

come. But now his eyes opened wide with wonder, for a wonderful sight lay before him. All the world was dazzling white. Trees, fields, hills and houses were covered with snow several inches deep. With a cry of joy Dick ran from the room, and bursting open the doors of the rooms

in which the other children slept, he cried :

“Get up, get up! The snow has come! It has fallen silently all the night, and covered the world.”

And before he was dressed all the other children were ready to go out and enjoy this beautiful new wonder.

When the Animals Go to Bed

“**D**EAR me!” said Mr. Hedgehog, “I think the summer must be nearly over, for the wind seems very cold this evening. Perhaps it is time I got my blankets; booked for a nice cosy bed, and put myself to sleep till the winter is gone.”



Mr. Hedgehog remembers that it is time for him to go to bed.

With that he trotted away to a little wood that he knew, and finding a number of dry leaves under a



Mrs. Squirrel.

tree, he rolled himself over and over among them. Of course this made a lot of them stick to the prickles that grow all over his body.

“That will do,” said Mr. Hedgehog. “With such a nice blanket round me, I will creep under this

bank of dead leaves, and sleep till the warm spring comes again."

And so he did. About the same time Mrs. Squirrel began filling her larder in an old tree with fine, ripe nuts, and when she had enough to stop her from getting hungry all through the winter she, too, curled herself up in a cosy nook, and was sung to sleep by the cold and stormy wind. Near by there was another little bed made of pine needles. It was shaped like a ball, the needles being cleverly woven together, and right in the middle, as snug as any little boy or girl under the downy counterpanes, lay Master Dormouse. He is always rather a sleepy fellow, and for some

time past had been getting his bed ready; for he likes to spend quite half the year asleep. So Mr. Hedgehog and Mrs. Squirrel were attending to business in the garden long after he had crawled lazily to bed, and they will be up again before he has left off dreaming.



Master
Dormouse.



Little Red Ridinghood

Little Red Ridinghood, brave as could be
Once walked through a forest, her Grannie to
see.

But old is the tale, and it's perfectly plain
That no one will care to be told it again.
"Yes, yes, let us hear it! We know it quite
well,

But stories so old are the nicest to tell."

Then Little Red Ridinghood soon, on her way
Was met by a Wolf. He was cunning and grey.
But what happened next is so perfectly clear
That no one will ask me to mention it here.

"Yes, yes! Do not stop! For you ought to
have guessed

This part of the story is always the best."

The cunning old Wolf to Red Ridinghood said:
"I'll show you the way, if you choose to be led."
But every one knows what her answer would be,
So why I should write it I really don't see.

"Dear, dear, what a pity! 'Tis sadness to miss
The end of a story so charming as this."

JOHN LEA.