

Magnificent bloods and the funny little shaggy Canadian pony strive alongside of each other for the lead. The "*hi*" of the English driver, and the "*avant*" of the French one sound odd to the ears of strangers. But no matter if it is an old soap-box on runners or a magnificent cutter, there's a great delight in sleighing. The gliding motion of the sleigh, the spirited horses dashing up clouded snow-wreaths from beneath their feet while the driver gives them the rein, the occasional not unpleasant bobbing into unsuspected *cahoes*, or waves of the shore, the passing other sleighs and the wild excitement caused by being behind a fast horse with the reins in your hand!

Canada is not a little proud of her skating rinks and skaters—the former are the best in the world, and the latter might be. Last winter there was a skating mania from Gaspé to Sarnia, and I don't believe you could find four out of every twenty families without one or more pair of skates in the house. I don't like to mention names, or I could tell you who are the best lady skaters in Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, &c. Montreal has two magnificent rinks: one erected at an expense of over \$4000, and the other over double that sum. The first rink in Canada was in Sherbrooke, C. E. But, let us go into our Montreal rink. It is lit up with gas, and beautifully decorated with evergreens; hundreds of charming Canadian girls are gliding through the mazes of the dance with the officers and civilian swells. The various attitudes of the skaters, the different dresses, the merry laugh and glee of the whole throng, and the many little pleasant "*affairs*" which occur, all lend their charm to the enchantment. Many a heart is lost and won on skates in these rinks, and many a pleasant acquaintance made. Now let us out into the open air, to nature's own rink, where there is plenty of room, and a river of ice. If the St. Lawrence happens to be clear of snow, and as smooth as it now and then,—within a few years, has been,—from far away above the Victoria Bridge, down, oh! down as far as ever you would like to travel on skates between sunrise and sunset, we have a rink which nothing in the world can equal. But in Upper Canada, where the snow is not so deep, and skating is more constant than in Lower, the out-of-rink skating is something really fine. On the sides of the lakes and rivers, on brooks and ponds and wherever there is ice, you may see multitudes on the steel-runners. Bachelors, married young ladies, prudes, romps, bashful young men, dundreary's and people of all temperaments and beauty romp and skate like madcaps. Skaters who never saw each other before, involuntarily start off on a race; young ladies smite the hearts of young Canada with their good-natured smiles; mothers do not disapprove of the young fellows who skate hand in hand with their pretty daughters; every heart is filled with goodness, and every soul with joy,—excepting those who get severe upsets. What