

"CHRISTMAS"

By Caroline Ann C. Stringham
(Written about December, 1901)

'Tis the night before Christmas,
I am lying here on my bed
Trying to rest my legs, mind and head.

We waited until the little ones were asleep and then,
Just as the dining room clock struck ten,
We quickly hustled boxes, bundles and toys
That Santa had brought for good girls and boys,
Out of the places where such things are kept,
And into the kitchen so softly we crept,
Filled all the stockings, we look quite gay,
Ready to be opened by nervous fingers next day.

We also dressed a nice Christmas tree
With presents for all, including Lucille and Bea.
And Claire and the family and me as well.
I tell you that cedar looks quite swell
With Santa at the top to take command,
And Angels a-flying around quite grand,
And lemons, sour as a pickle,
And silver watches, two for a nickel.

Little paper dolls dressed so nice,
Pop corn strings made in a trice,
A few pairs of shoes with good, thick soles,
A fascinator or two to fill out the rolls.

("Christmas Morning")

The cock had crowed its clarion shrill,
Mrs. Santa was lying in bed quite still
Wondering: "Where can the children be,
Why are they not saying 'What has Santa brought me?'"
When suddenly the usual sounds,
Father's voice making the rounds,
"Time to get up, time to arise and see,
Come, what is this Santa has brought to me."

Then, such a noise; my gracious me!
Sue, Zina, and Bry, Ray, Willie and Bea,
Grace, May, Phil and Pas as well.
Gracious, how the chorus swells!
"See, what Santa has brought me-e-o-e-e,"
"Mid all the noise; Winnie's voice, "see! see! see!"
I can hear Bry say; "Oh, what fun,
Your's is a pistol, Will, and Ray's is a gun."

"It is cute, by golly" says that awfull naughty Willie.
And I can hear sweet little Bea say, "See what Santa has brought me."
I hear Pa say, and how they laugh
That Bry, the silly little calf,
Went to bed at exactly seven
Then got up at half past eleven.
From his bed he slyly crept,

Into the room where papa slept,
Then Pa said: "Sic cat s-e-o-o."
Bry sloopily said, "I wonder
What Santa has brought to me,

Grace a few trinkots did receive,
Zina a dress, and if you believe
Phil really got more than his share,
Two neckties, harmonica and an overcoat to wear.
The many things Santa brought Lucille and Bea
And that dear little sweet Josephine Marie.

And Susie a hat with ribbon and feather
She can wear it in all kinds of weather;
Bry got some skates, just what he wants,
While Pa got handkerchiefs and five-dollar pants.
Among Claire's presents were pictures three,
Her husband had sent her from over the sea.
"Has Mom got her stocking?" I hear Pa say.
"Zina, take it to her without delay".

I get it in the rush of the morning's glee.
And I wonder what Santa has brought to me.
Now I gaze in mute surprise,
While Zina holds up before my eyes:
Candy and nuts and handkerchiefs too,
Dishes and laces she brings to view.
A grant thing upon which my senses gloat,
A fifteen-dollar up-to-date swell coat.

Now they all come to my room to see
What Santa has brought to me.
For the life of me, I cannot help but cry.
I am sure you wonder why.
It isn't because of what Santa brought to me.

Then let us not be despondent, nor feel it a burden
If those who have strength, and should help us to work,
Are inclined to o'er look us, and leave us to struggle
Let us rust not, nor idle, nor be tempted to shirk.
But round up our shoulders, Be ready and willing
Keep pace with the signs of the times and live
To merit the blessings of our Father in heaven
As we freely receive, Let us as freely give.
-Caroline C. Stringham-

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AFTER

By Caroline Ann Crouch Stringham

For the present let us bravely bear
The little hardships and trials too,
That we must each day do our duty,
That we may sooner see the beauty
Of the perfect life that we are often told
Will refine us like silver and make us pure gold.

Finally in the peaceful Millennium time
When we listen to the joyous Christmas chimes
We will live together, no sorrow, no fear,
Perfected by what we have suffered here.

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Then wake up, Let us improve, from this moment, onward.
Let us go forth; as a young army, strong in the Lord,
Store our minds, with all knowledge,
For we may be needed, In this world or elsewhere.
Joy our reward.

-Caroline C. Stringham-

We have one loving Father, We all are his children.
Then let us pray faithfully; for His kind loving aid.
To bring Brother and sister, the faint drooping spirit
Within the bright circle of Improvement today.

-Caroline C. Stringham-

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The time is far spent,
There is little remaining
To gather our records and make them complete,
Then hasten you workers
Search out all your loved ones,
Prepare for the Kingdom of heaven to meet.

Shrink not from your duty,
Our fathers are praying
That we will release them
From bondage and sin.
And bind them together as parents and children
That they to the Kingdom may be ushered in.

We'll search out each name
With the names and the places
From Parish and Church Yard,
From Village and Town
In God's Holy Temple
Link chains of the Priesthood
As Saviour in Zion
To them we will be known.

-Found among the memories and poems of
Caroline Ann C. Stringham-

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WHAT E'ER YOU DO DON'T DOUBT ME

-By Caroline Ann Crouch Stringham
(Sunday Evening February 16, 1890)

(From the Journal of Caroline Ann Crouch Stringham)

Oh, friends in whom, I've placed my trust
Whose souls congenial to me prove,
Who, though I'm weak, still love me most,
And can my heart; so strongly move:
Remove the mask, from off my face,
Call forth the good, there is about me,
And help me, all, the wrong erase,
But what e'er you do, Don't doubt me!

'Tis oft I hide by lightest talk,
My deepest tender soul-stirred feelings,
And bandinage flows freeling forth,
While with gentle love, my heart is teeming.
And sensitive my being is,
And painful are the thoughts about me,
To think that through impulsive act,
My best loved Friends, Should doubt me.

Oh yes! I love you, one and all,
Each one and all together,
Through pain and pleasure, loss or gain,
Through rough and pleasant weather.
My heart shall open be, and free
My motives, no selfishness about them,
If ever I've done aught for thee,
Then trust me, Do not doubt them.

Yea, there are those whose souls are brass,
We mingle with them often,
Sent here to try us as we pass,
Through live and when o'er burdened,
With many sorrows, trials, and cares,
Bright rays of sunlight glisten:
If we can turn to loving friend,
And free our aching bosoms,

Extremes must meet, offences come,
Fair weather friends are fewest,
When we're o'er took with adversity,
'Tis then, the souls who love us,
That reaches forth the helping hand,
And comfort surely giveth,
Yes 'tis indeed the pure in heart,
That live and letteth liveth.

Now tell me why, dear friends of mine,
Why can we not express,
Our feelings when our hearts are full
To each other the blessedness?
The loving thought, the joy, the bliss,
Why can we not impart
The faith and hope to each other, which
Oft times o'er fills each heart?
Is it because conventionality,
Doth stand like a wall between
Or is it the oppression of this earth
That makes it hard to glean,
From the fount's of joy, the blessed drops,
Of which each heart is filled,
And that bids us stand aloft and wait
Until each loved heart is stilled?

Indeed, we should a foretaste have,
Of heaven and heavenly things,
If we no clouds within our lives
But sunshine ever gleamed.
If we could see as we are seen
And know as we are known,
Too much, indeed, would be our joy
Too great the mercy shown.

Now, dear friends of mine,
When this my heart
Shall on earth have ceased to beat
Just drop a loving gentle tear
While around my form you meet
Pass lightly o'er my foolish deeds,
Have charity about thee,
Throw a soft veil of love o'er all,
And what e'er you do, Don't Doubt Me.