

the very best and brightest home that ever was ; and if ever we are the least bit dull or low, why all we have got to do is to telegraph straight off for Frankie."

"Little puss, doesn't she like talking about her husband—her 'old man,'" said Damaris later on in the evening, as she and Giles escaped from the room for just a few words together in the frosty moonlight, with the crisp white snow beneath their feet. Giles had received a summons to a patient which had sent him forth, and his wife walked with him as far as the gate, holding to his arm and looking up lovingly into his face.

"It is such a happy, happy Christmas," she said, drawing a long breath. "I never thought once that so much happiness could be ours again. It is not selfish, is it, Giles? It is not that we forget them or love them less. If they could see us now I know they would rejoice in our happiness. I believe they do know. I believe that they do rejoice."

"I, too, believe that those who are not lost but only gone before have some share in our joys and our happiness," he answered gravely. "I think it is part of the wonderful, mysterious truth embodied in the words—'I believe in the communion of saints.' My wife need scarcely ask if