

EDITORIAL.

Dear readers, here is the last month of Winter, and how mild it has been! Foreigners speak of Canadian winters with an involuntary shiver, and refer to our country as the theatre for the wildest freaks of Jack Frost and all his train. Snow piled, and drifted, and spread throughout the land; rivers and lakes ice bound; the very breath freezing, are features by no means inviting to those who live in a mild climate. 'Tis true, our winters are usually rigid; and if we were looking for the first time upon snow-clad mountains, or listening to the howling northern blast as it sorrowfully sounds in the leafless forests, we could scarcely trust in the promise of sacred writ, and believe that "seed time and harvest" will surely follow. We love a genuine cold Canadian winter. In the clear air, the stars, like friendly lights, sparkle and twinkle, and seem near to us; icicles festoon the trees, and rivulet and cascade, in fantastic shape, glisten brightly in the sunlight. To our mind the generous hospitality of Canadian in-door social life, the excitement of the sleighing parties, the high health and spirits fostered by long walks over the crusted snow, more than compensate for the severity of our climate. The summer is short, or rather so much business of every kind must be done in the summer months, that not much time can be devoted to the interchange of friendly visits; but when the farmer has secured his harvest, and gathered the last rosy apples and delicious winter pears, and brought in the vegetables raised by his own industry, he begins to find time for social visits, and hours for reading and instruction, and we are sure our long winter evenings never pass drearily to him.

Our cities present Winter in a very agreeable aspect. We have often heard of the hum of business and pleasure, that may convey the right idea in Summer; but in winter it is not a hum that we have, but a perfect glingling of sounds. Far and near the merry music of sleigh bells is borne upon the wind. Here we meet an honest Habitan in his national costume, with his hood drawn closely, only leaving a pair of eyes visible,—there a tall son of Scotia, wrapped in his plaid, seems to bid defiance to the piercing cold. Groups of gay ladies flit along, well wrapped in furs, and looking cheerful and hurried, as if everything depended upon their making just so many calls, or doing a certain amount of shopping in one short winter afternoon. They see clearly that time flies! But we did not mean to give a homily upon our pleasant winters. We love them not only for their bracing effect upon health, but for the peculiar advantages they afford for improvement. 'Tis plain to us that those who live where the trees are "ever green," miss many sources of enjoyment,—the pleasures of contrast, not to mention many others.

Speaking of ever-greens, we always thought the Maple Leaf deciduous,—we are acquainted with a species which has remained quite fresh and thrifty all winter; or, to speak more to the purpose, we may say that our little magazine is gaining many friends. We are much cheered by the constant marks of favor bestowed upon it. For the encouragement of its friends we may state, that we are receiving letters from different directions, expressing satisfaction with the arrangement of its articles, choice of matter, embellishments, and neatness of execution. Our subscription list is increasing, and we have reason to expect that ere long the "Maple Leaf," entwined with other precious and improving influences, will add interest to a vast number of family circles throughout the length of our land.

We have to thank our contributors for some very interesting articles. A friend has sent us a pleasant original tale, which we hope to bring out in our next.

We assure C. H., Rice Lake, that we received her communications with pleasure, especially her prose article, which appears in this number. It is very interesting, and written in that easy, perspicuous style, which, like unostentatious grace of manners, always distinguishes the refined lady.