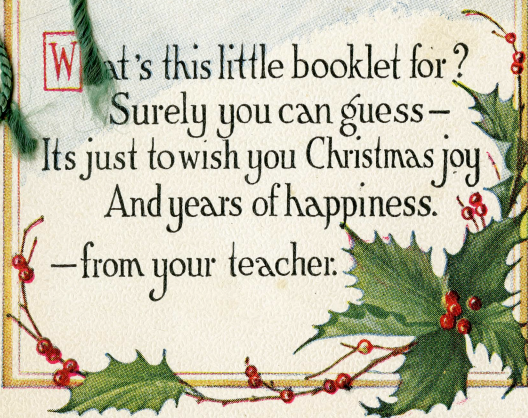




**W**hat's this little booklet for?  
Surely you can guess—  
It's just to wish you Christmas joy  
And years of happiness.  
—from your teacher.





*Christmas  
would not be Christmas  
but for the  
happy interchange  
of wishes.*

•  
*Dickens*

THIS souvenir is  
presented to you  
by your teacher with  
best wishes for a Merry  
Christmas and a Happy  
New Year, and in the  
hope that in the years  
to come it will serve as  
a pleasant reminder of  
school day associations.



## A Christmas Greeting

O all my children dear, each one,  
What shall I give at Christmas time?  
Of gold and silver have I none,  
But I can give a simple rhyme  
That tells of hope and faith and love.

My hope—what is my hope for you  
As swiftly pass the years of life?  
May each with ever broadening view  
Keep straight his course through storm  
and strife,  
Secure in knowing he is right.

My faith—that each will act the part  
That best befits a man or maid;  
That each will give an eager heart  
And willing hands all good to aid,  
And cease such labor but with life.

My love—how can I tell my love,  
Dear foster-children of my own?  
How gliding down from heights above,  
How welling up from deeps unknown,  
It holds you in its overflow?

Fondly I send this Christmas morn  
My hope, my faith, my love to you;  
Oh! may this day our Lord was born  
Teach you that life is to be true  
To all things beautiful and good.

—Fannie Morton Bowden.

Copyright, 1921, F. A. Owen Publishing Co.

## The Christmas Service

MARK! the Christmas bells are ringing  
Ringing through the frosty air—  
Happiness to each one bringing,  
And release from toil and care.

How the merry peal is swelling  
From the gray old crumbling tower,  
To the simplest creature telling  
Of Almighty love and power.

Neighbors shaking hands and greeting,  
No one sorrowing, no one sad,  
Children, loving parents meeting,  
Young and old alike are glad.

Then while Christmas bells are ringing,  
Rich and poor, your voices raise,  
And, your simple carol singing,  
Waft to heaven your grateful praise.

## The Holly

THE holly! the holly! oh, twine it with bay!  
Come give the holly a song;  
For it helps to drive stern winter away,  
With his garments so sombre and long;  
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,  
And its leaves of burnished green,  
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,  
And not even a daisy is seen.  
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,  
That hangs over peasant and king;  
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glitter-  
ing boughs,  
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

- Eliza Cook.



**MOSS AGATE SCHOOL**

*District No. 36*

**Meagher County, Montana**

**December, 1925**



*Lucile Freda,*  
**Teacher**

*Trustees*

Mrs. T. A. Ringer      Andy Erickson  
Charles Straugh  
Mrs. Charles Straugh      Clerk

**PUPILS**

Berneta Ringer

Paul Ringer

Manley Straugh

Marion Straugh

Velma Straugh



## A Christmas Carol

THERE'S a song in the air!  
There's a star in the sky!  
There's a mother's deep prayer  
And a baby's low cry!  
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful  
sing  
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star  
Lie the ages impearled;  
And the song from afar  
Has swept over the world.  
Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing  
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is king.

We rejoice in the light,  
And we echo the song  
That comes down through the night  
From the heavenly throng.  
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they  
bring,  
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and  
King.

—J. G. Holland.

IT came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold;  
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King."  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

—E. H. Sears.

## Santa Claus

HE comes in the night! He comes in the  
night!  
He softly, silently comes;  
While the little brown heads on the pillows  
so white  
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.  
He cuts through the snow like a ship through  
the foam,  
While the white flakes around him whirl;  
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the  
home  
Of each good little boy and girl.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,  
Of his goodies he touches not one;  
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast  
When the dear little folks are done.  
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;  
This beautiful mission is his;  
Then, children, be good to the little old man,  
When you find who the little man is.  
—John H. Yates.

MAY I say to you this morning,  
In the good old-fashioned way,  
"Merry Christmas, dear, God bless you!"  
Other things one well might say;  
But I like the plain old phrasing  
For this day of all the year—  
"Merry Christmas, dear, God bless you  
With his best of Christmas cheer."  
—Mary C. Low.



## The New Year

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow—  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

PRINTED IN U. S. A. BY  
F. A. OWEN CO., DANSVILLE, N. Y.