

quate and pleasing return. The Christmas numbers of the illustrated periodicals, the varied and useful issues of almanacs, calendars, and diaries for the ensuing year, add their quota of inter-

est to the season, and furnish suitable material for the kindly offering of friend to friend, which speaks of loving remembrance, if the tongue does not utter it.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

[The Publishers have lately received hints from many quarters conveying the idea that an extension of the minor departments of the Magazine would be favourably received, and particularly urging that a department might be opened in THE MONTHLY for the preservation of 'a good story,' an anecdote, miscellaneous ana, or some 'bit' of humour, which could either be culled by those in charge of the publication, or contributed by its many subscribers. With this idea the publishers have fallen in, recognizing the truth that life is apt to become a very humdrum affair indeed, unless relieved by a sense of humour and the opportunity occasionally to gratify it. In the introductory words which ushered the present Magazine into existence, it was remarked that 'humour is as rare as it is acceptable.' Its appreciation, there is no doubt, is universal, and we have no misgivings in opening the Department for the delectation of our readers. If, as Captain Cuttle expresses it, we shall sandwich in some 'solid chunks of wisdom,' we shall the more heartily disport ourselves in the intervals, and the lighter bits will be all the more enjoyable.]

Into whatsoever house you enter remain master of your eyes and your tongue.

Why should tailors make irresistible lovers?—Because they know how to press a suit.

Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

'Talk about the jaws of death!' exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife. 'I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life!'

When Moses wore a heavenly radiance, 'he wist not that his face shone.' The best people are those who have the least to say about their own goodness.

A traveller says he saw an English family stop before Titian's 'John the Baptist,' and heard the father sum up his impression in one sentence, 'Quite my idea of the party's character.'

When you see a man sit down in a barber's chair, pin the newspaper round his neck, and begin to read the towel, you may put him down as absent-minded.

A handbill announcing a temperance picnic was conspicuously headed 'N.B.' '“Take notice,” I suppose,' said a man who stopped to read it. 'Oh, no,' replied his friend—'“no beer!”'

We are all sculptors and painters; our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of Omniscience alone.

The man who professes to believe that evil is only the underside of good, the dark side of the moon, and properly a