

The New Visit of Santa Claus



'Tis Santa went home with a smile on his face,
 And settled himself by the chimney place,
 And said to his wife, with a wink in his eye:
 "Tomorrow is Christmas, - I think I shall try
 The airship I built when the times were slack;
 I've loaded it heavy, and painted it black
 So that I might visit the girls and the boys
 Unseen in the night, with their goodies and toys!"

"I've traded the reindeer for naphtha and oil,
 And tested the battery, sparker and coil;
 I've sailed o'er the mountain and scudded the
 To study the currents and measure the breeze;
 I've learned how to steady the wings and to stop
 When I come to the little boy's chimney top,
 While my anchors dangle low and free
 To hold the ship while I trim the tree!"

"Instead of the ringing of bells on the roofs,
 The patter of reindeer's prancing hoofs,
 The children will hear, if they happen to wake,
 The whirring of wheels and the screech of a brake;
 And circling over the cities at night
 The people will wonder what marvelous light
 Kris Kringle has set in the clouds agleam
 To shine on the little boys' Christmas dreams."

"I've driven the deer in an Arctic sleigh
 To carry the gifts of the Christmas day;
 I've loaded the train and the carriage full
 For the horse and the iron steed to pull -
 But tonight I've packed my aeroplane,
 And I'm off on the same old trip again,
 With the sweetest of sweets and the brightest of toys
 For the good little girls and the good little boys!"

Aloysius Cott.

