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Linens
SANTA CLAUS

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THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'TWAS the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long
winter's nap;

When out on the lawn there rose such
a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was
the matter.

Away to the window I flew like
a flash,

Tore open the shutters, and threw
up the sash.

The moon, on the breast of the
new-fallen snow

Gave a luster of mid-day to ob-
jects below.

When what to my wondering eyes
should appear.





SENDING LETTERS TO SAINT NICHOLAS.

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny
Reindeer;
With a little old driver, so lively
and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be
Saint Nick,
More rapid than eagles his coursers
they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called
them by name—
“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer
and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,



So up to the house-top the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys—and Saint
Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on
the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each lit-
tle hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turn-
ing around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas
came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his
head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on
his back,
And he looked like a peddler just
opening his pack.



His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry,—
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow!

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round belly,

That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;

And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.

A wink of his eyes, and a twist of his head,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle:

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!





SAINT NICHOLAS READING HIS MAIL.



A SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS.

SANTA CLAUS AND HIS WORKS

AT the top of the Earth, which they call the North Pole,
Is where Santa Claus lives, a right jolly old soul!
And the ice and the snow lie so thick on the ground
The sun cannot melt them the whole summer round.

All wrapped up in fur from his head to his toes,
No feeling of coldness dear Santa Claus knows,
But travels about with a heart full of joy,
As happy as if he were only a boy,



His cheeks are like roses; his eyes
are as bright
As stars that shine out overhead
in the night,
And they twinkle as merrily too
all the while,
And broad as a sunbeam is Santa
Claus' smile.

He never is idle, except when
asleep,
And even in dreams at his labors
will keep,
And all thro' the day and the
night it is true,
He is working and planning
dear children, for you.

On top of his tower with spy-glass in hand,
He goes every morning to look o'er the land,
And though there are hills all around, I
suppose,

He sees, oh, much further than any one knows.

He peeps into houses whose doors are tight shut;
He looks through the palace and likewise the hut;
He gazes on cities, and villages small,
And nothing, no, nothing is hidden at all.



He knows where the good children live, be-
yond doubt;
He knows what the bad boys and girls are about,
And writes down their names on a page by
themselves,
In books that he keeps on his library shelves.

For good little children, the gentle and kind,
The prettiest presents and toys are designed,
And when Christmas comes round, as it does once a year,
'Tis certain that Santa Claus then will appear.

His work-shop is, oh! such a wonderful place,
With heaps of gay satins, and ribbons and lace;
With houses and furniture, dishes and pans,
And bracelets and bangles, and all sorts of fans.

There are horses that gallop, and dollies that walk,
And some of the pretty doll-babies can talk,
There are pop-guns, and marbles, and tops for the boys,
And big drums and trumpets that make a big noise.

There are games for all seasons, the base-ball, the kite,
And books which the children will seize with delight,
And the skates and the sleds, far too many to count,
And the bicycles ready for wheelmen to mount.

There are farm-yards in plenty, with fences and trees,
And cows, sheep, and oxen, all taking their ease,
And turkeys, and ducks, and fine chickens and hens,
And dear little piggies to put in their pens.



ON THE ROOF.



IN THE DOLL DEPARTMENT

There are gay Noah's Arks, just as full as can be
Of animals really a wonder to see;
There are lions, and tigers, and camels, and bears,
And two of each kind, for they travel in pairs.

There are elephants stretching their noses
quite long;
And reindeer and elks with their antlers
so strong,
And queer kangaroos all the others amid,
With their dear little babies in pockets
well hid.

Is Santa Claus happy? There's no need
to ask,
For he finds such enjoyment indeed in
his task,
That he bubbles with laughter and whis-
tles and sings,
While making and planning the beautiful
things.



The dear little Brownie, so nimble and fleet,
Will run on his errands with tireless feet,
And carry big bundles and boxes because
They want to be friendly to good Santa Claus.

When Christmas Eve comes, into bed you must creep,
And late in the night, when you all are asleep,
He is certain to come; so your stockings prepare,
And hang them up close by the chimney with care.

He's a jolly good fellow, but ever so shy,
And likes to do all his good deeds on the sly.

So there's no use of spoiling a nice winter's nap,
For you'll not catch a glimpse of the jolly old chap.

The baby's wee stocking you must not forget,
For Santa will have something nice for the pet;
And those who are thoughtful for others will find
The good Saint at Christmas time has them in mind.

There is Tommy, who tended the baby with care,
A nice train of cars he shall have for his share.
And how happy Eliza will be when she looks
For her presents, and finds such a budget of books



For May there will be a most
beautiful dollie;
And a play-house, all furnished,
for dear little Ollie;
While wee little Georgie, the
baby, will find,
A big stick of candy, just suit-
ing his mind.



Oh, a jolly good sight is this funny old chap,
When he's dressed in his bear-skin and fur-bordered cap,
All ready to start on his way through the cold,
In a sleigh covered over with jewels and gold,

For old Santa is bundled so close to the chin
That there is not a chance for the cold to get in.
His cheeks are so rosy, his eyes how they flash,
No horses or driver e'er cut such a dash!

His steeds speed away on their journey so fleet,
They seem to have wings to their swift flying feet,
For there's work to be done by the cheery old man,
And his coursers will help him as well as they can.

His sleigh is with toys and with trinkets well packed,
You never beheld one with treasures so stacked;
And though of good children he has such a list,
Not one is forgotten; not one will be missed.

An army he gives to the boy who is neat,
And never is rude in the house or the street;
And a farm to the lad who goes smiling to school,
Who knows all his lessons, and minds every rule.

And if you would please him—dear Bertie and Jack,
And win a nice prize from the old fellow's pack,
Be good little children, your parents obey,
And strive to be happy at work or at play.

At Christmas old Santa Claus toils like a Turk,
For the cheery old fellow is fond of his work;
With his queer-looking team through the air he will go,
And alight on the house-tops all covered with snow.

Then down through the chimneys he'll dart without noise,
And fill up the stockings with candy and toys.
There'll be presents for Julia, and Nellie, and Jack,
And plenty more left in the old fellow's pack.





INSPECTING THE TOYS.

On Santa Claus hurries, and works with a will,
For many tall Christmas trees he has to fill,
And load them with treasures from out his rich store,
Till they blossom as trees never blossomed before.

Though round as a dumpling, and ever so fat,
In running and climbing he's sly as a cat;
But if the long ladder should happen to break,
And he should fall down, what a crash it would
make!

I told you his home was up North by the Pole,
In a palace of ice lives this worthy old soul,
And though out of doors it may furiously
storm,
Indoors as we know, it is sunny and warm.

When Christmas is over old Santa
Claus goes
To his home in the North, and
his well-earned repose,
And when he is rested and feel-
ing tip-top,
The good-natured workman goes
back to his shop.

And there will he labor from
morning till night,
To make others happy his aim
and delight,
And if his good-will the dear
children would earn,
They must strive to be happy
and good in return.



He comes like angel of light from above,
To do on the earth sweetest errands of love:
And our hearts and our homes to so fill with good cheer
That we cannot help knowing when Christmas is near.

Then let us be glad, so that Christmas may be
A real Merry Christmas to you and to me:
And now that the story is ended we'll give
Three cheers for old Santa Claus! Long may he live!

The End.

