

the following pointed lines repeated by the witty Celestial :

"When an upstart is seen on the rink strutting out,
With his hat cocked aslant, and a glass in his eye.
Though he twists his moustache for the ladies to view,
I wouldn't give much for his *sensx*, would you?"

Sparkling witticisms, creamy jokes, and bright repartee fly thick and fast ; happiness beams on every countenance, and enjoyment flashes from every eye. A short hour more and the strains of "God Save the Queen" announce the conclusion of the fun. The pleasures of the evening are over, but those of the week are not. We hear happy groupes discussing the probabilities of the success of a sleighing party to be held on the ensuing evening. On the date mentioned, a large party meet at a friend's house, and the four large sleighs provided for the occasion are crowded to excess. The horses are pawing the ground impatiently, but they have not long to wait. The bells now tinkle merrily ; the drivers crack their whips, and the gay assemblage is off. Charles Clarke has made Poe thus sing :

"Hear the sledges with their bells, silver bells !
What a troop of happy maidens and their devoted swells,
In the glorious excitement of an undisguised irritation !
How they speed along the track,
With their steeds grey, brown or black ;
Foam flecked, and madly racing through the wind
so sharp and bracing,
To the tintinnabulation of the bells !
The girls have cheeks like roses, but the men have
purple noses,
And a tingling in their toeses, these most unhappy
swells ;
But the fun is fast and furious, and stranger eyes
most curious,
For the cavaliers are smoking, and the air is thick
with joking,
And the laughing jubilation of the bells ;
Ah, how sweet the rippling laughter to the chaps
that follow after
On foot, not having sledges, and quite destitute of
bells.
And when the drive is over, and the girls from under
cover
Of their furs, creep out with laughter at the stiff half-
frozen swells,
And beneath each amorous glance their hearts with
triumph dance,
That's the most delightful pealing of the bells."

Although amusements are abundant and enjoyment gaily trips through the land during the winter season, yet there

are many inconveniences more or less serious. The following experience of winter will no doubt correspond with that of many a Canadian.

Two winters ago my business called me to Owen Sound, to arrive at which destination I was obliged to take the rather unfavorably known line of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway. When we left Ontario's capital it was snowing heavily, without indications of abatement. I very soon quietly subsided into a comfortable corner of the car for a snooze. I had probably been wooing tired nature's sweet restorer for an hour when I was suddenly awakened by a sudden stoppage, the violence of which sent all the valises in a wild gallop to view the front end of the car. The owners of the baggage rescued the lively property from promiscuous ownership. The conductor entered the car, and in answer to a volley of questions, all asking virtually what was the matter ? gave the laconic but expressive reply "snowed up !" The enquirers at once became singularly silent, and simultaneously each passenger surveyed the desolate looking country and the relentless flakes of snow through the small expanse of glass dignified by the title of window. An old gentleman was heard remarking that it was becoming cold, and forthwith proceeded to the stove. He astonished the passengers by announcing the two awful facts that the fire had gone out, and that wood was *non est*. After some deliberation a party was organized for the acquisition of supposed neighboring fence rails. In about half an hour the delegation returned sadly reporting that in their opinion such a commodity did not exist in that part of the province—but they could not support their belief by any facts, as they had only succeeded in advancing some twelve feet when impregnable fortifications of snow impeded their march, and with considerable difficulty they managed to retrace their steps. The conductor now informed us that the engineer, brakesman and fireman had set out for the nearest