

**A Thought From Leonardo.**

DR. J. D. LOGAN, TORONTO.

("La Gioconda" : In The Louvre.)

Alluring antique image, potent now  
 As in the days when thy first regency  
 Compelled a wistful world to gaze on thee,  
 What boots thy master's art thus to endow  
 These folded hands, this smile, these eyes and brow  
 With their serene, elusive mystery,  
 Which Leonardo wrought in Italy  
 For Mona Lisa long ago? Art thou  
 A Sibyl, or a Sphinx with naught to tell,  
 Or Lady Beauty, whose eyes reflect the gleams  
 From starriest spheres? Nay, nay, we know thee  
 well:

Thou'rt that Ideal which ever haunts our dreams—  
 Truth unattained and unattainable!

—*The Presbyterian.*

MONA LISA, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

**The Christmas Tree.**

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree.

Being now at home again, and alone, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my old childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, a shadowy tree arises; and looking up into the dreamy brightness of its tops—for I observe in this tree the singular property that it seems to grow downward towards the earth—I look into my youngest Christmas recollections.

All toys, at first, I find. But upon the branches of the trees lower down, how thick the books begin to hang! Thin books at first, but many of them, with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green.

"A was an archer and shot at a frog." Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe; like Y, who was always confined to a yacht or a yew-tree; and Z condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany.

But how the very tree itself changes and becomes a bean-stalk—the marvellous bean-stalk by which

Jack climbed up to the giant's house. Jack—how noble, with his sword of sharpness and his shoes of swiftness!

Good for Christmas-time is the ruddy colour of the cloak in which, the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket, Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas Eve, to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood, I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be, and there was nothing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's ark, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded.

Oh, the wonderful Noah's ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even then; and then ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch; but what was that against it?

Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than