



CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Kris Kringle's Travels.

A jolly old fellow
Is Mr. Kris Kringle,
He's coming! he's coming!
Just hear his bells jingle!
The feetest of reindeer
Are drawing his sleigh,
Because he must travel
So far before day.

The keen wind of winter
Is biting his nose,
Ho! ho! in the moonlight
It looks like a rose.
His bright blue eyes twinkle
Like stars in the skies,
His snowy white whiskers
Float out as he flies.

He comes to a housetop—
His reindeer he halts,
From the seat where he's sitting
All lightly he vaults.
He runs to the chimney
Oh, dear! he jumps in,
It's strange how he does it,
Because he's not thin.

Down, down he is slipping
He knows where to go,
To the room where the stockings
Are hung in a row.
He feels in his pockets,
He opens his sack,
He empties them quickly,
And then he runs back.

Up the chimney he hurries,
The housetop he gains,
Once more in the carriage
He catches the reins.
Again the bells jingle,
And fill him with mirth,
And this way Kris Kringle
Goes over the earth!

Only a Shadow.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

'Twas only a shadow across the page,
As the shivering beggar boy looked within,
'Twas scarcely seen ere 'twas gone again,
Lo! 'mid the flowers and musical din.

The feet of the child were blue with the cold,
Treading the stones of the frozen street
And the shivering lad became more bold
When the scent of the flowers came so sweet.

A lady, tired and warm from the dance,
Had raised, for a moment, a window near
Like a shadow she seemed in the single glance
The beggar boy gave, as he then could hear.

The sound of the music that floated out
From the open window where Fashion sat
And the barefooted boy in the cold without
Wondered why God should not give all that.

Great wealth of flowers and wine and light
To him—or a part—that he might not feel
The hunger-pangs in the cold that night,
As he down to the area door could steal.

'Twas a small, blue hand, extended then,
Asking for bread at the area door
But the lad met only rough taunts from the men,
And was told to begone and to come no more.

Away to the cold, and away from the glare,
The beggar-boy walked from that Christmas
sight,
Wondering why, in the brightness there,
Not one had a heart for the poor that night.

And he thought, as he stood in the lonely street,
How warm the gas-lights looked within,
And wondered how, when the flowers were sweet,
The shadowy rich could ever sin!

—Selected

In the Orphan-House.

(A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE)

They sat at supper on Christmas Eve,
The boys of the orphan school,
And the least of them all arose to say
The quaint old grace in the old time way
Which always had been the rule
"Lord Jesus Christ, be thou our guest,
And share with us a meal which Thou hast blessed."

The oaken rafters lit the twilight
And brave in their Christmas guise,
Cast shadows down on the fair young face,
The hands clasped in childish grace,
The reverent wistful eyes,
And for a moment as he ceased
Silence fell on the Christmas Eve.

The smallest scholar he sat him down
And the spoon began to clink
In the pewter porringers one by one
But one little fellow had scarce begun
When he stopped and said, "I think
And then he passed with a resolute look,
But the kindly Master bade him 'speak'."

"Why does the Lord Christ never come?"
asked the child in a shy soft way.
"Thus after time we have prayed that He
Would make one of our company
Just as we did to-day,
But he never has come for all our prayer,
Do you think he would if I set him a chair?"

"Perhaps! who knoweth?" the Master said,
And he made the sign of the cross,
While the zealous little one gladly sped
And drew a chair to the table head
"Nearth a great ivy boss,
Then turned to the door as in sure quest
Of the entrance of the Holy Guest."

Even as he waited the latch was raised,
The door swung wide, and lo!
A pale little beggar-boy stood there
With shoeless feet and flying hair
All powder and white with snow
"I have no food, I have no bed,
For Christ's sake take me in," he said.

The startled scholars were silent all,
The Master dumbly gazed
The shivering beggar he stood at will
The snow flakes melting at their wall
Bewildered and amused,
At the strange hush, and nothing stirred
And no one uttered a welcoming word.

Till, glad and joyful the same dear child
Upraised his voice and said,
"The Lord has heard us, now I know,
He could not come Himself, and so
He sent this boy instead
His chair to fill, his place to take,
For us to welcome for his sake."

Then quick and zealous every one
Sprang from the table up,
The chair for Jesus ready set
Received the beggar cold and wet,
Each pressed his plate and cup,
"Take mine! take mine!" they urged and prayed
The beggar thanked them, half dismayed.

And as he feasted and quite forgot
His woe in the new content,
The ivy and holly garlanded
Round the old rafters overhead
Breathed forth a rich, strange scent,
And it seemed as if in the green hung hall
Stood a Presence unseen which blessed them all.

O lovely legend of olden time,
Be thou as true to-day!
The Lord Christ stands by every door,
Velled in the person of His poor,
And all our hearts can pray,
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."
HUMAN COOLIDGE IN "Wide Awake."



A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

