

## REPLY TO CHARADE BY OSCAR IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

"Love" is the magic link that binds  
 Our human hearts together,  
 Constant, when fann'd by summer winds,  
 And firm in wintry weather.

And "Letters," who can speak their worth,  
 Save those from lov'd ones parted?  
 There's but one better boon on earth,—  
 To gladden the sad-hearted.

And when those letters breathe of joy,  
 And own love's golden fetters,  
 We gladly hail the swift post-boy,  
 Who brings us our "LOVE-LETTERS."

Montreal, November, 1853.

EDLA.



## ENIGMA.

Four letters always contain,  
 And can also be spelt with but two;  
 With the pocket I'm coupled with pain,  
 But agree with your head. Is that true?

A. T. C.

The solution to the "Enigma" in November number, is "*Horse-radish*."



## EDITORIAL.

We thank our Correspondents for the promptness with which they have sent their contributions. Several articles are lying by us, which we have not room to insert. The increasing number of contributions is encouraging in every way. We trust as the holidays are approaching, the number of our subscribers will increase. The Publisher is prepared to furnish sets complete of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd volumes, which, when bound, will form a cheap and suitable holiday gift.

How many pleasant days have gladdened us during the Fall. Now, old Boreas struggles to throw off all melting influences. He will soon break away from them, and give us in real earnest, what we have had a taste of so far, and we shall hear him blustering by in a genuine snow storm, rattling windows, whistling through crevices, and altogether making a thorough stir. God help the poor and homeless, for the pelting storm and howling wind pour on them in unmitigated fury. No friendly blaze casts its cheerful light athwart their gloom; they gather their scanty garments around them, and crouch down in despair. But hark! what mean those sweet cadences that float on the distant air? They rise grandly and joyfully; angels sing "peace on earth, good will to men;" *symphony and chorus* proclaim His praise, who came to bind up the broken hearted, to succor the poor and needy. May the Christmas bells ring joyous peals for the readers of the *Maple Leaf*, and call them to extend blessings to others, for such joy, like waves of sound, radiates in wide circles.

"Musings at Eventide" is in type, and will appear in our next.