

DEW DROPS

VOL. I.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1897.

No. 51.

SANTA CLAUS CAUGHT.

Santa Claus, the sly old fellow, has been caught in the very act. He thought he was very cunning, and you see how warily he looks around. He has filled one stocking full, but he cannot get the nice hood and cape of little Rosy Roberts in the stocking,—a pretty good-sized one it is,—so he hangs them up. We will forgive him this time, but he mustn't get caught again.



Dainty little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the fire-light's glow.
Curly-pated sleepers
Safely tucked in bed;
Dreams of wondrous toy-shops
Dancing through each head.
Funny little stockings
Hanging in a row,

Stuffed with sweet surprises
Down from top to toe.
Skates and balls and trumpets,
Dishes, tops, and drums,
Books and dolls and candies,
Nuts and sugar-plums.
Little sleepers waking;
Bless me, what a noise!
Wish you merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys!