

Ernest looked at Constance dismayed.

"Please, papa, Uncle Walter?"

"Uncle Walter is quite well, thank you, my boy."

"But mayn't we go to Treverton Hall?" said Constance, eagerly.

"No, my dear."

Ernest's colour began to rise, he bent his head over his plate, and tears gathered in his eyes; but he would not look up until they were gone, and then he said angrily,—

"Papa, what a shame—we *must* go!"

"That's as I think, Ernest, you had better finish your breakfast."

"I won't have any more," said Ernest, impatiently pushing his plate away from him, and looking out of the window.

Mr. Leslie finished his own in silence, and then rose, "Ernest, will you and Constance come with me to my study."

They followed him directly, and Mr. Leslie, after poking his fire, and settling