

A True Sketch of Christmas

I went the busy street along,
Where everything was gay,
For all the merry, merry throng
Were keeping Christmas day.
Small hands were full of costly toys
Small feet to mirth kept time,
Nor ever happier girls and boys
Were seen in any clime.

And now their came with feeble face,
A woman, pale from care,
With such a patient, angle face
As gods poor sometimes wear.
With tender hand she led a child,
As wan as poorly chest;
Not skipping, singing, laughing wild,
Yet happy like the rest.

For see! the fingers bare and slight,
Their Christmas gift can boast;
One stick of candy red and white,
A penny it has cost.
A single penny, hardly spared,
Mid thousands flung away:
I was this one child and mother shared
The joys of Christmas day.

Ms John Gardine Tilbury West
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Command you may your mind from play
Between two stools you come to the ground
Go where you may birds will be found
John
Try and never throw your self down John