

And now we play and do not scrap;  
Santa might be outside and hear.  
Of course, the baby sometimes cries,  
But that will let him know she's here.

When talk of Santa Claus is done  
And Christmas stockings—I'll be glad!  
I get so tired of acting good;  
'Twill make me feel good, to be bad.

OCTOBER IN CRESSMAN'S BUSH

We rave of scenes across Atlantic's foam,  
Thrill where Pacific's waters, far from home,  
Lave feet of giant trees with rhythmic flow,  
But of the stately loveliness, the glow  
Of Autumn's coloring, the solemn hush,  
Not half its glories tell, can pen or brush,  
Of Cressman's Bush.

The Temple of the Living God is here,  
Down stilly aisles, o'er painted leaf and sere,  
We tread with quiet step and bated breath,  
And sense how tranquil nature, smiles at death.  
Straight, lofty, gray, old trees, like sentinels stand,  
Their sun-flecked crowns as one, on either hand,  
A reverent band.

Sweet Anthems, strong winds sing among the trees,  
With low "Amen," responds each little breeze,  
Harsh sound of squirrels bass notes tends to drown  
The Psalm the frost-kissed leave chant, fluttering down,  
Then as the sunbeams from the west invade,  
Cathedral windows light the cloister shade.  
And shadows fade.

One step across the trail, on up the hill,  
Asleep, awake, I see that vision still,  
Below, the Conestoga winds its way,  
Beyond, rise tier on tier, red maples gay.  
Oh wondrous sight, well may we be forgiven,  
For thinking this,—For this we long have striven,—  
A bit of Heaven.