

proud of being called your father's son, Ernest."

Ernest did not answer.

"Can you not trust our father's love, Ernest?"

"I don't know," grumbled the boy.

Reginald sighed deeply.

"What is it, Reggie?"

"I'll tell you what I was thinking of, dear Ernest. You know that my one great wish in life has been to become my father's curate here; I have prepared myself for it, and looked forward to it with the greatest delight. I was nearly old enough to be ordained, you know, when my accident happened, and now it is my heavenly Father's will that I should lie here for the rest of my life; do you think, Ernest, that I could bear this trouble, if it was sent to me in anger,—if I did not know that I could trust my Father's love?" Reginald paused, it was very seldom that he spoke of his own trouble,