

detail. Olga and Oswald were openly affianced now, and were to marry on the same day as Damaris and Giles, and go to their new parish in the Midlands, regarding which Olga was keenly interested. "I know my old man"—this was her habitual way of speaking of her affianced husband—"will break down with overwork by-and-by—it's the kind of thing men of his calibre are bound to do sometimes—and then I shall send for Giles and tell him to order a sea-voyage and six months' rest; and off we will start for the antipodes, and pay you a long visit, Nancy. Why, no place is any distance now. We will go by the Red Sea and come back by the Canadian Pacific route, which will be quite open by then. Oswald, I think we'd better both overwork ourselves as hard as we can from the very first. I'm quite in a hurry to be starting off to see them."

As the parties thus indicated were sitting in the same room, this characteristic speech from Olga evoked hearty laughter. She put her head on one side, and waved her hand, as she said:

"Oh, you are not interesting *now*—I don't take the least interest in you yet. I'm thinking of the future, but you, none of you, have any imagination——"

"Well, my love, you make up for that lack for the whole family," answered Oswald with a smile.