

MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

Then free falls the candy, and fear dies away;
And as bon-bons will triumph where threats
 could not sway,
Each now owns to her faults, and makes promises
 strong
To amend in the future, and root out the wrong.
E'en the little ones follow, forgetting their fear,
And, stroking his furs, whisper, "Santa Claus,
 dear!"

Now the little man, satisfied, gathers his pack,
Grasps his whip in his hand, straps his goods on
 his back,
And amid the "Good-nights" and well-wishes of
 all
He departs, on his numerous errands to call.
And the clatter of voices, the laughter and fun
That belong to a "free night" have fairly begun
Ere the tinkling of bells o'er the new-fallen snow
Could have told them the route on which Santa
 did go.

Ah, I would we could more of such customs pre-
 serve,
More of faith in the fairies and legends which
 serve