

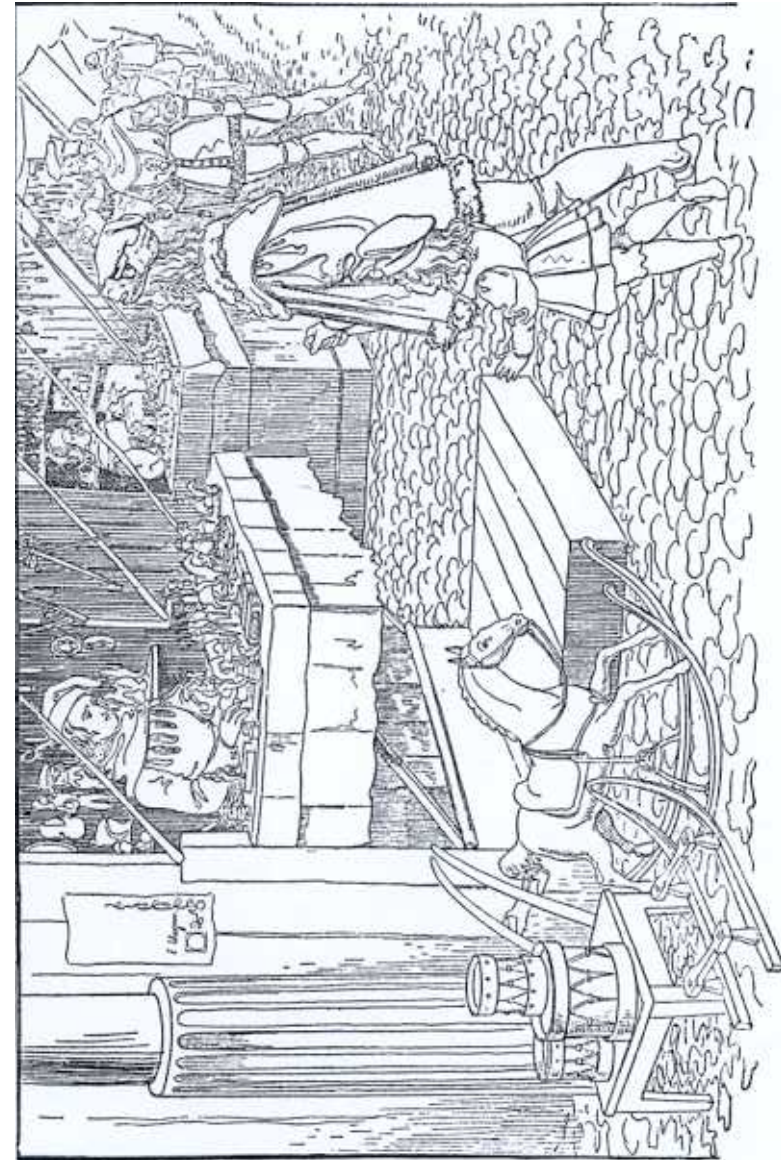
THE TOYMAN AND THE BOY.

“ HASTEN, dear father, and come with me
The toyman’s wonderful shop to see!
We must tell the toyman what to say,
If Santa Claus happens to come his way.”

“ But what if Santa Claus asks me, dear,
‘Has this little child been good this year?’
For books, and puzzles, and games, and toys,
Are not for idle and selfish boys.”

“ Then tell him, father, that every day
I try to be loving and quick to obey ;
And every year, as I older grow,
I shall be wiser and better, I know.”

“ Now, toyman, what can you show me here
To please a child that is good and dear ?”
“ Beautiful things I have to sell ;
I am too busy their names to tell.



“ Here are trumpets to blow, and drums to beat ;
 Here are knights and soldiers, and horses fleet ;
 Here are bows and arrows, and sleds to use,
 And games and puzzles, and books to choose.”

“ Toyman, listen ! perhaps some day,
 Santa Claus may be coming this way ;
 Here is a message to slip in his hand ;
 I think good Santa will understand.

“ He may bring a drum, and a fine new sled
 Swift as an arrow, and painted red ;
 A pair of skates, and a book that tells
 Of knights and fairies and Christmas bells.

“ But tell him, toyman, in yonder street
 Are poor little children with bare cold feet ;
 He must bring them stockings, all warm and
 new,
 And caps and mittens, and playthings too.

‘ And, toyman, lest he should happen to lack,
 Here is some money to fill up his pack ;
 We send them our greetings, and wish them
 good cheer
 For a merry Christmas and Happy New Year.”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

