

EDITORIAL.

The Summer, so sultry and oppressive, is over now, according to the calendar, though she often encroaches upon Autumn, giving us July heat in September. All will welcome the cooler days, which this month usually brings; and we hope that the change in the weather will restore to our city, numbers, who, a few short weeks since, fled with their household treasures from the first breath of the pestilence. Happy will it be for them if, when gathering again round the social board, in their own homes, they find no vacant seats at their table, no missing faces in their family circle. To many of those who have remained here through the season, the coming of Autumn will but deepen the remembrance of the sad scenes of suffering and death which they have witnessed, it may be in which they have participated. How many desolate homes and hearts does the coming of September find in this city, and in other places, which have suffered from the ravages of the Cholera. The Death-Angel has looked in upon many a happy household, and suddenly "changed the countenance" of one—perhaps of more than one—of those who were the joy or reliance of the family. Many orphaned hearts are proving the bitterness of the cup which has been pressed to their lips—they know what it is to be fatherless or motherless; and in some instances entire families have together gone down to the grave. It seems as if it were almost a merciful stroke which cuts down a whole family at once, if they are but prepared to go; for then there are no breaking hearts left behind to mourn over their dead. Now that the dark cloud is lifted, and we can breathe freely, the past seems like a troubled dream; but, alas, there is too much painful reality in it: many hearts, yet bleeding with agony, will carry to their graves the remembrance of the Summer of 1854 in this Cholera-smitten city. But with earnest gratitude we would acknowledge the mercy which has rebuked the pestilence, and given us again health and prosperity. Surely we ought to be a wiser and a better people after so fearful a lesson.

We wish to anticipate, and at the same time to disarm all criticism with regard to this month's issue of the "Maple Leaf," by saying that it has been prepared for the press in the absence of the Editor, who left the city as soon as the sickness abated, so that she could do so. A number of letters have been received from her, in all of which she makes grateful mention of the cordial hospitality she has received in Upper Canada. We trust that she will derive the highest benefit from her journey, in renewed health and invigorated spirits, and that no future number of the magazine will suffer from her absence. With this explanation, we resign the editorial chair, to which we are all unused, and commit our labors to the clemency of the reader.

The little piece, "A Cheerful Boy," being from the pen of a very dear friend, we were glad to insert, though not written for this Magazine.

To the regular contributors of the "Maple Leaf" we return thanks, for their promptness in sending their communications. A number of other articles have been received, which are carefully laid aside, awaiting the return of the Editor.