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"... spiritually, Christmas recur seven times a week. When we frankly ledged this, and acted on this, we begin the Day's mystical and territory. only every-day things that reverse all their wonder and their splendor. . . the time when we shall wish for other Christmas every morning; what the plum-pudding shall be the staple of our day and the holly shall never be taken down walls, and everyone will always be kissing else under the mistletoe . . ."

from 'Some Damnable Epitaphs'
by G. K. Chesterton

"... it was not alone that the scales descending to the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day . . ."

from 'A Christmas Carol'
by Charles Dickens

