

# Part 1. The Catholic Journal. Part 1

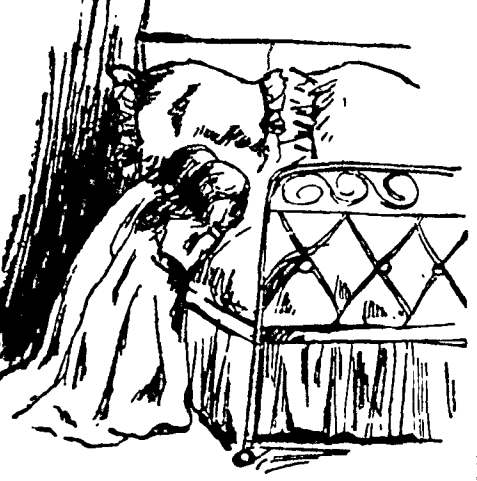
Vol. IX, No. 12.

Rochester, N. Y. Saturday, December 18, 1897.

\$1.00 per Year, 3c per Copy.

## ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER

'Twas the night before Christmas; "Good night!" had been said,  
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed:  
There were tears on the pillows, and tears  
In their eyes,  
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,  
For to-night their stern father's command  
Had been given,  
That they should retire precisely at seven  
Instead of at eight, for they troubled him  
With questions unheard of, than ever before.  
He had told them he thought this detestful  
a sin,  
No such body as "Santa Claus" ever had  
been,  
And he hoped after this he would never  
more hear  
How he scrambled down chimneys with  
presents each year.  
And this was the reason that two little  
heads  
So restlessly tossed on their soft down  
beds,  
Eight, nine and the clock in the steeple  
struck ten,  
Not a word had been spoken by either  
till then,  
When Willie's sad face from the blankets  
did peep,  
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast  
asleep?"  
"Why no brother Willie," a sweet voice  
replied,  
"I've tried to in vain, but I can't shut my  
eyes,  
For somehow it makes me so sorry be-  
cause  
Dear papa has said there was no Santa  
Claus  
Now we know that there is, and it can't  
be denied,  
For he came every year before mamma  
died.  
But then I've been thinking that she used  
to pray  
And God would hear everything mamma  
would say,  
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa  
Claus here,  
With the sack full of presents he brought  
every year."  
"Well, why can't we pray just as



mamma did do,  
And ask God to send him with presents  
aden."  
"I've been thinking so, too," and without  
a word more,  
Four little bare feet bounded out on the  
floor,  
And four little knees the soft carpet  
pressed,  
And two tiny hands were clasped close to  
each breast.  
"Now Willie, you know we must firmly  
believe  
That the presents we ask for are sure  
to reach us,  
You must wait just as still, till I say the  
"Amen."  
And by that you will know that your  
turn has come then."  
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother  
and me,  
And grant us the favor we're asking of  
Thee.  
I want a wax dolly, a tea set and ring,  
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a  
spring  
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to  
see  
That Santa Claus loves us far better  
than he.  
Don't let him get angry and fretful again  
A' dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen."  
"I'll see, I see, let Santa Claus tum d'wn  
to-night,  
And bring us some presents before it is  
light.  
I want he should give me a nice little bed  
With bright shining runners and all paint-  
ed ed.  
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy  
Armon and then, Desus, I'll be a dood  
boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up  
their heads,  
And with hearts light and cheerful again  
sought their beds;  
And were soon lost in slumber, both  
peaceful and deep,  
And with fairies in dreamland were roam-  
ing in sleep.  
Eight, nine, and the little French clock  
had struck ten,  
'Ere the father had thought of his chil-  
dren again;  
He seems now to hear Annie's half-sup-  
pressed sighs,  
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's  
blue eyes.  
"I was harsh with my darlings," he men-  
tally said,  
"And I should not have sent them so  
early to bed.  
But then I was troubled; my feelings  
found vent,  
For bank stock to-day had gone down ten  
per cent,  
But of course they've forgotten their  
troubles ere this,  
And that I denied them the thrice asked  
for kiss,  
But just to make sure I'll steal up to  
their door,  
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings  
before."  
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,  
And arrived at the door to hear both of  
their prayers;  
His Annie's "bless papa" drew forth the  
big tears  
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on  
his ears;  
"Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," said he  
with a sigh,  
"How I longed when a child to have  
Christmas draw nigh."  
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inward-  
ly said,  
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep  
in my bed."  
Then he turned to the stairs and softly  
went down,  
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dress-  
ing gown,  
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out  
on the street.  
A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet  
Nor stopped until he had bought every-  
thing  
From the box full of candy to the tiny  
gold ring,  
Indeed he kept adding so much to his  
store  
That the various presents outnumbered  
a score;  
Then homeward he turned with his holi-  
day load  
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery  
'twas stowed.  
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine  
tree  
By the side of a table set out for her tea;  
A work-box well-filled in the centre was  
laid,  
And on it the ring for which Annie had  
prayed,  
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,  
With bright shining runners and all  
painted red.

# HOLIDAY NUMBER



There were balls, dogs and hares, beaks  
pleasing to see,  
And birds of all colors were stretched in  
the air;  
While Santa Claus laughing stood up in  
the top,  
As if getting ready more presents to drop,  
And as the loud father the picture sur-  
veyed,  
He thought for his trouble he had amply  
been paid,  
And he said to himself as he brushed off  
a tear,  
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for  
a year,  
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever  
before.  
What care I if bank stock fall ten per  
cent,  
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,  
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christ-  
mas eve."  
No thinking he gently extinguished the  
light,  
And tripped down stairs to retire for the  
night,  
As soon as the beams of the bright morn-  
ing sun,  
Put the darkness to flight and the night  
out by day,  
Four little blue eyes out of deep slumber  
wide,  
And at the same moment the presents be-  
gan to  
peep,  
Then out of their beds they came with  
a bound,  
And a great gobsy gazed down on all of  
them round,  
They shouted for joy to each other and  
said,  
They thanked and they asked for each  
useful thing,  
What presents the papa had brought them  
that night,  
"Just the things that they wanted,"  
he said,  
"And now," Annie said in a  
sweet way,  
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, won't  
you?"  
"I know," Willie said,  
"I wish dear little Willie should see Santa  
Claus,  
Determining at present to wait till they  
should be  
And told in soft whispers what they  
saw,  
That their dear blessed father had  
sent them,  
Used to knock down and pass by the  
side  
of her chair,  
And that God up in heaven had answered  
their prayer."  
"Dear papa, we said and prayed and  
said  
and we look,  
And God answered our prayers, and  
sent  
us what we want."  
"I should not have sent you so early,  
and all these  
And knew just what presents my dear  
children would want,  
(Well, well, let me think, he the  
little girl,  
"I would be glad to see you, if I  
could see you."  
Blissful father! who asked what  
they'd like,  
And the happy voice spoke  
of his child,  
"I was the being who sent you  
up stairs,  
And made you so glad to see  
me here."  
—Mrs. Sewall.

CHRISTMAS

This is the month, and the time,  
When the son of heaven's  
King,  
Of wadded maid and virgin, came  
Our great redemption from  
sin,  
For so the holy scriptures say,  
That he our dearly loved  
And with his Father's  
pass,  
Rise, happy  
O Father's  
The light  
born,  
Now shall we celebrate the day  
When God appeared in  
The mark of worldly  
When the archangel  
Announced the  
And hailed the  
At his birth a star  
Proclaim His  
'Twas noon, that  
But, that God should be  
much more.

CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC

Come for Christ our  
K for our hearts  
H is for right  
T is for  
M is for  
A is for  
S is for  
And the whole  
born.  
A strange  
good,  
For the  
For the  
It is a  
I'm a  
A simple  
A simple  
G for  
And the  
they're all