

cause, ye see, we go to bed.’ Then Ernest said, ‘Isn’t it famous Christmas weather, Stephen?’ and he said,—what was it Ernest? you’ll tell it best.”

“He said, ‘It be indeed, Master Ernest, and I thank the Lord that he’s letting me see another Christmas. It’s nigh fourscore that I’ve seen, and I may truly say, that I love each one better than the last,’—and then what was it, Connie?”

“Oh, you know we asked him why, and he answered, ‘Because ye see, my dears, each year that I knows Him, I loves my Saviour better, and I be the more thankful that He came down to this world, to live and die for we poor sinful folk,’ and then we told him that you had sent him a ticket for coal, and he said he was ‘most truly thankful, and that as the nice blaze warmed him and his old woman, he’d pray God to bless you, and make your Christmas a happy one,’ and then he gave us plenty of good wishes, and we went on.”