

# HOW THEY BROUGHT THEIR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

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**T**HE pillow slipt from Rosy's head,  
And all its gold was shaken;  
Then came a whisper by the bed,  
"Awaken, Rose, awaken."

She brush'd away the dreams that had  
Her drooping lashes freighted,  
And there was Walter, keen and glad.  
"O Rosy! *how* I've waited!



"You've got to make yourself a mouse."  
"I really can't," she mutters.  
"To creep, creep, creep from the house  
Before they stir the shutters.

"There! one eye's open; move about—  
But hush! you must not chatter;  
Perhaps we've left some garments out—  
For once it doesn't matter.

"I'm rather doubtful which came first;  
Oh, why won't buttons hurry?  
At night the knots will *have* to burst,  
And so we need not worry.

"A very little wash will do,  
Then all the work is ended;  
'Twas not for shining girls like you  
That scrubbing was intended.

"There! now we have to say our prayers,  
We'd better hear each other."  
"O Walter!" weeping Rose declares,  
"You've got no lap, like mother."

"Hush, hush!" says he: "that's grumbling, Rose.  
The toys are on the chair now.  
You've got no pockets, I suppose?  
Quick, child! we should be there now."

A slip of moon above the street  
Through puffs of cloud is blowing;  
She wonders (snow beneath her feet)  
Where Wat and she are going.

At last he turns, elate and bold,  
His eyes a-dance with glories:  
"We're doing like those men of old  
Who live in Bible stories.

"They carried myrrh and smelling stuff,  
And many fine and gay things;  
Their money wasn't *quite* enough  
To buy the proper playthings.

"Of course we ought to have a star,  
Wi'h spikes all round about it;  
But still, the East's not very far,  
And we shall do without it."

