

And by that you will know that your turn has come then.

Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me, And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.

I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring, And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.

Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see That Santa Claus loves us much as does he; Don't let him get fretful and angry again At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."

"Please, Desus, et Santa Taus tum down to night,

And bing us some pesants before it is light; I wan't he should div me a nice ittle sed, With bright shinin unners, and all painted red;

A box full of tandy, a book and a toy, Amen; and then Desus, I'll be a dood boy;" Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,

And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds, They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,

And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten;

Ere the father had thought of his children again;

He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,

And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,

"And should not have sent them so early to bed;

But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,

For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.

But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this;

And that I denied them the thrice-asked for kiss;

And just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,

For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before.

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs, And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;

His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the big tears,

And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.

"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,

"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh;

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said, "By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."

Then turned to the stairs and softly went down,

Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,

Donned, hat coat and boots, and was out in the street—

A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet! Nor stopped he until he had bought everything.

From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;

Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store; That the various presents outnumbered a score;

Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,

With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.

Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree; By the side of a table spread out for her tea,

A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,

And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;

A soldier in uniform stood by a sled "With bright shining runners, and all painted red."

There were balls, dogs and horses; books pleasing to see,

And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;

While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,

As if getting ready more presents to drop; And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,

He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;

As he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,

"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.

I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,

What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more?

Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe; To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,

And, tripping down stairs, he retired for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun

Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,

Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide, And, at the same moment, the presents espied;

Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,

And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found;

They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,

And shouted for papa to come quick and see What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,

(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light;

"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,

"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus," papa, I know."