

A decorative border with floral and scrollwork motifs surrounds the text.

### *On Christmas Day in the Morning*

"And you were in it, Marietta?" Mr. Fernald said to her in astonishment, when he first saw her. "How in the world did you get all these people into the house and to bed without waking us?"

"It was pretty consid'able of a resk," Marietta replied, with modest pride, "seein' as how they was inclined to be middlin' lively. But I kep' a-hushin' 'em up, and I filled 'em up so full of victuals they could n't talk. I did n't know's there 'd be any eatables left for to-day," she added — which last remark, since she had been slyly baking for a week, Guy thought might be considered pure bluff.

At the breakfast table, while the eight heads were bent, this thanksgiving arose, as the master of the house, in a voice not quite steady, offered it to One Unseen:

*Thou who camest to us on that  
first Christmas Day, we bless Thee*