

My touch hath lightened the peasant's cot,  
 The noble's lordly hall;  
 No nook or corner I enter not,  
 A welcome guest in all.  
 Many a pleasure, and many a joy,  
 May vanish with youth's warm bloom,  
 But the sunshine gladdens the infant boy,  
 And brightens the old man's tomb.

R. A. P.

Cobourg, Dec. 28, 1853.



## R I D D L E.

MONTREAL, 9th Dec., 1853.

Perhaps the following Riddle may puzzle the readers of the *Maple Leaf*. I give it as it was given to me:—

"A man coming to Montreal for a supply of whisky with two kegs of the size respectively of 5 and 3 gallons, meets another on the road with an eight-gallon keg filled with the precious article, and requests of him four gallons. How can these four gallons be measured *exactly* without a gallon measure?"—A. T. C.

Reply to Riddle in December number:—The adjective "Empty" (M—T.)



## E D I T O - R I A L .

The gay holidays are passing rapidly away. The young and happy strive in vain to detain the fleeting moments; like golden sunbeams they will soon fade, and be numbered with the past. Conscientiously and cheerfully, with high hopes and high aims, ought we to spend each day, for its last moment flying from us, carries a record of our conduct to the Court above.

Our city has been unusually lively, and it is to be feared that more frequent devotion has been manifested to Bacchus than to the genius of benevolence, or simple good cheer. It is a sorrowful sight to see the gifted and noble-minded yielding to temptation, and forgetting the pure enjoyment to be derived from the society of the excellent and virtuous. The ladies of Montreal and of Canada ought to exert themselves more and more to improve society,—to throw around home and social scenes a lovely intellectual charm, that their husbands and brothers may be less inclined to find happiness in convivial parties,—an enjoyment which, at the best, cannot be dignified as a "feast of reason," or a "flow of soul."

We thank "R. A. P." for her *sunny* poem, and trust she may again throw out some beams of light for our illumination. We love sunshine all the more, because deep shadows sometimes steal over our pathway.

"T. H.," of Vankleek Hill, will please receive our welcome to a place in the list of our contributors.

"The Exile's Daughter" was written expressly for this number.

We have received a package of beautifully printed cards from DeMontigny & Co., 125 St. Paul Street.