

## ST. NICHOLAS' NIGHT

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But the silence was short-lived, for, hark! there's  
the sound

Of the door-bell! and hurrying footsteps resound.  
Admittance is granted, and listen, the air  
Bears the jingle of sleighbells, St. Nicholas is  
there!

Then before we recovered the shock, at the door,  
Fully fur-clad and bell-decked, with parcels  
galore,

A smile on his face, tho' a whip in his hand,  
Doth the patron of childhood, good Santa Claus,  
stand.

For a moment we gazed on the vision so queer,  
Curiosity now, as of old, drowning fear;  
Then shriek after shriek echoes loud through the  
hall,

And the desks are vacated, all crowd to the wall.  
The strange visitor follows with menacing look,  
All scatter for shelter to corner or nook.  
Thus the chase is repeated till tired he grows  
While the fugitives, breathless, seek naught but  
repose.

But still more will be granted; for, changing his  
tune,

'Tis the smile, not the whip, becomes paramount  
soon.