

The chance did not come during that merry Christmas Eve dinner, which the whole family partook of together. All was fun and merriment and brightness then, each member of the party determining to banish the memory of all that was sad, not forgetting absent ones taken from their midst, but resolved not to grieve for those called away from the sorrow and trial of this world; and equally resolved not to let the shadow of coming parting mar the present happiness of being all together again.

Roly-Poly had to go through their lesson, to the great delight of Olga; and the whole party laughed till all were weary. It was only when the little ones had gone to bed that Olga was able to tell her tale.

"It is a perfectly ideal place," she began in her pretty emphatic way—"ideal for people like Oswald and me. It looks as if nobody in the least respectable had ever lived in it before, or ever could live there——"

"Just the very place for you, then," breathed Frank, softly.

"Yes, so it is," she cried, turning upon him with a bright smile and kindling eyes, "just the very place for two people who are all in all to one another, and are thirsting to carry some of their own happiness to others, and to share with them