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Her Christmas Present: A True Incident

Edith M. Thomas

With doll in arms to court she came,—
A mite of tender years.
Between her sobs she put the case,
Her eyes brimmed up with tears.

"They've put my mamma into jail—
And oh, I love her so!
She's very good—my mamma is—
Please, won't you let her go?"

"Just look! She made this doll for me."
(She held it up to view.)
The judge did look. "Don't cry," he said,
"We'll see what we can do."

"What charge against the prisoner, clerk?"
"Sold apples in the street.
She had no license, and, when fined,
The fine she could not meet."

"My mamma's good. Please, let her go."
The judge looked down and smiled;
"So well you've pleaded, she shall be
Your Christmas Present, child."

"Now take this paper, little one,
It sets your mother free.
She should be very proud of you;
Go, tell her so, from me."

With doll in arms away she went,
And soon the prison gained;
And when her mother clasped her close,
The happy child explained:

"A kind, good man like Santa Claus,
With hair as white as snow,
He let you out because—because



I asked him to, you know!"

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