

care-worn, with deep shadows under her eyes, telling of pain and suffering.

"How kind of you to come, Constance," she said gently, "and is this the brother whom you were expecting home?"

"Yes, Miss Matheson, this is Ernest, but I came to know how you were, I am sorry you have got that troublesome headache again."

"It is very bad to-day, dear, but I dare say I shall be well to-morrow, and if you will let me, I will make up my time then with a couple of extra hours."

"No, no! mamma has sent me with a message to you, to say that my holidays may begin from to-day, instead of next week, as Christmas is coming on so fast."

A sorrowful shade passed over the face of the governess as Constance said these words, and the brother and sister both noticed it.

"How glad you must be when Christ-