

## THE REAL SANTA CLAUS



OTHER, who is Santa Claus? To-day,  
They told me, when I was out at play,  
That it was only a tale. They said  
Long, long ago he would have been dead  
If he'd lived so long. But I want *you*  
To tell me really if he is true;

And if he is, then where does he live?  
And where does he get the things to give?  
There are so many girls and boys,  
And they must need so many toys."

"Come, child, I'll tell the story to you,  
Of a Santa Claus, living and true.  
Look down in the street—the people go  
From the holiday stores to and fro,  
With laden arms, and joyous eyes,  
And deep in their hearts a gladness lies;  
Forgot is yesterday, and each life  
Thinks of the morrow without the strife;  
For adown the years the Christ-child's birth  
Peace has brought to the sorrowing earth.

"Long years ago, in that little town,  
Not in rich state, nor with earthly crown,  
Was born to us Christ, the Son of God,  
Who, for us, the way of sorrow trod;  
And that night, 'neath the silvery star,  
The Christ-spirit came with Him afar;  
For God gave Christ, and Christ gave peace,  
And giving-thoughts come e'en to the least.

For down the ages, that spirit lives,  
The Christ-born spirit that loves and gives.  
This is the 'Santa Claus,' ages old,  
Who stronger grows as the years unfold.

"Thus ever he lives in rich and poor,  
With lovely gifts, or with golden store;  
So look again to the merry street,  
With its crowded lines of busy feet,  
And see that man, with carriage and pair,  
Laden with things that are rich and fair.  
Costly gifts has he bought for his boys,  
Gifts of rare books and beautiful toys;  
But 'tis not the toys, little boy of mine,  
'Tis not the toys so costly and fine;  
But deep in his heart the giving-thought,  
Which God in the human heart has wrought.

"Then see, little boy, that workman's face  
Aglow with the Christ-love—not one trace  
Of the hard-worked days, of the by-gone years,  
And weary toil with its anxious fears.  
All that is past—he lives in to-day  
When life is glad, and the world is gay;  
And the few meagre gifts in his rough hand  
Seem perfect enough, to him, and grand.

"And so, wherever God's gift is known,  
In ice-locked lands, and in Southern zone,  
There the Christ-spirit is born again;  
And angels sing, 'Peace, good will to men.'  
Thus from North to South, from West to East,  
Comes the Christ-spirit unto the least.

“Up in the Eskimo land, snow-clad,  
Many a heart is thankful and glad.  
‘For Christ is given to us,’ they sing,  
And over the seas the praise-songs sing.  
The giving-love they have learned to know  
That ‘Santa Claus’ of ages ago.

“And down where the summer winds sing low,  
Where days are long ’neath the sun’s warm glow,  
The chosen few are thankful to-night,  
For the gift of Peace, the ‘Eternal Light’;  
‘Christ’s spirit is given to us’, their theme;  
With these the Christ-spirit reigns supreme.

“So ‘Santa Claus’ is the will to give,  
That strong in our hearts to-day does live;  
Christ gave to us, thus we give to others,  
E’en to the least of these, our brothers.  
This is the ‘Santa Claus,’ little boy,  
The spirit of giving, and the joy.”

P. C. SYDENSTRICKER, '14.

