

OUR ANCESTORS AND OURSELVES.—Our Ancestors up to the Conquest were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward the First; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne; and we only are the white-bearded, silver headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply.

When a sober, moderate, and silent man drinks wine in a quantity more liberal than ordinary, it has the effect of cherishing and rousing his spirits and genius, and rendering him more communicative. If taken still more freely, he becomes talkative, eloquent, and confident of his abilities. If taken in still larger quantities, it renders him bold and daring and desirous to exert himself in action. If he persists in a more plentiful dose, it makes him petulant and contumelious. The next step renders him mad and outrageous. Should he proceed still farther, he becomes stupid and senseless.—*Aristotle.*

HOW TO SLEEP IN SNOW.—The mariner in which Capt. Ross's crew preserved themselves after the shipwreck of their vessel, was by digging a trench in the snow when night came on; this trench was covered with canvass, and then with snow; the trench was made large enough to contain seven people; and there were three trenches, with one officer and six men in each. At evening, the shipwrecked mariners got into bags made of double blanketting, which they tied round their necks, and thus prevented their feet escaping into the snow while asleep; they then crept into the trenches and lay close together.

TO LET.—When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father that if he succeeded he should place a label on his forehead with the words "to let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right Tom" said the father, "but don't forget to add the word 'unfurnished.'"

AN ODD IDEA.—Colman, in his *Random Records*, relates an anecdote of a "Scotchman's tumbling from one of the loftiest houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh. He slipped," says the legend, "off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high; and, when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out at a window of the eighth floor; to whom (as he was an acquaintance) he observed *en passant*,—'eh, Sandy man, sic a fa' as I shall hae!'"

According to the report of the University Commissioners, a student's tobacco bill often amounts to £40 a year. No wonder that the prospects of so many youths vanish in smoke.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—According to recent calculations it is probable that English is already the language of sixty millions of human beings, and that number is augmenting at a continually increasing ratio.

*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Why doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine that you are giving to my husband. How is that?" "All right," replied the doctor, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

JOKE OVER WINE.—It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the judge's dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the very reverend guest, "I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner!" "Oh no, sir!—by no means," replied the Chief Baron, "it is the *uncertain* quantity that does all the mischief!"

QUEER RACERS.—The elder folks were talking of the races, when one turned to a listening child and said, "Did you ever see the races, Bobby?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have seen the candles run."

LEGISLATION.—A foreigner of distinction once asked a British member of Parliament what had passed in the last session;—"Five months and fourteen days," was the reply.

When Queen Elizabeth told Bacon that his house was too small for him, he replied—"It is your Majesty who have made me too big for my house."

A gentleman, who had been desired by his wife to make a purchase for her at a milliner's, being requested on his return by a friend to call in, begged to be excused, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife, and was afraid the fashion would change before he got home.

In Peking, China, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is said to have been started more than a thousand years ago. Several numbers of the paper are preserved in the Boy's Library at Paris. They are each 10½ yards long.

CRITICISM.—"Well," said Foote, drily to my father, "how do you go on?" "Pretty well," was the answer, "but I can't teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do." "Can't you?" cried Foote,—"read him your last comedy of the 'Man of Business,' and he'll yawn for a month."—*Colman.*

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed, Which of their lands maintained the greatest state;

The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,  
The Welshman would not his vaunts abate.

"Ten cooks" quoth he, "in Wales one wedding sees;"  
"Ay, quoth the other, "each man toasts his cheese."

Published for the Proprietors by HENRY ROWSELL, Wellington Buildings, King-street, Toronto, by whom subscriptions will be received. Subscribers' names will also be received by A. H. Armour & Co., H. Scobie, Wesleyan Book Room, J. Lesslie, Toronto; C. L. Helliwell, M. Mackendrick, Hamilton; J. Simpson, F. M. Whitely, Niagara; and by all Booksellers and Postmasters throughout the Province.