

The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,
 But it tells of tears and blood,
 I sing to the holly, and who can breathe
 Aught of that which is not good.
 Then sing to the holly, &c.

Haligonian.

A CHRISTMAS WREATH.

RECIT.

A Wreath for merry Christmas quickly twine,
 To crown him doth our happy hearts incline ;
 Though roses are dead
 And their bloom is fled,
 Yet for Christmas a bonnie, bonnie wreath we'll twine.
 Away to the woods where the bright holly grows,
 And its red berries blush amid winter snows.
 Away to the ruin where the green ivy clings,
 And around the dark fane its verdure flings ;
 Hey ! for the ivy and holly so bright,
 They are the garlands for Christmas night.

Old Christmas, hail ! thy reverend form,
 Comes drenched and dripping with the storm ;
 And since thou deign'st to visit us,
 Thy hoary locks we honour thus ; (*Charity crowns Father*
Though stormy winds, and snow thy steps assail ; [Christmas.
 Yet will we say to thee—old Christmas, hail !

Thee Christmas, hail ! a welcome guest
 Thou art, to every social breast ;
 Good cheer, abounding, meets thee here.
 Blythe sports thy heralds are, each year ;
 And youth and childhood greet thee on thy way.
 With smiles more pleasing than the flowers of May.

CHORUS.

Hail ! Father Christmas, hail to thee !
 Welcomed, honoured, shalt thou be :
 Sweets that pious love bestows,
 Many pleasures wait on those,
 Who like subjects brave and true,
 Give to Christmas honour due.

Repeat,

ADDRESS OF FATHER CHRISTMAS.

FRIENDS ! Old and Young—I thank you for the honor conferred on me, and hope your assembling on this occasion will

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