

Santa Claus's Letter

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Christmas was coming. Jamie and Ted had already begun to write long letters to Santa Claus. But one thing was rather queer: both boys asked him for the same things.

Each little letter ended with - "Just like Brother's."

They agreed to ask for only one sled. They would rather ride together. Now was not this very sweet and loving?

One night, after they had gone to bed, Jamie said, "Ted, if Santa Claus brings us skates, Jim can teach us how to use them."

"Oh, yes; and if we get fur mittens it will be such fun to make a fort." "And a snowman," Jamie answered.

Ted went oh: "I'll always ride the sled down a hill, and you can ride it up." "I guess you won't," Jamie said, speaking loudly.

"Why not?" Ted asked.

"Because it'll be as much my sled as yours."

"Yes, of course," Ted replied; "but I chose it first."



"You are a selfish boy!" said Jamie. "Well, then, so are you!"

"I don't care. I won't sleep with you. I'll ask mamma if I can't have the first pick; I'm the biggest," roared Jamie, bounding out of bed.

"You're a big, cross cry baby," Ted shouted, jumping out after his brother.

Away ran Jamie to mamma, with Ted at his heels. Both were angry. Both talked at once.

Mamma was grieved. Her dear little boys had never been so unkind to each other before. She kissed their hot faces and stroked their pretty hair. She told them how their naughty words hurt her. She showed them how displeased God was to see two little brothers quarrel.

That night they went to sleep in each other's arms, full of love and forgiveness.

Christmas morning came at last. Very early the boys crept out of bed, just to "feel" their stockings.

Papa heard them, and, remembering that he was once a boy lighted the gas.

Each little red stocking was full from toe to top. Boxes and paper parcels were piled around them. Such shouting! Such a good time! It seemed as if all their letters had been answered.

Suddenly Jamie cried, "O Ted, here's a letter!"

They put their little heads together, and with papa's help spelled this out:

"My dear Boys,

No sled this year. It quarrelled so I was afraid to bring it. I dropped it off the load about a week ago. Get ready for it next year. Merry Christmas! "

SANTA CLAUS