

"Last but not least," comes Blanch,
 With her ever helping hand,
 She likes to have her little chats
 As she serves the family band.

Now this little celebration brings back memories so dear:
 Of what we used to be and do with loved ones round the hearth,
 Of stories told, and games we played, and mistletoe hung low,
 Of jingling sleigh bells as we rode, all filled with jolly mirth.

Ague have gone for some of us, but still we're moving on,
 While younger travelers on life's path press forward without fears
 To them we'll gladly say "God Speed", push onward to your goal,
 With many a "Merry Xmas", and life blessed with "Happy Years",

Nellie J. Thomas.