

Twas the night before, when all through the Not a creature was stirring, not even a; The were hung by the chimney with care. In hope that soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their While vision of in their heads; And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just our brains for a winter 's nap.
When out on the there arose such a clater, I from the to se what was the mater. Away to the I like a flash, open the and threw up the sash.
The on the breast of the snow. Gave the luster of mid-day to oblject below. When, what to my eyes should appear, But a miniature and eight