
THE CARRIER BOY

'Tis easy to tell
That Kris Kringle's been here,
For the air is resounding
With hearty good cheer,
Bright smiles wreath the faces
Of young and of old,
And they laugh at the Storm King,
The frost and the cold.
Blest Santa Claus labored
Till dawn of the day,
And his gifts in each stocking
Were safe stored away:
Then he chuckled with glee
As he thought how the light
Of his coming would fill
The whole earth with delight!
So he sprang to his place,
To his team cried, "Away!"
But he checked them again
With a cry of dismay—
For, lo! in the twilight,
His face lit with joy,
Stood, expectantly waiting,
A Carrier Boy.
"God bless me," cried Santa Claus,
"What shall I do?
I've forgotten to give
The poor 'devil' his due!"