

There was love in thy eyes; and where may we seek
 For hues that could rival the blush on thy cheek?
 We parted, and promised to meet soon again;
 You said that my presence would free you from pain:
 We spoke not of love;—yet your language was mixed
 With my "first," and the little word "do" prefixed.

Dost think of the time, love,—'twas late in the eve,—
 You asked me to supper, before I would leave;
 Accepted, of course,—and the table was spread,
 I conducted you forth—set you down at the head:
 There were dishes of ———, but a cuisine I'm not,
 And therefore, as excellent throw in the lot;
 Yet, one dish I'll mention, or rather a cup,
 Of which we both frequently took little sups;
 'To the taste most delicious, of flavor mild,
 'Tis drunk by the oldest,—'tis sipped by the child,
 In color it varies;—you said you were loth
 My "second" to want. Herb of celestial growth.

Seek for my "Whole" 'mid the realms of air:
 Ye need search not the earth,—not there! not there!
 But away—away—and far upon high,
 'Mid the glittering hosts of the deep blue sky,—
 Where Hesperus leadeth her starry train;
 Where the Pleiads shine,—where Charles' Wain
 And Orion beams—in the deep profound
 Of unbounded space, I'm surely found.
 I sweep through realms that rejoice in the light,
 Of our own bright Sun; and anon, my flight
 Is through chaos deep, where the light of day,
 Had hitherto shed not a single ray;
 Then guess if you can; I'm a wonderful ranger,
 And "T. McG." calls me "*Illustrious Stranger*."

O SCAR.

Montreal, Sept. 21st, 1853.

Solution to Charade in the September number, "*Corset*"—(*Corse*)-*l*-(*tea*).



ST. LAWRENCE HALL, Aug. 27th, 1853.

DEAR EDITOR,—A modest, quiet individual, of another clime, ventures in an idle hour, to address the Editor of the *Maple Leaf*; for the reading of a single number found on my table, has won, for its unpretending self, a true and lasting friend. If, then, any stray thoughts here penned, in way of acknowledgment of its merits, with a word or two of your delightful city meets approval, I shall be well paid for my scribbling; if otherwise, in kindness forgive the liberty.

Judging from specimens of Canadian literature scattered about the neighboring States, I acknowledge my surprise, after perusing the last number of