

The Boy's Soliloquy.
By Mrs. C. Ladd

Mother says Christmas will soon be here;
We may all sit up to watch and wait;
But be sure to hide the moment we see
Old Santa Claus draw up to the gate.
The old man knows where the ladder
stands

That reaches the chimney top,
In a jiffy he mounts, like a flash he is up
And a bag full of toys will drop.

Whips and tops, such beautiful toys,
And lovely dolls with their flaxen curls;
Whips and tops are for good boys,
And the dolls for the very best girls.
But mother says she is much afraid,
That Santa with his beautiful store,
Have them all with children of wealth
And nothing is left for the poor.

Now, I know what we all can do,
And do it all on the sly,
Our Christmas money we all can take,
Such a lot of things we can buy.

On Christmas we will creep around,
With something for all the poor;
Will leave the things, then knock and
run,
Before they can open the door.

In fancy I think I can hear the shout
As the things roll in on the floor,
I know it will give more pleasure to me
Than I ever felt before.
We boys have watched. What did we
see?

Lots of things, piled by the score;
To-morrow, baskets full will find,
Their way to the poor man's door.

We boys have acted on the sly,
Our greatest joy will be -
To hear the merry laughing
From the poorest child we see
Hear the crackers! Hear the bells!
Hunt boys, shout, it's Christmas morn'
But don't forget in all your sports,
Today the Baby Christ was born.