

deficiency supplied, by purchasing the literature with the stationery. This being convenient to the buyer and profitable to the seller, seems a very excellent arrangement, and the recipient of the touching strain, must not be expected to value it less, from the consideration that it was *paid for*! Long ago, in the time of knighthood and chivalry, Valentine's day was a most momentous one. Then, a lady had to accept for her true knight and champion through the coming year, him who should first proclaim himself her Valentine, under her casement in the early morning, and he was entitled to the high reward of a kiss from the lips of his chosen ladye. In Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "Fair Maid of Perth," there is a description of the old custom, which seemed then to be observed with almost a religious deference. In these degenerate days, however, when woman is *obliged* to stand up for her "*rights*" and take to "*Bloomerism*" in *self defence*, we can expect no such observance, the good old custom has now changed into a holiday for children, and the darts and flames and cupids are all launched at the defenceless hearts of seven and eight! With a sigh for the good old times of champions and chivalry, we must hasten to a termination of our gossip on February.

The iron chain of winter as we said before is now at its strongest. We have heavy falls of snow, and deep, impenetrable drifts—but the tinkle of sleigh bells rings out through the busy streets, while the bright eyed children gather in merry groups, and coast with the reindeer's speed down the snowy steep. We have become accustomed to winter, and therefore his blasts do not prevent our participation in out-door exercises and amusements. The skater, yet glides noiselessly over the shining lake, and the warm furs of the gay sleighs shelter merry form as they speed in numbers over the smooth crisp snow. Concerts or lectures, balls or social gatherings, aid in making the long evenings pass pleasantly away, and much amusement and instruction may be enjoyed and stored, through the present month. With all its drawbacks, it has yet many pleasures, and one of its most pleasing reflections is that the strength of winter is weakened and passing away. We can bear with the noisy winds, and the drifting snow flakes, as we remember we are nearing the Spring. The days are growing longer, and even now we have some faint indications of "the good time coming." The present, though a chilling, is an intellectual season. Thomson speaks of

"The joyous winter days,
When sits the soul intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen."

And here again the poet is correct, the mind is braced for action as well as the body, and thought is more vigorous beneath the influence of frosty skies. The keen air gives an impetus to the imaginative faculties, and the long still evenings are more conducive to literary pursuits, than any other period.

We see then, that winter has its uses and blessings, causing the blood to circle more healthfully through the veins, and the streams of thought to flow