

**A CHRISTMAS
WREATH, FOR
LITTLE PEOPLE**

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A Christmas Wreath, for Little People by Ella Rodman

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ELLA RODMAN

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FOR

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BY ELLA RODMAN.

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TO

My Little Cousin Carrie,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



INTRODUCTION.

“A CHRISTMAS-WREATH!” And what shall it be, Bright-eyes? What would make a suitable Wreath for Christmas-time?

There are bright red berries, and dark green leaves, that flourish even through frost and snow, and they twine these into garlands, and hang the hall with them on Christmas-eve; and there are Christmas-greens that they wind around the pillars in the church, and they put large branches in the corners; but it is not this that I mean; we are talking now of another wreath.

And Bright-eyes looks up, and says that *she* knows what is meant, and that it would make a pretty wreath to write all the good

things that people have done since last Christmas; and her little brother, remembering the bunch of rods that he has been promised, thinks it would be a good plan to write all the *bad* things that have been done; but this would be a wreath of withered leaves for Christmas-time. And another little boy thinks that a Christmas-Wreath should be made very large, and of all sorts of good things, but this wreath would not last very long, if hung where *he* could reach it.

Carrie looks thoughtful, and wishes that she could see Santa Claus himself, and hear him describe the different places he has visited. How much he would have to tell! And how charming it would be to gather around the little man, as he sits in a comfortable arm-chair, with his pack of goods lying beside him, and troops of his little friends crowding close to hear the wonderful tales he must have to relate!

Little children far and near—good chil-

dren and bad—rich and poor—he knows them all; and how he could talk of the different stockings he has filled, and the different things that each child wished for, and the many rooms he has entered! Sometimes there were heavy curtains, and beautifully-carved little cribs with white counterpanes, and pictures on the walls; sometimes there was plainer furniture, with neat, patchwork quilts, and lower ceilings; and sometimes there would be hardly any furniture at all, although little stockings were hung about the fire-place, and little heads were busy, in dreams, with thoughts of Santa Claus, and all the attendant delights of Christmas-day.

Sometimes there were houses which he passed without entering at all: sometimes it was poverty—sometimes grief—sometimes the absence of little children, that kept him away; but the history of these firesides should be twined into the wreath,