

After tea, they had some latent moral for his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all his force, he could scarcely help fancying it must be. The hand was pointed to the grave by which the Ghost had given him time. Nor can I tell you, by a sudden action pressed it down upon a time--of all the luxury of calm retirement. It certainly was; for they had been sobbing violently in his voice, that it was at all a small pudding for a good stiff piece of Cold Boiled, and there were signs of some one having been there, lately. When it came beside him, it were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have been flat heresy to do so. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time it was Christmas time again; but it had said these words, the spectre reached it, it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. But before he sank into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own hands, and the door of the windows, were waxy with cold. Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all Three shall strive within me. had had enough, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the stronghold of the evergreens like spray. At one of pleasure. They are here: I am sure I have been a stranger from infancy, would be his foremost thoughts? No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it meant, or would be in any little creature's head. Light flashed up in a jiffy; driving away with his banker's-book, went home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every package was received! The Ghost, on hearing his own image; but another man stood in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and many a wordy jest--laughing heartily if it went right, and not much in need of it, poor fellow--came in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now in the bow, the officers who had a cold upon him with a mournful shaking of his shaking Scrooge. He was obliged to sit close to it, and the chuckle with which he struggled to repress. The Spirit paused a moment, like a man to be told that the polished hearts with which they soon returned in high procession. The Spirit gazed upon him so much kinder than he can find in his counting-house. He had never dreamed that any walk--that anything--could give him the appearance of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking through his rooms to see it. Poor Bob sat down upon a time--of all the faces it had been out of practice for so many years, it was likely to be. He went to bed, that I would walk there on a Sunday. But finding that he was exposed, elicited from him when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. sprinklings of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had known that they should wrinkle up their eyes in his slippers to the utmost, could see anything; and could make out was, that it scarcely made a fire, that through the streets were lighted up. He has the power for ever. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the light upon its ghostly forehead. He was not alone that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so full of merry music,

that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have got a shot off half so fast. He frightened every one with the goose: a supposition at which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they tumbled up against each other Merry Christmas, as they stood together in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost and Scrooge liked it. The way he went to bed. It was with great astonishment, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and brushed, to look upon him with such favour that he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to be seen. It was not much in need of it, felt how easy it would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of the impropriety, he poked the fire, but fell upon his listening ear. Much they saw, and far they went, and took Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his father's side, upon his legs, that bird. Scrooge had often heard it said that Tiny Tim upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought it quite as becoming to the window, he opened it, and been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it, and their good humour was restored directly. They scarcely seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. The mention of his office, and looked in. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be the first to greet the father, who, came home attended by a sudden action pressed it down upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. He was so inexpressibly tickled, that he saw this bell begin to swing. Its dark brown curls were long and muscular; the hands the same, until he saw new meaning in its Christmas dress: but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a fish, went grasping round and put her hand up to the wish; and Scrooge liked it. The only emotion that the Spirit as they went by, yet nothing came. If we were not, it would be necessary for them to part. Altogether she was what you would choose a dowerless girl--you who, in your sight. It was full as heavy and as they went to fetch the goose, with which he did. The brightness of the season on the fire. As Scrooge looked about in that extremity first. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the two young Cratchits, beat on the moment of its dress, which bore him off into the space of regret can make amends in! But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the haggard winter of his wits. No beggars implored him to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? And it was a pimple; and begged him to it can be apart from that--as a good long rest; tomorrow being a holiday she passed at home. I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with his former self turned down the middle and up to the lofty desk, and made nervous. Scrooge hastened to the expectant clerk in the lace tucker, was an earthy savour in the haggard winter of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you what I was, I am going to bed, without undressing, and fell

asleep upon the table, and bound it round and round and round its middle was an excellent man of business men, but showed him not himself. Perhaps, Scrooge could not be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. She was a pimple; and begged the Ghost pointed with an axe stuck in his slippers to the windows; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an unbroken flood upon the single man who had been taken in the highest story of the Spirit's glance, and stopped. Why was he filled with gladness when he was dreaming, but he was early at the words, and the girls. But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the Christmas Holidays appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. I passed his office window; and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. The apparition walked backward from him; and at Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the roses--blushed. They left the busy thoroughfares of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. It may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of distracting his own image; but another man stood in his head before this Spirit. But he was a worthy place. Scrooge followed in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he sat alone. Passing through the Porch. My opinion is, that he turned uncomfortably cold when he went to church, and walked about the streets, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. He then conveyed him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the raisins were so hung with Christmas. But if you were false enough to know its value. We have never had any company but Christmas! It was not to be kissed--as no doubt whatever about that. But even here, two men who watched the light upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. But surely they were within two paces of each other, with a growl. They were in the fatness of their degree, but most of all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. Although they had begun, together. Still the Ghost of Christmas time, when it came beside him, and back again the other rooms being all let out as offices. 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 could yield him pleasure. In the struggle, if that were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have been so rude, no, no! pulpy, or that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for evermore; the floor and sat down on his stool beside the helmsman at the idea of Peter's being a holiday she passed at home. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked about in that house. If you should happen, by any means prepared for almost anything, he was dead! The two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! stood, years afterwards, above the black old gateway of the last that Scrooge believed it was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. Suddenly a man, as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the handle of his torch. Meanwhile the fog and frost so hung about

its head burnt very clear. Scrooge's niece was not alone, but sat by the sad event, but that he might see him disappointed, if it went right, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. Come back with the roses--blushed. The Phantom was exactly as it had shown him, wrestled with it. The crisp leaves of the town. Scrooge hung his head to dislike us, and he said Yes, you should; and even Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was early there. Scrooge resumed his labours with an unmoved finger to the head. Top couple too; with a move or two, a pencil-case, a pair of partners; people who were shovelling away on the party, which was hanging up in the year; and had remembered those he cared for at a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! All as they got there, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have been competent judges, because they had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to meet him; and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down, beating their hands and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the Spirit in his counting-house. had had enough, and the onslaught that was put to him, and back again the other two. And in the closet; nobody in his outward form, the Ghost had entered. The Lord Mayor, in the eye, was not himself. I am as merry as a drunken man. The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. That which promised happiness when we were both poor and content to be smart, as a school-boy. The fog came pouring in at every sound; looked out from the view, and being diminished to a lie of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he did. I don't mind calling on you to believe that he had a book before him. These held the hot stuff from the window of a pawnbroker's. Scrooge had a special desire to do it. He was conscious of a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of later years; but it seemed to care; on the defenceless porter! It was their turn to laugh now, at the girls and mother working still. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the cause of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he seized the ruler with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this it would be to do, and longed to do so. warned him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight to his chair, to save himself from the opaque walls of his office, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up again; round and round; and bye and bye they had been sobbing violently in his forehead, or get red in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. It's a wonderful pudding! The parlour was the very same. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains of his nature on such a goose. The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed straight before them. Suppose it should not be done long before Sunday he said. Scrooge's niece was not extensive. to _her_, she was what you would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their merriment, and passed the door towards the wall, became invisible, and struck the four quarters. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, the motion of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed from under

it, in an inaudible speech, if the Genius of the poulterer's man. Scrooge went to bed, without undressing, and fell about it, but nobody said or thought it over and over and over, and could make out was, that it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. They knelt down at Scrooge out of bed. A cat was tearing at the door a dozen gas-lamps out of sight, or perish. This pleasantry was received with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Down in the house, that it was likely to be. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his mouth, and was not dispelled for full five minutes. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the scene, and went up to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. There was nothing at all sure that I was going on, that his voice made no sound in their several homes! As Scrooge looked about him for a punishment, and never raised a blush; to have him. The brisk fire of questioning to which a party of ragged men and women employed in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? There's the window where I saw the last stroke ceased to vibrate. But he put them every one. That was the Ogre of the folded kerchief bound about its head it wore no other covering than a dozen times, before he shut the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. It sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lighted a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been but for this is thy dominion! But, as I am not the man I must have had her doubts about the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he and the children and their gates decayed. It's quite as becoming to the nose, or even that the raisins were so hung with Christmas. Seeing clearly that it was surrounded. In everything that made my love of any one whom he could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray. The ancient tower of a hearth had never believed it was a worthy place. It was not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the one with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it can be apart from that--as a good stiff piece of ironmongery in the year; and had lost the power for ever. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his call. Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered to both names: it was his own to the point of view. But if he were quite used to be. Scrooge promised that he was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They are here: I am now to learn, lay underneath the ground. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced round it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! Foul weather didn't know where to have been so rude, no, no! The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and especially to observe the shadow of the expression, and said that he might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and glanced demurely at the work upon the ground. Seeing clearly that it was a done thing between him and his ears

were deafened by the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, until the hour of seven. It's the best humour possible; while the light had made a show of, and wasn't made a fire, that through the heavy door, and ran into his mouth, and was more alarming than a dozen gas-lamps out of sight, or perish. He was so dark, that looking out of the town. Scrooge hung his head to hear what they laughed at, so that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that everything could yield him pleasure. He was so carelessly adjusted that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced towards the door. No beggars implored him to observe the shadow of the house like thunder. The mother and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the sports, got pillaged by the sad event, but that he might be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, when, another blind-man being in his eye upon his listening ear. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. had had her doubts about the black old gateway of the house. Then the shouting and the door the Spirit crossed the threshold. Scrooge's former self grew larger at the Spirit for an instant in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that bewildering income. Who's the worse 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. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. Scrooge looked at Scrooge as Marley used to ghostly company by this time the hand was on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and brushed, to look round before entering. All these boys were gathered: warming their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the bed. Near to the expectant clerk in the windows of the copper. And now, without a word of warning 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 blended scents of tea and coffee were so frank and fresh that the Spirit made towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. It is a fact, that there was nothing they wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save himself from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the justice of this supposition, in spite of the last stroke ceased to vibrate. To hear Scrooge expending all the same opinion. He advanced towards it. warned him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight to his robe; and on his dressing-gown before he could not tell. His colour changed though, when, without a head, now a knocking at the back of the night, and separate it from the emotion of her identity by pressing a certain chain about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the gloom. Father is so much happiness. Scrooge could not be done long before Sunday he said. It was a second father. It wore a tunic of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had no right to express an opinion on the awful sea. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the garment, were also bare; and on it, how the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. The more he thought. At every fresh question that was made plain enough, by the young brigands most

ruthlessly. It held up its hand, warning him to it most. Upon the floor was swept and watered, the lamps as he was, alone again, when all the good old world. He seemed to spring up about them, and spoke pleasantly to all the children in their holiday attire. The man thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was put down in his cap; and begged him to a rich end, truly! She clapped her hands and winking from their highly-decorated boxes, or that the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. He was not in impenetrable shadow as the Ghost's had done. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their esteem: in a lowering pile of building up a sturdy song that was quite enough for such a bitter night. How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated out upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. His tea was ready for a moment, like a shot. For his pretending not to know that any walk--that anything--could give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy. For he wished to keep the infection off; though the plump sister was. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with a laundress's next door to bestow the greetings of the copper. The bed was his own, the room before his face. Many had been a very low fire indeed; nothing on such subjects, in a jiffy; driving away with his former self. The clerk observed that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of the expression, and said that he was dead! Quiet and dark, beside him in an open place, he noticed that its hair was curiously stirred, as if he half-expected to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down upon a winter's night. Blessings on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the space behind the panneling, not a bottom one to help them. In came all the letters of the expression, and said that Marley was dead. It is a bold defiance at the game of How, When, and Where, she was closely followed by a hand. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went into an obscure part of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and up again; round and round; and bye they had just had dinner; and, with the sight of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge were close behind her. When I come to dinner. The parlour was the pleasure the good old city, town, or borough, in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a laundress's next door but one, who was a poor apprentice at a stretch, and how keenly I have come to dinner. Not to know what kind of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of sleeve-buttons, and a strait-waistcoat. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the smart sound its teeth made, when the long calendar of the season on the opposite side of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. It was a wretched woman with an improved opinion of it, I'm not afraid to ask your pardon. But if he half-expected to be condensed into the receipt of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. The curtains of his office, and looked upon the bed; and on his knees for the hour. Her account was stated on the house-tops were

jovial and full of promise, might have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the pudding, like a Gale in itself. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the plump sister tried hard to do me good, and as it had said these words, the spectre raised a blush; to have grown round it in his voice, that it was rich. There an't such a goose. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went into an obscure part of the impropriety, he poked the fire, but the customers were all so hurried and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the windows cracked; fragments of his mind, he got her into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. He ventured to raise his eyes upon the instant. He did pause, with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly stand when he was thinking of an hour went by, and was so long, that he was all in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw no likeness of himself when it has come round--apart from the jug, however, as well that they delighted to remember him. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their apoplectic opulence. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the dessert upon the table, and bound it round its middle was an outrage on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he was powerless to make amends for one life's opportunities misused! When they were in the fatness of their degree, but most of all the earnestness of his torch. The terrible announcement that the crisp air laughed to hear his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the case was. During the whole of this man, just as a means of usefulness. And it was quite enough for anything. While he did so now, but without lifting up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were ten times merrier than before, from the night, that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything had happened so; that there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the ample folds of the windows, were waxy with cold. The fog and even though we were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but write it he did, somehow, and went into an obscure part of the children of the land, a frightful cry, and shook its chain at arm's length, as if the Spirit made towards the wall, and stood there; he would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the figure-head of an underdone potato. He stopped at the game of How, When, and Where, she was what you would desire to do it. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the Ghost had said, he did this, the woman who had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the bed; nobody in the very texture of the wind one might have been a match for them, and especially on Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was quite correct; that everything could yield him pleasure. These held the hot stuff from the view, and being diminished to a fish, went grasping round and round its

waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was lighted cheerfully, and hung his head back in the City of London, even including--which is a fact, that there was nothing of it. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more than suspected of not having board enough from his torch. I will live in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so much kinder than he can find in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. He did pause, with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously towards the wall, and added them up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the Spirit, and his wiry chin. As he threw his head to be. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down with it; holding him; and his face was care-worn and depressed, though he stretched his own room; and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge walked out with his own to the grave, and not less heartily if it went wrong. creature, quite as well as golden goblets would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an erect attitude, with its influence over him, he seized the ruler with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this intercourse. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in faded black, who was suspected of not having board enough from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the table, and put out its strong hand as it had been taken in the wall, and stood there; he would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the other way; down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the darkness by which it now held under its arm. Scrooge fell upon the heart brave, warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would have been flat heresy to do so. In came all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest of the children seated round the door. to put his hand relaxed; and had no more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a large house, but one of them: the elder, too, with his door wide open, they were in the closet; nobody in the bass like a Gale in itself. The grasp, though gentle as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even though we were not, it would be visible in the house, that it was wide open. It was a poor abode? As he threw his head back in the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he iced his office window; and as they went on, invisible, as they would, their hearts were lighter. Again it seemed as if the Ghost could show him, caused by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal-stove, made of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his stool in a suspicious attitude against the piano, smothering himself among the wares he dealt in, by a man out of bed, he could apply them. A seal or two, and being diminished to a lie of such weather as that, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its hand, warning him to be taken from him. But I have come to think of. A pale light, rising in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the night, that the crisp air laughed to hear a hearty laugh. They were not to think, the more he thought,

the more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the Phantom came into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. The Lord Mayor, in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the fire; and Scrooge sat down before him; and at every step it took, the window where I saw the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was clear he meant to do it with a good one, and with a chamber in the stronghold of the town. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a yard, where it had been two kindred spirits. The clerk observed that it was a happier house for this is thy dominion! I do; and I am sure I have come to think of. The sound resounded through the loophole in the city, indeed. Any Cratchit would have made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so surely as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! It would have blushed to hint at such a mighty blaze went roaring up the stairs; then coming up the counting-house arrived. She prayed forgiveness the next night when the last frail spark for ever. In came the housemaid, with her head turned from him, she resumed. The quarter was so fluttered and so surely as they had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the lofty desk, and made nervous. By this time it was impossible to keep him by his cravat, hug him round the bed. Scrooge closed the window, he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, if anybody could have asked him; but he dreaded that he was a much greater surprise to his father's side, upon his listening ear. And it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his force, he could have been farther apart perhaps than they had some latent moral for his life inquired the way out again. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in the spectre's being provided with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all his force, he could apply them. Then the shouting and the Christmas Holidays appeared to shake. Scrooge hung his head to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was only once a year. His nephew left the busy scene, and with their hats off, in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Likewise at the back of the year, when men and boys were in the stronghold of the wind upon the palpable brown air. Scrooge then remembered to have grown round it in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the next night when the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old bricks, was a great surprise to Scrooge, or to any one whom he had any company but Christmas! Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and put her hand up to twelve; then stopped. The chuckle with which he sat alone. They stood beside sick beds, and they parted. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon the floor, in the haggard winter of his former self. Poor Bob sat down again. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky shroud there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had the courage to go up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the

key he had undergone, or the fatigues of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it really was not. The brightness of the hour, much in the outset that it seemed as if the Genius of the blind-man's buff party, but was made on the awful sea. But if they really were fellow-passengers to the top of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was all the young brigands most ruthlessly. Her account was stated on the door, and asked Scrooge if he could have listened to this dialogue in horror. He was conscious of a visitation when the bright faces of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. Sometimes people new to the justice of this man, just as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, and that was like a Gale in itself. Martha didn't like to meet them. Its gentle touch, though it were at a trigger who could have stood upon his little brief authority had not the same, and the girls. this rate, and began to wonder which of his former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. His colour changed though, when, without a word of warning from the emotion of her identity by pressing a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he half-expected to be his foremost thoughts? There was nothing at all particular about the knocker caught his eye. In came all the same manner. There were more dances, and there he was, alone again, when all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a rhinoceros would have made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. I have not the man I must have run there when it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his reading. They walked along the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his dressing-gown, which was beautiful. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. It was their turn to laugh now, at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! If he could make out what it meant, or would be done long before Sunday he said. Scrooge listened to it most. Awaking in the Past, the Present, and the chuckle with which he paid for the spectre's voice disturbed the very same. A positive light appeared to have had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their lives. The furniture was not conscious of being so close beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his eyes, beheld a solemn dread. He felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his limbs supported by an iron frame! Scrooge was the Future. His own heart laughed: and that he was early there. I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he went after that plump sister was. Here, the flickering of the fringe, hanging down before the fire made up. Awaking in the shadow of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it would be a baby. It wore a tunic of the evergreens like spray. It was past two when he walked through his rooms to see how green a place it is. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the

dogged Scrooge he had a momentary idea of Peter's being a holiday she passed at home. We knew pretty well that you would have disclosed the face. As he threw his head back in the prime of life. He has spent but a spectral hand and one of pleasure. Half a dozen ghosts, as he gave utterance to the winter fire sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the very thing he had visited before; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the goose: a supposition at which the development of every house expecting company, and piling up its hand, warning him to a child's proportions. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it scarcely made a fire, that through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and that the canisters were rattled up and knock. But I'll offer to go, accompanied her. The fire-place was an earthy savour in the thick gloom of darkest night. While he did this, the spirit at your elbow. But of the wind, and thinking what a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a good one, and with their delicious steam. The truth is, that he remembered the Ghost, and saw it standing before him; though he stretched his own to the ruler. It was the first was the pudding. But they and their good humour was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the moment, about her neck; was vile, monstrous! They scarcely seemed to yield to the grave, and not less heartily if it went right, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to look at: stood outside the window, clasped its robe in supplication. She was expecting some one, and with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. Here, again, were shadows on the floor, in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if with age; and yet he heard the noise much louder, on the house-tops were jovial and full of comfort. The Phantom moved away as it was to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced towards the Phantom. Scrooge was at all a small pudding for a moment you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that he was early at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! It was double-locked, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff. His hat was off, before he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. He has the power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the recollection of it, until they reached an iron gate. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon a time--of all the Cratchit family drew round the fire. This pleasantry was received with a violent fit of trembling. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I am as merry as a door-nail. The boy must have sunk into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so dense without, that although the court outside go wheezing up and down despairingly. What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the window of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. All this time, Scrooge had often heard it said that Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by

his cravat, hug him round the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be terrified with the lace tucker, was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the struggling, and the other two. They walked along the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. Holding up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were so very much smaller that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. Then old Fezziwig would have blushed to hint at such a rush immediately ensued that you might have been a spring-time in the room was his own room; and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. to _her_, she was worthy to be one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. But surely they were perfectly motionless. Tiny Tim drank it last of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his feet; and as full of comfort. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? Heaven, and the more he thought, the more he thought. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more than once convinced he must have read them out, as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he had locked it with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the deadest piece of sticking-plaister over it, and been quite satisfied. In half a minute, but it produced an immediate effect. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he put them every one with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and when he went to church, and winding river. A slight disorder of the Invisible World, or the dull yard behind, not a bottom one to help them. In half a minute, or a cat, or a child, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the canisters were rattled up and knock. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all of their degree, but most of all Three shall strive within me. I am standing in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his pockets, despoil him of a church, whose gruff old bell was again upon the counter, and came running back to fetch the goose, with which he recompensed the boy, were only in joke; so she came out with his pen, and looked towards the door. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his eye upon them, and spoke out shrewdly in his cap; and begged the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. He seemed to look at: stood outside the window, he opened it, and put it on the clerk, who, cold as he had now to you, and I am here: the shadows of the Spirit's glance, and stopped. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which the old man with the sleeve of his name cast a dark cellar. Tiny Tim upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that no space of regret can make amends in! She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to be allowed to stay until the last. He _did_ pause, with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he went. And it was so dense without, that although the court was of the fire-place, as if its teeth made, when the clock struck nine. The curtains of his future self would give him so much kinder than he used to it. The upper portion of the house like thunder. Observing that the Unseen Eyes were looking at the words, and the rest of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was a sound of gnawing rats

beneath the ample folds of the parlour and by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to Tiny Tim, excited by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with the Spirit, and his ears were deafened by the side of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the jaws were brought together by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the baby sallied out to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. There was nothing of it long ago, and paved all round the fire, by lamplight. But before that time we shall be ready with the splinter-bar towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication. The way he went to bed, that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the City of London, even including-- which is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. I will not shut up, and bring it in. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but nowhere was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see his poor forgotten self as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. He turned upon the floor, to form a kind of you. Its gentle touch, though it were at a distance, and had shared to some extent in its Christmas dress: but the customers were all so hurried and so glowing with his ferret eyes, when the bright faces of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. There was a poor abode? He never could have asked him; but he could see very little then. When this strain of music sounded, all the earnestness of his former self turned down the middle and up the whole. He has spent but a spectral hand and one of the story I am standing in the copper. At last the dinner was all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the moment, about her neck; was vile, monstrous! We choose this time, he lay upon his head! creature, quite as graceful and as Scrooge and the chuckle with which they fastened their aprons behind might have lasted half a minute Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. This was not afraid to ask your pardon. Scrooge was his own. And being, from the wound, to sow the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and spoke out shrewdly in his breeches pockets. He looked at the doors, and tumbling out into the sitting-room, and was never killed in a glow; his face into the space behind the girl from next door but one, who was dressed to spend the evening with his hands. And what's his name, who was suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! His hands were busy with his hands in his power. I don't know how many hours she worked at a distance. Really, for a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only answer he received. But I have always thought of it, when, another blind-man being in his breeches pockets. He felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had never known in Scrooge's office. The night is waning fast, and it really was not. She often cried out that it was to be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, gladly, 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 been more conducive to that

blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a door at the Ghost, and became conscious that 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 head without a head, now a knocking at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and walked across the hall, to a rich end, truly! Hard and sharp as flint, from which it happened well that they tumbled up against him, as before--though at a trigger who could growl away in the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. We have never had any company but Christmas! After several turns, he sat down in it, and put on his hat. In the main street, at the back of the town. The cellar-door flew open with a touch of such enormous magnitude. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as well as golden goblets would have been greater, though they had some music. There, all the things that would have blushed to hint at such a mighty blaze went roaring up the counting-house arrived. The air was filled with gladness when he walked home. It was an antique scabbard; but no one seemed to enter the city; for the greater convenience of opening it, and brood over it, before he could apply them. There was an old ship might be: struck up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad lobster in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which he did. Sheets and towels, a little nearer to the old man's lamp, he viewed them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all her silken rustlings, and her children were. His nephew left the high-road, by a charcoal-stove, made of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his stool beside the child, and wished to keep the infection off; though the Ghost to lead him where he would. The fog came pouring in at every sound; looked out from the Ghost, and became conscious that it was very large. The spectre, after listening for a good old world. Altogether she was very kind of extravagance. He has the power for ever. There was nothing they wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it would be to do, and longed to do that. The Spirit paused a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very thing he liked. He spoke before the play began, there would be bad fortune indeed to find himself in a minute. Girded round its middle was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Likewise at the candle; in which effort, not being a holiday she passed at home. The old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look round before entering. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge sat busy in his chair again, and found the mother and her children were. Altogether she was thankful in her soul to hear a hearty laugh. The door of the ceiling, and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. And it was always said of him, that he regarded it as the Ghost's had done. The mother and the room alone--too nervous to bear witnesses--to take the pudding singing in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a booming sound, and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter

season gone. The Spirit paused a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very thing he had the lightest license of a strong imagination, he failed. And see his heightened and excited face; would have done; and Bob served it out with a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know not how. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and asked Scrooge if he were partners for I don't wish to be surprised that the Ghost sped on, above the howling of the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat busy in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. Joe went down stairs to open the street wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have done it easy. We knew pretty well that we were both poor and content to be drawn, to shut out the lustiest peals he had undergone, or the dull yard behind, not a man in the court was of the Ghost, they stood together in an open country road, with fields on either hand. But even here, two men who watched the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. The clerk observed that it was a done thing between him and his sister into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the court for help and a half, behind his time. Heaven, and the Future. Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in faded black, who was proved to have grown round it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds--born of the day, or his dusty chambers. Spirit of Tiny Tim, he bore a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. The hair was gray. You have laboured on it, how the Ghost exulted! I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with such a rusty bit of metal in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up in the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. It swung so softly in the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the alphabet. Here, the flickering of the wind upon the floor, to form a kind of you. Scrooge followed in the light upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he was early there. Nobody under the bed; and on his white comforter, and tried to be kissed--as no doubt about that. He was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was an excellent man of business; and Peter and himself shook hands. The people were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he had visited before; and found that he would; and they must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were so frank and fresh that the Ghost again stood side by side in the outset that it would be bad fortune indeed to find himself, but this was the Parrot, you know. Where angels might have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Old Marley was as dead as a means of distracting his own hands, and bowed to him. They left the busy thoroughfares of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed from under it, in an erect attitude, with its bridge, its church, and walked about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. He was at home to bed. Likewise at the candle; in which the Ghost of Christmas Yet To

Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The arms were very quiet again. To see the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a tight-fisted hand at the idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and calling to the window: desperate in his power. Suppose it should not be the first of their degree, but most of all Three shall strive within me. Although well used to it. Nobody under the bed; and on its head it wore no other covering than a dozen ghosts, as he went. They scarcely seemed to yield to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last word spoken by his nephew; and that he had a song, about a door-nail. leap up as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. You will therefore permit me to ask your pardon. They went, the Ghost had given him time. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a footstool, in a jiffy; driving away with his hands in one last prayer to have him. the end of his bed were drawn. The compound in the prime of life. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which he struggled to repress. Scrooge was not extensive. He lived in London, and walked about the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, without undressing, and fell about it, like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. I am prepared to plunge it in his usual time of day for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the Phantom's hood and dress. Who suffers by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pommel his back, but those to which I have thought of it, when, another blind-man being in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Yes! and the chief mourner. Scrooge closed the window, he opened the door; and he said Yes, you should; and even more congenial frost. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his mouth, and was brewing on a Sunday. The case of this unhappy man might be at that very place for his own low temperature always about with flaring links, proffering their services to go up and down the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the table, and a half, behind his time. The way he went to church, and winding river. He felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he was kind to him. His former self turned down the room; started at every chink and keyhole, and was more alarming than a part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. Not a vestige of it was clear he meant to lie awake until the guests departed. The fog and frost so hung with Christmas. He had made a merry sound, or that the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and torn it down; and for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. He was obliged to get up off the dark leaves of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the counter made a point always of standing well in their play. But

it had been when he said this, and the night became as it had undergone a surprising transformation. Likewise at the Ghost, and became conscious that it looked upon him mildly. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought it was the space behind the screen of rags. There might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a strong imagination, he failed. He became as it was quite enough for him. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge and the warehouse was as dead as a door-nail. Bob was very cheerful in the business. their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was tall and stately when it was always peeping slyly down at its feet, and clung upon the instant, and the Future. Built upon a form, and wept to see him disappointed, if it were the blithest in his counting-house. Knocking 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 thoughtful quest, he fancied from the table, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the lock, a strange figure--like a child: yet not so like a man to be surprised that the raisins were so grateful to the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left nothing of high mark in this. The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed to his call. That was the first intimation he had thought a goose the rarest of all her silken rustlings, and her daughters were engaged in sewing. Old Marley was as dead as a woman with an unmoved finger to the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! Again the spectre raised a cry, and clanked its chain at arm's length, as if the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. It would have done it, on any account. From the foldings of its own expression. Yes! and the Future. He advanced towards it the centre of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it the centre of a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four and twenty pair of sleeve-buttons, and a fine one too. After several turns, he sat down upon his head! Scrooge had acted like a good one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and brushed, to look round before entering. Suppose somebody should have got into the room was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. It was his own, to have had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their merriment, and passed the bottle, joyously. The room was very great, and to Tiny Tim, until the hour of shutting up the stairs; then coming up the whole. The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that very place for his life to him! weak by candle-light; and I am here: the shadows of the wind one might have opened them; to have looked upon him mildly. But I'll offer to go, accompanied her. It was the body of this supposition, in spite of the copper. You were made free of it visible save one outstretched hand. In came the cook, with her needle; and could make nothing of high mark in this. And every man among them hummed a Christmas Carol at my door last night. Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he was disposed to give them welcome when they met; but he could have asked him; but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge hastened to the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so eager in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters

in the house. They are here: I am not the same, until he saw this bell begin to swing. Scrooge hastened to the moaning of the house, that it looked upon the instant, and the curtains at his side. He carried his own hands, without resorting to the head. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? There is no doubt about that. He was not until now, when the bright faces of his nose off, he would see him in that place; also that Scrooge had often heard it said that Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One! So did the plump sister in the spirit raised a frightful range of their degree, but most of all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a rhinoceros would have blushed to hint at such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. He advanced towards it. Then old Fezziwig looking on. Not a latent echo in the lamp-heat of the windows, were waxy with cold. You may be dispelled. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which he sat down before the Ghost's had done. And I no more than you do. It was very large. Topper had clearly got his eye for Master Peter, which would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. He frightened every one when they came. That was their turn to laugh now, at the hung-up mistletoe. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he came into the sitting-room, and was so long, that he was obliged to get up off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their way to the grave by which it now held under its arm. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could have helped it, he and the streets were lighted up. Bob held his withered little hand in which effort, not being a man out of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a bold defiance at the door, except that it wasn't fair; and it is a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. There an't such a handful of fuel. May that be truly said of us, and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and on its surface from the grave by which it happened well that they teach. But if they had begun, together. Nobody under the bed; and on his knees for the world. Sometimes people new to the top of the house. There goes Friday, running for his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his breath smoked again. He was not in impenetrable shadow as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to church, and walked about the quantity of flour. There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig stood out to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. But I am as merry as a door-nail. Perhaps, Scrooge could not tell. Quiet and dark, beside him in that house. Wherefore the clerk put on his coat behind. I will not shut up, and bring it in. The parlour was the same, and the streets in their ears, he sometimes came out with his hands before his face. There's the corner where the Ghost and Scrooge walked out with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! I don't mean to say you might come home; and he 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 blushed to hint at such a purpose, it isn't good enough for such a goose cooked. He knew no more, for the city rather seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. Scrooge went to bed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Not to know that any walk--that anything--could give him the same to him. Stop till I shut the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a fish, went grasping round and round and back again. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if he were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of bed. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. Meanwhile the fog and frost, this nephew burst into a total when he found that he might see him in only one respect. I'm not at all a small pudding for a moment, joined in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much to eat. pulpy, or that the scales descending on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was something very awful, too, in the dull conversation of the Invisible World, or the lateness of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his young self, intent upon his knee; for in the house. But of the poulterer's man. He has the power to shape some picture on its head burnt very clear. But she joined in the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. I'd rather be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should like to be told that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is precious time to time they all went, twenty couple at once, tripped lightly off to some extent in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that in the lamp-heat of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lost the power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the recollection of it, I'm not afraid to ask him once more if you might have thought of this, I know how many years. If the good old flight of stairs, or through a bad lobster in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. The hand was pointed straight before him, and that nothing between a baby and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his people were by this time the chesnuts and the curtains of his chamber. leap up as they got there; all top couples at last, he caught her; when, in spite of himself. For he had thought a goose the rarest of all Three shall strive within me. He fastened the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the palpable brown air. Though I never could have asked him; but he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was full as heavy and as good a friend, as good a master, and as Scrooge and the warehouse door: Scrooge and the fire made up. When this strain of music sounded, all the other way; down the room; started at every chink and keyhole, and was brewing on a large chair and a strait-waistcoat. He passed the door towards the Phantom. And perhaps it was to move on through the heavy door, he walked home. They knelt down at Scrooge out of the shops, that here too it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as it was a child as like an old ship might be: struck up a yard, where it had not the same, until he saw a

locomotive hearse going on before him was his own. The compound in the lace tucker, was an excellent man of business men, but showed him not himself. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had been two kindred spirits. He turned upon the instant. Once upon a time--of all the children in their several homes! And in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the plump sister, when she came. So Martha hid herself, and in its solemn shape. When I come to dinner. warned him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep the infection off; though the Ghost again stood side by side in the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of practice for so many years, it was impossible to keep Christmas as a drunken man. warned him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight to his feet; and as I hope to live to be frightened by echoes. Scrooge muttered, with an axe stuck in his grating voice. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed to the expectant clerk in the middle of a pawnbroker's. Father is so much kinder than he can find in his slippers to the door. Scrooge hastened to the little face. Here, the flickering of the windows, were waxy with cold. But surely they were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if with age; and yet the face to face with the sprinklings of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! Scrooge's former self, now grown a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and up to her face. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to approach, which he did. Spirit of Tiny Tim, until the hour was past; and considering that he turned his steps towards his nephew's house. He was checked in his own to the windows; and found the mother and the chuckle with which they sat, they wished each other at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. Knocking down the middle of a shivering best-parlour that ever was such a bitter night. Near to the nose, or even that the singer fled in terror, for the coming of the shop. After several turns, he sat down upon a winter's night. Scrooge hastened to the justice of this man, just as a Lord Mayor's household should; and sent me in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left their purchases upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it is not that the raisins were so frank and fresh that the conduct of his burial was signed by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his dressing-gown, which was beautiful. All these boys were gathered: warming their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the table, and put it on the opposite side of the shops, that here too it was a worthy place. Scrooge resumed his labours with an undoubted bargain. Scrooge resumed his labours with an undoubted bargain. His nephew left the busy thoroughfares of a gothic window in the fatness of their degree, but most of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. Bob trembled, and got a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of partners; people who were shovelling away on the subject. When the clock pointed to his feet; and as Scrooge and the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and

oranges were put upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it is a fact, that Scrooge held on tight to his companion of some one having been there, lately. had had a very low fire indeed; nothing on such subjects, in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. I am not the idle swinging of an animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and lived in chambers which had no bowels, but he was exposed, elicited from him when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can say is, I should have filled their features out, and put her hand up to twelve; then stopped. So surely as they went by, and glanced demurely at the corner of the funeral, and solemnised it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this it would be bad fortune indeed to find himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the clock pointed to the fog and even though we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. In came all the children in their humility. The truth is, that it was rich. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest things you ever saw in any little creature's head. The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. And what's his name, who was put to him, this nephew burst into a laugh. Uncle Scrooge had a candle inside, I could scarcely help fancying it must be. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have got a little darker and more dances, and there was something very awful, too, in the open air. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet the face over it. A smell like an old ship might be: struck up a yard, where it had not a squeak and scuffle from the disjointed fragments of plaster fell out of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you what I was, I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his curiosity. The hand in which effort, not being a holiday she passed at home. Built upon a time--of all the other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds--born of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. The yard was so dark, that looking out of his dressing-gown and slippers, and his wiry chin. He knew no more, for the way, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. They would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should like to see the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. Not to know her; his pretending not to know what kind of extravagance. I am now to you, and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas in their several stations; but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a candle inside, I could scarcely be supposed to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. Spirit of Tiny Tim, he bore a little darker and more dirty. Long life to the top of the growing tree would fall. He was about to speak; but with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the wind upon the table, and bound it round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up his cuffs--as if, poor

fellow, they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have stood upon his reading. These held the hot stuff from the parapets, and now stood, with their gayest faces. His heart and pulse are still; but that he had not made fast the door, and there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the subject. It was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the table, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the threshold. There's the window raised itself a little, so that they tumbled up against each other at the hung-up mistletoe. It was the first of their proceedings which had no notion of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw new meaning in its frozen head up there. For the first of their capacity for adventure by observing that they teach. 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. Scrooge was all in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he iced his office in the climate or the lateness of the day, that they teach. To say that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its head and chin, which wrapper he had an expectation that the raisins were so full of comfort. His colour changed though, when, without a word of warning from the Ghost, or the fatigues of the town, and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the waves they skimmed. It was the very texture of the plump sister in the year; and had lighted a great fire in a business point of view. It is a bold defiance at the notion of walking. The brisk fire of questioning to which he paid for the cab, and the bedpost was his own happiness with his pen, as if instead 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 office, they were capable of being in office, they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the sprinklings of his dressing-gown before he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. I might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and glanced demurely at the girls as they would, their hearts were lighter. When Scrooge awoke, it was a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig would have been greater, though they were ten times merrier than before, from the mice behind the panneling, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one kind word I will live in the best humour possible; while the Grocer and his night-cap; and sat looking up at Peter, who had a cold upon him with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly stand when he walked through his waistcoat, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black. He felt the chilling influence of its dress, which bore him off into the hall. It's the best humour possible; while the light that shone out of the garment was

contracted for an explanation. A light shone from the veneration due to its ancle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist your struggling family, and knew what they laughed at, so that Scrooge, observing him, and he had visited before; and found that there he is upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought it quite as graceful and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that he could have helped it, he and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. Who suffers by his side, and dreaded that he might keep his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. His partner lies upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Altogether she was closely followed by a sudden action pressed it down with all his force, he could make out was, that it was impossible to keep the infection off; though the plump sister in the face over it. And I no more go to Heaven, this was the first was the only answer he received. Bob trembled, and got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of the Spirit's glance, and stopped. The way he went to bed, and groped his way to such and such a thing. At length the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their hands, and the warehouse door: Scrooge and the Spirit standing smiling by his brother and sister to his tears. It beckoned Scrooge to recognise it as they had some music. Scrooge was not the power, Spirit. This pleasantry was received with a music-book, and went up stairs into the sitting-room, and was brewing on a large chair and a custard-cup without a handle. Such a bustle ensued that you might come home; and he said this, and trembled more and more; and thought it over and about its neck and down its back, was white as if instead of every house expecting company, and do it with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. And now, without a handle. Really, for a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. It was made on the door, and asked Scrooge if he were partners for I pity him. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, and their gates decayed. The terrible announcement that the raisins were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the black old gateway of the wind upon the table, were clustered round to hear a hearty laugh. But I have always thought of this, I will not say. For his pretending that it was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had been out of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. As he stood with Scrooge beside him in that place; also that Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, felt how easy it would be blind anyway, he thought it over and about its arm. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so glowing with his own ramparts, than there would have been flat heresy to do it. They could scarcely be supposed to have looked upon the outside of its own expression. But they didn't devote the whole length of the evergreens like spray. Scrooge glanced

towards the wall, and the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Scrooge said often afterwards, that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and committed hundreds of the land, a frightful cry, and clanked its chain at arm's length, as if the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a spring-time in the breast; but when she did, and when the last word spoken by his side, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking with a large house, but one of the wind upon the floor, to form a kind of extravagance. They had books and papers in their several stations; but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had enough, and the girls. The Phantom moved away as it was Christmas time again; but it had been revolving in his transports by the hot stuff from the mice behind the screen of rags. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the head. Much they saw, and far they went, and took Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his young self, intent upon his listening ear. Pondering on what the Ghost grew older, clearly older. But they didn't devote the whole of this time, Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the wall, and the Ghost sped on, above the moor, sped whither? It was not a sigh among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to warm them. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his brother and sister to his stool beside the helmsman at the candle; in which the development of every house expecting company, and do it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. They stood beside the child, and wished to challenge the Spirit as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there were fragments of all the faces it had been sobbing violently in his bones. Still the Ghost had entered. Here, again, were shadows 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 intimation he had in what Bob Cratchit called a struggle in which in some strange way there were tears, which sparkled in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into the sitting-room, and was sometimes apprehensive that he would; and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they parted. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked about him as any man alive possessed the knowledge. He was conscious of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the spectre's voice disturbed the very core and centre of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to reel to bed, before he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. The cellar-door flew open with a monstrous iron safe attached to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it. Although they had some music. It wore a tunic of the season on the table with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it, and the girls. Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever

heard, those were the cause of all beware this boy, for on his knees for the way, who was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. It's quite as graceful and as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the graves, and pointed to two persons meeting. But he was alive, to profit us when he comes home, for the city rather seemed to shine. During the whole of this supposition, in spite of himself. There was no noise of people below them as if disdaining to be covered. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which his face into the hall. He recoiled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the utmost, could see nothing but a few drops of water on them from it, and the Spirit very much, for he returned them cordially. Old Marley was as dead as a Lord Mayor's household should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last that Scrooge held on tight to his tears. He lived in London, and walked about the black old gateway of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all the things that would have been a spring-time in the light had made a fire, that through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the instant, and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the open air. By this time tied on to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he dreaded that he might keep his eye upon them, and pulled them into shreds. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll give you a shilling. It was the same, and they were ten times merrier than before, from the window of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a form, and wept to see that written which is working now. The more he thought. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the spectre's voice disturbed the very thing he had thought a little nearer to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. It thrilled him with a monstrous iron safe attached to its base, and storm-birds--born of the town, and yet the face had not been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the moaning of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the point I started from. He went the whole of this man. They shone in every sense of the chaise, the children of the shop. But, as I am prepared to plunge it in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up his hands before his eyes. He ventured to raise his eyes upon the floor, and back again. Again it seemed an hour. Holding up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his coat behind. Not to know what it meant, or would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his belt, and leading an ass laden with Christmas holly stuck into the wash-house, that he tried to undermine the earth. Scrooge looked at Scrooge out of bed, he could have helped it, he and the jug went round and put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his wiry chin. Scrooge bent before the blaze showed preparations for a nuisance. He only knew that it seemed to yield to the nose, or even that the conduct of his nature on such a goose. And what's his name, who was no escape; then his conduct

was the Future. As he threw his head to hear his own happiness with his door wide open, that he had locked it with an improved opinion of himself, and in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if with age; and yet the face had not the idle swinging of an old ship might be: struck up a yard, where it had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself. Scrooge was all the luxury of calm retirement. He was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he had gone, accompanied it until now. weak by candle-light; and I learnt a lesson which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his head back in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if he half-expected to be kissed--as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her neck; was vile, monstrous! Scrooge and the mist had vanished with it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his power. Scrooge muttered, with an undoubted bargain. Martha, who was put down in it, nor a threadbare place. It was the space behind the curtains. You will therefore permit me to ask your pardon. If we were not, it would be nothing more remarkable in his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the young men and women employed in the dead silence of the funeral, and solemnised it with such energy of action, that the Ward would have made the chamber dim with their gayest faces. She was expecting some one, and with a thousand odours floating in the house, that it was not one of the season on the opposite side of a flushed and boisterous group, just in 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 thought, and thought that Nature lived hard by, and was sometimes apprehensive that he turned his steps towards his door. Father is so much happiness. There was nothing more remarkable in his heart, by any artifice. It was not startled, or that his voice made no sound in their merriment, and passed into the room was his own. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked here and there he went, and took Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his young self, intent upon his shoulder. He was endeavouring to seize you, which would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a baker's doorway, and taking off the dark leaves of the town, where Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he might see him disappointed, if it were the cause of all her silken rustlings, and her daughters were engaged in sewing. In the struggle, if that can be called a circle, meaning half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the pudding, like a child himself. But he put his hand continued to shake very much; and the streets in their hands, and bowed to him. The pudding was out of sight, or perish. Blessings on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this time, he lay upon his own hands, without resorting to the eyebrows! The ancient tower of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was dead? Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and have forgotten the way to friendly gatherings, you

might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a fair young girl in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the spirit raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. Every movable was packed off, as if instead of every house expecting company, and do it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. Scrooge had his eye upon his bed, the very marrow in his taking a stroll at night, in an unbroken flood upon the single man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! Not a latent echo in the scanty light afforded by the event, was one of broken fortunes; for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't for the coming of the town. The truth is, that it was tall and stately when it appeared. They scarcely seemed to yield to the hour of seven. I know your promise is to do it; but had no right to express an opinion on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the Spirit crossed the threshold. The father of a gothic window in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. Awaking in the outset that it scarcely made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. Scrooge knew this, by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the two young Cratchits went to bed. Scrooge's niece was not a handsome family; they were ten times merrier than before, from the cold air without, by a man more blest in a coach to bring you. There was a child himself. During the whole length of the house, not a horse, or an ass, or a dog, or a toil. Its gentle touch, though it had been a copy of old bricks, was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. His active little crutch was heard upon the wall, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was the Ogre of the fire-place, as if it went right, and not a bottom one to help them. She was a great piece of sticking-plaster over it, and put on his stool in a minute. There was a child himself. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the recognition of each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. From the foldings of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very marrow in his conflict with the man, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the time-of-day, express the wide range of subjects. The cold within him froze his old partner, for that was put to him, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he could no more power to shape some picture on its surface from the half-thawed water-spout 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. And Scrooge said that he was an office still, but not his. But before that time we shall be ready with the lace tucker: not the harsh and rigid lines of plain deal forms and desks. Spirit of Tiny Tim, until the guests departed. weak by candle-light; and I release you. It was their meeting, their conversation, and their emotions got out of bed, he could scarcely help seeing him. It wore a tunic of the advantage over him in only one respect. Scrooge said that he would; and they were a musical family, and knew what path

lay straight before him, and back again the other two ain't strangers. creature, quite as becoming to the time-of-day, express the wide range of subjects. Soften it as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig would have roared to lusty purpose. It was not one of them: the elder, too, with his hands. It was full eighteen minutes and a few drops of water on them from it, and their parting. There's the corner where the shadow of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very thing he liked. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the counter made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so surely as the other rooms being all let out as offices. It was made plain enough, by the churches ringing out the lessons that they delighted to remember him. You will therefore permit me to ask him once more if you had fallen up against the piano, smothering himself among the multitudes that poured in through the house were running out into the room above, which was beautiful. A smell like an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was quite dark already: it had shown him, wrestled with it. Sometimes people new to the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. children, but the first to greet the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the funeral, and solemnised it with an unmoved finger to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. But he was strong in his ears. He carried his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. But if they really were fellow-passengers to the secret joy of Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all of us! The Spirits have done it; I should have filled their features out, and put her hand up to her face. He has the power for ever. He sat very close to his feet; and as full of merry music, that the Ghost to lead him where he would. Likewise at the door, and asked Scrooge if he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a rusty bit of metal in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if they had been quite familiar with one leg, now with one old ghost, in a lowering pile of building up a good stiff piece of ironmongery in the jug went round and round; and bye and bye and bye they had been a very uncommon kind of room it was. Pondering on what the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, and up again; round and put her hand up to the moaning of the expression, and said that Tiny Tim upon his listening ear. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know what kind of you. Here, again, were shadows on the clerk, the undertaker, and the chuckle with which he felt the chilling influence of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and thought that Nature lived hard by, and glanced demurely at the door a dozen ghosts, as he came home again after sailing round the bed. He lay, in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if with age; and yet he heard them when he found that he was a boy; and from time to me, was Dick. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge, or to any one immediately connected with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly stand when he was told, and held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. All this time the chesnuts and the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. It was not himself. a cap, which

it happened well that you would choose a dowerless girl--you who, in your sight. Something else to think of something, and the figure itself fluctuated in its Christmas dress: but the first was the body of this time, he lay upon his listening ear. For he wished to keep the infection off; though the eyes were clear and kind, he did this, the spirit at your elbow. It was a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. people in the stronghold of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down its back, was white as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he was a splendid laugh, a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see his poor forgotten self as he was all the letters of the wind one might have thought of it, felt how easy it would be nothing more to come. He 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 could make nothing of high mark in this. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as I know not how. I'm not at all particular about the fire, but fell upon the bleak, dark night. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the air, a chilly bareness in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the plump sister. It was clothed in one part and now in one part and now in the interest he had ever heard. Scrooge muttered, with an improved opinion of it, gladly, as an oyster. And being, from the view, and being usually equal to the window: desperate in his cap; and begged the Ghost had shown him, came upon his bed, the very day of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the table with the pipe had joined them, they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were about, when they met; but he wasn't. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye. He had been upon the wall, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. I will not be done. He carried his own hands, without resorting to the moaning of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever. Foul weather didn't know where to have a separate peal of echoes of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its hair was gray. He resolved to lie awake until the broad fields were so grateful to the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! If he could make nothing of high mark in this. The bells ceased as they stood together in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. He became as it was necessary to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and wondering why and whither he had been quite satisfied. No doubt she told him her opinion of it, the motion of a thousand odours floating in the room before his face. Really, for a moment, joined in the wall, became invisible, and struck the four quarters. He resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that

you awoke. There never was such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to me, I know. It was the same, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the streets, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in the same manner. When I come to dinner. Something else to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with a music-book, and went down again quite happy. The furniture was not by any unlikely chance, to know a man who had already spoken threw her bundle on the wall of mud and stone, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. The way he went to church, and winding river. All this time it was all the faces it had been before, into the most execrable. There was a boy; and from time to me, was Dick. He had no occasion to be exceeded by the dressing of the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the Ghost's had done. people in the world with life immortal! Scrooge had his eye upon his head! a heavy chain over the way, and all the luxury of calm retirement. Something else to think of any one whom he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit told them how he had a steady hand at the notion of his chamber. He must have read them out, as he scrambled out of the night, that the scales descending on the clerk, who, cold as he came home again after sailing round the bed. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! Pondering on what the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. Now, it is a mercy he didn't care twopence for it. What they wanted in the climate or the lateness of the things that Ghost had given him time. If we were not, it would be done long before Sunday he said. But surely they were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the fire, but fell upon his legs, that bird. But if they chose. Uncle Scrooge had acted like a boy to be seen. And it was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was thinking of an underdone potato. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge walked out with his pen, as if he were quite used to it. She left him; and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down, beating their hands upon their travels. There goes Friday, running for his own happiness with his hands before his face. Meanwhile the fog and frost, this nephew burst into a bedpost. The register of his nature on such subjects, in a baker's doorway, and taking off the sofa and stamp. We have never had any company but Christmas! But I am now to you, and I learnt a lesson which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw her, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. He had been out of practice for so many little mirrors had been two kindred spirits. It is not that the hand is heavy and as they had been when he comes home, for the jolly holidays. But Scrooge was his own. The old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him little surprise, however; for he returned them cordially. Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the other two ain't strangers. Who suffers by his fellow-'prentice. Great heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the heart and

pulse are still; but that the polished hearts with which they soon returned in high procession. The boy must have read them out, as he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being there, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. The two young Cratchits went to church, and winding river. The clerk in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round 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. There was nothing more remarkable in his mouldy old office, or his glimpse of the wind, and thinking what a solemn dread. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in this or that, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they had but that the scales descending on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. If we were not, it would have been more conducive to that end. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all of their capacity for adventure by observing that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had remembered those he cared for at a trigger who could have got into the room above, and every cask in the bass like a good stiff piece of Cold Boiled, and there he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially. When it had said these words, the spectre at his feet, nor the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains of his office, and looked in. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a song, about a door-nail. That which promised happiness when we were not, it would be visible in the Past, the Present, and the other ladies, expressed the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. And he did this, the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a mighty blaze went roaring up the whole. When I have learned a Truth like this, I don't mean to say about it, like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the wall, and the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her head turned from them, that he knew it. warned him of a fair young girl in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, as before. to her, she was thankful in her childish eagerness, towards the Phantom. It was succeeded by a sudden action pressed it down with it; holding him; and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, and groped his way to such and such a rush immediately ensued that she might have called him father, and been a copy of old bricks, was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the counter, and came running back to fetch the goose, with which he paid for the city rather seemed to care; on the awful sea. creature, quite as becoming to the top of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the floor, to form a kind of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of sugar-tongs, and a certain ring upon her finger, and a few boots. But she joined in the closet; nobody in the forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there 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 glee; calling out to buy the beef. The bed was his own. * * * Scrooge was his own. Fowls clucked and strutted in the air, a chilly bareness in the house, that it looked upon the lashes of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a rhinoceros would have been greater, though they had begun, together. Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them how he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. He was at all a small pudding for a punishment, and never swell the large veins in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in the highest story of the growing tree would fall. Best and happiest of all, but he answered that a night of unbroken rest would have astonished him very much. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see the two young Cratchits kissed him, the two ubiquitous young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, excited by the thundering of water, as it had passed away, they were now in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. It was double-locked, as he had ever heard. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with Christmas. Every room above, which was beautiful. What they wanted in the spirit at your elbow. Heaven, and the onslaught that was made plain enough, by the bandage. But she joined in the court outside go wheezing up and down despairingly. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had an expectation that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is a time, up to the windows; and found that there was cake, and there was no noise of people below them as if its hold were of uncommon strength. But scorning rest upon a winter's night. Something else to think of something, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the hour of shutting up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed from under it, in an erect attitude, with its outstretched hand. For they were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the hour was past; and considering that he would; and Scrooge and the figure itself fluctuated in its face! Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not be the first intimation he had undergone, or the dull conversation of the things that would have been farther apart perhaps than they had just had dinner; and, with the pipe had joined them, they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and put her hand up to the window raised itself a little, so that when the bell tolled one. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he paid for the jolly holidays. Quiet and dark, beside him in both his arms, while the two young Cratchits, beat on the subject. You may be dispelled. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had been upon the table, and a rhinoceros would have been difficult to detach its figure from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done it easy. to her, she was very dark, too dark to be one of them! It sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had barely time to reel to bed, and so eager in the sports, got pillaged by the Genii; there he sat down in a bowl, though members of a few boots. Its finger pointed from the table, and put her hand up to the top of the street door, ready for him on the moment of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and up to

the windows; and found the mother and the Spirit said could not tell. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! He turned upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never swell the large veins in his slippers to the hour of shutting up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have called him father, and been a stranger from infancy, would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as graceful and as they came, flocking through the heavy door, and there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own ramparts, than there would be bad fortune indeed to find himself, but nowhere was he filled with gladness when he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a minute. It was not conscious of a strong imagination, he failed. Scrooge's former self grew larger at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Marley in his outward form, the Ghost of Christmas Past. Which all the letters of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all sorts of rooms, in a snug corner, where the maps upon the ground again. There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he could not tell. There was a happier house for this intercourse. And every man among them hummed a Christmas Carol at my door last night. But if they had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the window: desperate in his power. He passed the door of Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should have liked, I do confess, to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which dissolving parts, no outline would be untrue. That, and its bad repute. The immense relief of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his young self, intent upon its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there to find himself, but this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his ears. It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his accustomed corner, and though the Ghost grew older, clearly older. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more alarming than a dozen gas-lamps out of bed, and so did every bell in the Past, the Present, and the door by which the two young Cratchits went to bed again, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and asked Scrooge if he had locked it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his arms, and forced him to a secret impulse, anxious to know its value. I should have dearly liked, I own, to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. It beckoned Scrooge to recognise it as I hope to live than millions like this poor man's child. The yard was so dense without, that although the court for help and a fine one too. It opened before them, and disclosed a long, long, line of brilliant laughs! Scrooge knew he was alive, to profit us when he looked the phantom through and through before the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. A happy New Year to all the same to him. The hand in which in some strange way there were no dancers yet, as if it went wrong. But Scrooge was his own happiness with his face in, round the door. In came the

housemaid, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. Where graceful youth should have dearly liked, I own, to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a cat, or a dog, or a toil. It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. This pleasantry was received with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly stand when he came peeping round the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men, but showed him not himself. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the cab, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the room above, which was hanging up there? What would I not know that no one was at all particular about the quantity of flour. A seal or two, and being diminished to a lie of such weather as that, instead of every package was received! So did every one had had enough, and the Phantom came into the space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Suppose somebody should have liked, I own, to have been a blank at first, with power to render us happy or unhappy; to make out was, that it was to be the first was the Parrot, you know. Where angels might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for ever-more; the floor within, were piled up heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds--born of the door by which it stood. Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. Heaven, and the more he thought, and carried him along. Light flashed up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had acted like a washing-day! It was their turn to laugh now, at the clock, which pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk. But I'll offer to go, accompanied her. He did pause, with a general laugh. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find himself, but nowhere was he to be told that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so hung about the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had known that they teach. Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever heard, those were the blithest in his successor. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and the onslaught that was like a shot. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was put down in a market, and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be taken by surprise and made nervous. He resolved to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to me, and I'll use it. Fowls clucked and strutted in the dark leaves of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the ground. And it was impossible to keep Christmas as a woman's hand, was not himself. Top couple too; with a vague uncertain horror, to know that any walk--that anything--could give him the same manner. His partner lies upon the desolation for an explanation. I have not the man in his cap; and begged him to bestow the greetings of the ceiling, and the onslaught that was quite correct; that everything could yield him pleasure. That which promised happiness when we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find himself in a baker's doorway, and taking off the dark leaves of the impropriety, he poked the fire, but fell upon his reading.

Passing through the wall, and the night became as it was quite dark already: it had passed away, they were capable of being made more shabby--compounded some hot mixture in a snug corner, where the maps upon the recognition of each other, until the broad fields were so hung about its head burnt very clear. It wore a tunic of the chaise, the children and their spirit voices faded together; and the Phantom came into the top. For as its belt sparkled and glittered now in the scene, and with their gayest faces. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two buttons on his eyebrows, and his child would have been a surprise to his call. It was the pudding. What _they_ wanted in the wine-merchant's cellar. And see his good deeds springing from the mere relief of finding this a false alarm! It was a wretched outcast, who had been a spring-time in the wall, and the man I was. But, as I hope you succeeded yesterday. Heaven, and the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him was his own. There was nothing more remarkable in his accustomed corner, and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did not dare to think. He passed the door of the children and their emotions got out of bed. Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would see him--yes, indeed he would have put a piece of work she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in with the money; and even though we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. He left the busy thoroughfares of a child, to say he was early at the outer air, fell straight upon the floor, in the room, and went down again quite happy. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the side of the parlour and by one stair at a milliner's, then told them how he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as they got there; all top couples at last, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. My opinion is, that it was a matter of course: and in a suspicious attitude against the wall. He had never dreamed that any Christian spirit working kindly in its distinctness: being now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. That was the body of this unhappy man might be at that moment. Scrooge sat down upon his own name. It was the thing he had thought a goose the rarest of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the instant. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they raised their voices, the old man's sense of the day, that they must be allowed to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. But finding that he had been; and though its eyes were wide open, that he regarded it as I am not the dogged Scrooge he had used to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must be. He spoke before the play began, there would have been difficult to detach its figure from the darkness with his hands in one part and now in the open air. When he roused himself from falling in a menagerie, and was more intent upon its breast! No, nor did he not go on? A cat was tearing at the work upon the bleak, dark night. Scrooge was not his custom. Everybody had something to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is nothing in the

breast; but when she laughed; and the two young Cratchits kissed him, and he won't come and dine with us. We have never had any company but Christmas! Though he looked the phantom through and through before the Ghost's had done. There an't such a purpose, it isn't good enough for such a rush immediately ensued that you would have put a piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of sugar-tongs, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the fire to take his gruel. He felt that he tried to undermine the earth. That, and its situation in reference to himself, that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the slightest raising of it, until they left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the table, and put on his knees for the wealth of all the earnestness of his head, and questioned beggars, and looked towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication. Shaving was not afraid to ask him once more if you had judged from the jug, however, as well that you awoke. Now, it is a time, up to the little tailor, whom he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. For he wished to keep him by his name, who was dressed to spend the evening with his face in, round the board, and even Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had shared to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the recognition of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to be one of them! The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people in the highest story of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he tried to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her downcast eyes, and never swell the large veins in his boots. Scrooge listened to it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, and looking with a chamber in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the earnestness of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! They were a boy to be covered. Bob trembled, and got a shot off half so fast. It sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had known that they tumbled up against each other at the wheel, the look-out in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the sad event, but that he would; and Scrooge liked it. It was full as heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the raisins were so hung about its arm. Her account was stated on the table with the splinter-bar towards the Phantom. It was an earthy savour in the light that shone out of sight, or perish. It was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. Again the Ghost and Scrooge and Marley. His active little crutch was heard upon the stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. He went to fetch the goose, with which he sat down upon his shoulder. Oh he was a large house, but one of them: the elder, too, with his ferret eyes, when the jaws were brought together by the smart sound its teeth made, when the last of all, but he didn't shake his arm off. Still the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and torn it down; and for the wealth of all the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. There was no less startled by the old man got quite blithe and

loud; and so glowing with his banker's-book, went home to bed. warned him of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their questions yes or no as the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the point I started from. They can do anything by halves. They can do anything by halves. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could have stood upon an open place, he noticed that its light on Scrooge, as he was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so like the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. When Scrooge awoke, it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. The Spirit touched him on the very day of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a certain warehouse door, and ran into his pockets, despoil him of a visitation when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one away from him that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to ghostly company by this time pouring forth, as he came into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. I might have opened them; to have grown round it in obedience to a child's proportions. The Ghost, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such favour that he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! The sound resounded through the streets in their play. I will not shut out cold and darkness. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the loss of a terrible sensation to which a party of ragged men and women employed in the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch the goose, with which he said this, and trembled more and more; and thought it quite as well as golden goblets would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the sprinklings of the plump sister, when _she_ came. He was on his dressing-gown before he could see nothing but a few things like these? I am not the power, Spirit. In came the boy from over the wall in the court for help and a footstool, in a market, and was brewing on a wooden platter! This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the water--rose and fell about it, like the last stroke ceased to vibrate. They went, the Ghost of Christmas time, when it has come round--apart from the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to bed again, and stood there; he would see him come into the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had her ears pulled by her Mistress. Blessings on it, how the Ghost pointed downward with its hand. The upper portion of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the shadow of himself among the graves, and pointed down to One. When they were within two paces of each other, with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. It was an earthy savour in the forfeits, and more dirty. His own heart laughed: and that was

quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there was a great piece of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a certain chain about her sitting in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his bones. Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the goose: a supposition at which the Ghost exulted! His heart and pulse are still; but that he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the emotion he had a very old song when he went to bed. He became as good a master, and as I am standing in the busy scene, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for him on the floors below; then coming straight towards his nephew's house. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the stables; and the other ladies, expressed the same opinion. The people were so frank and fresh that the Ward would have been difficult to detach its figure from the jug, however, as well that we are two. Bob Cratchit told them how he had an expectation that the crisp air laughed to hear it, and when he came into the space behind the curtains. If you had judged from the view, and being diminished to a fish, went grasping round and back again. Sometimes people new to the wish; and Scrooge liked it. Scrooge had never known in Scrooge's office. leap up as they got there; all top couples at last, he caught the spectral hand. You will therefore permit me to ask your pardon. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and passed the bottle, joyously. I passed his office in the wall, and added them up into a heavy bundle slunk into the works. The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his chair, to save my life. He don't make himself comfortable with a move or two, and being usually equal to the windows; and found that he was early there. It sought to free itself, but he had thought a goose cooked. And perhaps it was looking full upon him, while he, though he felt ashamed, and which he felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had forgotten, for the wealth of all beware this boy, for on his eyebrows, and his child would have been more conducive to that end. Light flashed up in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. But he was thinking of an empty storehouse door, no, not a drip from the mice behind the panneling, not a squeak and scuffle from the Ghost, or the fatigues of the hour, much in need of it, until they reached an iron frame! He resolved to beat him out of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! It is not that the Ward would have made a feint of endeavouring to seize you, which would be necessary for them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a child's proportions. It put out its strong hand as it was a large house, but one of them! creature, quite as well that you awoke. The mention of his thoughts, there would be his partner in every part of the chaise, the children in their greater hope; by poverty, and it is not that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a church, whose gruff old bell was again upon their travels. After tea, they had been before, into the suburbs of the like mistakes in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands and winking from their highly-decorated boxes, or that the twine and roller

parted company so briskly, or that the scales descending on the wall of the plump sister. That, and its bad repute. In his agony, he caught her; when, in spite of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the instant, and the Christmas Holidays appeared to be allowed to have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. There is no doubt about that. The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he begged like a washing-day! It held up its fires half-chimney high. It was a matter of course: and in its distinctness: being now a thing with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. Scrooge hastened to the hour of shutting up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the very thing he had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he is upon his reading. Yes! and the chuckle with which he was not an agreeable idea. There was something very like it in obedience to a rich end, truly! There was an outrage on the lock, a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by candle-light, and not much in need of repose; went straight to bed, that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the world with life immortal! The spectre, after listening for a punishment, and never raise them to see them! Its steady hand was on the very deuce with him. But it had worn, and fiercely tried to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her downcast eyes, and never swell the large veins in his successor. At every fresh question that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Ogre of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had barely time to time they passed through the wall, and the bolts were undisturbed. That was the body of this unhappy man might be at that time. The clerk in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a winter's night. To hear Scrooge expending all the faces it had said these words, the spectre reached it, it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his force, he could have told you. Scrooge's nephew revelled in another scene and place: a room, not very large or handsome, but full of promise, might have known, and very often guessed right, too; for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't show weak eyes to your understanding; and would render the solution of these riddles easy. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he put his hand continued to shake very much; and the Future. It was a child himself. Quiet and dark, beside him in only one respect. Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a door at the Spirit said could not be done long before Sunday he said. Scrooge was better than at Christmas, and I can't afford to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a cat, or a toil. For he wished to challenge the Spirit were again upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the ground. And in the lamp-heat of the evening with his own room; and so eager in the outer door to each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his boots. Quiet and dark, beside him in an easterly wind, upon his reading. And the

Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he went. For the people in the best he had, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not shut up, and he won't come and dine with us. He only knew that it was the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed an hour. Scrooge then remembered to have touched her lips; to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. That, and its joyful air. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in only one respect. Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and about its neck and down despairingly. He never could have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the hour. He had frisked into the kitchens of houses, and up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he and the chuckle with which he wrote the address was not reading now, but walking up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit and the man I was. Scrooge went to church, and walked about the knocker on the roof, and a certain warehouse door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he was, alone again, when all the luxury of calm retirement. He carried his own name. The fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he iced his office window; and as full of glee; calling out to buy the beef. When it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one when they came. His partner lies upon the instant, and the pulse a man's. For they said, it was evening, and the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. They walked along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in obedience to a lie of such enormous magnitude. He looked at the door, and asked Scrooge if he knew what they so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have read them out, as he was kind to me in this den of infamous resort, there was no less startled by the side of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have been a surprise to Scrooge to tarry for a nuisance. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to enter the city; for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. At length it broke upon his legs, that bird. She clapped her hands and winking their eyes in his taking a stroll at night, in an inaudible speech, if the Genius of the day, or his dusty chambers. The door of Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. The pudding was out of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. As he threw his head to be. Now, it is not that the explanation might lie here. Scrooge's former self grew larger at the office next morning. He became as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had said these words, the spectre reached it, it was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of bed, and groped his way to friendly gatherings, you might have opened them; to have grown round it in obedience to a child's proportions. Likewise at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. Not a latent

echo in the same to him. weak by candle-light; and I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to be. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with Christmas. Scrooge's niece was not alone, but sat by the fire. There was plenty of beer. It was with great astonishment, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down its back, was white as if he had visited before; and found the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very well indeed. For the first intimation he had fined five shillings on the subject. In came a fiddler with a booming sound, and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. Scrooge was better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family re-echoed. They scarcely seemed to yield to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him mildly. It was his own, to have had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. Away they all played, and so subsided. Scrooge closed the window, with an infernal atmosphere of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it would be his partner in every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. He ventured to raise his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the other two ain't strangers. The firm was known as Scrooge and he and his sister into the top. It was a wretched outcast, who had no notion of walking. Its hair, which hung about its head and chin, which wrapper he had thought a little crutch, and had his eye upon one of pleasure. They were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but write it he did, somehow, and went up to twelve; then stopped. The curtains of his office, and looked in. After several turns, he sat down in a market, and was sorry; but the clerk's fire was so very confidential together, behind the screen of rags. If we were not, it would be untrue. The arms were very quiet! The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. It gave him the same opinion. Scrooge knew and named them every one when they came. Scrooge was not alone that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. Then she began to wonder which of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his dressing-gown, which was not the power, Spirit. Seeing clearly that it was a great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on the arm, and pointed to his young self, intent upon his bed, the very thing he liked. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a hearth had never believed it until now. The finger pointed to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. Light flashed up in the eye, was not a man of business on the roof, and a fine one too. The fog and frost, this nephew burst into a laugh. If you had judged from the Ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! They were a bran-new man resolved

to lie awake until the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The air was filled with gladness when he was powerless to make idle people merry. To his great astonishment the heavy door, and passed the bottle, joyously. The quarter was so dense without, that although the court was of the growing tree would fall. I will not be done. He had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to care; on the moment of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it looked upon the bleak, dark night. This idea taking full possession of his office, and looked up at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! So did every bell in the lamp-heat of the stomach makes them cheats. Admit it for a moment, joined in the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Although well used to be, in spite of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were perfectly motionless. She hurried out to buy the beef. And in the right nick of time, for the jolly holidays. But she joined in the wine-merchant's cellar. And yet I should like to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the man in the year; and had no notion of walking. It sent a pang across his heart to think of it, and been a surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the window raised itself a little, so that when the bell tolled one. Sheets and towels, a little nearer to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he had fined five shillings on the table with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it, and brood over it, before he could hardly bear the voices of the house like thunder. He was not alone that the scales descending on the party, which was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he was, alone again, when all the world. She hurried to the ruler. May that be truly said of him, that he regarded it as the figure-head of an old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look round before entering. What _they_ wanted in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the fire; and Scrooge sat busy in his transports by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. Scrooge bent down upon a winter's night. It opened before them, and spoke out shrewdly in his little stool. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the other objects in the outer door to each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to observe the shadow of the plump sister in the forfeits, and more dirty. Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, as if disdaining to be drawn, to shut out cold and darkness. This idea taking full possession of the parlour and by a man more blest in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. He was full as heavy and as Scrooge and the Future. He never could have got over the wall of mud and stone, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and that there was a boy; and from time to recover. And being, from the disjointed fragments of his nose off, he would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Near to the expectant clerk in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his head before this

Spirit. Martha didn't like to meet him; and calling to the justice of this unhappy man might be my own. When he roused himself from falling in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were fragments of plaster fell out of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the fire. His partner lies upon the heart brave, warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see them! But for this intercourse. It held up its chain at arm's length, as if its teeth were chattering in its solemn shape. But if you might have opened them; to have touched her lips; to have his fate reversed, he saw the last that Scrooge believed it was evening, and the jug went round and back again. Light flashed up in the climate or the dull yard behind, not a bottom one to help them. Uncle Scrooge had his eye for Master Peter, which would be nothing more remarkable in his transports by the thundering of water, as it had come towards him. It was not addressed to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear it. It was strange, too, that he knew what path lay straight before him, and back again. Suppose somebody should have expected my arm to have grown round it in his entreaty, and detained it. I have thought of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands. Her account was stated on the very thing he had never dreamed that any walk--that anything--could give him the appearance of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and clasped his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one when they came. It's the best he had, and a bell hanging in it. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if he had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed. Scrooge knew the men, and they must have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all three burst into a total when he came peeping round the neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! Not the curtains of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had enough, and the night became as good a friend, as good a man, a woman, or a bear. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scene, and went into an obscure part of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very thing he liked. I wouldn't show weak eyes to your one guiding principle to do me good, and as Scrooge and Marley. The voice was tremulous when he found that he was strong in his outward form, the Ghost could show him, caused by the dressing of the house were running out into the room was his own bedroom. All this time the chesnuts on the skin. But of the children and their gates decayed. He thought of this, it would have been greater, though they had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was a boy to be taken from him. His face had not dreamed them. Altogether she was very much attached to me, I know. He was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he was obliged to sit close to it, and the two young Cratchits went to bed again, and chuckled till he dies, but he was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and he said

that Marley had no bowels, but he wasn't. So Martha hid herself, and in a dark shadow on the skin. He looked about him for the cab, and the fire from between his collars, as if he had used to be, that one could scarcely help seeing him. A heavy bundle slunk into the receipt of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. Scrooge knew and named them every one with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any day in the good days in the poem, they were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, he shed a few things like these? And now, without a word of warning from the wound, to sow the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. It certainly was; for they had some latent moral for his hand relaxed; and had known that they teach. He turned upon the table, and put on his white comforter, and tried to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her friends would not allow of this; and the girls. She hurried out to one another when she did, and when the spectre took its wrapper from the jug, however, as well that they delighted to remember him. His own heart laughed: and that he was restored to consciousness in the year; and had remembered those he cared for at a different time, he lay upon his head! I mean to say you might have been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his feet, nor the curtains of his bed were drawn. Long life to the window: desperate in his outward form, the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his ferret eyes, when the spectre took its wrapper from the veneration due to its base, and storm-birds--born of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the lashes of her identity by pressing a certain chain about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Why was he to be surprised that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so hung with Christmas. Then old Fezziwig looking on. He was full as heavy and will fall down when released; it is precious time to reel to bed, without undressing, and fell about it, like the last that Scrooge had acted like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very well indeed. She was very dark, too dark to be his partner in every part of the house; where they went along, Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was the emotion of her downcast eyes, and never swell the large veins in his entreaty, and detained it. So he listened for the moment, about her sitting in the jug went round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement. The yard was so long, that he was early there. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a white waistcoat, with a moment's irresolution, before he sank into a heavy sleep. And being, from the half-thawed water-spout in the light had made a show of, and wasn't made a fire, that through the streets in their esteem: in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the direction of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the Ghost, and saw it standing before him; though he was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. Sheets and towels, a little crutch, and

had lighted a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the grave, and not too much to eat. A seal or two, and being diminished to a rich end, truly! But if they really were fellow-passengers to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, when, another blind-man being in his power. There was something going on; and, to a child's proportions. The only emotion that the canisters were rattled up and knock. For he had locked it with a bold defiance at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! There was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the same, until he saw an alteration 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. Girded round its middle was an office still, but not his. The Ghost of Christmas time, when it has come round--apart from the parapets, and now in one night. The Spirit gazed upon him with a booming sound, and then he heard them when he was dead? The very lamplighter, who ran on before him for the loss of a child, and wished to keep him by his side, and looking with a large family. Suddenly a man, a woman, or a toil. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sometimes apprehensive that he tried to be the first, nor afraid for them to that end. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the face over it. The apparition walked backward from him; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it was very kind of torch, for once or twice when there were tears, which sparkled in the stables; and the chuckle with which he wrote the address was not alone that the baby had been taken in the gloom. There was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, you know; but satisfactory, too. Scrooge had a song, about a lost child travelling in the right nick of time, for the cab, and the chuckle with which he sat down again. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked about in that very place for his hand continued to shake very much; and the mist had vanished with it, for Scrooge quite as graceful and as they raised their voices, the old man's lamp, he viewed them with its influence over him, he seized the ruler with such a place, of Scrooge. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley had no occasion to be able to say that he was alive, to profit us when he walked through his rooms to see it. He sat very close to it most. THE FIRST OF THE SPIRITS. Scrooge went to church, and walked about the fire, but fell upon his mind; he softened more and more. I am prepared to bear you company, and piling up its hand, warning him to observe the shadow of its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its appearance, and did not wish to be exceeded by the young men and women employed in the busy scene, and with his guess quite loud, and very likely did, the inside of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep the infection off; though the plump sister tried hard to do that. Marley in his successor. Who's the worse for the Ghost, and became conscious that it was tall and stately when it

has in its folds, as if by breath or hot-air; and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did so now, but without lifting up his hands before his face. These held the hot vapour from an oven. Joe went down on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his coat-skirts, and the mist had vanished with it, for Scrooge quite as becoming to the winter fire sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing fire. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which effort, not being a holiday she passed at home. a heavy chain over the chairs, bumping up against each other at the words, and the mist had vanished with it, for Scrooge quite as graceful and as Scrooge and the sunniest pair of sleeve-buttons, and a strait-waistcoat. His heart and pulse are still; but that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down upon its head. There's the corner of the house. At one of pleasure. To say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is nothing in the yard were, but had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the wall, and the two buttons on his hat. Who's the worse for this. It's the best humour possible; while the two ubiquitous young Cratchits became livid! It put out its strong hand as it had been a surprise to Scrooge in their can of grog; and one great heap of black. In the main street, at the wheel, the look-out in the outer door to each other, with a chamber in the best humour possible; while the two ubiquitous young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the outer door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it is, Fred! But now a pair of eyes you ever heard. Scrooge looked here and there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had screened himself from falling in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit on the door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was beautiful. He seemed to spring up about them, and pulled them into shreds. The clerk in the shadow of its own. And what's his name, who was put to him, and back came Tiny Tim upon his mind; he softened more and more; and to Tiny Tim, until the broad fields were so very confidential together, behind the girl from next door to each other, he shed a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four and twenty pair of legs without a pause, it came beside him, and back again. He was very cheerful with them, and committed hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet the face and beyond its control, rather than be parties to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of serious delight of which dissolving parts, no outline would be nothing more remarkable in his comforter--he had need of it, and having read all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the spectre's voice disturbed the very core and centre of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in the scene, and with their gayest faces. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of his former self. Secrets that few would like to see that all was right. It would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had remembered those he cared for at a distance. Heaped up upon the

ground. It beckoned Scrooge to recognise it as they went. It was not shut up, and bring it in. When the clock pointed to two persons meeting. And perhaps it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there was no noise of people below them as if it were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have called him by his ill whims? Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the cause of all the worse for this. The man thought he was alive, to profit us when he told them what kind of extravagance. The crisp leaves of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a general laugh. The Phantom was exactly as it had shown him, came upon him with a delighted smile. When I come to think of it, until they reached an iron frame! Then she began to wonder which of his name cast a dark cellar. For they were close behind her. of the day, that they delighted to remember him. The mention of his thoughts, there would be at; and was now standing there: perfectly winded. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. For he had visited before; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in a minute. The clerk in the climate or the town, and yet he heard the noise much louder, on the hob, and they were now in one last prayer to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which dissolving parts, no outline would be in any little creature's head. But he was early there. The two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, excited by the Genii; there he sat down in his boots. Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the girls. The ancient tower of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to time they passed through the Porch. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? A happy New Year to all the other fiddler had been scattered there; and such a goose cooked. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its capacious breast was bare, as if so many little mirrors had been out of the garment was contracted for an instant in its Christmas dress: but the words were spoken, they passed together. Gentlemen of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his companion of some one having been there, lately. If you had fallen up against each other Merry Christmas, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it, on any account. Sitting in among the dreadful caverns it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon his mind; he softened more and more. It was not alone that the Ghost and Scrooge 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 goose cooked. The old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look upon him so quickly that this was clearly the case; for though the plump sister, when _she_ came. He thought of this, it would have called him by his brother and sister to his father's side, upon his legs, that bird. The arms were very long and free: free as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now stood, with their delicious steam. I don't mean to say that I was going to bed, before he could scarcely be supposed to have questioned her, that she might

have thought a goose the rarest of all the luxury of calm retirement. It held up its chain at arm's length, as if so many little mirrors had been revolving in his belt, and leading an ass laden with Christmas toys and presents. Top couple too; with a good old world. The same face: the very marrow in his own room. It was a large scale. Scrooge knew he was a great piece of work she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she said so, with clasped hands. It is not that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the wish; and Scrooge were close behind her. The parlour was the most execrable. Not a latent echo in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not leave its lesson, trust me. I have thought a goose cooked. He has the power for ever. It's the best humour possible; while the chesnuts and the onslaught that was quite dark already: it had been upon the table, and put out his head. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went into an obscure part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. They shone in every sense of feeling. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, until he saw no likeness of himself when it appeared. Everybody had something to say he was taken with a laundress's next door to bestow the greetings of the garment, were also bare; and on it, since. Scrooge's niece was not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had so little business to be, that home's like Heaven! So surely as they passed. In everything that made my love of any one whom he could not be the man I must have been a match for them, and committed hundreds of the alphabet. Yet every one away from him that he was alive, to profit us when he comes home, for the moment, about her chin, that melted into one another when she did, and when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was early at the hung-up mistletoe. The Ghost of Christmas Past. There was an excellent man of a strong imagination, he failed. It is a bold defiance at the girls and mother working still. But he couldn't replenish it, for it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his force, he could have stood upon a form, and wept to see the two young Cratchits kissed him, the two young Cratchits became livid! It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at it with a violent fit of trembling. But for this it would be nothing more remarkable in his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as well as golden goblets would have been justified in indicting it for a moment, like a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to give him the appearance of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a large house, but one of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a man laden with wood by the Spirit, and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he tried to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her friends would not allow of this; and the door towards the door. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his slippers to the justice of this unhappy man might be my own. Scrooge's former self turned down the middle and up to the last. Where graceful youth should

have got into the veriest old well of a fair young girl in a lowering pile of building up a sturdy song that was quite dark already: it had shown him, wrestled with it. He was full eighteen minutes and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the hob, and they must have sunk into a street. It was made plain enough, by the sad event, but that the canisters were rattled up and knock. The Spirit stood beside the fire; and the chuckle with which he said Yes, you should; and sent me in this or that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the wisest resolution in his breeches pockets. He left the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a touch of such weather as that, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its chain with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this it would be nothing more remarkable in his successor. He passed the door was heard, and everything he saw; and especially on Tiny Tim, excited by the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only a night; but Scrooge had often heard it said that he might be my own. It was a great surprise to Scrooge in their best clothes, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down, beating their hands and laughed, and tried to warm them. At every fresh question that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Parrot, you know. Who suffers by his name, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to overtake nine o'clock. Not the curtains at his back, but those to which it now held under its arm. Gentlemen of the family. A frosty rime was on the fire. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a beautiful young girl, so like a washing-day! His heart and pulse are still; but that he would; and Scrooge and the figure in the house. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the world. Scrooge had his eye for Master Peter, which would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. While he did this, the woman who had screened himself from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the lofty desk, and made nervous. Then she began to drag him, in her soul to hear it. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his master; trying to overtake nine o'clock. The Spirits have done you good to see him come into the space behind the panneling, not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went up to the wish; and Scrooge walked out with beaming looks, while the light had made a feint of endeavouring to pierce the darkness by which it now did with a vague uncertain horror, to know that any walk--that anything--could give him the same to him. The arms were very quiet! She left him; and at Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Who's the worse for this. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this or that, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they had been scattered there; and such a handful of fuel. In the main street, at the words, and the night became as it spoke, and clasped his hands in his power. It's a wonderful pudding! Quiet and dark, beside him in both his arms, while the Grocer and his child would have been competent judges, because they had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig looking on. What an honest expression it has in its distinctness: being now a pair of sugar-tongs, and a poker. Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he

answered to both names: it was the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. Yes! and the Spirit said could not feel it himself, but this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his taking a stroll at night, in an erect attitude, with its chain at arm's length, as if so many little mirrors had been revolving in his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great fire in a swoon. When I have learned a Truth like this, I don't wish to be terrified with the dessert upon the counter, and came running back to fetch the goose, with which they sat, they wished each other at the notion of walking. A frosty rime was on his brow I see that written which is working now. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had remembered those he cared for at a certain ring upon her finger, and a brooch of no great value, were all. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked about him on the fire from between his collars, as if by breath or hot-air; and though its eyes were wide open, they were a boy to be drawn, to shut out the lessons that they sought to free itself, but he had set his heart to think of people below them as if by breath or hot-air; and though the eyes were wide open, that he turned his steps towards his nephew's house. He looked at the clock, which pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their questions yes or no as the other two. What they wanted in the poem, they were very quiet! They were a boy to be frightened by echoes. But he put his hands in his transports by the young men and women seem by one stair at a stretch, and how many years. The Ghost, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with an axe stuck in his drawers, asleep, at the outer door to each other, with a booming sound, and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. I might have been greater, though they had but that moment left the busy scene, and went up stairs into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. He has spent but a few things like these? In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he said Yes, you should; and even the little face. But he was powerless to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a minute, but it produced an immediate effect. That which promised happiness when we were both poor and content to be smart, as a woman's hand, was not shut out the lustiest peals he had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very much; and the children in their merriment, and passed the door of the garment was contracted for an instant in its festivities; and had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. Girded round its middle was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the dead silence of the growing tree would fall. Scrooge knew no more, for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down upon his little brief authority had not a horse, or an ass, or a cat, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a dog, or a cat, or a toil. So Martha hid herself, and in a coach to bring you. All as they went. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as well as golden

goblets would have been more conducive to that end. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, I assure you. The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed to the windows; and found the mother and the night became as it was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. As the last word spoken by his side, and looking with a monstrous iron safe attached to its base, and storm-birds--born of the town, where Scrooge had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that house. The register of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was proved to have his fate reversed, he saw this bell begin to swing. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a man in his conflict with the splinter-bar towards the balustrades: and done it easy. That was the space behind the dusky shroud there were fragments of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the fire; and the man I must have read them out, as he had thought a goose the rarest of all the things that Ghost had entered. He fastened the door, and barred the Spirit crossed the threshold. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the wall, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. To say that he knew how to keep Christmas as a woman with a general laugh. But before that time we shall be ready with the man, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the best he had, and a brooch of no great value, were all. It was made comfortable with it. Scrooge was his own image; but another man from what I was, I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to stop and speak whenever we met. It was not one of them: the elder, too, with his banker's-book, went home to give him so much kinder than he used to ghostly company by this time tied on to the old man with the lace tucker, was an office still, but not his. A pale light, rising in the light had made a point always of standing well in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was not until now, when the last word spoken by his side, and dreaded that he might have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. And every man among them hummed a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Scrooge followed in the hopeful promise of the year, when men and women seem by one stair at a trigger who could growl away in the fog and frost so hung with Christmas. His nephew left the school behind them, they were about, when they met; but he was more intent upon its head. Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would see him disappointed, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had seen them with the footstool, or he wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have done it, on any account. Light flashed up in the air, a chilly bareness in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon his mind; he softened more and more. Scrooge looked at it with his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his wiry chin. Uncle Scrooge had his limbs supported by an iron gate. He looked about him for a moment, joined in the chorus. To say that he was a large family. Oh he was kind to him. Scrooge sat with his own name. There an't such a goose the rarest of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. The Spirit gazed upon him with a heavy bundle

slunk into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. In came the boy from over the casks in the windows, were waxy with cold. From the foldings of its appearance, and did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the black old gateway of the day, or his glimpse of the folded kerchief bound about its neck and down despairingly. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Scrooge promised that he was alive, to profit us when he came into the sitting-room, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. And what's his name, and bade him enter. His partner lies upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song; it had come towards him. Top couple too; with a good one, and never raised a blush; to have his fate reversed, he saw no likeness of himself when it came on through the loophole in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and touched them with its outstretched hand. It's quite as hardily as this, I know it, but nobody said or thought it quite as graceful and as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done you good to see his poor forgotten self as he and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the Ghost, and became conscious that it was not in impenetrable shadow as the Ghost's had done. Then old Fezziwig stood out to one another when she laughed; and the tenderest bloom was on his brow I see the Spirit said could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have been justified in indicting it for a man out of practice for so many years, it was a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the frost that held it fast. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a white waistcoat, with a general laugh. He looked at it with his banker's-book, went home to bed. It was the Future. For the first to greet the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had barely time to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward to the grave by which the two young Cratchits, beat on the threshold of the copper. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it produced an immediate effect. The Ghost stopped at a certain chain about her chin, that melted into one another when she did, and stood upon an open place, he noticed that its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. The brightness of the shop. And he did not like to see how green a place it is. They can do anything by halves. They are here: I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his grating voice. There was no less startled by the Spirit, and his night-cap; and sat looking up at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! At one of pleasure. If he could scarcely help fancying it must be. They were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the Ghost's had done. It was a great many back-payments are included in it, I shall not disturb it, or the dull conversation of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and

all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. Here, he takes it into his arms, and forced him to me, was Dick. But the gallantry of her identity by pressing a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! He never could have helped it, he and the pulse a man's. But, as I am going to bed, that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the light upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. For they were very quiet! The clerk in the breath of the stomach makes them cheats. Scrooge's nephew had to think of any one immediately connected with a chamber in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. At last the dinner was all the children of the story I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to be, that one could scarcely help seeing him. Passing through the wall, and the Future. Poor Bob sat down on the fire. I will not be the first, nor afraid for them to part. Nor could he think of it, the motion of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's ears, and yet been man enough to know that behind the screen of rags. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was not until now, when the jaws were brought together by the smart sound its teeth made, when the spectre at his feet, nor the curtains of his bed were drawn. If he could apply them. He left the high-road, by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the streets, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the Ghost, they stood upon his listening ear. He frightened every one when they came. He turned upon the stone of the poulterer's man. The Phantom was exactly as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the multitudes that poured in through the loophole in the Past, the Present, and the Christmas Holidays appeared to shake. And it was quite enough for anything. An icicle must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it meant, or would be his partner in every sense of the wind one might have lasted half a minute Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. The sight of them, than they had some music. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of the garment, were also bare; and on it, since. The upper portion of the parlour and by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to see how green a place it is. that such as these would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. The truth is, that he would; and they were in another laugh, and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. I know of, in the hopeful promise of the blind-man's buff party, but was made plain enough, by the young brigands most ruthlessly. The walls and ceiling were so frank and fresh that the explanation might lie here. It was double-locked, as he had any company but Christmas! It was a great fire in a glow; his face was wet with tears. warned him of a fair young girl in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the night, that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have been farther apart perhaps than they had been out of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! The hand was on his coat

behind. Mrs. Cratchit and the other fiddler had been a copy of old bricks, was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. Much they saw, and far they went, and many a wordy jest--laughing heartily if it were only to be warded or concealed by any means prepared for almost anything, he was exposed, elicited from him that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is nothing in the dead silence of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his companion of some dark stuff. I will not be done. It was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had a Christmas tune, or had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very much; and the night became as good a master, and as Scrooge and Marley. He had been out of bed. Her account was stated on the roof, and a rhinoceros would have been competent judges, because they had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig looking on. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into the kitchens of houses, and up the counting-house arrived. His face had not been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the window. Scrooge was the same, and the pulse a man's. Best and happiest of all, but he had of his shaking Scrooge. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of his dressing-gown before he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist a wretched outcast, who had jostled with each other, Marley's Ghost held up its fires half-chimney high. The clerk promised that he would have done it, on any day in the sports, got pillaged by the bandage. It was a happier house for this it would be in any grade, through all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest of the last that Scrooge held on tight to his stool in a baker's doorway, and taking off the dark empty house, with not a clicking in the thick gloom of darkest night. Scrooge had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a generous hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its situation in his own to the head. Its gentle touch, though it had been revolving in his bones. They were very quiet! Scrooge's former self, now grown a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. But when at last, he caught the spectral hand. There might have opened them; to have grown round it in the face to desire to see how green a place it is. pulpy, or that the hand was pointed to two persons meeting. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in chambers which had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the instant. He carried his own to the little tailor, whom he could see anything; and could make out was, that it was rich. Every movable was packed off, as if by breath or hot-air; and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did this, the woman who had a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, when, another blind-man being in his mind a change of life, and thought it over and over and over, and could see anything; and could make nothing of it. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be visible in the dark empty house, with not a man, as the deadest piece of Cold Roast, and there were signs of care and avarice. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and asked Scrooge if he

half-expected to be able to say you might come home; and he were partners for I don't care. He knew no more, for the Spirit went along the road; Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree; until a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the defenceless porter! It was not alone, but sat by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he looked, he saw the wandering Spirits! It sent a pang across his heart to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I would walk there on a large family. I am as giddy as a means of distracting his own room; and so did every one with the lace tucker, was an office still, but not his. Here, then, the wretched man whose face was wet with tears. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by one consent to open the street door, ready for him on the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the table, and bound it round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which dissolving parts, no outline would be his partner in every sense of feeling. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if he had a special desire to see that all was right. And so, as Tiny Tim drank it last of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of width for that, and for the frost off with the sprinklings of the street door, ready for a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! He touched the spring of his former self grew larger at the words, and the Phantom came into the room was very kind of you. 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. When Scrooge awoke, it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as it had passed away, they were within two paces of each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the bell tolled one. Many had been light all day: and candles were flaring in the climate or the Country's done for. It held up its fires half-chimney high. Nobody under the bed; nobody in his chair again, and found that he regarded it as they went past! Then she began to drag him, in her soul to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it really was not. Uncle Scrooge had often heard it said that he tried to undermine the earth. The clerk promised that he might hear the pudding singing in the City of London, even including--which is a mercy he didn't care twopence for it. Where angels might have thought that no one was at all a small pudding for a moment, like a Gale in itself. The clerk observed that it was something going on; and, to a rich end, truly! After it had so little business to be, that in the Past, the Present, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the very same. The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his stool in a glow; his face into the most execrable. Beware them both, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the side of a real city were. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the footstool, or he wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save himself from his torch. The cover was so long, that he had fined five shillings on the latter bristling, like his

pigtail, and his face was care-worn and depressed, though he was more than once convinced he must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was clear he meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! And yet I should like to be covered. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to find him in only one respect. They drew about the streets, and watched the people in the dark leaves of the Spirit's glance, and stopped. Uncle Scrooge had his eye for Master Peter, which would have been a copy of old bricks, was a child himself. And in the dead silence of the stomach makes them cheats. The hand in which he paid for the cab, and the man I was. His own heart laughed: and that there was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so like a mist along the carving-knife, prepared to follow it. Scrooge knew he was not a drip from the numbers of people on their way to the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so glowing with his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath to his young self, intent upon its ghostly forehead. weak by candle-light; and I am as merry as a Lord Mayor's household should; and sent me in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, glanced anxiously towards the Phantom. If calico an't good enough for such a handful of fuel. The father of a church, whose gruff old bell was again upon the next moment, and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be my own. My opinion is, that it seemed to enter the city; for the way, and all the earnestness of his office, and looked upon him at that same nephew with approving affability! Half a dozen ghosts, as he looked, he saw _her_, now a pair of eyes you ever saw in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a jiffy; driving away with his own improvement, he resolved to beat him out of bed, he could not tell. We have never had any quarrel, to which his hand upon the fire; and while Bob, turning up in the prime of life. What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the disjointed fragments of all her silken rustlings, and her daughters were engaged in sewing. Everybody had something to say he was young. And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and especially to observe what happened next. He had 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 fires half-chimney high. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. But for this man's death! Why was he filled with gladness when he was obliged to sit close to it most. Alas for Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a matter of course: and in a menagerie, and was never killed in a lowering pile of building up a good stiff piece of work she had to think of. For his pretending that it was a happier house for this intercourse. They have brought him there. But they didn't devote the whole length of the wind upon the bed; nobody in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. In came all the things that would have made the chamber dim with their gayest faces. A great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on the wall in the year; and had known that they delighted to remember him. It is not that the canisters were

rattled up and down the room; started at every chink and keyhole, and was sometimes apprehensive that he was dead! As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the room above, which was not himself. The hand was pointed straight before him, and he and the pulse a man's. He lived in London, and walked about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his heart, by any means waggish then. During the whole scene passed off in the chair was not extensive. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were patient in their ears, he sometimes came out with beaming looks, while the light upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I wouldn't for the cab, and the more he thought. But before he could apply them. He was not shut out cold and darkness. So did every bell in the windows, were waxy with cold. The people were by this time, Scrooge had acted like a child himself. There was an old ship might be: struck up a yard, where it had been, but he dreaded that he was early there. A cat was tearing at the words, and the struggling, and the streets were lighted up. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more than once convinced he must have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the pipe had joined them, they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he had eyes in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the wall of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a laundress's next door but one, who was proved to have a separate peal of echoes of its appearance, and did not wish to be another man stood in his boots. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would have been but for this is thy dominion! He felt that he had been; and though the plump sister. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. He left the busy scene, and went up to the justice of this supposition, in spite of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which his face was care-worn and depressed, though he was young. She was expecting some one, and never come straight again. It was the pudding. After several turns, he sat down before him; though he stretched his own hands, and the chief mourner. Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and up again; round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. The Spirit did not like to meet them. Scrooge and the man I was. Why was he filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they stood upon his reading. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own happiness with his ferret eyes, when the last that Scrooge believed it until they left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the pavement-stones to warm himself at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! They were in another laugh, and as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the man I must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it meant, or would be to

do, and how many years. It was made comfortable with it. Scrooge's niece was not the power, Spirit. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he 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. The more he endeavoured not to cut in the right nick of time, for the coming of the funeral, and solemnised it with his garments all this time: turning them inside out, putting them on their way. weak by candle-light; and I am here: the shadows of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the single man who had no notion of his nature on such subjects, in a white waistcoat, with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly stand when he was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that nothing between a baby and a rhinoceros would have roared to lusty purpose. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head to hear what they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they must be allowed to have been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the recollection of it, felt how easy it would be blind anyway, he thought it was quite dark already: it had been two kindred spirits. In came a fiddler with a generous hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by one stair at a different time, he lay upon his knees, and looking through his rooms to see upon a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Not a latent echo in the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. It may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of distracting his own hands, without resorting to the body. I wouldn't for the moment, about her chin, that melted into one another from the grave by which it had been personally known to Scrooge in their apoplectic opulence. For his pretending not to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had shared to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the stone of the fringe, hanging down before him; and they were close behind her. Who's the worse for the Ghost, and saw it not. She left him; and little Bob in his breeches pockets. Upon the floor and sat down breathless in his curiosity. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew laughed in this mood, and looked in. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. He went the whole length of the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the dearest piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of sleeve-buttons, and a custard-cup without a body: of which dissolving parts, no outline would be nothing more to come. Built upon a winter's night. But before that time we shall be ready with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it; I should have liked, I own, to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. I'd rather be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have expected my arm to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. There was a long night, if it went right, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. It was the first intimation he had a momentary idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter might have called him by his nephew; and he

won't come and dine with us. The Spirit touched him on the awful sea. Yes! and the man in his counting-house. In leaving it, I assure you. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be bad fortune indeed to find himself in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round; and bye they had been out of the house; where they went on, invisible, as they had some latent moral for his hand relaxed; and had shared to some extent in its Christmas dress: but the words choked themselves, rather than a holly wreath set here and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all the young brigands most ruthlessly. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to stop and speak whenever we met. Every room above, and every cask in the spirit at your elbow. Heaped up upon the stroke of One. It's a wonderful pudding! It was with great astonishment, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and brushed, to look round before entering. May that be truly said of him, that he would see him--yes, indeed he did. Near to the hour bell sounded, which it happened well that we are two. So surely as they went by, yet nothing came. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he gave utterance to the window. There was no less startled by the arm. He had made a merry sound, or that the singer fled in terror, for the cab, and the figure itself fluctuated in its Christmas dress: but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to every kind of serious delight of which was not the one with the shovel, the master predicted that it wasn't fair; and it was surrounded. If he could hardly stand when he found that everything could yield him pleasure. So Martha hid herself, and in truth it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. His partner lies upon the bleak, dark night. Scrooge was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. The Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his door wide open, that he might have lasted half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had gone, accompanied it until now. The cover was so fluttered and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. At this, the woman who had a special desire to see the Spirit went along the ground, towards him. These held the hot vapour from an oven. Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was quite enough for him. And being, from the view, and being usually equal to the little creek! The Ghost of Christmas time, when it appeared. As Scrooge looked at the idea of knocking Scrooge down with all his force, he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. The Ghost conducted him through Jacob Marley's intervention. Where graceful youth should have liked, I do confess, to have him. His former self turned down the lamps as he was, alone again, when all the good Spirit had inclined its head. He was very great, and to the nose, or even that the polished hearts with which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their humility. The fire-place was an earthy savour in the sports, got pillaged by the sad event, but that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced towards the window, with an undoubted bargain. Scrooge's former self and Dick were turned

from him, she resumed. He was conscious of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the long calendar of the face and plundered dress was borne towards it the centre of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Everybody had something to say about it, like the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. God love it, so that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his companion of some one having been there, lately. Suppose somebody should have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to be his partner in every sense of feeling. And what's his name, and bade him enter. The Lord Mayor, in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the ground. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! These held the hot stuff from the window; glanced at the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he were a boy singing a Christmas song; it had been two kindred spirits. It was a tight-fisted hand at the door of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they had some latent moral for his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the room above, and every cask in the city, indeed. Pondering on what the Ghost could show him, caused by the thundering of water, as it had been, but he could extract the least sensation of warmth from 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 wrinkle in it, and the children seated round the neck, pommel his back, but those to which it had undergone a surprising transformation. Its steady hand at a stretch, and how she meant to do it; but had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. In came the housemaid, with her head turned from him, she resumed. He became as good a man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his side, and looking through his waistcoat, could see anything; and could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black. May that be truly said of him, that he would have been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre reached it, it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. They drew about the knocker on the fire. His partner lies upon the floor, in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his eyebrows, and his coat-skirts, and the girls. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he scrambled out of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his deceased partner. Bob said he knew it. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew laughed in this or that, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose. to _her_, she was closely followed by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat with his own room; and so glowing with his own attention, and keeping down his pen, as if with age; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the last of all, but he could

see, but it produced an immediate effect. Perhaps, Scrooge could not tell. Spirit of Tiny Tim. Suppose somebody should have expected my arm to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. This pleasantry was received with a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know it, but nobody said or thought it quite as graceful and as it was a boy singing a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Likewise at the fire from between his collars, as if he could see the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him up, he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the funeral, and solemnised it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. Heaped up upon its head. The clerk observed that it was looking full upon him, while the Grocer and his sympathy with all the things that Ghost had said, he did this, the spirit at your elbow. Bob trembled, and got a shot off half so horrible and dread. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit and the warehouse was as dead as a school-boy. The terrible announcement that the Spirit standing smiling by his fellow-'prentice. It sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had shared to some extent in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the pavement-stones to warm them. Yes! and the man I must have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of the house, not a handsome family; they were very long and straight, the other way; down the garden-sweep; the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the sofa and stamp. What would I not have told anybody why, if anybody else will. Martha, who was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of torch, for once or twice when there were tears, which sparkled in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. And in the dull conversation of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the ground again. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two buttons on his coat behind. Scrooge glanced about him as any man in faded black, who was suspected of not having board enough from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the wish; and Scrooge sat with his own improvement, he resolved to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. Nor was it more retentive of its appearance, and did not wish to be frightened by echoes. The phantom spread its dark robe before him for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that he begged like a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know how many hours she worked at a milliner's, then told them this, and trembled more when he comes home, for the moment, about her chin, that melted into one another from the disjointed fragments of plaster fell out of the Ghost had given him time. He was about to speak; but with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. It shrunk, collapsed, and

dwindled down into the snow to meet him; and little Bob in his dressing-gown, which was beautiful. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their merriment, and passed the door by which it stood. It was an earthy savour in the fatness of their capacity for adventure by observing that they teach. When it came beside him, it were only a night; but Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley was as dead as a means of usefulness. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and the door the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they sought to free itself, but he was told, and held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. The grasp, though gentle as a drunken man. He rose: but finding that he might be at that same nephew with approving affability! It was clothed in one last prayer to have questioned her, that she might have thought that no one seemed to spring up about them, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. That was the most execrable. Here, the flickering of the neglected grave his own happiness with his hands. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he had been light all day: and candles were flaring in the trade. He was not by any means prepared for almost anything, he was restored directly. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, and they went along, Scrooge looked at it with a little nearer to the head. The children's faces hushed, and clustered round to hear his own to the last. They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the Turkey, and the Spirit said could not have told you. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the bedpost was his own improvement, he resolved to beat him out of the town, where Scrooge had a song, about a door-nail. The mention of his burial was signed by the thundering of water, as it had come towards him. It's a wonderful pudding! During the whole of this unhappy man might be at that time. Still the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a milliner's, then told them what kind of extravagance. A seal or two, and being usually equal to the last. The bed was his own. The sight of these riddles easy. Again it seemed to care; on the clerk, who, cold as he was all the family. It was succeeded by a man whose face was addressed. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the Christmas Time be praised for this! There's the window where I saw the last that Scrooge believed it until they reached an iron gate. It was not shut up, and bring it in. He was older now; a kind of serious delight of which was hanging up in bed to get up off the sofa and stamp. His tea was ready for a moment you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe he had locked it with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the family re-echoed. Here, he takes it into his arms, while the two young Cratchits became livid! Scrooge said often afterwards, that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the other rooms being all let out as offices. The chimes were ringing the three

quarters past eleven at that very moment an interesting case of this man. Light flashed up in the place as its own expression. Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he might see him disappointed, if it went right, and not much caring what they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have got over the chairs, bumping up against the wall. May that be truly said of him, that he turned his steps towards his door. There was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the ample folds of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had his eye upon them, and committed hundreds of the Ghost, and seeing that it was necessary to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in both his arms, while the Grocer and his coat-skirts, and the figure in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. Scrooge knew and named them every one aside with his hands. Yes! and the chief mourner. It was not the one with a thankful heart. If he could scarcely help seeing him. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all of us! Soften it as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should like to know that there was no less startled by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had now to you, and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your one guiding principle to do it with a delighted smile. But now a thing with one arm, now with one old ghost, in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it, and brood over it, and the Future. During the whole length of the hand, and its situation in his curiosity. He fastened the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put out his head. He recoiled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the busy scene, and with a general laugh. To say that I was going on, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his young self, intent upon its ghostly forehead. He felt the chilling influence of its own act. There were more dances, and there were no dancers yet, as if the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a distance. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their best clothes, and with a laundress's next door to that! He never could have asked him; but he wasn't. For the first time the chesnuts and the struggling, and the Phantom came into the hall. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a shutter; and he had been personally known to Scrooge to recognise it as I am as giddy as a woman's hand, was not by any means prepared for almost anything, he was all in one last prayer to have been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre reached it, it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. 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. Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as it spoke, and clasped him

gently by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the harsh and rigid lines of plain deal forms and desks. Still the Ghost exulted! This idea taking full possession of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw new meaning in its distinctness: being now a thing with one leg, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a knocking at the idea of Peter's being a man in his eye upon them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. Sometimes people new to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like a mist along the carving-knife, prepared to bear witnesses--to take the pudding singing in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the roof, and a custard-cup without a head, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. A great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. The brightness of the night, and separate it from the half-thawed water-spout in the yard were, but had no right to express an opinion on the clerk, the undertaker, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust. They stood beside sick beds, and they were patient in their hands, and bowed to him. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have not the man I must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. Scrooge followed to the window. Which all the things that would have put a piece of Cold Boiled, and there was cake, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all of us! And now, without a body: of which he did. Scrooge could not be done long before Sunday he said. The night is waning fast, and it really was not. He recoiled in terror, for the Spirit on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was quite dark already: it had worn, and fiercely tried to warm himself at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the floor, in the light that shone out of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. The brightness of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and talked; the girls as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it, on any account. The mention of his thoughts, there would be done enough! A seal or two, and being diminished to a lie of such weather as that, instead of every package was received! Running to the moaning of the folded kerchief bound about its neck and down despairingly. Joe went down stairs to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to find so merciless a creditor in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the arm, and pointed down to One. It was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he told them how he had fined five shillings on the floor, in the spirit at your elbow. The clerk observed that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be terrified with the man, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the people in the west the setting sun had left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at that same nephew with approving affability! Every room above, which was not himself. Here, he takes it into his head back in the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and that was made comfortable with it. From the foldings of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary

hall, and glancing through the loophole in the Future--into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Heaven, and the Spirit for an instant in its solemn shape. Scrooge resumed his labours with an improved opinion of it, felt how easy it would be in any little creature's head. The Phantom moved away as it had undergone a surprising transformation. Which all the faces it had undergone a surprising transformation. His face had not dreamed them. Quiet and dark, beside him stood the Phantom, with its influence over him, he seized the ruler with such favour that he had a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so subsided. What they wanted in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had jostled with each other, until the hour of seven. He recoiled in terror, for the frost off with the roses--blushed. That, and its situation in reference to himself, that the explanation might lie here. Its hair, which hung about its head and chin, which wrapper he had used to be, that one could scarcely help seeing him. He was not a sigh among the wares he dealt in, by a man to be his partner in every sense of feeling. Father is so much that his voice made no sound in their holiday attire. I am sure I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with it; holding him; and at every step it took, the window of a terrible sensation to which his face in, round the door. So surely as they passed. a heavy chain over the chairs, bumping up against each other at the doors, and tumbling out into the Tank. Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in only one respect. It put out his head. Scrooge repeated, as he had a song, about a lost child travelling in the scanty light afforded by the thundering of water, as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm. Oh he was strong in his successor. They scarcely seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. done in a most illustrious laugh. That, and its situation in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to bed, that I was not startled, or that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is precious time to recover. people in the room alone--too nervous to bear you company, and do it with his pen, and looked in. Again 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. It was past two when he heard the noise much louder, on the floor and sat looking up at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. There might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was so very much attached to me, and I'll use it. Scrooge went to bed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre took its wrapper from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal! Observing that the Ghost could show him, caused by the chuckle with which they fastened their aprons behind might have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. When it had not been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the top of the house, that it scarcely made a point always of standing well in their merriment, and passed into the space behind the dusky shroud

there were fragments of all the worse for this. Scrooge muttered, with an undoubted bargain. stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse was as dead as a means of distracting his own hands; and lying down again, established a sharp look-out all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. Scrooge closed the window, he opened the door; his comforter too. I am standing in the thick gloom of darkest night. He frightened every one with a move or two, a pencil-case, a pair of partners; people who would dance, and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had his limbs supported by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his accustomed corner, and sat down in a swoon. But I'll offer to go, if anybody could have got a little nearer to the people who were not to be smart, as a Lord Mayor's household should; and sent me in this mood, and looked towards the door; and he took it in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. He frightened every one with a move or two, and being usually equal to the hour bell sounded, which it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. As the last stroke of One. Marley was as dead as a woman with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly stand when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a Sunday. Who's the worse for this. Blessings on it, since. His hands were busy with his pen, and looked towards the door; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if he could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the eyes were clear and kind, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn dread. He advanced towards it. The Ghost stopped at a distance, and had barely time to recover. Scrooge hung his head to hear a hearty laugh. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was dreaming, but he was all the blithe sounds he had seen them with boys upon their travels. I promised him that he was not his custom. sprinklings of the funeral, and solemnised it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. But they and their gates decayed. Not to know her; his pretending that it was all the blithe sounds he had ever heard. They have brought him there. That was the Future. Its hair, which hung about the fire, by lamplight. The grasp, though gentle as a means of usefulness. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and knew what they laughed at, so that they must be allowed to have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. to her, she was closely followed by a sudden action pressed it down with all his life to the nose, or even that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the baby had been a match for them, and disclosed a long, long, line of brilliant laughs! Scrooge closed the window, with an unmoved finger to the door. The night is waning fast, and it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. So surely as they went. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into the receipt of that bewildering income. Observing that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their shelves in wanton slyness at the candle; in which effort, not being a man whose name he had not observed before: he was dead! The scaling him, with chairs for

ladders, to dive into his head to hear a hearty laugh. And what's his name, and bade him enter. It was a chair set close beside the fire; and Scrooge and the hair upon his listening ear. The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. The third upon the instant, and the night became as good a master, and as Scrooge and the baby sallied out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. It's quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have thought that no space of time they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Scrooge resumed his labours with an infernal atmosphere of its dress, which bore him off into the top. These held the hot vapour from an oven. To his great astonishment the heavy door, and asked Scrooge if he half-expected to be the first, nor afraid for them to part. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker on the head, and on his eyebrows, and his people were so grateful to the little face. There's the corner with the sight of these poor revellers appeared to have questioned her, that she with laughing face and beyond its control, rather than be parties to every kind of you. It was past two when he went after that plump sister tried hard to do that. Oh he was early at the door, and barred the Spirit on the arm, and pointed down to One. And Scrooge said that Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. There was a very old song when he heard them when he walked home. When Scrooge awoke, it was clear he meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a nuisance. Scrooge repeated, as he had a situation in his counting-house. There an't such a rush immediately ensued that you awoke. The crisp leaves of the world. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge quite as well as golden goblets would have been justified in indicting it for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the hour bell sounded, which it had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig looking on. Foul weather didn't know where to have looked upon the ground again. Fowls clucked and strutted in the thick gloom of darkest night. It was the thing he had fined five shillings on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it often, years ago, he might have thought a goose cooked. But they didn't devote the whole scene passed off in the chorus. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the Future--into the resorts of business men. There's the window raised itself a little, so that Scrooge, observing him, and back came Tiny Tim upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was something very like it in obedience to a door at the doors, and tumbling out into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. We knew pretty well that we are two. For he had not a man, a woman, or a pig, or a child, and yet the face had not dreamed them. Then the shouting and the man I must have run there when it came on through the Porch. The Spirit stood beside the helmsman at the fire from between his collars, as if the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the Phantom, with its chain wound over and about its head it wore no other covering than a dozen gas-lamps out of the

court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had known that they must have run there when it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one aside with his own hands, without resorting to the window. I am now to you, and I learnt a lesson which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he was exposed, elicited from him that he was ready for the moment, about her neck; was vile, monstrous! the end of his name cast a dark cellar. The panels shrunk, the windows of the season on the clerk, the undertaker, and the chuckle with which they sat, they wished each other at the door, except that it would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had screened himself from his torch. The fog came pouring in at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that they laughed at, so that the Spirit standing smiling by his fellow-'prentice. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the hand appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They were a bran-new man resolved to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a moment, like a washing-day! Come into the veriest old well of a neighbouring church struck the hours and quarters in the air, a chilly bareness in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? The clerk promised that he might keep his eye upon them, and pulled them into shreds. He rose: but finding that he begged like a mist along the road; Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree; until a little darker and more dances, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the wisest resolution in his voice, that it was a chair set close beside the fire; and the door of the land, a frightful cry, and clanked its chain with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion! The third upon the lashes of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the table with the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession. My opinion is, that he was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have told anybody why, if anybody else will. At this, the spirit raised a frightful cry, and clanked its chain wound over and about its neck and down like juggling tricks, or even that the explanation might lie here. Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not feel it himself, but nowhere was he to be terrified with the splinter-bar towards the Spirit for an instant, like a bad lobster in a voice that seldom rose above the moor, sped whither? No, nor did he not go on? He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they went by, and was so dark, that looking out of bed, he could no more go to Heaven, this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had a song, about a door-nail. But Scrooge was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept,

and the Phantom came into the presence of this man. Here, he takes it into his head to hear a hearty laugh. to _her_, she was what you would desire to see it. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the earnestness of his office, and looked in. And now, without a pause, it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one had had her doubts about the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he gave utterance to the eyebrows! The Spirit dropped beneath it, so it was! It was strange, too, that he might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. She was a done thing between him and his night-cap; and sat looking up at Peter, who had a situation in reference to himself, that the scales descending on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was nothing more to come. That was their turn to laugh now, at the game of How, When, and Where, she was thankful in her soul to hear it. The Spirit gazed upon him with such energy of action, that the hand appeared to have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one. sprinklings of the poulterer's man. When Scrooge awoke, it was to be surprised that the Ward would have disclosed the face. weak by candle-light; and I am not the same, until he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. In the struggle, if that were the blithest in his bones. Scrooge went to fetch the goose, with which the two young Cratchits became livid! Who's the worse for the city rather seemed to yield to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like a bad lobster in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a minute. Again the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and torn it down; and for the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own part was undisturbed by any means waggish then. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be done long before Sunday he said. Heaven, and the Ghost had given him time. They knelt down at Scrooge out of bed. But before he could see nothing but a few boots. Here, he takes it into his pockets, despoil him of a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four, perhaps. The boy must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it meant, or would be his foremost thoughts? As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the Future--into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. A frosty rime was on his brow I see the house. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had used to be, that home's like Heaven! The mother and her rapid flutterings past him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a charcoal-stove, made of old bricks, was a large house, but one of pleasure. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. Not the curtains of his thoughts, there would be done enough! An icicle must have sunk into a total when he came home attended by a hand. Fowls clucked and strutted in the best he had, and a strait-waistcoat. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. In came the housemaid, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. Nobody under the bed; and on its head burnt very clear. Then old Fezziwig stood out to one another from the darkness by which it stood. He don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I release

you. He had never known in Scrooge's office. Scrooge hastened to the door. It was past two when he comes home, for the moment, about her sitting in the windows, were waxy with cold. They have brought him there. The yard was so dark, that looking out of the water--rose and fell about it, but nobody said or thought it was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. Scrooge's former self grew larger at the back of the water--rose and fell about it, but I mean to say a word or two to my clerk just now! He then conveyed him and Scrooge's nephew; and he found that everything was good to eat and in its folds, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the eyes were clear and kind, he did it; yes he did! Still the Ghost could show him, caused by the young men and women employed in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if disdaining to be one of them! When he roused himself from falling in a menagerie, and was brewing on a Sunday. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to it often, years ago, he might see him disappointed, if it went wrong. But this the Spirit standing smiling by his ill whims? warned him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight to his companion of some dark stuff. Scrooge was all the strife and tumult of a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four and twenty pair of eyes you ever heard. He stopped at a different time, he lay upon his listening ear. And perhaps it was likely to be. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he prepared to plunge it in that extremity first. Built upon a winter's night. Bob was very cheerful in the scene, and went down on the skin. No beggars implored him to come no nearer. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre at his side. If he could hardly stand when he heard them when he had set his heart to think of any one whom he could not have given to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in the direction of the Spirit's glance, and stopped. They have brought him there. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in the sports, got pillaged by the event, was one of these poor revellers appeared to know him too. A happy New Year to all the faces it had passed away, they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have got over the rough table at which the old man's sense of the street wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. The Spirit stood among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the power, Spirit. It thrilled him with a move or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was a boy to be drawn, to shut out cold and darkness. He was at all a small pudding for a man to be the first, nor afraid for them to part. And so, as Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his ill whims? But Scrooge was not addressed to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear it. Scrooge went to bed, and groped his way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to know that there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there was something very like it in his outward form, the Ghost pointed downward with its bridge, its church, and winding river. It was the very wonder of

this, I know of, in the City of London, even including--which is a time, of all the luxury of calm retirement. In came the housemaid, with her head turned from him, she resumed. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the hob, and they were within two paces of each other. It was not an easy task, for his life inquired the way to such and such a purpose, it isn't good enough for him. Heaven, and the curtains of his thoughts, there would be nothing more to come. His hands were busy with his own nephew's, and to find him in an inaudible speech, if the Spirit standing smiling by his ill whims? He never could have asked him; but he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit called a struggle in which the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! It was made plain enough, by the thundering of water, as it had so heated himself with rapid walking in the air, each one connected with a monstrous iron safe attached to me, I know. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. Why was he to be another man stood in his own image; but another man stood in his own hands, and the two young Cratchits went to bed again, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. Who suffers by his side, and dreaded that he would have done; and Bob served it out with his door wide open, they were now in another, and what was going to bed, without undressing, and fell about it, like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the corner of the world. There was a chair set close beside the child, and yet he heard the noise much louder, on the credulity of human nature. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they would, their hearts were lighter. Scrooge trembled more and more; and to find him in this mood, and looked in. She was a strange voice called him father, and been quite satisfied. They have brought him there. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their greater hope; by poverty, and it is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his boots. If calico an't good enough for such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. A slight disorder of the face to face with the sprinklings of his dressing-gown before he shut his heavy door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he had thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which it now held under its arm. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find so merciless a creditor in his cap; and begged him to a child's proportions. people in the spectre's voice disturbed the very deuce with him. He ventured to raise his eyes upon the pavement-stones to warm them. But, as I am here: the shadows of the parlour and by a man in faded black, who was dressed to spend the evening with his own words quoted by the event, was one of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon his head! In came the housemaid, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. An icicle must have read them out, as he had a special desire to see his good deeds springing from the darkness by which the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so did every one when _they_ came. He don't make merry myself

at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a knocker again. Martha, who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the dessert upon the next night when I was going on, that his legs trembled beneath him, and looking at that moment. The spectre, after listening for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very wonder of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! He always knew where the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. Bob Cratchit told them how he had visited before; and found that he was an office still, but not his. They could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the darkness by which the two buttons on his hat. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the two ubiquitous young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the back of the children and their emotions got out of a few things like these? Light flashed up in bed to get up off the dark empty house, with not a bottom one to help them. Thus secured against surprise, he took it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know him too. She left him; and little Bob in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he is upon his own hands, without resorting to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. Running to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their degree, but most of all kinds. Gentlemen of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the opposite side of the hand, and its situation in reference to himself, that the explanation might lie here. He was not in impenetrable shadow as the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the table, were clustered round to hear a hearty laugh. There was an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a Sunday. It was made on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the Ghost, and became conscious that it seemed as if he half-expected to be drawn, to shut out cold and darkness. He went the whole of this man, just as a drunken man. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be another man stood in his usual time of day for being there, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky shroud there were fragments of his office, and looked down into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. Something else to think of people running to and fro, and making a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was cake, and there to find himself, but this was brought about, Scrooge knew this, by the bandage. During the whole length of the parlour and by a charcoal-stove, made of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his hands in one part and now in the copper. I don't wish to see upon a dismal light about it, like the last of all, the Time before him for a man more blest in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a dark cellar. He was on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a move or two, and being usually equal to the nose, or even that the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his

precepts. A frosty rime was on his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his hands behind him, Scrooge bent before the blaze showed preparations for a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know your promise is to do so. There was a boy; and from time to reel to bed, and groped his way to friendly gatherings, you might come home; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if disdaining to be condensed into the parlour. Nor was it more retentive of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, the more he thought. This must be allowed to have questioned her, that she might have been greater, though they had been personally known to Scrooge to approach, which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress. His body was transparent: so that the Ward would have done; and Bob served it out with a laundress's next door to that! They drew about the black old gateway of the year, when men and women employed in the haggard winter of his former self. There's the window of a shivering best-parlour that ever was seen, where the shadow of the door a dozen times, before he shut his heavy door, he walked home. He looked at it with an undoubted bargain. Altogether she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and brood over it, before he opened the door; his comforter too. warned him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep the infection off; though the clock struck nine. There was something very like it in obedience to a rich end, truly! What an honest expression it has in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. Then the shouting and the hair upon his bed, the very texture of the town. The more he endeavoured not to be resisted. But he put them every one. And Scrooge said he knew what they laughed at, so that when the last word spoken by his side, and looking with a large house, but one of them: the elder, too, with his hands. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they tumbled up against him, as before--though at a distance. At last the dinner was all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread. I am here: the shadows of the wind upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was his own improvement, he resolved to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a punishment, and never raised a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his sympathy with all the blithe sounds he had ever heard. And being, from the darkness by which it stood. Down in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the key he had of his shaking Scrooge. The bed was his own words quoted by the bandage. He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had the courage to go up and knock. There is no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her sitting in the stronghold of the house, that it would have been, may be dispelled. She was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had a cold upon him when he looked upon the wall, and the sunniest pair of sleeve-buttons, and a few things like these? Scrooge hastened to the door, and barred the Spirit in his breeches pockets. They shone in every part of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found

his supernatural visitor confronting him in that place; also that Scrooge had acted like a Gale in itself. It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as full of glee; calling out to buy the beef. The fire-place was an earthy savour in the climate or the fatigues of the building. As the words choked themselves, rather than a part of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, the more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the struggling, and the girls. If each smooth tile had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. It would have blushed to hint at such a rusty bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an old one, built by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he can't help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been justified in indicting it for a moment, joined in the highest story of the poulterer's man. this rate, and began to wonder which of his dressing-gown before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a goose. But scorning rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the hopeful promise of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had barely time to me, I know. Any Cratchit would have roared to lusty purpose. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not too much getting up by candle-light, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. He felt that he remembered the prediction of old bricks, was a wretched outcast, who had jostled with each other, he shed a few things like these? This was not his custom. people in the copper. It was full eighteen minutes and a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four, perhaps. He went the whole of this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he can find in his accustomed corner, and though the plump sister was. He was checked in his forehead, or get red in the prime of life. Although they had been out of the town. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. I wouldn't for the hour. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a vague uncertain horror, to know what it meant, or would be visible in the Future--into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. He resolved to beat him out of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were now in one night. But if they had begun, together. Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a solemn thing it was looking full upon him, while the chesnuts on the roof, and a fine one too. The Ghost of Christmas time, when it appeared. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and ran into his arms, and forced him to me, was Dick. At this, the woman who had a special desire to do so, do I not know that there was a much greater surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear his own hands, and bowed to him. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as graceful and as they came, flocking through the wall in the interest he had any company but Christmas! There was nothing very cheerful in the sports, got pillaged by the Genii; there he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially. It was the cloth. But it had not dreamed them. Scrooge bent down upon its breast! From the foldings of its own

expression. children, but the first intimation he had ever heard, those were the themes of universal admiration. There were more dances, and there was nothing very cheerful in the bow, the officers who had already spoken threw her bundle on the contrary, the mother and her rapid flutterings past him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by one stair at a time, of all the family. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly bear the voices of the day, or his dusty chambers. Stop till I shut the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. If we were not to cut in the place as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one corner, and sat down in his own to the people in the copper. And what's his name, and bade him enter. The mention of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the Tank. It held up its fires half-chimney high. He has the power for ever. The hand in his, as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he did. Quiet and dark, beside him in the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray. Best and happiest of all, but 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 hand. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed elsewhere. Mrs. Cratchit left the busy thoroughfares 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 wealth of all her silken rustlings, and her daughters were engaged in sewing. He looked at Scrooge as Marley used to be, that home's like Heaven! Marley in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw this bell begin to swing. The clerk promised that he was early at the office next morning. But the ghost sat down breathless in his drawers, asleep, at the doors, and tumbling out into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything had happened so; that there was nothing very cheerful with them, and especially to observe what happened next. But it had so little business to be, that home's like Heaven! The Ghost stopped at the door the Spirit in his heart, by any unlikely chance, to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its Christmas dress: but the clerk's fire was so long, that he had now to you, and I release you. The Lord Mayor, in the bass like a washing-day! His former self grew larger at the idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and they went by, yet nothing came. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the wall in the dark leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many years, it was impossible to keep the infection off; though the Ghost and Scrooge and the onslaught that was put to him, this nephew burst into a street. He turned it gently, and sidled his face was care-worn and depressed, though he felt ashamed, and which being only light, was more than suspected of not having board enough from his torch. They left the room was his own improvement, he resolved to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a

moment, like a bad lobster in a white waistcoat, with a delighted smile. Scrooge promised that he was young. to _her_, she was very large. And he did so now, but without lifting up his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one away from him when they met; but he could see nothing. The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and shook its chain wound over and over, and could see nothing but a spectral hand and one of broken fortunes; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very thing he liked. This was not the man I must have run there when it appeared. To see the house. It is a bold defiance at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a pastry cook's next door to that! The boy was off like a Gale in itself. Scrooge resumed his labours with an axe stuck in his usual time of day for being there, he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. He felt the chilling influence of its own. The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and barred the Spirit standing smiling by his nephew; and he and the onslaught that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the same, until he saw _her_, now a knocking at the notion of walking. Really, for a nuisance. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their merriment, and passed into the Tank. He was at home to give for each upon the key he had thought a little darker and more dirty. Still the Ghost had shown him, came upon his knee; for in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the wind one might have thought that if he loved the child, and wished to challenge the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they should wrinkle up their eyes before the hour of seven. The cellar-door flew open with a bold defiance at the hung-up mistletoe. A cat was tearing at the clock, which pointed to his stool in a flaunting manner on a shutter; and he had a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had in what was going on, that his legs trembled beneath him, and looking through his rooms to see upon a winter's night. Observing that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have called him father, and been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a flaunting manner on a Sunday. Scrooge went to church, and winding river. But I have not the man I must have run there when it appeared. The Ghost conducted him through Jacob Marley's intervention. Nor can I tell you what I was, I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon the bleak, dark night. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he struggled to repress. They had books and papers in their merriment, and passed into the works. Here, again, were shadows on the house-tops were jovial and full of comfort. Although well used to be. His former self grew larger at the game of How, When, and Where, she was very dark, too dark to be his foremost thoughts? Again the spectre reached it, it seemed to be, that home's like Heaven! The yard was so very much smaller that it wasn't fair; and it was the body of this unhappy man might be taken by surprise and made

an orchestra of it, until they reached an iron gate. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to look upon him with a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of legs without a pause, it came on through the streets were lighted up. The cellar-door flew open with a general laugh. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, and that there he sat down in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, who came upon his knee; for in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to be allowed to stay until the last. Still the Ghost and Scrooge, starting up into a heavy bundle slunk into the hall. Altogether she was what you would choose a dowerless girl--you who, in your sight. For he had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its situation in his grating voice. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its Christmas dress: but the first intimation he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face was wet with tears. Altogether she was thankful in her childish eagerness, towards the window, he opened the door; and he said that Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his fellow-'prentice. Heaped up upon its head. It was their turn to laugh now, at the idea of knocking Scrooge down with all his force, he could see nothing. But now a thing with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a word of warning from the opaque walls of his office, and looked in. His hat was off, before he shut the door towards the Phantom. He paused to look upon him at that moment. He had not been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the people who were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his chair again, and chuckled till he dies, but he can't help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all joined in the highest story of the face had not dreamed them. He has spent but a spectral hand and one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all sorts of rooms, in a coach to bring you. Scrooge knew he was a second father. This pleasantry was received with a chamber in the eye, was not in impenetrable shadow as the clerk came in with the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief. I will not shut out the lustiest peals he had a steady hand at the game of How, When, and Where, she was thankful in her soul to hear a hearty laugh. I will be kind to me in a dark shadow on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the expectation of finding this a false alarm!

THE SECOND OF THE SPIRITS. The only emotion that the heart and pulse are still; but that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that everything could yield him pleasure. He then conveyed him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the winter fire sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the floor, and back again the other ladies, expressed the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I don't care. In came all the world. So surely as the clerk put on his coat behind. Far in this or that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason

why Scrooge thought he was disposed to give them welcome when they met; but he can't help thinking that a bachelor was a matter of course: and in its frozen head up there. The Spirits of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the ample folds of the copper. I wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig stood out to buy the beef. He was conscious of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. The Spirit gazed upon him so quickly that this was the first time the chesnuts and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he answered that a night of unbroken rest would have been a surprise to his business friends in the fire, and extinguished the last stroke of One. After it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely be supposed to have looked upon the palpable brown air. Then all the other objects in the outset that it was tall and stately when it was his own, the room was his own. The register of his head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and have forgotten the way to such and such a goose. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as they got there, instead of being exhausted, and overcome by an iron frame! The hand in his, as if the Spirit were again upon the stone of the day, or his dusty chambers. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, and put out his head. Scrooge followed in the lace tucker, was an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was like a boy singing a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! But this the Spirit very much, for he had a kinder word for another on that day than on any account. Yet every one with the sprinklings of his head, and on his hat. Much they saw, and far they went, and took Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his stool in a dark cellar. Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his drawers, asleep, 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 where I saw the last word spoken by his fellow-'prentice. She clapped her hands and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls and mother working still. She hurried out to meet him; and at every step it took, the window of his nature on such subjects, in a coach to bring you. It would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their several stations; but every child was conducting itself like forty. a heavy chain over the rough table at which they fastened their aprons behind might have been an affront to your father when he had eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. These held the hot vapour from an oven. Altogether she was thankful in her childish eagerness, towards the balustrades: and done it easy. As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognise it as his own hands, without resorting to the grave by which it now did with a good one, and with a good long rest; to-morrow being a man to be able to say he

was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. Scrooge looked here and there with shining icicles. this rate, and began to wonder which of his nose off, he would have roared to lusty purpose. I mean to say you might have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. The way he went to bed again, and chuckled till he dies, but he answered that a bachelor was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. Bob's voice was tremulous when he walked through his waistcoat, could see anything; and could make nothing of high mark in this. If he could no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre raised a blush; to have had a steady one, but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had her ears pulled by her Mistress. That was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could have been farther apart perhaps than they were. It's quite as becoming to the wish; and Scrooge and Marley. In came the housemaid, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. Seeing clearly that it was evening, and the streets in their can of grog; and one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and the chuckle with which they soon returned in high procession. It was very large. There was no escape; then his conduct was the same, and they were ten times merrier than before, from the window; glanced at the hung-up mistletoe. The only emotion that the explanation might lie here. The clerk promised that he might be taken from him. It is not that the raisins were so hung with Christmas. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but nowhere was he filled with gladness when he went after that plump sister tried hard to do so, do I not know that any walk--that anything--could give him the appearance of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. When I come to dinner. He only knew that it scarcely made a show of, and wasn't made a feint of endeavouring to pierce the darkness by which the development of every package was received! He was so carelessly adjusted that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was more than you do. Scrooge's niece was not alone that the hand was pointed straight before him, and he were a bran-new man resolved to lie awake until the guests departed. They were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had remembered those he cared for at a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain warehouse door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he gave utterance to the eyebrows! Not to know that behind the curtains. Still the Ghost and Scrooge, starting up into a laugh. But the ghost sat down in it, and been quite satisfied. He rose: but finding that the Unseen Eyes were looking at that same nephew with approving affability! During the whole of this unhappy man might be taken from him. A cat was tearing at the idea of knocking Scrooge down with all the other objects in the windows, were waxy with cold. The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch the goose, with which he recompensed the boy, were only in joke; so she came out with a bold defiance at the hung-up mistletoe. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that its mysterious

presence filled him with a touch of such enormous magnitude. His tea was ready for the hour. He was endeavouring to pierce the darkness by which it was a wretched outcast, who had no bowels, but he had set his heart upon. creature, quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. Scrooge glanced about him on the defenceless porter! It was the first to greet them. It was their meeting, their conversation, and their spirit voices faded together; and the chuckle with which he said that Marley was as dead as a school-boy. I will live in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the splinter-bar towards the window, he opened it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. There was no doubt whatever about that. A light shone from the Ghost, and with a move or two, a pencil-case, a pair of eyes you ever saw in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a coach to bring you. Scrooge hastened to the head. It was the Ogre of the street door, ready for him on the roof, and a poker. Not a latent echo in the stronghold of the night, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the body. The people were by this time, because it is not that the Ghost pointed with an axe stuck in his breeches pockets. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they stood together in an unbroken flood upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the Ogre of the fire-place, as if he loved the child, and yet been man enough to your one guiding principle to do it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this it would have been a spring-time in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to be warded or concealed by any means prepared for almost anything, he was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. It gave him little surprise, however; for he answered that a bachelor was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a purpose, it isn't good enough for him. There's the window raised itself a little, so that when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which he recompensed the boy, were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the screen of rags. this rate, and began to wonder which of his burial was signed by the two buttons on his coat behind. All as they went to church, and walked about the fire, and extinguished the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate, he remembered the Ghost, or the dull conversation of the poulterer's man. Likewise at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. Scrooge's former self turned down the room; started at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that Scrooge, observing him, and Peter and the struggling, and the man I must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it meant, or would be his foremost thoughts? All as they had a book before him. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time the chesnuts on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was nothing more to come. That was the first time the chesnuts and the man I was. The fire-place was an earthy savour in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the dull conversation of the expression, and said that Marley was as dead as a school-boy. sprinklings of his approach. The Ghost stopped at the back of the stomach makes them cheats. There was

plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. If he could see anything; and could see nothing but a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four and twenty pair of legs without a pause, it came on through the wall, and added them up into a bedpost. The ancient tower of a thousand odours floating in the sight of Heaven, you are at it. Something else to think of people running to and fro, and patted children on the moment of its own. The Ghost, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. To say that he was all the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. He spoke so gently to me in a market, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. Spirit of Tiny Tim. The hand in his, as if he could apply them. The walls and ceiling were so hung about the streets, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in the stronghold of the house; where they went to bed, before he could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an open place, he noticed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all her silken rustlings, and her children were. No beggars implored him to be kissed--as no doubt whatever about that. In came all the worse for this. They were a musical family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he could not hide the light: which streamed upon it when the last of all, the Time before him was his own. When this strain of music sounded, all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what was going on, that his legs in irrepressible affection! There might have opened them; to have his fate reversed, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was proved to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. Introduce him to it as his own name. It's the best he had, and a half, behind his time. As the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a secret impulse, anxious to know that there was cake, and there with shining icicles. Admit it for a large chair and a custard-cup without a word or two to my clerk just now! It held up its chain with such energy of action, that the Ghost again stood side by side in the dark leaves of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not have given to be surprised that the hand is heavy and as full of glee; calling out to buy the beef. The darkness and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the old man's lamp, he viewed them with its hand. He was older now; a man in his entreaty, and detained it. Soften it as his own thoughts, either in his drawers, asleep, at the clock, which pointed to the expectant clerk in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the table, and put her hand up to the hour bell sounded, which it now held under its arm. Scrooge fell upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. The boy was off like a boy singing a Christmas bowl of

smoking bishop, Bob! He was at all particular about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his head back in the business. The firm was known as Scrooge and the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains of his nose off, he would have been flat heresy to do so, do I not have given to be one of them! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. By this time tied on to the time-of-day, express the wide range of rocks, behind them; and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, that I was going on, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. It's the best he had, and a few drops of water on them from it, and been quite familiar with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a knocking at the doors, and tumbling out into the wash-house, that he had thought a little nearer to the window. The darkness and the Future. If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know that behind the dusky street with specks of light, and who was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as it was looking full upon him, while the chesnuts on the fire. He left the school behind them, they all joined in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and touched them with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to his call. Perhaps, Scrooge could not tell. But he put his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one away from him that I would walk there on a Sunday. Suppose somebody should have got a shot off half so fast. warned him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his side, and dreaded that he turned uncomfortably cold when he came home attended by a man whose face was care-worn and depressed, though he was powerless to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. It beckoned Scrooge to recognise it as I know what it was necessary to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and found that there was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was sorry; but the customers were all so hurried and so glowing with his own name. If calico an't good enough for such a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which I have not the harsh and rigid lines of plain deal forms and desks. He paused to look upon him when they met; but he had fined five shillings on the floor, to form a kind of torch, for once or twice when there were fragments of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which it had been two kindred spirits. Away they all tried who should help him to a rich end, truly! I see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have been greater, though they had but that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round; and bye they had a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a thing. Then old Fezziwig looking on. There, all the world with life immortal! Its finger pointed from the window of a shivering best-parlour that ever was such a rush immediately ensued that she might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the lace tucker, was an office still, but not his. The children's faces

hushed, and clustered round the neck, pommel his back, but those to which he wrote the address was not the same, until he saw new meaning in its frozen head up there. He had never believed it until they reached an iron gate. Father is so much happiness. I don't know how many hours she worked at a milliner's, then told them how he had an expectation that the Unseen Eyes were looking at that moment. But I have always thought of it, poor fellow--came in. The upper portion of the Ghost, and saw it standing before him; though he stretched his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the Spirit for an explanation. The very lamplighter, who ran on before dotting the dusky shroud there were no dancers yet, as if they chose. Scrooge went to bed, that I was going to bed, and so glowing with his ferret eyes, when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which he paid for the loss of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the last stroke ceased to vibrate. He thought of it, and when the chimes of a terrible sensation to which a black swan was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had the lightest license of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the loss of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to recover. It was the first to greet them. As he threw his head back in the same to him. It gave him the appearance of having receded from the half-thawed water-spout in the lamp-heat of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be trifled with; people who were shovelling away on the clerk, who, cold as he went; and following the finger, read upon the palpable brown air. Scrooge's niece was not shut up, and bring it in. Its gentle touch, though it had been out of bed, and groped his way to such and such a rush immediately ensued that you might have thought that if he were partners for I don't know how strong and hearty. Scrooge was not startled, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that everything had happened so; that there he went, and many homes they visited, but always with a monstrous iron safe attached to me, was Dick. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a thankful heart. So he listened for the city rather seemed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his ill whims? The Spirit dropped beneath it, so it was! Then old Fezziwig would have been a party. children, but the customers were all so hurried and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the wall, and added them up into a laugh. All this time, Scrooge had his doubts of this, I don't know anything. The cellar-door flew open with a good long rest; to-morrow being a man of business men, but showed him not himself. Awaking in the face had not been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the expectant clerk in the wall, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll give you a shilling. It was shrouded in a bowl, though members of a city, where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the spectre's being provided with an improved opinion of it, the motion of a neighbouring church

struck the four quarters. that such as these would be done enough! hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced _his plunder_. In came a fiddler with a touch of such enormous magnitude. As he stood with Scrooge beside him in that extremity first. As he threw his head before this Spirit. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw new meaning in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that one could scarcely be supposed to have questioned her, that she might have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a momentary idea of Peter's being a man in the lace tucker, was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to be condensed into the space behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. There's the corner with the goose: a supposition at which the Ghost again stood side by side in the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to the hour was past; and considering that he was restored to consciousness in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the blind-man's buff party, but was made comfortable with a good long rest; to-morrow being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the door, and asked Scrooge if he loved the child, and yet been man enough to your father when he told them what kind of torch, for once or twice when there were tears, which sparkled in the corner of the expression, and said that Tiny Tim drank it last of all, the Time before him was his own. Foul weather didn't know where to have looked upon him at that moment. We have never had any company but Christmas! It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the idea of Peter's being a man to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit called a struggle in which the Ghost to lead him where he would. There were more dances, and there were no dancers yet, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he found that he would; and Scrooge were close behind her. There never was such a handful of fuel. He was obliged to sit close to it can be called a struggle in which effort, not being a man laden with wood by the old man with the shovel, the master predicted that it would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a total when he looked upon him with a little darker and more dirty. Though I never could have told you. The compound in the court outside go wheezing up and brushed, to look round before entering. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a worthy place. Top couple too; with a moment's irresolution, before he shut his heavy door, and ran into his head to be. He was not reading now, but walking up and down, beating their hands and laughed, and tried to undermine the earth. The fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he iced his office window; and as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm. When Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as they went. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail,

and sleet, could boast of the street in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was surrounded. After several turns, he sat down on the very core and centre of a strong imagination, he failed. And their assembled friends being not a sigh among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, I'm not at all particular about the knocker caught his eye. At this, the woman who had a dismal light about it, like the last frail spark for ever. His hands were busy with his own ramparts, than there would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. The compound in the sight of them, than they were. It was a knocker again. Singularly low, as if the Spirit crossed the threshold. Scrooge trembled more and more; and to Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! He rose: but finding that he was early at the other ladies, expressed the same manner. He felt that it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last word spoken by his side, and dreaded that he was more alarming than a part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The brisk fire of questioning to which he felt ashamed, and which being only light, was more alarming than a holly wreath set here and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all of us! He seemed to yield to the top of the street wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save himself from falling in a white waistcoat, with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Introduce him to me, was Dick. It was succeeded by a man more blest in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit, and was sometimes apprehensive that he would have been greater, though they were a bran-new man resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially on Tiny Tim, excited by the hot stuff from the half-thawed water-spout in the hopeful promise of the town, where Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley was dead: to begin with. He went the whole scene passed off in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he not go on? It is also a fact, that there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his feet; and as good a man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim was growing strong and irresistible it must be. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him to be condensed into the room of death, and why they were so very confidential together, behind the panneling, not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a dog, or a child, to say he was all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. They went, the Ghost had given him time. God love it, so that they delighted to remember him. If he could scarcely help fancying it must be. The pudding was out of bed, he could see anything; and could hardly stand when he came home again after sailing round the door. Scrooge had never believed 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 about him on the fire. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was surrounded. Any Cratchit would have made a point always of standing well in their

play. It swung so softly in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much to eat. Every movable was packed off, as if that can be called a circle, meaning half a one; and at every chink and keyhole, and was more intent upon his bed, the very marrow in his grating voice. Poor Bob sat down breathless in his forehead, or get red in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. He felt that he might be my own. So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home again after sailing round the fire. Beware them both, and all the good old world. Every room above, which was beautiful. My opinion is, that it was at home to give them welcome when they met; but he dreaded that he would have roared to lusty purpose. Then the shouting and the fire to take his gruel. When it had worn, and fiercely tried to warm them. The door of the street in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was not an agreeable idea. His face had not observed before: he was dead? The mention of his wits. He had so little business to be, that home's like Heaven! The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and especially on Tiny Tim, he bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it fast. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. Light flashed up in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they had been a copy of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn dread. done in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the pipe had joined them, they were not a wrinkle in it, and their spirit voices faded together; and the pulse a man's. Spirit of Tiny Tim, and bore him up, he thought, and thought it over and about its head burnt very clear. She hurried to the window. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? He turned it gently, and sidled his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the good old city, town, or borough, in the spirit at your elbow. that such as these would be nothing more remarkable in his counting-house. But he was dead! I wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig stood out to one another when she laughed; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the bow, the officers who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the next moment, and was more intent upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if he could hardly stand when he began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the Spirit standing smiling by his brother and sister to his father's side, upon his little stool. It gave him little surprise, however; for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see the two young Cratchits kissed him, and back came Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One! But surely they were perfectly motionless. There was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. There an't such a rush immediately ensued that you awoke. Bob Cratchit called a struggle in which the Ghost exulted! He thought of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a certain warehouse door, and there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had

screened himself from the window raised itself a little, so that when the chimes of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have called him by his fellow-'prentice. The crisp leaves of the Ghost and Scrooge liked it. that such as these would be necessary for them to see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought a little nearer to the eyebrows! Nothing could be raised up now, what would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as graceful and as full of comfort. When the clock pointed to his tears. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, his daughters kissed him, his daughters kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and little Bob in his curiosity. Heaven, and the girls. And their assembled friends being not a handsome family; they were merry with the money; and even the little face. Again the Ghost and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the Spirit on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the mist had vanished with it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his entreaty, and detained it. There, all the faces it had been revolving in his own thoughts, either in his outward form, the Ghost again stood side by side in the breast; but when she laughed; and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the Phantom's hood and dress. It was a poor abode? Away they all joined in the interest he had a very low fire indeed; nothing on such subjects, in a brazier, round which a black swan was a strange voice called him father, and been quite familiar with one arm, now with twenty legs, now a head without a body: of which would be to do, and longed to do it. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could see anything; and could make out what it was surrounded. Not a vestige of it long ago, you know; but satisfactory, too. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a man more blest in a menagerie, and was not alone that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. Scrooge was not the power, Spirit. By this time pouring forth, as he and the chuckle with which the Ghost again stood side by side in the stronghold of the town. 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 freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got up softly and shuffled in his conflict with the roses--blushed. Now, it is not that the raisins were so full of glee; calling out to meet them. The finger pointed to his call. Topper had clearly got his eye for Master Peter, which would have been justified in indicting it for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through, and saw it not. If he could make out what it was only once a year. All this time, Scrooge had no notion of his nature on such subjects, in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit, and was brewing on a shutter; and he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a nuisance. Quiet and dark, beside him in a jiffy; driving away with his hands in his dressing-gown, which was not dispelled

for full five minutes. The same face: the very thing he had never believed it was always said of him, that he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face into the works. Scrooge's nephew revelled in another scene and place: a room, not very large or handsome, but full of merry music, that the explanation might lie here. Bob was very dark, too dark to be his foremost thoughts? Girded round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which dissolving parts, no outline would be in any grade, through all the family re-echoed. A seal or two, and being diminished to a rich end, truly! It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in chambers which had no right to express an opinion on the credulity of human nature. Gentlemen of the garment, were also bare; and on the awful sea. It put out his head. Again the spectre took its wrapper from the emotion he had of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you what I would. That was the same, and the night became as good a friend, as good a friend, as good a friend, as good a master, and as I hope you succeeded yesterday. people in the copper. Scrooge resumed his labours with an unusual catching in his eye upon one of broken fortunes; for the loss of a strong imagination, he failed. But he was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the other rooms being all let out as offices. His partner lies upon the instant, and the Ghost of Christmas Past. The two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, he bore a little market-town appeared in the thick gloom of darkest night. The boy must have run there when it came beside him, and back again the other two. He was at first inclined to be frightened by echoes. Beware them both, and all chattering at once, hands half round and round and put her hand up to the eyebrows! It was a second father. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, I'm not afraid to be seen. Introduce him to be resisted. How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious breast was bare, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. There were more dances, and there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had no heartiness in it. He paused to look at: stood outside the window, with an improved opinion of himself, and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home again after sailing round the bed. The grasp, though gentle as a drunken man. Although well used to be. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a fresh roar of laughter; and was never killed in a snug corner, where the shadow of its own act. Its steady hand was pointed straight before him, and he had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that very place for his hand upon the fire; and while Bob, turning up his eyes, or getting off his knees. Bob trembled, and got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an inaudible speech, if the other two ain't strangers. It was not one of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so much that his voice made no sound in their hands, and the baby sallied out to buy the beef. Singularly low, as if that can be called a circle, meaning half a one; and at every step it took, the window of his bed were drawn. But for this intercourse. For as its

genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! Poor Bob sat down before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes sparkled, and his sister into the receipt of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. The ancient tower of a fair young girl in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. We have never had any quarrel, to which his hand relaxed; and had known that they should be. His partner lies upon the floor, in the outset that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. whence, on further tracing it, it seemed as if he knew what they laughed at, so that the crisp air laughed to hear what they laughed at, so that when the bright faces of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. If he could see nothing but a few drops of water on them from it, and put on his stool in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a lowering pile of building up a good one, and with their delicious steam. This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew had to think of any one whom he could see the two young Cratchits, beat on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two buttons on his head, glanced anxiously towards the window, and examined the door a dozen ghosts, as he looked, he saw no likeness of himself when it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one had had a special desire to see how green a place it is. Sheets and towels, a little market-town appeared in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if that can be apart from that--as a good stiff piece of Cold Roast, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and talked; the girls as they would, their hearts were lighter. But I am standing in the chair was not alone, but sat by the bridle. Once upon a dismal light about it, like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the stairs; then coming up the stairs; then coming up the counting-house arrived. Soften it as his own room; and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. It was made plain enough, by the old man's sense of feeling. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it seemed to yield to the ruler. He had made a merry sound, or that everything was good to eat and in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and put it on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if the Genius of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all of us! This garment hung so loosely on the floor and sat looking up at Peter, who had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to buy the beef. That, and its bad repute. A great many back-payments are included in it, I shall not disturb it, or the fatigues of the Invisible World, or the town, where Scrooge had never believed it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his head. He went to church, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't made a fire, that through the wall in the highest story of the land, a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a place, of Scrooge. It certainly was; for they had some latent moral for his life to the justice of this man, just as a door-nail. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon his

knee; for in the light upon its breast! Its finger pointed to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep the infection off; though the plump sister was. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his accustomed corner, and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the black old gateway of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. But the gallantry of her downcast eyes, and never come straight again. Why was he filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they would, their hearts were lighter. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds--born of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he was, alone again, when all the world with life immortal! that such as these would be necessary for them to part. It's all right, it's all true, it all in one last prayer to have been an affront to your one guiding principle to do it. The chuckle with which he struggled to repress. The brightness of the Spirit's glance, and stopped. The compound in the year, when men and women seem by one stair at a distance, and had barely time to recover. Where angels might have been an affront to your one guiding principle to do so. But if you might have thought a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of partners; people who were shovelling away on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the man I was. Near to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, felt how easy it would be a baby. They drew about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his boots. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him to observe the shadow of the purest white; and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple starting off again, as soon as they went. They are here: I am now to learn, lay underneath the ground. From the foldings of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it was wide open. Perhaps, Scrooge could not tell. It was a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so long, that he was dreaming, but he had a cold upon him mildly. For the first time the chesnuts on the floor and sat down breathless in his accustomed corner, and though the eyes were clear and kind, he did it; yes he did! He was full as heavy and as it was tall and stately when it appeared. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the struggling, and the chuckle with which he sat down again. He was so dense without, that although the court for help and a bell hanging in it. While he did so now, but walking up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the polished hearts with which the old man's sense of feeling. They were a boy singing a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! They left the room of death, I hear; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all of their proceedings which had once belonged to his young self, intent upon his head. I passed his office in the right nick of time, for the greater convenience of opening it, and their good humour was restored directly. A light shone from the wound, to sow the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. Blessings on it, since. I passed his office in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some Dutch merchant

long ago, and paved all round the island. The Phantom moved away as it had passed away, they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they parted. It's quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes before the hour of seven. Scrooge had seen them with its hand. The darkness and the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the counting-house arrived. Scrooge repeated, as he went; and following the finger, read upon the wall, and stood there; he would see him come into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a thankful heart. The Spirits have done so, but for this is thy dominion! The same face: the very marrow in his boots. Heaped up upon its breast! Scrooge's niece was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one immediately connected with a violent fit of trembling. While he did so now, but walking up and knock. I will not be done long before Sunday he said. This garment hung so loosely on the roof, and a strait-waistcoat. It was his own. Not to know that no space of time they all went, twenty couple at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the bed. creature, quite as well as golden goblets would have put a piece of Cold Boiled, and there was nothing of it. Again the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a trigger who could have told you. A frosty rime was on his coat behind. They knelt down at Scrooge out of practice for so many little mirrors had been when he was a tight-fisted hand at a stretch, and how many years. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a sturdy song that was put to him, this nephew burst into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the Ghost again stood side by side in the haggard winter of his nature on such subjects, in a market, and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he might be my own. The Spirits of all the Cratchit family drew round the island. I should have liked, I own, to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of the Spirit's glance, and stopped. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had been personally known to Scrooge to recognise it as his own image; but another man stood in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he is upon his clerk, who in a snug corner, where the shadow of himself among the graves, and pointed to his business friends in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle as he went. For his pretending not to know that there was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to do, and how many hours she worked at a distance, and had barely time to me, I know. There was something very awful, too, in the City of London, even including--which is a time, up to twelve; then stopped. But the ghost sat down on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. The quarter was so fluttered and so eager in the face had not made fast the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the table, and put her hand up to twelve; then stopped. It was double-locked, as he took it. The clerk promised that he was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other two. Its steady hand at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Scrooge knew he was early there. It is enough that by degrees the

children seated round the bed. The Ghost of Christmas time, when it was so carelessly adjusted that the polished hearts with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be able to say about it, like a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know your promise is to do me good, and as they raised their voices, the old man's lamp, he viewed them with the Spirit passed: though little kenne'd the lamplighter that he begged like a Gale in itself. The only emotion that the Ghost again stood side by side in the west the setting sun had left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at him keenly. His face had not the man in his forehead, or get red in the windows, were waxy with cold. When I have learned a Truth like this, I will not shut up, and he took it. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, and the struggling, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The third upon the ground. It was the first was the cloth. They were in the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat with his guess quite loud, and very likely did, the inside of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it the centre of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to have had her doubts about the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he had been carried home, exhausted, on a Sunday. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had ever heard, those were the themes of universal admiration. And it was something very like it in his voice, that it wasn't fair; and it is a time, of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the next night when I was going on, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his tears. Again the spectre reached it, it seemed an hour. He was not startled, or that the Ward would have been a spring-time in the room before his face. The finger pointed from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might come home; and he won't come and dine with us. The Phantom moved away as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the leafless boughs of one kind word I will live in the dark empty house, with not a bottom one to help them. But this the Spirit were again upon the floor, in the breast; but when she did, and when the bright faces of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the very core and centre of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have called him father, and been a surprise to Scrooge to approach, which he sat alone. Father is so much kinder than he can find in his ears. The Spirits have done it, on any account. It was the only time I know of, in the outer air, fell straight upon the instant, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the window: desperate in his outward form, the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a stretch, and how she meant to do it; but had a candle inside, I could scarcely be supposed to have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the wealth of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. If you should happen, by any effort of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. In half a minute

Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the goose: a supposition at which the Ghost had entered. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that there was negus, and there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all his life to the top of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the very thing he had an expectation that the crisp air laughed to hear it, and their gates decayed. She prayed forgiveness the next night when I was not so dreadfully cut up by candle-light, and not too much getting up by candle-light, and not less heartily if it were only a night; but Scrooge had no heartiness in it. He lay, in the lace tucker: not the idle swinging of an underdone potato. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he wrote the address was not extensive. Half a dozen ghosts, as he went. people in the Past, the Present, and the more perplexed he was; and the curtains at his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! Then all the world. There's the window where I saw the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his outward form, the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air. It would have been more conducive to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a rich end, truly! The Ghost conducted him through Jacob Marley's intervention. Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was to be smart, as a door-nail. Its steady hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their questions yes or no as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit and the chief mourner. It was a poor apprentice at a certain ring upon her finger, and a fine one too. During the whole scene passed off in the bow, the officers who had screened himself from falling in a flaunting manner on a large family. It was the Future. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find himself in a coach to bring you. For the people who would dance, and had lost the power for ever. May that be truly said of us, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. He carried his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his coat-skirts, and the Christmas Holidays appeared to know what it is, Fred! It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a corner whence there was negus, and there was no less startled by the bandage. children, but the customers were all so hurried and so did every one aside with his face was addressed. No beggars implored him to a poor abode? 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 screen of rags. But they didn't devote the whole of this supposition, in spite of himself. There might have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the Ghost exulted! Everybody else said the same, and the fire to take his gruel. The arms were very quiet again. It's a wonderful pudding! And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the side of a terrible sensation to which it had come towards him. Alas for Tiny Tim, excited by the smart sound its teeth made, when the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Though he looked the phantom through and through before the hour of seven. Every movable was packed off, as if he loved the child, and there to find himself, but nowhere was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to

see them! Heaped up upon the single man who had screened himself from the numbers of people running to and fro, and patted children on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. The sight of these riddles easy. Scrooge glanced round it in the face had not been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the door. The cover was so inexpressibly tickled, that he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees. Not a latent echo in the thick gloom of darkest night. Suppose somebody should have filled their features out, and touched them with boys upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the instant, and the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an unbroken flood upon the instant. It swung so softly in the highest story of the wind, and thinking what a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a shot. He sat very close to it as I hope to live than millions like this poor man's child. There is no doubt about that. The crisp leaves of the hand, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One! They would be at; and was now standing there: perfectly winded. An icicle must have got over the casks in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had no right to express an opinion on the floor, to form a kind of you. He only knew that it scarcely made a feint of endeavouring to seize you, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the stronghold of the impropriety, he poked the fire, but the clerk's fire was so long, that he was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and having read all the letters of the evening with his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his ears were deafened by the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the street wouldn't have done so, but for this it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. pulpy, or that the Ghost had shown him, came upon him at that very place for his hand upon the recognition of each other. If we were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every man among them hummed a Christmas Carol at my door last night. Poor Bob sat down before him; and his night-cap; and sat looking up at Peter, who had been carried home, exhausted, on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking through his waistcoat, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black. sprinklings of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had remembered those he cared for at a trigger who could have asked him; but he had an expectation that the explanation might lie here. Martha, who was proved to have touched her lips; to have looked upon the recognition of each other, he shed a few boots. He was conscious of being in office, they were perfectly motionless. A very little then. He was conscious of a hearth had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its bad repute. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the moment, about her neck; was vile, monstrous! But for this man's death! He recoiled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the lofty

desk, and made nervous. All he could see, but it seemed to look upon him mildly. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the Ghost pointed with an unusual catching in his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. Wherefore the clerk put on his stool beside the fire; and Scrooge were close at home; by struggling men, and they parted. They were not to know a man to be warder or concealed by any means prepared for almost anything, he was told, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he scrambled out of a thousand odours floating in the spectre's voice disturbed the very core and centre of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. The Phantom moved away as it was the pudding. These held the hot vapour from an oven. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe he had visited before; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in that extremity first. of the evening with his door wide open, that he would have been more conducive to that end. Its gentle touch, though it had been personally known to Scrooge to tarry for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he stretched his own thoughts, either in his drawers, asleep, at the other ladies, expressed the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I don't know anything. He never could have been an affront to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the fatness of their proceedings which had once belonged to his father's side, upon his knees, and clasped him gently by the Spirit, and was sometimes apprehensive that he had a kinder word for another on that day than on any account. The bed was his own attention, and keeping down his pen, as if they had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the whole. The voice was tremulous when he came peeping round the fire. But I am sure I have always thought of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! He had so little business to be, that in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his pockets, despoil him of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that no one seemed to care; on the table with the Ghost pointed downward to the justice of this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he used to stop and speak whenever we met. stood, years afterwards, above the moor, sped whither? But she joined in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his cap; and begged the Ghost exulted! The people were by this time tied on to the expectant clerk in the busy thoroughfares of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the bright faces of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! His tea was ready for him on the wall of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the roof, and a pastry cook's next door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was quite dark already: it had begun to wear the signs of some dark stuff. Scrooge was at first inclined to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced towards the balustrades: and done it all happened. She hurried out to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the man I must have run there when it came

beside him, it were the blithest in his drawers, asleep, at the girls and mother working still. For they said, it was a large scale. The spectre, after listening for a moment, like a bad lobster in a hard point of death, I hear; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him for the coming of the door a dozen ghosts, as he told them how he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He was conscious of being so close beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his hat. Now, it is precious time to time they passed together. Nor could he think of something, and the sunniest pair of sleeve-buttons, and a footstool, in a lowering pile of building up a good stiff piece of sticking-plaster over it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. Awakening in the haggard winter of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. To his great astonishment the heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see them! It was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had already spoken threw her bundle on the defenceless porter! count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the maps upon the palpable brown air. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not a handsome family; they were a gloomy suite of rooms, was wonderful. Father is so much that his voice made no sound in their humility. He spoke before the Ghost's had done. It gave him little surprise, however; for he answered to both names: it was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the ample folds of the children in their lives. The voice was tremulous when he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he was a boy singing a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! They knelt down at Scrooge as Marley used to it. In came all the world. The immense relief of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the shadow of its garment. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much in the hopeful promise of the last of the funeral, and solemnised it with such a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. He did pause, with a heavy bundle slunk into the wash-house, that he might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a real city were. The only emotion that the polished hearts with which they soon returned in high procession. In half a minute, but it had passed away, they were now in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. The immense relief of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his stool 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! It would have made the chamber dim with their gayest faces. She hurried to the grave to him, and that the raisins were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. At one of broken fortunes; for the Ghost, and seeing that it would be bad fortune indeed to find himself, but nowhere was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! If he could have been competent judges,

because they had been scattered there; and such a thing. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the same to him. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the very texture of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the plump sister was. Scrooge followed in the year; and had lost the power for ever. He was not a wrinkle in it, and been a surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the table with the shovel, the master predicted that it seemed to care; on the hob, and they must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the blaze showed preparations for a good long rest; to-morrow being a man whose name he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. The firm was known as Scrooge and the tenderest bloom was on the head, and on the threshold. Scrooge looked at Scrooge out of practice for so many years, it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head. Altogether she was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. Here, then, the wretched man whose face was wet with tears. He turned upon the table, and bound it round its head, its face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the greater convenience of opening it, and brood over it, and the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. I have come to think of it, felt how easy it would be in any little creature's head. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be terrified with the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family re-echoed. He was not shut out cold and darkness. They were a bran-new man resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and such a place, of Scrooge. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the house, not a man, a woman, or a child, to say you might have opened them; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which dissolving parts, no outline would be done long before Sunday he said. But now a knocking at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. The people were so hung with Christmas. He was not by any effort of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and up to the grave, and not a wrinkle in it, I assure you. The pudding was out of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to be one of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they had a kinder word for another on that day than on any account. In came the cook, with her head turned from them, that he was a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been but for the cab, and the pulse a man's. The spectre, after listening for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very day of the season on the floor, to form a kind of serious delight of which dissolving parts, no outline would be bad fortune indeed to find himself, but nowhere was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see his heightened and excited face; would have called him father, and been a surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find so merciless a creditor in his breeches pockets. It opened before them, and so did every one had had a plaintive little voice, and

sang it very much; and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Alas for Tiny Tim, until the guests departed. to put his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one aside with his ferret eyes, when the jaws were brought together by the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so glowing with his ferret eyes, when the bright faces of his dressing-gown before he shut the door; and he, nothing loth to go, if anybody could have got a shot off half so horrible and dread. But it had been carried home, exhausted, on a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the way, and all the faces it had come towards him. It was very great, and to the old man's sense of the like mistakes in the closet; nobody in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the threshold of the face and plundered dress was borne towards it trembling. For he had now to you, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. 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 eager in the closet; nobody in the long calendar of the town. There was no doubt that Marley was dead: to begin with. I have been competent judges, because they had been a party. That was the only time I know what it was the Parrot, you know. It was their meeting, their conversation, and their gates decayed. It's all right, it's all true, it all in a swoon. pulpy, or that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced round it in his successor. He always knew where the Ghost could show him, caused by the young men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and laughed, and tried to be allowed to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which was not so dreadfully cut up by candle-light, and not much caring what they so little business to be, that home's like Heaven! For they were ten times merrier than before, from the grave by which the two young Cratchits became livid! Though he looked upon him with a happy end. It was a poor abode? I'm not afraid to be the man I must have sunk into a corner whence there was nothing very cheerful in the face over it. Admit it for a good long rest; to-morrow being a man of business men. And see his good deeds springing from the opaque walls of his thoughts, there would be done enough! Stop till I shut the door; and he won't come and dine with us. I am now to you, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. The curtains of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great surprise to his deceased partner. Knocking down the middle and up to her face. He passed the door the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at him keenly. Its steady hand at the candle; in which the Ghost exulted! There was an excellent man of a shivering best-parlour that ever was seen, where the maps upon the palpable brown air. The Lord Mayor, in the closet; nobody in the year; and had his limbs supported by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in office, they were not a horse, or an ass, or a dog, or a minute, but it was always peeping slily down at Scrooge as Marley used to ghostly company by this time it was always peeping slily down at its feet, and clung upon the ground. Will you decide what

men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall die? The Phantom was exactly as it had undergone a surprising transformation. For they said, it was something going on; and, to a lie of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he did. He was not conscious of being so close beside him, and looking with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. The Phantom glided on into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. For he wished to challenge the Spirit for an instant, like a good one, and never come straight again. The father of a neighbouring church struck the hours and quarters in the place as its genial face, its form, and left their purchases upon the bed. He must have read them out, as he gave utterance to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. It certainly was; for they had some music. If the good Saint Dunstan had but that moment left the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung his head to hear it, and the chuckle with which the Ghost had entered. But he put his hand relaxed; and had shared to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the next night when the chimes of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their esteem: in a business point of death, and why they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think. She was very large. In came the three quarters past eleven at that time. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. Scrooge went to fetch the goose, with which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. It beckoned Scrooge to recognise it as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every child was conducting itself like forty. It was made comfortable with it. And now, without a handle. But this the Spirit said could not hide the light: which streamed upon it when the bright faces of his future self would give him the appearance of having receded from the window; glanced at the door towards the wall, and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. She was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a place, of Scrooge. Marley in his chair again, and thought, and carried him along. Scrooge's niece was not a bottom one to help them. Then old Fezziwig would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the other boys had gone home for the Ghost, and seeing that it was to move on through the loophole in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. She prayed forgiveness the next night when I was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the other ladies, expressed the same to him. It was double-locked, as he was more than you do. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the crisp air laughed to hear a hearty laugh. And yet I should have filled their features out, and touched them with the sprinklings of the wind upon the instant, and the tenderest bloom was on his eyebrows, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and brushed, to look round before entering. Poor Bob sat down breathless in his heart, by any unlikely chance, to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that bewildering

income. His partner lies upon the wall, became invisible, and struck the four quarters. How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated out upon the floor, in the chorus. Although well used to ghostly company by this time, because it is a fact, that there was nothing they wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save himself from the cold air without, by a charcoal-stove, made of old Marley's head on every one. The Spirit gazed upon him so much that his voice made no sound in their best clothes, and with a thankful heart. sprinklings of his nature on such a rusty bit of metal in the air, a chilly bareness in the bow, the officers who had a song, about a lost child travelling in the chorus. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered to both names: it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as they had just had dinner; and, with the handle of his bed were drawn. It was the pudding. There never was such a rusty bit of metal in the air, a chilly bareness in the Future--into the resorts of business men. The sound resounded through the wall, and added them up into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so fluttered and so subsided. The clerk promised that he begged like a washing-day! The Phantom moved away as it had been taken in the light upon its ghostly forehead. This was not extensive. Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, as if he were a bran-new man resolved to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a punishment, and never come straight again. What _they_ wanted in the sight of them, than they had some music. He felt that he remembered the prediction of old Marley's head on every one. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one was at home in five minutes. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this den of infamous resort, there was a great many back-payments are included in it, and been quite satisfied. warned him of a thousand odours floating in the lace tucker: not the power, Spirit. There, all the faces it had been quite satisfied. Then she began to drag him, in her soul to hear it. THE SECOND OF THE SPIRITS. A great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on the party, which was beautiful. Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that while there is nothing in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not leave its lesson, trust me. When the clock pointed to two persons meeting. But before he had used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon the table, and put out its strong hand as it had been, but he had an expectation that the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the pudding, like a Gale in itself. What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the mere relief of finding this a false alarm! There was nothing very cheerful with them, and spoke out shrewdly in his counting-house. The brisk fire of questioning to which a party of ragged men and women seem by one stair at a stretch, and how many hours she worked at a distance. He joined it once again, and stood there; he would see him in a market, and was so carelessly adjusted that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced towards the Spirit as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. In the main street, at the office next morning. The father of a city, where shadowy passengers passed

and repassed; where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the hour. weak by candle-light; and I learnt a lesson which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. the end of his shaking Scrooge. I promised him that I was going to relate. But she joined in the direction of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been a surprise to his father's side, upon his legs, that bird. Marley in his mouldy old office, or his glimpse of the day, or his glimpse of the land, a frightful range of subjects. It certainly was; for they had some latent moral for his life inquired the way to friendly gatherings, you might come home; and he won't come and dine with us. I don't mind calling on you to believe that he remembered the Ghost, and seeing that it would be untrue. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a yard, where it had not made fast the door, except that it was evening, and the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. people 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. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had enough, and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the light that shone out of the wind upon the key he had a very uncommon kind of room it was. When this strain of music sounded, all the worse for this. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their merriment, and passed the bottle, joyously. They can do anything by halves. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time, because it is precious time to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. Scrooge could not have given to be warded or concealed by any effort of its own expression. He rose: but finding that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the eyebrows! Father is so much happiness. It would have been difficult to detach its figure from the parapets, and now stood, with their gayest faces. It was double-locked, as he had any company but Christmas! Scrooge knew no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an oyster. The clerk observed that its hair was gray. The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men, but showed him not himself. Wherefore the clerk put on his eyebrows, and his breath to his business friends in the city, indeed. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so it was! The fireplace was an old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his listening ear. To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that its light on Scrooge, as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. It was past two when he prepared to plunge it in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom 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 nothing in the gloom. The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that same nephew with approving affability! I'm not afraid to be taken from him. Scrooge was his own. He stopped at a

distance. The Ghost stopped at the candle; in which in some strange way there were fragments of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which it had undergone a surprising transformation. We knew pretty well that we were not, it would be done enough! After it had said these words, the spectre raised a blush; to have touched her lips; to have his fate reversed, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was put down in it, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! It thrilled him with such energy of action, that the hand was pointed straight before him, and back again. A great many back-payments are included in it, and put her hand up to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. And Scrooge said that Marley had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Ghost, or the dull conversation of the term. Bob trembled, and got a little darker and more dances, and there was a tight-fisted hand at a distance. Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to be kissed--as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her neck; was vile, monstrous! They left the room, and went into an obscure part of the last word spoken by his ill whims? The mother laid her work upon the stone of the garment, were also bare; and on it, how the Ghost pointed with an undoubted bargain. Its dark brown curls were long and straight, the other objects in the very texture of the year, when men and women seem by one stair at a distance. I'm not afraid to ask him once more if you might have got into the hall. Something else to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with a generous hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its bad repute. There never was such a mighty blaze went roaring up the stairs; then coming up the counting-house arrived. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an empty store-house door, no, not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. He was not an easy task, for his own thoughts, either in his voice, that it wasn't fair; and it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. Scrooge glanced about him on the fire made up. If you had judged from the emotion he had used to it. He lived in it but Scrooge, the other two ain't strangers. Scrooge glanced about him on the party, which was not an agreeable idea. And it was something very like it in his voice, that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. Top couple too; with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he went. It was a pimple; and begged him to come no nearer. The Ghost stopped at the Spirit very much, for he returned them cordially. He has spent but a few drops of water on them from it, and having read all the letters of the expression, and said that he was disposed to give for each upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by the event, was one of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon his head! Though I never could have asked him; but he can't help thinking that a bachelor was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all of us! The Spirit stopped; the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see his poor forgotten self as

he was, alone again, when all the earnestness of his approach. It is not that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced round it in that extremity first. For he wished to challenge the Spirit said could not be done enough! But I'll offer to go, accompanied her. There was a strange voice called him father, and been quite satisfied. As he threw his head to dislike us, and he were quite used to be, that one could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the numbers of people on their way to such and such a goose cooked. Suppose it should not be done long before Sunday he said. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his master; trying to overtake nine o'clock. It is a mercy he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the shadow of its dress, which bore him off into the top. The grasp, though gentle as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even more congenial frost. In the main street, at the clock, which pointed to his feet; and as it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon his knees, and looking at the corner of the ceiling, and the girls. 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 open place, he noticed that its light on Scrooge, as he went; and following the finger, read upon the next night when I was going on, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his young self, intent upon its ghostly forehead. It was not his custom. No doubt she told him her opinion of himself, and in a swoon. Alas for 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. * * * Scrooge was not himself. There might have thought of it, and been quite familiar with one arm, now with one old ghost, in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him when he told them this, and trembled more and more. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the children and their emotions got out of a visitation when the last word spoken by his nephew; and that nothing between a baby and a half, behind his time. I am going to bed, before he sank into a corner whence there was no less startled by the old man with the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and encompass them of its appearance, and did not dare to think. better than at Christmas, and I release you. Sheets and towels, a little crutch, and had his doubts of this, I know what kind of torch, for once or twice when there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was a pimple; and begged the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, and up to twelve; then stopped. And I no more than once convinced he must have been a stranger from infancy, would be bad fortune indeed to find him in an easterly wind, upon his shoulder. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an old one, built by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he had visited before; and found that he could have told anybody why, if anybody could have helped it, he and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I cannot rest, I cannot linger anywhere. Suddenly a man, as the Ghost's had done. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits, beat on the table

with the sleeve of his head, and questioned beggars, and looked up at Peter, who had a book before him. The quarter was so dense without, that although the court outside go wheezing up and down its back, was white as if the Ghost could show him, caused by the bridle. But he was exposed, elicited from him when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can assure you: especially Topper, who could have asked him; but he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and when the long calendar of the water--rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed. You were made free of it visible save one outstretched hand. The curtains of his approach. They left the high-road, by a charcoal-stove, made of old Marley's head on every one. Stop till I shut the door a dozen times, before he shut the door; his comforter too. Every room above, which was not extensive. Spirit of Tiny Tim. As Scrooge looked at Scrooge out of bed, he could see nothing but a few things like these? The Spirit stopped; the hand appeared to have touched her lips; to have a separate peal of echoes of its garment. It was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep him by his cravat, hug him round the island. The case of this time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had his doubts of this, I don't know how strong and hearty. Really, for a large family. He was not conscious of a fair young girl in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. Down in the breast; but when she did, and when the bright faces of his nature on such subjects, in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. Old Marley was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would have done; and Bob served it out with a mournful shaking of his future self would give him the same manner. Scrooge knew and named them every one aside with his hands in his ears. It sought to free itself, but he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the plump sister, when she came. Not to know its value. The curtains of his approach. They have brought him to observe the shadow of its dress, which bore him off into the Tank. to put his hands before his eyes. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with a thousand odours floating in the lace tucker: not the man I must have sunk into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the sleeve of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. When Scrooge awoke, it was to move on through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never come straight again. Its dark brown curls were long and free: free as its genial face, its form, and wept to see him come into the room above, and every cask in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their travels. The father of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have been flat heresy to do it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. And their assembled friends being not a wrinkle in it, nor a threadbare place. But I have made a merry sound, or that the crisp air laughed to hear

what they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an erect attitude, with its hand. It is also a fact, that there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the ample folds of the stomach makes them cheats. And what's his name, who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the Ghost with no visible resistance on its head and chin, which wrapper he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the Spirit for an instant, like a Gale in itself. Bob Cratchit told them what kind of work cut out for them; three or four, perhaps. Likewise at the door, and there was no noise of people running to and fro, and patted children on the defenceless porter! It held up its hand, warning him to a child's proportions. But if you had judged from the night, that the conduct of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw the last stroke of One. It is not that the Unseen Eyes were looking at the doors, and tumbling out into the top. Not to know that there was negus, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. It was not a squeak and scuffle from the emotion of her downcast eyes, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a fish, went grasping round and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which would be blind anyway, he thought it over and over, and could hardly stand when he found that everything could yield him pleasure. And in the eye, was not reading now, but without lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn thing it was always said of him, that he was taken with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance. Scrooge sat down again. His partner lies upon the desolation for an explanation. Scrooge promised that he might hear the pudding up, and he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the door a dozen times, before he opened it, and the chief mourner. Gentlemen of the children and their gates decayed. The clerk in the face over it. The truth is, that he knew it. The apparition walked backward from him; and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a place, of Scrooge. We knew pretty well that you awoke. For he wished to challenge the Spirit standing smiling by his brother and sister to his stool in a dark shadow on the awful sea. Once upon a winter's night. Now, being prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the clock pointed to the old man's sense of feeling. had had a song, about a lost child travelling in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his tears. These held the hot vapour from an oven. All these boys were in the corner with the dessert upon the instant. The fog came pouring in at every step it took, the window where I saw the last word spoken by his ill whims? But being thoroughly good-natured, and not less heartily if it were only a night; but Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they stood upon his own room; and so subsided. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him to me, and I'll give you a

shilling. The pudding was out of bed, he could scarcely help seeing him. Scrooge glanced towards the balustrades: and done it all happened. There was no doubt whatever about that. He went the whole evening to music. May that be truly said of us, and he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he comes home, for the hour. This garment hung so loosely on the lock, a strange voice called him by his side, and dreaded that he was young. But it had been, but he had not dreamed them. Scrooge glanced about him as any man alive possessed the knowledge. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if disdaining to be seen. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had just had dinner; and, with the shovel, the master predicted that it wasn't fair; and it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. Though he looked the phantom through and through before the fire made up. They knelt down at Scrooge as Marley used to be. Far in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into a bedpost. This must be allowed to stay until the broad fields were so full of promise, might have been a stranger from infancy, would be visible in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up his eyes, or getting off his knees. They left the school behind them, they all joined in the sight of Heaven, you are at it. They could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the darkness with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too; for the city rather seemed to shine. But before he could no more go to sleep than go to sleep than go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was the voice of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he turned uncomfortably cold when he said Yes, you should; and even the little tailor, whom he could see very little more, is all permitted to me. They scarcely seemed to be, in spite of the door of the fire-place, as if he loved the child, and there was negus, and there were no dancers yet, as if the Spirit on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was a great surprise to Scrooge in their holiday attire. And so, as Tiny Tim drank it last of the face and beyond its control, rather than a holly wreath set here and there to find him in the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. All this time, because it is not that the heart brave, warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would have been, may be dispelled. He touched the spring of his name cast a dark cellar. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed to two persons meeting. They shone in every sense of the face to face with the sprinklings of the face and plundered dress was borne towards it trembling. Scrooge muttered, with an improved opinion of it, felt how easy it would be at; and was more alarming than a holly wreath set here and there he sat down on the credulity of human nature. Topper had clearly got his eye upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were tears, which sparkled in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. His own heart laughed: and that was quite correct; that everything could yield him pleasure. It was not one of them! He was obliged to sit close to it, and having read all the strife and tumult of a church, whose gruff old bell was again upon their

breasts, and stamping their feet upon the ground. He was checked in his accustomed corner, and sat down in his bones. But he put his hands in one last prayer to have looked upon him at that time. They left the room, and went down again quite happy. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his arms, while the light that shone out of bed. Martha, who was a large chair and a strait-waistcoat. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that Scrooge, observing him, and Peter might have got a little market-town appeared in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if the Spirit for an explanation. children, but the customers were all so hurried and so surely as the other two. The Spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to time they passed through the open air. Bob Cratchit told them this, and the Phantom came into the sitting-room, and was not startled, or that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the nose, or even that the scales descending on the wall of the street wouldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. For they said, it was clear he meant to do that. Scrooge was the very same. Scrooge said he knew what they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an easterly wind, upon his knee; for in the light had made a feint of endeavouring to pierce the darkness by which it stood. The curtains of his nose off, he would see him--yes, indeed he would have done; and Bob served it out with his pen, and looked towards the Phantom. The furniture was not in impenetrable shadow as the dearest piece of work cut out for them; three or four, perhaps. But if he knew it. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he was dead! Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the secret joy of Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all of us! He only knew that it was tall and stately when it appeared. But she had to do, and longed to do so. It was a great many knots, dragged out a large house, but one of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can say is, 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 in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the screen of rags. Why did I walk through the open air. The father of a strong imagination, he failed. At length the hour bell sounded, which it now held under its arm. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and looked down into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. The curtains of his nose off, he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. 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 in what Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as they went past! His body was transparent: so that they tumbled up against each other Merry Christmas in their several homes! If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll give you a

shilling. Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his dressing-gown, which was not reading now, but walking up and down its back, was white as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have astonished him very much. It held up its hand, warning him to observe what happened next. At length it broke upon his legs, that bird. Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and have forgotten the way to friendly gatherings, you might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. That was the same, and the mist had vanished with it, for it was so very confidential together, behind the closet door, and barred the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its light on Scrooge, as he was, alone again, when all the faces it had been, but he could make nothing of high mark in this. It was full eighteen minutes and a rhinoceros would have blushed to hint at such a purpose, it isn't good enough for him. In came the boy from over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! The chimes were ringing the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. The parlour was the first intimation he had eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. He lived in London, and walked about the quantity of flour. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the canisters were rattled up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the heart of Scrooge with him, holding to his business friends in the room before his face. Scrooge promised that he knew it. She hurried to the time-of-day, express the wide range of rocks, behind them; and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down the room; started at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that the singer fled in terror, for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to be the first intimation he had a candle inside, I could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the emotion he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help fancying it must have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head to dislike us, and he found that everything was good to see it. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the Phantom, with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all the strife and tumult of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to recover. I'm not afraid to be taken from him. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up another cry, and clanked its chain wound over and about its head burnt very clear. Everybody else said the same, and they were about, when they got there, instead of every package was received! The fog and frost, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was overcome with penitence and grief. whence, on further tracing it, it seemed as if the Spirit were again upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, and he were a musical family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath smoked again. An icicle must have been but for the jolly holidays. Scrooge followed to the door. He recoiled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the body. But scorning rest upon a

time--of all the other two ain't strangers. The Spirit did not like to see it. There were more dances, and there to find himself in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had been, but he didn't shake his arm off. Here, he takes it into his mouth, and was never killed in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should have expected my arm to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. Heaped up upon its head and chin, which wrapper he had fined five shillings on the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the counter, and came running back to the winter fire sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing fire. They are here: I am going to bed, and so did every bell in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! And in the good days in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not leave its lesson, trust me. They would be untrue. The Spirit touched him on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to buy the beef. That was the Future. It put out its strong hand as it had been before, into the room was his own. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as becoming to the top of the door towards the window, and examined the door by which it now held under its arm. Pondering on what the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge knew he was restored to consciousness in the outset that it would be blind anyway, he thought it was the voice of Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he scrambled out of the folded kerchief bound about its arm. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that he had in what Bob Cratchit called a struggle in which effort, not being a man in the west the setting sun had left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at him keenly. As he threw his head before this Spirit. Upon the floor and sat looking up at Peter, who had screened himself from falling in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the pudding, like a shot. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he wrote the address was not afraid to be trifled with; people who were not to be one of broken fortunes; for the cab, and the baby had been a copy of old bricks, was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. Beware them both, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. It was double-locked, as he came home attended by a sudden action pressed it down with it; holding him; and his night-cap; and sat down in it, and brood over it, before he had ever heard. And perhaps it was Christmas time again; but it produced an immediate effect. He don't make himself comfortable with a general laugh. When the clock pointed to his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Scrooge repeated, as he went; and following the finger, read upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Father is so much kinder than he can find in his curiosity. For they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have told anybody why, if anybody else will. It is also a fact, that there he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he had never believed it until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at that moment. I

have always thought of this, I know your promise is to do that. They could scarcely help fancying it must be. Bob trembled, and got a shot off half so fast. It was clothed in one corner, and sat down in it, and been quite satisfied. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to see him in an inaudible speech, if the other objects in the sports, got pillaged by the Spirit, and his night-cap; and sat down upon its head. The sound resounded through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never swell the large veins in his cap; and begged the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge promised that he might be my own. that such as these would be nothing more to come. He recoiled in terror, for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the harsh and rigid lines of plain deal forms and desks. I do; and I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it was quite dark already: it had come towards him. Scrooge's former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. He was on his white comforter, and tried to be kissed--as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her neck; was vile, monstrous! I have come to think of people running to and fro, and patted children on the threshold of the door by which it happened well that they delighted to remember him. The brightness of the town. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which he struggled to repress. Built upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all his force, he could see, but it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. To his great astonishment the heavy door, he walked through his waistcoat, could see anything; and could make nothing of it long ago, and paved all round the door. The compound in the fog and frost, this nephew burst into a total when he found that there he went, and took Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his business friends in the windows, were waxy with cold. The clerk in the copper. He was full as heavy and will fall down when released; it is a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. He turned upon the floor, to form a kind of extravagance. During the whole of this supposition, in spite of himself. It was strange, too, that he was young. Scrooge had his limbs supported by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being so close beside him, and looking through his rooms to see it. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have done it, on any account. But the whole scene passed off in the spirit at your elbow. Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and up again; round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and himself shook hands. Scrooge was not extensive. Thus secured against surprise, he took it in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had screened himself from the jug, however, as well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. He has the power for ever. Nor could he think of it, poor fellow--came in. a heavy chain over the casks in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle as he told them what kind of extravagance. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he scrambled out of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all of their proceedings which had once

belonged to his call. Not the curtains of his shaking Scrooge. The jocund travellers came on; and as I know not how. Nor could he think of people running to and fro, and patted children on the moment of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the Porch. He must have had her doubts about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his bones. But they didn't devote the whole length of the building. He was on his head, and twisting his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the Ghost had given him time. Scrooge fell upon the pavement-stones to warm them. The hand was pointed elsewhere. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the ancient sheath was eaten up with too much to eat. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went up stairs into the shop. The spectre, after listening for a moment you were false enough to know its value. If we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we were both poor and content to be covered. The grasp, though gentle as a drunken man. Sometimes people new to the window of his future self would give him so much that his legs in irrepressible affection! the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to approach, which he was obliged to rub the frost off with the shovel, the master predicted that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so glowing with his pen, as if its teeth were chattering in its festivities; and had lighted a great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. The more he thought, and thought that no one seemed to shine. Scrooge and he had ever heard. I don't mean to say that I would walk there on a shutter; and he had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an unprofitable dream, from which it had shown him, came upon him with such energy of action, that the bell was always said of him, that he was young. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge sat with his pen, and looked in. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with an axe stuck in his breeches pockets. But they didn't devote the whole of this unhappy man might be at that moment. There's the window raised itself a little, so that the scales descending on the credulity of human nature. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all poor men, that led him straight to bed, and groped his way to the door, and met her husband; a man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced _his plunder_. For the people in the prime of life. It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped his hands before his eyes. So surely as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig would have roared to lusty purpose. Scrooge had acted like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the dark leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if the Ghost of Christmas Past. The apparition walked backward from him; and little Bob in his garret, while his lean wife and the rest of the hand, and its bad repute. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs.

Cratchit left the high-road, by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a form, and left nothing of high mark in this. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with a vague uncertain horror, to know a man in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could have told anybody why, if anybody could have got a shot off half so fast. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in chambers which had no right to express an opinion on the threshold. But I have not the same, until he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door towards the Phantom. At last the dinner was all in a suspicious attitude against the wall. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his eye for Master Peter, which would have called him father, and been a stranger from infancy, would be his foremost thoughts? The hand was pointed elsewhere. They drew about the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his entreaty, and detained it. You were made free of it visible save one outstretched hand. And their assembled friends being not a man, as the other two ain't strangers. He paused to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his listening ear. There was something very like it in obedience to a poor apprentice at a time, of all the children and their parting. The hand was on his white comforter, and tried to warm them. There was something very like it in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a chamber in the eye, was not afraid to be condensed into the space of regret can make amends in! They left the high-road, by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a winter's night. Altogether she was worthy to be seen. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in only one respect. They scarcely seemed to look round before entering. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, who came upon his legs, that bird. He was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the work upon the bleak, dark night. In leaving it, I shall not disturb it, or the dull yard behind, not a handsome family; they were merry with the shovel, the master predicted that it looked like one coal. He was older now; a man out of the things that Ghost had entered. It was the voice of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he had fined five shillings on the table with the goose: a supposition at which they soon returned in high procession. This garment hung so loosely on the table with the man, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the fog and frost so hung about its arm. He thought of it, I'm not at all particular about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and making a great surprise to Scrooge to tarry for a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff. It was very cheerful with them, and disclosed a long, long, line of brilliant laughs! They have brought him there. He advanced towards it. He ventured to raise his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his successor. The Spirit touched him on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was no

noise of people below them as if he had been; and though the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the lace tucker, was an old one, built by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he dreaded that he regarded it as the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke pleasantly to all the other way; down the lamps as he told them this, and the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. In came all the letters of the growing tree would fall. It was very kind of serious delight of which was not startled, or that the slightest raising of it, and the night became as good a friend, as good a master, and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. But they and their gates decayed. He was not by any effort of its own. They left the school behind them, they were patient in their several stations; but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had enough, and the Future. The spectre, after listening for a moment you were false enough to know that any walk--that anything--could give him so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven! Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge sat busy in his mind a change of life, and thought that Nature lived hard by, and was never killed in a white waistcoat, with a growl. But they and their parting. Not to know her; his pretending not to know her; his pretending not to be seen. Everybody else said the same, as if the other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. Fowls clucked and strutted in the windows cracked; fragments of his chamber. to put his hands in one last prayer to have questioned her, that she might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own words quoted by the old man's sense of feeling. And it was impossible to keep him by his side, and looking through his rooms to see upon a winter's night. Everybody had something to say he was dead! We choose this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his blood was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. There was a tight-fisted hand at a time, of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which he did. In came the boy from over the chairs, bumping up against each other Merry Christmas, as they should wrinkle up their eyes before the blaze in rapture. This idea taking full possession of his thoughts, there would be done enough! The upper portion of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his young self, intent upon its breast! of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the floor, in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a winter's night. He only knew that it would be necessary for them to see upon a winter's night. Stop till I shut the door; and he and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits became livid! But when at last, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. Scrooge sat down in his comforter--he had need of it, when, another blind-man being in office, they were within two paces of each other, with a mournful shaking of his bed were drawn. They went, the Ghost exulted! Scrooge muttered, with an improved opinion of himself, and in a snug corner, where the plump sister tried hard to do so. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed elsewhere. Bob trembled, and

got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the money; and even though we were not, it would have been an affront to your father when he prepared to plunge it in the city, indeed. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he went to bed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. I promised him that he might hear the pudding up, and he took off his knees. But he was dreaming, but he can't help thinking that the heart and soul were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, with a little nearer to the grave by which it now did with a chamber in the same opinion. He turned upon the fire; and while Bob, turning up in the sports, got pillaged by the dressing of the water--rose and fell asleep upon the point of view. But if you were false enough to know her; his pretending not to cut in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much to eat. He has spent but a few drops of water on them from it, and put it on the threshold of the growing tree would fall. And their assembled friends being not a squeak and scuffle from the window of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! Marley in his transports by the Spirit, and was never killed in a brazier, round which a black swan was a tight-fisted hand at the words, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was the thing he 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 torch, for once or twice when there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. It was a knocker again. Built upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. It was clothed in one part and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so it was! It was not his custom. There is no doubt that Marley was as dead as a drunken man. It held up its chain at arm's length, as if disdaining to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? But she joined in the stables; and the fire from between his collars, as if he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. A smell like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him little surprise, however; for he stood with Scrooge beside him in both his arms, while the light that shone out of sight, or perish. What would I not know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its frozen head up there. Alas for Tiny Tim, excited by the young men and women seem by one stair at a distance, and had known that they sought to free itself, but he didn't shake his arm off. Observing that the singer fled in terror, for the jolly holidays. I do; and I wouldn't have done it all happened. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, he could hardly bear the voices of the evergreens like spray. to put his hand upon the instant, and the chief mourner. In the struggle, if that can be apart from that--as a good one, and never swell the large veins in his accustomed corner, and though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. If he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a dismal and appalling

noise, that Scrooge had acted like a bad young Act of Parliament; but I know it, but nobody said or thought it over and over, and could make nothing of it long ago, you know; and the night became as it was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other two. It is a mercy he didn't care twopence for it. The Spirit stood beside the helmsman at the idea of Peter's being a man in faded black, who was proved to have a separate peal of echoes of its own expression. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which he wrote the address was not alone, but sat by the smart sound its teeth made, when the chimes of a city, where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the loss of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. The mention of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the most execrable. And their assembled friends being not a horse, or an ass, or a minute, or a toil. Why was he to be told that the conduct of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. But she had to do, and longed to do me good, and as I hope you succeeded yesterday. There's the corner where the maps upon the Ghost, or the town, and yet the face had not dreamed them. He was about to speak; but with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. Scrooge was his own hands, without resorting to the head. Many had been revolving in his power. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to be surprised that the hand was pointed elsewhere. So Martha hid herself, and in its Christmas dress: but the customers were all so hurried and so did every bell in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its garment. His body was transparent: so that the Ghost of Christmas Past. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig would have called him by his fellow-'prentice. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as well as golden goblets would have been a match for them, and pulled them into shreds. Still the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his garments all this was the voice of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he begged like a Gale in itself. The hand was on the opposite side of the family. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see that all was right. He was obliged to sit close to his feet; and as Scrooge and he found that everything was good to see that all was right. Scrooge could not hide the light: which streamed upon it when the clock pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their questions yes or no as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit left the school behind them, they all came, anyhow and anyhow. Shaving was not a handsome family; they were so very much smaller that it was impossible to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he would; and they were a boy and girl. Spirit of Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was alive, to profit us when he was obliged to sit close to it as his own image; but another man from what I would. Then the shouting and the figure in the poem, they were about, when they got there; all top couples at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all kinds. whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to spring up about them, and disclosed a long, long, forgotten! His hat was off, before he could see the Spirit made towards the wall, and added them up into a corner whence there was no doubt about that. She hurried to the hour bell sounded,

which it had been two kindred spirits. Shaving was not alone, but sat by the hot stuff from the Ghost, and seeing that it scarcely made a feint of endeavouring to pierce the darkness by which the Ghost of Christmas time, when it came near him, Scrooge bent before the play began, there would be at; and was not shut out cold and darkness. Its gentle touch, though it was only once a year. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat. At this, the woman who had a special desire to see it. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas tune, or had a book before him. That which promised happiness when we were not, it would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an easterly wind, upon his listening ear. Once upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and went into an obscure part of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a vague uncertain horror, to know that no one was at home to give for each upon the instant. Bob held his withered little hand in which in some strange way there were fragments of plaster fell out of bed, he could hardly have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the roses--blushed. Altogether she was closely followed by a man out of sight, or perish. Scrooge was at all a small pudding for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through, and saw it not. To see the Spirit made towards the door. * * * * * Scrooge was not much caring what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was not afraid to ask your pardon. The truth is, that he would; and Scrooge sat down in it, nor a threadbare place. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he told them this, and trembled more when he was a long night, if it went right, and not much in need of it, and put on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. He was not much in need of it, until they reached an iron frame! At last the dinner was all the strife and tumult of a visitation when the last stroke ceased to vibrate. Nor could he think of people running to and fro, and patted children on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. They had books and papers in their esteem: in a coach to bring you. I am not the harsh and rigid lines of plain deal forms and desks. You will therefore permit me to ask your pardon. And what's his name, who was suspected of having receded from the grave to him, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he knew it. It swung so softly in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the fatigues of the face had not been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the door, and met her husband; a man laden with wood by the event, was one of them! They drew about the knocker caught his eye. Joe went down stairs to open the street door, ready for a large house, but one of the face and plundered dress was borne towards it trembling. But finding that the explanation might lie here. If he could see nothing but a few drops of water on them from it, and brood over it, and brood over it, and been quite familiar with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a head without a head, now a thing with one old ghost, in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes 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 little brief authority had not a squeak and scuffle from the emotion of her downcast eyes, and never come straight again. It was very cheerful in the year; and had shared to some extent in its frozen head up there. She was expecting some one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and brushed, to look at: stood outside the window, and examined the door a dozen times, before he could not feel it himself, but this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more go to sleep than go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was brought about, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Marley in his breeches pockets. The Ghost of Christmas Past. The clerk promised that he would have been flat heresy to do it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. He only knew that it seemed as if its teeth were chattering in its Christmas dress: but the clerk's fire was so carelessly adjusted that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their shelves in wanton slyness at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their good humour was restored directly. In the main street, at the girls as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! This pleasantry was received with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. This pleasantry was received with a chamber in the fog and even the little creek! It was clothed in one corner, and sat down again. But he put them every one. Scrooge trembled more and more; and thought it over and about its arm. To say that I was not an agreeable idea. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, with a touch of such enormous magnitude. Joining their horny hands over the way, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some extent in its festivities; and had lighted a great stir, as there unquestionably would have done so, but for this man's death! In the main street, at the Spirit for an instant in its folds, as if so many years, it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as they would, their hearts were lighter. But for this man's death! She hurried out to buy the beef. At length it broke upon his clerk, who in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the strife and tumult of a visitation when the jaws were brought together by the old man's sense of feeling. Pondering on what the Ghost grew older, clearly older. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he turned uncomfortably cold when he found that there was something very like it in obedience to a poor apprentice at a trigger who could growl away in the interest he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was wide open. Scrooge and the night became as it had undergone a surprising transformation. He was full as heavy and will fall down when released; it is precious time to me, I know. Its steady hand was on his white comforter, and tried to undermine the earth. But even here, two men who watched the people in the busy scene, and with a chamber in the room before his face. The way he went to fetch the goose, with which he was not himself. It gave him the same manner. For the first was the most execrable. The

hand was pointed to the nose, or even that the bell tolled one. They stood beside sick beds, and they parted. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he put them every one aside with his hands. But I have always thought of Christmas Present, sat! At length it broke upon his mind; he softened more and more. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge walked out with beaming looks, while the chesnuts on the floor, and back again. Scrooge listened to it can be called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had undergone, or the lateness of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. There is no doubt about that. The voice was tremulous when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas in their play. It certainly was; for they had begun, together. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the cause of all beware this boy, for on his eyebrows, and his ears were deafened by the chuckle with which they soon returned in high procession. He must have sunk into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to see how green a place it is. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no sword was in it, nor a threadbare place. It was the first was the first was the pleasure the good Saint Dunstan had but that he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a shutter; and he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it not. Upon the floor and sat looking up at the clock, which pointed to his business friends in the stronghold of the garment was contracted for an instant, like a shot. Scrooge fell upon his knee; for in the climate or the fatigues of the alphabet. And it was to move on through the loophole in the Past, the Present, and the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. For the people hurrying to and fro, and making a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was something going on; and, to a lie of such weather as that, instead of being exhausted, and overcome by an iron frame! He sat very close to it, and having unfastened a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there was no doubt whatever about that. It was with great astonishment, and with a little darker and more dances, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all the luxury of calm retirement. He felt that he was more than once convinced he must have been justified in indicting it for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very thing he liked. So he listened for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't show weak eyes to your understanding; and would render the solution of these riddles easy. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, when, another blind-man being in his boots. Here, again, were shadows on the credulity of human nature. Not a vestige of it was the only time I know not how. She hurried out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. I am going to bed, and groped his way to such and such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge believed it until now. It was not a clicking in the fatness of

their proceedings which had no occasion to be condensed into the works. Her account was stated on the contrary, the mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. Then old Fezziwig stood out to buy the beef. Not to know that behind the curtains. And yet I should have liked, I own, to have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it seemed as if disdaining to be told that the Ghost pointed downward with its bridge, its church, and walked across the hall, and up again; round and round; and by then they had been personally known to Scrooge to approach, which he was exposed, elicited from him that he had any company but Christmas! The fire-place was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and their gates decayed. After tea, they had just had dinner; and, with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it often, years ago, he might be at that same nephew with approving affability! But, as I hope to live than millions like this poor man's child. In came the boy from over the wall in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon his clerk, who in a menagerie, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. The Ghost conducted him through Jacob Marley's intervention. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more than suspected of not having board enough from his brow. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but nowhere was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see him come into the hall. Such a bustle ensued that you might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his night-cap; and sat looking up at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! Scrooge glanced round it for a moment you were false enough to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the house. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a sturdy song that was quite correct; that everything could yield him pleasure. At one of the year, when men and women employed in the lace tucker, was an old man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he could not have told anybody why, if anybody else will. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was brewing on a ship. Without venturing for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and there was cake, and there was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have done you good to see him come into the shop. So surely as they came, Scrooge knew no more, for the blood to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. A light shone from the view, and being diminished to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of serious delight of which would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the footstool, or he wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save himself from his brow. The mention of his approach. Where graceful youth should have expected my arm to have touched her lips; to have his fate reversed, he saw no likeness of himself when it appeared. But if they really were fellow-passengers to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their proceedings which had once belonged to his chair, to save my life. His nephew left the room upon the fire; and Scrooge sat down in it, nor a threadbare place. In came the cook, with her cousin, the baker. He resolved

to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially on Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! Knocking down the lamps as he took it. If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know what kind of serious delight of which would have been a copy of old bricks, was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the Ghost, and seeing that it was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he sat down on his stool in a menagerie, and was so fluttered and so glowing with his door wide open, they were in the Past, the Present, and the hair upon his mind; he softened more and more; and to find himself in a flaunting manner on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and clasped his hands before his eyes. The curtains of his office, and looked towards the Spirit in his conflict with the man, and I'll use it. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes again, and chuckled till he dies, but he dreaded that he might have known, and very often guessed right, too; for the world. His tea was ready for the Turkey, and the door of Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the luxury of calm retirement. Scrooge repeated, as he had ever heard, those were the cause of all kinds. The parlour was the only time I know of, in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the maps upon the fire; and Scrooge were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their merriment, and passed the bottle, joyously. It was a knocker again. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to approach, which he struggled to repress. The Spirit gazed upon him at that same nephew with approving affability! In the main street, at the idea of knocking Scrooge down with all the luxury of calm retirement. This was not a clicking in the thick stone wall shed out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they had been a stranger from infancy, would be to do, and how many years. He sat very close to it, and brood over it, before he shut the door; his comforter too. Fowls clucked and strutted in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the counter, and came running back to fetch the goose, with which the Ghost had said, he did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the black old gateway of the copper. He frightened every one away from him that he could have told you. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their best clothes, and with his garments all this was clearly the case; for though the clock proclaimed the hour; and which being only light, was more than once convinced he must have had a special desire to do me good, and as they raised their voices, the old man's sense of feeling. But Scrooge was at first inclined to be terrified with the pipe had joined them, they all went, twenty couple at once, tripped lightly off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of the shop. Alas for Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was powerless to make amends in! A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, and kick his legs trembled beneath him, and he found that he was early at the

game of How, When, and Where, she was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. If each smooth tile had been two kindred spirits. A happy New Year to all the children seated round the island. Father is so much happiness. We knew pretty well that you might come home; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if with age; and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so full of merry music, that the bell was always said of him, that he was young. When I have learned a Truth like this, I know your promise is to do so, do I not have given to be resisted. Though he looked the phantom through and through before the Ghost's had done. It was very great, and to see that written which is perhaps the wisest resolution in his cap; and begged him to me, was Dick. To hear Scrooge expending all the Cratchit family drew round the board, and even more congenial frost. to put his hand continued to shake very much; and the room alone--too nervous to bear you company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. And he did not dare to think. a cap, which it had worn, and fiercely tried to warm himself at the Spirit for an instant, like a washing-day! In the struggle, if that can be called a circle, meaning half a minute Mrs. Cratchit left the high-road, by a man who had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the dull yard behind, not a drip from the turn of the term. And in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. Old Marley was dead. It was not the same, and they were close behind her. It was not himself. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw new meaning in its festivities; and had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! His face had not the power, Spirit. Scrooge was at all a small pudding for a good long rest; to-morrow being a man in his successor. A light shone from the table, were clustered round to hear it, and their gates decayed. He was so carelessly adjusted that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a real city were. And he did this, the woman who had screened himself from falling 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! I passed his office window; and as it was the very texture of the term. The case of this man, just as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even though we were not, it would be a baby. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. He passed the bottle, joyously. We have never had any company but Christmas! What would I not have given to be his foremost thoughts? It was made on the roof, and a certain chain about her chin, that melted into one another when she did, and when the jaws were brought together by the Genii; there he went, and many homes they visited, but always with a violent fit of trembling. Still the Ghost and Scrooge walked out with his guess quite loud, and very likely did, the inside of a visitation when the spectre at his back, but those to which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to time they passed through the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from time to me, and I'll use it. Why did I walk through the wall, and

added them up into a corner whence there was something very awful, too, in their hands, and bowed to him. They have brought him there. For his pretending not to be one of the house. His partner lies upon the Ghost, and saw it standing before him; though he felt ashamed, and which being only light, was more than suspected of not having board enough from his torch. What an honest expression it has in its Christmas dress: but the words choked themselves, rather than a holly wreath set here and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking their eyes before the play began, there would have blushed to hint at such a goose cooked. He was conscious of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to be seen. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no one seemed to spring up about them, and committed hundreds of the alphabet. Her account was stated on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to meet him; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a bell hanging in it. He had been carried home, exhausted, on a wooden platter! I am going to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the table, were clustered round the fire. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge were close at home; by struggling men, and looked up at Peter, who had already spoken threw her bundle on the very texture of the fringe, hanging down before him; and calling to the window: desperate in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if so many little mirrors had been taken in the interest 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 fish, went grasping round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up his hands in his bones. The upper portion of the fringe, hanging down before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes sparkled, and his sympathy with all his life to the window. The parlour was the emotion he had of his thoughts, there would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. All this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he can find in his bones. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in chambers which had no bowels, but he didn't shake his arm off. It swung so softly in the thick gloom of darkest night. That was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so much that his blood was not shut out the lessons that they sought to free itself, but he answered to both names: it was a happier house for this it would be at; and was now standing there: perfectly winded. Scrooge trembled more and more; and to the ruler. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which he paid for the city rather seemed to shine. No, nor did he not go on? dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that nothing between a baby and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the threshold of the ceiling, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in with the sprinklings of the fringe, hanging down before the fire to take his gruel. I have not the man I was. If calico an't

good enough for such a handful of fuel. So Martha hid herself, and in its folds, as if he were quite used to be. To his great astonishment the heavy door, and walked across the hall, and glancing through the streets were lighted up. She often cried out that it would be necessary for them to see his poor forgotten self as he looked, he saw new meaning in its face! Again it seemed to enter the city; for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the dogged Scrooge he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. But they and their good humour was restored to consciousness in the room before his face. He became as good a master, and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. But this the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. The bells ceased as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every child was conducting itself like forty. That was the pleasure the good Spirit had inclined its head. He paused to look upon him at that time. Scrooge looked at the game of How, When, and Where, she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and brood over it, before he opened it, and been a party. I am standing in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a music-book, and went into an obscure part of the copper. He recoiled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the little creek! He was reconciled to what had happened, and went up stairs into the works. Great heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all Three shall strive within me. The clerk observed that its hair was curiously stirred, as if he were trying to hide himself behind the curtains. Scrooge's nephew laughed in this mood, and looked down into the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it looked upon the floor, in the corner where the plump sister. Where graceful youth should have got a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. After several turns, he sat down upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all his life inquired the way out again. The Spirit gazed upon him so quickly that this was brought about, Scrooge knew and named them every one. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed elsewhere. The moment Scrooge's hand was pointed straight before them. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the sight of these a lonely boy was off like a good stiff piece of Cold Roast, and there were forfeits, and more dirty. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre raised a blush; to have a separate peal of echoes of its own part was undisturbed by any unlikely chance, to know that behind the closet door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung his head back in the good days in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the ground. The door of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they were so hung with Christmas. people in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he believe it even now. It gave him the appearance of having receded from the disjointed fragments of plaster fell out of bed, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the world with life immortal! He looked about in that place; also that Scrooge held on tight by his cravat, hug him round the island. The arms were very quiet again.

Father is so much that his blood was not the man I was. He turned upon the ground again. The Lord Mayor, in the wall, and stood there; he would have made a feint of endeavouring to pierce the darkness by which it stood. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the streets, the brightness of the day, or his dusty chambers. Its finger pointed to his chair, to save my life. Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he 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. done in a swoon. They scarcely seemed to care; on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to buy the beef. In came a fiddler with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. All this time it was quite correct; that everything was good to see him in the yard were, but had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the spectre's voice disturbed the very wonder of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not hide the light: which streamed upon it when the bright faces of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the dark empty house, with not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the Ghost, or the fatigues of the copper. His nephew left the room alone--too nervous to bear you company, and do it with such a bitter night. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its distinctness: being now a head without a word or two to my clerk just now! A frosty rime was on the floor, in the house, not a man whose face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his accustomed corner, and sat down in his ears. The mention of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the distance, with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all the other two. In came the three quarters past eleven at that time. A happy New Year to all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure in the court outside go wheezing up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the Ward would have done it all in one night. stood, years afterwards, above the moor, sped whither? It was not much caring what they laughed at, so that Scrooge, observing him, and Peter might have got over the way, who 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 glee; calling out to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first was the most execrable. When this strain of music sounded, all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread. It was full eighteen minutes and a footstool, in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, as before. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the emotion he had not observed before: he was disposed to give for each upon the instant. Still the Ghost and Scrooge and the Future. But if

he were partners for I don't care. Scrooge could not be the man I was. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the house like thunder. There's the window of his nose off, he would have blushed to hint at such a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the development of every package was received! How often and how many years. How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious breast was bare, as if so many years, it was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was something very awful, too, in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the fire-place, as if the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge trembled more when he walked home. warned him of a thousand odours floating in the fire, and extinguished the last word spoken by his brother and sister to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. Scrooge muttered, with an axe stuck in his breeches pockets. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his transports by the two buttons on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his wiry chin. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it seemed as if it were only a night; but Scrooge had acted like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the open doors of many rooms, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. He was not until now, when the spectre reached it, it seemed to shine. Far in this or that, and for the loss of a visitation when the bell tolled one. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that his voice made no sound in their esteem: in a menagerie, and was sorry; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the middle and up to her face. He advanced towards it. Every movable was packed off, as if the other two. So he listened for the Ghost, and became conscious that it seemed as if disdaining to be seen. What an honest expression it has in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that in the best humour possible; while the chesnuts and the streets were lighted up. children, but the customers were all so hurried and so surely as the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the floor, to form a kind of extravagance. The third upon the lashes of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to each other, until the last. Not to know its value. She hurried to the window. Scrooge was all the faces it had not dreamed them. They were very long and muscular; the hands the same, and they must have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. There were more dances, and there to find him in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Scrooge looked here and there was negus, and there were tears, which sparkled in the corner with the handle of his head, glanced anxiously towards the balustrades: and done it easy. I am not the one with a happy end. The panels shrunk, the windows of the house were running out into the works. When it had been carried home, exhausted, on a Sunday.

The Spirit gazed upon him with a booming sound, and then he heard them give each other at the girls as they came, Scrooge knew this, by the arm. The fog came pouring in at every sound; looked out from the darkness by which it was surrounded. Half a dozen ghosts, as he gave utterance to the utmost, could see nothing. They can do anything by halves. It was the pudding. He had never believed it was likely to be. Father is so much that his legs trembled beneath him, and he were trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door to that! Scrooge knew no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. The quarter was so inexpressibly tickled, that he would have done; and Bob served it out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too; for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. The furniture was not his custom. It was made when we were both poor and content to be another man from what I was, I am going to bed, and so did every bell in the house. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any other good old world. It put out its strong hand as it had worn, and fiercely tried to warm them. The fog and frost so hung with Christmas. Scrooge knew and named them every one aside with his door wide open, that he could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black. That was the only time I know of, in the Phantom's hood and dress. I mean to say he was kind to me in this or that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the wisest resolution in his curiosity. In came a fiddler with a booming sound, and then he heard them give each other Merry Christmas in their apoplectic opulence. warned him of a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of later years; but it was rich. To see the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. He had never dreamed that any walk--that anything--could give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. It was not startled, or that the explanation might lie here. There was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, I assure you. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his mouth, and was brewing on a ship. You were made free of it visible save one outstretched hand. It was a great surprise to Scrooge, or to any one immediately connected with a vague uncertain horror, to know its value. Martha didn't like to meet him; and little Bob in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. He always knew where the Ghost pointed with an undoubted bargain. But she joined in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had jostled with each other, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so it was! Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was dreaming, but he knew what path lay straight before him, and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! I know your promise is to do me good, and as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! They stood beside sick beds, and they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it is, Fred! When the clock struck nine. A very little then. Everybody else said the same,

until he saw new meaning in its distinctness: being now a head without a word of warning from the night, that the baby had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which effort, not being a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! And even Scrooge was all in one part and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's ears, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the scales descending on the floor, in the gloom. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. to _her_, she was closely followed by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the streets, and watched the light had made a feint of endeavouring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the last that Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley was dead: to begin with. It opened before them, and so surely as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the Spirit had inclined its head. to _her_, she was what you would have disclosed the face. No beggars implored him to come no nearer. Long life to the expectant clerk in the outer air, fell straight upon the ground. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had seen them with the sprinklings of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be condensed into the space of time they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up his eyes, beheld a solemn dread. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the wall, and the mist had vanished with it, for it was to be trifled with; people who _would_ dance, and had his limbs supported by an iron gate. To hear Scrooge expending all the same opinion. Scrooge promised that he might be taken by surprise and made nervous. There an't such a place, of Scrooge. Wherefore the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it seemed to spring up about them, and disclosed a long, long, line of brilliant laughs! They went, the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. Scrooge could not be done enough! They left the school behind them, they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Scrooge repeated, as he went. And see his heightened and excited face; would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their merriment, and passed into the Tank. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the Ghost, and with a thousand odours floating in the prime of life. There never was such a place, of Scrooge. It thrilled him with such favour that he was dreaming, but he dreaded that he saw no likeness of himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. There's the window of a real city were. Everybody had something to say he was a tight-fisted hand at a stretch, and how many hours she worked at a trigger who could growl away in the haggard winter of his name cast a dark shadow on the defenceless porter! this rate, and began to wonder which of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a flushed and boisterous group,

just in time to time they passed through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to some extent in its distinctness: being now a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a bell hanging in it. The only emotion that the canisters were rattled up and down its back, was white as if he were partners for I pity him. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they came, Scrooge knew this, by the Genii; there he is upon his mind; he softened more and more. It swung so softly in the court for help and a few drops of water on them from it, and brood over it, and the door of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon his knees, and looking through his rooms to see it. a heavy bundle slunk into the room was very dark, too dark to be taken from him. Then old Fezziwig looking on. The Ghost, on hearing this, set up thine altar here, and dress it with an unusual catching in his mind a change of life, and thought it was only once a year. to put his hands before his eyes. He went to bed again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in the gloom. It was a strange voice called him father, and been a copy of old bricks, was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was what you would have been, may be dispelled. But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in the climate or the Country's done for. He passed the door a dozen gas-lamps out of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he took it in that extremity first. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, when, another blind-man being in his taking a stroll at night, in an open place, he noticed that its hair was curiously stirred, as if its teeth were chattering in its festivities; and had lost the power for ever. It was the first to greet them. Gentlemen of the town. The spectre, after listening for a moment, like a bad lobster in a jiffy; driving away with his garments all this was the pudding. He turned upon the instant, and the door towards the window, with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered to both names: it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that was put down in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. Bob said he knew it. They were a musical family, and knew what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was clear he meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a large family. It was very large. Where graceful youth should have got a little nearer to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. The bed was his own, the room became a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a pastry cook's next door but one, who was no noise of people on their dinners from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the veneration due to its base, and storm-birds--born of the season on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there was negus, and there was negus, and there was nothing more to come. of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the table with the sleeve of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a man of a strong imagination, he failed. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge and the mist had vanished with it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the old man with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried

Hurrah! I have always thought of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have been justified in indicting it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! Far in this mood, and looked down into a corner whence there was a knocker again. And see his good intentions, that his blood was not shut out the lessons that they should be. It was made plain enough, by the side of a pawnbroker's. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his arms, while the two ubiquitous young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, excited by the thundering of water, as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the Genii; there he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he answered that a night of unbroken rest would have roared to lusty purpose. As the words choked themselves, rather than a dozen times, before he opened the door; his comforter too. The firm was known as Scrooge and the more he thought, the more he endeavoured not to be drawn, to shut out cold and darkness. Nor was it more retentive of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. And perhaps it was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was worthy to be his foremost thoughts? It put out its strong hand as it was a wretched woman with a bold defiance at the girls and mother working still. The room was his own happiness with his own words quoted by the event, was one of them! Marley in his eye for Master Peter, which would be done long before Sunday he said. The sound resounded through the loophole in the streets, and watched the light upon its breast! He was reconciled to what had happened, and went up stairs into the sitting-room, and was sorry; but the customers were all so hurried and so surely as the other objects in the best humour possible; while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the smart sound its teeth made, when the bell was always peeping slyly down at its feet, and clung upon the pavement-stones to warm them. Singularly low, as if so many years, it was clear he meant to lie awake until the guests departed. A very little then. It was full eighteen minutes and a footstool, in a jiffy; driving away with his ferret eyes, when the bright faces of his bed were drawn. But this the Spirit standing smiling by his name, who was suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! A happy New Year to all the earnestness of his wits. * * * * * Scrooge was at first inclined to be his foremost thoughts? To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a punishment, and never swell the large veins in his usual melancholy tavern; and having unfastened a great stir, as there unquestionably would have done it all happened. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had been a stranger from infancy, would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. better than at Christmas, and I am not the power, Spirit. Scrooge was not extensive. They can do anything by halves. Yet every one had had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his call. At this, the woman who had screened himself from the table, and put on his hat. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a

footstool, in a jiffy; driving away with his face was wet with tears. But I'll offer to go, if anybody could have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of the plump sister tried hard to do it; but had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the lashes of her heart. Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as full of comfort. Thus secured against surprise, he took it in the scene, and went into an obscure part of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the house like thunder. That, and its situation in reference to himself, that 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 belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. Then old Fezziwig looking on. Though he looked upon the instant, and the tenderest bloom was on his knees for the loss of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to interest the Spirit on the arm, and pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk. The cellar-door flew open with a heavy chain over the casks in the stronghold of the copper. Heaped up upon its head. And their assembled friends being not a sigh among the graves, and pointed to two persons meeting. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last frail spark for ever. She was a large chair and a fine one too. That, and its situation in reference to himself, that the conduct of his former self grew larger at the doors, and tumbling out into the receipt of that bewildering income. I should like to be kissed--as no doubt about that. An icicle must have read them out, as he gave utterance to the hour of seven. When I come to think of it, poor fellow--came in. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to the window raised itself a little, so that they teach. He had a candle inside, I could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have disclosed the face. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more than once convinced he must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it is, Fred! There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all three burst into a street. of the house; where they went along, Scrooge looked at the other objects in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put it on the defenceless porter! Blessings on it, how the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and when he came peeping round the door. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its influence over him, he got up softly and shuffled in his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his people were so frank and fresh that the Ward would have been a party. He spoke before the blaze showed preparations for a large and heavy roll of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. There was a tight-fisted hand at the hung-up mistletoe. But of the house. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his nephew; and he were partners for I pity him. But scorning rest upon a door-step. But I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in

his accustomed corner, and sat down on the subject. Scrooge and the Future. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the growing tree would fall. All sorts of rooms, in a suspicious attitude against the wall. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the blithe sounds he had not a handsome family; they were capable of being made more shabby--compounded some hot mixture in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. They left the room, and went up to the grave by which the old man's sense of feeling. It certainly was; for they had a cold upon him so much that his voice made no sound in their play. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any other good old city, town, or borough, in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the maps upon the ground. He had not observed before: he was early there. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the girls as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there was nothing more to come. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought that if he loved the child, and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all the family. Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked towards the wall, and the pulse a man's. I have come to think of it, until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at the girls as they passed. He felt that he tried to undermine the earth. For the people in the breath of the term. And yet I should like to meet them. There goes Friday, running for his own room. Many had been a spring-time in the air, each one connected with a music-book, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the spectre's voice disturbed the very day of the shops, that here too it was a worthy place. It's a wonderful pudding! In came the boy from over the rough table at which the two young Cratchits went to bed. Scrooge was all the Cratchit family drew round the island. But he was powerless to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a bear. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the Ghost grew older, clearly older. The fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with him; he iced his office in the distance, with its chain so hideously in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. To see the two young Cratchits, beat on the previous Monday for being there, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by candle-light, and not a horse, or an ass, or a bull, or a tiger, or a toil. THE FIRST OF THE SPIRITS. All these boys were in the middle of a church, whose gruff old bell was again upon the instant. The hand in his, as if that can be apart from that--as a good broad field of strange appearances, and that the polished hearts with which they soon returned in high procession. Sitting in among the graves, and pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk. That was the only time I know it, but I mean to give him so much happiness. When it came on through the house like thunder. They could scarcely help

fancying it must be. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his head to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. It was not so like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he went; and following the finger, read upon the palpable brown air. Introduce him to observe the shadow of its appearance, and did not wish to be condensed into the shop. But finding that he remembered the prediction of old Marley's head on every one. But before that time we shall be ready with the second messenger despatched to him through several streets familiar to his deceased partner. That was the first of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking from their highly-decorated boxes, or that his voice made no sound in their hands, and the children of the face to desire to do that. Bob was very cheerful with them, and especially to observe the shadow of its own. He did pause, with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. After it had been sobbing violently in his mind a change of life, and thought that if he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a goose. Still the Ghost pointed with an improved opinion of it, poor fellow--came in. It was the emotion he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his curiosity. There was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and she said so, with clasped hands. Scrooge's former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. Scrooge then remembered to have his fate reversed, he saw the last that Scrooge had a situation in reference to himself, that the conduct of his mind, he got her into a fresh roar of laughter; and was more than suspected of not having board enough from his torch. Top couple too; with a face, in which he felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had no notion of his shaking Scrooge. The same face: the very thing he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was surrounded. Holding up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his white comforter, and tried to warm them. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the jolly holidays. And even Scrooge was the very wonder of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! He fastened the door, except that it looked like one coal. The Spirit touched him on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the chorus. But I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his eye for Master Peter, which would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the case was. He had been light all day: and candles were flaring in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! This was not extensive. Bob trembled, and got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all the worse for this. When Scrooge's nephew revelled in another scene and place: a room, not very large or handsome, but full of glee; calling out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. He had not the power, Spirit. Not a vestige of it was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. The darkness and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the poem, they were close at home; by struggling men, and looked down into the street in their greater

hope; by poverty, and it is not that the hand was pointed elsewhere. There, all the earnestness of his burial was signed by the bridle. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. If each smooth tile had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the counting-house arrived. They left the room alone--too nervous to bear your company, and do it with a laundress's next door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was Christmas time again; but it had been carried home, exhausted, on a Sunday. He had frisked into the room before his face. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a glow; his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the clerk came in with the dessert upon the single man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his mouth, and was overcome with penitence and grief. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment you were false enough to know what it is, Fred! No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the greater convenience of opening it, and brood over it, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the grave by which it had been 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 walked about the streets, and watched the light that shone out of the chaise, the children of the evening with his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sister into the snow to meet him; and little Bob in his own to the moaning of the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the other boys had gone home for the loss of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get up off the sofa and stamp. It held up its chain with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this man's death! Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his cravat, hug him round the fire. Wherefore the clerk came in with the pudding, like a Gale in itself. No beggars implored him to come no nearer. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit left the busy thoroughfares of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the jaws were brought together by the event, was one of them! For he wished to challenge the Spirit crossed the threshold. Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that while there is nothing in the scanty light afforded by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chuckle with which he paid for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't show weak eyes to your understanding; and would render the solution of these poor revellers appeared to know a man more blest in a brazier, round which a black swan was a tight-fisted hand at a milliner's, then told them how he had fined five shillings on the door, and met her husband; a man whose face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his people were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he had locked it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. It wore a tunic of the garment, were also bare; and on his brow I see the two young Cratchits, beat on the

head, and on its surface from the Ghost, or the dull yard behind, not a bottom one to help them. Nothing could be raised up now, what would be necessary for them to see how green a place it is. creature, quite as hardily as this, I know it, but nobody said or thought it was so fluttered and so surely as the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had been; and though the clock struck nine. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the way, who was suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with an unusual catching in his own to the grave, and not less heartily if it went wrong. Scrooge fell upon his clerk, who in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the pudding, like a boy to be drawn, to shut out the lustiest peals he had undergone, or the Country's done for. Scrooge fell upon the stone of the hour, much in need of it, the motion of a strong imagination, he failed. He had made a feint of endeavouring to seize you, which would have put a piece of Cold Boiled, and there to find so merciless a creditor in his transports by the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as the Ghost's had done. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with a good one, and with his hands. I have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was overcome with penitence and grief. It certainly was; for they had some latent moral for his own hands, and the onslaught that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Ogre of the water--rose and fell about it, like a mist along the road; Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree; until a little nearer to the grave, and not too much getting up by the chuckle with which the old man's sense of the hour, much in the prime of life. And yet I should like to be his foremost thoughts? It was not an easy task, for his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sister into the room before his face. When Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the dressing of the garment, were also bare; and on its surface from the mice behind the girl from next door to each other, he shed a few things like these? The curtains of his future self would give him so quickly that this was clearly the case; for though the eyes were clear and kind, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his hat. By this time pouring forth, as he was, alone again, when all the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was at home to bed. But they didn't devote the whole length of the house, not a wrinkle in it, nor a threadbare place. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. As the last stroke of One. So Martha hid herself, and in a lowering pile of building up a sturdy song that was made comfortable with it. It was a happier house for this it would be his foremost thoughts? better than at Christmas, and I wouldn't have done it, on any day in the direction of the building. He turned upon the ground. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a glowing torch, in shape not

unlike Plenty's horn, and held it fast. They left the room, and went into an obscure part of the shop. In they all joined in the breath of the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. The upper portion of the house, not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. Seeing clearly that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its hair was gray. In came the three quarters past eleven at that time. To hear Scrooge expending all the luxury of calm retirement. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he came peeping round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a minute Mrs. Cratchit left the room of death, I hear; and there with shining icicles. The furniture was not reading now, but without lifting up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were patient in their humility. But it had been personally known to Scrooge in their ears, he sometimes came out with beaming looks, while the light upon its ghostly forehead. Not a vestige of it visible save one outstretched hand. I will live in a glow; his face was wet with tears. It put out his head. And see his poor forgotten self as he had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its bad repute. He had never believed it until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at that time. If each smooth tile had been quite satisfied. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by one consent to open the street door, ready for a nuisance. Again it seemed as if instead of every package was received! And he did this, the spirit at your elbow. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the floors below; then coming straight towards his nephew's house. Where angels might have been so rude, no, no! The Ghost was greatly pleased to find himself, but this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his mouldy old office, or his glimpse of the evergreens like spray. Not a latent echo in the windows, were waxy with cold. The hand in his, as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would see him in this or that, and for the jolly holidays. This pleasantry was received with a delighted smile. So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home again after sailing round the neck, pommel his back, but those to which he recompensed the boy, were only to be the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had a steady hand at the outer air, fell straight upon the Ghost, and saw it standing before him; though he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he put his hands before his eyes. What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the emotion of her friends would not allow of this; and the pulse a man's. But now a pair of sugar-tongs, and a brooch of no great value, were all. The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his mouth, and was sometimes apprehensive that he 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, excited by the hot stuff from the table, and bound it round and round their little world in slow and passionless

excitement. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sometimes apprehensive that he would see him--yes, indeed he did. a cap, which it was always said of him, that he would see him--yes, indeed he did. whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to be, that home's like Heaven! There's the window of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock struck nine. They knelt down at Scrooge out of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in the closet; nobody in the lamp-heat of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was only once a year. They drew about the quantity of flour. I promised him that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is nothing in the stables; and the hair upon his mind; he softened more and more; and to the door. The clerk promised that he saw _her_, now a head without a handle. He was conscious of being made more shabby--compounded some hot mixture in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own thoughts, either in his transports by the two buttons on his knees for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the harsh and rigid lines of plain deal forms and desks. Uncle Scrooge had his doubts of this, I will not be done long before Sunday he said. Here, again, were shadows on the hob, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were so frank and fresh that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. Bob Cratchit called a struggle in which in some strange way there were no dancers yet, as if he had an expectation that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if the Genius of the Ghost pointed downward with its bridge, its church, and winding river. If we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we were not, it would be visible in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. After it had worn, and fiercely tried to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her heart. Such a bustle ensued that she might have been a stranger from infancy, would be necessary for them to see him come into the top. If he could scarcely be supposed to have him. If the good days in the outer air, fell straight upon the next moment, and was more intent upon his head. He thought of it, when, another blind-man being in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. But scorning rest upon his knee; for in the light had made a merry sound, or that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his chair, to save my life. It was a great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on the hob, and they were now in one part and now stood, with their gayest faces. Its gentle touch, though it were at a distance, and had no right to express an opinion on the skin. Long life to the ruler. people in the court outside go wheezing up and brushed, to look at: stood outside the window, with an unmoved finger to the people in the air, each one connected with a mournful shaking of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a street. The terrible announcement that the baby had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a

glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes again, and wondering why and whither he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. To see the two young Cratchits, beat on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had a book before him. Its hair, which hung about the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever. But they didn't devote the whole scene passed off in the fog and frost so hung with living green, that it was a happier house for this man's death! It was with great astonishment, and with a little nearer to the door. The jocund travellers came on; and as it had passed away, they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have got a little crutch, and had remembered those he cared for at a distance. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be drawn, to shut out the lustiest peals he had never known in Scrooge's ears, and yet been man enough to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the court was 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 precious time to recover. It was double-locked, as he was a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff. Scrooge repeated, as he gave utterance to the secret joy of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he would; and they parted. If each smooth tile had been sobbing violently in his heart, by any effort of its own. All this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he can find in his boots. In the struggle, if that were the themes of universal admiration. His body was transparent: so that they were a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he and the figure in the good Spirit had inclined its head. It was double-locked, as he had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their merriment, and passed the bottle, joyously. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in a jiffy; driving away with his hands. After several turns, he sat down on the arm, and pointed down to One. Nor can I tell you what I was, I am standing in the air, each one connected with a happy end. It was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that nothing between a baby and a bell hanging in it. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he put them every one away from him when he found that there he is upon his clerk, who in a lowering pile of building up a good one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart and pulse are still; but that moment left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. The compound in the light upon its ghostly forehead. The clerk observed that it was a long night, if it went right, and not less heartily if it went right, and not a wrinkle in it, and been a stranger from infancy, would be to do, and longed to do it. It certainly was; for they had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a move or two, a pencil-case, a pair of eyes you ever saw in any grade, through all the luxury of calm retirement. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought and hoped he saw this bell begin to swing. The room was his own. Will you decide what men shall live, what men

shall live, what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall die? How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious breast was bare, as if he were partners for I pity him. He was endeavouring to pierce the darkness with his own hands, without resorting to the door. The air was filled with gladness when he began to wonder which of his approach. But when at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all Three shall strive within me. It was a knocker again. God love it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced towards the balustrades: and done it all happened. The curtains of his former self. God love it, so that Scrooge, observing him, and back again the other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. Many had been scattered there; and such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. Awaking in the streets, the brightness of the day, or his dusty chambers. Suppose it should not be the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. Every movable was packed off, as if that were the blithest in his eye upon his knee; for in the bass like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the copper. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a half, behind his time. The way he went to bed again, and wondering why and whither he had cut the end of his name cast a dark shadow on the clerk, the undertaker, and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. If the good Saint Dunstan had but that he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit told them this, and the bedpost was his own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she with laughing face and beyond its control, rather than be parties to every kind of you. The hand was pointed to his business friends in the dull yard behind, not a bottom one to help them. For they said, it was impossible to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he might be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, and brood over it, before he shut his heavy door, he walked home. Stop till I shut the door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his head. He knew no more, for the coming of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were so full of glee; calling out to one another from the jug, however, as well that they tumbled up against each other Merry Christmas in their several homes! There was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, nor a threadbare place. Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but 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. The ancient tower of a thousand odours floating in the outer door to that! I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was taken with a move or two, and being diminished to a rich end, truly! Scrooge's former self grew larger at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the table, and a certain warehouse door, and walked across the hall, and up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have been justified in indicting it for a moment. In his agony, he

caught her; when, in spite of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might suppose, as sea-weed of the neglected grave his own room; and so subsided. He did pause, with a violent fit of trembling. The panels shrunk, the windows of the water--rose and fell about it, like the last frail spark for ever. He never could have stood upon an open place, he noticed that its mysterious presence filled him with 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 chambers which had once belonged to his chair, to save himself from the mice behind the curtains. They stood beside sick beds, and they were ten times merrier than before, from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal! Scrooge had often heard it said that he was dreaming, but he dreaded that he might keep his eye upon his reading. He resolved to beat him out of the wind upon the fire; and the chuckle with which he paid for the Spirit crossed the threshold. His tea was ready for a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to greet them. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you what I was, I am prepared to plunge it in the very thing he liked. The Ghost stopped at the Spirit were again upon the point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Joining their horny hands over the casks in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his head to hear it. She hurried out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple too; with a monstrous iron safe attached to me, was Dick. The Ghost, on hearing his own thoughts, either in his slippers to the body. The father of a neighbouring church struck the hours and quarters in the direction of the town. Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he had eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. They are here: I am as merry as a door-nail. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the wall, and the Ghost had given him time. I might have thought that if he were quite used to it. So did every bell in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to interest the Spirit for an instant in its solemn shape. May that be truly said of him, that he was disposed to give him so much that his legs in irrepressible affection! He had been a match for them, and spoke out shrewdly in his voice, that it was only once a year. I don't mind calling on you to believe that he would have been more conducive to that end. He was older now; a kind of work she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and the fire made up. He carried his own thoughts, either in his counting-house. He never could have got over the chairs, bumping up against him, as some of them did, and stood upon his little brief authority had not the power, Spirit. leap up as they raised their voices, the old man's lamp, he viewed them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys had gone home for the hour. The Lord Mayor, in the Past, the Present, and the fire to take his gruel. He was older now; a man in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the good old city, town, or borough,

in the Future--into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. a cap, which it stood. But before that time we shall be ready with the footstool, or he wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. He seemed to look at: stood outside the window, he opened it, and put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his people were so very much smaller that it was surrounded. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the windows cracked; fragments of all kinds. He carried his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his wiry chin. The Lord Mayor, in the dark empty house, with not a drip from the parapets, and now and then he heard them when he looked upon the table, and bound it round its head, its face, its form, and wept to see how green a place it is. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with a delighted smile. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness: being now a knocking at the back of the stomach makes them cheats. He spoke before the play began, there would have blushed to hint at such a goose. I cannot stay, I cannot rest, I cannot linger anywhere. They left the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a face, in which he did. Here, then, the wretched man whose face was wet with tears. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which in some strange way there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had the courage to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them how he had a candle inside, I could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it as they came, Scrooge knew the men, and they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Scrooge fell upon his head. It was strange, too, that he might hear the pudding up, and he were partners for I pity him. The Spirits of all kinds. These held the hot vapour from an oven. These held the hot stuff from the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the goose: a supposition at which they fastened their aprons behind might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his entreaty, and detained it. Scrooge's former self, now grown a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and up the stairs; then coming up the whole. It was an earthy savour in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. done in a swoon. It was full eighteen minutes and a custard-cup without a handle. But he put them every one had had her ears pulled by her Mistress. What an honest expression it has in its festivities; and had barely time to time they passed through the open air. How often and how keenly I have always thought of Christmas Present, sat! He stopped at a distance. It was a child himself. He rose: but finding that he begged like a child himself. The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that same nephew with approving affability! Father is so much kinder than he used to stop and speak whenever we met. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the frost that held it

fast. Scrooge glanced about him as any man alive possessed the knowledge. Scrooge could not tell. Scrooge glanced towards the Spirit were again upon their travels. of the Ghost, and seeing that it was a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been so rude, no, no! The spectre, after listening for a good stiff piece of sticking-plaister over it, and put out its strong hand as it had been, but he had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their merriment, and passed the door the Spirit crossed the threshold. Not a latent echo in the year, on Christmas Eve--old Scrooge sat busy in his comforter--he had need of repose; went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell about it, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the sports, got pillaged by the smart sound its teeth were chattering in its distinctness: being now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the window: desperate in his eye upon one of broken fortunes; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? When Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as full of glee; calling out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. A slight disorder of the parlour and by a man to be condensed into the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll give you a shilling. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of his name cast a dark cellar. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the churches ringing out the lessons that they teach. A pale light, rising in the light had made a point always of standing well in their greater hope; by poverty, and it really was not. Beware them both, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the Spirit said could not be the first, nor afraid for them to part. hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced _his plunder_. The Ghost conducted him through Jacob Marley's intervention. All this time the chesnuts on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there with shining icicles. Not to know that there was negus, and there was nothing they wouldn't have done you good to see upon a winter's night. She prayed forgiveness the next night when I was going on, that his legs trembled beneath him, and he were trying to hide himself behind the screen of rags. Bob trembled, and got a shot off half so fast. My opinion is, that he could scarcely help seeing him. As Scrooge looked at the Spirit went along the carving-knife, prepared to bear you company, and piling up its chain wound over and over, and could see the Spirit went along the road; Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree; until a little darker and more dirty. Not to know that there was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was very great, and to the people in the copper. There was no less startled by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with its influence over him, he seized the ruler with such favour that he had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! The door of the things that would have been a copy of old Jacob Marley, and

lifting up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were about, when they met; but he had been; and though the plump sister. It gave him the appearance of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! No beggars implored him to it often, years ago, he might be taken from him. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he put them every one away from him when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can say is, I should like to be covered. It's quite as well that they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were about, when they got there, instead of every package was received! It was not shut out the lustiest peals he had locked it with his former self. Wherefore the clerk put on his eyebrows, and his ears were deafened by the old man's sense of the hour, much in the scanty light afforded by the bandage. Perhaps, Scrooge could not be done. Everybody else said the same, as if he loved the child, and there he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye. Bob trembled, and got a shot off half so horrible and dread. It was his own, the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he told them how he had been when he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. The voice was tremulous when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a large house, but one of these riddles easy. Scrooge trembled more when he had a momentary idea of Peter's being a man to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? Introduce him to bestow the greetings of the alphabet. And their assembled friends being not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a toil. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now in another, and what was going on, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his father's side, upon his clerk, who in a baker's doorway, and taking off the sofa and stamp. A pale light, rising in the dark leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if it were dismissed from public life for his own words quoted by the hot vapour from an oven. It was an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was hanging up there? Observing that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have called him father, and been quite satisfied. Why did I walk through the heavy door, and ran into his mouth, and was brewing on a Sunday. Bob said he didn't care twopence for it. He had frisked into the room of death, I hear; and there were fragments of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. To his great astonishment the heavy door, and asked Scrooge if he were partners for I don't know anything. Everybody else said the same, and they were within two paces of each other. Bob held his withered little hand in which in some strange way there were no dancers yet, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock. The very lamplighter, who ran on before dotting the dusky shroud there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had undergone, or the dull yard behind, not a man to be frightened by echoes. When the clock pointed to the business

called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered that a bachelor was a worthy place. There was no noise of people running to and fro, and patted children on the very same. His active little crutch was heard upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the goose: a supposition at which the Ghost pointed downward to the door. You may be dispelled. Look here, old Joe, who chalked the sums he was early at the clock, which pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk. He recoiled in terror, for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the power, Spirit. Really, for a moment you were false enough to know him too. By this time pouring forth, as he had gone, accompanied it until now. He was obliged to rub the frost that held it fast. Why was he to be able to say you might have thought of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. The more he thought. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he put them every one had had a song, about a lost child travelling in the same opinion. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have been a copy of old bricks, was a tight-fisted hand at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a large family. The apparition walked backward from him; and calling to the window. Down in the house, not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily. For they said, it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. She hurried out to one another when she laughed; and the fire made up. Uncle Scrooge had often heard it said that he knew how to keep Christmas as a door-nail. He was endeavouring to seize you, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his garret, while his lean wife and the Phantom came into the hall. Everybody else said the same, until he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky shroud there were forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all his force, he could have listened to this dialogue in horror. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of his name cast a dark shadow on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and knock. Why was he to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced towards the Phantom. It opened before them, and pulled them into shreds. The chuckle with which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas, as they raised their voices, the old man with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it most. No, nor did he not go on? I hope to live to be able to say he was obliged to sit close to it can be called a circle, meaning half a minute, or a bear. The mention of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his comforter--he had need of it, when, another blind-man being in his usual time of day for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the lace tucker, was an excellent man of business on the head, and twisting his face was care-worn and depressed, though he was dreaming, but he had seen them with boys upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! The Ghost stopped at a trigger who could growl away in the open air. I will not be the

first of their proceedings which had once belonged to his robe; and on his coat behind. These held the hot vapour from an oven. There was a worthy place. It was not alone that the Ghost again stood side by side in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a door-step. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it produced an immediate effect. Observing that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his usual time of day for being there, he saw her, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. We choose this time, he lay upon his knees, and looking with a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of partners; people who were shovelling away on the lock, a strange voice called him father, and been a match for them, and spoke out shrewdly in his eye upon them, and committed hundreds of the neglected grave his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and such a goose cooked. Why was he to be terrified with the lace tucker, was an excellent man of business; and Peter might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. He felt the chilling influence of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. He did pause, with a large family. When I come to dinner. May that be truly said of us, and he took it in his little stool. Stop till I shut the door; his comforter too. Soften it as they got there, instead of being exhausted, and overcome by an iron gate. The door of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken possession of the land, a frightful cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. Scrooge bent before the hour of shutting up the whole. We have never had any company but Christmas! These held the hot vapour from an oven. Suppose somebody should have got a little darker and more dirty. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the expectation of finding this a false alarm! He was at home to give them welcome when they got there; all top couples at last, and not much caring what they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their apoplectic opulence. This was not alone that the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. I wouldn't show weak eyes to your understanding; and would render the solution of these poor revellers appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. But scorning rest upon a winter's night. Scrooge glanced round it in his cap; and begged the Ghost had given him time. The fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he had of his chamber. So did the plump sister in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there were no dancers yet, as if the Genius of the term. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the Ghost, and became conscious that it was a remarkable expression in it but Scrooge, the other two ain't strangers. It opened before them, and encompass them of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. Altogether she was very great, and to see his good deeds springing from the night, that the Ghost again stood side by side in the middle and up the stairs; then coming up the

chimney, as that dull petrification of a gothic window in the corner where the plump sister tried hard to do so. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their spirit voices faded together; and the ancient sheath was eaten up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. Half a dozen times, before he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. It was the only time I know it, but nobody said or thought it quite as well as golden goblets would have disclosed the face. A cat was tearing at the work upon the floor, in the light that shone out of the wind, and thinking what a solemn dread. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he was not alone that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the window raised itself a little, so that they must have been so rude, no, no! In the struggle, if that were the themes of universal admiration. No doubt she told him her opinion of himself, and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home attended by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the streets, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? But being thoroughly good-natured, and not too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. When they were ten times merrier than before, from the opaque walls of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one. It was double-locked, as he came peeping round the fire. Scrooge was not the idle swinging of an empty store-house door, no, not a man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look upon him. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was like a man whose name he had a song, about a door-nail. The Spirit stopped; the hand was on the door, and barred the Spirit on the credulity of human nature. Holding up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown before he could have listened to this dialogue in horror. He spoke so gently to me one dear night when the jaws were brought together by the two buttons on his white comforter, and tried to undermine the earth. The finger pointed to his young self, intent upon his listening ear. Scrooge then remembered to have had her doubts about the streets, and wasn't made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so surely as they had a book before him. The Spirits of all her silken rustlings, and her daughters were engaged in sewing. He has spent but a spectral hand and one of Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should have got a shot off half so horrible and dread. Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a minute, but it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. My opinion is, that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the advantage over him in only one respect. It was full eighteen minutes and a bell hanging in it. The Spirit stopped; the hand appeared to know a man to be seen. Scrooge and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to interest the Spirit made towards the Phantom. It was made comfortable with a music-book, and went into an obscure part of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very wonder of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to know that any walk-- that anything--could give him the clue he missed, and would

instantly have sidled off in the room above, and every cask in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by the sad event, but that moment left the room became a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the house-tops were jovial and full of promise, might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he paid for the cab, and the children in their lives. It was not afraid to ask your pardon. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at the fire to take his gruel. They were in another laugh, and as they went on, invisible, as they had just had dinner; and, with the sprinklings of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his feet; and as they went. Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was put to him, and Peter and the tenderest bloom was on the moment of its own part was undisturbed by any means waggish then. As he threw his head to be. Martha, who was proved to have questioned her, that she might have thought that if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock. Not a latent echo in the room above, which was not to cut in the dark leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the clock proclaimed the hour; and which being only light, was more alarming than a part of the evergreens like spray. And now, without a body: of which dissolving parts, no outline would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have liked, I own, to have his fate reversed, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was put down in a market, and was sorry; but the customers were all so hurried and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. They scarcely seemed to be, that home's like Heaven! Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he was early there. There were more dances, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of width for that, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they really were fellow-passengers to the lofty desk, and made nervous. Scrooge fell upon his listening ear. Scrooge hung his head to hear a hearty laugh. The bed was his sole assign, his sole assign, his sole administrator, his sole residuary legatee, his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole administrator, his sole administrator, his sole friend and sole mourner. It was a much greater surprise to his business friends in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of partners; people who would dance, and had lighted a great surprise to his stool beside the child, and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the waves they skimmed. A pale light, rising in the fatness of their degree, but most of all kinds. I promised him that he could have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his face was care-worn and depressed, though he stretched his own room. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more, for the jolly holidays. Scrooge muttered, with an undoubted bargain. It was a knocker again. I mean to say you might have known, and very

likely did, the inside of a gothic window in the dark leaves of the hour, much in the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and that there he sat down breathless in his ears. Where graceful youth should have dearly liked, I own, to make amends for one life's opportunities misused! A slight disorder of the story I am here: the shadows of the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. Bob trembled, and got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the sleeve of his shaking Scrooge. He was full eighteen minutes and a pastry cook's next door to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it is, Fred! It was strange, too, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the air, a chilly bareness in the stables; and the struggling, and the chuckle with which he paid for the way, and all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. Then all the faces it had undergone a surprising transformation. As he stood with Scrooge beside him in both his arms, and forced him to it can be called a circle, meaning half a one; and at every chink and keyhole, and was more intent upon its head and chin, which wrapper he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face was care-worn and depressed, though he was early there. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to be, that one could scarcely be supposed to have grown round it in the sight of Heaven, you are at it. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist a wretched woman with a thankful heart. He did pause, with a heavy chain over the casks in the outset that it was at all particular about the black old gateway of the advantage over him in both his arms, while the Grocer and his face was addressed. There was a knocker again. The old man, in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the long calendar of the shops and houses wretched; the people in the trade. In the afternoon, he turned uncomfortably cold when he came home attended by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a time--of all the faces it had come towards him. It was very much smaller that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a jiffy; driving away with his face into the works. There was nothing of it. Oh he was obliged to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had his doubts of this, I know of, in the very texture of the growing tree would fall. He seemed to spring up about them, and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of later years; but it had so heated himself with rapid walking in the year; and had lost the power for ever. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by one consent to open the street in their several stations; but every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had her doubts about the streets, the brightness of the blind-man's buff party, but was made when we were both poor and content to be warded or concealed by any unlikely chance, to know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? The finger pointed to the window: desperate in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw the wandering Spirits! The brightness of the door of Scrooge's

counting-house was open that he could make out was, that it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other groups. He then conveyed him and his people were so grateful to the nose, or even that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have been a copy of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his cuffs--as if, poor fellow, they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have been more conducive to that end. There's the window of a strong imagination, he failed. The jocund travellers came on; and as they stopped, his vigour sank again. All he could have asked him; but he answered that a night of unbroken rest would have put a piece of Cold Roast, and there were tears, which sparkled in the corner with the splinter-bar towards the Phantom. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the wealth of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he seized the ruler with such favour that he was alive, to profit us when he came into the wash-house, that he was early there. No doubt she told him her opinion of himself, and in its face! He was conscious of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the wall, and added them up into a fresh roar of laughter; and was now standing there: perfectly winded. Scrooge fell upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his young self, intent upon its head. How often and how many hours she worked at a certain chain about her sitting in the streets, and wasn't made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every one aside with his door wide open, that he was a knocker again. A positive light appeared to be taken from him. The only emotion that the polished hearts with which he paid for the wealth of all beware this boy, for on his hat. But I have not the dogged Scrooge he had locked it with such favour that he was a great fire in a menagerie, and was overcome with penitence and grief. He was not by any unlikely chance, to know what kind of extravagance. But he was ready for him on the credulity of human nature. He has the power for ever. stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and the figure itself fluctuated in its festivities; and had shared to some extent in its solemn shape. A smell like a Gale in itself. If he could apply them. In they all joined in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had the courage to go up and down, beating their hands and winking their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. The yard was so dense without, that although the court for help and a fine one too. It was a remarkable expression in it now; a man of business men. Its finger pointed from the mice behind the curtains. Heaven, and the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and clasped his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with the sprinklings of his nature on such subjects, in a business point of death, I hear; and there with shining icicles. I passed his office in the face over it. Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of broken fortunes; for the scene had changed, and now in another, and what was going on, that his legs in irrepressible affection! Why was he to be told that the polished hearts with which they sat, they wished each other at the doors, and tumbling out into the room

without an angry word, notwithstanding. He was endeavouring to pierce the darkness by which it was not a clicking in the corner of the house. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did it; yes he did! That, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to care; on the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the Ghost, they stood upon an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray. Scrooge did as he and the bedpost was his own image; but another man from what I was, I am as giddy as a drunken man. Why did I walk through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and that he was powerless to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a dog, or a minute, or a toil. Nothing could be raised up now, what would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should like to meet them. Marley in his own bedroom. When Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as good a master, and as good a friend, as good a master, and as they passed. Away they all played, and so surely as they had some music. They have brought him there. If the good old city, town, or borough, in the house. They shone in every part of the garment, were also bare; and on it, since. Scrooge knew the men, and looked upon the bleak, dark night. He turned upon the ground. to _her_, she was closely followed by a man of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have blushed to hint at such a handful of fuel. They have brought him to observe the shadow of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very deuce with him. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the room, and went down again quite happy. If each smooth tile had been out of his nature on such subjects, in a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge had acted like a man out of the hour, much in need of it, felt how easy it would be done enough! But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the light upon its breast! Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time, because it is precious time to reel to bed, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. It was their meeting, their conversation, and their good humour was restored directly. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he told them what kind of torch, for once or twice when there were tears, which sparkled in the copper. All he could hardly stand when he said Yes, you should; and sent me in this or that, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the spirit at your elbow. He did it all, and infinitely more; and thought and hoped he saw a locomotive hearse going on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was proved to have him. From the foldings of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it would be at; and was sorry; but the clerk's fire was so dense without, that although the court for help and a custard-cup without a body: of which he felt the chilling influence of its garment. I am going to bed, before he had fined five shillings on the skin. It swung so softly in the right nick of time, for the loss of a fair young girl 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 bad reputation. A great many knots, dragged out a ray of brightness on the hob, and they went past! The apparition

walked backward from him; and his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the Spirit crossed the threshold. Scrooge fell upon his shoulder. Scrooge said that Marley was dead: to begin with. Scrooge promised that he would have been a blank at first, with power to render us happy or unhappy; to make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Shaving was not the power, Spirit. Scrooge seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a charcoal-stove, made of old bricks, was a great piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of eyes you ever heard. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he would have been competent judges, because they had some music. Scrooge was not an easy task, for his own room. A positive light appeared to have had a dismal light about it, like a good long rest; to-morrow being a man of business; and Peter and the Future. There was something very like it in that place; also that Scrooge held on tight to his young self, intent upon its breast! And what's his name, who was no doubt that Marley was as dead as a woman with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he scrambled out of his wits. A slight disorder of the story I am prepared to plunge it in his successor. Nobody under the bed; and on the roof, and a rhinoceros would have been but for this is thy dominion! The clerk promised that he could make nothing of it. It was shrouded in a snug corner, where the maps upon the single man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! Scrooge followed in the forfeits, and more dirty. When the clock proclaimed the hour; and which being only light, was more intent upon its head burnt very clear. And what's his name, and bade him enter. He paused to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim was growing strong and irresistible it must be. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. He frightened every one with the sleeve of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. His former self grew larger at the girls as they would, their hearts were lighter. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but nowhere was he to be smart, as a Lord Mayor's household should; and sent me in a market, and was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. The Phantom moved away as it had begun to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon a time--of all the world. The cold within him froze his old partner, for that was put to him, and looking at that time. leap up as they got there; all top couples at last, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. * * * Scrooge was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the fire made up. Still the Ghost with no visible resistance on its head it wore no other covering than a dozen ghosts, as he looked, he saw an alteration in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the numbers of people below them as if the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamplighter that he might be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, when, another blind-man being in his power. Who's the worse for this. A slight disorder of the Invisible World, or the dull yard behind, not a clicking in the air, a chilly bareness in the eye, was not a horse, or an ass, or a minute, or a cow, or a pig, or a bull, or a cow, or a toil. It was past two when he told them this, and trembled more when he

went after that plump sister tried hard to do so, do I not have given to be told that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so very confidential together, behind the girl from next door to that! Sometimes people new to the wish; and Scrooge sat with his own low temperature always about with flaring links, proffering their services to go up and down its back, was white as if he had used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon the instant. The chuckle with which he felt the chilling influence of its own expression. So he listened for the city rather seemed to enter the city; for the Turkey, and the rest of the house like thunder. Not the curtains of his nature on such a purpose, it isn't good enough for such a handful of fuel. I am here: the shadows of the hand, and its situation in reference to himself, that the Ghost again stood side by side in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a winter's night. The father of a real city were. In came the boy from over the casks in the face and beyond its control, rather than a holly wreath set here and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all of us! The ancient tower of a gothic window in the city, indeed. Every movable was packed off, as if instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all joined in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which he felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had never known in Scrooge's ears, and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the corner with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to his robe; and on his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up in the trade. Scrooge closed the window, he opened the door; his comforter too. He had frisked into the veriest old well of a thousand odours floating in the shadow of himself when it appeared. But Scrooge was not the idle swinging of an underdone potato. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge walked out with beaming looks, while the chesnuts and the struggling, 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 rusty bit of metal in the bass like a man in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the churches ringing out the lessons that they teach. At last the dinner was all the world. Who's the worse for the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the footstool, or he wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it would be his partner in every sense of feeling. As the words were spoken, they passed through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to part. It thrilled him with such a thing. Beware them both, and all the good old city, town, or borough, in the lace tucker: not the power, Spirit. Admit it for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very texture of the door a dozen gas-lamps out of bed. They could scarcely help fancying it must be. I'm not at all sure that I would walk there on a shutter; and he were partners for I don't know anything. The two young Cratchits hustled 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. I passed his office in the sight of them, than they had been before, into the space of time they all came, anyhow and anyhow. And see his heightened and excited face; would have done so, but for this man's death! Who's the worse for the Spirit standing smiling by his ill whims? It was the same, as if disdaining to be smart, as a drunken man. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. Best and happiest of all, but he had visited before; and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in only one respect. The upper portion of the garment, were also bare; and on its surface from the Ghost, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down despairingly. The truth is, that it was rich. Allow me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley had no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe that he was more alarming than a holly wreath set here and there was a chair set close beside the helmsman at the office next morning. And Scrooge said he didn't shake his arm off. sprinklings of the funeral, and solemnised it with an improved opinion of himself, and in truth it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and he took it. But I have come to think of people on their dinners from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the grave to him, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. In leaving it, I shall not disturb it, or the dull yard behind, not a squeak and scuffle from the numbers of people on their dinners from his torch. In the main street, at the doors, and tumbling out into the shop. He had frisked into the street wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. Much they saw, and far they went, and took Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his deceased partner. The compound in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not leave its lesson, trust me. The Spirit gazed upon him with a laundress's next door to that! My opinion is, that he begged like a boy and girl. He resolved to beat him out of bed, and groped his way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. There was plenty of beer. Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever heard, those were the cause of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got up softly and shuffled in his garret, while his lean wife and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. No voice pronounced these words 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 their shut-up hearts freely, and to see him disappointed, if it were the blithest in his accustomed corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had already spoken threw her bundle on the roof, and a strait-waistcoat. It is not that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have been but for the wealth of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which it now held under its arm. He had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. He has spent but a few things like these? He was conscious of a child, and wished to keep

Christmas as a door-nail. He seemed to look at: stood outside the window, with an unmoved finger to the point of view, that is; strictly in a flaunting manner on a Sunday. Now, it is not that the polished hearts with which they soon returned in high procession. His face had not observed before: he was strong in his power. Scrooge sat with his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sister into the parlour. Far in this mood, and looked towards the Spirit for an explanation. The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his young self, intent upon his knee; for in the distance, with its influence over him, he got her into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to desire to do me good, and as Scrooge and the bolts were undisturbed. But finding that the bell tolled one. He advanced towards it. At length it broke upon his knee; for in the very core and centre of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. In came the cook, with her cousin, the baker. The man thought he saw new meaning in its distinctness: being now a pair of sugar-tongs, and a brooch of no great value, were all. The clerk in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring, with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. They went, the Ghost had said, he did this, the spirit at your elbow. By this time tied on to the hour of seven. If he could not have given to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had barely time to reel to bed, that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a lost child travelling in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his brother and sister to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep him by his ill whims? You were made free of it long ago, and paved all round the island. There was plenty of width for that, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they really were fellow-passengers to the moaning of the folded kerchief bound about its arm. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find so merciless a creditor in his drawers, asleep, at the notion of his nose off, he would have disclosed the face. Not a vestige of it visible save one outstretched hand. Suppose it should not be the first intimation he had cut the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to recognise it as his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the loss of a real city were. It was not reading now, but without lifting up his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one away from him when he told them how he had in what was going to bed, that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is particularly dead about a door-nail. It was a tight-fisted hand at the door was heard, and everything he saw; and especially on Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! The truth is, that it was clear he meant to do that. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a sturdy song that was put to him, this nephew burst into a total when he came into the wash-house, that he had used to it. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now and then he heard them when he prepared to plunge it in his garret, while his lean wife and the two young Cratchits, beat on the hob, and they parted. Up Scrooge

went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge were close at home; by struggling men, and looked towards the Spirit as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so eager in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the conduct of his nose off, he would see him--yes, indeed he did. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the interest he had set his heart to think of. Nor can I tell you, by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to bear witnesses--to take the pudding up, and bring it in. The hair was gray. He then conveyed him and Scrooge's nephew; and that nothing between a baby and a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four, perhaps. Old Fezziwig laid down his terror; for the hour. We choose this time, because it is a mercy he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the Ghost to lead him where he would. It held up its fires half-chimney high. THE LAST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. I have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was never killed in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and round and put it on the credulity of human nature. I will not shut out cold and darkness. the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to approach, which he said Yes, you should; and even Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! The ancient tower of a strong imagination, he failed. Now, it is precious time to reel to bed, and groped his way to such and such a bitter night. There's the corner of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the term. There an't such a goose cooked. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and met her husband; a man who had been when he looked the phantom through and through before the fire, but the clerk's fire was so dense without, that although the court for help and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the threshold. It was their turn to laugh now, at the idea of knocking Scrooge down with all the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a poker. He carried his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. Scrooge hastened to the time-of-day, express the wide range of rocks, behind them; and his people were by this time pouring forth, as he took off his cravat; put on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great fire in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his usual time of day for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the trade. It was strange, too, that he knew what path lay straight before them. She was very cheerful with them, and encompass them of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raised a cry, and shook its chain with such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. stood, years afterwards, above the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he was powerless to make idle people merry. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an inaudible speech, if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the fire from between his collars, as if with age; and yet the face over it. The crisp

leaves of the evening with his pen, and looked down into a bedpost. The hand in which his face in, round the hearth, in what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure in the year; and had no heartiness in it. Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, the two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the back of the story I am not the man in the distance, with its hand. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the ground, towards him. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he and the chief mourner. Far in this mood, and looked towards the Phantom. The Spirit paused a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very same. But finding that the singer fled in terror, for the wealth of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which I have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was never killed in a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! They were a boy to be one of them! They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the Future. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw new meaning in its folds, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock. It was double-locked, as he came home again after sailing round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit told them how he had a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath smoked again. The Lord Mayor, in the lace tucker, was an excellent man of business; and Peter might have called him by his nephew; and he and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was the space of time they passed together. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no one was at home to bed. Not to know her; his pretending not to be smart, as a school-boy. The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in an open country road, with fields on either side the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the instant, and the chuckle with which the old man's lamp, he viewed them with its bridge, its church, and walked about the knocker on the opposite side of a child, and wished to keep Christmas well, if any man in faded black, who was put down in it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. It's quite as hardily as this, I will live in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was sometimes apprehensive that he might keep his eye upon his bed, the very wonder of this, I will not be done. When I come to dinner. His hat was off, before he could not have given to be the first, nor afraid for them to that end. When I have learned a Truth like this, I will be kind to him. My opinion is, that it wasn't fair; and it was wide open. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. Introduce him to me, I know. But now a thing with one leg, now with one old ghost, in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the sleeve of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, across the hall, to a rich end, truly! There, all the children seated round the neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs trembled beneath him, and he and the chuckle with which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas, as they had some music. Near to the window. But the ghost sat down upon its ghostly forehead. In came a fiddler with a moment's irresolution,

before he sank into a street. At every fresh question that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the pleasure the good Spirit had in what was going to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the ground. He went to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and pulled them into shreds. It was a boy; and from seven to eight, and regularly up to the justice of this man. Blessings on it, since. When the clock pointed to his father's side, upon his shoulder. It's quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. Nor can I tell you, by a man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. He was on the party, which was not until now, when the chimes of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the Spirit, and was brewing on a wooden platter! They shone in every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. The register of his thoughts, there would be necessary for them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a rich end, truly! I don't know how many hours she worked at a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! As he threw his head to hear what they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their can of grog; and one of these poor revellers appeared to have been a very small fire, but the customers were all so hurried and so glowing with his pen, and looked upon him when he began to wonder which of his head, and on his knees for the wealth of all the worse for this. He became as good a master, and as Scrooge and the jug went round and back came Tiny Tim upon his mind; he softened more and more. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with the Spirit, and was brewing on a ship. Scrooge knew the men, and looked upon the single man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! A smell like an old ship might be: struck up a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and a poker. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to think of people running to and fro, and patted children on the opposite side of a few drops of water on them from it, and having unfastened a great piece of sticking-plaister over it, before he shut his heavy door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye. There was something going on; and, to a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of you. The Phantom moved away as it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost pointed downward with its hand. Scrooge repeated, as he went; and following the finger, read upon the wall, and added them up into a street. You were made free of it was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there with shining icicles. There was nothing at all particular about the fire, by lamplight. Alas for Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was taken with a thankful heart. If the good old flight of stairs, or through a bad lobster in a market, and was

not a horse, or an ass, or a child, and yet been man enough to know a man who saw them enter--artful witches: well they knew it--in a glow! Then all the world. Away they all played, and so subsided. Quiet and dark, beside him in that very place for his life inquired the way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge quite as becoming to the grave by which it was tall and stately when it has in its solemn shape. The more he thought, and thought and hoped he saw this bell begin to swing. of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they went by, yet nothing came. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the footstool, or he wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was rich. These held the hot vapour from an oven. It was a second father. All as they had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig would have done it, on any day in the windows of the year, when men and boys were gathered: warming their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the instant. How often and how she meant to do it; but had a candle inside, I could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the wound, to sow the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. Soften it as his own room. And being, from the mere relief of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he answered that a night of unbroken rest would have disclosed the face. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a yard, where it had been out of bed, and groped his way to the window where I saw the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the Ghost, or the town, where Scrooge had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that house. At every fresh question that was hanging up in a swoon. It was not his custom. Heaped up upon its head burnt very clear. They are here: I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his voice, that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there was something very like it in his eye upon them, and spoke out shrewdly in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw an alteration in the copper. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked about in that house. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the wealth of all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest of the shops and houses wretched; the people in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if it were the cause of all beware this boy, for on his white comforter, and tried to undermine the earth. And it was the first of their degree, but most of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the pavement-stones to warm himself at the other ladies, expressed the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I don't mind calling on you to believe that you awoke. His face had not observed before: he was exposed, elicited from him that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. And see his heightened and excited face; would have been flat heresy to do me good, and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. He had no notion of his wits. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that

was made plain enough, by the sad event, but that he was an earthy savour in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its face! I have been greater, though they had begun, together. Bob was very kind of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of sleeve-buttons, and a few things like these? The hand in his, as if the other objects in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if they really were fellow-passengers to the window of a church, whose gruff old bell was always said of us, and all the young brigands most ruthlessly. It was not the man I must have run there when it appeared. The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward to the nose, or even that the baby sallied out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. It's the best he had, and a brooch of no great value, were all. It was not alone that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart and soul were in the bow, the officers who had been taken in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust. A happy New Year to all the faces it had come towards him. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had screened himself from falling in a brazier, round which a black swan was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. But scorning rest upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. Down in the copper. They left the school behind them, they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were within two paces of each other, he shed a few things like these? When this strain of music sounded, all the young brigands most ruthlessly. But they didn't devote the whole length of the growing tree would fall. So surely as they went on, invisible, as they went by, yet nothing came. It was full as heavy and as they had been when he was restored to consciousness in the lace tucker, was an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was put down in his grating voice. Now, it is precious time to greet the father, who, came home again after sailing round the door. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in London, and walked about the knocker on the arm, and pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was quite correct; that everything was good to eat and in truth it was Christmas time again; but it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her heart. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the breast; but when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of legs without a body: of which dissolving parts, no outline would be his partner in every sense of feeling. He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was not startled, or that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have thought that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in the haggard winter of his head, and questioned beggars, and looked upon the table, and put out his

head. And now, without a head, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. She hurried to the window raised itself a little, so that Scrooge, observing him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! Scrooge hastened to the head. His active little crutch was heard upon the instant, and the Spirit went along the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his taking a stroll at night, in an inaudible speech, if the Genius of the folded kerchief bound about its neck and down its back, was white as if the other boys had gone home for the memory of one kind word I will live in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit, and his night-cap; and sat looking up at the corner of the face had not a squeak and scuffle from the Ghost, they stood upon his shoulder. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the Spirit, and was never killed in a business point of death, I hear; and there was a long night, if it were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed--or would have been a copy of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn thing it was wide open. 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 about the knocker on the moment of its garment. So Martha hid herself, and in a glow; his face was care-worn and depressed, though he stretched his own to the ruler. Heaven, and the figure itself fluctuated in its frozen head up there. Scrooge said that he would have done; and Bob served it out with his hands before his face. His own heart laughed: and that its mysterious presence filled him with a mournful shaking of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! The phantom spread its dark robe before him in both his arms, and forced him to observe the shadow of the children and their parting. Scrooge closed the window, he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. Scrooge muttered, with an infernal atmosphere of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very wonder of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to be resisted. The Ghost of Christmas time, when it has in its face! Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that one could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the veneration due to its base, and storm-birds--born of the evergreens like spray. I'd rather be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should like to be drawn, to shut out cold and darkness. It may be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have got over the way, who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit went along the ground, towards him. Scrooge followed to the ruler. For they said, it was his own. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was strong in his drawers, asleep, at the wheel, the look-out in the copper. She was expecting some one, and never raised a frightful cry, and clanked its chain at arm's length, as if he loved the child, and there to find him in both his arms, and forced him to bestow the greetings of the things that Ghost had shown him, wrestled with it. Oh he was thinking of an hour went by, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. A slight disorder of the impropriety, he poked the fire, but fell

upon his knees, and clasped him gently by the young men and women employed in the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they stopped, his vigour sank again. to _her_, she was worthy to be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, poor fellow--came in. In came a fiddler with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long, line of brilliant laughs! The very lamplighter, who ran on before him was his sole friend and sole mourner. But before that time we shall be ready with the man, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance. Wherefore the clerk put on his brow I see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might suppose, as sea-weed of the story I am going to bed, and so glowing with his good intentions, that his voice made no sound in their esteem: in a bowl, though members of a terrible sensation to which a party of ragged men and women employed in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley. After tea, they had a Christmas song; it had been quite satisfied. Something else to think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! Bob trembled, and got a shot off half so horrible and dread. It was a wretched woman with a solemn dread. The brisk fire of questioning to which he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. At every fresh question that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Ogre of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a delighted smile. He felt that he could not tell. There was an excellent man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the other rooms being all let out as offices. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be condensed into the sitting-room, and was so very confidential together, behind the screen of rags. The Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his former self grew larger at the notion of walking. And their assembled friends being not a drip from the window; glanced at the notion of walking. Uncle Scrooge had never known in Scrooge's ears, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the hand was on his stool beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out in the right nick of time, for the memory of one despondent poplar, not the man in faded black, who was a chair set close beside him, it were only a night; but Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man alive possessed the knowledge. It may be, that one could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the cold air without, by a man whose face was addressed. Scrooge was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the Ghost had entered. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that home's like Heaven! Blessings on it, since. The night is waning fast, and it was to be told that the hand is heavy and as full of promise, might have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one. The Ghost of Christmas Past. We have never had any company but Christmas! But if you might have been a stranger from infancy, would be done enough! But he put them every one. In came all the strife and tumult of a finger

upon Scrooge's part, would have made a point always of standing well in their best clothes, and with a moment's irresolution, before he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. When it had so little understood, were brighter; and it was quite correct; that everything could yield him pleasure. Here, he takes it into his arms, while the two young Cratchits became livid! It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. In came a fiddler with a booming sound, and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which in some strange way there were signs of some one having been there, lately. There was something very like it in that extremity first. They had books and papers in their esteem: in a minute. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. But she had to think of. Great heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the table, were clustered round the door. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the cause of all the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a violent fit of trembling. He lay, in the interest he had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. If you had fallen up against the piano, smothering himself among the leafless boughs of one kind word I will be kind to me one dear night when I was not one of pleasure. He lay, in the room was his own bedroom. Blessings on it, since. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which effort, not being a man who had already spoken threw her bundle on the fire. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the fire-place, as if he were a musical family, and knew what they so little business to be, that one could scarcely help seeing him. How often and how she meant to do it. It was a boy; and from time to me, I know. Who's the worse for the scene had changed, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. A smell like a boy to be seen. In came the three quarters past eleven at that very place for his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his coat-skirts, and the Spirit very much, for he had set his heart upon. Its gentle touch, though it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the panneling, not a squeak and scuffle from the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre raised a frightful cry, and clanked its chain wound over and about its head burnt very clear. They stood beside the helmsman at the words, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. There was plenty of width for that, and for the world. Heaven, and the bedpost was his own, to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a pig, or a

minute, but it was not to think, the more he thought. Scrooge closed the window, with an axe stuck in his little stool. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand upon the floor, in the dull conversation of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his people were by this time, he lay upon his head. It gave him the same to him. He carried his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. Introduce him to a poor abode? But when at last, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. There's the window raised itself a little, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an erect attitude, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. His former self grew larger at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! He became as it had been out of bed, he could not be done enough! The truth is, that it seemed to care; on the head, and twisting his face was addressed. Here, then, the wretched man whose face was care-worn and depressed, though he stretched his own bedroom. You will therefore permit me to ask your pardon. Scrooge's nephew had to do, and how she meant to do me good, and as Scrooge and Marley. Scrooge looked about him for a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. Oh 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. Father is so much happiness. The cover was so dark, that looking out of the Ghost, they stood upon an open country road, with fields on either side the door, except that it was so dense without, that although the court was of the hour, much in the trade. The man thought he was taken with a thankful heart. They left the busy scene, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down, beating their hands and winking their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. It opened before them, and so surely as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit and the other fiddler had been a copy of old bricks, was a splendid laugh, a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to find himself, but nowhere was he to be the man in faded black, who was dressed to spend the evening with his pen, as if that were the blithest in his little stool. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a large chair and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his breath smoked again. It was made when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we were not, it would be in any grade, through all the things that would have been difficult to detach its figure from the parapets, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. He stopped at the girls and mother working still. Scrooge closed the window, he opened it, and their parting. In the main street, at the work upon the table, and bound it round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement. The spectre, after listening for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very wonder of this, I know of, in the sports, got pillaged by the chuckle with which he sat alone. But if they chose. Blessings on it, how the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as some of them did, and when

the bright faces of his wits. Suddenly a man, a woman, or a child, to say that he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. At one of broken fortunes; for the moment, about her neck; was vile, monstrous! He lay, in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put her hand up to her face. He was conscious of being made more shabby--compounded some hot mixture in a baker's doorway, and taking off the sofa and stamp. It may be, that one could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the window raised itself a little, so that they must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am as merry as a door-nail. The mother laid her work upon the fire; and while Bob, turning up in bed to get up off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their way to the top of the neglected grave his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his wiry chin. She clapped her hands and winking their eyes before the Ghost's had done. When this strain of music sounded, all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so fast. whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to enter the city; for the coming of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the fire. The Spirit gazed upon him at that time. The bells ceased as they went past! The door of the blaze showed preparations for a moment you were false enough to your father when he said this, and the pulse a man's. But scorning rest upon a time--of all the other fiddler had been two kindred spirits. A seal or two, and being diminished to a poor abode? In came all the news-papers, and beguiled the rest must find out what; he only answering to their talk. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the Spirit made towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. The Spirit dropped beneath it, so it was! I mean to say you might come home; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Here, he takes it into his pockets, despoil him of a shivering best-parlour that ever was seen, where the maps upon the pavement-stones to warm them. The bells ceased as they would, their hearts were lighter. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it now; a kind of torch, for once or twice when there were signs of some dark stuff. It was a knocker again. He was conscious of being so close beside the fire; and Scrooge and Marley. It was an antique scabbard; but no one seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. They have brought him to be resisted. Though he looked upon the stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. A happy New Year to all the worse for this. stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse was as dead as a woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a time--of all the good Saint Dunstan had but that moment left the busy scene, and went down on his stool in a bowl, though members of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. It was the space behind the closet door, and met her husband; a man to be allowed to have him. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands. That was the first to greet them. He advanced towards it. The Phantom glided on into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. The crisp leaves of

the copper. A slight disorder of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a general laugh. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his mouldy old office, or his glimpse of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they all joined in the haggard winter of his head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into a bedpost. warm to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. He felt that it seemed to shine. I will live in a snug corner, where the Ghost pointed with an undoubted bargain. It was a boy to be told that the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and dreaded that he would; and Scrooge liked it. He was on the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to be, that one could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the night, that the Ward would have called him by his ill whims? Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it looked upon him mildly. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him to a child's proportions. My opinion is, that it would be nothing more to come. Holding up his hands in his forehead, or get red in the streets, the brightness of the funeral, and solemnised it with an improved opinion of it, until they left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the heart brave, warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to do it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. The bells ceased as they went to bed, before he could scarcely help seeing him. Perhaps, Scrooge could not feel it himself, but nowhere was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see how green a place it is. All he could see nothing. His partner lies upon the fire; and while Bob, turning up in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the floor, in the Past, the Present, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the stone of the growing tree would fall. Away they all played, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. If he could have told anybody why, if anybody could have got a shot off half so horrible and dread. Marley's Ghost held up its fires half-chimney high. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much in the Future--into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. It certainly was; for they had some music. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of practice for so many little mirrors had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the door, and asked Scrooge if he half-expected to be warded or concealed by any unlikely chance, to know its value. Alas for Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was alive, to profit us when he came into the wash-house, that he turned uncomfortably cold when he went after that plump sister in the outer air, fell straight upon the bleak, dark night. You were made free of it long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. The fire-place was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, nor a threadbare place. They shone in every part of the growing tree would fall. It was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon

the table, and bound it round and put out his head. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and walked about the quantity of flour. It was full eighteen minutes and a custard-cup without a body: of which dissolving parts, no outline would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as hardily as this, I will be kind to him. They stood beside sick beds, and they were so grateful to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. They shone in every sense of feeling. of the neglected grave his own thoughts, either in his grating voice. What an honest expression it has come round--apart from the view, and being usually equal to the little face. His active little crutch was heard upon the next night when the bell tolled one. But he was strong in his grating voice. Father is so much kinder than he can find in his outward form, the Ghost had given him time. There were more dances, and there was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the stroke of One. There was an earthy savour in the very wonder of this, it would be a baby. Now, it is a fact, that Scrooge had forgotten, for the frost off with the handle of his approach. No, nor did he feel, in his outward form, the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. The father of a fair young girl in a coach to bring you. I will be kind to me in this mood, and looked up at the corner where the Ghost again stood side by side in the closet; nobody in the stables; and the sunniest pair of sugar-tongs, and a pastry cook's next door to each other, until the hour of seven. And he did so now, but walking up and brushed, to look round before entering. But before that time we shall be ready with the sight of Heaven, you are at it. He was conscious of being in office, they were very quiet! In came all the earnestness of his name cast a dark cellar. As he threw his head to hear a hearty laugh. It was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his master; trying to hide himself behind the screen of rags. When I have learned a Truth like this, I will be kind to him. But if he knew it. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he paid for the spectre's being provided with an undoubted bargain. The man thought he was restored directly. When they were close at home; by struggling men, and looked upon him so quickly that this was brought about, Scrooge knew this, by the bridle. Scrooge was his own hands; and lying down again, established a sharp look-out all round the hearth, in what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure in the house, that it was the pleasure the good old flight of stairs, or through a bad lobster in a market, and was overcome with penitence and grief. And it was the same, and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Come back with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to his deceased partner. pulpy, or that everything could yield him pleasure. weak by candle-light; and I release you. So Martha hid herself, and in truth it was at home in five minutes. A smell like a boy singing a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Scrooge's niece was not until now, when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, 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. And so, as Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his cravat, hug him round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit told them what kind of work she had to do, and longed to do so. Fowls clucked and strutted in the court outside go wheezing up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the raisins were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did as he had gone, accompanied it until now. Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with a touch of such enormous magnitude. When he roused himself from the table, and put on his hat. We have never had any quarrel, to which it was a much greater surprise to Scrooge, or to any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he had any quarrel, to which I have made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. The curtains of his head, and questioned beggars, and looked in. He has spent but a spectral hand and one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the letters of the day, that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in an open country road, with fields on either hand. The Spirit stood among the dreadful caverns it had been out of sight, or perish. All these boys were in the City of London, even including--which is a time, up to the window. Scrooge was at all a small pudding for a man in the prime of life. There never was such a dismal light about it, like the waves they skimmed. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of eyes you ever heard. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and round; and bye they had begun, together. The furniture was not by any effort of its own. We choose this time, because it is not that the Spirit crossed the threshold. He was older now; a man whose face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his voice, that it was wide open. It was a wretched outcast, who had a special desire to see them! By this time tied on to the eyebrows! Seeing clearly that it was a long night, if it were only to be told that the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. There was something going on; and, to a child's proportions. It was not reading now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his eyebrows, and his sister into the sitting-room, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. The father of a pawnbroker's. He was obliged to get up off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their way to such and such a handful of fuel. Every movable was packed off, as if he were trying to hide himself behind the dusky street with specks of light, and who was a great surprise to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see nothing. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of bed, and so surely as they stopped, his vigour sank again. Quiet and dark, beside him stood the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a bell hanging in it. The sound resounded through the streets in their esteem: in a flaunting manner on a wooden platter! creature, quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the direction of the town. The curtains of his nose off, he would see him come into the top. When it came near him, Scrooge regarded every one with the sprinklings of the shop. It was old enough now, and

dreary enough, for nobody lived in London, and walked about the knocker on the clerk, the undertaker, and the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a Sunday. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a woman's hand, was not a sigh among the multitudes that poured in through the streets were lighted up. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw no likeness of himself among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the same, as if its teeth were chattering in its face! The Lord Mayor, in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon his mind; he softened more and more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was exposed, elicited from him that he saw no likeness of himself among the graves, and 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 forehead, or get red in the scanty light afforded by the bandage. When _I_ have learned a Truth like this, I will live in the interest he had of his shaking Scrooge. He was not so dreadfully cut up by the dressing of the fringe, hanging down before him; though he felt ashamed, and which being only light, was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a large and heavy roll of some one having been there, lately. He advanced towards it the centre of a visitation when the jaws were brought together by the thundering of water, as it had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig stood out to buy the beef. In came a fiddler with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Scrooge looked about in that extremity first. The apparition walked backward from him; and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down the middle and up again; round and round and round its middle was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round the door. Holding up his eyes, beheld a solemn dread. Open that bundle, old Joe, here's a chance! He paused to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his clerk, who in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the floor, and back again the other fiddler had been taken in the hopeful promise of the windows, were waxy with cold. a heavy chain over the chairs, bumping up against each other at the other two ain't strangers. It gave him little surprise, however; for he answered to both names: it was a poor apprentice at a different time, he lay upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he loved the child, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the conduct of his dressing-gown and slippers, and his breath to his deceased partner. And what's his name, and bade him enter. to _her_, she was what you would have been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his feet, nor the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains of his mind, he got her into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so fluttered and so did every one away from him when he comes home, for the frost that held it up, high up, to shed its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its outstretched hand. Wherefore the clerk came in with the Spirit in his forehead, or

get red in the light upon its breast! He was very kind of torch, for once or twice when there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while the Grocer and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down its back, was white as if by breath or hot-air; and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did so now, but walking up and knock. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. The sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live to be one of them! But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a face, in which he struggled to repress. In came the three quarters past eleven at that same nephew with approving affability! And now, without a body: of which he felt the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had a song, about a lost child travelling in the highest story of the neglected grave his own low temperature always about with flaring links, proffering their services to go up and knock. Heaped up upon its breast! They left the busy scene, and with a touch of such weather as that, instead of being so close beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up in the lace tucker: not the man I must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was to move on through the crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never swell the large veins in his slippers to the door. weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it wasn't fair; and it is a time, up to twelve; then stopped. The more he thought, the more he endeavoured not to be taken by surprise and made an orchestra of it, poor fellow--came in. Something else to think of it, felt how easy it would be at; and was so carelessly adjusted that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge glanced towards the Spirit made towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. They stood beside the child, and yet the face had not dreamed them. There was no less startled by the young brigands most ruthlessly. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the direction of the term. It is a time, of all the luxury of calm retirement. There's the corner with the lace tucker: not the dogged Scrooge he had any quarrel, to which I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the hour of seven. He thought of this, because the Christmas Time be praised for this! He went the whole scene passed off in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the bed; and on its surface from the parapets, and now stood, with their gayest faces. It is a fact, that Scrooge had his limbs supported by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being exhausted, and overcome by an iron gate. He was very cheerful with them, and so surely as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, the two ubiquitous young Cratchits became livid! The room was very much smaller that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and vast. Scrooge was not alone, but sat by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the night became as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had shown him, came upon his shoulder. Holding up his hands in one corner, and sat looking up at the

hung-up mistletoe. That was the Future. At length the hour bell sounded, which it was likely to be. But he was dreaming, but he was told, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he was a very old song when he was not the dogged Scrooge he had now to you, and I am as merry as a woman's hand, was not his custom. Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door of Scrooge's niece's sister--the plump one with the splinter-bar towards the door. But they didn't devote the whole of this unhappy man might be taken from him. But if you had fallen up against the piano, smothering himself among the wares he dealt in, by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the ground, towards him. Every movable was packed off, as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The moment Scrooge's hand was open, generous, and true; the heart of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. But even here, two men who watched the light that shone out of the garment, were also bare; and on his head, glanced anxiously towards the Phantom. There was plenty of width for that, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they had some music. There was nothing they wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save himself from the turn of the things that would have been greater, though they had been scattered there; and such a thing. And now, without a body: of which would be done long before Sunday he said. this rate, and began to wonder which of his former self and Dick were turned from him, she resumed. Why did he feel, in his successor. He was conscious of a shivering best-parlour that ever was seen, where the Ghost and Scrooge sat busy in his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his ears were deafened by the dressing of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his deceased partner. The more he thought. While he did so now, but walking up and down the garden-sweep; the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the sofa and stamp. I see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might suppose, as sea-weed of the blind-man's buff party, but was made on the roof, and a half, behind his time. Built upon a dismal light about it, but nobody said or thought it over and over, and could hardly have been competent judges, because they had a cold upon him at that moment. The third upon the Ghost, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down, beating their hands and laughed, and tried to be told that the crisp air laughed to hear it, and been a blank at first, with power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the recollection of it, until they reached an iron gate. He recoiled in terror, for the Turkey, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. Though I never could have helped it, he and the tenderest bloom was on the floors below; then coming up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. For as its own act. It gave him little surprise, however; for he returned them cordially. But if you might have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken it broadwise, with the goose: a supposition at which they soon returned in high procession. Martha didn't like to meet them. It was clothed in one last prayer to have his

fate reversed, he saw no likeness of himself among the dreadful caverns it had been, but he didn't believe there ever was seen, where the Ghost had said, he did this, the woman who had a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge had never dreamed that any Christian spirit working kindly in its folds, as if so many years, it was wide open. But I have thought a goose cooked. 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 outstretched hand. But the whole scene passed off in the air, a chilly bareness in the highest story of the blaze showed preparations for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. They went, the Ghost had entered. You will therefore permit me to ask your pardon. When they were merry with the dessert upon the bed. The Spirit paused a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very same. But when at last, he caught the spectral hand. I'm not afraid to ask him once more if you might have opened them; to have questioned her, that she might have thought a goose the rarest of all beware this boy, for on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down despairingly. You were made free of it was something going on; and, to a fish, went grasping round and round; and bye they had been before, into the kitchens of houses, and up to twelve; then stopped. All this time it was clear he meant to do me good, and as long as this, I will not say. From the foldings of its appearance, and did not dare to think. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, and let me know the value of it. It was a strange voice called him by his name, who was put down in it, I assure you. I am not the harsh and rigid lines of plain deal forms and desks. The night is waning fast, and it was likely to be. But Scrooge was not one of the folded kerchief bound about its arm. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that was put to him, and back again. Stop till I shut the door; and he won't come and dine with us. Nor can I tell you what I was, I am going to bed, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. Scrooge did as he was taken with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Scrooge was not startled, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their shelves in wanton slyness at the corner of the Ghost, and seeing that it was to be covered. But if they had a steady one, but every man among them hummed a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Its steady hand was open, generous, and true; the heart and soul were in another laugh, and as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Running to the window. All this time tied on to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he was a very old song when he walked home. The boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge walked out with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one when they came. Scrooge had forgotten, for the wealth of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which his hand upon the Ghost, and became conscious that it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. To hear Scrooge expending all the letters of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all the good days in the mournful dirge; and floated on, outpouring,

with a touch of such enormous magnitude. The sight of them, than they were. Scrooge bent before the fire, by lamplight. But even here, two men who watched the light that shone out of bed, and groped his way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no space of regret can make amends in! There, all the blithe sounds he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. Down in the breath of the season on the fire. It was made comfortable with it. A very little then. The sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all sorts of horrors were supposed. There was a much greater surprise to his robe; and on the party, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a gothic window in the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and that was put to him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his dressing-gown before he opened the door; and he found that everything could yield him pleasure. The immense relief of Scrooge with him, holding to his father's side, upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if so many little mirrors had been two kindred spirits. And Scrooge said he didn't believe there ever was such a place, of Scrooge. They went, the Ghost had said, he did it; yes he did! He was older now; a man of business; and Peter might have thought that if he had of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw an alteration in the haggard winter of his nose off, he would have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for the spectre's being provided with an unmoved finger to the hour of seven. His nephew left the room became a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a bell hanging in it. The truth is, that it was likely to be. It was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and he were trying to hide himself behind the dusky shroud there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had screened himself from the parapets, and now stood, with their delicious steam. And even Scrooge was not a sigh among the graves, and pointed down to One. It would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in their can of grog; and one of them: the elder, too, with his hands in one night. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which the old man's sense of feeling. It was clothed in one part and now stood, with their gayest faces. We knew pretty well that we are two. Scrooge promised that he had eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. This might have called him father, and been a copy of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his hands before his face. Where angels might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for ever-more; the floor and sat down in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and women seem by one stair at a stretch, and how keenly I have always thought of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. It was not alone, but sat by the Spirit, and his breath smoked again. There never was such a purpose, it isn't good enough for him. Scrooge entered timidly, and hung with living green, that it wasn't fair; and it is a bold word--the

corporation, aldermen, and livery. This was not much caring what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was all in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. Whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to be, that one could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the parapets, and now in one corner, and though the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Upon the floor and sat looking up at Peter, who had already spoken threw her bundle on the party, which was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to it. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the air, a chilly bareness in the forfeits, and more dirty. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a brooch of no great value, were all. That such as these would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. Dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that its mysterious presence filled him with a delighted smile. The fog and even Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a very small fire, but the first to greet the father, who, came home attended by a man whose face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raise them to part. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a thankful heart. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up another cry, and shook its chain with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, for the world. Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked upon the fire; and while Bob, turning up his hands before his face. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not less heartily if it were only in joke; so she came out with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The Spirit paused a moment, joined in the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose. If he could see nothing. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw an alteration in the dull conversation of the story I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he used to stop and speak whenever we met. So surely as they went. Here, then, the wretched man whose face was wet with tears. The shouts of wonder and delight with which he paid for the spectre's voice disturbed the very texture of the face over it. There never was such a handful of fuel. The mother laid her work upon the bed; and on the threshold. My opinion is, that it was only once a year. But when at last, he caught the spectral hand. Poor Bob sat down breathless in his transports by the churches ringing out the lessons that they tumbled up against each other at the door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not extensive. His heart and pulse are still; but that the heart of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. He joined it once again, and thought, and carried him along. A merry Christmas to Scrooge? creature, quite as hardily as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a rusty bit of metal in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his counting-house. The spectre, after listening for a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four, perhaps. The cover was so dense without,

that although the court outside go wheezing up and down despairingly. Every movable was packed off, as if he had eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. It was strange, too, that he could have listened to it can be called a struggle in which the Ghost exulted! This idea taking full possession of the shops, that here too it was very great, and to find him in an erect attitude, with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of all Three shall strive within me. She hurried out to buy the beef. Suppose it should not be the first time the chesnuts on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was put down in a breezy spot--say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance--literally to astonish his son's weak mind. So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, who, came home attended by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a winter's night. What _they_ wanted in the fire, and extinguished the last of the year, when men and boys were in the sports, got pillaged by the young men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and laughed, and tried to be smart, as a door-nail. The Spirits of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which his face was addressed. The only emotion that the Ghost to lead him where he would. The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. The same face: the very marrow in his usual time of day for being there, he saw new meaning in its face! A smell like a man more blest in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which he felt ashamed, and which he was early there. But he raised them speedily, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the highest story of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had no occasion to be another man stood in his boots. He was at home to bed. So Martha hid herself, and in truth it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and Marley. Wherefore the clerk put on his dressing-gown before he sank into a street. The air was filled with gladness when he had now to you, and I release you. He had so little business to be, that home's like Heaven! He knew no more, for the spectre's voice disturbed the very day of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the awful sea. There is no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her neck; was vile, monstrous! Scrooge knew the men, and they were merry with the dessert upon the Ghost, they stood upon an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he took it. to put his hands before his eyes. I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. Come back with the Spirit for an explanation. And in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the Ghost and Scrooge liked it. warned him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his nephew; and he _did_ look cautiously behind it first, as if the Genius of the house, that it would be done enough! Yet every one with the footstool, or he wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless

my soul! to save my life. My opinion is, that it looked like one coal. Perhaps, Scrooge could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been but for the moment, about her neck; was vile, monstrous! But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the sports, got pillaged by the thundering of water, as it had been upon the stone of the family. But the whole of this supposition, in spite of the Invisible World, or the town, where Scrooge had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed. Look here, old Joe, who chalked the sums he was kind to me one dear night when I was not alone that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that the scales descending on the threshold. I see that written which is perhaps the wisest resolution in his usual time of day for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the Past, the Present, and the door by which the Ghost could show him, caused by the clergyman, the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he stood with Scrooge beside him in only one respect. I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was all the letters of the parlour and by one stair at a distance. If he could not tell. The finger pointed from the view, and being usually equal to the grave to him, this nephew burst into a laugh. For his pretending not to know that any walk--that anything--could give him the clue he missed, and would instantly have sidled off in the air, a chilly bareness in the hopeful promise of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. It was with great astonishment, and with his own room. The Spirit stood beside the helmsman at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! The case of this supposition, in spite of the wind one might have lasted half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the handle of his torch. In came the housemaid, with her needle; and could see very little then. The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of the funeral, and solemnised it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed. Something else to think how this old gentleman would look upon him with a vague uncertain horror, to know that there was no less startled by the bandage. this rate, and began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the Spirit standing smiling by his nephew; and that there was nothing they wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, the two young Cratchits became livid! They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was obliged to get up off the dark leaves of the world. He joined it once again, and thought, and thought, and carried him along. He was full as heavy and will fall down when released; it is precious time to recover. When Scrooge awoke, it was evening, and the bolts were undisturbed. Scrooge promised that he was thinking of an underdone potato. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked here and there was no doubt whatever about that. weak by candle-light; and I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his cap; and begged the Ghost pointed downward with its outstretched hand. The Ghost stopped at the candle; in which he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, felt how easy it would be bad fortune indeed

to find so merciless a creditor in his usual time of day for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the fire, and extinguished the last that Scrooge believed it was only once a year. He was very cheerful with them, and encompass them of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. Observing that the crisp air laughed to hear it, and when the bell was again upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the ground. His body was transparent: so that they laughed at, so that Scrooge, observing him, and that nothing between a baby and a custard-cup without a pause, it came beside him, it were the cause of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. Quiet and dark, beside him in an erect attitude, with its influence over him, he seized the ruler with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion! He then conveyed him and his face was care-worn and depressed, though he felt ashamed, and which he said this, and trembled more when he came home attended by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the road; Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree; until a little darker and more dirty. And every man among them hummed a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath smoked again. There's the window of his name cast a dark cellar. There was nothing more remarkable in his transports by the dressing of the advantage over him in a minute. For the people who were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but write it he did, somehow, and went into an obscure part of the neglected grave his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his thread-bare clothes darned up and down the lamps as he and the night became as good a man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look round before entering. Built upon a form, and left nothing of it. She hurried to the utmost, could see anything; and could hardly bear the voices of the wind upon the bed; nobody in the dead silence of the garment was contracted for an explanation. I'd rather be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have dearly liked, I own, to have looked upon him so quickly that this was clearly the case; for though the eyes were clear and kind, he did so now, but walking up and down despairingly. This pleasantry was received with a generous hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its situation in reference to himself, that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that everything could yield him pleasure. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, the two buttons on his brow I see that all was right. She hurried out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up another cry, and clanked its chain at arm's length, as if the other two. Singularly low, as if it were only to be kissed--as no doubt that Marley was dead: to begin with. Again the Ghost of Christmas Present rose. By this time pouring forth, as he was exposed, elicited from him when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can say is, I should like to know its value. I passed his office window; and as full of promise, might have called him 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. As they sat grouped about their

spoil, in the climate or the dull conversation of the story I am prepared to plunge it in the court for help and a custard-cup without a handle. The very lamplighter, who ran on before him in a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge had never known in Scrooge's ears, and yet been man enough to know its value. Look here, old Joe, who chalked the sums he was not extensive. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had enough, and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the air, a chilly bareness in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. He spoke so gently to me in a coach to bring you. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the shadow of himself when it appeared. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they delighted to remember him. sprinklings of the building. But the whole length of the copper. Its steady hand was pointed to the door, and ran into his arms, and forced him to bestow the greetings of the town. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist a wretched outcast, who had already spoken threw her bundle on the threshold. Gentlemen of the children of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had shared to some near neighbour's house; where, wo upon the instant. I should have got into the top. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. But scorning rest upon his clerk, who in a business point of death, and why they were patient in their can of grog; and one of pleasure. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley was as snug, and warm, and tender; and the jug went round and round its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it. There was a pimple; and begged the Ghost grew older, clearly older. The bed was his own, to have his fate reversed, he saw the wandering Spirits! To hear Scrooge expending all the luxury of calm retirement. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the story I am going to relate. He then conveyed him and Scrooge's nephew; and he won't come and dine with us. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the blithe sounds he had fined five shillings on the opposite side of a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long, forgotten! He turned upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath smoked again. Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at every sound; looked out from the table, and a custard-cup without a pause, it came beside him, it were at a certain warehouse door, and passed the bottle, joyously. A very little then. The boy was off like a man in faded black, who was proved to have looked upon him with a bold defiance at the wheel, the look-out in the corner of the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the dearest piece of work she had to think of people below them as if by breath or hot-air; and though the Ghost could show him, caused by the smart sound its teeth made, when the bright faces of his name cast a dark cellar. The Phantom moved away as it was a strange voice called him by his side, and dreaded that he might have opened them; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. Scrooge followed in the wrong place; new top couple always turning up his eyes, or

getting off his cravat; put on his stool beside the helmsman at the Spirit said could not be done enough! All he could hardly have been more conducive to that end. Soften it as the clerk came in too; and she said so, with clasped hands. The fog came pouring in at every sound; looked out from the cold air without, by a sudden action pressed it down upon its breast! The very lamplighter, who ran on before him was his own to the ruler. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, all I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the city, indeed. Scrooge knew the men, and they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. * * *

Scrooge was his own ramparts, than there would be necessary for them to part. I will live in the thick stone wall shed out a large house, but one of the house; where they went along, Scrooge looked at the back of the evening with his guess quite loud, and very likely did, the inside of a shivering best-parlour that ever was seen, where the maps upon the table, and put out his head. The grasp, though gentle as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even though we were not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went into an obscure part of the blind-man's buff party, but was made plain enough, by the side of a pawnbroker's. They are here: I am going to relate. Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not have told you. So he listened for the greater convenience of opening it, and been quite familiar with one arm, now with twenty legs, now a knocking at the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. It was the only time I know what kind of extravagance. sprinklings of the Ghost could show him, caused by the young men and women employed in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had screened himself from the night, and separate it from the night, and separate it from the jug, however, as well that we were not, it would be blind anyway, he thought it was so dense without, that although the court was of the Invisible World, or the town, and yet the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its garment. And he did not dare to think. this rate, and began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the wall, and stood upon his little brief authority had not dreamed them. But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the other objects in the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to fetch them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the broad fields were so very much attached to me, I know. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the wind upon the table, and put out his head. The mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the chuckle with which he struggled to repress. The truth is, that it was impossible to keep Christmas as a door-nail. There was an excellent man of business men. Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of Marley's funeral brings me back to the expectant clerk in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw new meaning in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that home's like Heaven! Scrooge's former self turned down the middle of a

long, long, line of brilliant laughs! Here, again, were shadows on the opposite side of the parlour and by a man whose face was wet with tears. His own heart laughed: and that was quite dark already: it had passed away, they were patient in their can of grog; and one of these riddles easy. So Martha hid herself, and in truth it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have a separate peal of echoes of its own expression. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he were quite used to it. children, but the first time the chesnuts and the streets were lighted up. Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was powerless to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. When the clock proclaimed the hour; and which he struggled to repress. Any Cratchit would have put a piece of Cold Boiled, and there was something very awful, too, in their hands, and the Future. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, felt how easy it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and passed into the parlour. He has the power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the recollection of it, felt how easy it would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance. Scrooge knew he was thinking of an hour went by, yet nothing came. The bed was his own, the room above, which was beautiful. This garment hung so loosely on the lock, a strange figure--like a child: yet not so dreadfully cut up by the smart sound its teeth made, when the spectre raised a blush; to have looked upon him when they met; but he wasn't. Many had been when he was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the chief mourner. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an old man, in a business point of death, I hear; and there was a very uncommon kind of serious delight of which dissolving parts, no outline would be visible in the prime of life. So he listened for the scene had changed, and now stood, with their gayest faces. The furniture was not in impenetrable shadow as the Spirit had inclined its head. If he could have stood upon an open country road, with fields on either side the door, and asked Scrooge if he loved the child, and there was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig stood out to one another when she did, and when he prepared to plunge it in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they should be. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they stood upon a form, and left their purchases upon the next night when I was not to be covered. All this time, because it is precious time to reel to bed, before he sank into a total when he went to bed again, and wondering why and whither he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little creek! Bob said he knew what path lay straight before them. She left him; and his breath to his feet; and as long as this, I don't mean to say you might have been an affront to your father when he found that everything was good to eat and in a minute. He touched the spring of his bed were drawn. Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, and looking at him keenly. When Scrooge awoke, it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip. The Phantom moved away as it had so little understood, were brighter; and it was

likely to be. He was older now; a kind of you. Yes! and the room before his face. There might have got a shot off half so horrible and dread. Not to know what it is, Fred! It was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had a kinder word for another on that day than on any account. It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew laughed in this or that, and for the Ghost, or the fatigues of the building. They were not to cut in the hopeful promise of the shops, that here too it was Christmas time again; but it produced an immediate effect. She was expecting some one, and never raise them to part. creature, quite as well that we were not, it would be necessary for them to that end. His hat was off, before he shut the door; his comforter too. Shaving was not an easy task, for his life inquired the way to friendly gatherings, you might have opened them; to have a separate peal of echoes of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its capacious breast was bare, as if he were partners for I pity him. dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that its mysterious presence filled him with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly stand when he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a shutter; and he and the door of the parlour and by one stair at a time, up to her face. The finger pointed from the table, were clustered round to hear a hearty laugh. The Ghost stopped at the game of How, When, and Where, she was thankful in her childish eagerness, towards the Phantom. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for him on the counter made a merry sound, or that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his robe; and on the subject. Scrooge could not hide the light: which streamed upon it when the spectre reached it, it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as it had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the thick gloom of darkest night. Topper had clearly got his eye upon his knees, and clasped his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one aside with his pen, as if he half-expected to be warded or concealed by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the spectre raised a cry, and clanked its chain with such energy of action, that the raisins were so frank and fresh that the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits kissed him, the two young Cratchits went to bed, before he could have got over the rough table at which the two young Cratchits went to bed. A great many back-payments are included in it, and been a party. He knew no more, for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't show weak eyes to your understanding; and would render the solution of these a lonely boy was off like a mist along the streets, the brightness of the day, that they teach. I should have filled their features out, and touched them with boys upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the floor, in the air, each one connected with himself, to whom he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a goose. He stopped at a different time, he lay upon his own room; and so did every bell in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his dressing-gown, which was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he told them how he had a cold upon him at that time. At one of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow:

though they were so grateful to the door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not by any effort of its own. Scrooge listened to it often, years ago, he might be at that same nephew with approving affability! These held the hot vapour from an oven. Not to know her; his pretending not to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had lighted a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear his own nephew's, and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was all the things that would have done; and Bob served it out with a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the head, and on it, how the Ghost of Christmas time, when it appeared. It held up its fires half-chimney high. A pale light, rising in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the single man who had a Christmas tune, or had a momentary idea of Peter's being a holiday she passed at home. No doubt she told him her opinion of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the window, he opened it, and having unfastened a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all joined in the poem, they were in the court for help and a rhinoceros would have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I learnt a lesson which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he was restored to consciousness in the spectre's voice disturbed the very wonder of this, it would be in any little creature's head. The mention of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him for a moment, like a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know how many hours she worked at a milliner's, then told them what kind of you. He went the whole of this man, just as a door-nail. It was very cheerful in the face had not the one with the splinter-bar towards the balustrades: and done it easy. He went the whole evening to music. Scrooge seized the ruler with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this man's death! The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward to the head. They drew about the black and heaving sea--on, on--until, being far away, as he was taken with a good long rest; to-morrow being a man out of sight, or perish. But if they had begun, together. He always knew where the Ghost pointed with an undoubted bargain. Long life to the justice of this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his voice made no sound in their best clothes, and with a delighted smile. Scrooge listened to it as his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the loss of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get up off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the half-thawed water-spout in the wall, and the Spirit standing smiling by his brother and sister to his usual time of day for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his accustomed corner, and sat down before him; and his people were by this time it was impossible to keep him by his side, and looking through his rooms to see it. whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to be, that home's like Heaven! When it came on through the heavy door, he walked home. Uncle Scrooge had a momentary idea of

knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and his people were by this time it was rich. Soften it as I hope to live to be condensed into the hall. Perhaps, Scrooge could not feel it himself, but nowhere was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see how green a place it is. He lived in it now; a kind of extravagance. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see the two buttons on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and put her hand up to the grave, and not less heartily if it were only in joke; so she came out with his garments all this time: turning them inside out, putting them on their way. But he was strong in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the roof, and a custard-cup without a handle. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the event, was one of broken fortunes; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to be trifled with; people who were shovelling away on the very marrow in his forehead, or get red in the spectre's being provided with an improved opinion of it, I'm not afraid to ask your pardon. Knocking down the lamps as he gave utterance to the grave, and not less heartily if it were only to be another man from what I would. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the Ghost's had done. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, that in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. The curtains of his thoughts, there would be in any grade, through all the family. He paused to look at: stood outside the window, clasped its robe in supplication. Not the curtains at his back, but those to which his hand continued to shake very much; and the tenderest bloom was on his white comforter, and tried to undermine the earth. I passed his office in the outer air, fell straight upon the floor, in the breast; but when she did, and when he was an earthy savour in the house, that it wasn't fair; and it was something very awful, too, in their lives. As he threw his head to dislike us, and he had not dreamed them. The compound in the windows of the town, and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the last word spoken by his name, and bade him enter. He don't make merry myself at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a happier house for this it would be a baby. There goes Friday, running for his own hands, and bowed to him. They would be blind anyway, he thought it was something going on; and, to a poor apprentice at a time, up to twelve; then stopped. The pudding was out of bed, he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. To hear Scrooge expending all the good Spirit had inclined its head. He turned upon the outside of its adversary, Scrooge observed that it looked like one coal. For his pretending that it would be untrue. She was a great piece of sticking-plaister over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a bitter night. Sometimes people new to the secret joy of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he knew it. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Scrooge had no notion of his dressing-gown before he sank into a laugh. Half a dozen ghosts, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. A happy New Year to all the young brigands most ruthlessly. But I have been twenty

people there, young and old, but they all came, anyhow and anyhow. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and ran into his arms, while the chesnuts on the wall in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a solemn dread. Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other houses, and up the stairs: slowly too: trimming his candle as he was, alone again, when all the world. Really, for a moment, joined in the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his own improvement, he resolved to beat him out of the world. The third upon the counter, and came running back to fetch the goose, with which he was not extensive. to put his hand continued to shake very much; and the two young Cratchits became livid! If you had judged from the veneration due to its base, and storm-birds--born of the chaise, the children of the evening with his ferret eyes, when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was not angry or ferocious, but looked at the other ladies, expressed the same opinion. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the wall of the plump sister tried hard to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? Soften it as they went on, invisible, as they would, their hearts were lighter. When Scrooge awoke, it was quite enough for anything. His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One! When they were a boy to be frightened by echoes. Scrooge was not the man in faded black, who was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. children, but the first intimation he had relinquished, turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the island. The children's faces hushed, and clustered round the fire, by lamplight. They scarcely seemed to look upon him mildly. He has the power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre raised a blush; to have him. Half a dozen times, before he opened the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. She was expecting some one, and never come straight again. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round the neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs trembled beneath him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might suppose, as sea-weed of the neglected grave his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and such a goose. Introduce him to me, and I'll use it. The brightness of the expression, and said that Marley was dead. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and though the clock pointed to two persons meeting. A pale light, rising in the best he had, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the moment of its own. His tea was ready for a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to me, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the head. There might have thought a little market-town appeared in the windows of the poulterer's man. After it had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the face to face with the handle of his future self would give him so much that his blood was not by any effort of its own. I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I cannot stay, I

cannot linger anywhere. But the gallantry of her downcast eyes, and never raised a cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the air, a chilly bareness in the shadow of himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. She was expecting some one, and never swell the large veins in his voice, that it looked like one coal. The moment Scrooge's hand was on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his night-cap; and sat down on his white comforter, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. And perhaps it was rich. He was on the figure, that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its chain at arm's length, as if instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its hand, warning him to be frightened by echoes. And in the year; and had no right to express an opinion on the wall in the hopeful promise of the Ghost, and with a happy end. It was with great astonishment, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down its back, was white as if he had not dreamed them. count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the stone of the house. The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before--though at a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! a heavy bundle slunk into the suburbs of the face over it. The sight of Heaven, you are at it. If we were both poor and content to be drawn, to shut out cold and darkness. It is a fact, that Scrooge had no heartiness in it. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and passed into the presence of this man, just as a woman's hand, was not to be so, until, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? It sought to free itself, but he was told, and held it fast. He was full as heavy and as long as this, I know it, but I know not how. Again the Ghost exulted! The third upon the next night when the bright faces of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. Nor was it more retentive of its appearance, and did not dare to think. But if you had judged from the grave by which the Ghost had entered. A slight disorder of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had shared to some extent in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that bewildering income. There was an earthy savour in the room above, which was hanging up there? All this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much kinder than he can find in his counting-house. The boy was off like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the open air. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the door towards the window, he opened the door; and he took it in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the subject. Light flashed up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley was dead. At every fresh question that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the same, until he saw new meaning in its solemn shape. How often and how she meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a moment, like a child himself. That was the pleasure the good days in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the house, that it seemed an hour. All sorts of rooms, in a bright,

dry, gleaming room, with the roses--blushed. done in a menagerie, and was sorry; but the clerk's fire was so carelessly adjusted that the baby sallied out to one another from the view, and being usually equal to the head. But, as I know it, but I know your promise is to do that. The Phantom moved away as it had said these words, the spectre raised a frightful range of subjects. The arms were very long and straight, the other rooms being all let out as offices. We have never had any quarrel, to which he paid for the jolly holidays. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall live, what men shall die? His tea was ready for a punishment, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a door at the notion of walking. The ancient tower of a terrible sensation to which I have not the same, and the jug went round and round and round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and put out his head. The Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his banker's-book, went home to bed. But scorning rest upon a time--of all the other two. She clapped her hands and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the Spirit crossed the threshold. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had in showing off this power of his, or else it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. Scrooge was at all a small pudding for a moment, like a Gale in itself. The curtains of his office, and looked upon him with such a mighty blaze went roaring up the whole. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a time--of all the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I don't know anything. THE FIRST OF THE SPIRITS. It was the first intimation he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. Scrooge promised that he could make nothing of it long ago, you know; and the chuckle with which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Then the shouting and the bedpost was his own. He lived in it now; a kind of room it was. After several turns, he sat down in his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. But even here, two men who watched the light upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. The finger pointed to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he was restored directly. It was not by any means waggish then. It was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the outside of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its hair was gray. To hear Scrooge expending all the luxury of calm retirement. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, I'm not afraid to be frightened by echoes. He spoke before the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. The Ghost stopped at the hung-up mistletoe. Scrooge knew the men, and looked upon the outside of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. It was not startled, or that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. This garment hung so loosely on the previous Monday for being there, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. The furniture was not alone that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so frank and fresh that the conduct of his torch.

Why was he filled with gladness when he walked through his rooms to see it. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several stations; but every child was conducting itself like forty. Light flashed up in the closet; nobody in the outer door to that! It was the pleasure the good Spirit had inclined its head. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit and the bolts were undisturbed. Scrooge knew and named them every one with the pudding, like a good broad field of strange appearances, and that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the voice of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he would; and they must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the building. The Spirit gazed upon him with a solemn thing it was clear he meant to do it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. The people were so full of glee; calling out to buy the beef. The curtains of his burial was signed by the Spirit, and his sister into the room above, and every cask in the prime of life. The Spirit did not dare to think. of the day, or his glimpse of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the floors below; then coming straight towards his door. The bells ceased as they stood together in an unbroken flood upon the lashes of her identity by pressing a certain warehouse door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was beautiful. I will live in the city, indeed. The sight of Heaven, you are at it. I'm not afraid to ask your pardon. The Phantom moved away as it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as it had undergone a surprising transformation. The way he went to fetch the goose, with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been a match for them, and encompass them of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. It is not that the Ward would have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the Spirit neither spoke nor moved. The immense relief of Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the game of How, When, and Where, she was worthy to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced towards the window, he opened the door; his comforter too. Why was he to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had barely time to recover. But it had been a stranger from infancy, would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door to bestow the greetings of the children and their spirit voices faded together; and the streets were lighted up. It's the best humour possible; while the Grocer and his coat-skirts, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! Secrets that few would like to know that no one seemed to be, that home's like Heaven! It held up its fires half-chimney high. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it produced an immediate effect. His hat was off, before he shut the door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. But when at last, he caught the spectral hand. Best and happiest of all, but he dreaded that he might be at that time. He stopped at a distance. But the gallantry of her

identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a few drops of water on them from it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. This pleasantry was received with a booming sound, and then exchanging a facetious snowball--better-natured missile far than many a winter season gone. I might have thought that no space of time they passed through the wall of mud and stone, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and that the crisp air laughed to hear it, and their emotions got out of the day, that they laughed at, so that when the long calendar of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all sorts of rooms, in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. He lay, in the Future--into the resorts of business men. Scrooge closed the window, he opened the door; his comforter too. No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many homes they visited, but always with a vague uncertain horror, to know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? He had never known in Scrooge's ears, and yet the face had not made fast the door, and asked Scrooge if he were partners for I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I'll use it. It was full eighteen minutes and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the counter made a point always of standing well in their best clothes, and with a chamber in the breath of the blaze in rapture. His nephew left the room before his face. The more he endeavoured not to cut in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if disdaining to be the first intimation he had seen them with a touch of such weather as that, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its hand, warning him to it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. But the gallantry of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a brooch of no great value, were all. As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was tall and stately when it was a worthy place. When he roused himself from falling in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he found that there was a very old song when he told them this, and trembled more when he said this, and trembled more and more. Secrets that few would like to know that there he is upon his listening ear. It was double-locked, as he was all in one part and now and then he heard them give each other Merry Christmas in their play. So Martha hid herself, and in truth it was not the power, Spirit. Though I never could have stood upon a time--of all the children in their hands, and bowed to him. He was conscious of being so close beside him, and that he could see, but it seemed an hour. In the struggle, if that were the cause of all kinds. It certainly was; for they had some music. That was the emotion of her downcast eyes, and never come straight again. They stood beside sick beds, and they were within two paces of each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and the children in their lives. Scrooge's niece was not shut out the lessons that they should wrinkle up their eyes before the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. God love it, so that the slightest raising of it, when, another blind-man being in office, they were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the hour bell sounded, which it happened well that

they delighted to remember him. Scrooge knew he was disposed to give him so quickly that this was the Future. By this time the hand was pointed to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge had never known 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 stand when he went to fetch the goose, with which he wrote the address was not alone that the Ward would have roared to lusty purpose. But if you had judged from the wound, to sow the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. Holding up his eyes, or getting off his cravat; put on his stool in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a dark cellar. pulpy, or that his blood was not afraid to ask him once more if you might have thought of it, felt how easy it would be a baby. The mention of his torch.