

Fair youths and maidens own thy gentle sway,
 And hail with pleasure this thy festal day ;—
 With them I'll join in loud and merry lays,
 And spend with you the cheerful Holidays.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Kind Summer ! traveller from afar,
 These words of thine most cheering are ;
 Truthful, and good, and kind, thou art,
 Full well I know thy loving heart.
 Thy cheerful nature now display,
 While purest joys bless Winter day ;
 Let moody sadness come not near,
 During our festive sojourn here.

ADDRESS BY AUTUMN.

Though Winter's snow prevails with chilling sheen,
 I linger yet about the homestead scene,
 For Father Christmas holds his levee here,
 With pious joy, and good and bounteous cheer ;
 By him invited, I my stay prolong,
 To join in merry games and holy song.
 The Harvest home, with stores so rich and prime,
 Is but a shadow of this happy time ;—
 Now sire and infant, both alike are glad,
 The poor forget that they were ever sad,
 And I, who lately garnered up the grain,
 Rejoice to see that store dispensed again.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Generous Autumn ! ever valued friend,
 Our feasts and pleasures constantly attend ;
 And while all hearts with gratitude o'erflow,
 We will not heed the chilly winds or snow.
 Thy echoed voice in holy carols here,
 Will soothe our thoughts as rolls another year.
 Let Charity and Prudence, hand in hand,
 Dispense abundance through this happy land ;
 With many comforts make the needy blest,
 And weary wand'ers find, a place of rest ;
 Expending thus the heav'n provided store,
 The bounteous hand that gave will give us more.

ADDRESS BY WINTER.

Once more I hold the reins and drive my car,
 From frigid poles to temperate zones afar ;