

GOOD MOTHER CARA  
AND HER GLASS SLIPPERS.

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**T** WAS Christmas eve, and young Rosa May  
Rejoiced that to-morrow was Christmas day:  
For Uncle John, she was sure, would send  
Some charming gift to his little friend;  
And good Aunt Mary, she could not doubt,  
Would certainly find her wishes out;  
And dear Grandma, who was ever kind,  
It need not be feared would lag behind;  
And as for Pa and Ma, of course,  
They had promised Tom a hobby-horse,  
And Mina a tea-set, a doll, and ring;  
And doubtless they had some better thing  
In store for herself. "Now, come, let me see,  
What sort of a thing can it possibly be?  
A brooch, a locket and bright gold chain,  
A bracelet, a necklace, a chatelaine?"