



# A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

## To The Little Ones From Five To Twelve. Part III

*Author Unknown*

Through many houses he has been,  
And various beds and stockings seen,  
Some, white as snow, and neatly mended,  
Others, that seem'd for pigs intended.

Where e'er I found good girls or boys,  
That hated quarrels, strife and noise,  
I left an apple, or a tart,  
Or wooded gun, or painted cart.

To some I gave a pretty doll,  
To some a peg-top, or a ball,  
No crackers, cannons, squibs, or rockets,  
To blow their eyes up, or their pockets.

Old Santeclaus with much delight  
His reindeer drives this frosty night.  
O'er chimneytops, and tracks of snow,  
To bring his yearly gifts to you.

The steady friend of virtuous youth,  
The friend of duty, and of truth,  
Each, Christmas eve he joys to come  
Where love and peace have made their home.

No drums to stun their Mother's ear,  
Nor swords to make their sisters fear;  
But pretty books to store their mind  
With knowledge of each various kind.

But where I found the children naughty,  
Manners rude, in temper haughty,  
Thankless to parents, liars, swearers,  
Boxers, or cheats, or base take-bearers.

I left a long black, birchen rod,  
Such as the dread command of God,  
Directs a Parent's hand to use,  
When virtue's path his sons refuse.

\* \* \*