

"I think that's nearly all. Oh, did the children get their toys ?

Dear me, how you do tease,—were ever seen such girls and boys ?

I think perhaps they did, you know, for when I called once more

The babes came tumbling thro' the snow, just as they did before :

And I am sure Fred had a drum, and my sweet maid a doll,

A gift had come for everyone,—Santa remembered all.

And 'bout my hair, that funny thing ? Yes, pets, now say 'good-night,'

God answered that in years of pain, by bleaching it snow-white."

THE TRUANT WIND.

A BABY wind went running wild about the fields one day,

Capricious—full of glee he danced—a little child at play.

But as day passed he wearied sore of running to and fro,—

The smiling evening found him just too tired to even *blow*