

"In the presence of friends, we think aloud" says Emerson. And surely if ever a man felt the presence of friends it would be at the Yule-tide when on the quiet Sabbatic air of a Christmas Eve comes to him thoughts of happy days, of long ago.

That mankind finds a Paradise in the earlier dawn of his childhood may be grounds for supposing that the individual has to look to his childhood for a paradise: with many, of course, this is not so, but it must be true of the majority, else why should we so persistently refer to the 'good old times.'

It has been said the loss of Santa Claus is the loss of childhood, and certainly the rapturous glee of the little ones as they dance by day and dream by night in expectancy of the Chimney visitant, is enough to convince us that no happiness more pure awaits maturing years.