

Chapter I

Playing Pilgrims

‘Christmas won’t be Christmas without any presents’, grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

‘It’s so dreadful to be poor!’ sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress. ...

Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said in an altered tone,—

‘You know the reason mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas was because it is going to be a hard winter for every one’

‘I agreed not to expect anything from mother or you, but I do want to buy *Undine and Sintram* for myself; I’ve wanted it *so* long’, said Jo, who was a bookworm.