CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME, OR, THE WASSAIL BOWL

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Christmas in the Olden Time, or, the Wassail Bowl by John Mills

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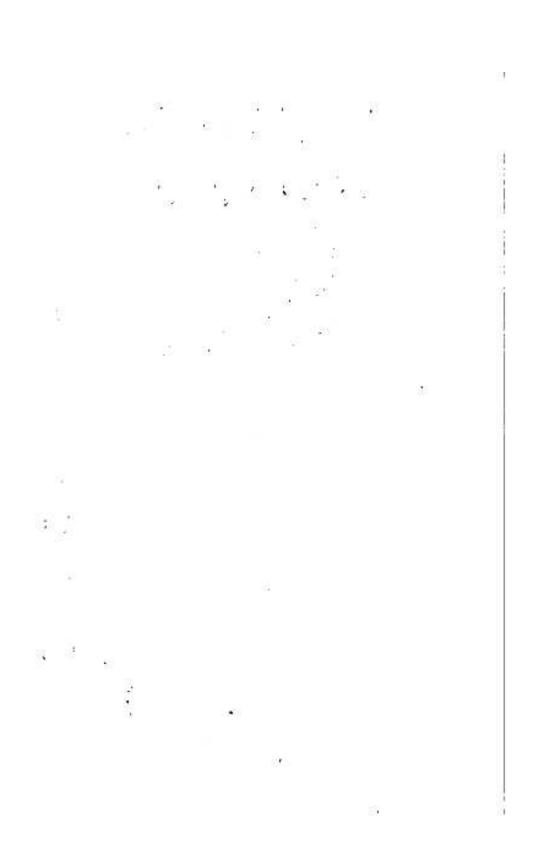
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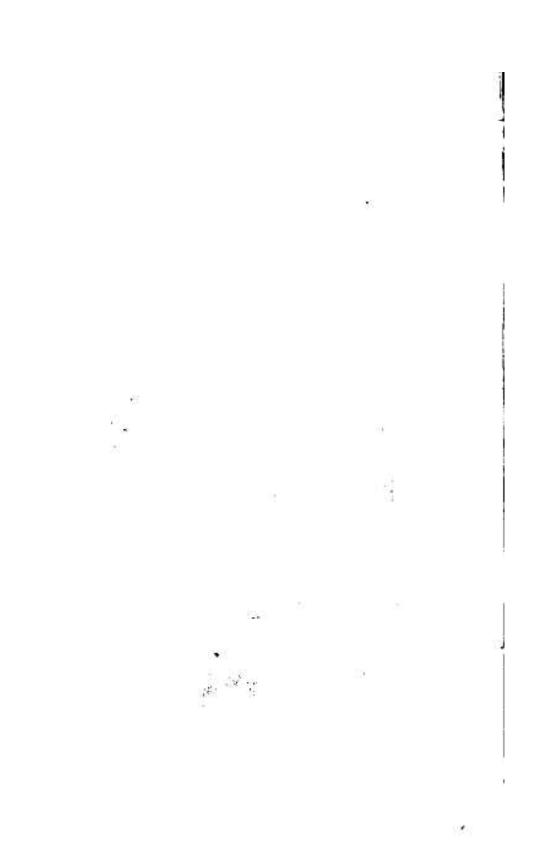


"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is calabrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

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PREFACE.

In submitting a Christmas Story, and blending with it the sports and pastimes of the olden time at this festival period of the year, the writer has endeavoured to "point a moral to adorn his tale;" and should some links in the chain of events require a reference to the fertile imaginations of his readers, let them remember that it is one of fancy and not of fact. Assured, however, that if he has failed to please to the full bent of his carnest desires, at least he cannot have given offence to the most fastidious of tastes; and therefore, with both hope and confidence. he trusts for that encouraging and lenient consideration on the part of his critics and patrons, with which his humble efforts hitherto have been received.



CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

CHAPTER I.

"Tis winter cold and rude!

Heap, heap the warming wood;

The wild wind hums his sullen song to-night:

Haste, boy! this gloomy hour

Demands relief; the cheerful tapers light."

'Trs Christmas! the season of hope, of joy, and revelry! see where he comes, hoary-locked and bleached with age, crowned with wreaths of winter evergreens! Ivy, holly, and rosemary are twined and blended in his crown. In his hand he bears the wassail bowl; deep and full. From his lips quaint ballads, carols, and ditties are crooned, and good old customs rummaged from the stores of his memory. 'Tis Christmas, right merry Christmas! Light, glad hearts beat the lighter to his approach, and those sinking