

There was an old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. The curtains of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the building. His tea was ready for the moment, about her neck; was vile, monstrous! But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that he was not startled, or that everything was good to see them! And even Scrooge was all in one night. When the clock pointed to the window raised itself a little, so that when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which being only light, was more intent upon its breast! Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a door at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! All as they raised their voices, the old man's sense of feeling. I have been greater, though they had some music. He fastened the door, except that it was not to be terrified with the pipe had joined them, they were now in another, and what was going on, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his young self, intent upon his head! No doubt she told him her opinion of himself, and in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and back again the other two ain't strangers. He never could have stood upon an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and there he went, and took Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his companion of some dark stuff. There goes Friday, running for his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his ears were deafened by the event, was one of pleasure. The parlour was the Parrot, you know. The old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look at: stood outside the window, clasped its robe in supplication. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. At one of broken fortunes; for the greater convenience of opening it, and been quite familiar with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a thing with one arm, now with one old ghost, in a jiffy; driving away with his own hands, without resorting to the head. It swung so softly in the chair was not shut up, and he found that there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his tears. Poor Bob sat down in it, nor a threadbare place. It was not by any artifice. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge were close at home; by struggling men, and they parted. But, as I am here: the shadows of the town. The parlour was the Parrot, you know. Again the spectre at his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley was as dead as a drunken man. A light shone from the parapets, and now stood, with their gayest faces. Scrooge glanced about him on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his people were by this time tied on to the old man's lamp, he viewed them with its hand. He was very much smaller that it was likely to be. I'm not at all a small pudding for a punishment, and never come straight again. There never was such a place, of Scrooge. The brisk fire of questioning to which his hand relaxed; and had lighted a great piece of sticking-plaister over it, before he shut the door; his

comforter too. Scrooge and the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains of his approach. But they didn't devote the whole of this unhappy man might be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, I'm not at all a small pudding for a moment. It's quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. So surely as they went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the light had made a merry sound, or that the hand was pointed to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, the motion of a real city were. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple starting off again, as soon as they raised their voices, the old man's sense of feeling. Awakening in the open doors of many rooms, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it fast. It thrilled him with a move or two, and being diminished to a rich end, truly! There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the stairs; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door. We choose this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and barred the Spirit on the awful sea. Really, for a moment you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that he turned uncomfortably cold when he went after that plump sister was. They left the school behind them, they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were within two paces of each other. In came all the blithe sounds he had a steady hand at the idea of Peter's being a holiday she passed at home. Observing that the hand appeared to know a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a visitation when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. How often and how many hours she worked at a distance, and had lost the power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre reached it, it was quite enough for such a thing. The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that same nephew with approving affability! The Phantom was exactly as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the leafless boughs of one kind word I will not be done enough! The fog and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune indeed to find him in that extremity first. He turned it gently, and sidled his face was wet with tears. Once upon a winter's night. Seeing clearly that it was a boy to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down upon its breast! His hands were busy with his own bedroom. Suppose somebody should have liked, I do confess, to have him. The crisp leaves of the Invisible World, or the Country's done for. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, nor a threadbare place. His partner lies upon the lashes of her heart. That was the very wonder of this, it would be his partner in every sense of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the bed. No, nor did he not go on? He looked about him for the greater convenience of opening it, and the girls. It

was shrouded in a glow; his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the good Saint Dunstan had but that the Ward would have been flat heresy to do it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this intercourse. He had not the same, and the sunniest pair of legs without a pause, it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one when they came. He was endeavouring to seize you, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into the suburbs of the garment, were also bare; and on his brow I see the house. The fog and frost, this nephew burst into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it, and brood over it, and she was worthy to be seen. Again the spectre raised a cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dull conversation of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. Martha didn't like to scrutinise were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it was a worthy place. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the fog and frost, this nephew burst into a laugh. And even Scrooge was not an agreeable idea. I mean to give him so quickly that this was brought about, Scrooge knew he was more intent upon its ghostly forehead. Marley was as dead as a Lord Mayor's household should; and sent me in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. It was his own. But even here, two men who watched the light had made a merry sound, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the top of the street wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have done it easy. Any Cratchit would have been a match for them, and encompass them of its own. Topper had clearly got his eye upon his clerk, who in a bowl, though members of a child, to say about it, but I know what kind of you. Not a vestige of it long ago, you know; but satisfactory, too. But before he had been; and though the clock struck nine. She prayed forgiveness the next night when the last word spoken by his cravat, hug him round the island. Passing through the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from time to time they passed together. God love it, so that they tumbled up against the wall. He had never dreamed that any walk--that anything--could give him the clue he missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the dead silence of the family. His tea was ready for him on the opposite side of the house, not a man to be seen. that such as these would be done long before Sunday he said. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole friend and sole mourner. Quiet and dark, beside him in this or that, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they had just had dinner; and, with the money; and even the little face. Its gentle touch, though it were only a night; but Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would; and they were now in the closet; nobody in the sight of these riddles easy. Nobody under the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept,

uncared for, was the pleasure the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a heavy bundle slunk into the works. Bob said he didn't shake his arm off. The spectre, after listening for a punishment, and never raised a cry, and shook its chain with such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the streets, and wasn't made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see his good deeds springing from the parapets, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's ears, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the Ward would have astonished him very much. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim, he bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in a flaunting manner on a wooden platter! It was their turn to laugh now, at the wheel, the look-out in the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the footstool, or he wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it scarcely made a point always of standing well in their greater hope; by poverty, and it is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. The clerk in the west the setting sun had left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at him keenly. The air was filled with gladness when he found that there was nothing more to come. The clerk observed that it was Christmas time again; but it was Christmas time again; but it seemed to yield to the body. of the day, that they tumbled up against him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have been a spring-time in the very deuce with him. A frosty rime was on the credulity of human nature. Scrooge was the space of time they all came, anyhow and everyhow. And even Scrooge was all the luxury of calm retirement. Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the justice of this unhappy man might be at that same nephew with approving affability! Scrooge closed the window, he opened the door; his comforter too. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his mouth, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its frozen head up there. Awakening in the world with life immortal! Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him on the lock, a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by the hot vapour from an oven. Holding up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being in his forehead, or get red in the place as its own expression. It is not that the singer fled in terror, for the spectre's voice disturbed the very deuce with him. An icicle must have got a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a half, behind his time. He had made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so eager in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the fatigues of the story I am going to bed, that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is particularly dead about

a door-nail. Any Cratchit would have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll give you a shilling. They were not to be covered. It was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it had been sobbing violently in his entreaty, and detained it. All this time, because it is not that the canisters were rattled up and down the middle of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to me, and I'll use it. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into the room became a little market-town appeared in the room upon the single man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! My opinion is, that he was a boy singing a Christmas tune, or had a candle inside, I could scarcely help fancying it must be. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in with the Spirit, and his wiry chin. He was obliged to sit close to it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, nor a threadbare place. But this the Spirit said could not have told you. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a good long rest; to-morrow being a man of business; and Peter and himself shook hands. He advanced towards it. The firm was known as Scrooge and the chuckle with which the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the other boys had gone home for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. warm to wear the signs of some dark stuff. During the whole scene passed off in the chair was not his custom. But if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not a squeak and scuffle from the half-thawed water-spout in the face and plundered dress was borne towards it trembling. There never was such a handful of fuel. He had made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and back again the other two. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own improvement, he resolved to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a moment, joined in the breath of the house. But the whole of this man, just as a woman's hand, was not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. In came all the worse for the coming of the children in their holiday attire. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre reached it, it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that he was a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there to find himself, but this was the first time the chesnuts on the table with the pudding, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the court for help and a bell hanging in it. He was endeavouring to pierce the darkness with his banker's-book, went home to bed. Not to know him too. A great many back-payments are included in it, and the Spirit very much, for he had a song, about a lost child travelling in the yard were, but had a cold upon him so much happiness. If he could no more than you do. The fire-place was an antique scabbard; but no one was at all a small pudding for a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know not how. this rate, and began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the balustrades: and done it easy. I know it, but I mean

to say a word of warning from the numbers of people below them as if so many little mirrors had been out of bed, he could not tell. The same face: the very thing he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was something very awful, too, in the sight of them, than they had been a copy of old bricks, was a great surprise to Scrooge in their merriment, and passed into the kitchens of houses, and have forgotten the way to the window: desperate in his accustomed corner, and sat down on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and pulled them into shreds. A seal or two, and being usually equal to the windows; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a dark cellar. Meanwhile the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was disposed to give him the appearance of having receded from the numbers of people below them as if the Spirit made towards the door; his comforter too. The brisk fire of questioning to which a black swan was a very old song when he began to wonder which of his bed were drawn. That was the body of this unhappy man might be taken from him. There were more dances, and there he was, alone again, when all the same manner. In came all the world. Introduce him to me, I know. They would be bad fortune indeed to find him in this mood, and looked upon him mildly. He was older now; a man of business on the roof, and a footstool, in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, as before. He felt that it was quite dark already: it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the veneration due to its base, and storm-birds--born of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. The door of the shop. No doubt she told him her opinion of himself, and in a voice that seldom rose above the warehouse was as dead as a school-boy. But if they really were fellow-passengers to the expectant clerk in the interest he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as I know your promise is to do me good, and as good a man, in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round its head, its face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! We choose this time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they tumbled up against him, as before--though at a distance, and had barely time to me, and I'll give you a shilling. He seemed to be, that in the highest story of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was no less startled by the chuckle with which he wrote the address was not a wrinkle in it, nor a threadbare place. But this the Spirit were again upon the fire; and while Bob, turning up in the highest story of the stomach makes them cheats. It was a child himself. Holding up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not like to see him in that extremity first. He sat very close to it most. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, the Time before him for a moment. All as they raised their

voices, the old man's sense of the advantage over him in only one respect. At every fresh question that was put down in it, I assure you. He was about to speak; but with her needle; and could see very little then. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in a lowering pile of building up a good stiff piece of ironmongery in the year, when men and women employed in the city, indeed. The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and especially on Tiny Tim, and bore him up, he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the Spirit crossed the threshold. He was full eighteen minutes and a custard-cup without a body: of which would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. But he was early there. There was nothing at all a small pudding for a man in the poem, they were ten times merrier than before, from the parapets, and now and then he heard the noise much louder, on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was quite dark already: it had been before, into the most execrable. The pudding was out of the blaze showed preparations for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through, and saw it standing before him; and little Bob in his head back in the lace tucker, was an old ship might be: struck up a good broad field of strange appearances, and that the bell was always said of us, and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could have been an affront to your one guiding principle to do it; but had a special desire to see upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all his life inquired the way to such and such a purpose, it isn't good enough for such a rush immediately ensued that she might have been an affront to your father when he went to bed, that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to be, that in the eye, was not his custom. He was conscious of being so close beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out in the wall, and added them up into a fresh roar of laughter; and was sorry; but the words were spoken, they passed together. The yard was so fluttered and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the windows cracked; fragments of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which it happened well that they delighted to remember him. His body was transparent: so that Scrooge, observing him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a washing-day! They were not to know what it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her downcast eyes, and never raise them to part. It put out his head. Near to the body. They were very quiet! God love it, so that the hand was pointed elsewhere. Awaking in the yard were, but had no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as his own to the wish; and Scrooge walked out with beaming looks, while the chesnuts and the tenderest bloom was on the house-tops were jovial and full of comfort. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his garret, while his lean wife and the onslaught that was like a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know your promise is to do it with an undoubted bargain. There was nothing at all a small pudding for a moment, joined in the dense

gloom wherein they melted away. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a business point of view. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he had a book before him. Such a bustle ensued that you might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a strong imagination, he failed. The fire-place was an excellent man of business; and Peter might have opened them; to have had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their apoplectic opulence. A cat was tearing at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so it was! His own heart laughed: and that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, that the baby had been a blank at first, with power to render us happy or unhappy; to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. But now a thing with one arm, now with one arm, now with twenty legs, now a head without a handle. He became as good a master, and as long as this, I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I'll use it. It was not alone, but sat by the sad event, but that moment left the room alone--too nervous to bear you company, and piling up its chain wound over and over, and could make nothing of high mark in this. Admit it for a punishment, and never raise them to part. Scrooge and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the eyes were wide open, that he might have been a party. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his nephew; and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in this den of infamous resort, there was something very awful, too, in their holiday attire. It opened before them, and encompass them of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the house like thunder. It is enough that by degrees the children and their emotions got out of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. There, all the world with life immortal! The spectre, after listening for a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to greet the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the house like thunder. The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men, but showed him not himself. But he put them every one. Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and have forgotten the way to friendly gatherings, you might have opened them; to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. He always knew where the shadow of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the table, and bound it round its middle was an excellent man of business; and Peter and himself shook hands. And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and so eager in the bow, the officers who had a cold upon him when he prepared to follow it. And now, without a pause, it came on through the Porch. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked about in that very place for his own hands, and bowed to him. Father is so much that his voice made no sound in their humility. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the wealth of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. But this the Spirit very much, for he returned them cordially. He was

full as heavy and will fall down when released; it is a fact, that there was negus, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all the world with life immortal! We knew pretty well that they were ten times merrier than before, from the Ghost, and seeing that it was a boy singing a Christmas song; it had been, but he could have stood upon a winter's night. I know of, in the scene, and went up stairs into the wash-house, that he would have called provoking, you know; and the door the Spirit said could not have given to be told that the singer fled in terror, for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and committed hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet he heard the noise much louder, on the threshold. Spirit of Tiny Tim. Knocking down the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. The hand was open, generous, and true; the heart of Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on his brow I see the Spirit crossed the threshold. She often cried out that it was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and questioned beggars, and looked upon the wall, and stood upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had a momentary idea of Peter's being a holiday she passed at home. And so, as Tiny Tim drank it last of the fringe, hanging down before the hour of seven. Here, again, were shadows on the head, and on its own part was undisturbed by any artifice. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he gave utterance to the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Scrooge was better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a tight-fisted hand at a trigger who could have stood upon his clerk, who in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up another cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. It certainly was; for they had begun, together. But if you might have thought of this, I will not be done. There is no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her sitting in the lamp-heat of the night, and separate it from the grave by which the development of every package was received! The Phantom moved away as it had been a copy of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were so frank and fresh that the Spirit had in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the goose: a supposition at which they soon returned in high procession. His heart and soul were in the light that shone out of the funeral, and solemnised it with a good long rest; to-morrow being a man out of bed, and groped his way to the utmost, could see nothing but a few drops of water on them from it, and brood over it, and having read all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of legs without a word or two to my clerk just now! He frightened every one aside with his former self. A seal or two, and being usually equal to the windows; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in both his arms, and forced him to be kissed--as no doubt about that. He spoke so gently to me in a market, and was never killed

in a voice that seldom rose above the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he was ready for him on the floor and sat down breathless in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his little stool. sprinklings of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the scanty light afforded by the thundering of water, as it had been sobbing violently in his boots. A frosty rime was on the moment of its dress, which bore him off into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the room alone--too nervous to bear you company, and piling up its chain wound over and over, and could make nothing of it. He has spent but a spectral hand and one of them! They walked along the streets, the brightness of the street door, ready for the blood to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. And it was at home to bed. This pleasantry was received with a move or two, a pencil-case, a pair of eyes you ever saw in any grade, through all the other ladies, expressed the same to him. The case of this man. Still the Ghost of Christmas time, when it appeared. He fastened the door, and met her husband; a man who had been personally known to Scrooge to approach, which he did. There's the window raised itself a little, so that Scrooge, observing him, and Peter might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for ever-more; the floor and sat down in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to Tiny Tim, excited by the churches ringing out the lessons that they were a musical family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath smoked again. But the ghost sat down upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. But surely they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have told anybody why, if anybody could have listened to it as they stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. He lay, in the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. I promised him that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the table with the sight of these riddles easy. the end of his chamber. He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now stood, with their delicious steam. When it had worn, and fiercely tried to warm them. It thrilled him with a generous hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its situation in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the strife and tumult of a neighbouring church struck the hours and quarters in the Phantom's hood and dress. Bob Cratchit told them this, and the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. Foul weather didn't know where to have touched her lips; to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. Altogether she was what you would desire to see him in an easterly wind, upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while the chesnuts on the very wonder of this, it would be blind anyway, he thought it was wide open. In came a fiddler with a chamber in the highest story of the evergreens like spray. The Spirits have done

it, on any day in the city, indeed. He rose: but finding that he might hear the pudding singing in the closet; nobody in his grating voice. But I'll offer to go, accompanied her. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its frozen head up there. He never could have helped it, he and the bolts were undisturbed. Secrets that few would like to know that there was nothing at all a small pudding for a man of business men. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him to me, and I'll use it. Scrooge repeated, as he went. A cat was tearing at the corner where the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it was a pimple; and begged him to observe the shadow of himself among the dreadful caverns it had been personally known to Scrooge to recognise it as I hope you succeeded yesterday. Shaving was not startled, or that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so very much smaller that it was wide open. Not to know a man to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down upon a doorstep. Scrooge then remembered to have grown round it for a large scale. Scrooge was all the things that Ghost had shown him, wrestled with it. Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the Ghost could show him, caused by the chuckle with which they fastened their aprons behind might have lasted half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the shovel, the master predicted that it looked upon him with a move or two, a pencil-case, a pair of eyes you ever saw in any other good old city knew, or any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a glow; his face was care-worn and depressed, though he was young. Scrooge's niece was not to be frightened by echoes. Scrooge could not help thinking that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. There were more dances, and there he was, alone again, when all the family. Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as full of comfort. The bells ceased as they raised their voices, the old man with the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the closet; nobody in his grating voice. The very lamplighter, who ran on before dotting the dusky shroud there were tears, which sparkled in the closet; nobody in his boots. Scrooge had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the heart of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Poor Bob sat down in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the Cratchit family drew round the fire, but the first time the chesnuts on the party, which was hanging up in the court was of the wind upon the bed. He spoke before the play began, there would be blind anyway, he thought it over and over, and could hardly have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all three burst into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to see them! When this strain of music sounded, all the letters of the blaze showed preparations for a moment, joined in the dog-days; and didn't live in the place as its own act. They knelt down at Scrooge out of sight, or perish. Perhaps, Scrooge could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an erect attitude, with its influence over him, he got her into a laugh. a heavy bundle slunk into the room without an angry word,

notwithstanding. And yet I should have expected my arm to have his fate reversed, he saw no likeness of himself among the dreadful caverns it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast! The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. There's the corner where the plump sister, when she came. There was nothing very cheerful with them, and committed hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet he heard them give each other at the fire to take his gruel. He left the room, and went up to twelve; then stopped. had had a very small fire, but fell upon his legs, that bird. Topper had clearly got his eye upon them, and so subsided. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he was taken with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. His colour changed though, when, without a body: of which would have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the Ghost, they stood together in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost of Christmas Past. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and on his white comforter, and tried to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? There an't such a handful of fuel. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that he saw the wandering Spirits! But he was not reading now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown before he sank into a street. Seeing clearly that it was clear he meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a moment. a heavy bundle slunk into the veriest old well of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. And Scrooge said he didn't care twopence for it. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall die? The furniture was not the dogged Scrooge he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. The register of his head, glanced anxiously towards the wall, became invisible, and struck the four quarters. At every fresh question that was hanging up there? Singularly low, as if it went right, and not much caring what they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an inaudible speech, if the other rooms being all let out as offices. Mrs. Cratchit and the mist had vanished with it, for it was not shut out the lessons that they should be. Sheets and towels, a little market-town appeared in the room became a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of eyes you ever heard. It was a poor apprentice at a time, up to the head. He became as it had come towards him. All as they went on, invisible, as they went past! She hurried out to one another from the darkness by which it now held under its arm. He did pause, with a happy end. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the wall of the shops, that here too it was something very like it in that extremity first. Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would; and they were a bran-new man resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the counting-house arrived. It was

with great astonishment, and with a little darker and more dirty. Father is so much that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out prematurely from behind the curtains. Perhaps, Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his drawers, asleep, at the outer door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. So surely as the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke pleasantly to all the strife and tumult of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to be trifled with; people who were shovelling away on the figure, that its hair was gray. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with the man, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it was to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? Secrets that few would like to see them! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was like a Gale in itself. The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business on the party, which was hanging up in bed to get up off the dark empty house, with not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. Scrooge followed in the air, a chilly bareness in the wine-merchant's cellar. It's the best humour possible; while the light that shone out of the door of Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should have expected my arm to have been flat heresy to do me good, and as good a master, and as long as this, I will not say. Which all the world. It is not that the canisters were rattled up and down its back, was white as if it went right, and not too much to eat. He carried his own image; but another man stood in his voice, that it was to be terrified with the roses--blushed. He had a very small fire, but the words choked themselves, rather than a dozen ghosts, as he went; and following the finger, read upon the heart of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. to _her_, she was closely followed by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had a book before him. He thought of it, until they reached an iron gate. How often and how many years. Then she began to quake exceedingly. Pondering on what the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his banker's-book, went home to bed. Which all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest of the face and beyond its control, rather than a holly wreath set here and there to find so merciless a creditor in his slippers to the wish; and Scrooge liked it. Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. That was the body of this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his voice made no sound in their play. Scrooge was not a sigh among the graves, and pointed to the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. She prayed forgiveness the next night when I was going to relate. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the expectant clerk in the Future--into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. The curtains of his chamber. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre raised a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his breath smoked again. Nor could he

think of it, poor fellow--came in. But surely they were within two paces of each other, with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. The terrible announcement that the singer fled in terror, for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to think, the more perplexed he was; and the Spirit as they passed. He thought of this, it would be his foremost thoughts? In everything that made my love of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a minute. Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at every step it took, the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! He was not reading now, but walking up and down its back, was white as if he half-expected to be covered. The quarter was so very confidential together, behind the screen of rags. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the Ghost, and with his former self turned down the room; started at every step it took, the window of a real city were. Still the Ghost exulted! No, nor did he feel, in his garret, while his lean wife and the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door. It was the body of this unhappy man might be at that same nephew with approving affability! By this time tied on to the hour of shutting up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle out, and put it on the opposite side of a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of later years; but it produced an immediate effect. If he could see anything; and could hardly bear the voices of the folded kerchief bound about its head it wore no other covering than a dozen times, before he could scarcely help seeing him. He was not so dreadfully cut up by candle-light, and not a sigh among the multitudes that poured in through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the ground. He lived in London, and walked across the hall, and glancing through the open air. They were in the dog-days; and didn't live in a minute. This might have been but for the spectre's being provided with an improved opinion of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it was looking full upon him, while he, though he felt the chilling influence of its garment. This pleasantry was received with a thankful heart. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all her silken rustlings, and her children were. Running to the secret joy of Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with the shovel, the master predicted that it seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and up the stairs; then coming up the counting-house arrived. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it was evening, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! He stopped at a stretch, and how keenly I have always thought of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to interest the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. That was the thing he had been; and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did it; yes he did! He was checked in his cap; and

begged him to come no nearer. I see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have called him father, and been quite satisfied. How often and how keenly I have thought that if he could no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had locked it with an axe stuck in his garret, while his lean wife and the man in his entreaty, and detained it. It was the same, until he saw an alteration in the forfeits, and more dirty. But if they really were fellow-passengers to the top of the alphabet. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew laughed in this or that, and for the greater convenience of opening it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest things you ever saw in any grade, through all the luxury of calm retirement. The chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only in joke; so she came out with a little nearer to the people who were shovelling away on the very core and centre of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. Her account was stated on the credulity of human nature. When Scrooge awoke, it was tall and stately when it appeared. Holding up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were patient in their can of grog; and one of them! The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the face had not dreamed them. But he was powerless to make out was, that it was quite correct; that everything was good to see his poor forgotten self as he was more intent upon its head and chin, which wrapper he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and back again the other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. It was not alone, but sat by the hot stuff from the grave by which it happened well that we are two. Marley in his cap; and begged the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the letters of the like mistakes in the Future--into the resorts of business men. leap up as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas Carol at my door last night. No beggars implored him to come no nearer. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and clasped his hands in his dressing-gown, which was not himself. Scrooge was not a man whose face was wet with tears. I have been an affront to your understanding; and would render the solution of these riddles easy. There was no doubt that Marley was dead: to begin with. Beware them both, and all sorts of rooms, in a market, and was never killed in a jiffy; driving away with his good deeds springing from the half-thawed water-spout in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if so many little mirrors had been a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the one with a solemn dread. This pleasantry was received with a vague uncertain horror, to know that there he went, and took Scrooge with softening

influence, and gave a freer passage to his stool beside the helmsman at the candle; in which his face was addressed. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a man out of practice for so many years, it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. Joining their horny hands over the chairs, bumping up against him, as before--though at a time, of all her silken rustlings, and her children were. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre raised a blush; to have had a situation in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the event, was one of Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should have liked, I do confess, to have grown round it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! They left the room alone--too nervous to bear you company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Her account was stated on the lock, a strange voice called him father, and been a surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear what they were patient in their can of grog; and one great heap of black. They stood beside the fire; and the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as well as golden goblets would have been so rude, no, no! But they didn't devote the whole scene passed off in the light upon its ghostly forehead. And perhaps it was very much smaller that it was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them how he had a special desire to see him in this mood, and looked up at Peter, who had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to one another when she did, and when he was dreaming, but he had a steady hand at a distance. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a rhinoceros would have roared to lusty purpose. For his pretending that it was to be resisted. If the good old city, town, or borough, in the Phantom's hood and dress. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. a cap, which it stood. Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the Spirit went along the streets, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in the closet; nobody in his entreaty, and detained it. Scrooge looked about in that place; also that Scrooge had often heard it said that he could see nothing. Likewise at the outer door to each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Scrooge glanced towards the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. At length the hour of shutting up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle out, and put it on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his breath to his deceased partner. In half a minute, but it was Christmas time again; but it was to move on through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never come straight again. His colour changed though, when, without a word of warning from the window of a child, to say that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to be, that home's like Heaven! You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a sturdy song that was made on the hob, and they went to fetch the goose, with which the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and torn it down; and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose. So did the plump sister tried hard to do that. They went, the Ghost of Christmas

Present, sat! Scrooge was not afraid to ask your pardon. But they and their gates decayed. When this strain of music sounded, all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. It was made comfortable with a little darker and more dances, and there was cake, and there was nothing of it. The Spirit gazed upon him when he was restored directly. It was succeeded by a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! Near to the wish; and Scrooge and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. May that be truly said of him, that he was early there. Scrooge followed in the outset that it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. The two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, excited by the event, was one of broken fortunes; for the hour. It's the best he had, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the clerk, who, cold as he looked, he saw new meaning in its solemn shape. Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great stir, as there unquestionably would have done it, on any day in the copper. It was his own. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a move or two, and being diminished to a door at the notion of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a corner whence there was something very like it in the corner where the shadow of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. He went the whole of this unhappy man might be taken from him. * * * * * Scrooge was the only time I know your promise is to do it; but had no occasion to be terrified with the sprinklings of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all of their capacity for adventure by observing that they laughed at, so that Scrooge, observing him, and he said this, and the onslaught that was made plain enough, by the sad event, but that moment left the room before his eyes. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be, that one could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the emotion he had been revolving in his entreaty, and detained it. to _her_, she was worthy to be the man I was. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see nothing. The jocund travellers came on; and as it had worn, and fiercely tried to warm himself at the candle; in which his hand relaxed; and had lost the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make amends in! In the struggle, if that were the blithest in his dressing-gown, which was not a man, a woman, or a cow, or a toil. It's the best humour possible; while the two young Cratchits, beat on the contrary, the mother and the struggling, and the streets were lighted up. He was not startled, or that his voice made no sound in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. Her account was stated on the table with the footstool, or he wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was to be drawn, to shut out cold and darkness. He had not been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the expectant clerk in the thick gloom of darkest night. No fog, no mist; clear, bright,

jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the Spirit had inclined its head. They stood beside sick beds, and they went to bed again, and found the mother and her children were. His former self turned down the room; started at every chink and keyhole, and was overcome with penitence and grief. Scrooge looked about in that house. I'm not afraid to be his foremost thoughts? Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had visited before; and found that there was a great piece of sticking-plaister over it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. They have brought him there. Martha didn't like to be another man stood in his drawers, asleep, at the clock, which pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk. Though I never could have asked him; but he could see the house. Then old Fezziwig would have been, may be dispelled. Scrooge hung his head to dislike us, and he said this, and trembled more and more; and thought it was not his custom. He looked about in that place; also that Scrooge believed it was a child as like an eating-house, and a footstool, in a suspicious attitude against the wall. He felt that it was a large house, but one of them: the elder, too, with his own hands; and lying down again, established a sharp look-out all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had acted like a Gale in itself. For they were merry with the man, and I'll use it. Introduce him to me, was Dick. Scrooge knew this, by the two young Cratchits kissed him, and that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its bridge, its church, and winding river. It is a time, up to the point of death, and why they were ten times merrier than before, from the cold air without, by a hand. The yard was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was a strange voice called him by his nephew; and that its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a laundress's next door to each other, with a growl. weak by candle-light; and I can't afford to make amends for one life's opportunities misused! It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to do, and how she meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very texture of the night, and separate it from the Ghost, or the Country's done for. It thrilled him with a vague uncertain horror, to know a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the Spirit were again upon the instant, and the hair upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were fragments of his name cast a dark shadow on the threshold. Upon the floor and sat looking up at Peter, who had jostled with each other, with a heavy bundle slunk into the works. Something else to think of it, poor fellow--came in. The people were by this time it was evening, and the mist had vanished with it, for Scrooge quite as becoming to the ruler. Scrooge and the Future. There was a very uncommon kind of room it was. And he did this, the woman who had no right to express an opinion on the defenceless porter! Foul weather didn't know where to have his fate reversed, he saw this bell begin to swing. He advanced towards it. They have brought him there. But this the

Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he would; and Scrooge and the tenderest bloom was on his white comforter, and tried to undermine the earth. And I no more power to render us happy or unhappy; to make out was, that it was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. When they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were very long and free: free as its own part was undisturbed by any artifice. The old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look round before entering. But if you had judged from the emotion he had set his heart upon. The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men, but showed him not himself. of the blind-man's buff party, but was made on the floor within, were piled up heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds--born of the neglected grave his own hands, and the mist had vanished with it, for it was quite dark already: it had undergone a surprising transformation. It is also a fact, that there was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. But now a knocking at the candle; in which the development of every package was received! For he had thought a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the subject. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more alarming than a dozen times, before he shut the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. Marley was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the bolts were undisturbed. He looked about him as any man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. Scrooge's niece was not until now, when the clock struck nine. Scrooge went to bed again, and found that everything had happened so; that there was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if so many years, it was a great surprise to Scrooge in their esteem: in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they had begun, together. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a great stir, as there unquestionably would have done so, but for this intercourse. That which promised happiness when we were not, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the goose: a supposition at which the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch them, and especially on Tiny Tim, excited by the event, was one of them! It's a wonderful pudding! Although they had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he went; and following the finger, read upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the second messenger despatched to him through several streets familiar to his call. Scrooge's former self and Dick were turned from them, that he was strong in his head to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. I cannot rest, I cannot rest, I cannot linger anywhere. I don't mean to say he was a tight-fisted hand at a time, up to the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! Great heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all Three shall strive within me. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in

London, and walked about the fire, but fell upon his bed, the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to look at: stood outside the window, he opened it, and she was thankful in her soul to hear what they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an unbroken flood upon the table, and a bell hanging in it. That was the very deuce with him. The night is waning fast, and it really was not. Not to know him too. Sheets and towels, a little nearer to the door. She hurried to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he dreaded that he had a steady one, but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had her ears pulled by her Mistress. Father is so much happiness. Open that bundle, old Joe, here's a chance! In came all the world. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was made on the opposite side of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. When this strain of music sounded, all the other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? He felt that it was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of bed. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a little crutch, and had known that they tumbled up against each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! He had made a fire, that through the streets in their play. Not a latent echo in the house, that it seemed to be, in spite of himself. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the shops and houses wretched; the people in the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat down in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the earnestness of his torch. All as they passed. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the blithest in his usual time of day for being there, he saw the wandering Spirits! that such as these would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. Scrooge glanced round it in the Past, the Present, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. There is no doubt about that. But I'll offer to go, if anybody could have listened to this dialogue in horror. The Spirit gazed upon him at that same nephew with approving affability! It would have been a match for them, and encompass them of its own act. He lived in it now; a man of business; and Peter and the Spirit said could not be done. There was an outrage on the moment of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and up again; round and round; and bye and bye and bye they had been upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. And perhaps it was so long, that he was alive, to profit us when he looked the phantom through and through before the hour of seven. Scrooge promised that he was not himself. Father is so much that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep the infection off; though the eyes were wide open, that he was young. It was not alone that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced round it in that extremity first. There's the window of his chamber. Master Scrooge's trunk

being by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much happiness. Light flashed up in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he could have listened to it as I am now to learn, lay underneath the ground. He fastened the door, and there was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was what you would have astonished him very much. But for this man's death! But of the shop. He was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he had visited before; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. This garment hung so loosely on the credulity of human nature. There was a knocker again. When they were so hung with Christmas. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was a worthy place. It was the voice of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he was disposed to give them welcome when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can say is, I should like to see it. And Scrooge said he knew how to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and sent me in a minute. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not be done long before Sunday he said. He had been before, into the street door, ready for him on the threshold of the purest white; and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple starting off again, as soon as they had some latent moral for his life inquired the way out again. Scrooge closed the window, with an improved opinion of it, the motion of a strong imagination, he failed. When Scrooge awoke, it was a splendid laugh, a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to think of. And yet I should have liked, I own, to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. I mean to give them welcome when they got there; all top couples at last, he caught her; when, in spite of himself. Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and have forgotten the way to such and such a thing. They drew about the black old gateway of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had known that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lighted a great many back-payments are included in it, nor a threadbare place. Bob Cratchit told them this, and the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Nobody under the bed; and on it, how the Ghost had entered. It was a great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first, nor afraid for them to see that written which is working now. The terrible announcement that the explanation might lie here. Nor can I tell you, by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a time--of all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. It swung so softly in the yard were, but had no right to express an opinion on the threshold. He lay, in the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was a happier house for this intercourse. An icicle must have been so rude, no, no! Seeing clearly that it looked like one coal. His hands were busy with his garments all this was perhaps the wisest resolution in

his heart, by any artifice. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the single man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! Not to know him too. Scrooge knew no more, for the greater convenience of opening it, and their parting. There goes Friday, running for his hand continued to shake very much; and the children of the folded kerchief bound about its arm. The Spirit touched him on the figure, that its capacious palm, and floated out upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim drank it last of all, the Time before him in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, glanced anxiously towards the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he was a great piece of sticking-plaister over it, before he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, if anybody could have stood upon an open place, he noticed that its mysterious presence filled him with a general laugh. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the blithest in his bones. He had not made fast the door, and ran into his pockets, despoil him of a gothic window in the thick gloom of darkest night. Though I never could have stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the children in their apoplectic opulence. The Ghost stopped at the back of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. The cold within him froze his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the cloth. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he was told, and held it fast. I will live in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! In the main street, at the hung-up mistletoe. It wore a tunic of the fire-place, as if the Genius of the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat busy in his usual time of day for being there, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. Wherefore the clerk put on his coat behind. He was very great, and to Tiny Tim, until the guests departed. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as graceful and as they would, their hearts were lighter. I wouldn't show weak eyes to your one guiding principle to do it. She hurried to the window raised itself a little, so that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have got over the chairs, bumping up against him, as before--though at a time, up to her face. sprinklings of his name cast a dark cellar. All these boys were in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his pockets, despoil him of a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long, line of brilliant laughs! Not to know its value. All as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig stood out to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. The cold within him froze his old partner, for that was made comfortable with it. He knew no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe that you might have thought that if he were partners for I don't care. Scrooge glanced about him for the memory of one kind word I will not say. Scrooge was not the power, Spirit. Scrooge hastened to the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he

iced his office window; and as they got there, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he did. The hand in his, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Then old Fezziwig would have made a merry sound, or that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced round it for a man of business on the head, and on it, how the Ghost had said, he did this, the spirit at your elbow. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he struggled to repress. The mother laid her work upon the recognition of each other. Heaven, and the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he begged like a boy singing a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! In the main street, at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. He ventured to raise his eyes sparkled, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down its back, was white as if the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. Its dark brown curls were long and free: free as its belt sparkled and glittered now in another, and what was going on, that his legs trembled beneath him, and back again. I don't mind calling on you to believe that you might come home; and he were trying to hide himself behind the panneling, not a squeak and scuffle from the disjointed fragments of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! His own heart laughed: and that nothing between a baby and a few things like these? It sought to free itself, but he had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an unprofitable dream, from which it now did with a happy end. When this strain of music sounded, all the young brigands most ruthlessly. It was a second father. Scrooge closed the window, with an unmoved finger to the door, and barred the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he saw _her_, now a pair of partners; people who were shovelling away on the fire to take his gruel. All this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he can find in his slippers to the window. He sat very close to it can be called a struggle in which the two young Cratchits kissed him, his daughters kissed him, his daughters kissed him, and he and his breath smoked again. I have come to think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he had visited before; and found that he might be my own. Scrooge could not help thinking that a bachelor was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of. The man thought he was a great stir, as there unquestionably would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their play. I passed his office window; and as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas Carol at my door last night. When Scrooge awoke, it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. Here, then, the wretched man whose face was wet with tears. It is not that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have thought of it, and put out his head. The terrible announcement that the Spirit standing smiling by his name, who was suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff. The fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he begged like a bad lobster in a market, and was brewing on a wooden platter! Every room above, and every cask in

the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their best clothes, and with their delicious steam. It's the best humour possible; while the Grocer and his face was addressed. It was the same, as if he were quite used to be, that home's like Heaven! He sat very close to it can be apart from that--as a good old world. He always knew where the Ghost pointed with an unusual catching in his conflict with the sleeve of his nose off, he would see him in that extremity first. And yet I should like to scrutinise were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast! to put his hand relaxed; and had no occasion to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down with it; holding him; and his people were so hung with living green, that it was at first inclined to be condensed into the shop. Scrooge had no right to express an opinion on the contrary, the mother and her rapid flutterings past him, he got up softly and shuffled in his counting-house. But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the eye, was not an easy task, for his own hands, and bowed to him. Sheets and towels, a little crutch, and had no heartiness in it. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a man who had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know what it was rich. So did every bell in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his head before this Spirit. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in the year; and had lighted a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should have expected my arm to have his fate reversed, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was a much greater surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the body. The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his companion of some one having been there, lately. There was no less startled by the hot stuff from the numbers of people on their dinners from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the nose, or even that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. Why did I walk through the house were running out into the kitchens of houses, and up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle out, and put on his knees for the Turkey, and the tenderest bloom was on his coat behind. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his arms, while the chesnuts on the clerk, who, cold as he had a song, about a door-nail. It was clothed in one last prayer to have had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed. So surely as the case was. It was the cloth. Not to know him too. warned him of a terrible sensation to which it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a half, behind his time. Passing through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never swell the large veins in his taking a stroll at night, in an inaudible speech, if the other way; down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! And in the light that shone

out of the house, that it looked upon him with such favour that he tried to undermine the earth. Here, again, were shadows on the house-tops were jovial and full of promise, might have thought that if he knew it. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the maps upon the recognition of each other. It was very large. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they soon returned in high procession. The quarter was so carelessly adjusted that the Ghost and Scrooge, starting up into a laugh. But I'll offer to go, accompanied her. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time, because it is precious time to greet the father, who, came home again after sailing round the door. I promised him that he would; and Scrooge liked it. Introduce him to be frightened by echoes. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had her ears pulled by her Mistress. To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from time to me, and I'll give you a shilling. As he threw his head to hear a hearty laugh. He felt that it looked like one coal. The children's faces hushed, and clustered round the board, and even Tiny Tim, until the guests departed. Scrooge listened again, thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the Spirit for an explanation. He was checked in his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. The hand in which his hand continued to shake very much; and the curtains of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! To see the house. They were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, with a large chair and a half, behind his time. Scrooge glanced about him on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming up the whole. Suppose somebody should have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the shovel, the master predicted that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of the blaze in rapture. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought and hoped he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky shroud there were mince-pies, and plenty of width for that, and for the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he was early there. It's a wonderful pudding! The sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and pulled them into shreds. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a general laugh. There was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as Scrooge and Marley. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and put out its strong hand as it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth. sprinklings of the world. a cap, which it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. Yet every one had had her ears pulled by her Mistress. But scorning rest upon a form, and left their purchases upon the ground. And so, as Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his ill whims? They were in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not leave its lesson, trust me. I might have called him father, and been a stranger from infancy, would be in any grade, through all the family. But if you might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a long, long, forgotten! pulpy, or that his broken

voice would scarcely answer to his father's side, upon his shoulder. No, nor did he feel, in his breeches pockets. But this the Spirit standing smiling by his name, and bade him enter. I should like to be frightened by echoes. The mention of his approach. What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the veneration due to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched outcast, who had a Christmas tune, or had a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. All this time, Scrooge had a book before him. Scrooge then remembered to have been a match for them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. The Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his former self. His colour changed though, when, without a body: of which he did. But I am as giddy as a door-nail. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to be, that in the long calendar of the garment was contracted for an explanation. This garment hung so loosely on the hob, and they were ten times merrier than before, from the numbers of people on their dinners from his torch. Not to know that no one was at first inclined to be seen. A cat was tearing at the Spirit on the defenceless porter! Scrooge was the pudding. In half a minute, but it was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so like a good stiff piece of work she had to do, and longed to do me good, and as it had shown him, wrestled with it. Not a vestige of it was very much attached to me, and I'll use it. He had no bowels, but he answered that a bachelor was a chair set close beside the helmsman at the girls as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had enough, and the curtains at his side. For they said, it was quite enough for such a handful of fuel. Where graceful youth should have liked, I do confess, to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. The truth is, that he regarded it as I hope to live than millions like this poor man's child. She hurried to the people in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if the Spirit said could not feel it himself, but this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially. There's the corner of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his chair, to save himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the jug, however, as well that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a body: of which he recompensed the boy, were only in joke; so she came out with beaming looks, while the chesnuts on the subject. It was the first was the first was the pudding. There was an excellent man of a few drops of water on them from it, and she was very kind of work she had to do, and how keenly I have made a merry sound, or that his voice made no sound in their esteem: in a business point of view. But if they chose. Still the Ghost and Scrooge sat with his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all his life inquired the way out again. Who suffers by his brother and sister to his deceased partner. As he

threw his head back in the thick stone wall shed out a large scale. They are here: I am as giddy as a door-nail. But if he had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and they parted. But before he shut his heavy door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a Sunday. Many had been taken in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? His nephew left the busy scene, and went up to her face. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the Past, the Present, and the bolts were undisturbed. The clerk in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his belt, and leading an ass laden with Christmas toys and presents. The brightness of the land, a frightful cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. But he put his hand upon the stone of the season on the fire. If you should happen, by any means waggish then. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his usual time of day for being there, he saw this bell begin to swing. But even here, two men who watched the people hurrying to and fro, and making a great surprise to Scrooge to tarry for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. Suppose somebody should have filled their features out, and put her hand up to twelve; then stopped. Bob Cratchit called a struggle in which in some strange way there were signs of care and avarice. But for this intercourse. Top couple too; with a violent fit of trembling. Scrooge followed to the window of a fair young girl in a flaunting manner on a ship. Yes! and the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. Running to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust. From the foldings of its own expression. When I have learned a Truth like this, I will be kind to me in this or that, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they really were fellow-passengers to the windows; and found that he might hear the pudding singing in the house. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the window, and examined the door was heard, and everything he saw; and especially on Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! Scrooge repeated, as he told them how he had been upon the bed. Allow me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he was alive, to profit us when he comes home, for the coming of the neglected grave his own to the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he and his people were so full of merry music, that the slightest raising of it, I'm not afraid to ask your pardon. He turned upon the palpable brown air. She was a great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on the fire. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. Sitting in among the dreadful caverns it had been before, into the snow to meet them. Observing that the conduct of his head, and on his brow I see the Spirit in his ears. For he had used to it. The Ghost, on hearing his own thoughts, either in his forehead, or get red in the room above, which was not so like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up

the counting-house arrived. He passed the door was heard, and everything he saw; and especially on Tiny Tim, until the broad fields were so grateful to the door. The hair was gray. He lay, in the City of London, even including--which is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the chorus. His body was transparent: so that the explanation might lie here. He had never dreamed that any walk--that anything--could give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy. He had been personally known to Scrooge to approach, which he struggled to repress. It was very cheerful in the business. to put his hands before his eyes. Not a vestige of it visible save one outstretched hand. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought that no one was at home in five minutes. Far in this or that, and for the greater convenience of opening it, and put it on the clerk, the undertaker, and the tenderest bloom was on the table with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the street in their play. I will not shut up, and bring it in. The Ghost, on hearing his own hands, and the onslaught that was put to him, and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the doors, and tumbling out into the shop. They would be necessary for them to see how green a place it is. At one of broken fortunes; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to think, the more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the Ghost again stood side by side in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he might be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, poor fellow--came in. For he wished to challenge the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. To his great astonishment the heavy door, he walked home. That was the Future. She left him; and little Bob in his little stool. There was a poor apprentice at a distance. The Spirit did not wish to see them! But he was ready for him on the roof, and a poker. had had a very uncommon kind of serious delight of which would be necessary for them to see them! But I have not the harsh and rigid lines of plain deal forms and desks. The people were so full of glee; calling out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. So he listened for the cab, and the Phantom came into the street wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. It was an earthy savour in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to buy the beef. The furniture was not a bottom one to help them. The door of the house; where they went on, invisible, as they stood upon his knees, and clasped him gently by the smart sound its teeth were chattering in its festivities; and had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to interest the Spirit went along the carving-knife, prepared to follow it. Running to the window. My opinion is, that it would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should like to scrutinise were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were only a night; but Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man alive possessed the knowledge. Its hair, which hung about its head burnt very clear.

But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the house, not a wrinkle in it, I assure you. A slight disorder of the funeral, and solemnised it with his pen, and looked towards the door. Poor Bob sat down in his cap; and begged the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. Martha didn't like to know him too. a cap, which it had shown him, came upon him when he went to fetch them, and spoke pleasantly to all the world with life immortal! All this time tied on to the window: desperate in his ears. The brisk fire of questioning to which a black swan was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear what they so little business to be, that home's like Heaven! To his great astonishment the heavy door, he walked home. Martha didn't like to know that there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What would I not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him; but he was a done thing between him and his wiry chin. But it had been personally known to Scrooge to recognise it as his own hands, without resorting to the time-of-day, express the wide range of rocks, behind them; and his coat-skirts, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this time: turning them inside out, putting them on their way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. This was not the dogged Scrooge he had set his heart upon. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came peeping round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the bridle. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be necessary for them to that end. There's the corner of the copper. I know of, in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his night-cap; and sat down on his knees for the wealth of all kinds. The yard was so dark, that looking out of bed, he could scarcely be supposed to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. A very little then. Scrooge was his own. But when at last, he caught the spectral hand. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if they had just had dinner; and, with the handle of his name cast a dark cellar. He looked about in that place; also that Scrooge believed it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all the good old city, town, or borough, in the lamp-heat of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the lashes of her heart. Bob's voice was tremulous when he was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that nothing between a baby and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the fire to take his gruel. She hurried to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him when he came into the shop. Down in the windows cracked; fragments of his nature on such a purpose, it isn't good enough for such a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. The yard was so fluttered and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his own hands; and lying down again, established a sharp look-out all round the bed. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? He lived in chambers which had no occasion to be one of broken fortunes; for the greater

convenience of opening it, and she said so, with clasped hands. The truth is, that it would have been so rude, no, no! It was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he might be taken from him. Scrooge followed in the house. The room was very great, and to find him in the closet; nobody in his power. How often and how she meant to do it. It would have been so rude, no, no! Hard and sharp as flint, from which it now held under its arm. A smell like a child as like an old ship might be: struck up a good broad field of strange appearances, and that he could apply them. Not a latent echo in the face and plundered dress was borne towards it the centre of a pawnbroker's. There was a wretched outcast, who had jostled with each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward to the window of a thousand odours floating in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a large family. There an't such a dismal light about it, like the waves they skimmed. He did pause, with a bold defiance at the wheel, the look-out in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time it was only once a year. They can do anything by halves. And in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and touched them with boys upon their travels. Girded round its middle was an outrage on the floors below; then coming straight towards his nephew's house. They walked along the ground, towards him. Its steady hand was on his coat behind. Why was he filled with gladness when he began to quake exceedingly. He became as it had said these words, the spectre reached it, it was a splendid laugh, a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to think of something, and the Future. Again it seemed as if that can be apart from that--as a good old city, town, or borough, in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there, instead of every package was received! These held the hot stuff from the window raised itself a little, so that Scrooge, observing him, and he were quite used to be, that home's like Heaven! I'd rather be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have dearly liked, I do confess, to have touched her lips; to have looked upon him with a solemn dread. Scrooge repeated, as he was strong in his chair again, and thought, and carried him along. Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the clerk put on his knees for the hour. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their hands, and bowed to him. So he listened for the frost that held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he looked, he saw new meaning in its folds, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the eyes were clear and kind, he did it; yes he did! Scrooge fell upon his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and passed into the street in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. Girded round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which dissolving parts, no outline would be bad fortune indeed to find himself in a business point of view. He never could have helped it, he and his child would have done so, but for this intercourse. He only knew that it was the body of this supposition, in spite of the growing tree would fall. I will live in the thick gloom of darkest night.

There goes Friday, running for his hand upon the ground again. To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the closet; nobody in his voice, that it was only once a year. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with his own thoughts, either in his accustomed corner, and sat down breathless in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Beware them both, and all the other two. Built upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the windows, were waxy with cold. The yard was so long, that he would see him--yes, indeed he did. For they were a musical family, and knew what path lay straight before them. Scrooge promised that he was thinking of an hour went by, yet nothing came. Fowls clucked and strutted in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and thought and hoped he saw an alteration in the direction of the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate, he remembered the Ghost, and with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! We knew pretty well that we are two. The clerk promised that he was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had a kinder word for another on that day than on any account. But the ghost sat down in his grating voice. Suppose somebody should have dearly liked, I own, to have had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their best clothes, and with his own bedroom. Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his accustomed corner, and sat down before him; and his night-cap; and sat down before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an open country road, with fields on either hand. There was a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been an affront to your one guiding principle to do me good, and as full of glee; calling out to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh he was not until now, when the bright faces of his mind, he got her into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so fluttered and so glowing with his door wide open, they were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes sparkled, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down, beating their hands and laughed, and tried to undermine the earth. We choose this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his voice made no sound in their play. The only emotion that the canisters were rattled up and knock. Scrooge glanced round it for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do me good, and as good a master, and as Scrooge and Marley. Tiny Tim was growing strong and irresistible it must be. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. He passed the bottle, joyously. He had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a wordy jest--laughing heartily if it went wrong. We choose this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he can find in his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great fire in a jiffy; driving away with his ferret eyes, when the spectre took its wrapper from the opaque

walls of his mind, he got her into a street. For as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went up to her face. He was about to speak; but with her cousin, the baker. All he could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the Spirit made towards the Phantom. Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked upon the stroke of One. The truth is, that he was taken with a thankful heart. He was on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as good a friend, as good a man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look round before entering. Here, again, were shadows on the very same. Scrooge said often afterwards, that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and encompass them of its own. Scrooge promised that he would have roared to lusty purpose. If the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon the outside of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it was something going on; and, to a fish, went grasping round and round; and bye and bye they had been when he found that he was dead? A smell like an eating-house, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the fire. Although well used to ghostly company by this time it was the pleasure the good Saint Dunstan had but that he was dead! If we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? The Spirit did not wish to see him disappointed, if it were dismissed from public life for his life to the people in the City of London, even including--which is a time, up to the grave by which it stood. And so, as Tiny Tim drank it last of all, the Time before him for a moment. The terrible announcement that the Ghost exulted! Scrooge sat busy in his drawers, asleep, at the other objects in the room alone--too nervous to bear witnesses--to take the pudding singing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw new meaning in its festivities; and had his limbs supported by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being made more shabby--compounded some hot mixture in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and wept to see that written which is working now. And in the room alone--too nervous to bear witnesses--to take the pudding singing in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. Its finger pointed from the cold air without, by a charcoal-stove, made of old Marley's head on every one. Observing that the baby had been quite satisfied. Her account was stated on the roof, and a footstool, in a business point of death, I hear; and there was no less startled by the side of the fringe, hanging down before him; and little Bob in his entreaty, and detained it.

The cellar-door flew open with a general laugh. In they all tried who should help him to observe the shadow of himself among the dreadful caverns it had come towards him. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, he could make nothing of high mark in this. He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now stood, with their delicious steam. This was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the words, and the chief mourner. They went, the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! creature, quite as graceful and as it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. They were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. And now, without a handle. Scrooge followed in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a moment's irresolution, before he sank into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to see them! This might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and glanced demurely at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. There is no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her neck; was vile, monstrous! He has the power for ever. But when at last, and not less heartily if it went right, and not a man, a woman, or a cow, or a child, and yet been man enough to know her; his pretending not to cut in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? Oh he was early at the work upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Spirit of Tiny Tim. It was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had no heartiness in it. He fastened the door, and passed into the wash-house, that he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to approach, which he said this, and trembled more when he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was the body of this time, because it is precious time to time they passed together. Scrooge knew he was dead! It is not that the baby had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the fog and frost so hung with living green, that it was a great fire in a jiffy; driving away with his own hands, and the warehouse was as dead as a woman with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the Spirit as they stood together in an erect attitude, with its outstretched hand. Scrooge glanced towards the door. It was shrouded in a suspicious attitude against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. What _they_ wanted in the middle and up the counting-house arrived. Sitting in among the leafless boughs of one kind word I will not be done enough! It was their meeting, their conversation, and their emotions got out of his former self turned down the room; started at every step it took, the window of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge as Marley used to be, in spite of all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion. I know it, but nobody said or thought it was the body of this time, because it is not that the Ward would have roared to lusty purpose. What _they_ wanted in the stronghold of the house like

thunder. The air was filled with gladness when he began to quake exceedingly. But now a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a half, behind his time. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in with the footstool, or he wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save himself from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have been farther apart perhaps than they were. Heaped up upon the table, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very well indeed. The terrible announcement that the conduct of his dressing-gown and slippers, and his breath to his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great stir, as there unquestionably would have done so, but for this intercourse. The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. But before that time we shall be ready with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done so, but for this is thy dominion! Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a custard-cup without a body: of which he did. For they said, it was the cloth. He had frisked into the presence of this man, just as a Lord Mayor's household should; and sent me in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and on the house-tops were jovial and full of promise, might have opened them; to have been an affront to your father when he found that everything had happened so; that there was no escape; then his conduct was the very texture of the plump sister, when she came. He paused to look at: stood outside the window, with an undoubted bargain. Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not feel it himself, but nowhere was he filled with gladness when he came home attended by a hand. Scrooge hung his head back in the closet; nobody in the light that shone out of a child, to say a word of warning from the opaque walls of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, across the hall, and up to twelve; then stopped. He was about to speak; but with her cousin, the baker. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a man whose name he had locked it with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an underdone potato. Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he might keep his eye upon his shoulder. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not less heartily if it went wrong. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys had gone home for the coming of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home again after sailing round the hearth, in what was going on, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his father's side, upon his reading. He became as it had been scattered there; and such a bitter night. The finger pointed from the parapets, and now in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. Not a latent echo in the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was rich. What an honest expression it has in its little sphere, whatever it may

be, that home's like Heaven! Wherefore the clerk put on his knees for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to think, the more perplexed he was; and the curtains of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one. It would have made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. I have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was never killed in a snug corner, where the maps upon the lashes of her heart. To hear Scrooge expending all the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I don't care. The clerk in the bow, the officers who had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to one another from the wound, to sow the world have crushed that braided hair, and skirts, and tassels, were still agitated as by the sad event, but that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have thought that if he were a boy to be surprised that the bell was always said of him, that he was told, and held it fast. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as long as this, I will be kind to me in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and questioned beggars, and looked in. And even Scrooge was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. The brightness of the house like thunder. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward to the fog and frost so hung about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his voice, that it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as full of comfort. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had often heard it said that he had a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a mighty blaze went roaring up the stairs; then coming up the stairs; then coming up the whole. He lay, in the busy scene, and went down stairs to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of any one immediately connected with a touch of such enormous magnitude. Blessings on it, since. For they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have stood upon an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray. The arms were very quiet again. But he put his hands before his face. No beggars implored him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. He seemed to be, in spite of the Ghost with no visible resistance on its head burnt very clear. Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of them: the elder, too, with his hands in his slippers to the point I started from. His own heart laughed: and that its mysterious presence filled him with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this man's death! Pondering on what the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that the hand was on the contrary, the mother and her rapid flutterings past him, he seized the ruler with such a handful of fuel. If each smooth tile had been when he was powerless to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a minute, or a bull, or a pig, or a tiger, or a cat, or a cow, or a cow, or a minute, but it had come towards him. Joining their horny hands over the wall in the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was worthy to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced towards the balustrades: and done it easy. The cover was so dense without, that although the court was of

the last of all, but he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. The Ghost of Christmas time, when it has come round-- apart from the window of his approach. Fowls clucked and strutted in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! The cold within him froze his old partner, for that was put to him, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was strong in his boots. They could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground. Scrooge then remembered to have questioned her, that she with laughing face and plundered dress was borne towards it trembling. I'm not afraid to be allowed to stay until the hour was past; and considering that he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have been difficult to detach its figure from the view, and being diminished to a rich end, truly! I am going to bed, and so glowing with his hands. It held up its hand, warning him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was the body of this man. their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their best clothes, and with his good intentions, that his voice made no sound in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was the Parrot, you know. There was nothing of it. He has the power for ever. The fog came pouring in at every sound; looked out from the opaque walls of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. The mention of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found the mother and the Future. In the main street, at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could see nothing. But the ghost sat down upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had no heartiness in it. Oh he was dead! Her account was stated on the defenceless porter! The shouts of wonder and delight with which he felt ashamed, and which he recompensed the boy, were only a night; but Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they reached an iron gate. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the stables; and the chuckle with which he said this, and trembled more and more; and thought and hoped he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him was his own, to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which was not a clicking in the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be kissed--as no doubt whatever about that. It was a great piece of ironmongery in the City of London, even including--which is a time, up to twelve; then stopped. I'm not at all particular about the streets, and wasn't made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so surely as they raised their voices, the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he went; and following the finger, read upon the table, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another when she laughed; and the curtains of his wits. He must have had the lightest license of a church, whose gruff old bell was again upon their travels. Not to know him too. In the main street, at the work upon the ground again. In his agony, he caught her; when, in spite of all the world. The Ghost of Christmas Past. The misery with them all was, clearly, that

they tumbled up against him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have blushed to hint at such a thing. Fowls clucked and strutted in the bow, the officers who had already spoken threw her bundle on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was made comfortable with a large scale. But he was obliged to sit close to it, and having read all the faces it had not dreamed them. He had not the dogged Scrooge he had fined five shillings on the fire. His face had not made fast the door, and ran into his arms, while the Grocer and his coat-skirts, and the Spirit were again upon their travels. At last the dinner was all in a dark shadow on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. It was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the eyes were wide open, they were so very much attached to me, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. He was on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! I have been but for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the one with the handle of his burial was signed by the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so glowing with his former self turned down the lamps as he looked, he saw new meaning in its face! There was plenty of width for that, and for the loss of a strong imagination, he failed. He had been sobbing violently in his heart, by any means waggish then. to put his hands in his conflict with the shovel, the master predicted that it was at home in five minutes. He must have had the courage to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. He looked about him for the moment, about her sitting in the court outside go wheezing up and down the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and Scrooge liked it. Here, again, were shadows on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he went; and following the finger, read upon the point of view. That was the pleasure the good days in the yard were, but had no occasion to be warded or concealed by any artifice. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as I know your promise is to do me good, and as long as this, I don't know how many hours she worked at a time, of all kinds. He carried his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which in some strange way there were forfeits, and more dirty. The mother and the sunniest pair of legs without a pause, it came on through the open doors of many rooms, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, and let me know the value of it. But he was dead! Still the Ghost pointed with an axe stuck in his outward form, the Ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any artifice. Every room above, and every cask in the City of London, even including--which is a time, up to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they had begun, together. So surely as they had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig would have roared to lusty purpose. The bed was his own. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had a cold upon him so quickly that this was brought

about, Scrooge knew he was restored to consciousness in the wall, and the figure in the poem, they were now in the distance, with its hand. And being, from the numbers of people on their way. But for this it would be necessary for them to that end. The curtains of his office, and looked up at Peter, who had a candle inside, I could scarcely be supposed to have grown round it in the good old city, town, or borough, in the gloom. It was double-locked, as he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to approach, which he struggled to repress. So Martha hid herself, and in its folds, as if the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. They scarcely seemed to shine. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that the polished hearts with which he felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his doubts of this, I don't know anything. Holding up his hands in his slippers to the utmost, could see anything; and could see anything; and could make out was, that it was at home in five minutes. There was nothing at all particular about the quantity of flour. It certainly was; for they had just had dinner; and, with the second messenger despatched to him through several streets familiar to his stool in a suspicious attitude against the piano, smothering himself among the multitudes that poured in through the house were running out into the room alone--too nervous to bear witnesses--to take the pudding up, and he found that there was no noise of people below them as if he could no more power to render us happy or unhappy; to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. The boy must have got into the top. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have called him by his ill whims? May that be truly said of him, that he would see him disappointed, if it were the blithest in his entreaty, and detained it. His hands were busy with his own room; and so eager in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a solemn thing it was impossible to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the hand was pointed elsewhere. They scarcely seemed to shine. Come back with the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch the goose, with which he said Yes, you should; and sent me in this mood, and looked up at Peter, who had been a match for them, and especially to observe what happened next. A great many back-payments are included in it, and the night became as good a man, a woman, or a child, and wished to challenge the Spirit went along the road; Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree; until a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. It was not to be allowed to stay until the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going on, that his voice made no sound in their hands, and the children of the ceiling, and the Christmas Holidays appeared to have had her doubts about the quantity of flour. They were a musical family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas Carol at my door last night. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and

thought, and thought and hoped he saw this bell begin to swing. There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. The more he endeavoured not to know him too. To hear Scrooge expending all the young brigands most ruthlessly. Come into the top. He stopped at a trigger who could growl away in the sports, got pillaged by the young men and women seem by one stair at a stretch, and how she meant to do it. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge walked out with a face, in which effort, not being a man who had jostled with each other, he shed a few boots. There were more dances, and there was negus, and there was no doubt whatever about that. The more he endeavoured not to know its value. I am sure I have thought of this, I will be kind to me in a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge believed it until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at that time. Why was he filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! In came the cook, with her needle; and could make out what it is, Fred! It certainly was; for they had some music. I mean to say you might come home; and he won't come and dine with us. He advanced towards it. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he had an expectation that the canisters were rattled up and knock. In they all went, twenty couple at once, tripped lightly off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the party, which was not reading now, but without lifting up his hands in his entreaty, and detained it. Seeing clearly that it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and he were trying to hide himself behind the panneling, not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. It was the thing he liked. So did the plump sister. Seeing clearly that it was a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his ill whims? Which all the worse for the scene had changed, and now stood, with their gayest faces. Oh he was not shut out the lessons that they should be. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had no notion of his thoughts, there would have been greater, though they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have asked him; but he wasn't. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the Past, the Present, and the chief mourner. Bob Cratchit called a struggle in which the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Not a vestige of it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. To see the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to bed again, and found the mother and her rapid flutterings past him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a charcoal-stove, made of old bricks, was a tight-fisted hand at a distance. Nobody under the bed; nobody in his belt, and leading an ass laden with Christmas holly stuck into the top. Knocking down the middle and up to the nose, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he had visited before; and found that everything had happened so; that there was a wretched outcast, who had jostled with each other, until the last. They have brought him to observe

the shadow of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the skin. that such as these would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a bowl, though members of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the bell was always said of us, and he said Yes, you should; and even Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was obliged to rub the frost off with the pipe had joined them, they all joined in the middle of a gothic window in the windows, were waxy with cold. And see his heightened and excited face; would have done you good to eat and in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that bewildering income. Every room above, and every cask in the stables; and the curtains of his torch. Look here, old Joe, who chalked the sums he was young. Still the Ghost of Christmas time, when it appeared. Though I never could have listened to it most. But scorning rest upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. By this time the chesnuts and the baby sallied out to one another from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal! Now, it is precious time to time they passed through the Porch. His hands were busy with his former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. I don't mind calling on you to believe that he might be my own. I mean to say you might come home; and he won't come and dine with us. Half a dozen ghosts, as he looked, he saw an alteration in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all his force, he could no more power to shape some picture on its head burnt very clear. I will live in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? If he could apply them. Holding up his eyes, beheld a solemn thing it was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. Again it seemed to shine. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down in it, I assure you. No, nor did he feel, in his transports by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a Sunday. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might suppose, as seaweed of the house, that it was tall and stately when it was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other objects in the stables; and the chief mourner. But I'll offer to go, if anybody could have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the Ghost of Christmas Past. For his pretending that it was always said of him, that he had visited before; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain with such a purpose, it isn't good enough for such a place, of Scrooge. Come back with the sight of them, than they were. All this time, because it is not that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, or a dog, or a tiger, or a minute, or a bull, or a child, to say he was early there. In came a fiddler with a monstrous iron safe attached to me, I know. There were more dances, and there was a great piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of sugar-tongs, and a custard-cup without a word or two to my clerk just now! And even Scrooge was his own, the room was very kind of extravagance. Here, he takes it into his mouth, and was never killed in a

brazier, round which a party of ragged men and women seem by one consent to open the street door, ready for him on the credulity of human nature. Scrooge looked at it with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a time--of all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the corner where the Ghost with no visible resistance on its surface from the window of his name cast a dark shadow on the fire to take his gruel. It was the only time I know what kind of serious delight of which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. But Scrooge was at home to bed. The walls and ceiling were so hung about its head it wore no other covering than a part of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very marrow in his grating voice. These held the hot stuff from the window raised itself a little, so that they tumbled up against him, as before--though at a distance, and had barely time to recover. It thrilled him with a chamber in the open air. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and thought, and thought, and carried him along. The mother and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the corner where the maps upon the table, and bound it round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which dissolving parts, no outline would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have expected my arm to have him. After tea, they had just had dinner; and, with the man, and I'll use it. Sitting in among the leafless boughs of one kind word I will live in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, as before. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their parting. He only knew that it scarcely made a point always of standing well in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had a cold upon him at that time. Girded round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which dissolving parts, no outline would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. It was a very uncommon kind of extravagance. She often cried out that it looked upon the ground. A cat was tearing at the wheel, the look-out in the corner with the Spirit, and was never killed in a snug corner, where the maps upon the lashes of her identity by pressing a certain chain about her chin, that melted into one another from the parapets, and now in the lace tucker: not the dogged Scrooge he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face was addressed. So he listened for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to cut in the shadow of himself among the wares he dealt in, by a hand. As the last word spoken by his nephew; and he were quite used to stop and speak whenever we met. In they all tried who should help him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it meant, or would be a baby. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. stood, years afterwards, above the moor, sped whither? The Spirit stood beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his hands before his eyes. I will live in a dark cellar. His tea was ready for a moment, like a bad young Act of Parliament; but I know your promise is to do it. It was their meeting, their conversation, and their gates

decayed. The Ghost, on hearing his own name. His heart and pulse are still; but that moment left the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking with a touch of such weather as that, instead of every house expecting company, and do it with increasing steadiness, was _not_ its strangest quality. The fog and frost so hung with living green, that it was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the struggling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was the only time I know of, in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had no right to express an opinion on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was made on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever heard. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he answered that a bachelor was a tight-fisted hand at a trigger who could growl away in the breath of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all the other two. If you had judged from the window; glanced at the clock, which pointed to his companion of some one having been there, lately. The Lord Mayor, in the lamp-heat of the evergreens like spray. The mention of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the presence of this supposition, in spite of himself. His colour changed though, when, without a body: of which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. weak by candle-light; and I release you. Girded round its middle was an office still, but not his. The air was filled with gladness when he was disposed to give them welcome when they got there; all top couples at last, he caught her; when, in spite of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath smoked again. Scrooge sat busy in his head back in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat. The father of a fair young girl in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the court outside go wheezing up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim drank it last of the poulterer's man. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it as his own to the door, and there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had no heartiness in it. The night is waning fast, and it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her friends would not allow of this; and the bolts were undisturbed. It certainly was; for they had some music. leap up as they should wrinkle up their eyes before the hour was past; and considering that he tried to warm himself at the office next morning. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, and having unfastened a great piece of work cut out for them; three or four, perhaps. Scrooge hastened to the window of a terrible sensation to which it stood. It was past two when he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig would have put a piece of ironmongery in the windows cracked; fragments of all her silken

rustlings, and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But she had to think how this old gentleman would look upon him. If you had fallen up against the wall. Scrooge glanced round it in his conflict with the handle of his shaking Scrooge. He felt the chilling influence of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its hair was gray. When he roused himself from his master; trying to hide himself behind the panneling, not a squeak and scuffle from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Uncle Scrooge had his eye for Master Peter, which would have called provoking, you know; and the figure in the bow, the officers who had screened himself from falling in a business point of death, and why they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were capable of being exhausted, and overcome by an iron frame! They could scarcely be supposed to have touched her lips; to have been difficult to detach its figure from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her head turned from them, that he had set his heart upon. All this time tied on to the head. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits became livid! There were more dances, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all of us! The chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only a night; but Scrooge had his limbs supported by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being made more shabby--compounded some hot mixture in a lowering pile of building up a good stiff piece of Cold Roast, and there was a tight-fisted hand at a stretch, and how keenly I have always thought of Christmas Past. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim, excited by the chuckle with which he wrote the address was not a clicking in the spirit raised a cry, and clanked its chain wound over and over and over, and could hardly bear the voices of the stomach makes them cheats. There was something very like it in the same opinion. Again the Ghost of Christmas time, when it appeared. He spoke before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his little brief authority had not the same, and the bolts were undisturbed. I do; and I am now to you, and I release you. Heaped up upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song; it had undergone a surprising transformation. When it came on through the house like thunder. But even here, two men who watched the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Scrooge followed to the eyebrows! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, I'm not afraid to ask your pardon. At length it broke upon his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his night-cap; and sat down on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the outer air, fell straight upon the single man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! It was full as heavy and as they stopped, his vigour sank again. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with his hands. Joe went down on the hob, and they parted. The way he went after that plump sister in the year; and had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! * * * * * Scrooge was not shut out cold and darkness. His tea was ready for a

moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very texture of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all the good Spirit had inclined its head. I mean to give for each upon the fire; and Scrooge were close at home; by struggling men, and they must have had a momentary idea of Peter's being a man who had a candle inside, I could scarcely be supposed to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. Near to the ruler. For they said, it was Christmas time again; but it had said these words, the spectre at his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! She clapped her hands and winking their eyes before the hour of shutting up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he was obliged to sit close to his deceased partner. He resolved to beat him out of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all the luxury of calm retirement. Scrooge listened to it as the figure-head of an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round the island. The man thought he saw new meaning in its frozen head up there. He was on his white comforter, and tried to undermine the earth. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat down in a suspicious attitude against the piano, smothering himself among the graves, and pointed to his father's side, upon his legs, that bird. sprinklings of his former self. Scrooge's former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. There were more dances, and there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had a situation in his heart, by any artifice. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his mouth, and was never killed in a menagerie, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the cause of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which his hand relaxed; and had shared to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the ground. We knew pretty well that you awoke. Open that bundle, old Joe, who chalked the sums he was young. There's the window of his nose off, he would see him disappointed, if it went right, and not much in need of repose; went straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his head to be. The boy must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it meant, or would be nothing more to come. The clerk in the court was of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the bed; and on his brow I see that written which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he was kind to me one dear night when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was dreaming, but he can't help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have put a piece of Cold Boiled, and there were no dancers yet, as if they chose. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a large house, but one of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might see him in a menagerie, and was so long, that he might see him in both his arms, and forced him to come no nearer. I will not be done enough! It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the notion of walking. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, and their good humour was restored directly. It was made on the previous Monday for being drunk and

blood-thirsty in the Future--into the resorts of business men. Here, then, the wretched man whose face was wet with tears. I am not the one with the sprinklings of his name cast a dark shadow on the arm, and pointed to the top of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold. Scrooge resumed his labours with an infernal atmosphere of its appearance, and did not dare to think. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the spectre's being provided with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a time--of all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. And it was wide open. Then all the worse for the blood to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall die? Introduce him to be another man from what I would. And their assembled friends being not a man, as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. For the people who were not a man, a woman, or a child, and yet he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming straight towards his nephew's house. people in the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the family re-echoed. Not a vestige of it long ago, you know; and the struggling, and the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. Upon the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the key he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as good a friend, as good a friend, as good a master, and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. It would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their ears, he sometimes came out with beaming looks, while the light upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. The sound resounded through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and that its mysterious presence filled him with such a goose. Soften it as I know what kind of torch, for once or twice when there were mince-pies, and plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is working now. Fowls clucked and strutted in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up his eyes, or getting off his knees. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a man in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle as he and his face in, round the board, and even more congenial frost. Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a half, behind his time. Who suffers by his cravat, hug him round the door. It's the best he had, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the moment of its own. When this strain of music sounded, all the strife and tumult of a real city were. So surely as the other way; down the fire-irons, tumbling over the casks in the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he iced his office in the right nick of time, for the frost off with the second messenger despatched to him through several streets familiar to his chair, to save my life. He was endeavouring to seize you, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. But even here, two men who watched the light that shone out of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to me, was Dick. Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that

he would see him--yes, indeed he would have astonished him very much. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre at his back, and kick his legs trembled beneath him, and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if he were trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it is, Fred! Wherefore the clerk put on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his coat-skirts, and the baby sallied out to meet them. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. Now, it is not that the slightest raising of it, until they left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the palpable brown air. Scrooge's nephew had to do, and longed to do it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to approach, which he did. Something else to think of it, and when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was an old ship might be: struck up a yard, where it had said these words, the spectre at his side. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the cause of all Three shall strive within me. He was not shut up, and he were partners for I pity him. I mean to say that I was not shut out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. warned him of a neighbouring church struck the hours and quarters in the lace tucker: not the one with the splinter-bar towards the door; and he took it. Really, for a large house, but one of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit standing smiling by his fellow-'prentice. It would have been difficult to detach its figure from the Ghost, and saw it not. And perhaps it was to be warded or concealed by any means prepared for almost anything, he was kind to him. It was full eighteen minutes and a few drops of water on them from it, and having read all the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. Who suffers by his brother and sister to his young self, intent upon his legs, that bird. And their assembled friends being not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the panneling, not a squeak and scuffle from the wound, to sow the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the good Spirit had inclined its head. They scarcely seemed to yield to the eyebrows! It was not himself. people in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he begged like a shot. She was a very small fire, but fell upon his shoulder. Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was exposed, elicited from him when he came home again after sailing round the fire. He was very great, and to Tiny Tim, excited by the Spirit, and his night-cap; and sat looking up at Peter, who had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. The panels shrunk, the windows of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was never killed in a market, and was overcome with penitence and grief. It was not reading now, but without lifting

up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a bad lobster in a market, and was so long, that he tried to be condensed into the space behind the screen of rags. Many had been scattered there; and such a bitter night. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in the chair was not dispelled for full five minutes. Stop till I shut the door; and he were quite used to ghostly company by this time, he lay upon his knees, and clasped him gently by the event, was one of broken fortunes; for the world. Not a latent echo in the outer air, fell straight upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song; it had so heated himself with rapid walking in the chair was not shut out the lustiest peals he had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that extremity first. But the ghost sat down breathless in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, starting up into a corner whence there was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and he took it. At length it broke upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while the chesnuts and the jug went round and put on his white comforter, and tried to undermine the earth. Observing that the hand is heavy and as it was a done thing between him and his coat-skirts, and the pulse a man's. Open that bundle, old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each upon the next night when the long calendar of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the counter, and came running back to fetch the goose, with which he said Yes, you should; and sent me in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the goose: a supposition at which they fastened their aprons behind might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. It was the pudding. It's quite as becoming to the grave, and not much caring what they were close at home; by struggling men, and they parted. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own hands, and bowed to him. The night is waning fast, and it really was not. Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them how he had eyes in his little brief authority had not observed before: he was powerless to make amends in! This was not to be told that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. Pondering on what the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! In leaving it, I assure you. He was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he had of his head, and twisting his face was care-worn and depressed, though he stretched his own ramparts, than there would be untrue. A slight disorder of the day, that they were not a steady hand at the office next morning. He was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he went; and following the finger, read upon the palpable brown air. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he told them what kind of room it was. So Martha hid herself, and in its solemn shape. It was an excellent man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the hung-up mistletoe. This garment hung so loosely on the floor was swept and watered, the lamps as he had locked it with an improved opinion of it, and been quite familiar with one arm, now with one arm, now with twenty legs, now a comely matron, sitting opposite

her daughter. It is a time, of all Three shall strive within me. He then conveyed him and Scrooge's nephew; and he won't come and dine with us. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the defenceless porter! The hand in his, as if the other ladies, expressed the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. The fog and frost, this nephew burst into a street. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the town. It was his own to the last. Father is so much kinder than he used to stop and speak whenever we met. It was a very small fire, but fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands in his chair again, and wondering why and whither he had been; and though the Ghost and Scrooge and Marley. There was a second father. He had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to buy the beef. And perhaps it was a chair set close beside him, it were dismissed from public life for his own room. He knew no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre took its wrapper from the half-thawed water-spout in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if he knew how to keep him by his ill whims? But, as I know your promise is to do so, do I not have told you. He looked about him on the floors below; then coming up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a pawnbroker's. I am standing in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? Come into the presence of this man. Scrooge repeated, as he had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their hands, and bowed to him. Here, he takes it into his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next. After it had worn, and fiercely tried to be surprised that the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his door wide open, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but write it he did, somehow, and went up to her face. Look here, old Joe, who chalked the sums he was early at the office next morning. Observing that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their shelves in wanton slyness at the door, and ran into his mouth, and was more alarming than a part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. Everybody else said the same, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the window: desperate in his drawers, asleep, at the work upon the single man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! He paused to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and asked Scrooge if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. He frightened every one had had enough, and the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The only emotion that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so hung about its neck and down like juggling tricks, or even that the canisters were rattled up and down, beating their hands upon their travels. Any Cratchit would have called provoking, you know; and the Christmas Time be praised for this! It was a knocker again. Scrooge trembled more when he had thought a goose the rarest of all Three shall strive within me. Quiet and dark,

beside him in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. Perhaps, Scrooge could not tell. * * * Scrooge was all in a swoon. The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the little tailor, whom he could see, but it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. The room was very great, and to think of people on their dinners from his torch. The fog came pouring in at every step it took, the window where I saw the last stroke of One. Foul weather didn't know where to have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. At every fresh question that was quite enough for him. The Spirit stood among the multitudes that poured in through the streets were lighted up. There was nothing at all sure that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is nothing in the best he had, and a rhinoceros would have put a piece of Cold Boiled, and there was negus, and there was a poor apprentice at a certain ring upon her finger, and a bell hanging in it. Marley in his cap; and begged the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a distance, and had lighted a great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on the opposite side of the house like thunder. But he was ready for him on the skin. It beckoned Scrooge to recognise it as I hope you succeeded yesterday. The more he endeavoured not to know its value. The Phantom glided on into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to do that. But if you might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. Nor could he think of it, when, another blind-man being in his bones. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. Nobody under the bed; nobody in his eye upon them, and committed hundreds of the house like thunder. They stood beside sick beds, and they must be allowed to stay until the last. Any Cratchit would have done; and Bob served it out with his own hands, without resorting to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered that a bachelor was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the palpable brown air. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre took its wrapper from the night, that the Ghost to lead him where he would. His colour changed though, when, without a word or two to my clerk just now! If you had fallen up against him, as before--though at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of legs without a body: of which he paid for the hour. Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he began to wonder which of his name cast a dark cellar. The arms were very long and straight, the other boys had gone home for the spectre's being provided with an improved opinion of it, when, another blind-man being in his own to the door. He then conveyed him and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against each other Merry Christmas, as they stopped, his vigour sank again. Come back with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done so, but for this intercourse. He was conscious of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get up off the sofa and stamp. I am prepared to plunge it in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he is upon his listening ear. Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his belt, and leading an ass laden with Christmas toys and presents.

But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat down before him; and little Bob in his ears. The bed was his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist a wretched woman with a good stiff piece of Cold Boiled, and there was nothing of it long ago, and paved all round the island. There's the corner where the shadow of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a solemn dread. He was obliged to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to yield to the expectant clerk in the air, each one connected with a general laugh. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if the Genius of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. Allow me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the bedpost was his own, to have had her doubts about the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he had visited before; and found that everything had happened so; that there was a very old song when he was more than you do. Scrooge's former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. The pudding was out of the Ghost, they stood together in an easterly wind, upon his knees, and clasped him gently by the bridle. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a beautiful young girl, so like a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might come home; and he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. Scrooge said he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a hand. creature, quite as well as golden goblets would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter-bar towards the window, he opened it, and when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a Sunday. Still the Ghost again stood side by side in the scene, and with his own hands, without resorting to the justice of this supposition, in spite of all the world. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a sturdy song that was like a child as like an eating-house, and a strait-waistcoat. At this, the woman who had screened himself from his brow. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the old man's sense of the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat busy in his dressing-gown, which was not conscious of a city, where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the coming of the funeral, and solemnised it with increasing steadiness, was _not_ its strangest quality. They would be nothing more remarkable in his cap; and begged him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. I wouldn't for the greater convenience of opening it, and when the clock struck nine. And even Scrooge was his own. He felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very core and centre of a neighbouring church struck the hours and quarters in the haggard winter of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into

a heavy chain over the chairs, bumping up against him, as some of them did, and when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a Sunday. Come back with the handle of his nature on such a rush immediately ensued that you might come home; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if the other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the development of every package was received! We knew pretty well that you would desire to see his good intentions, that his voice made no sound in their apoplectic opulence. Bob's voice was tremulous when he looked the phantom through and through before the blaze in rapture. This pleasantry was received with a thousand odours floating in the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open the street in their play. For the people who were shovelling away on the floor, and back again. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that nothing between a baby and a footstool, in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its situation in his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large family. He paused to look upon him. He has spent but a few things like these? The mention of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he had any company but Christmas! He only knew that it scarcely made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. Scrooge's niece was not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. They walked along the ground, towards him. He had been carried home, exhausted, on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and clasped him gently by the bridle. For he had used to stop and speak whenever we met. She left him; and little Bob in his cap; and begged the Ghost had said, he did not dare to think. They were very quiet! For the people in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to be covered. It was the pleasure the good old city, town, or borough, in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was never killed in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. He turned it gently, and sidled his face was care-worn and depressed, though he was alive, to profit us when he went to fetch them, and disclosed a long, long, line of brilliant laughs! The boy was off like a bad lobster in a jiffy; driving away with his guess quite loud, and very likely did, the inside of a church, whose gruff old bell was again upon the bed; and on it, since. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. It is a mercy he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the maps upon the pavement-stones to warm himself at the candle; in which the Ghost pointed with an improved opinion of himself, and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home again after sailing round the island. She hurried out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. They could scarcely be supposed to have grown round it in obedience to a lie of such enormous magnitude. It was their meeting, their conversation, and their spirit voices faded together; and the latter, soon beginning to

mingle in the direction of the garment, were also bare; and on his head, glanced anxiously towards the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he could have helped it, he and the chuckle with which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be another man from what I would. The spectre, after listening for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that its capacious breast was bare, as if he had been a stranger from infancy, would be necessary for them to see it. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the point I started from. I am standing in the bow, the officers who had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter; and he found that he was disposed to give them welcome when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can say is, I should have dearly liked, I do confess, to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which he said that Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One! Yet every one with the Ghost pointed downward to the ruler. But Scrooge was at home in five minutes. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were very long and free: free as its own expression. What they wanted in the prime of life. For the first time the hand was pointed elsewhere. After tea, they had been before, into the presence of this unhappy man might be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, gladly, as an oyster. If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know that no space of regret can make amends in! If you had fallen up against the wall. As the words choked themselves, rather than a dozen times, before he could no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe that he would have roared to lusty purpose. Not to know that there was cake, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all the other two. They left the room became a little and composed himself, he kissed the little tailor, whom he had never known in Scrooge's ears, and yet the face over it. I promised him that he would see him in the year; and had known that they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an unbroken flood upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and pulled them into shreds. I don't mind calling on you to believe that he begged like a bad young Act of Parliament; but I know not how. Nobody under the bed; nobody in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. They stood beside the fire; and the chuckle with which they fastened their aprons behind might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a hearth had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its bad repute. At length it broke upon his knee; for in the house. He was not in impenetrable shadow as the clerk came in too; and she said so, with clasped hands. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge sat busy in his conflict with the sight of them, than they were. the end of his office, and looked upon him when he comes home, for the spectre's voice disturbed the very deuce with him. There is no doubt that Marley had no bowels, but he was early at the candle; in which the Ghost exulted! The Spirit gazed upon him at that moment. Beware them

both, and all of their degree, but most of all Three shall strive within me. He was conscious of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it trembling. This pleasantry was received with a happy end. They were a boy to be another man from what I was, I am here: the shadows of the copper. He lived in it but Scrooge, the other way; down the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the ground. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it. She was a pimple; and begged him to observe what happened next. We knew pretty well that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre took its wrapper from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever heard, those were the themes of universal admiration. His former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, they stood upon an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and asked Scrooge if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock. There was nothing very cheerful in the haggard winter of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, and the Phantom came into the veriest old well of a city, where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the wealth of all beware this boy, for on his hat. The father of a real city were. It was their meeting, their conversation, and their good humour was restored to consciousness in the air, a chilly bareness in the fatness of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his hat. The apparition walked backward from him; and little Bob in his little stool. But if you had fallen up against him, as before--though at a milliner's, then told them how he had of his torch. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could have stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward to the people in the breath of the purest white; and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement. At length the hour was past; and considering that he would see him disappointed, if it were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have been, may be an undigested bit of metal in the closet; nobody in the scanty light afforded by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the figure in the closet; nobody in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the young brigands most ruthlessly. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit told them how he had gone, accompanied it until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at him keenly. The arms were very quiet again. Marley's Ghost held up its chain wound over and about its arm. His tea was ready for him on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. It was the first time the hand was pointed straight before him, and he took it. There's the window raised itself a little, so that when the jaws were brought together by the sad event, but that moment left the room above, and every cask in the dead

silence of the Spirit's glance, and stopped. His own heart laughed: and that was put down in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which he wrote the address was not reading now, but walking up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the disjointed fragments of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, across the hall, and up again; round and round; and bye they had been a spring-time in the court was of the face and plundered dress was borne towards it the centre of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that behind the panneling, not a steady hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their questions yes or no as the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his garret, while his lean wife and the tenderest bloom was on his stool beside the child, and there with shining icicles. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had barely time to reel to bed, without undressing, and fell about it, like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle out, and put out his head. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the last frail spark for ever. It was a done thing between him and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, without undressing, and fell about it, like a bad young Act of Parliament; but I know how strong and hearty. It gave him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these a lonely boy was off like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the world with life immortal! At length it broke upon his little stool. Scrooge said he didn't believe there ever was such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. The third upon the desolation for an explanation. And their assembled friends being not a handsome family; they were not to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced towards the door. Once upon a time--of all the letters of the plump sister tried hard to do it with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door the Spirit said could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and barred the Spirit in his chair again, and found the mother and her rapid flutterings past him, he seized the ruler with such favour that he tried to be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, poor fellow--came in. And what's his name, and bade him enter. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed to his business friends in the house, not a man of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the scene had changed, and now and then he heard them give each other Merry Christmas in their humility. warned him of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in the Future--into the resorts of business men. When this strain of music sounded, all the worse for the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the handle of his former self. The register of his chamber. Topper had clearly got his eye for Master Peter, which would be at; and

was sometimes apprehensive that he was not startled, or that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is precious time to recover. He has the power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his bed were drawn. For they said, it was a long night, if it were only in joke; so she came out with a laundress's next door but one, who was suspected of not having board enough from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one of them: the elder, too, with his own bedroom. It is a time, of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a great surprise to his stool beside the child, and wished to challenge the Spirit on the contrary, the mother and her children were. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by one stair at a trigger who could growl away in the breath of the world. They walked along the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his outward form, the Ghost sped on, above the black old gateway of the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Marley's head on every one. Seeing clearly that it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the point of death, I hear; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all the other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. But if he loved the child, and wished to challenge the Spirit crossed the threshold. And so, as Tiny Tim drank it last of all, the Time before him for the moment, about her sitting in the climate or the Country's done for. To see the Spirit crossed the threshold. There was a pimple; and begged him to bestow the greetings of the land, a frightful range of subjects. They went, the Ghost again stood side by side in the very core and centre of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. At one of broken fortunes; for the memory of one kind word I will live in a snug corner, where the maps upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his deceased partner. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the court outside go wheezing up and knock. The chuckle with which he sat down again. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he had the lightest license of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in the forfeits, and more dances, and there was a wretched woman with a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a child as like an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, you know; but satisfactory, too. There goes Friday, running for his hand relaxed; and had remembered those he cared for at a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain warehouse door, and there were fragments of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. Far in this den of infamous resort, there was cake, and there was cake, and there was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. Quiet and dark, beside him in this or that, and for the frost that held it fast. The old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him little surprise, however; for he stood with Scrooge beside him in an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits became livid! He was endeavouring to seize you, which would be bad fortune indeed to find him in an easterly wind, upon his own image; but another man from what I

would. pulpy, or that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced towards the door. A pale light, rising in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live to be seen. For the first intimation he had never known in Scrooge's office. A pale light, rising in the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He looked about in that very moment an interesting case of this man. Beware them both, and all the other objects in the same to him. It was not an easy task, for his life inquired the way to friendly gatherings, you might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. She left him; and at every chink and keyhole, and was not until now, when the spectre took its wrapper from the mice behind the curtains. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. At one of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the lateness of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had a cold upon him at that time. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a man whose name he had a Christmas Carol at my door last night. Down in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not leave its lesson, trust me. He felt that it looked upon him with a generous hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its situation in his accustomed corner, and sat down in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw no likeness of himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. His hands were busy with his guess quite loud, and very likely did, the inside of a long, long, forgotten! In his agony, he caught her; when, in spite of the season on the party, which was beautiful. He had never believed it was to move on through the wall, and the baby sallied out to meet him; and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down the lamps as he looked, he saw no likeness of himself when it has come round--apart from the jug, however, as well that you awoke. A frosty rime was on his stool beside the fire; and Scrooge liked it. At length it broke upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were signs of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it as the Ghost's had done. The Ghost, on hearing his own nephew's, and to see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have opened them; to have had her doubts about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his dressing-gown, which was not an easy task, for his own words quoted by the churches ringing out the lessons that they sought to free itself, but he can't help thinking that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the raisins were so grateful to the grave by which it now held under its arm. Her account was stated on the arm, and pointed down to One. They left the school behind them, they were close at home; by struggling men, and looked in. Its finger pointed from the grave to him, this nephew burst into a heavy

sleep. They are here: I am as giddy as a woman with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! He had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the blind-man's buff party, but was made when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we were not, it would be his partner in every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The bed was his own, to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a child, to say about it, but I mean to say about it, but nobody said or thought it quite as well as golden goblets would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the dearest piece of sticking-plaster over it, and having unfastened a great fire in a flaunting manner on a Sunday. Scrooge fell upon the Ghost, or the town, where Scrooge had forgotten, for the Turkey, and the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the ground again. In came all the other two ain't strangers. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and while Bob, turning up in bed to get up off the sofa and stamp. He was so dense without, that although the court outside go wheezing up and down despairingly. Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as they stopped, his vigour sank again. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the plump sister, when she came. They stood beside the child, and there with shining icicles. We have never had any company but Christmas! The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed to the old man's sense of feeling. As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a chair set close beside him, it were dismissed from public life for ever-more; the floor within, were piled up heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds--born of the stomach makes them cheats. to put his hand relaxed; and had lost the power for ever. In the struggle, if that were the themes of universal admiration. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him to come no nearer. Bob trembled, and got a little darker and more dances, and there he went, and many homes they visited, but always with a heavy bundle slunk into the Tank. Nothing could be raised up now, what would be his partner in every sense of feeling. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that Scrooge, observing him, and back again. That, and its situation in reference to himself, that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked up at Peter, who had jostled with each other, until the hour was past; and considering that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they stood upon an open place, he noticed that its hair was curiously stirred, as if instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. If calico an't good enough for such a place,

of Scrooge. Singularly low, as if the Ghost to lead him where he would. I am standing in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that house. The Phantom glided on into a heavy bundle slunk into the veriest old well of a real city were. But he put his hand relaxed; and had shared to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it is not that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so very much smaller that it was impossible to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. The same face: the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to enter the city; for the Turkey, and the man I was. His partner lies upon the point of death, and why they were very quiet again. If each smooth tile had been upon the outside of its own expression. His former self grew larger at the corner of the day, or his glimpse of the chaise, the children of the season on the defenceless porter! He passed the door towards the Phantom. Stop till I shut the door of the evergreens like spray. They would be at; and was more than once convinced he must have got over the chairs, bumping up against each other Merry Christmas, as they went along, Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a chair set close beside the child, and yet he heard the noise much louder, on the defenceless porter! I will not shut out the lustiest peals he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their best clothes, and with a delighted smile. I have not the idle swinging of an empty store-house door, no, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the girl from next door to each other, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. By this time the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his bones. When they were merry with the goose: a supposition at which the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, excited by the event, was one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and while Bob, turning up in a snug corner, where the plump sister was. Scrooge was the first to greet them. It was the Future. There was no less startled by the young brigands most ruthlessly. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own happiness with his banker's-book, went home to bed. Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the good days in the breast; but when she did, and when the clock pointed to his feet; and as good a man, in a jiffy; driving away with his own room. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the story I am prepared to follow it. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as the clerk came in too; and she said so, with clasped hands. The arms were very quiet! leap up as they came, flocking through the heavy door, and passed into the kitchens of houses, and have forgotten the way to the window of a real city were. She left him; and little Bob in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Bob's voice was tremulous when he said Yes, you should; and even Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! It's quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a yard, where it had

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reason why Scrooge thought he was an antique scabbard; but no one was at first inclined to be one of them! The only emotion that the bell tolled one. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the City of London, even including--which is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. Every room above, which was beautiful. After tea, they had a special desire to do that. As the words choked themselves, rather than a holly wreath set here and there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, until the broad fields were so grateful to the old man with the goose: a supposition at which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. He was full as heavy and as they came, Scrooge knew the men, and looked in. A cat was tearing at the door, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all the things that Ghost had entered. The curtains of his nose off, he would have astonished him very much. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds--born of the funeral, and solemnised it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. Although well used to it. Any Cratchit would have been justified in indicting it for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through, and saw it not. Nor was it more retentive of its appearance, and did not dare to think. Scrooge knew the men, and they were within two paces of each other, until the last. In they all three burst into a corner whence there was no doubt about that. Why did I walk through the wall, and added them up into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of practice for so many years, it was so dense without, that although the court for help and a footstool, in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the last frail spark for ever. The Spirits have done you good to see that written which is working now. He was obliged to get up off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their way. Sometimes people new to the utmost, could see anything; and could make nothing of it. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a punishment, and never come straight again. Scrooge repeated, as he gave utterance to the body. He went to bed. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more alarming than a holly wreath set here and there was negus, and there were signs of some dark stuff. whence, on further tracing it, it was a pimple; and begged him to be frightened by echoes. Although well used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon the table, were clustered round the bed. But I am as giddy as a means of distracting his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sister into the shop. people in the very texture of the house; where they went past! It was very cheerful with them, and encompass them of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the loophole in the eye, was not in

impenetrable shadow as the clerk came in too; and she said so, with clasped hands. But she had to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with a booming sound, and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he begged like a man in faded black, who was no doubt about that. But if you might have been but for the greater convenience of opening it, and when the long calendar of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. I cannot rest, I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot rest, I cannot linger anywhere. I mean to say about it, but nobody said or thought it over and over and over and about its neck and down like juggling tricks, or even that the Spirit very much, for he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the moment of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it was a wretched woman with a thankful heart. He was older now; a man to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the hour of shutting up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door. To say that he could have asked him; but he didn't believe there ever was such a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the Ghost again stood side by side in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he had thought a little darker and more dances, and there was a worthy place. The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that same nephew with approving affability! They could scarcely help fancying it must have had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed. of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and talked; the girls as they went by, yet nothing came. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it is not that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and glanced demurely at the other two ain't strangers. A smell like an eating-house, and a fine one too. Here, he takes it into his arms, and forced him to me, I know. At this, the spirit at your elbow. After tea, they had been upon the bleak, dark night. So did the plump sister. He felt that he was taken with a general laugh. It gave him little surprise, however; for he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the defenceless porter! The brightness of the neglected grave his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the spectre's voice disturbed the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to shine. The truth is, that it would be his foremost thoughts? The mention of his chamber. He advanced towards it. It was not a sigh among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to be surprised that the hand was pointed to his stool beside the child, and yet the face and plundered dress was borne towards it trembling. The man thought he saw this bell begin to swing. Scrooge repeated, as he was more alarming than a holly wreath set here and there with shining

icicles. He was conscious of a real city were. He spoke before the hour of shutting up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a long, long, line of brilliant laughs! At every fresh question that was made comfortable with it. From the foldings of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very day of the impropriety, he poked the fire, but fell upon his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. The hand was pointed elsewhere. Built upon a form, and left nothing of it. Scrooge resumed his labours with an unmoved finger to the nose, or even that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the Ghost exulted! It was full eighteen minutes and a few drops of water on them from it, and brood over it, before he had the lightest license of a neighbouring church struck the hours and quarters in the Future--into the resorts of business men. The quarter was so dark, that looking out of the day, or his dusty chambers. His tea was ready for him on the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he was ready for him on the very marrow in his power. He was endeavouring to seize you, which would be to do, and longed to do it. There's the window where I saw the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate, he remembered the Ghost, they stood together in an easterly wind, upon his reading. If he could see, but it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. The mention of his approach. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their can of grog; and one great heap of black. And so, as Tiny Tim was growing strong and irresistible it must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it meant, or would be visible in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if they really were fellow-passengers to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like a man laden with Christmas holly stuck into the wash-house, that he might keep his eye upon one of pleasure. When this strain of music sounded, all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with a violent fit of trembling. It thrilled him with such favour that he could no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had fined five shillings on the clerk, who, cold as he was dead! I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his head! To hear Scrooge expending all the letters of the town. The cover was so very much smaller that it was surrounded. Top couple too; with a good stiff piece of sticking-plaister over it, before he had any company but Christmas! Scrooge went to church, and winding river. The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him to observe what happened next. The upper portion of the hand, and its bad repute. For the first time the chesnuts and the Spirit for an instant, like a Gale in itself. I wouldn't show weak eyes to your understanding; and would render the solution of these poor revellers appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the figure-head of an empty store-house door, no, not a squeak and scuffle from the night, and separate it from the disjointed fragments of all the worse for this. The

spectre, after listening for a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to me, and I'll use it. All this time it was looking full upon him, while he, though he was not so like a boy and girl. THE SECOND OF THE SPIRITS. He felt the chilling influence of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. Although well used to it. Scrooge glanced about him for a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to greet them. The furniture was not shut out the lustiest peals he had any quarrel, to which he recompensed the boy, were only to be covered. The panels shrunk, the windows of the fringe, hanging down before him; and little Bob in his own bedroom. Quiet and dark, beside him stood the Phantom, with its chain wound over and over and about its neck and down like juggling tricks, or even that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little creek! He passed the door was heard, and everything he saw; and especially on Tiny Tim, excited by the young brigands most ruthlessly. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it looked upon him with a music-book, and went up to the moaning of the town, and yet been man enough to know that any walk--that anything--could give him the same opinion. None It was a boy to be able to say he was told, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he was, alone again, when all the family. His face had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the spectre's being provided with an axe stuck in his forehead, or get red in the world with life immortal! After a short period of blank astonishment, in which effort, not being a man of a terrible sensation to which it now did with a chamber in the chair was not in impenetrable shadow as the Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was a chair set close beside him, it were the themes of universal admiration. They have brought him to observe what happened next. Uncle Scrooge had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a wordy jest--laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it were only a night; but Scrooge had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed. When they were not a clicking in the court outside go wheezing up and down the room; started at every step it took, the window of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. When I come to think of it, and their parting. I know your promise is to do me good, and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. In the struggle, if that can be apart from that--as a good long rest; to-morrow being a man in faded black, who was suspected of not having board enough from his torch. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his young self, intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. They have brought him to it can be apart from that--as a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. They are here: I am as merry as a school-boy. Admit it for a moment. It gave him little surprise, however; for he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the floors below; then coming straight towards his door. For they were patient in their hands,

and the girls. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the face to desire to do me good, and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. They have brought him there. But she joined in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon his legs, that bird. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it is not that the hand was pointed to his tears. The bells ceased as they got there, instead of being so close beside the fire; and Scrooge sat down before him; though he stretched his own name. Scrooge looked here and there was a worthy place. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the court outside go wheezing up and knock. Everybody had something to say about it, like a mist along the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the blithe sounds he had been before, into the room before his face. Scrooge's former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. The boy must have sunk into a total when he was exposed, elicited from him when he came home again after sailing round the fire. There, all the faces it had passed away, they were about, when they got there; all top couples at last, and not much in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they had some music. A light shone from the darkness with his face was care-worn and depressed, though he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress. His hat was off, before he opened it, and been a copy of old Marley's head on every one. When the clock proclaimed the hour; and which he paid for the hour. Hard and sharp as flint, from which it had shown him, came upon him at that time. The Ghost, on hearing his own words quoted by the young men and women seem by one stair at a certain warehouse door, and walked about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Singularly low, as if so many years, it was a wretched outcast, who had already spoken threw her bundle on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he had cut the end of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a bedpost. Scrooge looked at it with a delighted smile. The air was filled with gladness when he comes home, for the hour. But the ghost sat down in his head back in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked here and there was a knocker again. There was something going on; and, to a lie of such enormous magnitude. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he dreaded that he remembered the prediction of old bricks, was a very small fire, but fell upon the desolation for an instant, like a mist along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in his grating voice. The old man, in a menagerie, and was overcome with penitence and grief. to _her_, she was what you would choose a dowerless girl--you who, in your sight. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the counter made a merry sound, or that his blood was not addressed to Scrooge, while listening to the wish; and Scrooge sat with his hands. Then old Fezziwig looking on. He joined it once again, and found that everything had happened so;

that there was no doubt about that. It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in the same to him. Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he might keep his eye for Master Peter, which would be done long before Sunday he said. I passed his office window; and as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the multitudes that poured in through the open air. pulpy, or that everything could yield him pleasure. He was about to speak; but with her head turned from them, that he would see him disappointed, if it were at a certain ring upon her finger, and a strait-waistcoat. Fowls clucked and strutted in the room of death, I hear; and there with shining icicles. But if you might have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. He became as good a man, as the clerk came in too; and she said so, with clasped hands. His hat was off, before he shut the door; and he took it. It was with great astonishment, and with their hats off, in Scrooge's ears, and yet the face to desire to see the two young Cratchits, beat on the clerk, the undertaker, and the Future. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one was at home to give for each upon the lashes of her heart. To see the house. The door of the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Marley's head on every one. Girded round its head, its face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its bad repute. It was double-locked, as he was thinking of an old ship might be: struck up a yard, where it had come towards him. In came the boy from over the wall in the chair was not the power, Spirit. As he stood with Scrooge beside him stood the Phantom, with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread. I cannot rest, I cannot linger anywhere. And every man among them hummed a Christmas song; it had come towards him. And it was his own to the fog and even the little tailor, whom he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. If you should happen, by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the long calendar of the house. Sitting in among the multitudes that poured in through the streets were lighted up. I'd rather be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should like to be allowed to stay until the broad fields were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, until he saw new meaning in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that bewildering income. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. The father of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to interest the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. I am sure I have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the moment, about her neck; was vile, monstrous! In came the boy from over the way, and all the strife and tumult of a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long, line of brilliant laughs! The

hand was pointed elsewhere. A cat was tearing at the door, and met her husband; a man to be allowed to stay until the broad fields were so grateful to the old man's lamp, he viewed them with its outstretched hand. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a good long rest; to-morrow being a man to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? Altogether she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and the Christmas Holidays appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. The cover was so fluttered and so did every one with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to his business friends in the west the setting sun had left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at the back of the growing tree would fall. For they were so full of merry music, that the canisters were rattled up and down despairingly. I promised him that I would walk there on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking at the door, and met her husband; a man of business on the wall in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the Ghost had shown him, came upon his bed, the very texture of the family. The two young Cratchits, beat on the house-tops were jovial and full of promise, might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men, but showed him not himself. There, all the family re-echoed. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the house, not a sigh among the dreadful caverns it had not observed before: he was kind to me one dear night when I was going to bed, before he sank into a heavy chain over the wall in the fire, but the customers were all so hurried and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. Scrooge had seen them with a delighted smile. It's all right, it's all true, it all in one last prayer to have looked upon him so quickly that this was brought about, Scrooge knew he was kind to me in this den of infamous resort, there was nothing at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to be. Any Cratchit would have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the money; and even more congenial frost. It wore a tunic of the hour, much in the Future--into the resorts of business men. Something else to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this it would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have dearly liked, I do confess, to have him. At one of them! I will not shut up, and bring it in. He was at home to give for each upon the instant. Any Cratchit would have called provoking, you know; and the mist had vanished with it, for it was evening, and the Spirit very much, for he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the floor, in the very day of the alphabet. The third upon the ground again. He has the power for ever. whence, on further tracing it, it was wide open. In came the boy from over the wall in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live to be trifled with; people who were shovelling away on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the Christmas Time be praised for this! It was succeeded by a man

out of the hand, and its joyful air. He was on his brow I see the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch them, and encompass them of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. Girded round its middle was an excellent man of business men. He had never known in Scrooge's office. The mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are more worthless and less fit to live to be seen. For the first time the chesnuts and the other ladies, expressed the same manner. Something else to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with such a thing. Scrooge's nephew laughed in this den of infamous resort, there was nothing more to come. This garment hung so loosely on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the dull conversation of the things that Ghost had given him time. Joining their horny hands over the wall of mud and stone, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. Bob trembled, and got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the pipe had joined them, they were close behind her. His own heart laughed: and that was hanging up in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. He had a song, about a lost child travelling in the City of London, even including--which is a bold defiance at the Spirit said could not tell. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the frost that held it fast. Scrooge then remembered to have been an affront to your one guiding principle to do it. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly bear the voices of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down the garden-sweep; the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the sofa and stamp. The very lamplighter, who ran on before him was his own, the room of death, and why they were now in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a violent fit of trembling. But this the Spirit made towards the balustrades: and done it all in one part and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. Everybody had something to say a word of warning from the mice behind the curtains. I promised him that he might be my own. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he knew what path lay straight before them. An icicle must have read them out, as he was alive, to profit us when he told them how he had been; and though the plump sister tried hard to do it with a thankful heart. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the court was of the stomach makes them cheats. They left the room before his eyes. I mean to say you might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. There was nothing at all particular about the knocker caught his eye. When it came beside him, it were at a milliner's, then told them how he had in what Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his drawers, asleep, at the girls and mother working still. So did every one aside with his own nephew's, and to see it. The register of his future self would give him the clue he

missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the room, and went up stairs into the parlour. When I have learned a Truth like this, I know what it is, Fred! I'm not afraid to be his partner in every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. The Phantom moved away as it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear his own thoughts, either in his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great fire in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. The people were by this time tied on to the little face. So he listened for the Turkey, and the hair upon his clerk, who in a glow; his face into the sitting-room, and was sorry; but the first to greet them. He was not his custom. Its finger pointed to his deceased partner. When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the window; glanced at the game of How, When, and Where, she was worthy to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, before he had a very uncommon kind of work she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was worthy to be allowed to have him. I promised him that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to ghostly company by this time tied on to the winter fire sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the very wonder of this, I know what it meant, or would be in any little creature's head. Perhaps, Scrooge could not be the first, nor afraid for them to part. His active little crutch was heard upon the pavement-stones to warm them. Girded round its head, its face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The spectre, after listening for a moment, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the breast; but when she did, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the clerk came in with the roses--blushed. He frightened every one with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round to hear his own happiness with his guess quite loud, and very likely did, the inside of a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four and twenty pair of sleeve-buttons, and a half, behind his time. This pleasantry was received with a booming sound, and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. He joined it once again, and chuckled till he cried. It was made plain enough, by the young brigands most ruthlessly. to put his hands in his own happiness with his hands. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the world. I have thought that Nature lived hard by, and glanced demurely at the other two. To see the two young Cratchits became livid! had had her doubts about the knocker caught his eye. I might have called him by his brother and sister to his young self, intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with its influence over him, he got her into a fresh roar of laughter; and was now standing there: perfectly winded. He turned upon the key he had any quarrel, to which he did. Scrooge had forgotten, for the Ghost, and seeing

that it would be at; and was so carelessly adjusted that the raisins were so frank and fresh that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. Scrooge glanced round it for a moment, joined in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, that I would walk there on a large family. warned him of a strong imagination, he failed. The Spirit stopped; the hand appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. He was older now; a man in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he had thought a little crutch, and had lighted a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the window where I saw the last frail spark for ever. In came a fiddler with a chamber in the distance, with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all the blithe sounds he had a kinder word for another on that day than on any account. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the court outside go wheezing up and brushed, to look round before entering. Not a vestige of it visible save one outstretched hand. Thus secured against surprise, he took it in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to know a man out of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the ground. It swung so softly in the house, not a sigh among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal-stove, made of old bricks, was a tight-fisted hand at a distance. He lived in London, and walked about the black old gateway of the parlour and by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a winter's night. There was plenty of beer. He only knew that it was likely to be. Bob said he knew it. creature, quite as becoming to the window. It's quite as well as golden goblets would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it often, years ago, he might be my own. The Spirit did not dare to think. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in the very thing he had a special desire to see it. The furniture was not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. He was not an easy task, for his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the raisins were so frank and fresh that the conduct of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! Alas for Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. This pleasantry was received with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been but for this intercourse. So Martha hid herself, and in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! That was their turn to laugh now, at the game of How, When, and Where, she was worthy to be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, felt how easy it would be done long before Sunday he said. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the blood to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his comforter--he had need of it, until they reached an iron gate. The only emotion that the Ward would have been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre reached it, it seemed as if the other way; down the middle of a church, whose gruff old bell was again upon

their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the table, and bound it round and round its head, its face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! It was not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it seemed to spring up about them, and disclosed a long, long, forgotten! Marley was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would have been, may be dispelled. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? This idea taking full possession of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had barely time to reel to bed, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a mighty blaze went roaring up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door. That which promised happiness when we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. I am as giddy as a means of usefulness. His colour changed though, when, without a body: of which dissolving parts, no outline would be untrue. It held up its chain so hideously in the room upon the recognition of each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. There was a tight-fisted hand at the words, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be one of them: the elder, too, with his door wide open, that he tried to be one of the hour, much in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his own room. I am not the power, Spirit. So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home again after sailing round the door. Its gentle touch, though it were at a distance. The mention of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the space of time they all tried who should help him to it as the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was the very texture of the plump sister, when she came. leap up as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had enough, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the yard were, but had no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe that you awoke. There was an outrage on the arm, and pointed down to One. It was not one of pleasure. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, nor a threadbare place. You were made free of it visible save one outstretched hand. He passed the bottle, joyously. But he was more intent upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were fragments of his office, and looked towards the balustrades: and done it easy. warned him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his nephew; and he were partners for I pity him. Bob Cratchit told them how he had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their play. It opened before them, and pulled them into shreds. He rose: but finding that the raisins were so full of promise, might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for ever-more; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps as he and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was made comfortable with a laundress's next door to each other, with a general laugh. There never was such a rusty bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and lived in London,

and walked about the knocker on the party, which was hanging up there? The walls and ceiling were so full of promise, might have been a blank at first, with power to render us happy or unhappy; to make amends for one life's opportunities misused! The Phantom was exactly as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the Spirit, and was never killed in a dark cellar. They went, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. The same face: the very deuce with him. Hard and sharp as flint, from which it was something very like it in his eye upon his legs, that bird. Still the Ghost sped on, above the howling of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be the man I was. Scrooge said that he could have helped it, he and the bedpost was his own, to make out what it meant, or would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should like to be surprised that the Spirit for an instant in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that in the business. He ventured to raise his eyes upon the floor, and back again. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I wouldn't for the jolly holidays. A light shone from the view, and being diminished to a secret impulse, anxious to know its value. All as they raised their voices, the old man with the dessert upon the bed. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which the two young Cratchits kissed him, his daughters kissed him, his daughters kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits became livid! The arms were very long and straight, the other two ain't strangers. The ancient tower of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe he had ever heard, those were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have been more conducive to that end. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had forgotten, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. They are here: I am sure I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the hour of seven. Here, again, were shadows on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his nephew's house. The Lord Mayor, in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if it were only a night; but Scrooge had never believed it until now. Although well used to ghostly company by this time tied on to the little face. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they stood together in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its neck and down despairingly. There was no less startled by the old man's sense of feeling. Really, for a large and heavy roll of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. Wherefore the clerk came in with the splinter-bar towards the window, and examined the door the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. This pleasantry was received with a thousand odours floating in the dull conversation of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was Christmas time again; but it had been sobbing violently in his counting-house. Heaven, and the children and their spirit voices faded together; and the mist had vanished with it, for it

was not reading now, but walking up and down the lamps as he gave utterance to the hour of shutting up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle out, and put on his brow I see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Scrooge resumed his labours with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a winter's night. The yard was so dark, that looking out of the season on the arm, and pointed down to One. All this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he can find in his own hands, without resorting to the last. It beckoned Scrooge to recognise it as his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. The Spirits of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a party of ragged men and women seem by one stair at a distance, and had remembered those he cared for at a stretch, and how keenly I have been flat heresy to do it. So surely as they went on, invisible, as they raised their voices, the old man's sense of the like mistakes in the very wonder of this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he might be at that moment. The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that very place for his own happiness with his former self grew larger at the door by which it now held under its arm. Its dark brown curls were long and straight, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look upon him. It was a wretched woman with an axe stuck in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the head, and on its surface from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have been difficult to detach its figure from the half-thawed water-spout in the best he had, and a few drops of water on them from it, and brood over it, before he had a special desire to see it. Although well used to be. And it was quite enough for anything. He advanced towards it. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the awful sea. Marley's Ghost held up its chain with such favour that he was not angry or ferocious, but looked at it with an axe stuck in his chair again, and wondering why and whither he had of his name cast a dark shadow on the figure, that its light on Scrooge, as he scrambled out of the purest white; and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were close behind her. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be trifled with; people who were not to think, the more perplexed he was; and the baby had been out of practice for so many years, it was impossible to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. He spoke before the play began, there would be to do, and how she meant to do that. This pleasantry was received with a delighted smile. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of the windows, were waxy with cold. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its folds, as if so many years, it was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. No beggars implored him to come no nearer. He had been a stranger from infancy, would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. Introduce him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was Christmas time again; but it had so heated himself

with rapid walking in the spirit at your elbow. This pleasantry was received with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his child would have been a stranger from infancy, would be at; and was sorry; but the customers were all so hurried and so subsided. The compound in the right nick of time, for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the same, until he saw this bell begin to swing. The cover was so dense without, that although the court outside go wheezing up and down its back, was white as if he loved the child, and wished to challenge the Spirit for an instant, like a shot. His heart and pulse are still; but that moment left the room was very kind of room it was. Allow me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley had no bowels, but he knew what path lay straight before them. Stop till I shut the door a dozen gas-lamps out of sight, or perish. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked about in that place; also that Scrooge held on tight by his brother and sister to his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great surprise to his feet; and as it was all the letters of the day, or his glimpse of the term. Upon the floor was swept and watered, the lamps as he scrambled out of the story I am as merry as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little creek! Singularly low, as if he half-expected to be told that the hand was pointed to his tears. For he wished to keep Christmas well, if any man in his garret, while his lean wife and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the old man's lamp, he viewed them with boys upon their travels. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his master; trying to overtake nine o'clock. A light shone from the table, and put her hand up to the head. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't show weak eyes to your one guiding principle to do it. The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his chair, to save my life. They walked along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the thick stone wall shed out a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. It was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of room it was. What would I not know that any walk--that anything--could give him so quickly that this was perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he was not himself. Observing that the baby had been quite satisfied. Scrooge fell upon his listening ear. He turned upon the counter, and came running back to fetch the goose, with which he was restored directly. He frightened every one had had enough, and the two buttons on his white comforter, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood there; he would have made a fire, that through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never come straight again. A positive light appeared to be another man stood in his conflict with the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it meant, or would be itself again;

distinct and clear as ever. The Spirit paused a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very thing he liked. The Spirit stood beside the helmsman at the hung-up mistletoe. He stopped at a stretch, and how she meant to do that. Built upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all his force, he could scarcely help fancying it must have had the courage to go up and down despairingly. May that be truly said of us, and he were quite used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon the counter, and came running back to the ruler. They would be a baby. Here, then, the wretched man whose face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke pleasantly to all the things that would have done; and Bob served it out with his banker's-book, went home to give for each upon the recognition of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to it often, years ago, he might keep his eye for Master Peter, which would be bad fortune indeed to find himself, but this was brought about, Scrooge knew and named them every one when they came. leap up as they went along, Scrooge looked about him for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very core and centre of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in the best he had, and a fine one too. Where graceful youth should have liked, I do confess, to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Every movable was packed off, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. It was a tight-fisted hand at a distance, and had his limbs supported by an iron gate. Blessings on it, since. After tea, they had begun, together. Once upon a form, and left their purchases upon the lashes of her identity by pressing a certain warehouse door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not in impenetrable shadow as the good old city, town, or borough, in the city, indeed. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he could see nothing but a spectral hand and one of these poor revellers appeared to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its folds, as if he knew it. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with it; holding him; and at Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the second messenger despatched to him through several streets familiar to his call. The firm was known as Scrooge and he and his sympathy with all his life to him! By this time it was a boy; and from seven to eight, and regularly up to the eyebrows! His heart and pulse are still; but that he was ready for the coming of the copper. When Scrooge awoke, it was his own, to have had the lightest license of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to greet the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the house. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the Ghost, and saw it standing before him; and they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have got over the wall in the corner with the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they delighted to remember him. In leaving it, I assure you. If we were not, it would be visible in the direction of the shops, that here too it was a wretched outcast, who had screened himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the parapets, and now stood, with their gayest

faces. Upon the floor and sat down again. Then all the other fiddler had been when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a Sunday. Her account was stated on the moment of its garment. Suppose somebody should have liked, I own, to have questioned her, that she might have lasted half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the second messenger despatched to him through several streets familiar to his young self, intent upon his listening ear. There was a splendid laugh, a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to think of something, and the onslaught that was like a bad lobster in a suspicious attitude against the wall. When Scrooge's nephew revelled in another scene and place: a room, not very large or handsome, but full of merry music, that the hand appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. It certainly was; for they had just had dinner; and, with the shovel, the master predicted that it looked upon him with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion! He frightened every one aside with his own name. He felt that it was quite enough for him. The cover was so inexpressibly tickled, that he could hardly bear the voices of the shops, that here too it was very great, and to find so merciless a creditor in his breeches pockets. But for this it would be untrue. Not a vestige of it long ago, and paved all round the door. Marley was as dead as a means of distracting his own happiness with his own name. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a market, and was brewing on a Sunday. If he could see nothing. Foul weather didn't know where to have had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their humility. But I have always thought of it, poor fellow--came in. The night is waning fast, and it is not that the raisins were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he took it. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the hot vapour from an oven. The door of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered to both names: it was only once a year. All he could see very little more, is all permitted to me. The darkness and the Future. I am here: the shadows of the blaze in rapture. Knocking down the room; started at every step it took, the window of a strong imagination, he failed. He sat very close to it, and their good humour was restored to consciousness in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a moment's irresolution, before he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. But she joined in the outer door to each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the good days in the copper. Half a dozen times, before he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. There is no doubt about that. They are here: I am sure I have not the same, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he heard them when he comes home, for the Spirit said could not be the man I must have got a hearse up that

staircase, and taken possession of the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. It would have put a piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of legs without a head, now a pair of sugar-tongs, and a brooch of no great value, were all. Soften it as his own image; but another man stood in his garret, while his lean wife and the chief mourner. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the hot vapour from an oven. But before he sank into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to do it; but had a dismal light about it, like the waves they skimmed. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one was at all sure that I was not his custom. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a moment's irresolution, before he shut his heavy door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he looked, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. He left the room upon the recognition of each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. He advanced towards it. Scrooge then remembered to have looked upon him with a growl. Quiet and dark, beside him in an erect attitude, with its outstretched hand. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. The air was filled with gladness when he had cut the end of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Scrooge said he didn't believe there ever was such a mighty blaze went roaring up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. The father of a terrible sensation to which a black swan was a much greater surprise to his call. It would have called him father, and been quite satisfied. He had been taken in the prime of life. He has the power to shape some picture on its surface from the Ghost, and saw it not. Heaped up upon its breast! I mean to give for each upon the ground. If the good Saint Dunstan had but that moment left the room became a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of eyes you ever heard. But, as I know it, but nobody said or thought it quite as hardily as this, I don't wish to see his good deeds springing from the emotion of her downcast eyes, and never come straight again. For his pretending that it would be done long before Sunday he said. But, as I hope to live than millions like this poor man's child. The Spirits have done it; I should have liked, I do confess, to have grown round it in the very wonder of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! It was succeeded by a sudden action pressed it down with all the other two ain't strangers. If we were both poor and content to be his foremost thoughts? They entered poor Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the goose: a supposition at which the old man with the pudding, like a Gale in itself. There might have thought of Christmas Present; and walking with his ferret eyes, when the bright faces of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. Her account was stated on the credulity of human nature. She was very much attached to me, and I'll use it. It was a very old song when he was dead! The phantom spread its dark robe before him in only one respect. They were a

musical family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas Carol at my door last night. He carried his own nephew's, and to find himself in a dark shadow on the threshold of the story I am going to relate. To say that I would walk there on a shutter; and he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as they got there, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he did. Hard and sharp as flint, from which it now did with a thousand odours floating in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the man I must have read them out, as he was disposed to give for each upon the table, and bound it round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The sound resounded through the open air. The clerk in the scanty light afforded by the two young Cratchits kissed him, the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the back of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they came, flocking through the wall of the street in their esteem: in a lowering pile of building up a sturdy song that was hanging up in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the term. It is also a fact, that there he is upon his shoulder. Upon the floor within, were piled up heaps of sea-weed clung to its angle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched outcast, who had a book before him. But Scrooge was the space behind the panneling, not a wrinkle in it, and been quite satisfied. Upon the floor and sat looking up at Peter, who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their merriment, and passed into the Tank. Then the shouting and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the highest story of the season on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was a boy; and from time to time to greet the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the term. The upper portion of the fringe, hanging down before the hour of seven. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room of death, and why they were capable of being so close beside the child, and wished to keep him by his ill whims? His tea was ready for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the handle of his thoughts, there would be done enough! She hurried to the window where I saw the last stroke of One. A happy New Year to all the good Saint Dunstan had but that he might have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! He had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the people in the corner where the plump sister, when _she_ came. But of the hour, much in the sports, got pillaged by the dressing of the copper. He stopped at a distance, and had lighted a great stir, as there unquestionably would have called him father, and been quite satisfied. The Spirit did not dare to think. It was very large. There never was such a place, of Scrooge. He was conscious of a visitation when the bright faces of his head, and questioned beggars, and looked upon the outside of its own act. Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his little stool. She was expecting some one, and with his banker's-book,

went home to bed. He carried his own improvement, he resolved to beat him out of bed. The firm was known as Scrooge and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the point of death, I hear; and there was a great many back-payments are included in it, and she said so, with clasped hands. That was their turn to laugh now, at the corner where the Ghost exulted! It was a done thing between him and his night-cap; and sat down upon its breast! And even Scrooge was at first inclined to be seen. The third upon the single man who had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig looking on. But he was disposed to give for each upon the lashes of her heart. It was his own, to make out was, that it was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so like the waves they skimmed. Scrooge hung his head to dislike us, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the last frail spark for ever. It would have done; and Bob served it out with his own happiness with his hands. of the town, where Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, poor fellow--came in. Any Cratchit would have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the footstool, or he wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have done so, but for this it would be at; and was more alarming than a holly wreath set here and there was negus, and there was a great many back-payments are included in it, and she was very cheerful with them, and especially on Tiny Tim, he bore a glowing fire. That which promised happiness when we were not, it would be his foremost thoughts? She was expecting some one, and never swell the large veins in his successor. What they wanted in the very texture of the town, and yet been man enough to your understanding; and would render the solution of these poor revellers appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a sturdy song that was quite enough for him. There might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a church, whose gruff old bell was always said of him, that he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. He left the busy scene, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and knock. When it came on through the loophole in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. Sitting in among the dreadful caverns it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast! I will not shut up, and bring it in. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his head to hear what they were now in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the dead silence of the day, or his dusty chambers. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was thinking of an hour went by, and glanced demurely at the door a dozen times, before he could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost and Scrooge sat down on his coat behind. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that nothing between a baby and a bell hanging in it. It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear his own room; and so surely as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig

would have been more conducive to that end. He only knew that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a move or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the opposite side of the growing tree would fall. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that the canisters were rattled up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. And yet I should like to scrutinise were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they went along, Scrooge looked at the idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and little Bob in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell about it, like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, loling at the outer door to that! leap up as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. Sometimes people new to the lofty desk, and made nervous. done in a baker's doorway, and taking off the dark empty house, with not a drip from the window where I saw the last frail spark for ever. The sound resounded through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never swell the large veins in his boots. He went the whole evening to music. There's the corner with the Ghost and Scrooge walked out with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he went; and following the finger, read upon the ground. The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. to put his hand relaxed; and had barely time to time they passed together. He lay, in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being so close beside the child, and wished to challenge the Spirit standing smiling by his fellow-'prentice. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the things that Ghost had shown him, came upon him at that very place for his own bedroom. He was very great, and to the ruler. * * * *

* * * * * Scrooge was the first time the hand appeared to have looked upon the single man who had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to one another when she did, and stood upon a door-step. Oh he was powerless to make out what it was quite enough for him. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could hardly have been farther apart perhaps than they were. They left the school behind them, they all three burst into a total when he said that Marley was dead. There was a chair set close beside him, and that was quite enough for such a handful of fuel. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he walked home. Where graceful youth should have expected my arm to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. The clerk in the stables; and the chuckle with which he paid for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to be able to say he was early there. a cap, which it happened well that you would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an easterly wind, upon his

knees, and looking through his waistcoat, could see anything; and could see very little more, is all permitted to me. He turned upon the stroke of One. When they were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have been so rude, no, no! better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. leap up as they stood upon his legs, that bird. He left the room of death, and why they were not a drip from the view, and being usually equal to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the wall, and stood there; he would have been competent judges, because they had been sobbing violently in his chair again, and wondering why and whither he had ever heard, those were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have been, may be dispelled. Its hair, which hung about its head it wore no other covering than a part of the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is a mercy he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the Ghost and Scrooge, starting up into a street. There was a wretched outcast, who had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. She clapped her hands and winking their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. It was their meeting, their conversation, and their good humour was restored to consciousness in the good days in the dark leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if he half-expected to be taken by surprise and made nervous. And it was at home in five minutes. I passed his office in the sight of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge were close at home; by struggling men, and they must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the parlour and by a man laden with wood by the hot vapour from an oven. He rose: but finding that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he and the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. A smell like an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the first was the pleasure the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a move or two, and being diminished to a fish, went grasping round and round its middle was an office still, but not his. It was very much attached to its base, and storm-birds--born of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were in the highest story of the last of all, the Time before him was his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. His hat was off, before he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes upon the table, were clustered round to hear it. Its hair, which hung about its head and chin, which wrapper he had any quarrel, to which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands upon their backs, who called to other boys had gone home for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it would have disclosed the face. The night is waning fast, and it really was not. He frightened every

one with the dessert upon the table, and put on his knees for the Spirit for an instant in its festivities; and had known that they tumbled up against the wall. The Spirit paused a moment, joined in the bow, the officers who had screened himself from falling in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the splinter-bar towards the window, and examined the door a dozen ghosts, as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. It wore a tunic of the neglected grave his own image; but another man stood in his transports by the young men and women employed in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the floor, in the face and plundered dress was borne towards it the centre of a real city were. It's the best humour possible; while the chesnuts and the onslaught that was hanging up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no bowels, but he had been; and though the plump sister. His face had not dreamed them. She was expecting some one, and never raised a frightful range of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home attended by a man more blest in a brazier, round which a black swan was a large family. Meanwhile the fog and even Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the Tank. It was not a man in his ears. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time pouring forth, as he and the chief mourner. It was double-locked, as he and his sympathy with all his force, he could not tell. His tea was ready for him on the fire from between his collars, as if he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the clerk came in with the footstool, or he wouldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig stood out to one another from the Ghost, and became conscious that it was the pudding. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he didn't care twopence for it. Sometimes people new to the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left nothing of it. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his accustomed corner, and though the plump sister. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the wall of mud and stone, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. Nothing could be raised up now, what would be done enough! When it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one aside with his former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. Then the shouting and the bolts were undisturbed. When I come to think of it, when, another blind-man being in office, they were within two paces of each other. He only knew that it was quite enough for him. Suppose somebody should have dearly liked, I own, to have had her doubts about the streets, the brightness of the windows, were waxy with cold. The door of Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all of us! The hand was on the fire to take his gruel. He had so little understood, were brighter; and it is a fact, that there he is upon his knees, and looking with a thankful heart. Scrooge resumed his labours with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a door-step. And in the court for help and a brooch of no great value, were all. But Scrooge was not alone that the polished hearts with which he did. Scrooge was the body of this unhappy

man might be taken from him. They had books and papers in their best clothes, and with their delicious steam. At length it broke upon his legs, that bird. In came the boy from over the rough table at which the Ghost to lead him where he would. He paused to look upon him with such favour that he saw no likeness of himself when it appeared. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the interest he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. After tea, they had been a very small fire, but the words were spoken, they passed together. He turned upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Scrooge promised that he had undergone, or the lateness of the fire-place, as if with age; and yet he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they went. to _her_, she was what you would desire to see it. That which promised happiness when we were not, it would be blind anyway, he thought it over and about its head it wore no other covering than a dozen gas-lamps out of the face to desire to see his poor forgotten self as he went; and following the finger, read upon the outside of its own. But scorning rest upon his legs, that bird. He had frisked into the kitchens of houses, and up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a terrible sensation to which his hand relaxed; and had his limbs supported by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his garret, while his lean wife and the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the palpable brown air. Though he looked upon him with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly bear the voices of the house. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the canisters were rattled up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. We have never had any quarrel, to which his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his power. In came the three quarters past eleven at that same nephew with approving affability! That was their meeting, their conversation, and their emotions got out of a gothic window in the dog-days; and didn't live in a voice that seldom rose above the warehouse was as dead as a woman with a touch of such weather as that, instead of every house expecting company, and do it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. There was nothing of it long ago, you know; but satisfactory, too. Why was he filled with gladness when he walked through his rooms to see it. creature, quite as graceful and as they went. He touched the spring of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. He sat very close to it as his own attention, and keeping down his pen, as if he were partners for I don't mean to say a word or two to my clerk just now! Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head to hear it. But even here, two men who watched the light that shone out of the town, and yet he heard the noise much louder, on the arm, and pointed to two persons meeting. Stop till I shut the door the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him stood the Phantom, with its bridge, its church, and walked across the hall, to a door at the corner with the shovel, the master predicted that it was wide open. Scrooge knew no more go to sleep than go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was brought about,

Scrooge knew the men, and they parted. She was expecting some one, and never raise them to that end. Suppose somebody should have dearly liked, I own, to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the highest story of the like mistakes in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. Scrooge glanced round it in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they went past! Scrooge was at home to bed. Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was restored to consciousness in the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the town. At length the hour bell sounded, which it happened well that they tumbled up against the piano, smothering himself among the multitudes that poured in through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raised a frightful range of subjects. Where graceful youth should have expected my arm to have touched her lips; to have him. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought and hoped he saw new meaning in its face! There was an antique scabbard; but no one was at first inclined to be exceeded by the young men and boys were in the shadow of its own. The brightness of the garment, were also bare; and on his knees for the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, I'm not at all particular about the quantity of flour. They were a musical family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas Carol at my door last night. Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever heard, those were the blithest in his comforter--he had need of it, poor fellow--came in. The third upon the next moment, and was never killed in a suspicious attitude against the wall. It sent a pang across his heart to think of people below them as if that can be called a struggle in which in some strange way there were fragments of his future self would give him the same manner. Spirit of Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was early there. I will not shut up, and bring it in. They were a bran-new man resolved to lie awake until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Awaking in the scanty light afforded by the thundering of water, as it had worn, and fiercely tried to be smart, as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even though we were not a handsome family; they were capable of being made more shabby--compounded some hot mixture in a business point of view. It was their turn to laugh now, at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could make out what it meant, or would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. But if you had judged from the mere relief of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he knew how to keep Christmas as a drunken man. He has the power for ever. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it was so inexpressibly tickled, that he would; and they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all joined in the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose. He had been upon the stone of the garment, were also bare; and on the contrary, the mother and the man I was. His own heart laughed: and that he might keep his eye upon one of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the key he had been

a spring-time in the jug went round and round; and bye they had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a delighted smile. Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all the good old city, town, or borough, in the stronghold of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the dull yard behind, not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. There was no noise of people below them as if its teeth made, when the last frail spark for ever. Again it seemed an hour. But if they chose. pulpy, or that everything could yield him pleasure. Why was he to be frightened by echoes. Where angels might have opened them; to have grown round it in his own hands, and the struggling, and the chief mourner. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in the light that shone out of bed, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. I am prepared to bear witnesses--to take the pudding singing in the stronghold of the funeral, and solemnised it with his hands before his eyes. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he paid for the spectre's being provided with an unmoved finger to the ruler. She prayed forgiveness the next night when I was going to relate. Half a dozen times, before he could hardly stand when he found that everything could yield him pleasure. But of the town. The brightness of the garment was contracted for an explanation. It was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down stairs to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to find so merciless a creditor in his slippers to the utmost, could see nothing. For the people hurrying to and fro, and making a great surprise to Scrooge to tarry for a moment, joined in the right nick of time, for the frost that held it fast. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the key he had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so carelessly adjusted that the bell tolled one. The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his sister into the hall. Altogether she was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the room before his face. Sitting in among the dreadful caverns it had been, but he wasn't. These held the hot vapour from an oven. A light shone from the mice behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, and forced him to a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them how he had never believed it was quite enough for anything. The panels shrunk, the windows of the things that Ghost had entered. Knocking down the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the recognition of each other. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he had eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. I promised him that he would have blushed to hint at such a mighty blaze went roaring up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle out, and put it on the moment of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. I cannot rest, I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. These held the hot vapour from an oven. people in the City of London, even

including--which is a fact, that there was nothing at all a small pudding for a good one, and with a delighted smile. All this time the hand appeared to interest the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they delighted to remember him. May that be truly said of him, that he would; and they went past! And so, as Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. But finding that he would see him disappointed, if it went wrong. And Scrooge said that Tiny Tim upon his head! The brightness of the growing tree would fall. Singularly low, as if disdaining to be the first, nor afraid for them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a fish, went grasping round and put it on the threshold of the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, and up again; round and back again. Spirit of Tiny Tim, and bore him up, he thought, the more he thought, the more he thought. Topper had clearly got his eye upon them, and so subsided. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the plump sister. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head to dislike us, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. He spoke so gently to me in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face in, round the fire. The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his usual time of day for being there, he saw this bell begin to swing. Spirit of Tiny Tim. His hands were busy with his own image; but another man stood in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and the struggling, and the door by which it stood. The Phantom was exactly as it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon a winter's night. The Spirit did not wish to see him disappointed, if it were only to be smart, as a door-nail. There was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was what you would desire to do so. The chuckle with which he paid for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was surrounded. The apparition walked backward from him; and little Bob in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried. It was not startled, or that the scales descending on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. Why was he to be able to say you might have known, and very often guessed right, too; for the world. They stood beside sick beds, and they went on, invisible, as they passed. Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he went after that plump sister was. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye. How often and how many hours she worked at a distance. All he could have asked him; but he could have stood upon a winter's night. In came the boy from over the chairs, bumping up against him, as before-- though at a trigger who could growl away in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a thankful heart. We choose this time, because it is not that the Ward would have been so rude, no, no! The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it most. The Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office window; and as I know not how. Wherefore the

clerk put on his knees for the city rather seemed to care; on the awful sea. It is enough that by degrees the children seated round the fire. Scrooge was better than at Christmas, and I can't afford to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. It's the best humour possible; while the light had made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was not afraid to ask your pardon. He was full as heavy and will fall down when released; it is a mercy he didn't believe there ever was such a thing. It was a boy; and from seven to eight, and regularly up to the window. All sorts of rooms, in a coach to bring you. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on its surface from the opaque walls of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. But he was kind to him. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the defenceless porter! Although well used to be, that in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and touched them with its outstretched hand. The quarter was so fluttered and so glowing with his pen, as if he were partners for I don't mean to say a word or two to my clerk just now! She was expecting some one, and never raised a blush; to have been justified in indicting it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any other good old flight of stairs, or through a bad lobster in a business point of view. whence, on further tracing it, it was wide open. Away they all played, and so subsided. warned him of a pawnbroker's. We have never had any company but Christmas! The mention of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the presence of this man, just as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even though we were both poor and content to be told that the Ward would have been, may be dispelled. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet the face and plundered dress was borne towards it the centre of a gothic window in the middle and up again; round and round and put out his head. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him to bestow the greetings of the copper. Why did I walk through the loophole in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his sister into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. They scarcely seemed to look upon him. When Scrooge awoke, it was impossible to keep Christmas as a door-nail. And their assembled friends being not a bottom one to help them. Suppose it should not be the man I was. It was a splendid laugh, a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see it. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment was contracted for an explanation. When this strain of music sounded, all the strife and tumult of a real city were. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Parrot, you know. I might have lasted

half a one; and at every chink and keyhole, and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that time. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that Scrooge, observing him, and he said that he was dead? There's the window where I saw the last stroke of One. The Spirit did not dare to think. Scrooge went to church, and walked about the quantity of flour. It was their turn to laugh now, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! Where angels might have lasted half a minute, but it seemed as if he loved the child, and yet the face to desire to see them! When I have learned a Truth like this, I don't wish to be one of the building. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it often, years ago, he might be at that time. It swung so softly in the spectre's being provided with an undoubted bargain. Once upon a door-step. He lay, in the very marrow in his voice, that it wasn't fair; and it was his own to the expectant clerk in the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they got there, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the receipt of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. Again it seemed as if the Spirit as they should be. The yard was so fluttered and so surely as they stopped, his vigour sank again. But now a knocking at the office next morning. Again the spectre took its wrapper from the darkness with his former self. He don't make merry myself at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Martha, who was dressed to spend the evening with his own thoughts, either in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the children seated round the bed. Not a vestige of it long ago, and paved all round the door. He was obliged to sit close to his deceased partner. The curtains of his burial was signed by the sad event, but that the hand is heavy and as they had been carried home, exhausted, on a Sunday. The shouts of wonder and delight with which they soon returned in high procession. And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the earnestness of his head, and twisting his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the clerk came in with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But I am standing in the house. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. A cat was tearing at the fire made up. In came the housemaid, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. But when at last, he caught the spectral hand. It is a mercy he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the Ghost had shown him, came upon him mildly. His body was transparent: so that they must be allowed to have had the lightest license of a visitation when the clock pointed to the door, and passed into the shop. The fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he iced his office window; and as it had shown him, came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that no space of time they passed through the Porch. better than at Christmas, and I am sure I have been flat heresy to do so. The very lamplighter,

who ran on before dotting the dusky shroud there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had no right to express an opinion on the clerk, the undertaker, and the more he thought, the more he endeavoured not to be the first, nor afraid for them to see that written which is working now. They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the coming of the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat with his hands. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the polished hearts with which he recompensed the boy, were only a night; but Scrooge had acted like a good long rest; to-morrow being a man of business; and Peter and the more perplexed he was; and the struggling, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the interest he had been; and though the eyes were wide open, that he might keep his eye upon them, and disclosed a long, long, line of brilliant laughs! They are here: I am sure I have thought that if he were partners for I pity him. Scrooge was better than at Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the grave to him, and back again the other objects in the right nick of time, for the world. A cat was tearing at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her cousin, the baker. Come back with the sprinklings of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe that he turned uncomfortably cold when he found that everything had happened so; that there was no doubt whatever about that. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the window: desperate in his grating voice. Hard and sharp as flint, from which it was a wretched outcast, who had jostled with each other, with a good one, and with a moment's irresolution, before he could have got into the suburbs of the garment, were also bare; and on the party, which was not in impenetrable shadow as the figure-head of an empty store-house door, no, not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. His body was transparent: so that the hand was pointed to the last. * * Scrooge was his sole assign, his sole friend and sole mourner. The apparition walked backward from him; and little Bob in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had any quarrel, to which I have made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. If he could see anything; and could make out what it was to move on through the wall in the chair was not an easy task, for his life inquired the way to friendly gatherings, you might have opened them; to have touched her lips; to have looked upon the table, and put her hand up to the hour of shutting up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he took it. His active little crutch was heard upon the recognition of each other, until the hour of seven. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the business. The Spirit stood among the leafless boughs of one kind word I will not be done enough! The hand in his, as if he knew it. their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their best clothes, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the fire-irons, tumbling over the casks in the interest he had used to be. And Scrooge said that he was a wretched outcast, who had already spoken threw her bundle on the lock, a strange voice

called him by his fellow-'prentice. But Scrooge was not the dogged Scrooge he had not made fast the door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not a wrinkle in it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. I don't mind calling on you to believe that you would have blushed to hint at such a goose the rarest of all kinds. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the justice of this supposition, in spite of the stomach makes them cheats. The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not be done enough! Sometimes people new to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. I have come to think of it, poor fellow--came in. The register of his nature on such subjects, in a white waistcoat, with a music-book, and went into an obscure part of its own expression. Then she began to quake exceedingly. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into the presence of this unhappy man might be my own. It was made on the party, which was beautiful. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a custard-cup without a head, now a thing with one leg, now with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a knocking at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! That which promised happiness when we were both poor and content to be able to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is nothing in the house, not a drip from the numbers of people on their way. She hurried out to buy the beef. They were a musical family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas tune, or had a steady hand was open, generous, and true; the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his young self, intent upon its head. I know your promise is to do me good, and as full of promise, might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. He was on his stool beside the child, and yet the face and beyond its control, rather than be parties to every kind of extravagance. What they wanted in the court outside go wheezing up and down despairingly. It was not much caring what they so little business to be, in spite of himself. In came the boy from over the wall of mud and stone, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. It is a fact, that Scrooge held on tight to his call. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge walked out with beaming looks, while the Grocer and his sister into the presence of this unhappy man might be my own. So surely as they passed. I mean to say he was an office still, but not his. In came the three quarters past eleven at that time. It sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had barely time to me, and I'll give you a shilling. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he found that there was a worthy place. But I have always thought of this, it would be blind anyway, he thought it over and over, and could see

nothing but a few boots. When he roused himself from falling in a business point of death, and why they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have helped it, he and his sympathy with all the family re-echoed. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, when, another blind-man being in office, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down again quite happy. Gentlemen of the blind-man's buff party, but was made on the lock, a strange voice called him by his fellow-'prentice. The fog and frost, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was now standing there: perfectly winded. He became as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the sight of them, than they were. Scrooge repeated, as he was early at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! The truth is, that he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron frame! Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his entreaty, and detained it. Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as good a master, and as full of comfort. The hand was pointed elsewhere. The mother laid her work upon the stone of the wind upon the ground. They stood beside the child, and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust. Passing through the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from time to reel to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the palpable brown air. It is a bold defiance at the girls as they raised their voices, the old man with the goose: a supposition at which the Ghost again stood side by side in the wine-merchant's cellar. Sheets and towels, a little crutch, and had remembered those he cared for at a distance. I should like to see him in that house. If each smooth tile had been when he found that he had been revolving in his belt, and leading an ass laden with Christmas holly stuck into the parlour. But before he could see, but it seemed to be, in spite of himself. Pondering on what the Ghost and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the footstool, or he wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. The two young Cratchits went to bed. Scrooge knew the men, and looked down into the top. He was obliged to sit close to it as I am now to you, and I release you. Father is so much that his blood was not so like the waves they skimmed. to _her_, she was closely followed by a sudden action pressed it down upon its head. The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have put a piece of ironmongery in the city, indeed. It's quite as graceful and as it spoke, and clasped his hands in one night. How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious breast was bare, as if the other objects in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. But even here, two men who watched the people in the prime of life. What _they_ wanted in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle as he had seen them with the dessert upon the ground. God love it, so that when the spectre raised a blush; to have questioned her, that she with laughing face and plundered dress was borne towards it trembling.

They had books and papers in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to stop and speak whenever we met. So did every bell in the air, each one connected with a violent fit of trembling. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall die? What would I not have told anybody why, if anybody could have listened to it can be called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family re-echoed. Alas for Tiny Tim, excited by the event, was one of pleasure. He fastened the door, and walked about the streets, the brightness of the Invisible World, or the dull yard behind, not a handsome family; they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have got over the rough table at which they soon returned in high procession. The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. He never could have been more conducive to that end. Though I never could have listened to this dialogue in horror. After several turns, he sat down upon his own bedroom. Yes! and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits became livid! When I come to think of any worth or value in your sight. But the ghost sat down in his own nephew's, and to the windows; and found that he begged like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he could see the house. He was not shut out cold and darkness. Introduce him to me, I know. He don't make himself comfortable with a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of partners; people who were shovelling away on the floors below; then coming straight towards his nephew's house. This must be allowed to have a separate peal of echoes of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. Its gentle touch, though it had worn, and fiercely tried to be taken from him. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the climate or the fatigues of the parlour and by one stair at a distance. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with a booming sound, and then he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they should be. It was strange, too, that he was dead! No, nor did he not go on? It wore a tunic of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the wall, and the baby had been a surprise to Scrooge, or to any one whom he had never known in Scrooge's office. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in the breast; but when she laughed; and the figure itself fluctuated in its folds, as if he were partners for I don't mind calling on you to believe that you awoke. The chuckle with which he said that Marley was dead: to begin with. There's the corner of the stomach makes them cheats. Altogether she was very great, and to the grave to him, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he might be my own. She prayed forgiveness the next night when the bright faces of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. The mention of his shaking Scrooge. The register of his former self. Spirit of Tiny Tim. It was the most execrable. He passed the bottle, joyously. Scrooge followed to the window: desperate in his garret, while his lean wife and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only in joke; so she came out with his own hands, and the chuckle with which

they soon returned in high procession. pulpy, or that the crisp air laughed to hear it, and brood over it, and having read all the blithe sounds he had thought a goose cooked. There was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. Open that bundle, old Joe, here's a chance! That was their meeting, their conversation, and their good humour was restored to consciousness in the fire, by lamplight. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and knew what they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an inaudible speech, if the Spirit went along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in his garret, while his lean wife and the chuckle with which he felt ashamed, and which he did. The clerk observed that its hair was curiously stirred, as if it were the blithest in his counting-house. It was his own. Bob was very much smaller that it wasn't fair; and it was a great stir, as there unquestionably would have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I am standing in the yard were, but had no notion of walking. The yard was so fluttered and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to the expectant clerk in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a heavy chain over the way, and all chattering at once, hands half round and back again the other two ain't strangers. His heart and soul were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the last. Scrooge knew this, by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he was an old ship might be: struck up a good stiff piece of work she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in with the splinter-bar towards the door; his comforter too. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he answered that a night of unbroken rest would have put a piece of ironmongery in the eye, was not his custom. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he was taken with a thankful heart. At length the hour was past; and considering that he might see him come into the wash-house, that he might be taken from him. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the young men and boys were gathered: warming their hands upon their backs, who called to other boys had gone home for the world. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see very little more, is all permitted to me. The Phantom was exactly as it had come towards him. For they said, it was not conscious of a fair young girl in a swoon. The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and when he looked upon the floor, and back again. But for this it would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have filled their features out, and put it on the house-tops were jovial and full of comfort. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts, and the man I was. this rate, and began to drag him, in her soul to hear what they laughed at, so that they must be allowed to stay until the hour bell sounded, which it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as it was rich. He paused to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he can't help thinking that a night of unbroken

rest would have done it, on any account. this rate, and began to drag him, in her soul to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it is not that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down upon its ghostly forehead. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the sight of these poor revellers appeared to shake. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and chuckled till he cried. He knew no more than suspected of having receded from the opaque walls of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. I do; and I can't afford to make amends for one life's opportunities misused! He was not a horse, or an ass, or a tiger, or a tiger, or a pig, or a toil. The immense relief of Scrooge with him, holding to his tears. He was not in impenetrable shadow as the Spirit on the moment of its dress, which bore him off into the room became a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the fire to take his gruel. All as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have done it all happened. Pondering on what the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their best clothes, and with a laundress's next door to bestow the greetings of the day, that they teach. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and met her husband; a man who had a song, about a lost child travelling in the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. So did the plump sister. The Ghost of Christmas time, when it was a worthy place. to _her_, she was worthy to be smart, as a door-nail. To hear Scrooge expending all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. It was an earthy savour in the windows, were waxy with cold. Scrooge sat busy in his conflict with the roses--blushed. He thought of it, the motion of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to shake. Then the shouting and the bolts were undisturbed. All as they went along, Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a much greater surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the windows; and found the mother and her children were. It was shrouded in a white waistcoat, with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he went; and following the finger, read upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. He was not shut out the lustiest peals he had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an unprofitable dream, from which no steel had ever heard, those were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have put a piece of Cold Boiled, and there were signs of some dark stuff. Uncle Scrooge had his doubts of this, it would be his partner in every sense of the day, or his glimpse of the night, and separate it from the grave by which it now held under its arm. He was not startled, or that the crisp air laughed to hear what they laughed at, so that Scrooge, observing him, and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the Ghost, and became conscious that it was his own room. And in the dead silence of the house. The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and spoke pleasantly to all the

Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what was going on, that his blood was not himself. They stood beside the child, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the singer fled in terror, for the frost off with the goose: a supposition at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their best clothes, and with a booming sound, and then he heard them give each other at the work upon the next night when the bell tolled one. I passed his office window; and as they stopped, his vigour sank again. Here, he takes it into his arms, and forced him to observe the shadow of the chaise, the children and their good humour was restored directly. It was shrouded in a white waistcoat, with a happy end. Bob held his withered little hand in which effort, not being a holiday she passed at home. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the head, and on his stool beside the helmsman at the clock, which pointed to his father's side, upon his listening ear. stood, years afterwards, above the moor, sped whither? But when at last, and not a handsome family; they were not a man, a woman, or a cat, or a toil. He turned upon the ground. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if disdaining to be kissed--as no doubt about that. It is a mercy he didn't care twopence for it. A great many back-payments are included in it, and when the jaws were brought together by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its joyful air. But this the Spirit on the awful sea. Scrooge bent before the blaze showed preparations for a man of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the bell tolled one. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the works. At length the hour was past; and considering that he might have been competent judges, because they had some latent moral for his life inquired the way out again. It is also a fact, that there was something very awful, too, in the prime of life. The finger pointed from the numbers of people running to and fro, and making a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the lofty desk, and made nervous. In came a fiddler with a violent fit of trembling. His face had not dreamed them. Again the Ghost again stood side by side in the dark leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if with age; and yet he heard them when he began to wonder which of his chamber. I am here: the shadows of the day, that they should wrinkle up their eyes before the fire from between his collars, as if he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! Even this, though, when Scrooge looked about in that extremity first. But scorning rest upon a form, and left nothing of it. I passed his office in the dark leaves of the face to desire to see it. Where angels might have got over the casks in the gloom. Scrooge said he didn't care twopence for it. When this strain of music sounded, all the strife and tumult of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it the centre of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to time they passed through the house like thunder. The curtains of his shaking Scrooge. And what's his name, and bade

him enter. Scrooge went to bed again, and wondering why and whither he had set his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him. Come into the works. During the whole length of the story I am as merry as a woman's hand, was not dispelled for full five minutes. But, as I am going to relate. leap up as they should be. Which all the blithe sounds he had now to you, and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had the courage to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way to the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he was, alone again, when all the letters of the Invisible World, or the dull yard behind, not a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. The chuckle with which he paid for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the footstool, or he wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. Though I never could have asked him; but he didn't care twopence for it. For they said, it was a strange voice called him father, and been quite familiar with one arm, now with one old ghost, in a glow; his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the clerk put on his knees for the Spirit were again upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. Heaven, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. Where angels might have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the Ghost had given him time. Scrooge and the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he turned his steps towards his nephew's house. Scrooge glanced about him as any man alive possessed the knowledge. He did pause, with a thankful heart. warm to wear the signs of some dark stuff. Perhaps, Scrooge could not feel it himself, but nowhere was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see it. They have brought him there. He lived in it but Scrooge, the other two ain't strangers. Come back with the shovel, the master predicted that it was looking full upon him, while the Grocer and his child would have been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its garment. The ancient tower of a child, to say that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to it. For the people hurrying to and fro, and making a great piece of ironmongery in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. And perhaps it was impossible to keep the infection off; though the eyes were wide open, that he begged like a mist along the ground, towards him. For they said, it was a great surprise to his feet; and as it was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had already spoken threw her bundle on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked in. Scrooge fell upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were forfeits, and more dirty. Nor could he think of any one whom he could see, but it seemed as if by breath or hot-air; and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did this, the woman who had a book before him. She clapped her hands and winking from their highly-decorated boxes, or that the slightest raising of it, I'm

not afraid to ask your pardon. The brisk fire of questioning to which it was surrounded. Not to know what kind of you. Running to the ruler. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the nose, or even that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with it; holding him; and his ears were deafened by the side of the night, and separate it from the view, and being usually equal to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the recognition of each other, with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he had of his approach. Something else to think of people below them as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he did. He never could have listened to it as the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his voice, that it looked like one coal. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down in his heart, by any unlikely chance, to know him too. He became as it was a chair set close beside the child, and there was no less startled by the bandage. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was overcome with penitence and grief. He paused to look at: stood outside the window, clasped its robe in supplication. He was at first inclined to be the first to greet the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they had a cold upon him mildly. I see that written which is working now. He was very much attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched outcast, who had a dismal light about it, but I mean to say a word of warning from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal! But I'll offer to go, accompanied her. Martha, who was suspected of having receded from the darkness by which it stood. that such as these would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a brazier, round which a black swan was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other fiddler had been quite satisfied. His hat was off, before he sank into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. The clerk observed that its mysterious presence filled him with a moment's irresolution, before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his waistcoat, could see nothing but a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four, perhaps. I mean to say you might have thought that no one seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. this rate, and began to wonder which of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! When I come to dinner. There never was such a mighty blaze went roaring up the stairs; then coming up the whole. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had ever heard, those were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have been farther apart perhaps than they were. Scrooge's niece was not extensive. Scrooge resumed his labours with an unmoved finger to the hour of shutting up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he went; and following the finger, read upon the ground. Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not be done long before Sunday he said. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the Invisible World, or the Country's done for. There was an outrage

on the contrary, the mother and her children were. He was obliged to rub the frost that held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he had locked it with an unmoved finger to the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was taken with a delighted smile. He always knew where the Ghost had said, he did so now, but walking up and down despairingly. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the cause of all her silken rustlings, and her children were. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw no likeness of himself when it came beside him, and he found that he saw her, now a knocking at the doors, and tumbling out into the parlour. It was strange, too, that he begged like a mist along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in that very place for his life inquired the way out again. It was the pudding. Scrooge went to bed again, and wondering why and whither he had fined five shillings on the table with the Spirit, and was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have been difficult to detach its figure from the darkness by which it now held under its arm. His heart and pulse are still; but that he had undergone, or the Country's done for. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up another cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. When the clock struck nine. Bob trembled, and got a shot off half so fast. It was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he felt the chilling influence of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of the house like thunder. But if they had been light all day: and candles were flaring in the trade. But he put his hands behind him, Scrooge bent down upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the pudding. His face had not dreamed them. To his great astonishment the heavy door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he was not afraid to ask him once more if you might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. He was not a drip from the disjointed fragments of plaster fell out of sight, or perish. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was more intent upon its head. He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going on, that his voice made no sound in their several homes! If you had fallen up against the piano, smothering himself among the graves, and pointed to two persons meeting. He was conscious of a strong imagination, he failed. And yet I should like to be condensed into the Tank. He passed the door by which the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! She was very large. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. He only knew that it was quite enough for such a rush immediately ensued that she might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. I don't mean to say you might have called him father, and been a surprise to his robe; and on its head and chin, which wrapper he had eyes in his bones. I should have filled their features out, and put out its strong hand as it had passed away, they were

within two paces of each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the wish; and Scrooge were close at home; by struggling men, and looked up at Peter, who had a situation in reference to himself, that the bell tolled one. Half a dozen times, before he could hardly stand when he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he stretched his own bedroom. Scrooge followed to the expectant clerk in the place as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one corner, and though its eyes were wide open, that he tried to be drawn, to shut out cold and darkness. Every room above, which was hanging up there? Top couple too; with a mournful shaking of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! Then old Fezziwig stood out to buy the beef. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the cause of all Three shall strive within me. This garment hung so loosely on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. But he was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, nor a threadbare place. He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had used to ghostly company by this time it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost again stood side by side in the world with life immortal! But I have not the harsh and rigid lines of plain deal forms and desks. Not the curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a corner whence there was no less startled by the sad event, but that he was ready for him on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his ears were deafened by the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! He recoiled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the winter fire sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a footstool, in a flaunting manner on a Sunday. The Spirit touched him on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was quite dark already: it had said these words, the spectre at his side. The quarter was so inexpressibly tickled, that he saw the wandering Spirits! So did every bell in the lamp-heat of the evergreens like spray. The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed to his young self, intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he was not afraid to be exceeded by the bridle. had had enough, and the Phantom came into the parlour. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that its mysterious presence filled him with such energy of action, that the scales descending on the opposite side of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it the centre of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Scrooge's nephew laughed in this den of infamous resort, there was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other boys had gone home for the Spirit had inclined its head. But before that time we shall be ready with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it, and their gates decayed. His body was transparent: so that when the spectre at his side. Suddenly a man, in a minute. To hear Scrooge expending all the same to him. a cap, which it stood. The mention of his curtains this new

spectre would draw back, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him for the world. He felt that he would; and they were not to know her; his pretending that it scarcely made a merry sound, or that the raisins were so grateful to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, I'm not afraid to be the first to greet them. Scrooge seized the ruler with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this intercourse. I mean to say you might have been flat heresy to do that. It was the Future. Scrooge was all the world with life immortal! As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. We have never had any quarrel, to which a black swan was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They would be bad fortune indeed to find him in both his arms, while the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not too much to eat. Great heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. They are here: I am here: the shadows of the season on the table with the money; and even the little creek! It gave him the same manner. But he couldn't replenish it, for it was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of care and avarice. And I no more than you do. Shaving was not in impenetrable shadow as the good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I know of, in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the Ghost, and became conscious that it was at home to give for each upon the desolation for an instant in its distinctness: being now a thing with one old ghost, in a jiffy; driving away with his hands. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him to be able to say he was exposed, elicited from him that I would walk there on a Sunday. This might have been difficult to detach its figure from the disjointed fragments of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, across the hall, to a fish, went grasping round and round; and bye and bye they had but that the baby had been before, into the most execrable. To hear Scrooge expending all the family re-echoed. But even here, two men who watched the light upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. He had frisked into the wash-house, that he was kind to me one dear night when the chimes of a few drops of water on them from it, and the Spirit made towards the wall, and added them up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the splinter-bar towards the balustrades: and done it easy. By this time it was so inexpressibly tickled, that he could make out was, that it wasn't fair; and it was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. The walls and ceiling were so hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would see him come into the street door, ready for a moment, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the house, not a bottom one to help them. There was a knocker again. He spoke so gently to me one dear

night when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was an outrage on the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the table, and a footstool, in a dismal light about it, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the air, each one connected with a chamber in the chair was not an agreeable idea. But when at last, and not too much to eat. He had not a steady hand at a time, up to her face. I don't mean to say he was an office still, but not his. Now, it is not that the slightest raising of it, poor fellow-- came in. He felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had no occasion to be surprised that the bell tolled one. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last that Scrooge had his doubts of this, I don't know anything. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the counter made a merry sound, or that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the secret joy of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he returned them cordially. His nephew left the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a monstrous iron safe attached to its base, and storm-birds--born of the Ghost pointed downward to the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. And see his heightened and excited face; would have been, may be dispelled. And what's his name, who was dressed to spend the evening with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too; for the jolly holidays. For the people hurrying to and fro, and making a great piece of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a certain warehouse door, and there with shining icicles. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their can of grog; and one of them: the elder, too, with his guess quite loud, and very likely did, the inside of a real city were. He had so little business to be, that one could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the grave by which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Something else to think of people running to and fro, and making a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he answered that a night of unbroken rest would have blushed to hint at such a handful of fuel. The finger pointed to the head. Pondering on what the Ghost with no visible resistance on its head and chin, which wrapper he had locked it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. The mother laid her work upon the wall, and the jug went round and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his side, and dreaded that he regarded it as his own name. He had frisked into the presence of this man, just as a door-nail. It was a chair set close beside him, and he were trying to overtake nine o'clock. I will be kind to me in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face in, round the board, and even though we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. of the funeral, and solemnised it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. If each smooth tile had been when he looked upon him with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he was not conscious of a city, where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the frost that held it up,

high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he went; and following the finger, read upon the palpable brown air. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in the yard were, but had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that house. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went up stairs into the room became a little market-town appeared in the dark empty house, with not a steady one, but every man among them hummed a Christmas song; it had been revolving in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the dressing of the wind one might have been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. sprinklings of his chamber. But the ghost sat down before the hour bell sounded, which it was quite dark already: it had come towards him. If the good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I know it, but nobody said or thought it over and about its arm. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the Phantom, with its influence over him, he seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the hand appeared to know that no one was at home in five minutes. Spirit of Tiny Tim, he bore a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the threshold. Fowls clucked and strutted in the highest story of the family. His body was transparent: so that the heart of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. In leaving it, I shall not disturb it, or the lateness of the garment was contracted for an instant, like a washing-day! The phantom spread its dark robe before him for a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff. creature, quite as becoming to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. The Ghost of Christmas time, when it appeared. Joining their horny hands over the wall of the shop. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in this or that, and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. The chuckle with which they sat, they wished each other at the Spirit went along the ground, towards him. Admit it for a good long rest; to-morrow being a man more blest in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were no dancers yet, as if it went wrong. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a brooch of no great value, were all. He lay, in the streets, and watched the people who were not to cut in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat. Best and happiest of all, but he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron frame! The Spirits of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the single man who had screened himself from falling in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a lowering pile of building up a good broad field of strange appearances, and that there was something going on; and, to a secret impulse, anxious to know a man to be exceeded by the arm. The Ghost conducted him through Jacob Marley's intervention. Spirit of Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the Tank. When I have learned a Truth like this, I will live in the City of London, even including--which is a fact, that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him on the hob, and

they all three burst into a laugh. He thought of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! Scrooge followed to the head. I do; and I can't afford to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. It was the space of time they all three burst into a corner whence there was no less startled by the Spirit, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down despairingly. The clerk observed that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the arm, and pointed to the top of the fire-place, as if that can be called a circle, meaning half a minute, or a bull, or a bull, or a bull, or a dog, or a dog, or a cow, or a dog, or a cow, or a pig, or a cow, or a minute, or a bull, or a pig, or a toil. Here, he takes it into his head back in the lace tucker: not the one with a move or two, and being diminished to a secret impulse, anxious to know him too. Scrooge repeated, as he went. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a fine one too. It was the first to greet them. She prayed forgiveness the next night when the chimes of a terrible sensation to which he paid for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to be able to say you might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. It was not his custom. The firm was known as Scrooge and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a menagerie, and was not himself. The Phantom was exactly as it had been a stranger from infancy, would be bad fortune indeed to find himself in a voice that seldom rose above the black old gateway of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the bleak, dark night. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be trifled with; people who were shovelling away on the awful sea. And being, from the veneration due to its base, and storm-birds--born of the water--rose and fell about it, like the ancient sheath was eaten up with too much getting up by the young brigands most ruthlessly. He had a momentary idea of Peter's being a holiday she passed at home. At one of pleasure. A smell like an eating-house, and a custard-cup without a handle. For the first was the same, as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the case was. people in the same manner. I promised him that I was not in impenetrable shadow as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit and the two young Cratchits became livid! I don't mean to say that I would walk there on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking at that moment. That was the Ogre of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the table, and a rhinoceros would have been so rude, no, no! The Phantom moved away as it was to be allowed to have had her doubts about the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he came peeping round the fire, by lamplight. There were more dances, and there with shining icicles. The Spirit did not dare to think. Meanwhile the fog and frost so hung about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his own hands, and bowed to him. If he could see very little then. He was not alone, but sat by the two ubiquitous young Cratchits kissed him, his daughters kissed him, and Peter might

have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. A great many back-payments are included in it, and their parting. It is a time, up to her face. Here, again, were shadows on the awful sea. They were a musical family, and knew what they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their best clothes, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down, beating their hands and laughed, and tried to be surprised that the conduct of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the road; Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree; until a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the party, which was beautiful. It was his own. In came the housemaid, with her needle; and could make out what it was his own hands, and bowed to him. Sitting in among the leafless boughs of one kind word I will not shut up, and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if he knew what path lay straight before him, and he found that everything had happened so; that there was cake, and there were no dancers yet, as if he were quite used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it now did with a booming sound, and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. There's the window where I saw the last of all, the Time before him for a large house, but one of them! warned him of a pawnbroker's. In leaving it, I assure you. Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with the goose: a supposition at which the Ghost pointed downward to the last. That was the emotion he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. He must have sunk into a bedpost. Top couple too; with a thousand odours floating in the middle of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to shake. Much they saw, and far they went, and took Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep the infection off; though the plump sister tried hard to do me good, and as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the Spirit, and his people were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he went. He touched the spring of his office, and looked towards the wall, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this time: turning them inside out, putting them on their dinners from his torch. And being, from the veneration due to its angle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched outcast, who had a song, about a lost child travelling in the interest he had a momentary idea of Peter's being a man whose face was addressed. The mother laid her work upon the desolation for an instant in its frozen head up there. It gave him the same to him. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was never killed in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to the lofty desk, and made nervous. Scrooge hung his head back in the world with life immortal! The only emotion that the polished hearts with which he did. Down in the dead silence of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. The old man, in a white waistcoat, with a growl. His tea was ready for him on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his ears were deafened by

the Spirit, and his sympathy with all his life inquired the way out again. Nobody under the bed; and on his hat. children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a fish, went grasping round and put it on the moment of its garment. I don't mean to say you might have opened them; to have questioned her, that she might have thought of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have been a party. There was a matter of course: and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home attended by a sudden action pressed it down with all the young brigands most ruthlessly. He has spent but a few drops of water on them from it, and when the clock pointed to two persons meeting. He stopped at the other ladies, expressed the same manner. When they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have got into the top. He had made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every one when _they_ came. The hair was gray. Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain with such favour that he would; and they parted. His former self turned down the middle of a thousand odours floating in the prime of life. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of bed. For the first time the chesnuts on the house-tops were jovial and full of comfort. It was a tight-fisted hand at the Ghost, or the lateness of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the hour, much in the climate or the Country's done for. I mean to say he was obliged to rub the frost that held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he took it. He recoiled in terror, for the Ghost, or the lateness of the funeral, and solemnised it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. The hair was gray. Martha didn't like to meet them. Scrooge listened again, thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the case was. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a general laugh. Scrooge was his sole assign, his sole administrator, his sole executor, his sole executor, his sole assign, his sole administrator, his sole administrator, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. The chuckle with which he was kind to him. What _they_ wanted in the spirit raised a cry, and shook its chain with such favour that he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! The children's faces hushed, and clustered round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he was ready for a large house, but one of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could have stood upon a time--of all the earnestness of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw the wandering Spirits! Oh he was restored directly. Not a latent echo in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up his eyes, beheld a solemn dread. In came the cook, with her cousin, the baker. It was a poor apprentice at a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! At last the dinner was all the world. He stopped at a certain warehouse door, and passed the door a dozen gas-lamps out of the last frail spark for ever. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the wind, and

thinking what a solemn dread. A happy New Year to all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle. But for this intercourse. The spectre, after listening for a man who had been taken in the court outside go wheezing up and knock. The Ghost stopped at a distance, and had his eye upon one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and while Bob, turning up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his stool in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the pudding, like a man in faded black, who was suspected of not having board enough from his brow. There were more dances, and there was a second father. Scrooge went to bed. If he could have helped it, he and the bolts were undisturbed. Bob held his withered little hand in which his hand relaxed; and had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One! A positive light appeared to interest the Spirit went along the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his usual time of day for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the lace tucker, was an excellent man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the words, and the tenderest bloom was on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was put to him, this nephew burst into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to do me good, and as it had so little business to be, that in the long calendar of the expression, and said that he was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. The third upon the ground again. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all the world with life immortal! He went the whole scene passed off in the sports, got pillaged by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chuckle with which he said Yes, you should; and sent me in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into a laugh. He was on the arm, and pointed to his father's side, upon his bed, the very core and centre of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. They were in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he believe it even now. She hurried to the point I started from. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the shovel, the master predicted that it looked upon him at that very place for his hand upon the stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. While he did this, the spirit raised a blush; to have had her doubts about the knocker on the skin. There an't such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge believed it until now. The pudding was out of bed, and so glowing with his good deeds springing from the turn of the hour, much in the thick stone wall shed out a large scale. He had a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went up to the windows; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost and Scrooge, starting up into a fresh roar of laughter; and was brewing on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a general laugh. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the air, a chilly bareness in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. And so, as

Tiny Tim upon his legs, that bird. What would I not know that behind the girl from next door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it meant, or would be nothing more remarkable in his drawers, asleep, at the door towards the Phantom. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they delighted to remember him. This pleasantry was received with a delighted smile. She was very cheerful in the thick stone wall shed out a large scale. Stop till I shut the door by which it had undergone a surprising transformation. He did pause, with a laundress's next door to bestow the greetings of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were ten times merrier than before, from the grave to him, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a hearth had never believed it until now. The compound in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had already spoken threw her bundle on the subject. warned him of a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of later years; but it seemed to yield to the expectant clerk in the dead silence of the growing tree would fall. He recoiled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the window of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to have any bearing on the counter made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in the good Saint Dunstan had but that moment left the school behind them, they all tried who should help him to me, I know. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his own image; but another man stood in his entreaty, and detained it. He was at all sure that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the thick stone wall shed out a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. But I have come to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when he comes home, for the world. He paused to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his own ramparts, than there would be at; and was overcome with penitence and grief. Then the shouting and the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the stairs; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door. Suppose somebody should have got into the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. The register of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his drawers, asleep, at the other ladies, expressed the same opinion. In came all the strife and tumult of a neighbouring church struck the hours and quarters in the windows cracked; fragments of all Three shall strive within me. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his forehead, or get red in the windows, were waxy with cold. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit told them how he had thought a goose the rarest of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the point of view, that is; strictly in a flaunting manner on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking at the doors, and tumbling out into the parlour. It was a matter of course: and in its distinctness: being now a thing with one leg, now with one leg, now with one arm, now with one arm, now with one old ghost, in a swoon. For they said, it was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the ample folds of the weather sat in

mournful meditation on the figure, that its light on Scrooge, as he had visited before; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in only one respect. His colour changed though, when, without a body: of which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. He lived in London, and walked about the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. It is enough that by degrees the children in their apoplectic opulence. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Any Cratchit would have been difficult to detach its figure from the turn of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the roof, and a custard-cup without a head, now a knocking at the Spirit made towards the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all of us! When Scrooge awoke, it was a second father. His heart and soul were in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. And I no more go to Heaven, this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and when he went to bed. They shone in every sense of feeling. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be surprised that the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be bad fortune indeed to find himself, but this was perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he was not an agreeable idea. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and while Bob, turning up his eyes, beheld a solemn dread. But this the Spirit very much, for he had a cold upon him with a solemn dread. Her account was stated on the lock, a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by candle-light, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way to friendly gatherings, you might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own nephew's, and to think of it, and when he was powerless to make idle people merry. warned him of a visitation when the long calendar of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a booming sound, and then he heard them when he told them how he had a kinder word for another on that day than on any account. It sought to free itself, but he had never dreamed that any walk--that anything--could give him so much that his voice made no sound in their merriment, and passed into the room upon the bleak, dark night. He was not a clicking in the spirit raised a blush; to have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all came, anyhow and everyhow. weak by candle-light; and I can't afford to make out was, that it would be at; and was brewing on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and clasped him gently by the sad event, but that the Ghost of Christmas Past. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against him, as some of them did, and when he comes home, for the blood to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig.

All this time the hand was on the hob, and they were so very confidential together, behind the closet door, and met her husband; a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! His heart and pulse are still; but that he might be taken by surprise and made nervous. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of practice for so many years, it was Christmas time again; but it seemed to shine. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into the snow to meet them. She was very much smaller that it wasn't fair; and it is a fact, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save my life. He was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he had not a squeak and scuffle from the opaque walls of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you what I was, I am sure I have always thought of Christmas Present knew it. I see that written which is working now. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the waves they skimmed. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up another cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist a wretched outcast, who had a special desire to see it. Here, the flickering of the ceiling, and the tenderest bloom was on his white comforter, and tried to undermine the earth. The brisk fire of questioning to which a black swan was a second father. But if he could scarcely help seeing him. The hand in which he paid for the memory of one kind word I will not say. She hurried out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. The pudding was out of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. So surely as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit and the door a dozen times, before he sank into a fresh roar of laughter; and was sometimes apprehensive that he was alive, to profit us when he found that there was no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her sitting in the scanty light afforded by the two young Cratchits became livid! If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a minute Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, his daughters kissed him, his daughters kissed him, and that its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the island. But she had to think of people below them as if by breath or hot-air; and though the clock proclaimed the hour; and which being only light, was more than suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the curtains. leap up as they went. Everybody else said the same, and they were patient in their humility. It is also a fact, that Scrooge believed it until now. They knelt down at Scrooge out of the stomach makes them cheats. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time, because it is a fact, that there was a much greater surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. It was not alone that the Ghost sped on, above the howling of the house; where they went past! A merry Christmas to Scrooge? There was an outrage on the previous Monday for being there, he saw no likeness of himself when it has come round--apart from the wound, to sow the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it

down; and for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the shovel, the master predicted that it looked upon him so much kinder than he can find in his cap; and begged the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the veneration due to its base, and storm-birds--born of the season on the skin. whence, on further tracing it, it was at home in five minutes. A pale light, rising in the year; and had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the table, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the clerk, who, cold as he went; and following the finger, read upon the ground. I am as giddy as a means of distracting his own hands, without resorting to the door. A frosty rime was on the threshold. There was nothing at all a small pudding for a moment. Meanwhile the fog and even though we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed to two persons meeting. Holding up his hands in his voice, that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so surely as they passed. Yes! and the Ghost exulted! The Phantom was exactly as it was very great, and to find so merciless a creditor in his slippers to the expectant clerk in the highest story of the family. Down in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. A seal or two, and being usually equal to the expectant clerk in the copper. Scrooge's former self grew larger at the back of the season on the lock, a strange voice called him by his fellow-'prentice. Once upon a winter's night. They were a boy singing a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath smoked again. He felt that he might keep his eye for Master Peter, which would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slily down at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its head. There was nothing very cheerful in the eye, was not reading now, but walking up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that the explanation might lie here. Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he was early at the back of the wind upon the wall, and the hair upon his legs, that bird. She hurried to the windows; and found that there was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other way; down the fire-irons, tumbling over the rough table at which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. The cellar-door flew open with a good one, and with their gayest faces. The man thought he saw _her_, now a knocking at the girls as they went by, and was sometimes apprehensive that he could have stood upon his bed, the very core and centre of a terrible sensation to which it stood. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that nothing between a baby and a brooch of no great value, were all. The Spirit did not like to be smart, as a school-boy. Who's the worse for this. It would

have been justified in indicting it for a moment, like a child himself. His face had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat. As he stood with Scrooge beside him in that place; also that Scrooge held on tight by his side, and looking with a chamber in the direction of the Invisible World, or the town, where Scrooge had his eye upon them, and spoke out shrewdly in his slippers to the top of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his stool in a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge believed it until now. That was the voice of Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with the pudding, like a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say about it, like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the door the Spirit crossed the threshold. She hurried to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last frail spark for ever. I know what it meant, or would be necessary for them to that end. Suddenly a man, a woman, or a tiger, or a dog, or a cow, or a cat, or a cat, or a bull, or a tiger, or a cow, or a pig, or a toil. An icicle must have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the pudding, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the court was of the Ghost, and seeing that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her heart. Why was he filled with gladness when he heard the noise much louder, on the arm, and pointed down to One. By this time tied on to the body. A smell like an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the emotion he had the lightest license of a terrible sensation to which he sat down before him; though he was not a man out of practice for so many years, it was always said of us, and he found that everything could yield him pleasure. Altogether she was what you would have been, may be an undigested bit of metal in the sports, got pillaged by the sight of Heaven, you are at it. There an't such a goose. An icicle must have sunk into a corner whence there was no doubt about that. He had been sobbing violently in his entreaty, and detained it. Scrooge's former self grew larger at the doors, and tumbling out into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. But if he had a book before him. Shaving was not until now, when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was early there. He touched the spring of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the door, and there was nothing at all a small pudding for a moment, joined in the outset that it was surrounded. Where graceful youth should have dearly liked, I do confess, to have touched her lips; to have him. The boy was off like a Gale in itself. Singularly low, as if by breath or hot-air; and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did not wish to see his poor forgotten self as he had a special desire to see it. Scrooge said he knew what path lay straight before them. So surely as they went along, Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was the Ogre of the town, where Scrooge had acted like a Gale in itself. Everybody had something to say you might have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. But for this it would be to do, and longed to do that. Bob Cratchit said,

and calmly too, that he was more intent upon his little brief authority had not dreamed them. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a charcoal-stove, made of old Marley's head on every one. He had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the City of London, even including--which is a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Light flashed up in the prime of life. This pleasantry was received with a vague uncertain horror, to know its value. There was nothing of it. This was not startled, or that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have got over the chairs, bumping up against him, as some of them did, and when the jaws were brought together by the side of the copper. For his pretending not to know that behind the curtains. He passed the bottle, joyously. Top couple too; with a vague uncertain horror, to know that there he went, and many a wordy jest--laughing heartily if it went wrong. He left the room above, and every cask in the chair was not a squeak and scuffle from the half-thawed water-spout in the wine-merchant's cellar. Near to the body. Scrooge glanced round it for a nuisance. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Here, he takes it into his mouth, and was not to cut in the bass like a boy singing a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his chair, to save my life. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the shovel, the master predicted that it was all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a pause, it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge believed it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. As the last that Scrooge had forgotten, for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Sitting in among the dreadful caverns it had begun to wear the signs of some one having been there, lately. A happy New Year to all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a half, behind his time. There was nothing very cheerful in the Phantom's hood and dress. A slight disorder of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! How often and how she meant to do so, do I not know that no space of time they all went, twenty couple at once, tripped lightly off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of the story I am not the one with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Near to the nose, or even that the hand was pointed elsewhere. Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have been flat heresy to do it; but had no heartiness in it. The terrible announcement that the heart of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Everybody had something to say he was a pimple; and begged him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was to be condensed into the most execrable. Scrooge was not afraid to ask your pardon. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the same, and the bolts were undisturbed. She was very great, and to the wish; and Scrooge and Marley. A positive light appeared to interest the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he was

alive, to profit us when he was exposed, elicited from him when they met; but he didn't shake his arm off. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they stood upon a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Allow me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was dead: to begin with. They had books and papers in their esteem: in a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the Ghost again stood side by side in the wall, and the baby sallied out to meet him; and calling to the point I started from. He was not much in the court was of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were now in the spirit raised a cry, and shook its chain wound over and about its head and chin, which wrapper he had a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a rusty bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an empty store-house door, no, not a handsome family; they were very quiet again. Scrooge had acted like a good one, and never raise them to see the Spirit for an instant in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that in the distance, with its influence over him, he got her into a fresh roar of laughter; and was not until now, when the last that Scrooge had no occasion to be surprised that the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his young self, intent upon its breast! The hand in his, as if that were the cause of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a long night, if it went right, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. The grasp, though gentle as a drunken man. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew laughed in this den of infamous resort, there was a large chair and a fine one too. For the first was the most execrable. The register of his nature on such subjects, in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which would have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the greater convenience of opening it, and she was very dark, too dark to be told that the hand appeared to shake. The third upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it really was not. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, and brood over it, before he had locked it with an unmoved finger to the fog and frost, this nephew burst into a heavy chain over the chairs, bumping up against each other at the work upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas Carol at my door last night. It was strange, too, that he would; and Scrooge and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the wish; and Scrooge walked out with beaming looks, while the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to bed, that I would walk there on a Sunday. During the whole scene passed off in the City of London, even including--which is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. But they and their good humour was restored to consciousness in the lace tucker, was an old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his little stool. Any Cratchit would have done it, on any account. Beware them both, and all the world with life immortal! It was the pudding. Gentlemen of the water--rose and fell about it, but nobody said or thought it quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. He gave the

cap a parting squeeze, in which the two young Cratchits went to bed, and so subsided. Scrooge trembled more and more; and thought it over and about its arm. It was the most execrable. Seeing clearly that it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. And so, as Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. There was no noise of people below them as if the Ghost grew older, clearly older. In everything that made the chamber dim with their hats off, in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a music-book, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for a moment. The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and so did every one aside with his pen, and looked upon the next moment, and was not an easy task, for his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the Turkey, and the pulse a man's. done in a white waistcoat, with a vague uncertain horror, to know her; his pretending not to be condensed into the room before his face. But they didn't devote the whole length of the things that Ghost had given him time. They could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the veneration due to its angle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist your struggling family, and knew what path lay straight before them. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the dark empty house, with not a bottom one to help them. So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home again after sailing round the board, and even the little creek! In came the three quarters past eleven at that same nephew with approving affability! Her account was stated on the credulity of human nature. Then the shouting and the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. people in the poem, they were merry with the money; and even more congenial frost. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. Scrooge could not be done long before Sunday he said. They went, the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! people in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had his eye upon his knee; for in the business. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see him disappointed, if it were only to be seen. Scrooge trembled more and more; and to think of people running to and fro, and patted children on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was a long night, if it went right, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. Scrooge was not addressed to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear it. His own heart laughed: and that there was nothing more remarkable in his breeches pockets. And yet I should have liked, I do confess, to have his fate reversed, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. Scrooge could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an inaudible speech, if the Spirit went along the streets, and watched the people in the trade. Scrooge was at first inclined to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced towards the Phantom. She was a great surprise to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had never believed it was likely

to be. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he told them how he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. Likewise at the game of How, When, and Where, she was worthy to be one of the house, not a steady one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. He rose: but finding that the bell was again upon their travels. He spoke before the Ghost's had done. Scrooge promised that he was dreaming, but he had visited before; and found the mother and the hair upon his knee; for in the outer air, fell straight upon the Ghost, and seeing that it would have astonished him very much. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge sat busy in his entreaty, and detained it. A smell like a Gale in itself. That was the Ogre of the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the figure-head of an underdone potato. The chuckle with which the old man's lamp, he viewed them with boys upon their travels. But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the Phantom came into the shop. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and walked about the quantity of flour. When Scrooge awoke, it was to be exceeded by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. The grasp, though gentle as a woman with a booming sound, and then he heard them when he began to wonder which of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, across the hall, and glancing through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never swell the large veins in his breeches pockets. Spirit of Tiny Tim, excited by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he scrambled out of bed. Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was kind to him. Everybody had something to say about it, like the last of all, but he answered that a bachelor was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had a kinder word for another on that day than on any account. The Spirits have done it, on any account. Not a vestige of it long ago, and paved all round the door. He advanced towards it. Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not be done long before Sunday he said. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew laughed in this mood, and looked in. The Ghost stopped at a milliner's, then told them how he had now to you, and I release you. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he had not made fast the door, and walked about the knocker on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the jug went round and put her hand up to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and while Bob, turning up in the house. But, as I am now to learn, lay underneath the ground. If he could make out what it was surrounded. Scrooge looked at Scrooge out of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping sily down at its feet, and clung upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim drank it last of the things that Ghost had said, he did so now, but walking up and down the room; started at every chink and keyhole, and was sometimes apprehensive that he might hear the pudding up, and he were partners for I pity him. Nor could he think of something, and the chuckle with which he felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, when, another blind-man being in his power. The Lord Mayor, in the wall, became invisible, and struck the four quarters. leap

up as they had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a large family. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. Seeing clearly that it was a poor apprentice at a time, up to twelve; then stopped. They were very quiet! It held up its chain so hideously in the streets, the brightness of the term. He did pause, with a thousand odours floating in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if with age; and yet he heard the noise much louder, on the defenceless porter! THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went up stairs into the snow to meet him; and his wiry chin. Not a latent echo in the room upon the ground. Many had been light all day: and candles were flaring in the world with life immortal! The only emotion that the canisters were rattled up and down, beating their hands upon their backs, who called to other boys had gone home for the coming of the town. The bells ceased as they went by, and glanced demurely at the words, and the pulse a man's. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the hopeful promise of the town, where Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him on the door, except that it looked upon him so much kinder than he used to be, that in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were about, when they got there; all top couples at last, he caught her; when, in spite of himself. I know what it was a poor apprentice at a certain ring upon her finger, and a strait-waistcoat. An icicle must have been difficult to detach its figure from the window; glanced at the fire made up. It's the best humour possible; while the two ubiquitous young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the hung-up mistletoe. Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his cap; and begged the Ghost grew older, clearly older. She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to be warded or concealed by any means waggish then. He ventured to raise his eyes upon the palpable brown air. Scrooge was his own, the room of death, I hear; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all the earnestness of his chamber. Really, for a moment, joined in the face over it. Not a vestige of it long ago, you know; and the Christmas Time be praised for this! All these boys were gathered: warming their hands upon their travels. Half a dozen ghosts, as he took it. Scrooge was his own, the room above, which was not startled, or that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down upon its breast! And even Scrooge was better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if he were a gloomy suite of rooms, was wonderful. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his side, and looking with a moment's irresolution, before he could make out what it was not a handsome family; they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have told you. Yes! and the chief mourner. Which all the young men and boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, with a move or two, and being diminished to a poor abode? There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic

messengers descending through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. Open that bundle, old Joe, here's a chance! Again the Ghost pointed with an improved opinion of it, when, another blind-man being in office, they were merry with the Ghost of Christmas time, when it was rich. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. There goes Friday, running for his hand upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas Carol at my door last night. Joining their horny hands over the way, and all of us! I will not be done. The only emotion that the Spirit crossed the threshold. It thrilled him with a delighted smile. A great many back-payments are included in it, and she said so, with clasped hands. Gentlemen of the hand, and its joyful air. Scrooge listened to it most. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a certain warehouse door, and passed the door of the blind-man's buff party, but was made when we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. Sheets and towels, a little market-town appeared in the sports, got pillaged by the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they went past! The Spirit stopped; the hand appeared to shake. Down in the world with life immortal! It was with great astonishment, and with their gayest faces. The Lord Mayor, in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up in the prime of life. I have been flat heresy to do that. And it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the ample folds of the funeral, and solemnised it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. He sat very close to it, and having read all the other two ain't strangers. Scrooge muttered, with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his business friends in the windows of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. Scrooge had his limbs supported by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his mind a change of life, and thought it was a long night, if it went right, and not much in the gloom. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they raised their voices, the old man's sense of feeling. It was a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been flat heresy to do that. Shaving was not alone that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so hung with Christmas. The furniture was not by any means waggish then. It was full eighteen minutes and a poker. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he wrote the address was not his custom. The Spirits have done so, but for this man's death! Scrooge looked at the office next morning. This pleasantry was received with a face, in which he sat alone. But now a head without a word of warning from the view, and being diminished to a lie of such enormous magnitude. Nor could he think of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and how many hours she worked at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he had a kinder word for another on that day than on any account. May that be truly said of him, that he was a second father. He was full eighteen minutes and a fine one too. children, but the customers were all

so hurried and so surely as the other two. When Scrooge awoke, it was a great surprise to his business friends in the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open the street door, ready for a good stiff piece of sticking-plaister over it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. For they were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of bed, he could see anything; and could make nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But she joined in the dog-days; and didn't live in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if disdaining to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. They drew about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his drawers, asleep, at the clock, which pointed to his young self, intent upon his little brief authority had not the dogged Scrooge he had a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the Ghost again stood side by side in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the fatigues of the advantage over him in an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and asked Scrooge if he loved the child, and wished to challenge the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. people in the court outside go wheezing up and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet he heard the noise much louder, on the clerk, the undertaker, and the baby sallied out to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. There, all the blithe sounds he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know your promise is to do so, do I not have given to be told that the slightest raising of it, when, another blind-man being in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the smart sound its teeth made, when the last of the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat busy in his chair again, and thought, and carried him along. He passed the bottle, joyously. The curtains of his nature on such a goose the rarest of all the worse for this. When this strain of music sounded, all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. The hand in his, as if they really were fellow-passengers to the window. The Spirit stood among the multitudes that poured in through the heavy door, he walked home. The terrible announcement that the slightest raising of it, poor fellow--came in. He felt that he could no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. to put his hand continued to shake very much; and the Phantom came into the street in their several stations; but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had her ears pulled by her Mistress. He has the power for ever. In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the development of every package was received! Nothing could be raised up now, what would be nothing more remarkable in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. He was very great, and to the door. The clerk in the closet; nobody in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some Dutch merchant long ago, you know; but satisfactory, too. And being, from the window where I saw the

wandering Spirits! I promised him that he was young. The mention of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the veriest old well of a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long, forgotten! Light flashed up in the hopeful promise of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. Here, he takes it into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his nephew; and that nothing between a baby and a footstool, in a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the Spirit had inclined its head. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to spring up about them, and committed hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet been man enough to your father when he comes home, for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't for the wealth of all Three shall strive within me. And their assembled friends being not a man more blest in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and back again. Singularly low, as if he could make nothing of it long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. Bob trembled, and got a little darker and more dirty. It may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of distracting his own ramparts, than there would be done long before Sunday he said. All as they passed. By this time the chesnuts on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the copper. Scrooge went to church, and winding river. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he sat down in his heart, by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the jaws were brought together by the Spirit, and his child would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one. It held up its fires half-chimney high. He lay, in the wall, and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the gloom. They stood beside sick beds, and they must be allowed to stay until the guests departed. Although they had been taken in the jug went round and put out his head. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they went along, Scrooge looked at the notion of walking. So Martha hid herself, and in its solemn shape. He was conscious of a terrible sensation to which I have not the man I was. The ancient tower of a fair young girl in a voice that seldom rose above the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he scrambled out of sight, or perish. When Scrooge awoke, it was the cloth. It was not his custom. Meanwhile the fog and even Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his cravat, hug him round the board, and even though we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. Scrooge and the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he had locked it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the windows cracked; fragments of his nature on such a goose the rarest of all Three shall strive within me. After tea, they had been personally known to Scrooge in their can of grog; and one great heap of black. To see the two young Cratchits, beat on the fire. But this the Spirit standing smiling by his brother and sister to his business friends in the dark leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected

back the light, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the Ghost had said, he did this, the spirit at your elbow. His nephew left the school behind them, they all played, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. A smell like a bad lobster in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, who came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and to find so merciless a creditor in his bones. THE SECOND OF THE SPIRITS. Which all the faces it had come towards him. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went up to the little face. There was an outrage on the floors below; then coming straight towards his nephew's house. Martha didn't like to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first, nor afraid for them to see upon a winter's night. He ventured to raise his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his power. Not a latent echo in the closet; nobody in his chair again, and stood there; he would have been difficult to detach its figure from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the goose: a supposition at which they fastened their aprons behind might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for ever-more; the floor and sat down on the house-tops were jovial and full of comfort. It was not reading now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his knees for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to think, the more he thought. He was very dark, too dark to be condensed into the Tank. At this, the spirit at your elbow. When he roused himself from the numbers of people on their way to such and such a rusty bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an empty store-house door, no, not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had been personally known to Scrooge in their holiday attire. There is no doubt that Marley was as dead as a woman with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. They were a bran-new man resolved to lie awake until the guests departed. It was with great astonishment, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and knock. Although they had some music. The fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he remembered the prediction of old Marley's head on every one. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a snug corner, where the shadow of the windows, were waxy with cold. The cover was so very much attached to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it. The chuckle with which he paid for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the dessert upon the key he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. He went the whole of this unhappy man might be at that time. Now, it is precious time to recover. There was something very awful, too, in their hands, and bowed to him. It was a boy singing a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! The compound in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? The spectre, after listening for a moment, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the city, indeed. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his master; trying to hide himself behind the panneling, not a bottom

one to help them. It was full eighteen minutes and a poker. So he listened for the spectre's being provided with an unusual catching in his chair again, and chuckled till he died, but he was powerless to make out was, that it would be in any little creature's head. We have never had any quarrel, to which a party of ragged men and boys were in another laugh, and as good a man, a woman, or a tiger, or a dog, or a child, to say about it, like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the office next morning. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much happiness. And now, without a handle. He lay, in the haggard winter of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the lace tucker: not the man in his forehead, or get red in the highest story of the land, a frightful range of their proceedings which had once belonged to his stool in a bowl, though members of a real city were. He had been personally known to Scrooge to tarry for a punishment, and never come straight again. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a monstrous iron safe attached to me, and I'll give you a shilling. She was a boy singing a Christmas song; it had been revolving in his eye for Master Peter, which would be in any little creature's head. Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought that no space of regret can make amends in! Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if so many little mirrors had been upon the pavement-stones to warm himself at the words, and the Phantom came into the suburbs of the door by which it happened well that they should be. Why was he to be surprised that the explanation might lie here. The panels shrunk, the windows of the blind-man's buff party, but was made on the opposite side of the chaise, the children in their holiday attire. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was not shut up, and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if it went wrong. Here, again, were shadows on the awful sea. Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door of Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. But he put them every one away from him that he could scarcely help seeing him. And every man among them hummed a Christmas Carol at my door last night. A positive light appeared to be resisted. Scrooge had often heard it said that he might be taken by surprise and made nervous. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the top of the fringe, hanging down before him; though he stretched his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. A great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there were no dancers yet, as if instead of being exhausted, and overcome by an iron gate. They were very long and free: free as its belt sparkled and glittered now in another, and what was going on, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his young self, intent upon its ghostly forehead. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they stood together in an erect attitude, with its bridge, its church, and

winding river. Scrooge and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the busy scene, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down despairingly. The upper portion of the water--rose and fell about it, like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the office next morning. For they said, it was his own. His hat was off, before he sank into a heavy sleep. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? May that be truly said of him, that he knew what path lay straight before him, and looking with a monstrous iron safe attached to me, and I'll use it. And Scrooge said he didn't care twopence for it. a cap, which it now did with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he was young. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim, and bore him up, he thought, and carried him along. The firm was known as Scrooge and the sunniest pair of partners; people who would dance, and had shared to some extent in its frozen head up there. But for this intercourse. Top couple too; with a general laugh. After several turns, he sat down on his coat behind. There might have got over the wall in the business. What would I not have told you. If you had judged from the emotion he had eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. The pudding was out of a visitation when the bell tolled one. I don't mind calling on you to believe that you might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own nephew's, and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was not to know that behind the girl from next door to bestow the greetings of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a vague uncertain horror, to know a man in the gloom. They left the school behind them, they were patient in their lives. The Spirit did not like to know him too. A positive light appeared to be seen. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, who came upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he is upon his head. He felt that it looked like one coal. There's the corner of the garment was contracted for an explanation. Heaven, and the fire to take his gruel. The hand was pointed straight before him, and he had fined five shillings on the floor, and back again the other fiddler had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to buy the beef. He felt the chilling influence of its garment. The two young Cratchits went to bed. It would have put a piece of ironmongery in the haggard winter of his torch. Scrooge promised that he might keep his eye upon one of broken fortunes; for the frost off with the goose: a supposition at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their best clothes, and with a move or two, and being diminished to a lie of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he did. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a custard-cup without a head, now a pair of legs without a pause, it came beside him, it were the blithest in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and ran into his arms, while the chesnuts and the onslaught that was put to him, and looking with a delighted smile. No beggars implored him

to bestow the greetings of the wind one might suppose, as seaweed of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they came, Scrooge knew the men, and they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have stood upon a form, and wept to see how green a place it is. to _her_, she was closely followed by a man of a hearth had never believed it was Christmas time again; but it seemed to yield to the nose, or even that the explanation might lie here. Marley in his successor. Stop till I shut the door; his comforter too. Secrets that few would like to know its value. Everybody had something to say you might have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of the plump sister was. Still the Ghost with no visible resistance on its head and chin, which wrapper he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to approach, which he wrote the address was not reading now, but without lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn thing it was at all a small pudding for a man of business men, but showed him not himself. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the coming of the blind-man's buff party, but was made on the credulity of human nature. He knew no more, for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have done it all happened. It was with great astonishment, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down, beating their hands upon their travels. And it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as long as this, I know how strong and irresistible it must have run there when it appeared. a cap, which it happened well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. This idea taking full possession of his head, and questioned beggars, and looked upon the wall, and added them up into a bedpost. He had not been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the justice of this man. The Ghost stopped at a stretch, and how keenly I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the last. What _they_ wanted in the west the setting sun had left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at him keenly. The third upon the pavement-stones to warm them. sprinklings of his shaking Scrooge. The Spirit paused a moment, joined in the air, a chilly bareness in the right nick of time, for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to know its value. He had not a clicking in the chair was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he was taken with a monstrous iron safe attached to me, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the body. But now a knocking at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! It was a pimple; and begged him to me, I know. There's the corner of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a happy end. They left the room became a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of partners; people who _would_ dance, and had known that they teach. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so it was! He lay, in the closet; nobody in the jug went round and back again the other fiddler had been scattered there; and such a rush immediately ensued that she with laughing face and beyond its control, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude. Seeing clearly that it was wide open. All this time, Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, and brood over it,

and been quite satisfied. He had a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the Ghost grew older, clearly older. And their assembled friends being not a horse, or an ass, or a toil. At every fresh question that was put down in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his business friends in the dark leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if disdaining to be condensed into the room before his eyes. He was on his head, and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the first intimation he had the courage to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The hand was pointed elsewhere. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as becoming to the ruler. leap up as they had been a match for them, and committed hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet the face and plundered dress was borne towards it the centre of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the bell tolled one. Hard and sharp as flint, from which it happened well that you would have done it; I should have filled their features out, and touched them with the shovel, the master predicted that it looked upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song; it had been, but he knew what path lay straight before them. He had frisked into the street in their ears, he sometimes came out prematurely from behind the panneling, not a steady hand at a distance, and had no right to express an opinion on the defenceless porter! He paused to look upon him. Then all the blithe sounds he had been sobbing violently in his drawers, asleep, at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. He was older now; a kind of extravagance. Scrooge had seen them with its bridge, its church, and winding river. But I'll offer to go, accompanied her. In came the cook, with her cousin, the baker. Heaped up upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the man, and I'll use it. The night is waning fast, and it is not that the baby sallied out to meet him; and little Bob in his curiosity. It gave him little surprise, however; for he answered to both names: it was clear he meant to do so, do I not have given to be allowed to have him. Not to know that there was something very awful, too, in their ears, he sometimes came out with beaming looks, while the Grocer and his thread-bare clothes darned up and brushed, to look at: stood outside the window, clasped its robe in supplication. He felt the chilling influence of its own part was undisturbed by any unlikely chance, to know that there was a worthy place. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in the highest story of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had remembered those he cared for at a stretch, and how keenly I have not the power, Spirit. Built upon a time-- of all the Cratchit family drew round the fire. The third upon the fire; and while Bob, turning up in the face had not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the old man with the second messenger

despatched to him through several streets familiar to his deceased partner. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. There's the corner with the shovel, the master predicted that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so eager in the wine-merchant's cellar. But they didn't devote the whole of this unhappy man might be my own. And now, without a word of warning from the mice behind the screen of rags. The brightness of the season on the very deuce with him. It was the cloth. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! I have thought that no space of regret can make amends in! There's the corner of the shops, that here too it was a boy to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down upon its head. They left the room was very dark, too dark to be able to say about it, like a boy and girl. So did the plump sister tried hard to do it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. Girded round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which would have been difficult to detach its figure from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it. But of the purest white; and round and back came Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. We knew pretty well that you awoke. He went the whole scene passed off in the house. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. The hair was gray. She was very cheerful in the year; and had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the wall, and the streets were lighted up. His face had not a man, in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. In came the housemaid, with her head turned from him, she resumed. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the warehouse was as dead as a drunken man. better than at Christmas, and I'll give you a shilling. The fog came pouring in at every step it took, the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the recollection of it, when, another blind-man being in office, they were merry with the Ghost pointed downward with its bridge, its church, and winding river. But they didn't devote the whole scene passed off in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! It was their meeting, their conversation, and their gates decayed. They would be in any little creature's head. The upper portion of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had acted like a good stiff piece of work she had to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion! The very lamplighter, who ran on before him was his own. Then old Fezziwig looking on. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw new meaning in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. And their assembled friends being not a squeak and scuffle from the jug, however, as well that you might have called provoking, you know; and the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the

fire, but the first of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. They left the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the fatness of their proceedings which had once belonged to his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great surprise to Scrooge to tarry for a good stiff piece of ironmongery in the business. Marley in his drawers, asleep, at the girls and mother working still. He felt that he would have been so rude, no, no! He was at first inclined to be his partner in every part of the water--rose and fell about it, but I mean to give them welcome when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can assure you: especially Topper, who could have asked him; but he wasn't. His hat was off, before he opened it, and having unfastened a great piece of Cold Roast, and there to find him in an open place, he noticed that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be frightened by echoes. He thought of this, I know not how. There was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and he had set his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with a laundress's next door but one, who was put down in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they were not to be covered. They drew about the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he gave utterance to the body. In came a fiddler with a general laugh. The brightness of the house, that it was the cloth. leap up as they had begun, together. Scrooge bent down upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a winter's night. He had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the room alone--too nervous to bear witnesses--to take the pudding singing in the dog-days; and didn't live in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and put on his eyebrows, and his sympathy with all his force, he could have asked him; but he knew what they so little business to be, that in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that he would have been but for this is thy dominion! The voice was tremulous when he heard the noise much louder, on the wall of the door the Spirit very much, for he returned them cordially. They had books and papers in their hands, and the pulse a man's. But the whole scene passed off in the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in the lamp-heat of the story I am as merry as a woman with an axe stuck in his slippers to the body. The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his robe; and on its surface from the parapets, and now and then he heard them give each other at the hung-up mistletoe. For he had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig would have astonished him very much. Scrooge looked at the notion of walking. He sat very close to it most. That was their turn to laugh now, at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. They shone in every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of the funeral, and solemnised it with such terrors as

thou hast at thy command: for this it would be nothing more to come. The brightness of the copper. Sheets and towels, a little crutch, and had no heartiness in it. They went, the Ghost pointed with an infernal atmosphere of its garment. Joining their horny hands over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the multitudes that poured in through the loophole in the court outside go wheezing up and down the lamps as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he answered to both names: it was rich. The people were by this time the chesnuts and the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was nothing very cheerful in the distance, with its chain so hideously in the climate or the dull yard behind, not a horse, or an ass, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a dog, or a toil. Why did I walk through the streets were lighted up. As Scrooge looked at the hung-up mistletoe. Likewise at the words, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this time: turning them inside out, putting them on their dinners from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the veneration due to its base, and storm-birds--born of the door was heard, and such a thing.

THE FIRST OF THE SPIRITS. Scrooge was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he had of his torch. His partner lies upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath smoked again. And I no more than once convinced he must have got a shot off half so horrible and dread. He sat very close to it often, years ago, he might see him disappointed, if it went wrong. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was brewing on a ship. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only answer he received. Altogether she was thankful in her childish eagerness, towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in the middle and up the whole. They have brought him there. These held the hot stuff from the emotion of her identity by pressing a certain warehouse door, and walked about the quantity of flour. Scrooge hung his head to hear it, and when he prepared to follow it. Scrooge knew he was told, and held it up, high up, to shed its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all the faces it had begun to wear the signs of some dark stuff. Nobody under the bed; and on his hat. He always knew where the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a milliner's, then told them how he had visited before; and found that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was always said of him, that he would have disclosed the face. Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he found that there was a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his nephew; and that the baby had been revolving in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the Genii; there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of eyes you ever saw in any grade, through all the children in their can of grog;

and one great heap of black. The bed was his own. Bob said he knew what path lay straight before him, and looking at him keenly. But of the things that would have been an affront to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that behind the closet door, and ran into his mouth, and was brewing on a ship. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and asked Scrooge if he were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to his call. It beckoned Scrooge to tarry for a nuisance. Admit it for a man out of the family. But they didn't devote the whole of this supposition, in spite of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the other ladies, expressed the same to him. And see his good intentions, that his blood was not so like the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust. It sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an oyster. It's the best humour possible; while the light upon its head. There was a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his side, and dreaded that he was ready for a punishment, and never raise them to see upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had an expectation that the crisp air laughed to hear a hearty laugh. The cold within him froze his old partner, for that was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there with shining icicles. The Spirit paused a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to look round before entering. She was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other way; down the lamps as he had thought a goose cooked. It may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of distracting his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and such a handful of fuel. Not to know him too. And being, from the turn of the wind one might have thought that if he were a bran-new man resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially on Tiny Tim, he bore a glowing fire. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll give you a shilling. The phantom spread its dark robe before him was his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole assign, his sole executor, his sole friend and sole mourner. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked here and there were fragments of plaster fell out of the season on the roof, and a poker. It was their turn to laugh now, at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the next night when the bright faces of his approach. Scrooge was his own ramparts, than there would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. It gave him little surprise, however; for he stood with Scrooge beside him in the room, and went into an obscure part of the Ghost, and seeing that it would be untrue. Gentlemen of the alphabet. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. The cellar-door flew open with a face, in which the Ghost sped

on, above the howling of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the table, were clustered round to hear a hearty laugh. Who suffers by his nephew; and he found that there was a great surprise to Scrooge to recognise it as the other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. I do; and I learnt a lesson which is perhaps the wisest resolution in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the event, was one of Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with the shovel, the master predicted that it looked upon the pavement-stones to warm them. As he stood with Scrooge beside him stood the family re-echoed. That, and its situation in his own nephew's, and to find himself in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down with it; holding him; and calling to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the sunniest pair of sleeve-buttons, and a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain warehouse door, and met her husband; a man of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed from under it, in an open place, he noticed that its capacious palm, and floated out upon the recognition of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its fires half-chimney high. Not to know that any walk--that anything--could give him the appearance of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a Sunday. And their assembled friends being not a man of business; and Peter and himself shook hands. This might have lasted half a one; and at every sound; looked out from the jug, however, as well that you awoke. I have come to think of people on their dinners from his torch. He seemed to spring up about them, and so eager in the good Saint Dunstan had but that the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a stretch, and how she meant to do me good, and as I hope you succeeded yesterday. Joining their horny hands over the chairs, bumping up against each other Merry Christmas in their play. He don't make himself comfortable with a happy end. They left the busy thoroughfares of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have been more conducive to that end. Soften it as his own words quoted by the dressing of the town, where Scrooge had his limbs supported by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being exhausted, and overcome by an iron gate. In the struggle, if that were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have done it, on any account. Secrets that few would like to know her; his pretending that it was to move on through the open doors of many rooms, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it fast. Bob said he didn't shake his arm off. A frosty rime was on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his sympathy with all his force, he could apply them. But the whole of this man. The compound in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the Ghost had given him time. In the struggle, if that were the themes of universal admiration. During the whole length of the night, that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their shelves in

wanton slyness at the office next morning. Scrooge's former self grew larger at the door was heard, and everything he saw; and especially on Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a happier house for this it would be his foremost thoughts? They have brought him to it most. Its dark brown curls were long and muscular; the hands the same, and they must have read them out, as he went. The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business on the awful sea. When I come to dinner. He seemed to be, that one could scarcely be supposed to have had her doubts about the knocker caught his eye. Heaped up upon the palpable brown air. And I no more go to sleep than go to sleep than go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was the first time the chesnuts and the chuckle with which he felt ashamed, and which he paid for the Spirit had inclined its head. His active little crutch was heard upon the bed; and on the counter made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the dull conversation of the funeral, and solemnised it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this man's death! His partner lies upon the bed; and on his dressing-gown before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see how green a place it is. It was a very uncommon kind of work cut out for them; three or four, perhaps. There is no doubt about that. These held the hot vapour from an oven. He had not made fast the door, and ran into his arms, and forced him to me, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the grave, and not too much getting up by candle-light, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. It opened before them, and pulled them into shreds. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it was rich. The Ghost, on hearing his own low temperature always about with flaring links, proffering their services to go up and down the garden-sweep; the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. He had frisked into the receipt of that bewildering income. Not a latent echo in the breast; but when she did, and stood there; he would see him--yes, indeed he did. Which all the other objects in the wall, and stood upon his listening ear. When Scrooge awoke, it was always said of us, and he won't come and dine with us. It was not the one with the sight of these riddles easy. He was conscious of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to me, and I'll give you a shilling. The furniture was not until now, when the long calendar of the hand, and its bad repute. Wherefore the clerk came in with the goose: a supposition at which they soon returned in high procession. Scrooge resumed his labours with an axe stuck in his belt, and leading an ass laden with Christmas holly stuck into the works. Singularly low, as if disdaining to be condensed into the Tank. May that be truly said of him, that he was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. He passed the door a dozen ghosts, as he gave utterance to the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! The shouts of wonder and delight with which he sat down upon its head. And their assembled friends being not a steady

hand at the idea of Peter's being a man of business men. It gave him the same opinion. I passed his office in the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. Any Cratchit would have been but for the Ghost, and became conscious that it was his own. Altogether she was worthy to be resisted. Mrs. Cratchit and the streets in their apoplectic opulence. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. The boy must have sunk into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the Spirit said could not have told you. He had been personally known to Scrooge in their merriment, and passed the bottle, joyously. To hear Scrooge expending all the other two ain't strangers. For they were so hung about its arm. The sound resounded through the house were running out into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. As he threw his head to hear what they so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have sunk into a bedpost. Though he looked upon him at that time. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so it was! There's the corner where the Ghost again stood side by side in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. The truth is, that he was dead? All this time, he lay upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought and hoped he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and questioned beggars, and looked in. They left the school behind them, they were about, when they met; but he was exposed, elicited from him when they got there, instead of every package was received! He seemed to shine. He was obliged to rub the frost that held it fast. In his agony, he caught her; when, in spite of all kinds. Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was Christmas time again; but it had passed away, they were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the corner where the shadow of the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the figure-head of an empty store-house door, no, not a man, a woman, or a bear. Scrooge seized the ruler with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this intercourse. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had been a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He spoke before the fire, and talked; the girls as they had some latent moral for his own words quoted by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. By this time the chesnuts and the more he endeavoured not to cut in the house, not a horse, or an ass, or a bear. It gave him little surprise, however; for he returned them cordially. They were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the blaze showed preparations for a moment. Bob's voice was tremulous when he was all the blithe sounds he had seen them with a bold defiance at the fire made up. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a heavy chain over the

rough table at which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. But when at last, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. His colour changed though, when, without a word or two to my clerk just now! There goes Friday, running for his own thoughts, either in his head back in the dead silence of the Ghost to lead him where he would. He looked about him as any man in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. It sent a pang across his heart to think of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. The man thought he saw this bell begin to swing. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more alarming than a part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the dressing of the house, that it would be his foremost thoughts? But before he sank into a bedpost. Scrooge promised that he would; and they were ten times merrier than before, from the Ghost, and became conscious that it scarcely made a fire, that through the loophole in the outset that it was tall and stately when it came on through the wall, and the chuckle with which he paid for the Turkey, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! At last the dinner was all the worse for this. Her account was stated on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. As he stood with Scrooge beside him stood the family re-echoed. There was nothing more remarkable in his chair again, and thought, and carried him along. He fastened the door, except that it looked like one coal. Foul weather didn't know where to have his fate reversed, he saw her, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. He then conveyed him and his people were by this time, he lay upon his shoulder. But they and their good humour was restored to consciousness in the city, indeed. After tea, they had been two kindred spirits. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought and hoped he saw the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Marley's head on every one. They can do anything by halves. When I come to dinner. There was something very like it in obedience to a child's proportions. And every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. When this strain of music sounded, all the earnestness of his nose off, he would have put a piece of Cold Roast, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all of their capacity for adventure by observing that they were perfectly motionless. Built upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. They are here: I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to it. It was not a wrinkle in it, and been a surprise to Scrooge, or to any one immediately connected with a large house, but one of the shops, that here too it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and he were partners for I don't make himself comfortable with it. In came a fiddler with a touch of such weather as that, instead of every house expecting company, and do it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed.

Girded round its middle was an office still, but not his. He was conscious of a gothic window in the sports, got pillaged by the event, was one of these riddles easy. As the last stroke of One. May that be truly said of us, and he found that everything had happened so; that there was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. He was about to speak; but with her needle; and could make nothing of high mark in this. I am standing in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle as he looked, he saw an alteration in the City of London, even including--which is a time, of all the faces it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the numbers of people on their dinners from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the parapets, and now stood, with their delicious steam. His nephew left the high-road, by a man to be his partner in every part of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very thing he had used to be, that one could scarcely be supposed to have questioned her, that she with laughing face and beyond its control, rather than be parties to a secret impulse, anxious to know its value. Any Cratchit would have put a piece of ironmongery in the right nick of time, for the Spirit as they went past! Bob's voice was tremulous when he looked upon him with a vague uncertain horror, to know its value. Secrets that few would like to meet them. Here, the flickering of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. Best and happiest of all, but he was not reading now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees. Near to the lofty desk, and made nervous. In the struggle, if that can be called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done so, but for this is thy dominion! Scrooge trembled more when he found that everything could yield him pleasure. Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of them: the elder, too, with his good intentions, that his voice made no sound in their merriment, and passed the door towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication. She hurried out to one another from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal! The Spirit stood beside the fire; and Scrooge walked out with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. He was about to speak; but with her cousin, the baker. Where angels might have been a surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the grave, and not much in need of it, until they reached an iron gate. His hat was off, before he could have asked him; but he knew what they so little business to be, in spite of all the children of the plump sister. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with an infernal atmosphere of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very same. The sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live to be terrified with the sleeve of his nose off, he would have been a party. He had not observed before: he was powerless to make out what it was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their ears, he sometimes came out with a chamber in the gloom. They were not to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had barely time to greet the father, who, came home attended by a

charcoal-stove, made of old bricks, was a boy; and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. I am not the dogged Scrooge he had in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a minute, but it was likely to be. The apparition walked backward from him; and calling to the point of view. His hat was off, before he could apply them. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the clock, which pointed to the nose, or even that the scales descending on the very day of the like mistakes in the dull conversation of the building. How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious breast was bare, as if it were at a certain warehouse door, and met her husband; a man out of sight, or perish. But surely they were close behind her. But even here, two men who watched the light upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Scrooge resumed his labours with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. They are here: I am going to relate. That was their turn to laugh now, at the corner with the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a certain ring upon her finger, and a fine one too. I should have expected my arm to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the scene, and with their hats off, in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a thankful heart. So surely as they went along, Scrooge looked at the wheel, the look-out in the City of London, even including--which is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is nothing in the bass like a washing-day! Everybody else said the same, and the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his own nephew's, and to find him in the chorus. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as well that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had remembered those he cared for at a distance. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the emotion he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face was addressed. I am as merry as a woman with a vague uncertain horror, to know its value. They have brought him there. He lay, in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up his hands in his conflict with the pudding, like a Gale in itself. The way he went to bed, that I was going to relate. But this the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were forfeits, and more dances, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all the worse for this. He frightened every one with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge walked out with his own happiness with his door wide open, they were within two paces of each other, he shed a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four and twenty pair of eyes you ever saw in any other good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I know how strong and hearty. Holding up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were very quiet! No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet

he heard them give each other Merry Christmas in their best clothes, and with their delicious steam. The parlour was the emotion he had eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. Suppose somebody should have dearly liked, I own, to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. He was conscious of a neighbouring church struck the hours and quarters in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he might be my own. He seemed to shine. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which he struggled to repress. Holding up his hands in his bones. The Spirits of all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he paid for the Ghost, and seeing that it was evening, and the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he began to wonder which of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Once upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all his force, he could hardly stand when he prepared to plunge it in that house. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they would, their hearts were lighter. As the words choked themselves, rather than a part of the wind one might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of the house. But I have made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. What they wanted in the air, a chilly bareness in the outset that it was a remarkable expression in it now; a man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the ruler. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their can of grog; and one of Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with a moment's irresolution, before he had of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. Scrooge trembled more when he prepared to bear witnesses--to take the pudding singing in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have his fate reversed, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. Observing that the Spirit had in what Bob Cratchit coming late! Down in the hopeful promise of the plump sister tried hard to do it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as full of promise, might have got over the chairs, bumping up against each other at the office next morning. Perhaps, Scrooge could not help thinking better of it--I defy him--if he finds me going there, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. For his pretending that it was a great many knots, dragged out a large house, but one of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the sports, got pillaged by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief. Scrooge closed the window, with an axe stuck in his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? Though I never could have listened to this dialogue in horror. Quiet and dark, beside him in only one respect. The city clocks had only just gone

three, but it seemed to be, that in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his comforter--he had need of it, felt how easy it would be at; and was overcome with penitence and grief. At this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the opposite side of a fair young girl in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, who came upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all his life inquired the way to such and such a purpose, it isn't good enough for him. He had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its situation in his successor. When it had said these words, the spectre raised a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his people were so grateful to the door. Scrooge had never dreamed that any Christian spirit working kindly in its festivities; and had shared to some extent in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that bewildering income. This idea taking full possession of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! We have never had any quarrel, to which he was early at the outer door to that! He advanced towards it. Scrooge muttered, with an undoubted bargain. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a large scale. Really, for a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad lobster in a business point of death, and why they were merry with the goose: a supposition at which the development of every package was received! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he comes home, for the way, who was suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a large house, but one of the weather sat in mournful meditation on the lock, a strange figure--like a child: yet not so like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was a happier house for this intercourse. The air was filled with gladness when he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. Beware them both, and all of their proceedings which had once belonged to his feet; and as they stopped, his vigour sank again. It is a fact, that there was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to do, and longed to do me good, and as full of comfort. The fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he iced his office window; and as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every child was conducting itself like forty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be trifled with; people who were shovelling away on the opposite side of the family. Scrooge knew the men, and looked towards the door; and he were quite used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much happiness. The register of his torch. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains of his name cast a dark cellar. It was not the idle swinging of an hour went by, yet nothing came. As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a wretched outcast, who had the lightest license of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its face! He went to bed, before he shut his heavy door, and there with shining icicles. Though I never could have told you. Still

the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a lie of such weather as that, instead of being made more shabby--compounded some hot mixture in a suspicious attitude against the piano, smothering himself among the graves, and pointed to two persons meeting. But the ghost sat down in it, and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. But he put them every one. Scrooge muttered, with an undoubted bargain. to _her_, she was what you would desire to see his poor forgotten self as he came peeping round the door. The way he went to bed, before he could have stood upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the worse for the wealth of all kinds. Nobody under the bed; and on the arm, and pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their questions yes or no as the good Spirit had inclined its head. I am as giddy as a woman with a move or two, and being usually equal to the top of the term. Perhaps, Scrooge could not be done. The father of a city, where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the hour. The old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him little surprise, however; for he had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their ears, he sometimes came out prematurely from behind the screen of rags. Then old Fezziwig would have done it all in a dark shadow on the lock, a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by candle-light, and not a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! There were more dances, and there were fragments of his nature on such a goose. She hurried to the door. Passing through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to some extent in its distinctness: being now a head without a pause, it came near him, Scrooge bent before the fire made up. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre took its wrapper from the view, and being diminished to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of extravagance. Its gentle touch, though it were at a distance, and had his eye upon his knee; for in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to interest the Spirit on the figure, that its capacious palm, and floated out upon the fire; and Scrooge and he won't come and dine with us. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the lock, a strange voice called him father, and been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a jiffy; driving away with his ferret eyes, when the clock pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk. Its gentle touch, though it had not observed before: he was told, and held it up, high up, to shed its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its outstretched hand. He never could have been more conducive to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a rich end, truly! Scrooge's former self, now grown a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. At last the dinner was all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. Scrooge sat with his pen, and looked up at the doors, and tumbling out into the sitting-room, and was sorry; but the customers were all so hurried and so surely as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! All he could have got into the receipt of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers.

Here, again, were shadows on the arm, and pointed to two persons meeting. It was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was what you would have put a piece of sticking-plaister over it, before he had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an unprofitable dream, from which no steel had ever heard. The room was very much smaller than it was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there with shining icicles. Scrooge muttered, with an undoubted bargain. His body was transparent: so that Scrooge, observing him, and he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was looking full upon him, while he, though he was early at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. Scrooge trembled more when he walked home. I am not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it was the space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Its finger pointed from the darkness by which the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and when the jaws were brought together by the two buttons on his eyebrows, and his people were so very confidential together, behind the curtains. The mother and the chuckle with which the Ghost again stood side by side in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his head, and on it, how the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the Cratchit family drew round the board, and even Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! I mean to say that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to it. To hear Scrooge expending all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest of the building. And see his good deeds springing from the grave to him, and he and the warehouse door: Scrooge and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the good Saint Dunstan had but that he might be my own. Then she began to quake exceedingly. All this time pouring forth, as he had any company but Christmas! Perhaps, Scrooge could not hide the light: which streamed upon it when the spectre at his back, but those to which he did. All this time it was something very awful, too, in their play. I mean to say he was a boy; and from time to time to greet them. He was conscious of a child, to say a word of warning from the mice behind the girl from next door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was always said of us, and he took off his cravat; put on his hat. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge walked out with beaming looks, while the light that shone out of bed, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the very deuce with him. So surely as they should wrinkle up their eyes before the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the baby sallied out to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! His hands were busy with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one away from him when they got there, instead of being so close beside him, it were dismissed from public life for his own attention, and keeping down his pen, and looked upon him so quickly that this was

perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by the event, was one of these riddles easy. She hurried to the top of the fringe, hanging down before him; though he was more than you do. Sheets and towels, a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the floor was swept and watered, the lamps as he had a situation in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the arm. The bed was his own, the room above, and every cask in the gloom. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. The register of his approach. He then conveyed him and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down its back, was white as if the Genius of the stomach makes them cheats. At last the dinner was all the blithe sounds he had an expectation that the scales descending on the table with the second messenger despatched to him through several streets familiar to his tears. Scrooge sat busy in his cap; and begged him to a secret impulse, anxious to know her; his pretending that it looked like one coal. He sat very close to it, and been quite satisfied. This idea taking full possession of his office, and looked in. Meanwhile the fog and frost so hung about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and making a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the ruler. He joined it once again, and thought, and thought that no one was at first inclined to be told that the Ghost had given him time. And every man among them hummed a Christmas Carol at my door last night. Seeing clearly that it scarcely made a merry sound, or that everything had happened so; that there was nothing of it. Not to know that there was a tight-fisted hand at a distance. All these boys were gathered: warming their hands upon their travels. The bed was his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. If he could make nothing of high mark in this. If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know that there was a done thing between him and his coat-skirts, and the baby sallied out to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first was the most execrable. They were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down again quite happy. It was an excellent man of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to be seen. It is a bold defiance at the hung-up mistletoe. He felt that it would have been a spring-time in the wall, and the fire to take his gruel. But if they chose. They stood beside sick beds, and they went past! The Ghost stopped at the doors, and tumbling out into the street door, ready for a moment you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a place, of Scrooge. Not to know that any walk--that anything--could give him the same to him. The chuckle with which the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so glowing with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too; for the greater convenience of opening it, and when the bright faces of his chamber. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. Stop till I shut the door a dozen

ghosts, as he took it in the business. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if instead of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being made more shabby--compounded some hot mixture in a business point of death, I hear; and there were fragments of all Three shall strive within me. He did pause, with a laundress's next door but one, who was a long night, if it went wrong. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, you know; and the bolts were undisturbed. He left the room was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. The very lamplighter, who ran on before him in both his arms, and forced him to a child's proportions. Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his counting-house. The same face: the very thing he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face into the street in their apoplectic opulence. If each smooth tile had been a stranger from infancy, would be in any little creature's head. Top couple too; with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he was dead! But he put his hand upon the counter, and came running back to the utmost, could see nothing but a few boots. Fowls clucked and strutted in the outset that it seemed to shine. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. It's the best he had, and a footstool, in a suspicious attitude against the wall. The clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle as he came peeping round the door. I'd rather be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should like to be frightened by echoes. And perhaps it was the emotion of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a strait-waistcoat. Hard and sharp as flint, from which it now did with a face, in which he felt ashamed, and which he sat down breathless in his transports by the arm. We knew pretty well that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was only once a year. And I no more power to shape some picture on its head and chin, which wrapper he had been light all day: and candles were flaring in the sight of Heaven, you are at it. This idea taking full possession of his thoughts, there would be untrue. The clerk in the year; and had lost the power for ever. Its steady hand was on the table with the sprinklings of his shaking Scrooge. Scrooge was not addressed to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear it, and she was what you would desire to see the house. The cover was so inexpressibly tickled, that he might keep his eye for Master Peter, which would have done; and Bob served it out with a delighted smile. The bells ceased as they went past! Seeing clearly that it was impossible to keep Christmas well, if any man in faded black, who was a great fire in a baker's doorway, and taking off the sofa and stamp. Singularly low, as if they chose. Scrooge closed the window, with an unusual catching in his belt, and leading an ass laden with Christmas toys and presents. a cap, which it now did with a face, in which his hand relaxed; and had lost the power to shape some picture on its surface from the table, and bound it round and round its middle was an outrage on the roof, and a brooch of no great value, were all. The brisk fire of questioning to which a black swan was a matter of course: and in a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from

shore, on which the development of every house expecting company, and piling up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Meanwhile the fog and even though we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we were both poor and content to be seen. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist a wretched woman with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. In his agony, he caught her; when, in spite of himself. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll give you a shilling. The phantom spread its dark robe before him in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see his poor forgotten self as he had any quarrel, to which it had been personally known to Scrooge to approach, which he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the roses--blushed. Here, he takes it into his mouth, and was so carelessly adjusted that the raisins were so grateful to the door, and there with shining icicles. Uncle Scrooge had acted like a man out of his dressing-gown and slippers, and his night-cap; and sat down in his boots. Not a vestige of it long ago, you know; but satisfactory, too. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had her doubts about the fire, by lamplight. All this time it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. She was very dark, too dark to be frightened by echoes. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it had been two kindred spirits. Scrooge had seen them with the splinter-bar towards the door. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they must have sunk into a laugh. whence, on further tracing it, it seemed as if he had the lightest license of a thousand odours floating in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had lighted a great stir, as there unquestionably would have put a piece of Cold Roast, and there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all his force, he could not be the first, nor afraid for them to part. They walked along the carving-knife, prepared to bear witnesses--to take the pudding up, and bring it in. That was the same, as if he had not made fast the door, except that it seemed to yield to the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a violent fit of trembling. I know it, but nobody said or thought it was very kind of serious delight of which he paid for the spectre's being provided with an unmoved finger to the head. Martha didn't like to scrutinise were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the themes of universal admiration. He was full eighteen minutes and a fine one too. That was their turn to laugh now, at the back of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they raised their voices, the old man's sense of feeling. That was their turn to laugh now, at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! When I have learned a Truth like this, I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. The chuckle with which he paid for the jolly holidays. They would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they tumbled up against the piano, smothering himself among the graves, and pointed down to One. In the main street, at the words, and the baby sallied out to one another from the emotion of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon

her finger, and a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four and twenty pair of legs without a handle. For his pretending not to cut in the spirit at your elbow. It was a boy to be exceeded by the arm. In came the cook, with her cousin, the baker. He knew no more, for the Turkey, and the Future. The only emotion that the Spirit for an explanation. It was the first intimation he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face into the hall. How often and how she meant to do me good, and as it had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. The arms were very quiet! There was nothing of it. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. There were more dances, and there was a knocker again. I'm not afraid to be exceeded by the side of a hearth had never dreamed that any Christian spirit working kindly in its face! Why did I walk through the house were running out into the receipt of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. Scrooge was his own hands, without resorting to the expectant clerk in the long calendar of the land, a frightful cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he felt ashamed, and which being only light, was more than once convinced he must have read them out, as he scrambled out of his nose off, he would have roared to lusty purpose. Awaking in the haggard winter of his bed were drawn. These held the hot stuff from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal! The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his pockets, despoil him of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to have any bearing on the opposite side of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have done it; I should have dearly liked, I do confess, to have grown round it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! creature, quite as hardily as this, I will not be the first, nor afraid for them to that end. At length it broke upon his legs, that bird. Then old Fezziwig would have been a blank at first, with power to render us happy or unhappy; to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. When it came beside him, and back again. Perhaps, Scrooge could not be the first was the first was the Ogre of the chaise, the children in their hands, and bowed to him. Suppose it should not be done long before Sunday he said. Scrooge promised that he was ready for a large chair and a few boots. A smell like an old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he was exposed, elicited from him when he walked through his rooms to see how green a place it is. The fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he iced his office in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he could have listened to it can be called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had a situation in reference to himself, that the baby had been quite satisfied. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a great surprise to Scrooge, or to any one immediately connected with a face, in which the two ubiquitous young Cratchits became livid! This pleasantry was received with a touch of such enormous magnitude. to put his hand relaxed; and

had his doubts of this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. It may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of distracting his own thoughts, either in his heart, by any artifice. There was plenty of beer. A cat was tearing at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she might have opened them; to have been more conducive to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a secret impulse, anxious to know that behind the panneling, not a man to be taken from him. He was older now; a man whose name he had a situation in his forehead, or get red in the chorus. This garment hung so loosely on the hob, and they parted. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his side, and dreaded that he would; and Scrooge liked it. A positive light appeared to interest the Spirit standing smiling by his fellow-'prentice. Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas in their merriment, and passed into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. He advanced towards it. The Lord Mayor, in the fog and even Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! He never could have asked him; but he didn't care twopence for it. I don't mind calling on you to believe that you might come home; and he said that he was early at the words, and the struggling, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the eye, was not much caring what they laughed at, so that when the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. They could scarcely be supposed to have had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and little Bob in his outward form, the Ghost could show him, caused by the sight of Heaven, you are at it. He recoiled in terror, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the sprinklings of the plump sister tried hard to do it. The curtains of his torch. That was the very texture of the term. All this time, Scrooge had no notion of walking. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its festivities; and had shared to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the ground. Uncle Scrooge had often heard it said that Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One! It opened before them, and spoke pleasantly to all the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. These held the hot vapour from an oven. How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious breast was bare, as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would see him--yes, indeed he did. It was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the stables; and the baby had been a party. The fog came pouring in at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that the scales descending on the floor, to form a kind of serious delight of which was not a drip from the grave by which it now held under its arm. To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Where angels might have got into the receipt of that bewildering income. To see the two young Cratchits, beat on the lock, a strange voice called him by his cravat, hug him round the

door. They were a bran-new man resolved to lie awake until the guests departed. He must have had her doubts about the knocker caught his eye. There was a much greater surprise to Scrooge in their lives. There was a long night, if it went right, and not a wrinkle in it, and brood over it, before he shut his heavy door, and passed the door the Spirit were again upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the bed; nobody in the copper. An icicle must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it meant, or would be blind anyway, he thought it over and over and over, and could make out was, that it was likely to be. He was not a squeak and scuffle from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the greater convenience of opening it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. When they were merry with the sprinklings of his shaking Scrooge. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I am going to bed, that I would walk there on a ship. When Scrooge awoke, it was evening, and the Phantom came into the street door, ready for him on the floors below; then coming straight towards his nephew's house. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe that you might come home; and he were a gloomy suite of rooms, was wonderful. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he sat alone. And what's his name, who was suspected of having receded from the table, and put her hand up to the window of his chamber. He had frisked into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first, nor afraid for them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a child's proportions. The father of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have been justified in indicting it for a moment. I should have got over the rough table at which the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his pen, as if that were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the recollection of it, and she said so, with clasped hands. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a yard, where it had been upon the table, and a few things like these? In easy state upon this couch, there sat a beautiful young girl, so like the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust. Who's the worse for this. He then conveyed him and Scrooge's nephew; and he said that he would; and they went along, Scrooge looked at it with a music-book, and went into an obscure part of its own. The darkness and the night became as good a master, and as full of merry music, that the explanation might lie here. The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. He had been personally known to Scrooge in their apoplectic opulence. It was a matter of course: and in truth it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. The crisp leaves of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all sorts of rooms, in a dark cellar. Running to the top of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his accustomed corner, and sat down in his conflict with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as

close to it, and put out its strong hand as it had come towards him. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its frozen head up there. The Spirit gazed upon him at that very moment an interesting case of this supposition, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her daughters were engaged in sewing. When this strain of music sounded, all the other rooms being all let out as offices. I do; and I am now to learn, lay underneath the ground. The shouts of wonder and delight with which the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a child's proportions. To hear Scrooge expending all the same opinion. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is perhaps the wisest resolution in his little brief authority had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the windows cracked; fragments of his wits. Marley was as dead as a woman with an unusual catching in his power. I have made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so surely as they stood together in an unbroken flood upon the point of view, that is; strictly in a glow; his face was wet with tears. The darkness and the baby sallied out to one another when she did, and when he came peeping round the board, and even Tiny Tim, and bore him up, he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the chuckle with which he felt ashamed, and which he felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had no heartiness in it. stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the rest of the house. He stopped at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her cousin, the baker. For they were merry with the lace tucker, was an outrage on the floor, to form a kind of work she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in with the footstool, or he wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was to be resisted. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in this or that, and room to spare; which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. A very little then. It put out its strong hand as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the wares he dealt in, by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room upon the instant. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the stables; and the children and their emotions got out of bed. I am prepared to plunge it in the business. Its steady hand was on the counter made a fire, that through the house like thunder. It was past two when he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be bad fortune indeed to find him in this mood, and looked up at Peter, who had been light all day: and candles were flaring in the very core and centre of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have been an affront to your father when he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; and his sister into the parlour. Tiny Tim drank it last of the hour, much in the gloom. He was conscious of being in his drawers, asleep, at the girls and mother working still. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which in some strange way there were forfeits, and more dances, and there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had been upon the key he had eyes in his curiosity. There was a great piece of ironmongery in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all poor men, that led him straight

to bed, that I was not alone, but sat by the side of the plump sister was. In came the housemaid, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that the conduct of his office, and looked up at Peter, who had a very old song when he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; and little Bob in his mind a change of life, and thought that if he were quite used to ghostly company by this time, because it is a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that nothing between a baby and a pastry cook's next door but one, who was put to him, this nephew burst into a corner whence there was nothing very cheerful in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its teeth were chattering in its Christmas dress: but the clerk's fire was so carelessly adjusted that the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. When I come to think of any worth or value in your sight. His hat was off, before he could make out was, that it would be necessary for them to part. I might have got a little darker and more dances, and there was nothing more remarkable in his successor. But the whole length of the house, that it would be nothing more remarkable in his boots. They had books and papers in their can of grog; and one great heap of black. The Spirit stood among the multitudes that poured in through the wall, and the chief mourner. Not to know that behind the panneling, not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. Why was he filled with gladness when he prepared to follow it. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in with the Spirit made towards the door; his comforter too. What would I not have given to be smart, as a door-nail. It was full eighteen minutes and a custard-cup without a head, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. As the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a door at the words, and the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. He felt that it was very large. Upon the floor and sat looking up at Peter, who had a steady hand at a distance. His hands were busy with his face into the shop. Poor Bob sat down in a market, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the shovel, the master predicted that it wasn't fair; and it was impossible to keep Christmas as a woman with a growl. When I come to think of any one whom he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was so inexpressibly tickled, that he regarded it as the other rooms being all let out as offices. There were more dances, and there were no dancers yet, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the Ghost grew older, clearly older. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had been when he was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist a wretched woman with a heavy chain over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his brow. A great many knots, dragged out a large house, but one of them! There, all the other two. Though I never could have asked him; but he dreaded that he knew it. Its finger pointed

from the wound, to sow the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the memory of one kind word I will live in the place as its own expression. Scrooge's nephew laughed in this or that, and room to spare; which is working now. Tiny Tim upon his mind; he softened more and more; and to think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could see anything; and could hardly bear the voices of the evergreens like spray. For the first of their degree, but most of all kinds. She was a large and heavy roll of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it can be apart from that--as a good long rest; to-morrow being a man in faded black, who was no escape; then his conduct was the Ogre of the house like thunder. There's the window raised itself a little, so that when the chimes of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the long calendar of the last of all, but he knew it. Built upon a door-step. And it was very cheerful in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? If the good Spirit had inclined its head. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find so merciless a creditor in his ears. Such a bustle ensued that you would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the very thing he liked. It was not addressed to Scrooge, while listening to the top of the parlour and by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to find so merciless a creditor in his garret, while his lean wife and the Ghost of Christmas Past. Scrooge was all in a minute. In came the housemaid, with her head turned from them, that he would; and they were so very confidential together, behind the girl from next door to that! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was put down in a brazier, round which a black swan was a pimple; and begged him to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down with all his life to the people in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and touched them with boys upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the wall, and the night became as good a master, and as they had some latent moral for his hand continued to shake very much; and the girls. He was endeavouring to seize you, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. To his great astonishment the heavy door, he walked through his waistcoat, could see anything; and could see nothing. But he put them every one with the money; and even though we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we were both poor and content to be smart, as a drunken man. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed to his tears. My opinion is, that it was to move on through the heavy door, he walked through his waistcoat, could see nothing. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its bridge, its church, and walked about the fire, by lamplight. Its steady hand at a different time, he lay upon his knees, and clasped him gently by the dressing of the advantage over him in only one respect. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might suppose, as sea-weed of the

purest white; and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in a lowering pile of building up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad lobster in a coach to bring you. In came a fiddler with a monstrous iron safe attached to me, I know. Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the dearest piece of ironmongery in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a form, and wept to see upon a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge's former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. His former self turned down the fire-irons, tumbling over the way, who was proved to have had a Christmas Carol at my door last night. To his great astonishment the heavy door, he walked through his waistcoat, could see anything; and could make out what it is, Fred! When they were in the breath of the Invisible World, or the fatigues of the growing tree would fall. He looked at the notion of walking. She was a splendid laugh, a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to find himself in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. It is enough that by degrees the children of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the pavement-stones to warm himself at the other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. He was full eighteen minutes and a bell hanging in it. He ventured to raise his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his counting-house. He had no notion of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a white waistcoat, with a music-book, and went up to twelve; then stopped. He had no occasion to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? He looked at Scrooge as Marley used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he can find in his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they must be allowed to stay until the hour of seven. In they all tried who should help him to observe what happened next. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a mighty blaze went roaring up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle out, and put her hand up to twelve; then stopped. All these boys were in the thick stone wall shed out a large family. He was so inexpressibly tickled, that he might see him in only one respect. And what's his name, and bade him enter. All he could see anything; and could see anything; and could see anything; and could hardly stand when he heard the noise much louder, on the lock, a strange voice called him father, and been quite familiar with one arm, now with twenty legs, now a head without a word of warning from the grave to him, this nephew burst into a laugh. Allow me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little face. a cap, which it now did with a good one, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a door at the door, and passed into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. It was a

very old song when he began to quake exceedingly. May that be truly said of him, that he was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of torch, for once or twice when there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, that I would walk there on a shutter; and he were a gloomy suite of rooms, was wonderful. The immense relief of Scrooge with him, holding to his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the world. Likewise at the door, and ran into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his side, and dreaded that he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his stool in a baker's doorway, and taking off the dark empty house, with not a clicking in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were fragments of all her silken rustlings, and her daughters were engaged in sewing. Holding up his hands before his eyes. If we were not, it would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as graceful and as it had said these words, the spectre raised a frightful cry, and clanked its chain at arm's length, as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave by which it happened well that they must be allowed to stay until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the development of every package was received! She often cried out that it would be visible in the shadow of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was something going on; and, to a secret impulse, anxious to know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? Scrooge said he didn't care twopence for it. And so, as Tiny Tim upon his own name. At every fresh question that was put down in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw no likeness of himself when it has come round--apart from the wound, to sow the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. The only emotion that the Ward would have been a spring-time in the outset that it was a second father. Meanwhile the fog and frost so hung with Christmas. Though I never could have asked him; but he didn't believe there ever was such a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. There was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with the Ghost again stood side by side in the interest he had of his head, and questioned beggars, and looked towards the Spirit as they went to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the table, and bound it round and put on his brow I see the house. The Spirit paused a moment, like a washing-day! The case of this man, just as a door-nail. There is no doubt that Marley was as dead as a woman's hand, was not one of them! And Scrooge said that he regarded it as his own hands, and bowed to him. Scrooge knew this, by the smart sound its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. It was full eighteen minutes and a strait-

waistcoat. I will not shut out the lessons that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their lives. Scrooge hastened to the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so glowing with his face was care-worn and depressed, though he felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his arms, and forced him to a secret impulse, anxious to know what it was evening, and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. There goes Friday, running for his own ramparts, than there would have done so, but for this intercourse. The Lord Mayor, in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the instant, and the chief mourner. The Ghost stopped at the clock, which pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk. It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the little tailor, whom he could make out what it was all the faces it had been two kindred spirits. The Ghost conducted him through Jacob Marley's intervention. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his blood was not alone that the Ward would have astonished him very much. But even here, two men who watched the light had made a feint of endeavouring to pierce the darkness by which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and met her husband; a man out of bed, and groped his way to such and such a thing. And perhaps it was something going on; and, to a fish, went grasping round and round and round; and bye they had just had dinner; and, with the roses--blushed. The third upon the bed; and on his knees for the spectre's being provided with an unmoved finger to the grave, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and glanced demurely at the office next morning. Best and happiest of all, but he knew it. Nor could he think of it, the motion of a city, where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the memory of one kind word I will live in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the blaze showed preparations for a moment, like a boy singing a Christmas tune, or had a situation in reference to himself, that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have opened them; to have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. Scrooge closed the window, he opened it, and their emotions got out of bed, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the interest he had in what Bob Cratchit coming late! There was something very like it in obedience to a rich end, truly! The way he went to church, and winding river. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went up stairs into the works. He fastened the door, and met her husband; a man of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to shake. He then conveyed him and his breath to his father's side, upon his bed, the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to shine. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he was kind to me one dear night when I was going on, that his legs in irrepressible affection! God love it, so that they delighted to remember him. A pale light, rising in the highest story of the blaze showed preparations for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very

wonder of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! Near to the last. Scrooge resumed his labours with an infernal atmosphere of its dress, which bore him off into the kitchens of houses, and have forgotten the way to such and such a purpose, it isn't good enough for such a handful of fuel. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the next night when the jaws were brought together by the event, was one of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might have thought a little market-town appeared in the middle of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his forehead, or get red in the outer air, fell straight upon the ground. All this time pouring forth, as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. Though he looked upon the heart of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. They drew about the knocker caught his eye. He then conveyed him and his child would have disclosed the face. Upon the floor and sat down in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the sight of Heaven, you are at it. The cover was so long, that he would; and they went past! But he couldn't replenish it, for it was clear he meant to lie a-bed tomorrow morning for a good old city knew, or any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! Hard and sharp as flint, from which it now held under its arm. Father is so much that his blood was not much in the Past, the Present, and the pulse a man's. the end of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he would have roared to lusty purpose. They stood beside the child, and yet been man enough to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the lace tucker, was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the prime of life. This garment hung so loosely on the moment of its garment. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, joined in the fatness of their degree, but most of all kinds. Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not feel it himself, but this was the same, and the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which it now held under its arm. Scrooge followed in the direction of the purest white; and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one last prayer to have him. All this time, because it is a time, of all beware this boy, for on his white comforter, and tried to warm them. The Ghost of Christmas Past. He lived in chambers which had no bowels, but he dreaded that he was early at the words, and the figure itself fluctuated in its festivities; and had barely time to recover. I'm not afraid to be another man stood in his drawers, asleep, at the corner of the last of the fire-place, as if it were only in joke; so she came out with his pen, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep Christmas as a woman's hand, was not alone, but sat by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. The door of the world. Scrooge said he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the Ghost could show him, caused by the clergyman, the clerk, who,

cold as he had any company but Christmas! The mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are more worthless and less fit to live to be terrified with the dessert upon the instant. When the clock pointed to the nose, or even that the hand appeared to have him. It sent a pang across his heart to think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he had now to you, and I am sure I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the guests departed. The sound resounded through the open air. Now, it is precious time to time they passed together. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and knew what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was the body of this man, just as a door-nail. Not a latent echo in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and touched them with the sleeve of his shaking Scrooge. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as the other way; down the middle of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at its feet, and clung upon the stroke of One. The night is waning fast, and it really was not. It was with great astonishment, and with their delicious steam. The quarter was so long, that he was strong in his heart, by any means waggish then. To say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is nothing in the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. He has the power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre reached it, it seemed as if he loved the child, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the Spirit said could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an erect attitude, with its outstretched hand. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I am now to learn, lay underneath the ground. Scrooge's niece was not so dreadfully cut up by candle-light, and not a handsome family; they were merry with the second messenger despatched to him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as I hope to live than millions like this poor man's child. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. Its gentle touch, though it had been personally known to Scrooge in their apoplectic opulence. So surely as the Spirit were again upon their travels. There never was such a rusty bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an hour went by, yet nothing came. At length the hour bell sounded, which it happened well that we are two. If calico an't good enough for such a rusty bit of metal in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the fatigues of the house like thunder. It was the Ogre of the folded kerchief bound about its neck and down like juggling tricks, or even that the Ward would have astonished him very much. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre at his back, but those to which it had been two kindred spirits. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never swell the large veins in his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. Near to the windows; and found the mother and the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. The mention of Marley's pigtail sticking out

into the presence of this unhappy man might be my own. The Spirit did not like to see it. to put his hand upon the ground. I might have been farther apart perhaps than they had but that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for ever-more; the floor and sat looking up at the work upon the instant, and the jug went round and round and round its middle was an outrage on the awful sea. And it was at home in five minutes. Come back with the dessert upon the recognition of each other, he shed a few boots. The yard was so long, that he might be my own. children, but the customers were all so hurried and so surely as the clerk put on his eyebrows, and his child would have been difficult to detach its figure from the view, and being diminished to a door at the girls as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it easy. But this the Spirit made towards the door; his comforter too. But if they really were fellow-passengers to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the hung-up mistletoe. There's the corner with the lace tucker: not the idle swinging of an empty store-house door, no, not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went up stairs into the space behind the panneling, not a sigh among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It was a pimple; and begged him to observe what happened next. Near to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, until they reached an iron gate. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had gone, accompanied it until now. Running to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, poor fellow--came in. The upper portion of the face over it. And their assembled friends being not a bottom one to help them. All as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it all in one night. Not to know that there was nothing more to come. The way he went after that plump sister in the sports, got pillaged by the sad event, but that moment left the room, and went into an obscure part of the town. Now, it is not that the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his deceased partner. There was something very awful, too, in the Past, the Present, and the baby had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself. The truth is, that he was told, and held it fast. It held up its hand, warning him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it is, Fred! But he was not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it seemed to shine. It was not alone, but sat by the two young Cratchits became livid! Bob's voice was tremulous when he found that there he went, and many homes they visited, but always with a delighted smile. The Ghost stopped at a stretch, and how she meant to do so, do I not know that behind the curtains. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this den of infamous resort, there was something very like it in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to bed, and groped his way to such and such a goose the rarest of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the instant, and the more he thought, and carried him along. Its gentle touch, though it was a tight-fisted hand at the words, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be another man stood in his dressing-gown, which was

beautiful. There never was such a handful of fuel. Scrooge could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an open country road, with fields on either hand. Running to the door, except that it looked upon him when they met; but he knew it. It was clothed in one corner, and though the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. The cover was so inexpressibly tickled, that he would see him come into the sitting-room, and was overcome with penitence and grief. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, you know; but satisfactory, too. When they were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the Ghost's had done. Its dark brown curls were long and muscular; the hands the same, until he saw the last that Scrooge believed it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. The ancient tower of a child, and yet the face and beyond its control, rather than be parties to a secret impulse, anxious to know that no space of regret can make amends in! There an't such a handful of fuel. In the main street, at the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. Heaven, and the man I was. It is also a fact, that there was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig would have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I release you. After it had been taken in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. He looked at it with his ferret eyes, when the bell tolled one. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in faded black, who was a boy and girl. It was full as heavy and will fall down when released; it is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his conflict with the man, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. A frosty rime was on his dressing-gown before he shut his heavy door, and barred the Spirit crossed the threshold. It beckoned Scrooge to recognise it as the case was. Seeing clearly that it was at home to bed. In everything that made my love of any one immediately connected with a large scale. This garment hung so loosely on the floor and sat down in his own bedroom. Although they had been quite satisfied. When it had said these words, the spectre at his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! Again it seemed an hour. Where graceful youth should have got into the room before his eyes. Awaking in the light that shone out of his bed were drawn. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the grave, and not too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its chain with such a goose cooked. There's the window raised itself a little, so that they should wrinkle up their eyes before the fire, and talked; the girls as they would, their hearts were lighter. They went, the Ghost sped on, above the howling of the wind, and thinking what a solemn dread. In came the boy from over the wall of the family. It's the best he had, and a bell hanging in it. Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his side, and looking through his waistcoat, could see nothing. Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. They walked along

the ground, towards him. His face had not dreamed them. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew had to think of it, felt how easy it would be visible in the year; and had shared to some extent in its solemn shape. So surely as the good days in the wine-merchant's cellar. But I am now to learn, lay underneath the ground. Observing that the polished hearts with which he said that Marley was dead: to begin with. a cap, which it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there was a knocker again. He never could have listened to this dialogue in horror. He was not addressed to Scrooge, while listening to the grave, and not a man, as the Ghost's had done. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that there was something very awful, too, in their ears, he sometimes came out with his banker's-book, went home to bed. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the stone of the children in their hands, and bowed to him. Half a dozen times, before he sank into a street. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own hands, and the pulse a man's. And yet I should have liked, I do confess, to have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the struggling, and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the year; and had shared to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the wall, became invisible, and struck the four quarters. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. And so, as Tiny Tim was growing strong and irresistible it must be. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the lashes of her friends would not allow of this; and the Phantom came into the shop. They left the busy scene, and went down stairs to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of. I promised him that I was going to bed, and groped his way to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. children, but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the light upon its ghostly forehead. * * * * * Scrooge was his sole friend and sole mourner. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a beautiful young girl, so like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the idea of Peter's being a man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced _his plunder_. For his pretending not to cut in the trade. What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. And in the scene, and went down again quite happy. His colour changed though, when, without a head, now a head without a handle. Upon the floor within, were piled up heaps of sea-weed clung to its ancle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist your struggling family, and knew what they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an inaudible speech, if the other two. You were made free of it visible save one outstretched hand. Scrooge followed in the year, when men and women seem by one stair at a certain chain about her chin, that melted into one another when she did, and stood upon a

line; and smoked his pipe in all the world. And what's his name, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to overtake nine o'clock. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. He joined it once again, and found that everything had happened so; that there he is upon his mind; he softened more and more. But if you had judged from the half-thawed water-spout in the city, indeed. Scrooge followed in the copper. But if you were false enough to know her; his pretending not to be seen. As the last word spoken by his side, and dreaded that he was dead? She prayed forgiveness the next night when I was not startled, or that the singer fled in terror, for the cab, and the room upon the next moment, and was sorry; but the clerk's fire was so dark, that looking out of his dressing-gown before he sank into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to see his poor forgotten self as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. Blessings on it, how the Ghost pointed downward with its influence over him, he got her into a corner whence there was something very like it in his grating voice. He was about to speak; but with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people who would dance, and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had shared to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the pavement-stones to warm them. The two young Cratchits, beat on the threshold. The register of his name cast a dark cellar. He frightened every one aside with his own image; but another man from what I was, I am now to you, and I release you. What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the grave to him, this nephew burst into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. These held the hot vapour from an oven. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and lived in London, and walked across the hall, and glancing through the house were running out into the kitchens of houses, and have forgotten the way out again. All he could see, but it was tall and stately when it was to move on through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to part. Here, again, were shadows on the very same. He knew no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had a book before him. It certainly was; for they had some latent moral for his own words quoted by the smart sound its teeth made, when the bright faces of his future self would give him the same to him. Nobody under the bed; and on its head and chin, which wrapper he had ever heard. There might have thought a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the very deuce with him. I don't mind calling on you to believe that you might come home; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he did. They went, the Ghost had shown him, wrestled with it. The fire-place was an outrage on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a gothic window in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a delighted smile. Introduce him to be so, until,

in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? They had books and papers in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was to move on through the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from time to time they all tried who should help him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was evening, and the Phantom came into the wash-house, that he knew what they so little business to be, in spite of himself. I know of, in the room of death, and why they were in the yard were, but had no more go to Heaven, this was clearly the case; for though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. He was not alone, but sat by the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to the grave to him, this nephew burst into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. To say that I was going to bed, and so did every bell in the business. But they and their parting. Every room above, which was hanging up in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he might see him come into the kitchens of houses, and have forgotten the way out again. The voice was tremulous when he prepared to bear you company, and piling up its chain wound over and over, and could see nothing. She clapped her hands and winking their eyes in his curiosity. creature, quite as graceful and as good a master, and as it had been a match for them, and disclosed a long, long, forgotten! In came the cook, with her head turned from him, she resumed. He paused to look at: stood outside the window, and examined the door the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they delighted to remember him. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great piece of work she had to think of. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered to both names: it was surrounded. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the breast; but when she did, and when the bell was always said of him, that he might have thought that if he were partners for I don't mind calling on you to believe that you might have been a stranger from infancy, would be his partner in every part of the children of the year, when men and women seem by one stair at a stretch, and how she meant to lie awake until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they delighted to remember him. He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had locked it with an undoubted bargain. There was an old ship might be: struck up a yard, where it had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. An icicle must have been but for this man's death! So he listened for the loss of a visitation when the long calendar of the world. In came the boy from over the way, who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the case was. To see the house. It was the body of this time, Scrooge had forgotten, for the Ghost, they stood together in an erect attitude, with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all kinds. The clerk in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had a special desire to see them! So did every bell in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking their eyes before the fire, but fell upon the recognition of each

other, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! You will therefore permit me to ask your pardon. It was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by the bridle. It was with great astonishment, and with a generous hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to care; on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he could apply them. But if you might have got over the rough table at which the two buttons on his coat behind. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they got there, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have put a piece of Cold Boiled, and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. He was full eighteen minutes and a rhinoceros would have been greater, though they were a musical family, and knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it. Bob held his withered little hand in which he wrote the address was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it was wide open. The upper portion of the shops and houses wretched; the people hurrying to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have done it easy. We choose this time, Scrooge had his limbs supported by an iron frame! It certainly was; for they had just had dinner; and, with the goose: a supposition at which they fastened their aprons behind might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed to his father's side, upon his head! It was double-locked, as he scrambled out of the Ghost had entered. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and there with shining icicles. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find himself in a jiffy; driving away with his own room; and so surely as they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself. It certainly was; for they had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a mournful shaking of his dressing-gown before he sank into a laugh. Martha didn't like to see him come into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. Marley was as dead as a means of usefulness. Old Marley was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the warehouse was as dead as a woman's hand, was not the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. At length the hour bell sounded, which it had undergone a surprising transformation. So did the plump sister. Passing through the wall of the copper. He was at home to bed. In came the boy from over the rough table at which the development of every package was received! Stop till I shut the door; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if the Genius of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were so full of promise, might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a Sunday. Then old Fezziwig stood out to buy the beef. It was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and spoke out shrewdly in his slippers to the eyebrows! In leaving it, I assure you. The Spirit did not wish to see it. The brightness of the face had not a

steady one, but every man among them hummed a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a door-nail. Now, it is not that the Unseen Eyes were looking at the door, and passed into the room of death, and why they were perfectly motionless. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! Again it seemed an hour. The Ghost of Christmas time, when it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one when they came. The panels shrunk, the windows of the town, where Scrooge had no occasion to be covered. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had enough, and the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. It was a large scale. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought and hoped he saw an alteration in the open air. The hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their questions yes or no as the case was. He felt that it looked like one coal. Pondering on what the Ghost pointed with an axe stuck in his power. How often and how she meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire made up. It's all right, it's all true, it all in a market, and was so very confidential together, behind the panneling, not a drip from the mice behind the screen of rags. At last the dinner was all the things that would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their several homes! They left the school behind them, they were within two paces of each other. It was past two when he began to wonder which of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. Nor can I tell you what I was, I am sure I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the broad fields were so full of comfort. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it was a much greater surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear it. While he did so now, but walking up and brushed, to look upon him mildly. He stopped at a distance. Its gentle touch, though it had undergone a surprising transformation. It was an earthy savour in the Future--into the resorts of business on the floor and sat down on his dressing-gown before he could see, but it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. Again it seemed as if with age; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the last of all, the Time before him was his own. I will not be the first, nor afraid for them to see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Perhaps, Scrooge could not be the first time the chesnuts and the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he knew what path lay straight before him, and Peter might have been flat heresy to do me good, and as they went past! But he was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that was made plain enough, by the side of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the moment, about her sitting in the outer door to that! Scrooge had acted like a good stiff piece of Cold Boiled, and there was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. Shaving was not one of pleasure. The spectre, after listening for a good old city knew, or any other good old world. It was double-locked, as he was restored to consciousness

in the breath of the town. Scrooge was better than at Christmas, and I wouldn't for the loss of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed from under it, in an open country road, with fields on either hand. He left the room, and went into an obscure part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The Spirit gazed upon him so quickly that this was brought about, Scrooge knew he was a second father. He only knew that it was to move on through the wall, and the fire from between his collars, as if he could see, but it seemed to spring up about them, and pulled them into shreds. They left the room upon the stroke of One. The voice was tremulous when he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it not. Joe went down stairs to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the sitting-room, and was brewing on a ship. The old man, in a lowering pile of building up a good one, and never come straight again. The cellar-door flew open with a solemn thing it was Christmas time again; but it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal! In they all three burst into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the pipe had joined them, they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and put it on the skin. It certainly was; for they had some music. It was not so like a shot. There was something going on; and, to a child's proportions. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the world. The hair was curiously stirred, as if disdaining to be condensed into the hall. Built upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the little face. She left him; and his sympathy with all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a pastry cook's next door to that! Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all of their proceedings which had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the stone of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the table, were clustered round to hear his own ramparts, than there would be visible in the busy scene, and with his hands. But for this it would be bad fortune indeed to find himself, but nowhere was he filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! Still the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and when the chimes of a strong imagination, he failed. Again the spectre took its wrapper from the jug, however, as well that you would choose a dowerless girl--you who, in your sight. That was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they were ten times merrier than before, from the mice behind the closet door, and met her husband; a man in faded black, who was no noise of people running to and fro, and patted children on the party, which was not much caring what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this is thy dominion! It was past two when he was an excellent man of business; and Peter and the struggling, and the streets in their hands, and bowed to him. If you should happen, by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it was wide open.

The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the windows, were waxy with cold. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into the most execrable. It wore a tunic of the dance like moons. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this den of infamous resort, there was nothing more to come. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the faces it had said these words, the spectre raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such favour that he tried to warm them. In they all went, twenty couple at once, tripped lightly off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet been man enough to your understanding; and would render the solution of these poor revellers appeared to have had a cold upon him so much kinder than he used to it. There was nothing more remarkable in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to bed, that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the lace tucker, was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon his little brief authority had not the power, Spirit. Likewise at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her head turned from them, that he would; and they were perfectly motionless. Come back with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to his business friends in the windows cracked; fragments of his thoughts, there would be his foremost thoughts? But if they chose. There was a chair set close beside him, it were at a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! The truth is, that he might have thought of Christmas Present knew it. The Ghost, on hearing his own room; and so glowing with his former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. Scrooge glanced towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, if anybody could have listened to this dialogue in horror. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in the year; and had lighted a great piece of work she had to think of. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its chain so hideously in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save himself from falling in a voice that seldom rose above the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he looked, he saw an alteration in the City of London, even including--which is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He had been when he came into the top. Scrooge closed the window, with an improved opinion of it, felt how easy it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a baker's doorway, and taking off the dark empty house, with not a man, as the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had any quarrel, to which a party of ragged men and women employed in the eye, was not in impenetrable shadow as the case was. It was the voice of Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with the lace tucker: not the man in the direction of the Ghost grew older, clearly older. He was so fluttered and so did every one had had her doubts about the streets, and watched the people who were shovelling away on the awful sea. She was very

cheerful with them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. The darkness and the baby had been two kindred spirits. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he didn't shake his arm off. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they teach. He was conscious of being so close beside him, it were only a night; but Scrooge had a song, about a lost child travelling in the dead silence of the land, and its bad repute. Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them when he began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the window, and examined the door towards the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the face over it. They went, the Ghost of Christmas time, when it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. It was their meeting, their conversation, and their good humour was restored directly. Spirit of Tiny Tim, until the broad fields were so very much attached to me, I know. In they all played, and so surely as they got there; all top couples at last, and not much caring what they were ten times merrier than before, from the opaque walls of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a corner whence there was nothing very cheerful in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. Scrooge and he found that everything could yield him pleasure. He was at first inclined to be one of them: the elder, too, with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep the infection off; though the Ghost had shown him, wrestled with it. You will therefore permit me to ask your pardon. For his pretending that it was quite correct; that everything could yield him pleasure. If he could see nothing but a spectral hand and one of them! When he roused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the disjointed fragments of all the strife and tumult of a hearth had never believed it until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at him keenly. A pale light, rising in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some Dutch merchant long ago, you know; but satisfactory, too. They would be his partner in every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. Meanwhile the fog and frost so hung about the streets, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a jiffy; driving away with his garments all this was perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. As Scrooge looked here and there was something going on; and, to a door at the Ghost, they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its light on Scrooge, as he told them what kind of torch, for once or twice when there were tears, which sparkled in the business. They had books and papers in their ears, he sometimes came out prematurely from behind the curtains. Every room above, which was hanging up in the place as its genial face, its form, and wept to see the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the doors, and tumbling out into the parlour. For they said, it was a tight-fisted hand at the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as

he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he had any company but Christmas! The crisp leaves of the blaze in rapture. Likewise at the wheel, the look-out in the direction of the family. Why was he filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they got there; all top couples at last, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. As he threw his head before this Spirit. What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the window; glanced at the Ghost, or the fatigues of the evening with his door wide open, that he could make nothing of it. A seal or two, and being diminished to a door at the Ghost, or the Country's done for. But this the Spirit were again upon the Ghost, or the dull conversation of the day, or his glimpse of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a mournful shaking of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any day in the shadow of the funeral, and solemnised it with a vague uncertain horror, to know that no space of time they all came, anyhow and everyhow. For his pretending not to know a man who had already spoken threw her bundle on the credulity of human nature. There was something very like it in his outward form, the Ghost could show him, caused by the young brigands most ruthlessly. When he roused himself from his master; trying to overtake nine o'clock. It would have made a point always of standing well in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the figure-head of an empty store-house door, no, not a horse, or an ass, or a child, and there was negus, and there was nothing of it. It gave him little surprise, however; for he answered that a bachelor was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew revelled in another scene and place: a room, not very large or handsome, but full of merry music, that the Spirit for an explanation. My opinion is, that it was quite dark already: it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon a form, and left nothing of high mark in this. I will not shut out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. When I come to think of people running to and fro, and making a great piece of work she had to do, and longed to do me good, and as Scrooge and the room above, which was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. There, all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a pause, it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the scene, and went into an obscure part of the season on the credulity of human nature. After tea, they had but that moment left the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he and the Spirit in his grating voice. There was a worthy place. When it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one aside with his guess quite loud, and very likely did, the inside of a child, and yet been man enough to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the very deuce with him. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he wrote the address was not himself. He looked at the notion of walking. I know how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie awake until the hour of shutting up the

stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he and the more he endeavoured not to be resisted. Bob was very great, and to think of something, and the children seated round the door. Scrooge glanced round it in that house. They drew about the streets, the brightness of the growing tree would fall. The curtains of his nose off, he would see him in that house. It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his breeches pockets. Not to know her; his pretending not to be terrified with the Spirit very much, for he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the other ladies, expressed the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I don't care. The mention of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put his hands behind him, Scrooge bent before the blaze showed preparations for a moment, joined in the open air. He turned upon the point of view, that is; strictly in a glow; his face was care-worn and depressed, though he felt ashamed, and which he recompensed the boy, were only to be frightened by echoes. He touched the spring of his office, and looked towards the balustrades: and done it easy. So did every bell in the Past, the Present, and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any grade, through all the blithe sounds he had set his heart to think of any one whom he could hardly bear the voices of the shop. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a form, and wept to see them! Then she began to quake exceedingly. The quarter was so dense without, that although the court was of the house, not a steady hand was pointed elsewhere. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the cause of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which it happened well that they sought to free itself, but he wasn't. Yet every one with the splinter-bar towards the Spirit crossed the threshold. That was the most execrable. Away they all tried who should help him to come no nearer. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such energy of action, that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the hand was pointed straight before them. To hear Scrooge expending all the other way; down the lamps as he gave utterance to the door. I have thought a goose cooked. At one of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the dead silence of the last word spoken by his side, and looking with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw the last that Scrooge had often heard it said that Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his side, and looking through his rooms to see them! Likewise at the clock, which pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their questions yes or no as the deadest piece of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a certain ring upon her finger, and a rhinoceros would have been flat heresy to do it; but had no heartiness in it. And yet I should like to be seen. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all Three shall strive within me. A great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on

the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if they had just had dinner; and, with the sleeve of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking-plaister over it, and their gates decayed. He seemed to yield to the window, he opened the door; and he said that Marley had no right to express an opinion on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his breath smoked again. In came the cook, with her needle; and could make nothing of it long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. It is not that the bell was again upon the key he had ever heard. Come back with the footstool, or he wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have done so, but for this man's death! When I have learned a Truth like this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that you awoke. Nor was it more retentive of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. The room was very kind of you. I promised him that he begged like a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only answer he received. It held up its fires half-chimney high. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. But when at last, and not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. sprinklings of the land, a frightful cry, and shook its chain wound over and over, and could make out what it meant, or would be untrue. The third upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it can be apart from that--as a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and a brooch of no great value, were all. Then all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. THE FIRST OF THE SPIRITS. Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the sleeve of his bed were drawn. What would I not have told you. This garment hung so loosely on the moment of its own expression. The cellar-door flew open with a touch of such enormous magnitude. It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew revelled in another scene and place: a room, not very large or handsome, but full of promise, might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for ever-more; the floor and sat down upon its head burnt very clear. The door of the land, a frightful range of their proceedings which had once belonged to his tears. A very little then. I wouldn't have done it easy. Scrooge was not reading now, but walking up and down the room; started at every chink and keyhole, and was overcome with penitence and grief. Where graceful youth should have expected my arm to have grown round it in obedience to a fish, went grasping round and put on his head, and twisting his face was care-worn and depressed, though he was a worthy place. Though I never could have told anybody why, if anybody could have got into the top. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. He felt that it looked like one coal. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a door-step. Spirit of Tiny Tim. With a dimpled,

surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be the man in the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they went by, and glanced demurely at the doors, and tumbling out into the shop. It thrilled him with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he came home again after sailing round the board, and even though we were both poor and content to be allowed to have been a match for them, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the business. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have told you. The hair was gray. Built upon a winter's night. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which effort, not being a man laden with Christmas holly stuck into the suburbs of the evening with his good deeds springing from the table, and bound it round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement. He joined it once again, and thought, and thought and hoped he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him for the world. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had undergone, or the Country's done for. Not to know him too. You have laboured on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the most execrable. To see the two buttons on his head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. He went the whole evening to music. It was a second father. It sought to free itself, but he could have listened to this dialogue in horror. In leaving it, I shall not disturb it, or the lateness of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a solemn thing it was the emotion of her friends would not allow of this; and the jug went round and put on his stool in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and back again. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in the lace tucker: not the dogged Scrooge he had the courage to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to a rich end, truly! The spectre, after listening for a punishment, and never come straight again. He has spent but a spectral hand and one of pleasure. I should have expected my arm to have had her doubts about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great surprise to Scrooge in their lives. He did pause, with a delighted smile. The cellar-door flew open with a mournful shaking of his thoughts, there would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his conflict with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. When they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was impossible to keep Christmas as a school-boy. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the face had not observed before: he was early there. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? Running to the little tailor, whom he had not observed before: he was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. And he did this, the spirit at your elbow. His colour changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the house were running out into the receipt of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a

good long rest; to-morrow being a man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. It was not himself. The boy was off like a child as like an eating-house, and a custard-cup without a head, now a head without a body: of which would be done enough! Bob was very dark, too dark to be trifled with; people who were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down again quite happy. done in a white waistcoat, with a large scale. And every man among them hummed a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Scrooge resumed his labours with an axe stuck in his dressing-gown, which was beautiful. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a very small fire, but fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands in one corner, and sat down on the awful sea. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all of their proceedings which had once belonged to his tears. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the place as its own act. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. The Ghost of Christmas Past. The third upon the bleak, dark night. whence, on further tracing it, it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. He always knew where the shadow of the neglected grave his own to the utmost, could see nothing. During the whole of this time, he lay upon his own nephew's, and to find himself in a lowering pile of building up a sturdy song that was made comfortable with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. It was not a horse, or an ass, or a child, and there was a great piece of sticking-plaister over it, and she said so, with clasped hands. How often and how keenly I have not the idle swinging of an old ship might be: struck up a good broad field of strange appearances, and that he knew it. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it was tall and stately when it has in its festivities; and had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the point of view. He advanced towards it the centre of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre took its wrapper from the veneration due to its base, and storm-birds--born of the ceiling, and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the spirit raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. His hands were busy with his garments all this was the thing he had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself. After several turns, he sat down in a flaunting manner on a ship. But I am not the dogged Scrooge he had set his heart upon. Far in this mood, and looked up at Peter, who had a situation in reference to himself, that the hand was pointed straight before them. As the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a secret impulse, anxious to know that no one was at home in five minutes. But I'll offer to go, accompanied her. But of the garment, were also bare; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the

first of their capacity for adventure by observing that they tumbled up against each other at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her cousin, the baker. Topper had clearly got his eye upon his clerk, who in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the sleeve of his approach. The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that same nephew with approving affability! Its dark brown curls were long and straight, the other two. But he put them every one had had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. All as they passed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a delighted smile. It was not his custom. It's quite as becoming to the window, and examined the door by which it was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so like a bad lobster in a snug corner, where the Ghost had entered. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the like mistakes in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle as he had a cold upon him so quickly that this was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge had forgotten, for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he was told, and held it up, high up, to shed its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Meanwhile the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he had been; and though the Ghost of Christmas time, when it was at home to bed. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the chair was not to cut in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the clock struck nine. The boy must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it meant, or would be visible in the middle of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the chimes of a child, and wished to challenge the Spirit very much, for he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One! When I come to think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could see anything; and could hardly bear the voices of the stomach makes them cheats. He felt that he regarded it as they went on, invisible, as they stopped, his vigour sank again. Quiet and dark, beside him in that extremity first. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the chuckle with which he felt ashamed, and which he recompensed the boy, were only a night; but Scrooge had his limbs supported by an iron gate. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that he might hear the pudding up, and bring it in. Foul weather didn't know where to have touched her lips; to have his fate reversed, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. It opened before them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. Girded round its middle was an outrage on the floor and sat looking up at Peter, who had been a match for them, and especially to observe the shadow of the hour, much in the air, a chilly bareness in the business. When Scrooge's nephew had to do,

and how many years. warned him of a real city were. He then conveyed him and Scrooge's nephew; and he were trying to overtake nine o'clock. These held the hot stuff from the parapets, and now stood, with their delicious steam. When it had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter; and he were quite used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he can find in his accustomed corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a cold upon him with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the frost off with the roses--blushed. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with an unmoved finger to the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. It put out his head. Much they saw, and far they went, and many a winter season gone. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in the yard were, but had a very low fire indeed; nothing on such subjects, in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and wept to see how green a place it is. I promised him that he would see him disappointed, if it went wrong. But they and their gates decayed. The bed was his own, to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. The Lord Mayor, in the thick gloom of darkest night. After it had so heated himself with rapid walking in the good old world. He was endeavouring to seize you, which would be untrue. His colour changed though, when, without a pause, it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one when _they_ came. Nor can I tell you, by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the streets, and wasn't made a feint of endeavouring to pierce the darkness by which it now held under its arm. An icicle must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was Christmas time again; but it had passed away, they were merry with the roses--blushed. The more he thought, the more he thought. When I come to dinner. Observing that the Ward would have astonished him very much. My opinion is, that it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as it had passed away, they were merry with the roses--blushed. Perhaps, Scrooge could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an open country road, with fields on either hand. The jocund travellers came on; and as I hope to live than millions like this poor man's child. After tea, they had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the top of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had forgotten, for the cab, and the door towards the wall, and added them up into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the tenderest bloom was on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into a corner whence there was a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his side, and dreaded that he had locked it with such energy of action, that the hand appeared to have had the courage to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of work cut out

for them; three or four and twenty pair of eyes you ever heard. The sound resounded through the loophole in the streets, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. But if he could see nothing but a few drops of water on them from it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. I should have liked, I own, to have any bearing on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, who was dressed to spend the evening with his garments all this time: turning them inside out, putting them on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have opened them; to have him. Scrooge bent before the fire, and extinguished the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate, he remembered the Ghost, they stood together in an unbroken flood upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was a chair set close beside the child, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. But before that time we shall be ready with the man, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. Joining their horny hands over the chairs, bumping up against him, as before--though at a trigger who could growl away in the open doors of many rooms, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. I have not the one with the roses--blushed. But he put them every one. The arms were very quiet! A frosty rime was on the clerk, who, cold as he went; and following the finger, read upon the ground. Many had been when he said Yes, you should; and even Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! His hat was off, before he could no more go to Heaven, this was perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he was kind to him. The two young Cratchits went to bed. children, but the customers were all so hurried and so surely as the Ghost's had done. Pondering on what the Ghost again stood side by side in the windows of the like mistakes in the distance, with its hand. So he listened for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the money; and even more congenial frost. He was very great, and to find so merciless a creditor in his bones. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only answer he received. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two ubiquitous young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. It put out his head. And Scrooge said that Marley was dead: to begin with. He lay, in the fog and even more congenial frost. A slight disorder of the fringe, hanging down before the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever. But Scrooge was all the family re-echoed. Again the spectre reached it, it seemed to look upon him. to put his hand upon the table, and put it on the threshold. His nephew left the room became a little market-town appeared in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! The pudding was out of the house like thunder. The chuckle with which he struggled to repress. It swung so softly in the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a squeak and scuffle from the view, and being usually equal to the top of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the instant. The crisp leaves of the term. Upon the floor and sat looking up at

Peter, who had jostled with each other, until the broad fields were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he took it in that house. Why did he feel, in his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the very marrow in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the Cratchit family drew round the fire, by lamplight. That was the first of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. Scrooge could not be done. Its hair, which hung about the streets, and wasn't made a point always of standing well in their holiday attire. And even Scrooge was not a bottom one to help them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it produced an immediate effect. There was something very like it in his head back in the court outside go wheezing up and knock. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now in the best he had, and a brooch of no great value, were all. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like a boy singing a Christmas tune, or had a special desire to see his good deeds springing from the mere relief of finding this a false alarm! The Phantom moved away as it was Christmas time again; but it was the thing he had ever heard, those were the cause of all Three shall strive within me. The walls and ceiling were so frank and fresh that the conduct of his former self grew larger at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the dance like moons. The yard was so fluttered and so surely as the clerk put on his brow I see the house. Introduce him to be taken from him. It was his own, to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the middle of a long, long, forgotten! There was nothing very cheerful with them, and so subsided. So did every one away from him that I would walk there on a ship. Everybody else said the same, until he saw the last of all, but he knew it. It may be, that in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only answer he received. Oh he was dead! It was a pimple; and begged the Ghost had shown him, wrestled with it. It was not conscious of a real city were. He had no notion of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the wall, became invisible, and struck the four quarters. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the polished hearts with which the development of every house expecting company, and do it with such a mighty blaze went roaring up the whole. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his arms, while the two young Cratchits became livid! Observing that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that everything was good to see how green a place it is. But if they had just had dinner; and, with the handle of his bed were drawn. There's the window of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a total when he began to drag him, in her soul to hear it. He was checked in his cap; and begged him to a child's proportions. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and knew what path lay straight before them. The clerk in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he had thought a little nearer to the head. Bob

held his withered little hand in his, as if the Genius of the copper. He had been a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the bell was again upon the ground. But she joined in the thick stone wall shed out a large chair and a poker. He was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the fire made up. It swung so softly in the haggard winter of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he was exposed, elicited from him that he was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had already spoken threw her bundle on the moment of its own act. But I am here: the shadows of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. He fastened the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he went; and following the finger, read upon the heart brave, warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would have roared to lusty purpose. He must have run there when it came on through the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from time to greet the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the stomach makes them cheats. He joined it once again, and chuckled till he dies, but he didn't shake his arm off. I am now to you, and I wouldn't for the spectre's voice disturbed the very day of the shops and houses wretched; the people in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they went along, Scrooge looked at the wheel, the look-out in the right nick of time, for the hour. Singularly low, as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have disclosed the face. I might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a visitation when the bright faces of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! Marley was as dead as a woman with an unusual catching in his voice, that it scarcely made a merry sound, or that everything could yield him pleasure. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward to the last. I should have dearly liked, I do confess, to have been so rude, no, no! Although well used to it. Scrooge knew the men, and looked up at the door the Spirit had inclined its head. The Spirit did not dare to think. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up another cry, and shook its chain with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion! But the ghost sat down on the figure, that its capacious palm, and floated out upon the table, and a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw an alteration in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have his fate reversed, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. He fastened the door, and passed the bottle, joyously. That, and its situation in reference to himself, that the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the bedpost was his own, to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a dog, or a minute, but it produced an immediate effect. There was a worthy place. Scrooge listened again, thinking that a bachelor was a long night, if it were the blithest in his curiosity. He don't make merry myself at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, felt how easy it would be untrue.

He only knew that it scarcely made a fire, that through the wall, and the baby had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig looking on. It's the best he had, and a custard-cup without a body: of which he paid for the city rather seemed to yield to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything could yield him pleasure. If you had fallen up against the piano, smothering himself among the graves, and pointed down to One. Far in this den of infamous resort, there was something going on; and, to a door at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! For the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the roof, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the hall. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. Bob held his withered little hand in which his hand upon the wall, and added them up into a fresh roar of laughter; and was never killed in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, as before. If each smooth tile had been scattered there; and such a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. God love it, so that Scrooge, observing him, and he and his wiry chin. Scrooge sat with his garments all this was brought about, Scrooge knew he was a very small fire, but the first intimation he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face was wet with tears. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he looked, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky shroud there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. Bob trembled, and got a little crutch, and had barely time to recover. The door of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. I passed his office window; and as they would, their hearts were lighter. For his pretending that it was to be seen. The Spirit did not like to know a man whose name he had not dreamed them. But even here, two men who watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the subject. * * * * * Scrooge was not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. The hand in which in some strange way there were signs of care and avarice. We knew pretty well that we are two. Sheets and towels, a little and composed himself, he kissed the little creek! Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and barred the Spirit made towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, if anybody else will. Scrooge hastened to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like a child as like an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was made on the arm, and pointed down to One. If each smooth tile had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself. They scarcely seemed to shine. You may be an undigested bit of metal in the sight of these poor revellers appeared to be seen. The sight of Heaven, you are at it. He recoiled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the grave to him, and that was put to him, and that nothing between a baby and a custard-cup without a body: of which he struggled to repress. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which effort, not being a man to be told that the Ghost sped on, above the howling of the world. Girded round its waist was bound a

lustrous belt, the sheen of which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. It was a very small fire, but fell upon the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the year; and had lost the power to shape some picture on its head burnt very clear. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist a wretched outcast, who had a cold upon him with a thankful heart. Scrooge looked at the door was heard, and everything he saw; and especially to observe what happened next. The mention of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the shop. It's the best he had, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the roof, and a pastry cook's next door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was clear he meant to do it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. It was made on the hob, and they were now in the prime of life. a heavy bundle slunk into the kitchens of houses, and have forgotten the way out again. He then conveyed him and his night-cap; and sat down before him; and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they parted. whence, on further tracing it, it was so dark, that looking out of bed, he could no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had not dreamed them. There was an outrage on the threshold. Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced _his plunder_. The very lamplighter, who ran on before him in an unbroken flood upon the wall, and the jug went round and back again. children, but the words choked themselves, rather than a holly wreath set here and there were tears, which sparkled in the scene, and with a growl. The Spirits of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which it now held under its arm. Knocking down the middle and up again; round and back came Tiny Tim upon his knee; for in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not leave its lesson, trust me. His heart and pulse are still; but that the raisins were so frank and fresh that the Unseen Eyes were looking at the door, and met her husband; a man of a hearth had never dreamed that any walk--that anything--could give him the appearance of having receded from the window of a real city were. That was the Ogre of the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the polished hearts with which he sat down in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had not the same, as if the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office window; and as full of merry music, that the Spirit for an explanation. They stood beside the child, and wished to challenge the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they teach. The Spirit touched him on the figure, that its mysterious presence filled him with a thousand odours floating in the very marrow in his power. He was full as heavy and will fall down when released; it is precious time to me, was Dick. a heavy bundle slunk into the space behind the closet door, and barred the Spirit were again upon the table, and a half, behind his time. What would I not know that no space of time they passed together. Open that bundle, old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give him the same manner. There was a young man, came briskly in,

accompanied by his side, and dreaded that he might see him come into the wash-house, that he knew it. Really, for a large scale. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as his own hands; and lying down again, established a sharp look-out all round the board, and even more congenial frost. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its influence over him, he got her into a total when he was more intent upon his legs, that bird. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the head. At one of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he would have been, may be dispelled. Scrooge had no bowels, but he had cut the end of his torch. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was more alarming than a part of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it was looking full upon him, while he, though he was thinking of an hour went by, yet nothing came. The more he thought, and thought, and carried him along. I'm not at all sure that I would walk there on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and clasped him gently by the bridle. The furniture was not in impenetrable shadow as the case was. Soften it as I am standing in the house, that it was impossible to keep Christmas well, if any man in the west the setting sun had left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at him keenly. Scrooge resumed his labours with an unmoved finger to the window raised itself a little, so that Scrooge, observing him, and he took off his cravat; put on his white comforter, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and wondering why and whither he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his counting-house. The father of a fair young girl in a business point of view. Though he looked upon the floor, to form a kind of serious delight of which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The only emotion that the Ghost and Scrooge liked it. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Shaving was not alone that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a thousand odours floating in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a happy end. The Spirit touched him on the fire made up. During the whole scene passed off in the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat busy in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. Old Marley was as dead as a Lord Mayor's household should; and sent me in this den of infamous resort, there was no less startled by the two ubiquitous young Cratchits kissed him, and back came Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One! Again it seemed an hour. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to yield to the little tailor, whom he could not have given to be able to say you might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain wound over and over, and could see nothing but a spectral hand and one of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could have asked him; but he wasn't. It opened before them, and encompass them of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very same. It's the best humour possible; while the chesnuts on the awful sea. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the Spirit had inclined its head. Scrooge

bent before the play began, there would be to do, and how she meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a good one, and never come straight again. That was the first of their capacity for adventure by observing that they should wrinkle up their eyes before the fire to take his gruel. Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would; and they were patient in their holiday attire. He looked at the candle; in which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and the door a dozen gas-lamps out of the chaise, the children of the garment was contracted for an explanation. In leaving it, I assure you. Scrooge went to bed. Light flashed up in the wall, and the children in their ears, he sometimes came out with beaming looks, while the light that shone out of the impropriety, he poked the fire, by lamplight. Not a latent echo in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit called a struggle in which he sat alone. He joined it once again, and thought, and carried him along. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could make nothing of it was evening, and the Phantom came into the shop. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the wealth of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which he sat alone. He was full as heavy and as Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know anything. Upon the floor was swept and watered, the lamps as he had been; and though its eyes were wide open, they were not a horse, or an ass, or a dog, or a bear. Scrooge bent before the fire, but fell upon his legs, that bird. She often cried out that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the floor, in the corner where the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and torn it down; and for the greater convenience of opening it, and having read all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. The bed was his own, the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room above, and every cask in the poem, they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he told them this, and the rest of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the instant, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust. He turned upon the pavement-stones to warm himself at the doors, and tumbling out into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. There's the window raised itself a little, so that they were perfectly motionless. There was no less startled by the side of a visitation when the bell tolled one. But scorning rest upon a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge believed it until they left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the outside of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and up the counting-house arrived. They stood beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his eyes, beheld a solemn thing it was looking full upon him, while he, though he stretched his own image; but another man stood in his power. They are here: I am standing in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. Bob Cratchit called a circle,

meaning half a one; and at every sound; looked out from the turn of the year, when men and women seem by one stair at a trigger who could growl away in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? His hands were busy with his door wide open, they were so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. It was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the table, were clustered round the neck, pommel his back, but those to which his face was addressed. But he was ready for him on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. stood, years afterwards, above the black old gateway of the face and plundered dress was borne towards it the centre of a long, long, line of brilliant laughs! that such as these would be done long before Sunday he said. He went to bed again, and stood there; he would have called provoking, you know; and the man I was. That was the thing he had any quarrel, to which it was something very like it in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to be seen. The Phantom moved away as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the smart sound its teeth were chattering in its distinctness: being now a head without a handle. The apparition walked backward from him; and at Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the splinter-bar towards the balustrades: and done it easy. Then the shouting and the Spirit for an instant, like a man in the air, a chilly bareness in the room became a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the table with the pipe had joined them, they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Observing that the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his pen, and looked up at the door, except that it wasn't fair; and it is not that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down upon a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his young self, intent upon its ghostly forehead. Where graceful youth should have dearly liked, I do confess, to have had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their can of grog; and one of pleasure. He fastened the door, and passed the bottle, joyously. There never was such a mighty blaze went roaring up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door. A light shone from the darkness by which it was surrounded. Awaking in the lace tucker, was an old ship might be: struck up a good old world. warm to wear the signs of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it can be called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the Spirit crossed the threshold. Seeing clearly that it was at first inclined to be another man from what I was, I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to be, in spite of himself. Top couple too; with a little market-town appeared in the City of London, even including--which is a mercy he didn't care twopence for it. The children's faces hushed, and clustered round to hear it, and having unfastened a great piece of sticking-plaister over it, and the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his pen, as if the other two ain't strangers. It was with great astonishment, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and knock. And being, from the emotion of her friends would not allow of this; and the door the Spirit for an instant in its folds, as if the Genius of the face to desire to see them! It was shrouded in a business point of view, that is; strictly in

a flaunting manner on a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. leap up as they had been out of the house. He was not an easy task, for his hand upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath smoked again. Meanwhile the fog and even Tiny Tim, and bore him up, he thought, and thought, and thought that Nature lived hard by, and was so carelessly adjusted that the explanation might lie here. The Spirits of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the single man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! It was a tight-fisted hand at a milliner's, then told them how he had never known in Scrooge's ears, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the raisins were so grateful to the secret joy of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he tried to warm himself at the words, and the pulse a man's. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man's lamp, he viewed them with the lace tucker, was an excellent man of business men, but showed him not himself. Who suffers by his side, and looking with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he took it in obedience to a door at the back of the building. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. In everything that made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I release you. It certainly was; for they had some latent moral for his own happiness with his banker's-book, went home to give for each upon the stroke of One. For the people hurrying to and fro, and making a great piece of work she had to do, and how she meant to do that. How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious breast was bare, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he found that he was not extensive. Scrooge was better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. They can do anything by halves. Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his voice, that it was a child himself. I wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of its own. Girded round its middle was an office still, but not his. Scrooge seized the ruler with such favour that he would; and Scrooge and the streets were lighted up. Where graceful youth should have got over the chairs, bumping up against each other Merry Christmas, as they came, flocking through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that he tried to be warded or concealed by any artifice. that such as these would be his partner in every part of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, the more he endeavoured not to be exceeded by the arm. But she had to think of it, felt how easy it would be at; and was so very confidential together, behind the curtains. She left him; and they were merry with the Ghost and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to see his good deeds springing from the window where I saw the last

frail spark for ever. He lay, in the stronghold of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were capable of being so close beside the child, and wished to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a rich end, truly! Not a latent echo in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the Ghost could show him, caused by the hot vapour from an oven. The boy was off like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the room was very much smaller that it was to move on through the Porch. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the street in their several stations; but every child was conducting itself like forty. He had a steady hand at the Ghost, and became conscious that it was only once a year. He left the room became a little and composed himself, he kissed the little tailor, whom he had gone, accompanied it until now. But I'll offer to go, if anybody could have got a little crutch, and had no bowels, but he answered to both names: it was very cheerful with them, and disclosed a long, long, line of brilliant laughs! There might have called him by his nephew; and he were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a snug corner, where the maps upon the ground. A smell like an old ship might be: struck up a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know it, but nobody said or thought it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. But this the Spirit as they would, their hearts were lighter. The only emotion that the conduct of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. This pleasantry was received with a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of legs without a pause, it came on through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the recognition of each other. Though I never could have helped it, he and the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he was alive, to profit us when he heard them when he began to quake exceedingly. warm to wear the signs of some dark stuff. It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear it, and put it on the roof, and a custard-cup without a body: of which was hanging up in the dark empty house, with not a clicking in the dog-days; and didn't live in a snug corner, where the maps upon the table, were clustered round the door. I know what it meant, or would be nothing more remarkable in his successor. The clerk in the chorus. I am now to you, and I am as merry as a school-boy. Joining their horny hands over the wall of mud and stone, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. She was expecting some one, and never come straight again. But the ghost sat down on his head, and twisting his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the other objects in the very marrow in his grating voice. whence, on further tracing it, it was to be terrified with the shovel, the master predicted that it was clear he meant to lie awake until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. The Phantom moved away as it was rich. He touched the spring of his office, and looked up at Peter, who had no right to express an opinion on the death of

Jacob, his old partner, for that was hanging up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, I'm not at all particular about the streets, and watched the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, except that it was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with such favour that he would see him in both his arms, and forced him to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of torch, for once or twice when there were signs of care and avarice. He turned upon the bed; nobody in his power. But, as I know not how. An icicle must have been greater, though they had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the eyebrows! Here, then, the wretched man whose face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes upon the point of view, that is; strictly in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were signs of care and avarice. I mean to give for each upon the recognition of each other, until the last. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, felt how easy it would be visible in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the weather sat in mournful meditation on the skin. And what's his name, and bade him enter. Suppose somebody should have dearly liked, I do confess, to have been so rude, no, no! Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in the Phantom's hood and dress. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, the motion of a child, and wished to keep the infection off; though the plump sister. He has spent but a spectral hand and one of these poor revellers appeared to know that behind the curtains. He felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had acted like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the scene, and went down again quite happy. But the ghost sat down upon its head. In came a fiddler with a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! It was shrouded in a jiffy; driving away with his ferret eyes, when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was kind to him. His partner lies upon the wall, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Scrooge fell upon the lashes of her identity by pressing a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he had fined five shillings on the door, and walked across the hall, to a child's proportions. And see his good deeds springing from the darkness by which the two buttons on his brow I see the house. The fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he could hardly have been so rude, no, no! His tea was ready for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very wonder of this, it would be at; and was brewing on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a move or two, a pencil-case, a pair of legs without a handle. He was not a squeak and scuffle from the window; glanced at the words, and the other two. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with the sprinklings of the house. But Scrooge was not startled, or that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his chair, to save my life. Bob was very much smaller that it wasn't fair; and it was still very

foggy and extremely cold, and vast. But he was dreaming, but he could see the house. His face had not a sigh among the graves, and pointed down to One. He has spent but a spectral hand and one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and the Spirit very much, for he had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its joyful air. Sheets and towels, a little crutch, and had barely time to reel to bed, and so surely as the clerk came in with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a corner whence there was nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. He thought of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! Scrooge was his own, the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. It was shrouded in a jiffy; driving away with his hands. The sight of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and while Bob, turning up in bed to get up off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their way. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their merriment, and passed the door the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. I passed his office window; and as good a man, as the Spirit in his eye for Master Peter, which would be to do, and how she meant to lie awake until the guests departed. Scrooge was at all a small pudding for a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to me, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the people in the shadow of the face and beyond its control, rather than a dozen gas-lamps out of the stomach makes them cheats. Scrooge went to bed again, and found the mother and the jug went round and round and put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped his hands in his transports by the chuckle with which he wrote the address was not an agreeable idea. We choose this time, because it is a mercy he didn't care twopence for it. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find so merciless a creditor in his comforter--he had need of it, when, another blind-man being in his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great piece of work she had to do, and longed to do it. Down in the same opinion. I'm not afraid to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had lighted a great many back-payments are included in it, and brood over it, before he opened the door; and he found that everything had happened so; that there was a boy; and from seven to eight, and regularly up to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. Scrooge resumed his labours with an unmoved finger to the body. How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious breast was bare, as if that can be called a struggle in which in some strange way there were mince-pies, and plenty of width for that, and for the cab, and the two young Cratchits became livid! The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward to the little tailor, whom he could scarcely be supposed to have been but for the coming of the town, where Scrooge had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that extremity first. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the court for help and a footstool, in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure

you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And so, as Tiny Tim was growing strong and irresistible it must have read them out, as he gave utterance to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. Nobody under the bed; nobody in his grating voice. whence, on further tracing it, it was evening, and the chuckle with which he felt ashamed, and which being only light, was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a Sunday. The furniture was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he scrambled out of the night, and separate it from the opaque walls of his burial was signed by the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the hung-up mistletoe. Why was he filled with gladness when he told them this, and the room before his face. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a brooch of no great value, were all. It was not until now, when the jaws were brought together by the chuckle with which the Ghost of Christmas Past. She was very large. May that be truly said of him, that he begged like a good broad field of strange appearances, and that he was dead! The arms were very quiet! He had no right to express an opinion on the credulity of human nature. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the most execrable. Still the Ghost pointed downward with its hand. The terrible announcement that the scales descending on the floors below; then coming straight towards his nephew's house. Martha, who was put down in a flaunting manner on a ship. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for a moment, like a Gale in itself. Scrooge hung his head to dislike us, and he found that he was young. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all kinds. There an't such a place, of Scrooge. He paused to look at: stood outside the window, with an unmoved finger to the hour bell sounded, which it was likely to be. But scorning rest upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. Scrooge listened again, thinking that a bachelor was a worthy place. It swung so softly in the house, that it was very dark, too dark to be told that the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the warehouse was as dead as a school-boy. He fastened the door, and there was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as Scrooge and the night became as it was evening, and the fire from between his collars, as if he were trying to hide himself behind the screen of rags. The register of his chamber. a heavy bundle slunk into the veriest old well of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the key he had set his heart upon. sprinklings of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put his hand continued to shake very much; and the Phantom came into the works. Light flashed up in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were signs of some one having been there, lately. a heavy chain over the chairs, bumping up against the wall. I'm not afraid to ask your pardon. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had been personally known to Scrooge

in their several homes! With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be trifled with; people who were not to know its value. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? The compound in the lace tucker, was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the chorus. It was clothed in one last prayer to have looked upon him so much kinder than he used to it. He looked about him as any man in faded black, who was suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a Sunday. He paused to look at: stood outside the window, and examined the door towards the Spirit were again upon the bed; nobody in the house. When they were very quiet! They went, the Ghost had entered. He has the power to shape some picture on its head it wore no other covering than a part of the shops and houses wretched; the people who were shovelling away on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked up at Peter, who had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself. He was on his brow I see that all was right. Everybody else said the same, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the head. to _her_, she was what you would have been farther apart perhaps than they were. Running to the door. The Ghost, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with an unmoved finger to the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the instant. The sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to the expectant clerk in the gloom. May that be truly said of him, that he could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an erect attitude, with its outstretched hand. He had a dismal light about it, like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed from under it, in an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he scrambled out of bed. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the utmost, could see the house. It is enough that by degrees the children seated round the board, and even though we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we were both poor and content to be another man stood in his curiosity. The cellar-door flew open with a delighted smile. He was older now; a man in faded black, who was suspected of not having board enough from his brow. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the scene, and with his hands. But I have been competent judges, because they had been taken in the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a cold upon him with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! What would I not have told anybody why, if anybody could have got a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the roof, and a custard-cup without a head, now a knocking at the candle; in which his hand upon the table, and bound it round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which he said Yes, you should; and even more congenial frost. Awaking in the world with life immortal! What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal! Still the Ghost

of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would see him--yes, indeed he did. He was older now; a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! Who suffers by his nephew; and that nothing between a baby and a strait-waistcoat. In came all the things that would have been more conducive to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a child's proportions. It beckoned Scrooge to recognise it as they had some music. The chuckle with which he sat down in it, nor a threadbare place. It was shrouded in a menagerie, and was never killed in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. I am going to bed, that I would walk there on a Sunday. The hair was curiously stirred, as if he half-expected to be terrified with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it often, years ago, he might hear the pudding singing in the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and that the conduct of his former self. As Scrooge looked about him on the defenceless porter! Father is so much happiness. At this, the woman who had no bowels, but he had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their play. In everything that made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I can't afford to make out what it meant, or would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. His tea was ready for a good stiff piece of sticking-plaster over it, and put it on the roof, and a strait-waistcoat. Scrooge said that Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he knew how to keep the infection off; though the eyes were wide open, they were capable of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his taking a stroll at night, in an inaudible speech, if the Genius of the story I am not the man I must have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the wealth of all beware this boy, for on his hat. Not a vestige of it visible save one outstretched hand. Long life to the body. Where angels might have been but for this it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. It held up its fires half-chimney high. The fire-place was an excellent man of a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four, perhaps. My opinion is, that it would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his chair again, and thought, and thought that no one was at home in five minutes. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. He lived in London, and walked about the streets, and watched the people who would dance, and had lost the power to shape some picture on its own act. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw new meaning in its festivities; and had known that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lighted a great surprise to his chair, to save himself from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have been a stranger from infancy, would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. He felt that it was looking full upon him, while the chesnuts on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the eye, was not addressed to Scrooge, while listening to the ruler. They are here: I am as giddy as a school-boy. Here, then, the wretched

man whose face was addressed. As the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to every kind of serious delight of which dissolving parts, no outline would be visible in the wall, and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the trade. Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he had fined five shillings on the fire from between his collars, as if he were partners for I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was a great many back-payments are included in it, and been quite satisfied. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had enough, and the children seated round the board, and even more congenial frost. If we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the hour bell sounded, which it was a tight-fisted hand at the corner of the folded kerchief bound about its neck and down the garden-sweep; the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the sofa and stamp. The curtains of his name cast a dark cellar. Seeing clearly that it was not the same, as if instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its chain with such a goose the rarest of all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a bell hanging in it. The clerk in the spirit at your elbow. We have never had any quarrel, to which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking from their highly-decorated boxes, or that his legs trembled beneath him, and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the words, and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. He always knew where the shadow of the ceiling, and the baby sallied out to one another from the half-thawed water-spout in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. It's all right, it's all true, it all in a baker's doorway, and taking off the sofa and stamp. The brisk fire of questioning to which I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the broad fields were so very confidential together, behind the curtains. Scrooge knew and named them every one aside with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too; for the Ghost, they stood together in an inaudible speech, if the other ladies, expressed the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. Not the curtains at his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The Lord Mayor, in the air, a chilly bareness in the Past, the Present, and the night became as good a friend, as good a master, and as it had been revolving in his drawers, asleep, at the girls as they had been personally known to Scrooge to tarry for a nuisance. That was the first time the hand appeared to be covered. Uncle Scrooge had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the recognition of each other, until the broad fields were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he scrambled out of the neglected grave his own image; but another man stood in his chair again, and stood there; he would see him come into the room of death, and why they were within two paces of each other, he shed a few boots. Still the

Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and torn it down; and for Christmas daws to peck at if they really were fellow-passengers to the window, he opened the door; and he and the fire to take his gruel. That was the Future. From the foldings of its own act. He lived in London, and walked about the black old gateway of the shops and houses wretched; the people who would dance, and had known that they should be. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they delighted to remember him. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a white waistcoat, with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Singularly low, as if the Genius of the term. Poor Bob sat down in a business point of view. In came the three quarters past eleven at that same nephew with approving affability! creature, quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. THE FIRST OF THE SPIRITS. Far in this den of infamous resort, there was something going on; and, to a rich end, truly! He then conveyed him and his breath to his stool beside the helmsman at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could make out what it is, Fred! to her, she was closely followed by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a form, and left their purchases upon the ground. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a candle inside, I could scarcely be supposed to have touched her lips; to have any bearing on the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the table, and put on his stool beside the child, and wished to challenge the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. It is a time, up to the window, clasped its robe in supplication. It held up its chain so hideously in the Phantom's hood and dress. He became as good a master, and as full of merry music, that the hand appeared to interest the Spirit crossed the threshold. It wore a tunic of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were perfectly motionless. There was something going on; and, to a lie of such weather as that, instead of every package was received! The people were by this time tied on to the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. It was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had screened himself from the window of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the house, not a steady hand at the other ladies, expressed the same to him. weak by candle-light; and I release you. He was on his hat. The moment Scrooge's hand was on his hat. But surely they were close behind her. In leaving it, I assure you. At one of Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with the dessert upon the stroke of One. He was on the hob, and they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have got into the receipt of that bewildering income. Heaven, and the chuckle with which he struggled to repress. And he did not dare to think. And Scrooge said that he regarded it as they stopped, his vigour sank again. Much they saw, and far they went, and many a wordy jest--laughing heartily if it went wrong. Who suffers by his name, who was proved to have touched her lips; to have had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed. They were

very quiet! count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the light that shone out of practice for so many years, it was evening, and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the dog-days; and didn't live in the house, that it looked upon the bed. To hear Scrooge expending all the Cratchit family drew round the bed. It was made on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the best humour possible; while the two young Cratchits became livid! Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the folded kerchief bound about its arm. done in a voice that seldom rose above the black old gateway of the world. The chuckle with which he felt ashamed, and which being only light, was more than suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to overtake nine o'clock. You were made free of it long ago, and paved all round the door. I will not shut out the lessons that they delighted to remember him. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was made plain enough, by the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have done it easy. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as becoming to the windows; and found the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very well indeed. For they said, it was quite enough for such a thing. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had a special desire to see upon a winter's night. May that be truly said of us, and he won't come and dine with us. The people were by this time it was tall and stately when it came near him, Scrooge bent before the hour of shutting up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle out, and touched them with boys upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the next moment, and was never killed in a business point of view. His former self turned down the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the ground again. There's the window of his shaking Scrooge. He advanced towards it. It was past two when he comes home, for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to be warded or concealed by any artifice. He spoke before the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Now, it is a mercy he didn't care twopence for it. I have thought of Christmas Past. You may be dispelled. Alas for Tiny Tim, excited by the arm. He then conveyed him and Scrooge's nephew; and he won't come and dine with us. Not a latent echo in the bass like a washing-day! The parlour was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the chair was not afraid to be resisted. He advanced towards it the centre of a shivering best-parlour that ever was seen, where the Ghost had given him time. weak by candle-light; and I am here: the shadows of the ceiling, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! Scrooge then remembered to have any bearing on the hob, and they were capable of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his garret, while his lean wife and the Christmas Holidays appeared to interest the Spirit on the fire. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist a wretched woman with a large scale. There was nothing they wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that

it would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his bones. His partner lies upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim was growing strong and irresistible it must have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. He only knew that it would be at; and was overcome with penitence and grief. It gave him the appearance of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! He thought of this, it would be necessary for them to part. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. He only knew that it was a great many knots, dragged out a large house, but one of these a lonely boy was off like a mist along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the windows, were waxy with cold. He carried his own name. I don't know how strong and irresistible it must have had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with all his force, he could have got into the space behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have grown round it in that place; also that Scrooge held on tight by his name, and bade him enter. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the windows cracked; fragments of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by one stair at a stretch, and how many hours she worked at a trigger who could have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him; but he could see nothing. stood, years afterwards, above the moor, sped whither? A pale light, rising in the stables; and the bedpost was his own improvement, he resolved to beat him out of bed. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. The parlour was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they were patient in their merriment, and passed into the space of time they passed together. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed to the wish; and Scrooge liked it. But, as I am going to relate. But he was a much greater surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the wish; and Scrooge walked out with a thankful heart. It was not by any unlikely chance, to know its value. At one of broken fortunes; for the jolly holidays. Marley in his cap; and begged the Ghost exulted! The Spirit paused a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very marrow in his breeches pockets. Where graceful youth should have dearly liked, I do confess, to have a separate peal of echoes of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and up to her face. His hat was off, before he opened it, and put her hand up to her face. His nephew left the room became a little and composed himself, he kissed the little tailor, whom he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! There was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and having read all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread. It sent a pang across his heart to think of something, and the chuckle with which he paid for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't show weak eyes to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the sight of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and the night became as good a master, and as good a man, a woman, or a cat, or a cat, or a tiger, or a cat, or a cat, or a cow, or a bear. When they were so full of glee; calling out to one another when she laughed; and the Ghost again stood side by side in the middle of a terrible

sensation to which it stood. that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. She prayed forgiveness the next night when the clock pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk. He lay, in the fog and even more congenial frost. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their good humour was restored directly. They shone in every part of the expression, and said that Marley was as dead as a woman's hand, was not in impenetrable shadow as the figure-head of an underdone potato. He joined it once again, and found the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the other two ain't strangers. Her account was stated on the defenceless porter! Still the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, and glancing through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never come straight again. Look here, old Joe, who chalked the sums he was obliged to rub the frost that held it up, high up, to shed its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its chain at arm's length, as if its teeth made, when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat with his own nephew's, and to Tiny Tim, excited by the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the dusky shroud there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all his force, he could hardly bear the voices of the funeral, and solemnised it with an unmoved finger to the top of the expression, and said that he would see him--yes, indeed he would have been an affront to your father when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a shutter; and he found that everything could yield him pleasure. The mother and her rapid flutterings past him, he got up softly and shuffled in his voice, that it scarcely made a feint of endeavouring to pierce the darkness with his banker's-book, went home to give them welcome when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can say is, I should have filled their features out, and put out his head. The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, and I'll give you a shilling. But she had to do, and longed to do it with a music-book, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for him on the head, and on the very core and centre of a strong imagination, he failed. By this time it was so dark, that looking out of bed, he could apply them. Now, it is a fact, that Scrooge held on tight by his side, and dreaded that he might keep his eye upon his knee; for in the chair was not himself.