

"I asked them not to. I wanted to tell you myself, and I couldn't write it. I am sorry it should just spoil your home-coming; but you must help me to bear it bravely, dear Ernest," and Reginald raised his brother's tearful face, and pushed the dark curly-brown hair off his forehead, looking fondly into his dark eyes as he did so.

"I'll tell you what, Reggie," said Ernest, "I won't believe it, I'll believe that you are going to get well—it's much the jolliest to think that, so I intend to."

Reginald shook his head, and then tried to turn the subject. "Did Maurice go home to-day?"

"Yes; Uncle Walter came to fetch him, and, Reggie, there's a letter coming from him to papa, don't say I told you, it's a secret, and Connie will be so pleased."

"Ernest, my darling, aren't you coming down to have some dinner?" said his mother, entering the room at that moment.