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fireside or table, beneath the paternal roof, on Christmas days, long, long ago; our sleigh rides and our frolics, our watching for Santa Claus till sleep overcame vigilance, and our gratitude to the invisible spirit when we grasped the well filled stocking, and pured [sic] forth its childish treasures, the possession of which have given us more pleasure than would know the aquisition [sic] of piles of

glittering gold, or innumerable fleeting senseless honors. Hurrah, for Merry Christmas!”

Then Mr. Walker goes on in a tone and style echoing Dickens’ “Christmas Carol.” “The old man becomes young, and the young man becomes old, as the memory of various scenes of happiness or care passed through on this day years ago passes before him and he laughs or weeps on the annual

return of the great Christmas festival, as these memories, the spirit of bygone days, crowd ar