

dim air The city-lamps were sending forth their mellow radiance. Throngs of pedestrians were moving to and fro. Sleigh after sleigh was hurrying along, filled with joyous souls, and drawn by sprightly steeds dancing as if it were to the sounds of the merry-tinkling sleigh-bells. Fred looked out upon the gay panorama of Canadian city life. It was a new and attractive sight to him, and he felt an itching desire to try the novel experiment of taking a sleigh ride; but his spirit recoiled within itself when the fact was brought forcibly to his mind that it was "*Christmas' Night.*" He thought of the many happy Christmas evenings which he had enjoyed amid the society of his friends in the good old city of London. A thousand associations flashed across his memory, filling his solitary mind with sadness and regrets. Around him everywhere he beheld gay crowds flickering with joyous excitement. More keenly than ever he then felt that he was only a stranger in a strange land, isolated from congenial society, and far removed from his friends and his once happy home. Conscience awakened his mind to the reality of his past folly, and his heart was wounded by its own stings. A heavy weight of sorrow pressed deeply upon his bosom. A deep sigh rolled out heavily upon his lips. Tears glistened in his eyes; and alas, poor Frederick Charlston again wished himself back to London.