

and his whole face was working with deep emotion.

“O Reggie, don't, don't,” said Ernest.

“No, Ernest, I will point you to a higher example than mine. There is One, who says, that He came into this world, not to do His own will, but the will of the Father who sent Him. Who was that?”

“Our Saviour,” said Ernest, who was beginning to feel that he was wrong.

At this moment Constance came in. She went over to Ernest directly, and said,—

“I am so sorry.”

“You don't care about it half as much as I do,” said Ernest, sulkily.

“No, because I don't know Maurice as well, but I am very sorry.”

“No merry Christmas for us,” said Ernest, mournfully.

Reginald smiled. “Don't say that quite so rashly, Ernest, I know a secret by which you could spend a merrier Christmas here than you would have had at Treverton.”