

## CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

## A Letter to Santa Claus.

(Recitation for a little boy.)

(Platform should have the representation of a fire place upon it with stockings.)

I've written a letter to Santa,  
But how shall I send it—how?  
I don't know what his address is,  
'Cept its up 'mongst the ice and the snow.

I want him to get it just awfully,  
'Cause there's lots of things that I wrote  
That I wanted, and I know he won't bring them  
Unless he should get my wee note.

I suppose that I might ask the postman  
To take it to him when he went  
To carry round papers and letters  
That grown-up people have sent.

But then he won't get it till morning.  
Oh, dear! it can never go so,  
I'll pin it right on to my stocking.  
Right here, on the end of my toe.

Now, when Santa Claus fills up my stocking,  
He'll find the note there on the toe.  
And he carries so many things with him,  
I'll get all I wanted, I know.

Selected.

## Jolly Old St. Nicholas.

Jolly old St. Nicholas, lean your ear this way,  
Don't you tell a single soul what I am going to say.  
Christmas eve is coming soon. Now, you dear old man,  
Whisper what you'll bring to me; tell me, if you can.  
When the clock is striking twelve, when I'm fast asleep,  
Down the chimney, broad and black, with your pack  
you creep:

All the stockings you will find hanging in a row:  
Mine will be the shortest one—you'll be sure to know.  
Johnny wants a pair of skates, Susie wants a dolly,  
Nellie wants a story book—she thinks dolls are folly:  
As for me, my brain, I fear, isn't very bright;  
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus, what you think is  
right. *The Public School.*

## The Happiest Christmas

'Twas Christmas-tide, With tales and talk  
That never seemed to tire,  
The children gay, with holiday,  
Sat round the blazing fire.

They told of many a prank and game,  
And many a Christmas past,  
And questioned me if this would be  
As merry as the last.

"Of all our Christmas-time," I said,  
"So rich in mirth and fun,  
I beg that each you tell me true  
Which was the happiest one."

Sweet Bessie turned her radiant face  
With wondering gaze on me:  
"My Christmas days have been always  
As glad as glad could be."

Then merry Mabel shook her curls  
Loose from the prisoning comb:  
"Oh, mine was when papa and Ben  
And you and Bess came home"

Ben chuckled: "'Twas the time I had  
With crackers such a lark;  
I popped and popped and never stopped  
From daylight until dark."

"That was the best," laughed Willoughby,  
"Of any that I know,  
When Roan and Bay upset the sleigh,  
And drowned us in the snow."

"Such fun it was to see the girls,  
And hear them shriek and shout,  
To search and sift the ten-foot drift  
Until we fished them out!"

"And I," lisped little Dimple-cheek,  
A-tiptoe in her glee,  
"Was happiest when I counted ten  
Dolls on my Christmas tree."

The soft-eyed Sophie silent sat,  
Nor yet had said a word,  
Though I could see some memory  
Her tender bosom stirred.

"What is it, darling?" and I kissed  
The lids that veiled the blue;  
"Tell me, I pray, what Christmas Day  
Brought greatest joy to you."

The eyes she raised to mine were filmed  
With something like a tear,  
And sweet and low she answered so  
That I could scarcely hear:

"Last Christmas Day, with all my gifts  
Upon the window-seat  
I watched right long the merry throng  
Of people in the street."

"And as I watched there stood a group  
Of ragged girls and boys  
Before the pane, their eyes astrain  
With wonder at my toys."

"Poor little foreign wanderers!  
My eyes began to fill;  
I could not bear to see them there  
So sad and wan and chill."

"I swept my toys into my lap,  
And, with a tap and call,  
Opened the door and bade them four  
Come to me in the hall."

"They held their aprons, stretched their hands;  
And, oh, it was a sight,  
As out I poured my Christmas hoard,  
To see their wild delight!"

"Each Christmas as it passed has seemed  
More happy than the rest,  
But of them all I think I'd call  
That one the very best."

—Margaret J. Preston in *Harper's Young People*.

## What and How.

What is the thought of Christmas?

Giving.

What is the heart of Christmas?

Love.

What is the hope of Christmas?

Living.

What is the joy of Christmas?

Love.

No silver or gold is needed for giving

If the heart is filled with Christmas love.

For the hope of the world is kindly living

Learned from the joy of God above.

—Housekeeper.