

to the eye of the young innocent. And I loved to hear that story read. When the book was given to me I had not yet learned the use of the twenty-four magic signs of the alphabet. But I remember well my mother would call me in the evening to spend a few moments with her, to hear her recite some poem that while filling me with wonder and admiration would serve to bring back to herself the days of her youth, or to tell me of the fairies that were wont to haunt old familiar scenes in the "land of song," or to teach me a prayer to the good God who gives his graces and bestows his blessings on the young and old. It was so every day—or at least every evening. We would sit in the long twilight of a Winter's eve and many a joyous hour would thus pass away. But at Christmas time, she would call me to read for me the little story of the orphan boy whose happiness it was to have met with a good home on Christmas eve.

And year after year I would have her read me that story. And when I grew older and could read myself, I used still to ask my mother to do so, for it seemed more natural that she should read it for me. And a few more years fled and the Christmas came and went and the little book was not opened. But I never forgot it. The story remained fixed in my memory, surrounded by a thousand tender and endearing recollections. And every Christmas eve I think of the little book my god-mother gave me and my mother read for me. And in thinking of the simple story, I would feel a soft sweet pleasure that cannot be expressed in words—a secret joy that one loves to cherish, but can never rightly define or even understand.

Such is the case with every one and at all periods in life. We should so act and so live that every day as it dawns will be for us the anniversary of some good action performed, some noble work accomplished, some happy end attained. If such could be the case, goodness would reign triumphant—and:

"Goodness is Beauty's best portion, a dower
that no time can reduce,
A wand of enchantment and happiness,
brightening and strengthening with
use—

One the long sighed-for nectar that earthly-
ness bitterly tinctures and taints,
And the fading mirage of fancy, and one the
elcseymist paints."

FRUITS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

To the Editor of the Young Folk's Corner:

SIR,—Pursuant to your instructions, I yesterday attended a General Meeting of the Fruits and Vegetables of the Dominion of Canada, convened at the Three Jolly Gardeners, Bonsecours Market; and am happy to report, notwithstanding the illiberal tone of many of the speeches, that a very high degree of culture was observable in the generality: this is a fact, which in spite of their teeth cannot be denied.

A general gloom pervaded the aspect of the meeting; though this was somewhat relieved by the female beauty present in the galleries, which were crowded by scions of most of the old stock of the Dominion. Some pearresses might be named, nor must "two turn cherries," the rosiest of the race—and a delicate young plum, bursting with sweets, yet in all the immaculate bloom of youth, be forgotten. I was happy to observe, that the lovely duchess Peach retains all the mellow charm so much admired in her complexion.

Several foreigners of distinction were present, among whom those of the house of Orange were most remarkable. With these exceptions the meeting was exclusively *à l'outrance*; so much so, that the Hop family were stopped at the doors, as they declined entering without their poles, and those gentlemen could not be admitted till the sense of the assembly had been taken. That was soon done. Nothing human was to be seen in this solemn convocation! with the honorable exception in favor of that useful body—vulgarily styled old apple-women, who had been invited:—under the guise of one of these, your reporter made good his entrance.

After a short discussion, Alderman Melon was called to the chair. The portly gentleman excited much merriment in the galleries from the manner in which he rolled to his seat. There was a green and yellow *melancholy* in his appearance which caused the young ladies to observe that he was a bachelor.