



*Old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house.*



*“Let me leave it alone, then,” said Scrooge.*



*Scrooge saw . . . Marley's face.*



“ You will be haunted,” resumed the ghost,  
“ by three spirits.”



*"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."*



*A lonely boy was reading by a feeble fire.*



*“ Yo ho, my boys ! ” said Fezziwig. “ No more work to-night. It’s Christmas Eve.”*



*“I am the Ghost of Christmas Present,” said the spirit. “Look upon me!”*



*In came little Bob . . . and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder.*



*At every fresh question Scrooge's nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter.*



*The spirit answered not, but pointed onward  
with its hand.*



*“No, spirit! Oh, no, no!”*



*“Why, it’s impossible to carry that to Camden Town,” said Scrooge.*



*“I am about to raise your salary.”*