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Two Christmas Saints

M. Caruthers

Time was, as Christmas Eve drew near,
Of Santa and his twelve reindeer,
A little lad, I sat and dreamed —
A presence real the old Saint seemed,
And on that Night of Nights, I'd hark
To hear his sleigh bells in the dark,
And watch, for fear to miss his face
When he came down the chimney-place.



But now, though day-dreams throng my mind,
No trace of Santa Claus I find!
My Christmas saint has changed. Instead
Of jolly, wrinkled visage red,
Behold a lady where she stands,
The fairest maid in all the lands!
Her thrall am I for weal or woe —
Sweet saint, whose crown is mistletoe!

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