

GOOD MOTHER CARA AND HER GLASS SLIPPERS.

T WAS Christmas eve, and young Rosa May
Rejoiced that to-morrow was Christmas day:
For Uncle John, she was sure, would send
Some charming gift to his little friend;
And good Aunt Mary, she could not doubt,
Would certainly find her wishes out;
And dear Grandma, who was ever kind,
It need not be feared would lag behind;
And as for Pa and Ma, of course,
They had promised Tom a hobby-horse,
And Mina a tea-set, a doll, and ring;
And doubtless they had some better thing
In store for herself. "Now, come, let me see,
What sort of a thing can it possibly be?
A brooch, a locket and bright gold chain,
A bracelet, a necklace, a chataleine?"