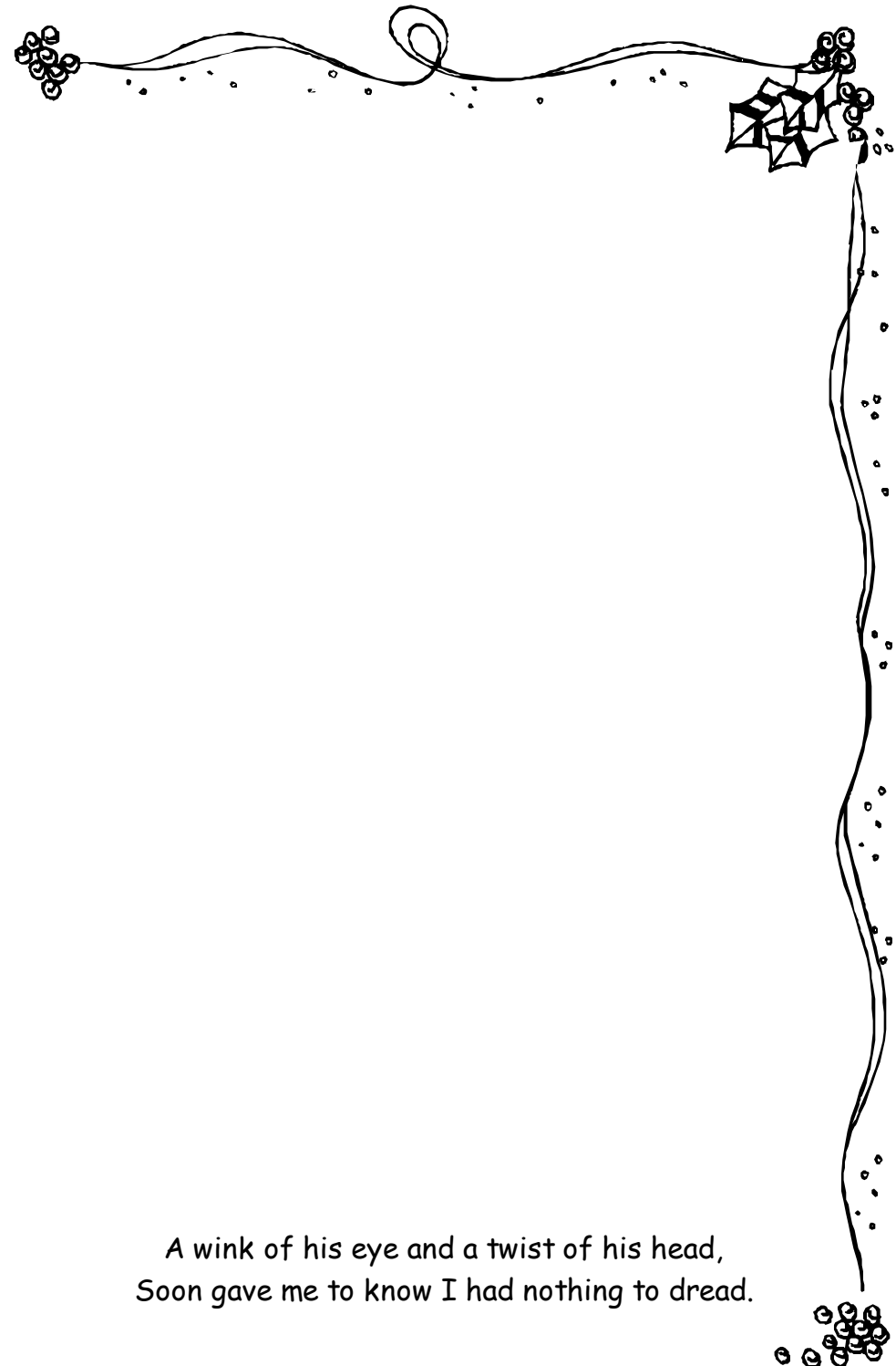


The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.



A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.