

was a pot-pourri of the resinous but spicy odors of cedar and hemlock and pine, recently gathered, and converting the living room, and kitchen and parlor, into veritable bowers of evergreen, to which rowan berries of brilliant scarlet and fall gathered maple leaves, pressed to preserve their vivid colors, imparted the forest splendor peculiar to Canadian woodlands. The house had become a nook in Picnic land, to which the roaring blaze communicated heat and light peculiarly its own. And then, when city news had been hastily told, and one of the clocks had been warningly struck the village through, dinner was announced, and guests and hosts assembled around the table in the common room. What a formidable task was before each one of them, and with what courage and resignation they awaited it! The Daisydellian girls, of whom there were two on the verge of womanhood, waited at the table, aided by a willing if clumsy brother, while William took its head, and Mary its foot, and the guests from Thriwell, half solemn, half jocular, settled down to the one great labor permitted on Christmas Day. Another table, of somewhat less proportions, served for the entertainment of the younger members of the great Lighthouse and Merryweather families, and if they didn't take advantage of their opportunity and loudly make the most of it, they wouldn't have deserved a little of the good things of which they so heartily partook. Soup was dispensed with that day, as a mere waste of time and energy, but the main table steamed and creaked under the bounteous load which cookstove and fireplace had made ready. A large wild-turkey, stuffed with chestnuts, served with cranberries, and fairly divided with dark meat and light, and just "a little

taste" of the bacon with which it had been larded, was the grand piece-de-resistance, although nobly called it that, and was unanimously declared unsurpassable; roast-beef, the proverbial standby of a Yorkshire feast was merely trifled with; some partridges, shot by Harry Merryweather a week ago, for this very dinner, were duly disposed of; and a couple of ducks, specially fed by Mrs. Merryweather for the occasion, were complimented upon their plumpness and flavor, and dished with; and so the meaty portion of the dinner ended. What Will had done in the way of execution it is scarcely fair to record, for the entertainment was his own, and every man does as he likes with that, but it is venturing little to assert that Master Jack of olden times, with his ample leathern wallet, would have stood astonished had he been permitted to witness the mysterious disappearance of the contents of sundry well-heaped plates which the carver had continued to attend to during intermission from the labors incident to his position. But we have not finished our Christmas dinner. The dessert was fully up to the preceding courses. Plum pudding, blazing with proof whiskey, mince pies, crisp in crust and rich in rasins, pumpkin pie and tempting tarts, and cheese and celery, wound up the feast. Tea and coffee, rich with unadulterated cream, hickory nuts and rosy apples, tempted those who had still a stomachic corner unfilled, and it was strange to see, but true to tell, that the younger stomach had the greater capacity—a phenomenon patent to the world but never yet accounted for. Rollicking laughter, sly jokes which made the country cousins, male and female, slightly blush, and stories of town doings, and rural gossip, spiced the entertainment,