



was the night before Christmas, when all thro
of a creature was stirring, not even a mouse
he stockings were hung by the chimney with
hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be ther
a children were nestled all snug in their



While visions of sugar-plums danced in their and mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap. Had just settled our brains for a long winter when out on the lawn there rose such a clat sprang from my bed to see what was the meay to the window I flew like a flash.



are open the shutters and threw up the sashte moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow we a lustre of mid-day to objects below; hen, what to my wondering eyes should appear t a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer, he a little old divers on light and eight



knew in a moment it must be St. Nick, tore rapid than eagles his coursers they camed he whistled, and shouted, and called themby tow. Dasher! now, Dancer!now, Prancer and Vig Comet. on! Cupid, on! Dunder and Blitze



the too of the porch, to the too of the wall!, dash away, dash away, dash away, dash away all!!"

ry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, in they meet with an obstacle, mount to the up to the house-top the coursers they flew, a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas tog.