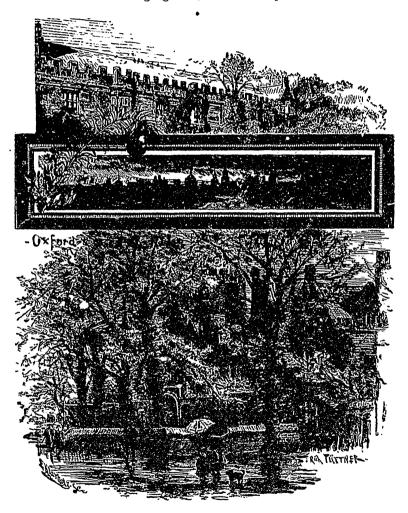
It is only right that churches, which were built to the honour of Him whose birth we celebrate at this season, should be as brightly decorated as they are; and in the little country church there is sure to be a full congregation, from the squire, who is not so



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regular in his attendance, perhaps, as he might be, during the year, to the oldest peasant, who unearths from its year-long grave an ancient beaver hat, from which the silken gloss has long since fled, and which he dons in honour of the day.

Should it ever fall to the lot of a stranger to be walking through