

True Christmas Joy

by Jennett Morrell

'Twas the day before Christmas, a long time ago
And our beautiful earth was all covered with snow;
Down the street with their sleighs came two manly boys,
Who paused at the window to look at the toys.

Already two others were there looking in;
But their faces were sad, and their clothes old and thin.
And the little one said, "Is it because we're so poor
That Santa doesn't come to our house anymore?
The older one patted his wee brother's head,
And hugged him up closely, as softly he said:
"Oh, maybe he will come tonight, little Tim,
If we ask in our prayers for the Lord to send him!"
The little face smiled, but the boys saw a tear
In the eye of the one who quelled little Tim's fear.
Then slowly and sadly the waifs went their way
To the place they called home, where that night they would pray.
The boys, with their sleighs, followed closely behind,
And neither one spoke, but in each childish mind
A beautiful thought said as plain as could be:
"I'll share with those poor boys what Santa brings me."
When the two reached their home, to their father they ran,
And eagerly told him their unselfish plan.
He was proud of his boys, who now felt that same love
That sent our dear Savior from His Home above.
Next morning, still thrilled with their beautiful thought,
They scampered downstairs to see what Santa brought,
And they, with the help of their father and mother,
Selected the presents for Tim and his brother.
And as the first light of dawn came into view
The two went their way with the toys bright and new,
And crept very quietly up to the door
Where they'd seen the boys enter the evening before.
As they hurried back home toward their own Christmas joys,
They could not even dream how the other two boys,
On finding that Santa had really been there,
Sent their joy to the One who had answered their prayer.