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ELLYN HALL

BRINGING HOME THE HOLLY

With hearts as light as snow-flakes fall,
With cheeks like sunset glow,
And ringing shouts of joy and fun,
Away the children go.
Away! to where the holly-tree,
With berries gleaming bright,
Stands like a shivering giant in
Its glistening cloak of white.
There's Roy, to take the sledge in hand
And pilot through the snow.
"The girls don't understand," he says.
(Just like a boy, you know!)
Then back they bring the loaded sledge,
With fingers pricked and sore.
But what care they? They'll go again
To-morrow for some more.
For children love the Christmas-time,
When everything is jolly;
And all must help to deck the house
In mistletoe and holly!
And then comes good St. Nicholas,
With loads of books and toys.
Yes, Christmas is the dearest time
For happy girls and boys.