luggage taken to the Windsor Hotel. Here he sat, after an early dinner, and wondered how he should spend Christmas Eve. There had been, before he left, one house in which he was always sure of a welcome. But would he be welcome now, after four years of absence? That was the question. Had Gladys forgotten him, the lad who use to worship the very ground she trod, and foolishly let her know it? Had her heart changed, as her body must have done, and did she now rule empress in another heart? Well, he would see her, anyway. And yet, somehow, he did not want her to know him until he learned whether or not he had a rival.

He cogitated long before he hit upon a plan. At last he arrived at some decision, for he sat down and began vigorously to scribble a letter, which took him much time and trouble. However, it satisfied him when finished, which, after all, is more than can be said of much other work that takes time and trouble.

Dick, while in Europe, had conformed to the habits and customs of the natives. He had gone away a beardless youth, with just the promise of a mustache. But during his stay in Germany he had cultivated a beard, and had it trimmed in orthodox fashion. His clothes, when he arrived in Montreal, were of English make, but he had a number of German suits also, and, strange to say, doffed the English style for one of these.

He took a lonely tea at the Windsor, having, for a reason best known to himself, avoided hunting up his old cronies. He seemed to enjoy himself, for a smile flickered over his face frequently as he dined.

After tea he armed himself with his letter, and set out for the house of the idol of his heart.

It was with some timidity that he rang the bell,