

"Yes, yes, yes, to be sure," answered Uncle Ambrose, "and I am to come here once a year, and you are often to come to me."

"O Reggie, this *is* a merry Christmas," whispered Connie, "it is better than Tre-verton."

"It is, dear," said Reginald. "Let us thank God for it."

Bright days had dawned for the orphan boys—brighter than they had dared to hope for, but brightness cannot last for ever, and it was soon to be clouded for them.

When the next Christmas came, the snow lay deeply over Herbie's grave, and the little boy's spirit had joined the heavenly host above.

Arthur was not left alone, however, he had found brothers in Reginald and Ernest; though his sorrow was deep, it was not despairing; he could think of Herbie taking