

# A Visit From St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not  
even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the  
chimney with care,  
In hope that St. Nicholas soon  
would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug  
in their beds,  
While visions of sugar plums  
danced in their heads;  
And Mama in her kerchief, and  
I in my Cap,  
Had just settled our brains for  
a long Winter nap;  
When out on the lawn there arose  
such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what  
was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like  
a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw  
up the sash,  
The moon, on the breast of the  
new-fallen snow,  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects  
below;  
When, what to my wondering  
eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight  
tiny reindeer.  
With a little old driver, so lively  
and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be  
St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his courses  
they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and  
called them by name.

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now,  
Prancer and Vixen  
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder  
and Blixen—  
To the top of the porch, to the  
top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash  
away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild  
hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle,  
mount to the sky,  
So, up to the house-top the  
courses they flew,

With the sleigh full of toys —  
and St. Nicholas, too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard  
on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each  
little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was  
turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas  
came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his  
head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished  
with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung  
on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just  
opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled;  
his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his  
nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn  
up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as  
white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight  
in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his  
head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little  
round belly  
That shook, when he laughed, like  
a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump — a  
right jolly old elf;  
And I laughed when I saw him  
in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of  
his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had  
nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went  
straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then  
turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger asde of  
his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney  
he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his  
team gave a whistle;  
And away they all few like the  
down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim ere he  
drove out of sight:  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to  
all a good night!"

## Innkeeper's Lament

"Had I turned a rich man out  
Just to make a place for them,  
'Twould have killed without a  
doubt  
All my trade in Bethlehem.

"Then there came the rich men  
three  
To the stable in the morn.  
To announce they'd come to see  
The great King that had been  
born."

And they brought Him gifts of  
myrrh,  
Costly frankincense and gold,  
And a great light shone on her  
In the stable bleak and cold.

"All my patrons now are dead  
And forgotten, but to-day  
All the world to peace is led  
By the ones I turned away.

"It was my unlucky fate  
To be born that inn to own,  
Against Christ I shut the gate—  
Oh, if I had only known!"

## Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, goodwill to  
men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to  
day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, goodwill to  
men!

Then from each black, accursed  
mouth  
The cannon thundered in the  
South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good will to  
men!

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to  
men!

And in despair I bowed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I  
said,  
"For hate is strong  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to  
men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud  
and deep:  
"God is not dead, nor doth He  
sleep!  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to  
men!"  
—Longfellow

## About Decorations

Keep the following points in  
mind when decorating your home  
for the yule season.

1. Include some symbol of the  
season in your decoration plans.  
A Nativity scene would be ideal.  
Have some kind of religious decoration  
or your decorations will be  
incomplete.
2. Encourage your children to  
help in the decorating.
3. Fresh flowers such as blooming  
poinsettias add that extra  
something to your arrangements.
4. All decorations should harmonize.
5. Keep them simple.

## Baked Prune Whip

Baked prune whip is an easy  
dessert to put together. Combine  
one cup chopped cooked prunes  
with three tablespoons confec-  
tioners' sugar, dash salt and one  
teaspoon lemon juice. Fold in  
three stiffly beaten egg whites.  
Turn into buttered 1-quart cas-  
serole. Set in pan of water and  
bake in moderate oven about 30  
minutes.

To all our good friends, we send our  
warmest thanks for their patronage and good will,  
along with our heartiest wishes for their  
happiness throughout the Holiday season.



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## Christmas Greetings

We wish you a won-  
derful Christmas.

May the joys  
of the season long  
abide with you.



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