

Little Mother Series

The Toy Bearkins' Christmas Tree



by John Howard Jewett.



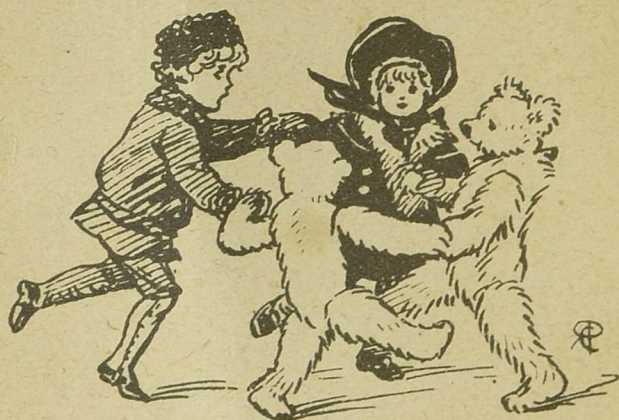
THE TOY BEARKINS' CHRISTMAS TREE



by

John Howard Jewett.

Illustrated by
R. C. Petherick.



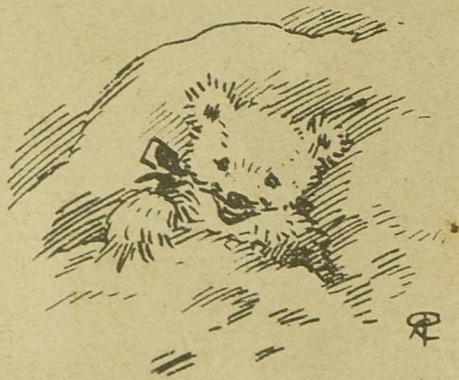


The Bearkins and the Snowman.

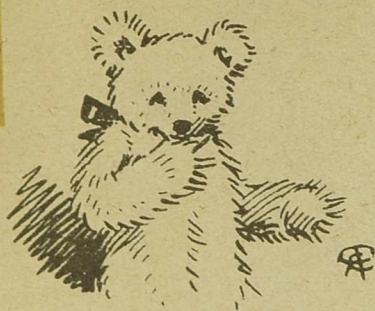
WHEN summer had gone,
and the flowers
Were hiding down under the snow,
The Children with their
Toy-Bearkins
Played out-of-door games
children know—
They liked to make
snow-men of snow.



One day when they
made a big snow-man
Rogue said they
would play, just for fun,
Their snow-man would
carry off Bearkins
Unless they could
learn how to run,—
Those Bearkins, of course,
couldn't run.



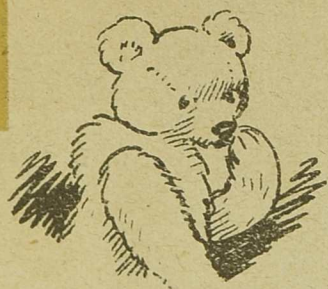




By scooping
out two
cozy places,
Where a snow-man's
arms ought to be,
Those children gave
Gretchen and Bouncer
To snow-man to hug--just to see
How frisky
those Bearkins
would be.



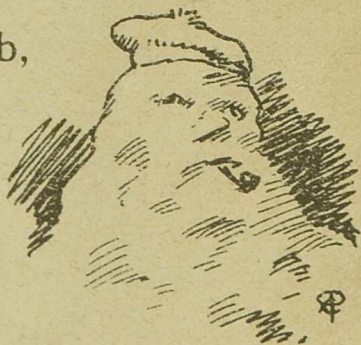




No wonder that
Tot thought
her Gretchen

Would feel it was very unkind
To give her away
to the snow-man—

So Tot said to
Gretchen:—"Don't mind,
A snow-man
is deaf, dumb,
and blind.

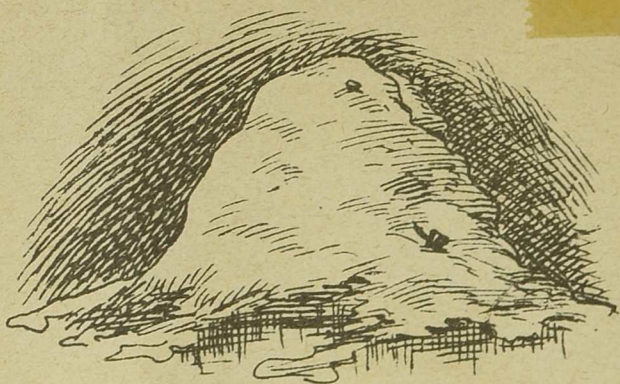






“A snow-man who runs
falls to pieces;—
The only way snow-men can run
Is standing right here
where we put them,
And waiting to melt in the sun,—
Rogue’s teasing
is only in fun.”





This comforted Gretchen,—
who really
Was not the least
frightened, you know;
And Story-bird says
that the Bearkins
Were always quite willing to go
With children to play
in the snow.



One reason those
 children liked winter
Is easy to guess,—
 for they knew
How very soon after Thanksgiving
The Holidays come—
 and 'tis true
They both knew where
 Christmas Trees grew.



Skating for
and Christ-
Waiting mas.

NOT more than a week
before Christmas
They thought 'twas
a long time to wait
For Christmas to come,
and were hoping
That Santa Claus
would not be late,—
For fog was just
learning to skate.





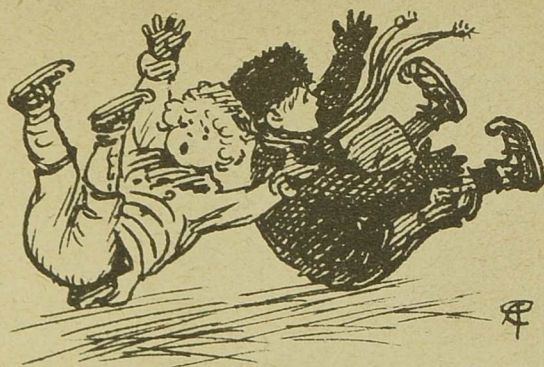


With Tot and her sled,
and her Gretchen,
Rogue went to the
ice-park one day,
To show them how
fast he was learning
To skate on the ice,
oh, 'twas gay
To glide and slide swiftly away.



AP

While showing the way
to skate backwards
He tripped, and then
with a great bump
Ran into a ragged young skater,
And both tumbled
flat with a thump!—
Rogue's head hit
the ice with a bump.



He lay there so still,
the young skater
Thought surely poor
Rogue must be dead,
And taking his own ragged reefer
For a pillow,
he lifted Rogue's head
To ease him,—
but Rogue wasn't dead.





Just stunned
for a minute,
and dizzy,

And soon he was able to say:—
“Oh, I am all right,

Tot, don't worry;—”

Then both thanked

the boy for the way

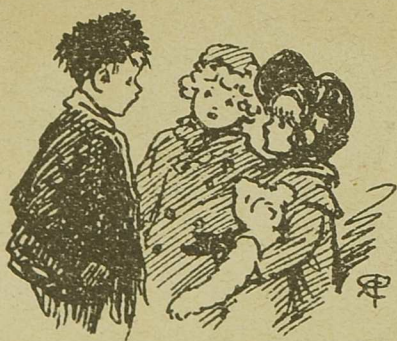
He helped Rogue,—

a right

manly way.







The ragged boy looked
at Tot's Gretchen
So longingly, Tot said:——
“Would you
Mind holding my Bearkin a minute,
I think I will tie
up my shoe;—”
Now what would
'most any boy do?



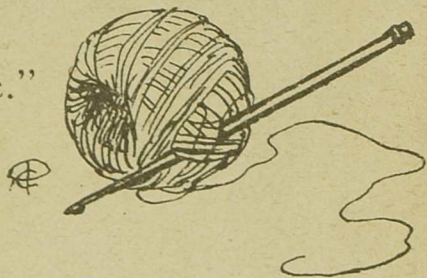
“She’s a cripple,
and sits by a window
All day, making
some kind of lace,
And once when a girl
with a Bearkin
Was passing, I knew
by Jen’s face
How hard ’twas
to be in her place.







“So I have just
written a letter
To Santa Claus,
telling him where
To bring crippled Jenny a Bearkin
Like this,—if he
has one to spare,—
I hope he will
have one
to spare.”



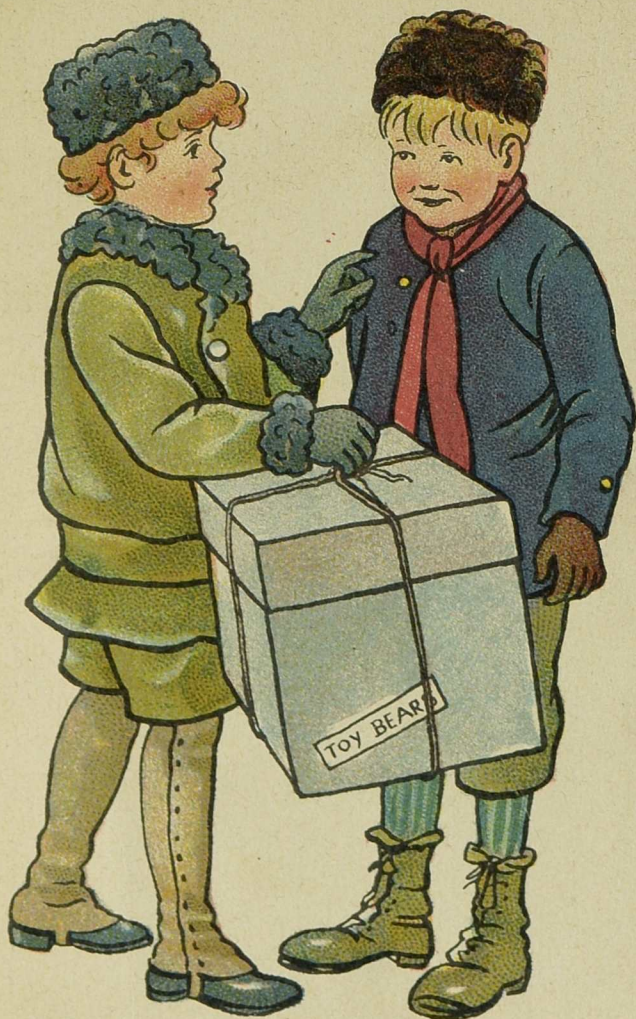


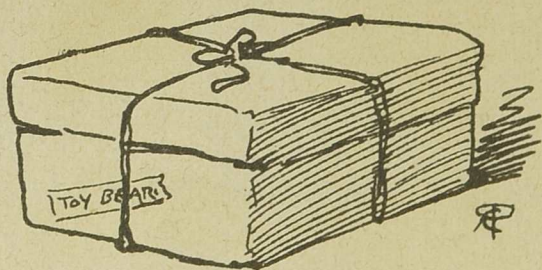


Tot pitied the poor lonely cripple,
And hardly knew
just what to say;
For Tot loved her
Gretchen so dearly,
How could she give
Gretchen away?—
Perhaps there was
some other way.

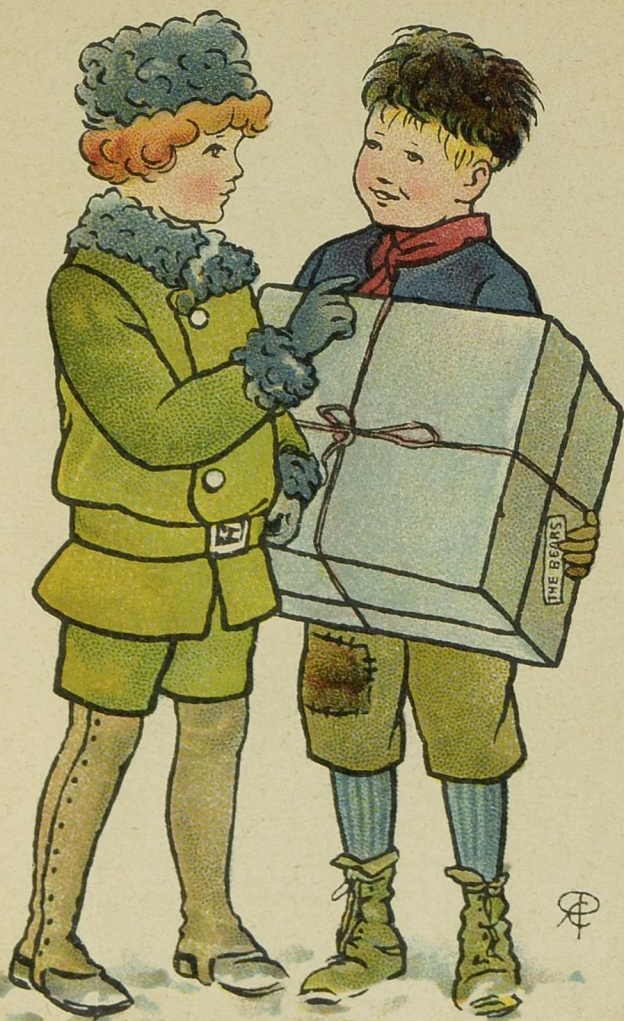


Before the boy left
 them she asked him
To tell where he lived,
 and his name,
And said she hoped Santa,
 or some one,
Would find the right place,
 just the same,
With a Bearkin when
 Christmas Day came.





“You’ll find in the box
I have brought you
A Bearkin for that
crippled girl;—
We haven’t forgotten
your kindness
The day you and
I took a whirl,—
That bump almost
made my hair curl.





“Tot thought
of a way we
could manage
To help Santa Claus,—
and so we
Wish you to play
Santa Claus for us
And hang this on
her Christmas Tree.”

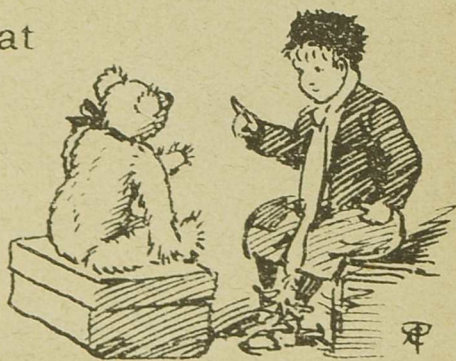
Then the
boy said:—
“Just leave
it to me.”





All day long
that boy kept
a-smiling
And whisp'ring:—

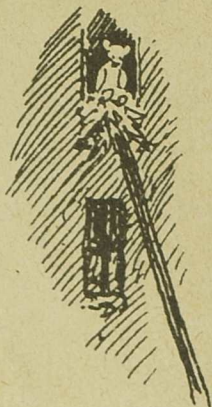
“On *her* Christmas Tree;—
Well, if Jenny's going
to have one,
There's only one way I can see,
I'll have to
make that
Christmas
Tree.”





The Tree that Grew in a Night.

Q UITE early on that
Christmas morning,—
Santa Claus doesn't
wait for daylight,—
The early folk passing that corner
All stopped there to
see a queer sight,—
A Christmas Tree
grown in a night.







The ragged boy
softly was
calling:—

“Look out of your
window and see
What good Santa Claus
has left over,
To hang on your
own Christmas Tree,—
There’s a Bearkin
for you on
the tree!”

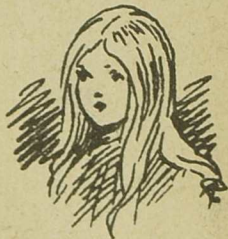




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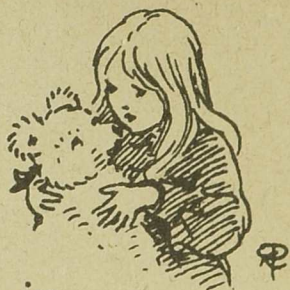
A face soon appeared
at the window,—
The pale, gentle face
of the child;
And answering the boy's
“Merry Christmas,”
She opened the window
and smiled—
No wonder that brown
Bearkin smiled.



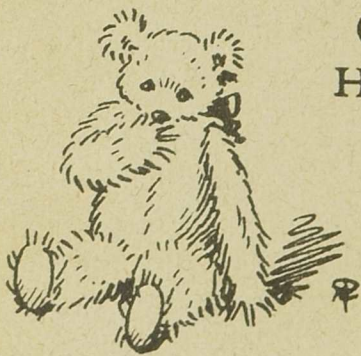


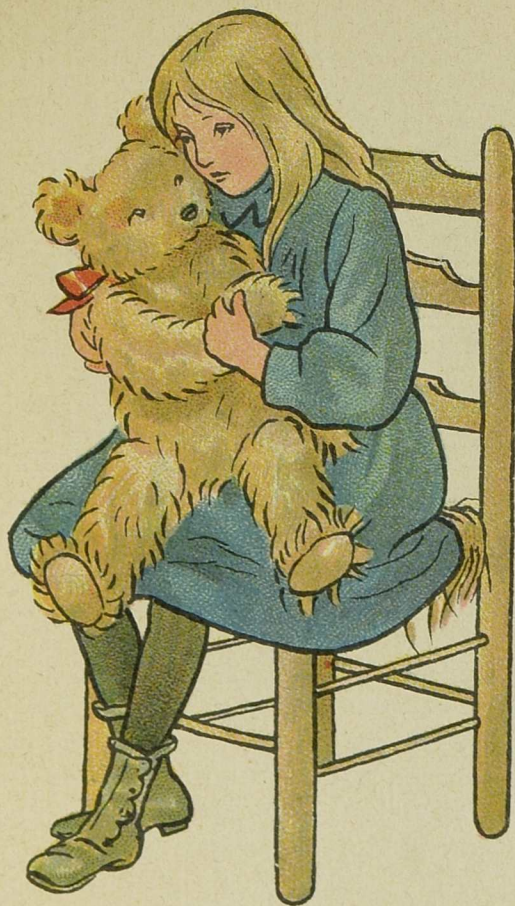


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“Why don’t
you take in
little Bearkin,
He’s too young to roost
on a tree;
Don’t let him sit there
and get frozen
Alone on a board
Christmas Tree,—
He is all
your own,—no
thanks to me.”





R

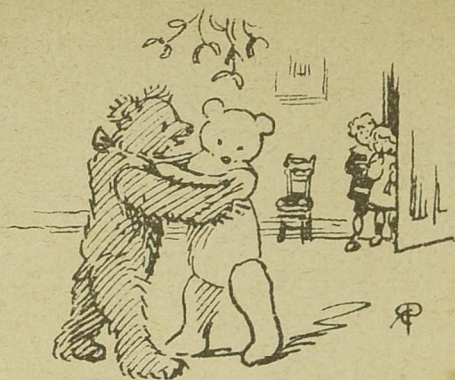




When Christmas Comes.

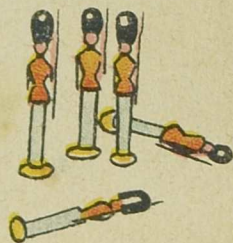
THERE may have
been happier children,
With more Christmas
gifts to enjoy,
Than Jenny the little girl cripple
And "Denny"
the kind ragged boy,
With only one gift to enjoy.

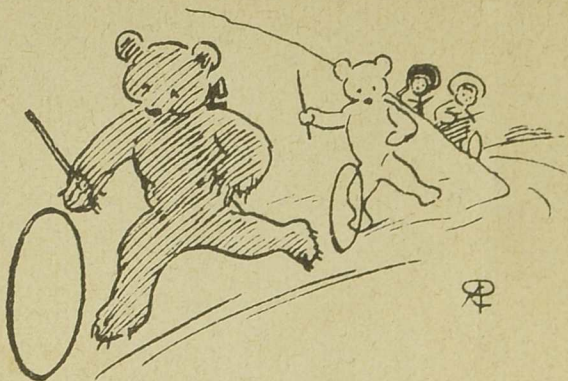




Children and Bearkins.

WHEN these little
children and Bearkins
Were growing up—
not growing old,
They used to have
all kinds of weather,
Fair, sunshiny, stormy and cold,
And fun the year
round—hot or cold.



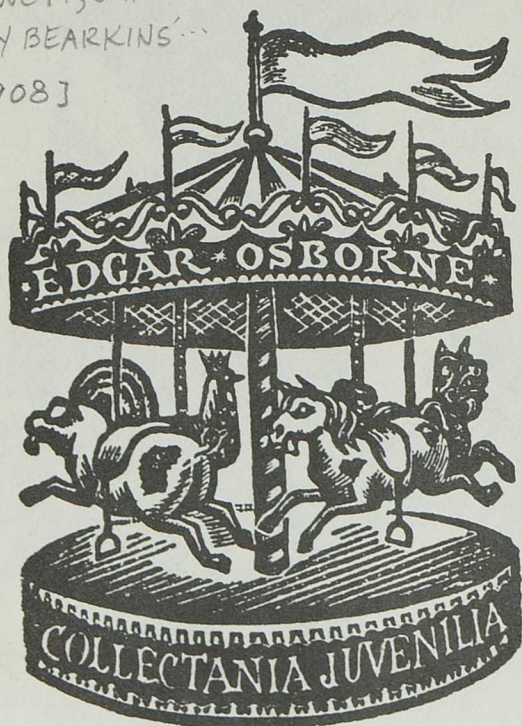


In winter they waited
for springtime,
By having good times
with the snow,
With coasting, and skating
and sleigh-rides,
Or watching the big
snowdrifts grow—
Those children made
snow-men of snow.

Vacations, Lawn-parties
and Picnics,
Then maybe the mountains
or sea,
Or out in the wild berry patches,
Where all the wild
things love to be—
Those children were
glad to be free.



P(TBC)
JEWETT, J. H.
TOY BEARKINS
[1908]



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