

A Christmas with Dickens

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.
"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"



Photos of Theatre New Brunswick's production of "A Christmas Carol," running from December 16 to 23.

Feature designed by Anna Sundin
Photos by Dwayne McLaughlin



Scenes from 'A Christmas Carol'

In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered - flushed, but smiling proudly - with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball so hard and firm blazing in half of half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.



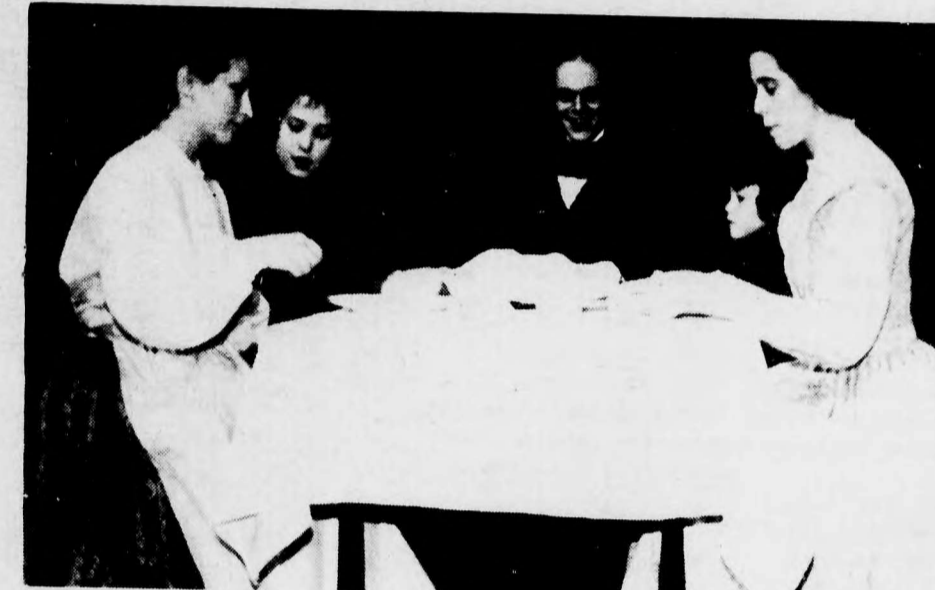
"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.
"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas,' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"



"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world."

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased."



Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as a good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good city, town or borough, in the good old world.

Then Bob proposed.
"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.
"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.



"I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"



"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

