

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

dance that was! That, once begun, it would ever end long seemed doubtful. For violin and melodeon chorded well, and labored so earnestly and easily together that it was a real pleasure to listen to the music, and a very essence of fun to keep feet moving to the strains. It was not until the elders of the party were fain compelled to seek convenient seats that there was any lack of energy, and even when these desertions of the ranks increased, the younger dancers continued a merriment almost riotous in its hilarity. At length the violin chirped its last, the melodeon keys were given rest, and while the ladies of the party were busily engaged in finding wraps, and shaking hands, and paying last compliments to the hostess, the men were out in barns and stables harnessing up and making ready for the homeward ride. With a moonlight almost distinctly Canadian in its beauty, the rural revellers were lighted to their homesteads, after such a salute of 'Good Byes' from Will and Mary, and their city visitors, as rung in their ears for days to come. And it is said, with how much truth it is hard to tell, that on some of those home going drives, young gentlemen, hitherto almost meekly modest in their deportment, but now emboldened by their opportunity, asked questions long hanging on the tips of their tongues, but hitherto not even breathed, and elicited replies thereto which found occupation, by and bye, for the guiding pastors of the several churches in Daisydell and neighborhood.

The Lighthearts didn't start upon their longer drive until they had further tested the hospitality of the Merryweathers. They assembled at the breakfast table, on the following morning, none the worse for their day's holiday, and eyes sparkled, and cheeks brightened

and tongues loosened as they, one and all, recalled their Christmas doings. Cold turkey, raised Yorkshire pork pies, the special product of the deft handiwork of Lizzie, and buckwheat cakes, completely smothered in Daisydellian maple syrup, were the chief objects of their attention for a time, nevertheless, and ten o'clock had struck before the Thrivewell party set off once more for their city home. Invitations for future visits came cordially from the elders on either side, and it was with a feeling approaching to reluctance that the younger folk, at last, finally shook hands.

Were this a novel, right here would the trouble begin. Our little story is intended to tell rather of the way in which the past generation kept and enjoyed its Christmas, and it is almost unnecessary to go further in narration of personal history. Some reader may, however, wish to know a little more of the after doings of two or three of the young people passingly introduced, and it seems but fair to gratify such laudable curiosity.

Soon after Christmas, Mrs. Lightheart, with motherly anxiety, looked for and found what she regarded as a splendid match for Jack, and not only were the praises of this perfect one daily sung, but no opportunity was lost for bringing the young people frequently together. Jack saw through his mother's clever little schemes, and smiled. With proper gallantry, notwithstanding, he paid attentions to the selection made by his mother, and even indulged in that little harmless flirtation which often ends in making two hearts beat as one. Meanwhile appeared another suitor for the hand of Mamie, Good-looking, wealthy, educated with care, manly and honorable, he was all that father's heart or mother's