



CHRISTMAS GREETING.

TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS.

BY SARAH KEDDIE HUNT

Two little stockings hung side by side
 Close to the fireplace, broad and wide,
 "I go?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
 Loaded with toys and many a game
 "Ho-ho," with a laugh of fun,
 "I'll have no cheating, my pretty one,
 I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
 There's one little girl lives here,
 So he crept up close to the chimney place
 And measured a sock with a sober face,
 Just then a wet little note fell out,
 And fluttered low, like a bird about,
 "Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise,
 As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes
 And read the address in a child's rough plan,
 "Dear Saint Nicholas, so it began,
 "The other stocking you see on the wall
 I have hung for a child named Clara Hall
 She's a poor little girl, but very good,
 So I thought perhaps you kindly would
 Fill up her stocking, too, to night,
 And help to make her Christmas bright
 If you've not enough for both stockings there,
 Please put all in Clara's. I shall not care
 Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye
 And "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh,
 Then softly he blew, through the chimney high,
 A rote like a bird's as it soars on high,
 When down came two of the funniest mortals
 That ever were seen this side earth's portals,
 "Hurry up" said Saint Nick, "and nuchly prepare
 All a little girl wants where money is rare,
 Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
 Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
 Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low
 A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe,
 How Santa Claus laughed as he gathered them in
 And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!
 Right to the toe he hung a blue dress,
 "She'll think it came from me, I guess,"
 Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
 And tying the hood to the stocking too,
 When all the warm clothes were fastened on
 And both little socks were filled and done,
 Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
 And hurried away to the frosty air,
 Saying: "God pity the poor and bless the dear child
 Who pities them, too, on this night so wild."
 The wind caught the words and bore them on high
 Till they died away in the midnight sky,
 While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air
 Bringing "peace and good-will" with him everywhere.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

