

abominations or only use them when we can't see them, or else we'll shave off our whiskers, and those who hav'n't got whiskers will never let "the anticipated" grow. But I'm afraid, after all, we'd get the worst of that bargain ourselves.

There are a few celebrated Toboganing hills in Canada that some of us have seen, and others have heard of. The magnificent ice-cone of Montmorenci Falls, below Quebec, has been universally admired; the fine hill of *Cote des Neiges*, at Montreal; the hill that runs from Fort Henry, Kingston, and others with which we are not personally so well acquainted. But we are not in want of the hills in Canada for good Toboganing, and I hope the sport will be more patronized in future. A good hill should not have too much snow—that impedes speed; nor too much ice, for that inconveniently accelerates and wears out the bottom of the sleigh.

What I call a fine sight on a winter night is, when the moon is full and clear, the weather not too cold, just bracing, and one of these hills enlivened by Toboganing parties. One must be very sullen if he cannot enjoy it, and it is strange how you feel inclined to shout and give vent to a good hearty yell now and then when you're on top of the hill—you don't feel so much inclined to do it on a plain or level. A good shout is a great relief to human nature, I think, and so is all the grand fun and sport of Toboganing. None of your hypocritical affectation of pleasure here, but the real genuine thing, and no mistake. So try Toboganing, my friend, and if you don't like it, if you find you dislike it, I implore you to look well to your morals. Perhaps you can't see the point of that. If you are fond of Toboganing, you will; if you are not, I don't care much whether you do or not.—[See the pictorial illustration on another page, from a sketch by Mr. Elliott, of Montreal.]

Pretty and Pretty Good.

In the arctic regions when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse at more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

Oh! whistle daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow; I never whistled in my life and I cannot whistle now. Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man; I never whistled in my life, but I'll whistle if I can.

The latest wrinkle in this age of novelties, is a new fashioned tea and coffee cup, invented for the benefit of gentlemen with heavy moustaches. It is contrived in such a manner that the most savage-phizzed military man may imbibe without immersing the delight of his sweetheart in the drink.

Rev. Wm. Jay was once preaching at Woton, when he noticed some of his congregation asleep. Pausing, he said, 'I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method,' and so sat down. He had soon an aroused audience.

A FEW WORDS TO A FATHER.—Take your son for a companion whenever you conveniently can; it will relieve the already over-burdened, anxious mother of so much care. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it certainly ought to be pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighten when her child is kindly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea of 'going with his father,' does she not share her little boy's happiness? and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary? It will keep him and you out of places, society and temptations into which separately you might enter. It will establish confidence, sympathy, esteem, and love between you. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunity to impart instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen a true manhood. It will enable him to 'see the world,' and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that future licentiousness which so often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint.

HOW IT HAPPENS.—One fruitful source of discontent and one great bar of enjoyment in this world, is the practice of comparing one's life with the life of others, utterly ignoring the fact that every person has an *inner* as well as an *outer* life, or, in the old-fashioned words of the Bible, 'that every heart knoweth its own bitterness.' How often is the remark made by superficial observers, 'How happy such and such persons must be! if I were only *they*!' when; ten to one, these very persons, oblivious of their wealth and position, are weary and heart-sore with the din and battle of life.

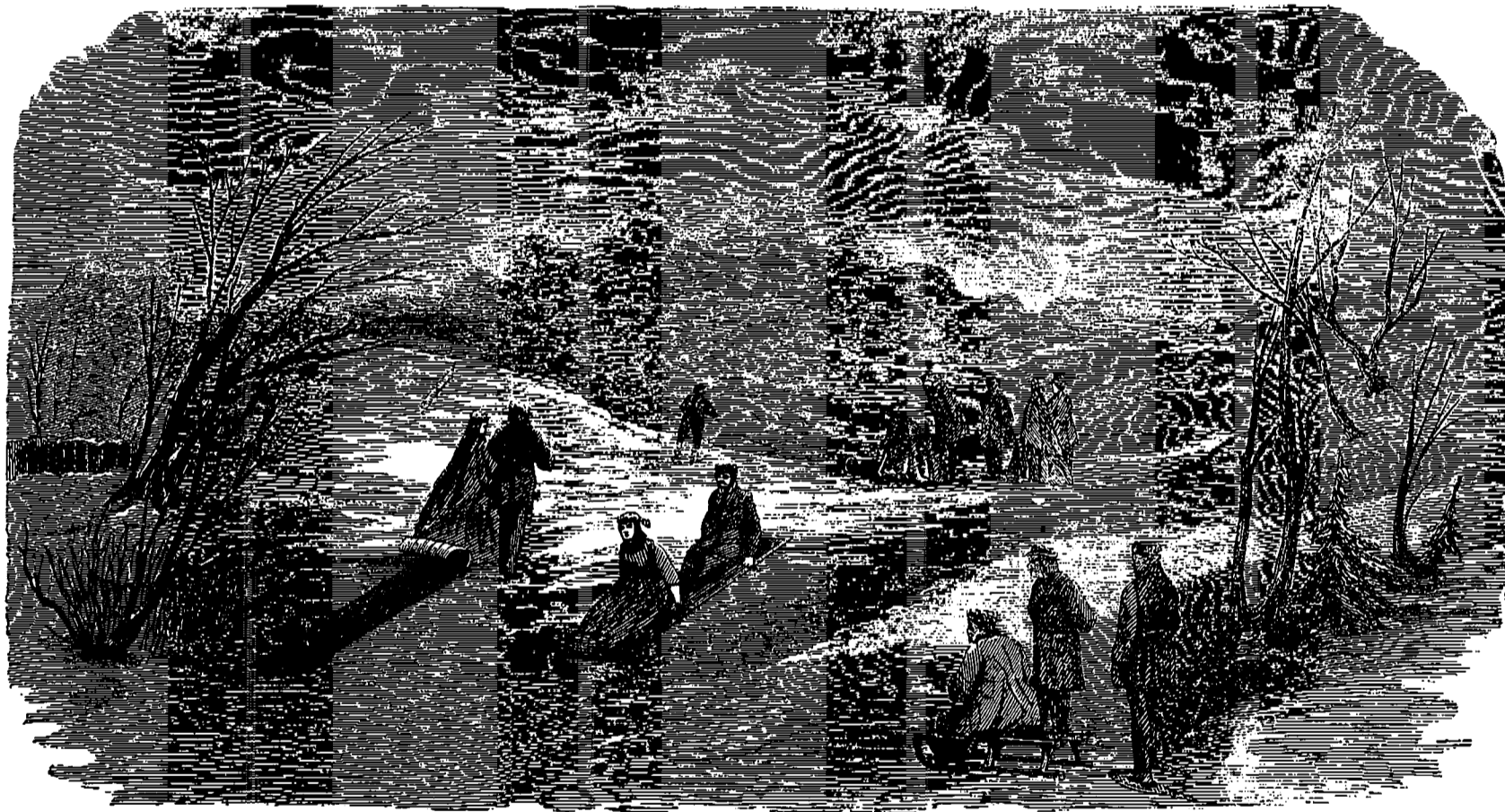
GOOD NIGHT, SWEET BABE, GOOD NIGHT.—

Sleep, sleep, my darling babe,
Thy mother's watching o'er thee;
Sleep, sleep, in slumbers sweet,
The angels hover near thee.
O'er one so pure Heaven sheds its light;
Good night, sweet babe, good night.

Sleep, sleep, my darling babe,
Fear not, for naught shall harm thee;
Sleep, sleep, in slumber sweet,
Thy mother's blessing's on thee.
May God protect thee with His might;
Good night, sweet babe, good night.

THE DARKENED CAGE.—It is a curious fact, that while some birds refuse to sing when the cage is darkened, others have softer, sweeter notes of song. And so it is in human existence. When the soul of one comes under 'the shadow of a great affliction,' it has no longer the voice of melody. The resources and the heart of joy are gone. But another sits in shadow and sends up to God the purest tones of music—the loftiest strains of praise from the chastened spirit. It was thus with David, whose harpings are never so heavenly as when they rise from the depths of his sorrow. It is not strange that those are dumb when 'the days of darkness come,' whose song of delight lived only in the glare of earth's fitful transient splendor.

A remarkable case of tetanus occurred the other day at Berlin. The wife of a respectable tradesman had been laying for three days in her coffin, when arising from her protracted slumber, she softly stole into an adjoining room, in which her husband was sitting with his children. The lady is said to be doing well, and will probably recover.



WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA; TOBOGANING AT MONTREAL.

CAREER OF A PRINTER.

On Tuesday night John Creighton, Esq., Mayor of Kingston, signaled his election for the second time to the office of chief magistrate by a dinner to the members and officers of the corporation and a number of private guests. Among the company was Hon. A. Campbell, M. L. C., Mr. Wm. Ferguson, M. P. P., Mr. A. J. Macdonald, Recorder of Kingston.

In returning thanks to a toast, the mayor said: When he (the mayor) came to Kingston he was a little boy not more than five years old, [a little brat, as Dr. Barker would say] and the place was at that time very small, there not being half a dozen stone or brick houses in the city, with no macadamised or paved streets; and he thought, when he compared the present condition of the town with what it was then, we would have no reason to complain. His Worship sketched the career of several Kingston printers who were his fellow apprentices, and all of whom now occupied honorable positions in society. One of them was the Rev. Mr. Lovell, now a prominent minister of the Methodist Church, and the others the present proprietor of the Daily News and his brother, the late Mr. Samuel Rowlands, with whose ability as a writer all present were no doubt acquainted.

'POOR AS CHURCH MICE.'—At Buckland Brewer, during a recent thanksgiving service, the church was decorated with sheaves of corn and evergreens, and it was thought to be so tasteful that the decorations should remain until Christmas and then the corn be distributed to the poor. When the sheaves were taken down, however, they were minus of every grain of corn. The church mice, whose poverty is proverbial, had regaled themselves with the luxury provided, and growing bold as they were well fed, made their nests snugly enough in the folds of the altar cloth. But after the days of feasting the time of mourning began; the little vermin found themselves reduced to the normal condition of church mice once more, and they set to work to devour the altar cloth which had offered them protection.

A sea captain says the Gulf Stream is approaching near the Nova Scotian coast every year, and he predicts warmer winters there and in New England in consequence.

A Dutchman's soliloquy, on the fickleness of his lady love, is thus reported:—'She loves Shon Mickle so petter as I, because he has got couple tollers more as I has.'

Geo. Francis Train, in a recent speech, delivered somewhere in Nebraska, candidly alluded to himself as 'the best played-out man in the country.'

CHOPPING ACCIDENT.—The Perth Reformer learns that on Tuesday last, as two young lads, sons of Mr. Statin, Logan, were engaged in chopping, one of them, a boy of 10 or 11 years, came too near the axe of the other, which falling, completely severed all the toes from one foot. He was brought to town and placed under the care of Dr. Hornibrook, who re-amputated the toes close to the foot, and the little fellow is doing well. He is not expected to be permanently crippled.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. Morrison, late Charlotte Nickleson, the most accomplished actress Canada possesses, is now playing in Montreal. She appeared last week at the Garrison theatricals as Clara Douglas, in Bulwer's play, 'Money.'

MARKETS.—Few farmers can afford to hold their produce for a higher market after a good price is offered. Prices are usually higher in spring, but corn and all grain shrink from loss of water, from the ravages of vermin, and from actual waste, enough to make the gain very little.

The Paris *Presse* computes the population of the globe at one thousand millions, speaking three thousand and sixty-four languages, and having eleven hundred different forms of religion.