

of coffee. "What delicious coffee, Madam Clarke, and wishing you a Happy New Year, again and again, with au revoir," and off they went, and they got home five minutes before the hour was up.

Sixty years ago the evening parties of Montreal were very fashionable. They commenced at an early hour, and the fathers and mothers as well as the young ones and all entered with zest into the amusement of the evening. The old ladies and gentlemen danced as much as the young people, and their dancing was regarded with ease, and the manners were unaffected and dignified and characteristic of well bred people. The dances were slow and stately. Even the waltz was in slow time. But in the cotillion, Sir Roger de Coverley was danced with great spirit. After supper the guests left, and it being very cold in winter the ladies put on their hoods and cloaks, and the gentlemen put on their coats and fur caps.

My mother speaks of this still and often tells us how happy they all looked. Some drove home, and others proceeded home with lanterns lighted.

A SUGARING-OFF PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. D. concluded to have a sugaring-off party at Lennoxville. The invitations were sent out. At a sugaring-off party in the country the sap is boiled to the consistency of molasses, and then to sugar. If the fire is too hot, the sugar is useless. Just before the syrup is hard enough for sugar, it is an old custom to invite one's friends to the sugaring-off. Old and young, they came by the light of the moon to the sugar camp. Mr. Jasper W. and friend were there, and a dozen of young ladies came in for their attention. Mr. D. and son acted as masters of ceremony.

It was a frosty night, and the hard snow-crust cracked every now and then like the report of a pistol, and the dry bush crackled, too, under the kettle, while the firelight gleamed over the lovely young, eager faces of the party, and brought them out in strong relief against the pines and the splendid maples, with their drooping branches.

At last all was ready, and Tom and his father lifted the big kettle from the fire, and dexterously poured its amber contents on the snow. There was a general rush toward the centre of attraction, and Mr. W., not to be thought so green as he might be, leaned over the seething syrup, with a long spoon in his hand and dipped for the first sample of lusciousness, and cried, "Sweets to the Sweet," striking an attitude and presenting the spoon gracefully to Miss F., who advanced smilingly to take it. But it was a little slippery where he stood, and before he realized that he was going, the elegant young man measured his length