

And eat of each other's harvest again,  
 and reap of each other's loam.  
 And the life we live be a larger life,  
 and our love know never a line,  
 From the lonely dunes of the polar snows,  
 and the plains of the norland pine,  
 Right down to the shore of the sultry Gulf,  
 and the vale of the southern vine.  
 So we of the North, to ye of the South,  
 stretch over an open hand,  
 And ye—ye have had your sorrows,  
 and ye will understand!

### THE LEGEND OF SANTA CLAUS.

For a child who has been told there is no  
 Santa Claus.

AS TOLD BY CORA HAVILAND AT THE  
 BROOKLYN BIBLE SECTION MEETING.

Long ago in the country where the Christ child was born, there lived a man whose name was Nicholas. Everyone loved him, and why do you suppose that this was so? I will tell you. It was because he loved everyone so dearly that no one could help loving him in return. He had no children of his own, but he played father to all the children in the village where he lived, and they called him "Father Nicholas."

"Father Nicholas" must have heard of the Christ-child, I think. At any rate he wanted, more than anything else in the world, to make people happy. He used to walk down the street and stop to talk with the mothers at work in the doorways, and to lift the babies to his shoulders and dance them in the air. He carried candies and toys for the older children, and sometimes he slipped them quietly into the pockets of good little boys and girls when they were not looking. Then he would hurry away before they had time to thank him. You may be sure that the children liked to see Father Nicholas' brown cloak coming toward them, and loved to run up to him to hold fast to his kind hand. He lived in this same village, they say, for years and years; and the babies who crowded in Father Nicholas' arms, grew old enough to toddle by his side, then to run to meet him, then to walk beside him and learn the lessons he

taught. Finally, they were grown men and women who had other little children growing up about them, and Father Nicholas' hair grew grayer and grayer until it was as white as snow, and he walked more slowly, for he was growing very old. Still his heart was young, and he loved more than ever to make people happy,—to surprise children with presents, to play with the babies and to help everyone who needed help in the kindest way. After a time the people in the village called him St. Nicholas, because he was so good.

One Xmas night, when he was walking slowly down the street, he heard a sound like some one crying. This made him feel sad, and he stopped to listen. The sound came through the window of a small wooden house, a little way back from the street. St. Nicholas gathered up his long brown cloak and waded through the snow to the window. He heard the same sound again and peeped through the shutter. Two children were sitting on the floor of a big empty room, crying. One said, "Father has no money to buy dinner, and he is very unhappy. What shall we do?" The other answered, "Let's pray to the dear Christ-child to help us." While they were praying, St. Nicholas softly opened the shutter and threw a handful of money through the broken pane. When the children ran to the window, no one was there, but they nodded their heads and said, "We know the Christ child has been telling good Nicholas to help us."

Years and years ago the dear old man died, but the village people remembered him always, and told people of other countries of his goodness. They used to fancy that he was still with them on Christmas day, and the German children called him "Santa Claus," which is a shorter name for St. Nicholas. Even now we remember him at Christmas time, and try to be like him by giving presents and making people happy, just as he did for the love of the Christ-child so long ago.