OUR YOUNG FOLKS CORNER

Who?

In December, do you know, A-covering everywhere he walks With white and fleecy snow?

Who is it tweaks the noses Of children as they run About the vard and playground Indulging in their fun?



Who is it nips their very toes, And bites their cheeks to red, And roars about the house at night
To scare them in their bed?

Who is it freezes by a touch
The water in the pond,
To make the finest skating
For the children all around?



When Totty Went a Fairy-Hunting. By Maud Walker

who sets their blood a-tingle
In every sturdy vein,
And makes them give him welcome
When he comes back again?

Ah, hear the children answer!
For they know as well as I,
And love him tenderly I ween;
"Old Winter!" so they cry.

HELEN A DAVIS.

And makes the fairy was leading the little girl.

"Wish I could go home with a fairy princess and become her little girl," mused Totty. "And I guess nobody would care, either, if I were gone. That te nt-y-weentsy thing upstairs takes my place now, and papa and mamma, and even grand mamma's room—which opened into grandmamma's room—which opened into grandmamma's room—and got her hat a d coat; she also bethought herself of her muff and tippet, for the weather was cold, and she might have a distance to go before reaching her destination.

After putting on her wraps down stairs, watching that no one might see her doing so, Totty stole softly out at the back door and made off through the snow-covered garden toward the back gate. Once outside her own yard the little miss'



Calls out, but he doesn't hear; Tho he would if he'd but listen,

diet is flower petals and dew. What more







