

"Arthur, it's only four days more that I am to have you?" said Herbie.

"It's only two, Herbie," whispered Arthur, "for I am to go to London on the 27th."

"O Arthur, Arthur! how shall I bear it! I cannot, cannot," and Herbie's was choked with sobs.

"Hush, Herbie! don't let us have tears this last Christmas Eve that we shall have each other perhaps."

"Arthur, I've been thinking, do you know, of the song the angels sang on Christmas Eve long ago; it seems to ring in my ears, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.' I suppose papa is praising, too, this Christmas—I like to think of that."

"Yes."

"I wish, oh, I do wish I was there too. I wonder, Arthur, if by next Christmas Eve I shall be singing, 'Glory to God in the highest,' with papa and mamma. I think