



**The Little Trees**

The little trees of Christmas stand bravely, row on row, Guard by the high-reared altar Where festive candles glow. Dark looms the roof above them, Who lately from the sod With all the glad, green forest Raised myriad hands to God.

The scurrying hare that passed them, The ducks, wedge-flying by— These only in the woodland Disturbed their reverie. Here fervent prayers and praises From eager lips uprising That strive through finite phrases To laud the Immortal King.

The little trees stand steadfast, Green martyrs to his praise, Godward they lift their branches As in the clear, free days, Godward they send their perfume From every fine-wrought limb, In man-made church or forest, Alike incense to him.

Little trees of Christmas, Teach me the truths you know! Teach me to find his temple In woods and stars and snow. Teach me through turning Godward From fear to find release, And steadfast, with sweet worship To greet the Child of Peace.

—Theodora E. Cogswell

**POSTMAN TRUE SANTA CLAUS**

Man With the Pack Keeps Cheerful Despite Hard Work Before and on Christmas Day.

The postman's Christmas is anything but a holiday, as he is forced to work harder on that day than on any other in the year. For about two weeks before Christmas he is burdened by packages, letters and postcards, till it seems he can stand no more, yet on Christmas he must rush about the city from early morning until midnight, often without a minute to rest.

Despite the hard work he enjoys the day as much or more than any one. He is brought into close contact with the Christmas spirit, and is proud of his part in distributing joy among the many. If while on his route carrying a bag filled to the brim with holiday mail he becomes discouraged, the feeling is often dispelled when he sees the joy and happiness manifested by some child or even grown person at being the recipient of some gift he brings.

Usually, too, the persons he meets while on his rounds greet him with a

**Coming Down on Christmas Morn**



cheerful "Merry Christmas," making him forget his discontentment at being forced to go without his usual Christmas dinner, or being at home with his family and watching his children frolic around the Christmas tree.

This is a brief description of the postman's Christmas. It is true he has not much time for enjoying the holiday except at night when he is too tired to feel the real Christmas spirit to any great extent. However, let every one try to brighten his day by at least wishing him a "Merry Christmas" when we meet him on his route.

The holiday season's neckties and small pieces of wearing apparel seem to be most numerous, although children's toys are also delivered in large numbers.

The name of Santa Claus is appropriate for the postman. Many gifts, especially from out of town, reach their destination through his hands, and although it is not recognized in many cases, he is the real substitute for the mythological St. Nicholas.

Many strange articles find their way into the postman's bag during

**The Earth Has Grown Old**



The earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas it always is young;  
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,  
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,  
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming tonight!  
On the snowflakes that cover thy sod  
The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,  
And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight  
That mankind are the children of God.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,  
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,  
That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM THE FARM**

**L**AST Christmas I spent with a schoolmate who lives in the country. I had gone to her home in the early autumn to board because I had much writing to do and needed quiet. At the same time I needed the sweet, pure country air. When we first began talking of Christmas, fully six to eight weeks before that date, Ruth, my friend, began the old-time plaint: "I know I shall get a lot of pretty things from my city friends and relatives and what on earth can I get in this old ark that is fit to send them?"

"This old ark" was the village general store where we were when we brought up the subject of Christmas giving.

"Ruth Preston," I answered her, "with all the opportunities you have for making the most delightful, unusual and really worth while gifts, you should worry about about Storekeeper Wiggin's limited stock of cheese and chewing tobacco."

"What do you mean?" asked Ruth.

"Well, you never lived in the city, cooped up in an apartment, or in a house in a big town where the nearest woods and nearest garden were miles and miles away. Did you, now?" She admitted that she never had.

"Imagine that you did live in such a place. What would you say if you were to receive a beautiful little baby fir tree eighteen inches high, a luscious deep green growing in a pretty little wooden tub painted deep green? Suppose it came to you carefully wrapped in wet burlap so that the express people could see what it was, and keep it right side up?"

"It would be pretty," admitted Ruth.

"And suppose you lived in a big elevator apartment with a tiny kitchenette and a new maid every week or so and all the goodies you had you made yourself or got at a cafe or dug out of cans with a can opener. How would you like to get a great big fat mince pie, packed in a box so carefully that it couldn't crush or break?"

I had set her to thinking. Soon after that we brought up the subject once more. I sent back to the city for two dollars' worth of narrow red ribbon, Christmas labels, tags and stickers.

"What are you going to send him?" I asked Ruth one day as she mentioned her very wealthy brother who had lived in a distant city for twenty years, and whom she wished to remember.

"Oh, dear, Tom has so much money that anything I could afford would look cheap," she complained. "Neckties are silly and I don't know the latest styles. I'd love to surprise him once."

school teacher, still striving to teach the young idea how to shoot, Ruth and I joined in making a big fruit cake. To a friend who had a number of small children, Ruth sent half a dozen bars of pure honey.

I don't know how many little jars of jellies and chili sauce and baby pickles and jams and other preserves and condiments we sent along.

To a doctor friend—the one who sent me to inhale the country air for six months, I sent two dozen big, rich duck eggs, quite fresh. On each egg I pasted a tiny sticker, a little Santa or Christmas tree or stocking, or something of that sort I placed these in a wire cage which holds each egg firmly, marked them plainly, and they reached the good doctor without a break or a crack.

Every year Ruth's great aunt sends her something of value. This great aunt owns a string of business blocks in a big city and keeps a lawyer busy attending to her estate. At my suggestion, Ruth prepared a goose for the oven, stuffed it, sewed it up in a cloth and packed it in a box, the corners of which she filled with apples and onions for roasting. This she sent to great aunt, not without fear and trembling. "The very idea of sending her something so out," she gasped, "she'll think it an insult!" She invited a select few in to dinner, she wrote, and boasted of the "home-grown goose straight from my dear niece who lives on a farm."

And all her guests raved. To friends who had children we sent baskets of native nuts; walnuts, butternuts, hickory nuts, chinquapins and the like. We also made some delicious molasses kisses, wrapped them in waxed paper, packed them with sprigs of evergreen and sent them along.

If you live in the maple belt, you surely have some maple sugar left. If it is black, melt it over and recast the cakes. They will be delicious. If you have popcorn, tie up four bunches, six ears to a bunch, and send it as a present. Country popcorn "tastes different," you know! It does. I've tasted it.—**Morton Aldrich, in The Farmer's Wife.**



"Make fifty cookies, such as your mother used to make for you and Tom when you were youngsters. I know how they taste—want one right now! Wrap each in white tissue, stick a tiny fancy label on, to fasten the tissue together, pack them firmly in a box and send them along to him. Watch his mouth water!"

Ruth did it and the letter she got from her brother brought the quick tears to her eyes. To my brother's wife I sent a small crate of mixed vegetables. She was delighted. I sent them early enough for her to use them for the Christmas dinner. There was a small Hubbard squash, some cholee potatoes, onions, beets, carrots, turnips, a cabbage, a dozen pears and a delicious crab apple.

For our old

**Peter and the Mulberry Tree**

By Christopher Grant Hazard

**S**OME dogs have names. There was Casper, the pup. He had a name but he was too young to know it.

There was old dog Barker. My father used to make Barker sit up and listen. Father would say to me, "No orderly boy would leave his hat on the floor like that. Barker wouldn't do it, if he were a boy."

Then Barker would bark once.

Then my father would ask Barker if he was a good dog, and Barker would bark twice.

Some dogs have no names.

The little black and white dog across the street is just a dog, but he will come when you whistle.

There is a dog near here who knows the butcher cart when he sees it coming. He drives all the hens out of the yard, so he can pick up the scraps of meat that fall from the cart while of meat that fall from the cart while the butcher is getting the meat ready.

This dog hasn't any name. He is so selfish that he isn't worth naming.

Once there was a tree, and it had a name. It was a mulberry tree.

The man that owned the tree had a dog, too. His name was Peter, and no little dog was ever more fond of meat than Peter was of mulberries.

He would hunt around in the grass, under the mulberry tree, until he had found every mulberry that had fallen down. Then he would run against the tree and bump down a lot more.

Some children heard about Peter and the mulberry tree and it made them think of something.

It made them think of fixing up a Christmas tree, with many little packages upon it—like mulberries—and then bumping the things off for Christmas gifts.

So, this is just what they did. Charlie had the first bump.

When he picked up his package he found that he had a round hole with a square peg in it.

There was a bit of paper tied to the peg, and on it was written:

"Get into the right place."

Harry's bump brought down a square hole with a round peg in it. His paper said:

"Don't get into the wrong place."

Then Frank gave a bump that was a regular butt, and he held up a square hole with a square peg in it. These words were with them:

"A place for everybody and every body in his place."

When Dick bumped he got a round hole and a round peg.

"What does this mean?" he shouted.

"The same thing," answered Frank. "Sure," said Chummy.

Chummy was the littlest. He was so little that he used to take his doll to bed with him and talk over with it before he went to sleep, the things they had done that day. And he had just learned that word "sure." He was so proud of it that he used to say it to his father instead of "yeth sir." Chummy would soon learn that "sure" was not as nice as "yeth sir."

Then the girls said it was their turn and they began to bump.

Ruth got an alphabet, so as to learn not to say "hikilmnop."

Sarah had "a headache in her knee," so Mary bumped for her.

Down came a pair of rubbers and Mary put them on "inside outwards," just to try them.

Then they all bumped the tree for Chummy, who wasn't big enough to bump hard enough to make anything fall.

Such a lot of things tumbled off.

There was a baseball glove—Ruth tried it on and her hand looked like a hassock; a breastpin—Sarah pinned it on her sleeve, "where she could see it;" two doll dress patterns; a new doll's hat—a small hat; a set of dishes, a doll's high chair; and a toothpick.

Chummy was like the old woman who lived in the shoe. He didn't know what to do with all his things; but he was careful to use the toothpick every time he took a drink of milk.

There was still one package left. It was in the top of the tree.

One little girl, her name was Lucy, had not had anything. So the children led her pull the top of the tree down to get this package.

And there was the dearest doll that ever came off of a Christmas tree. It had blue eyes that would open and shut and the cunningest frock.

Lucy, now the doll's mother, thought

that this was the very best gift of all. Then, just as they were going to go downstairs, there came a rat at the door.

"Come in," they shouted.

"What do you suppose?" It was Santa Claus. He marched in with stockings for them that were all bulging and bursting with good things.

When Tom they had with him and with all the things he had brought.

They had not a good time that some of it spread away around the corner to a house that Santa Claus had not visited yet.

So, everybody had something.

This is what God meant the Christmas tree for.

After their visit to the poor children, they all went home laughing and happy enough to wait a whole year for a new crop of Christmas cheer just as the dog Peter, has to wait until another season for a new crop of mulberries.

**A Christmas Day Menu**

First course—Gladness.

Entrées—Love garnished with Smiles.

羹—Gentleness, with sweet wine sauce of Laughter.

Second course—Hospitality.

In some house Hospitality is brought on surrounded with Relatives. In others it is dished up with Dignitaries. In a third, best of all, it is served in simple shirts, but with a great variety of Unfortunate Persons—such as lonely people from lodging houses, poor people of all grades, widows and childless in their affliction. This is the kind most preferred; in fact, never abandoned by those who have tried it.

For dessert—Mirth.

Gratitude and Faith beaten together and run in the mills of solid Trust and Patience.

Bonbons of Good Cheer and Kindness.