

a huge fur cap, immense overcoat, vast mitts, strongly suggestive of soft boxing-gloves, home-spun trousers and—moccasins. Over his shoulder he carries the trusty flint-lock gun, without which no Canadian would dare to venture out of doors, surrounded as we are out here with bears, wolves, rattlesnakes, book-agents and other beasts of prey—though the presence of this weapon may suggest to our trans-Atlantic friends that it may be necessary should a theological dispute take place between the man and the preacher—whilst at his belt he bears a huge butcher or hunting knife, or a bowie or a skene dhu; some kind of an edged tool, anyway. The gentleman's snow-shoes are slung at his back, and he peers cautiously around, not knowing at what moment a panther may spring out of its lurking place upon him. The woman is muffled up in Siberian costume, which leaves only two inches of her face visible. A buffalo's skull is introduced in the right foreground.

Now, isn't this a true picture of the manner in which we Canadians go to church on Christmas, or any other day? Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

Doubtless the good people in England will look at that picture and take it all in as a true representation of us poor benighted creatures out here, our manners and customs. No doubt they read of St. James' Cathedral and imagine it to be a log edifice with the top of a tin spire just visible above the hundred feet or so of snow that covers Canadian soil from year's end to year's end. No doubt they picture to themselves His Lordship, the Bishop, plodding along on snow-shoes towards this edifice, encumbered with a couple of muskets and a tomahawk, stopping every now and then to shoot some immense bear that disputes his passage down Church-street—a desolate mountain fastness hemmed in by tall pines and leafless maple trees. They, of course, picture the reverend canon scurrying along for dear life from their houses on a bleak expanse of prairie, through which Yonge-street runs, with a tribe of blood-thirsty Indians whooping at their heels, and the curate making a 2.30 gait before a pack of wolves which pursue them up to the very doors of St. James'.

If the British people do not thus picture us and our life in this land of eternal ice, it is no fault of such artists as the delineator of "Christmas in Canada, Going to Church."

Oh! ye British artists, do come out here and learn something about the country before ye give your vivid imaginations full play. Don your buffalo coats and moccasins and come over here next summer, and if we don't make it warm enough for you, call us dufters. Leave your befogged old country and come out here and see the sun for once in your lives. Come to Toronto and see A CITY. Visit the City Hall and behold a TORONTO ALDERMAN—and then go back home—as you'll doubtless want to do. Please try and get rid of that idea, so prevalent in Britain, that we wade through the July snow in the icy summer air, and have to scare away the wolves before we can go out to the shed for a stick of wood; or that we are compelled to set spring guns and snares in the street in front of our shanty doors in Toronto, to prevent the bears breaking in and devouring us. Don't go on deluding your unfortunate and gullible countrymen with such pictures as the one I have alluded to, but mingle a little faith with your fanciful representations. It would be quite as just and true to fact for a Canadian artist to draw a picture of "Christmas in England; Going to Church," and to represent the English in the guise of ancient Britons, clad in a simple suit of "wude," with their coracles slung at their backs, gathering round a gang of Druids in a circle of big stones set up on end, as for you to depict us Canadians in the manner you have done. Go to. The truth is not in you.

Now, dear old Raven, I have done. That picture's very laughable. Ha, ha, ha! and again Ho, ho, ho! and yet once more Ha, ha, ha! and Ho, ho, ho! Yours mirthfully, —S.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

(Continued.)

"As daylight was now commencing to wane," continued Scheherazade, "I thought me of procuring some entertainment for the night, and with this desire bent my steps into the city in search of some caravanserai wherein I might be received, and though I enquired for a night's lodging at full half-a-score, I was refused a chamber at each, for what reason I am unable to say, but apparently my person was not prepossessing, or my garments were such as those of whom I enquired had never seen the like before. At length I came to an immense caravanserai, in front of which hung lanterns whose brilliancy far eclipsed that of the sun at mid-day, but the light of which was not furnished from oil drawn through wicks as is the custom in my country, but was produced by the ignition, as it seemed to me, of pieces of stone which burnt with a splendor that fairly dazzled my eyes. Long ropes of metal extended from pole to pole along the streets, and thence to these strange lanterns, and I was afterwards informed that these ropes conducted fire to the pieces of stone in the lanterns from, I doubt not, the infernal regions. In addition to these were many other lanterns set on the top of posts, throughout the length and breadth of the city, and these burnt neither oil, nor wick, nor stone, but the flames of them appeared to be the spontaneous combustion of some foul air, for I ventured to apply my mouth to one of them and to blow out the flame, whereupon my nostrils were assailed by an overpowering stench which I can liken to nothing I had ever before smelt and which well nigh caused me to swoon."

"Oh! bosh," remarked the caliph, "this Plunduff is the most terrible liar I ever heard of. But go on."



"I entered the caravanserai and advanced to a long table behind which was ensconced a young man whose learning and information struck me dumb with amazement, for he was constantly surrounded by people who never ceased asking him questions on every conceivable subject, all of which he answered, the while he kept up an incessant strain of music with numberless bells, which he rang by pressing small knobs in the table. Beneath his chin sparkled a jewel whose brilliancy far eclipsed that of the stars, and which impressed me with an overwhelming sense of the wealth of the young man until I sallied forth later in the evening, when I beheld in some of the bazaars numerous similar jewels marked with their values on a ticket; thus, 'Real Diamond: 25 cents,' 'Genuine: 60 cents,' and so forth,

these sums being, I learn, but very insignificant. I intimated, by signs, to this young man, that I desired refreshment and a couch whereon to rest for the night, when he surveyed me for the space of several minutes and then said 'G'tout yet ramp, we donwant bumsroun dere,' but upon my displaying several pieces of gold he beckoned to a sable attendant who conducted me to a small chamber which we entered, and he, touching a small spring, caused the chamber to fly upward and we ascended with the speed of an eagle toward the skies. At length this chamber came to a stand, and I was led to a small closet at the extreme summit of the caravanserai, the appearance of which suited me not at all, so depositing a small piece of gold in the hand of my attendant and showing him a purse well filled with broad pieces of the same metal, I signed to him that I desired better accommodation, when he vanished but presently returned and conducted me to a spacious chamber nearer the earth.



"Having refreshed myself I sallied forth into the streets, and although the hour was late, all was as bright as day, and crowds of people hurried to and fro. As I was passing a large dwelling place I chanced to peep through a casement, the blind whereof was drawn up and the sash thrown wide open to admit the cool evening air. In a chamber furnished with a large couch and other furniture, I beheld a houri of extreme beauty, whose hair fell in golden waves below her waist, and whose teeth sparkled like the gilded minarets of a mosque when tipped by the rays of the setting sun. I was rooted to the spot with admiration and delight, which were speedily changed to horror when I beheld the houri actually detach her ravishing wealth of hair from her head and suspend it from the golden knob of a mirror, following this act by taking all her teeth from her mouth and depositing them in a crystal goblet partially filled with water."

"Allah is great!" exclaimed the caliph, "and Mohammed is his prophet, but beware, oh! Scheherazade, what further falsehoods thou tellest me. But proceed."

(To be continued.)

THE successful weather prophet is worthy of all commendation, just as the unsuccessful seer is deserving of all execration. One of the inspired meteorologists writes for the New York Sunday Mercury. He writes for a whole year ahead also. Talking of next September, for instance, he says:—"The 5th will be warm, and it may be fine, yet there are chances that it may rain and thunder." Now, there can be no doubt whatever, of the perfect honesty, to say nothing of the prophetic prescience, of this party. It is precisely of such stuff as this that the good and true weather forecaster is made. You are prepared to bet on him every time. His calm confidence and explicitness challenge your trust in him. You never wonder at his great complaint being the scarcity of savings banks. In his rise you see the slow but sure decadence of the once powerful and respected patent medicine almanac.