

duct, accused her to Paschasius, the governor of the island, as being a Christian; and in the persecution that followed, as she refused to adore the gods of the heathen; she was sentenced to be sent to the stews, a beastly punishment not uncommon in those times; but, to take the words of her legend, "God rendered her immoveable," so that the guards were not able to force her thither, and she was "blessed by dying in prison." This is stated by some to have happened in the year 304, and by others in 258 during the persecution of Valerian. St. Lucy is usually painted with her eye-balls lying in a dish, an emblem, as some consider, of her having been deprived of her eyes whilst in prison, of which, however, not any trace is to be found in her legend. Profane protestants are apt to conclude it to be emblematical of her blindness in refusing a noble husband, who, being but half a convert, might have been brought into the bosom of the church, and her own too, by a different conduct. Her intercession is, however, from this circumstance, implored by persons afflicted with complaints in the organs of vision, though it almost seems as if she were called *LUCE*, *a non lucendo*. However, as my motto points out, the moon being just past the full, her festival night, is fine and brilliant, and the ground being covered with snow, carrioling has commenced, and suggested the following lines;

Boy, hie to the stable away,
 From the door shovel off all the snow,
 And harness my bright bonny bay,
 He will go like a shaft from the bow.

Brush the sleigh well, and all the gay gear,
 Lay thick the rich fur-ropes around,
 Wolf, buff'loe, raccoon, and black bear,
 While bells tingling merrily sound.