

But he couldn't fool me gracious!
 I know 'bout as much as he;
 Doesn't Santa always bring me
 Presents sure as sure can be?
 'Sides, last night when I was lying
 On the rug before the grate
 (No one had time to undress me,
 And 'twas getting awful late),
 I heard something in the chimney
 Saying "oo, oo," like a drum,
 Someone whistled, as though asking:
 "Are you ready? Must I come?"
 Now, my father says that Santy
 Does not like for us to peep;
 Says he does not like to come down
 Chimneys till the children sleep.
 So, though I was awful frightened,
 I sat on the rug, and said:
 "No, Sir; no, Sir, Mister Santy!
 For I haven't gone to bed!"
 Then there was a funny racket—
 Something tumbled close to me—
 Something made my middle finger
 Black as black as it could be.
 Johnnie said I only dreamed it,
 Said no Santa Claus could come,
 Yet right on the rug this morning
 Was a whistle and a drum!

—Margaret A. Richard.
 (Written for the Speaker).

WHEN PAW WAS A BOY

I wisht 'at I'd been here when
 My paw he was a boy;
 They must of been excitement then—
 When my paw was a boy;
 In school he always took the prize,
 He used to lick boys twice his size—
 I bet folks all had bulgin' eyes
 When my paw was a boy.
 They was a lot of wonders done
 When my paw was a boy;
 How grandpa must have loved his son,
 When my paw was a boy;
 He'd git the coal and chop the wood,
 And think up every way he could
 To always jist be sweet and good—
 When my paw was a boy.
 Then everything was in its place,
 When my paw was a boy;
 How he could rattle, jump and race,

When my paw was a boy!
 He never, never disobeyed;
 He beat in every game he played—
 Gee! What a record then was made
 When my paw was a boy!

I wisht 'at I'd been here when
 My paw was a boy;
 They'll never be his like agen—
 Paw was the maddie boy,
 But still last night I heard my maw
 Raise up her voice and call my paw
 The worst fool that she ever saw—
 He ought of stayed a boy!

S. E. Kiser.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

"What means this glory round our feet?"
 The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
 And voices chanted clear and sweet,
 "Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star?" the shepherd said,
 "That brightness through the rocky glen?"
 And angels answering overhead,
 Sang, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
 Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
 We wait for Him, like them of yore;
 Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But is was said in words of gold,
 No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
 That little children might be bold
 In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
 A light like that the wise men saw,
 If we our loving wills incline
 To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
 The simple faith of shepherds then,
 And clasping kindly hand in hand,
 Sing, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
 But keep at eve the faith of morn,
 Shall daily hear the angel-song,
 "Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

—James Russell Lowell.

PICCOLA

Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear
 What happened to Piccola, Children dear?
 'Tis seldom fortune such favor grants
 As fell to this little maid of France.