Most terribnlu cold oit was; it snowed, and was nearly quite dark, and evening—the lasy ebening of the yea. In the cold and darkness there went along the street a poor little girl, narehjeaded, amnd with naked feet./ when she left home she had slippers on, it is true; but what was the good of that? They were very large slippers, which eher mother had hitherto worjn’ so larghe were they; and the poor little thing lost them as she scuffled away across the street, because of two carriages that rolled by dreadfullyu fast.

One slipper was nowhere to be foundll the other had been laid hold of by a urchin, and off he ran with it; he thought it would do capitally for a cradle when he some day or ther dhould have children himself. So the little maiden walked on with her tiny hnaked feet, that were quire tred and blue from cold, she carried a quantity of matches in an old apron, and she hold an bundle of them in her hand. Nobidy had bought anything of her thw hole luivelong day’ no one had giver her a single farthing/

She crept along trembling with cold nd hunger –avery oicture of sorrow, the poor little thing!

The flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which feell in beautiful vurls around her neck’ but of that, of course, she never one no