

what is the true use of this Christmas season."

A little half-checked sob burst from Constance, at the thought of all the delights of Treverton Hall which they must give up, and her father stooped down and kissed her.

"I cannot bear to disappoint you, my child."

"I know that, papa," she answered gently.

"God bless you, my own dear Constance, now run away and try to make Ernest think of it as you do."

Ernest had carried all his anger directly to Reginald, who was always ready to help him in his troubles. Reginald heard him out patiently, while he told of all the pleasures they had lost, and descanted on what he considered his father's unkindness, and when he had fairly exhausted himself, his brother said quietly,—

"You told me yesterday, that you were