

Cratchit Merry Christmas, my dear.

Mrs. Crat. How did little Tim behave?

Cratchit As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant for them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see. He's growing stronger and heartier each day. I know he is.